

The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

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THE SUPERFLUX OF SYMPATHY.

There is a mystic magic for sticking souls together. Its material tenacity will never let them part. And it holds as strong as leather, through all change of time and weather. The glue of generous comradeship that comes from the heart. Let us drink life's wine or wormwood from one demijohn together. And side fate's handkerchief toward the fast approaching goal. Over hills or over heather, in the dark or sun-bright weather. With a superior sympathy that saturates the soul. And though every year grows smaller all our stock of strength and vigor. And though every year we're older than we ever were before. Let us not begrudge a finger, let our flood of love grow bigger. Let our superflux of sympathy develop more and more. Once when young and self-complacent, crowned with wisdom's full fruition. We knew youth's sum of knowledge and surgingly knew we knew it. Our words were like a cushion stuffed and crammed with erudition. And our pride said: "Rise and run the earth, and we'll do it." But we had our layer of learning every year in us spread more thinly. There's a lesson in true wisdom, each according to its grain. As a swain would say, it's "gin'ly" high enough to suit McKinley. At the custom house of destiny the duty must be paid. Though each year the dark delusion that we're prodigies of power. Fades into the moonless limbo of the things beyond control. Though we wear wealth's golden shower we can find a richer dower. In our surplus of sympathy that saturates the soul. —S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

IN A TIGER HUNT.

A Terrible Battle with a Ferocious Man-Eater.

IN March, 1891, I was traveling in India, our party consisting of three ladies and three gentlemen. We decided to camp in a clearing on the outskirts of the hill country. Our Hindoo servants soon made us very much at home. It was wonderful to see how they transported every necessary, luxury, and, as if by magic, raised tents furnished with carpets, tables, chairs, books and even a bird cage. Early one morning as we were lingering over our "chota chahr," or "little breakfast," always taken in India on rising, and speaking of the noises made by the wild animals during the night, my attention was attracted by a great chattering of wild monkeys in the dense jungle close by. At that instant a native came running into the tent in a state of great excitement, saluting, but waiting for us to speak. "Kya chahate ho?" ("What do you want?") Mr. Norton asked. "Sabhi plenty big tiger near by. Many men see him. He is hiding near the sala."

We held our breath for an instant, then the blood seemed to leap faster through our veins. A tiger so near! The snarl or stream of water, was but ten rods from our tent.

Mr. Norton turned to us: "Ladies, would you like to go on a tiger hunt?" "Yes, indeed," we quickly answered, "if it is not too dangerous."

"Never fear; we will take good care of you."

A Hindoo doctor from the village hospital rushed up at that moment and confirmed the news in broken English. "Big baghwa he is, much man-eater tiger in jungle. He's day one child taken, last moon seven men. Come then also, sahib, with us."

Immediately made preparations for the hunt. We put on leather belts well filled with cartridges, selected Martini rifles, put on pith hats with turbans over them and moved off to the da wa khana. Here we found a party of sepoy drawn up in line awaiting our arrival. We soon crossed the little stream, where we saw the tiger's tracks in the mud of the bank, looking like footprints of a giant cat. Breathlessly we moved on toward the deep jungle of tangled bamboos and palms. Mr. Norton, who had often shot tigers on foot, took us under his special care. The Hindoo doctor, owing to his knowledge of the entire party, and we began our march.

It was a very hot morning. Everything around was parched and withered. The dead leaves under foot were as slippery as glass. The bamboo grew so near together that it was impossible to keep in a direct line. Progress was accordingly slow.

We might have been out three hours, watching every patch of jungle and elephant grass for a sight of the beast we longed to meet, when the wild chattering of a troop of monkeys indicated that the tiger was not far off. What an exciting moment it was! Though the heat was intense and we were very tired on we went, as stealthily as possible, although sometimes falling on the slippery leaves. But the bare feet of our Indian hunters made no noise as they stealthily stole through the dry grass. Heated, breathless, on we went. Another chatter of monkeys, a flutter of bright-winged birds as we stepped into a small grassy place completely encircled by tall palms, showed us that the tiger was near at hand.

A little in advance of our scouting party of natives was a bit of green jungle, heavy and dark. We could see by the rustling of the grass that it was the hiding place of some great animal. A consultation was hurriedly held. How should we attack him? There was not an instant to be lost. Agais the tiger moved and for a second we saw his yellow coat gleaming through the green.

Our talk was suddenly ended in an unexpected way. A clump of elephant grass on one side was quickly parted. A great flash of yellow bounded toward us; a gleam of blazing eyes made our blood run cold. A tigress, the mate of the royal creature in the jungle, with open mouth, leaped suddenly upon us! Motionless with amazement and horror, we stood. Oh! the fearful, cruel face, as she stood lashing her tail from side to side! Her hot breath almost burnt my face, as with outstretched claws she made one fierce bound toward me, dashing the sepoy in front of the ground.

I was paralyzed with fear. Surely my last hour had come! But a native sprung between us, the rifles cracked, the hunting knives gleamed. It was soon a hand-to-hand fight. One gallant young sepoy lay senseless; blood dripped from the shoulder of another. Still the enraged tigress held her ground, while fear and a horrible fascination riveted us to the spot. Although bleeding from a great wound in the shoulder, the tigress once more made ready to spring. The ladies were in imminent peril. But the brave Hindoo doctor, knife in hand, plunged almost into the jaws of the tigress in deadly embrace. Over his neck and head, sometimes a gleam of blood-stained white showed where our poor defender was writhing; but the great, tawny

body of the tigress seemed to fill all space. No one dared to shoot, for the rifle shot might kill the man instead of the beast. Finally—it might have been seconds, but it seemed hours—a brave young sepoy rushed up, knife in hand, his swarthy face under his white turban gleaming with excitement.

"Mem Sahib!" he cried. "My doctor! He saved my wife and child. He must not die to-day!" And the brave fellow rushed forward into the jaws of death. His silver-hilted knife, sharp as a Toledo blade, gleamed with lightning rapidity; it descended just over the heart. The tigress gave one scream that made the jungle reecho, then lay quiet forever. She had fought bravely for her mate and little ones hidden in the jungle, but against nature.

The poor doctor, blood-stained and senseless, was drawn away from under the outstretched paw of the dead animal. The other men escaped with only a few scratches, except the brave rescuer, who had a great gash on his brown cheek by the enraged tigress. The splendid creature lay stretched on the ground, her golden brown skin, with its velvety black stripes fleeced with blood, gleaming in the hot Indian sun. From tip to tip she measured twelve feet. All joy and jubilation were dashed in the water in the face of the wounded doctor he opened his eyes and smiled faintly.

"Thank God, the Mem Sahib is safe!" and we echoed his prayer. Every one was happy, all the bearers and sepoy were making salams to us and each other, hardly excepting the dead tigress. The first tiger had disappeared, nor were the men in condition to fight him. So, after taking the splendid skin from the tigress, for which proof of a tiger's death the British government gives forty rupees, we returned to our tents, delighted with our first tiger hunt. The great skin, with its splendid gleam of gold and ebony that would charm an artist's eye, lies under my feet as I write. But I never look at it without a shudder. Thinking of that awful day in the jungle when my life hung in the balance, and the brave Hindoo doctor and the gallant sepoy turned the scale in my favor.—Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

ANIMALS AS THIEVES.

The Possessions of Some of the Lower Creators. Thievery in nature is widely extended. Whole classes of animals prey on other classes for food; while families are parasitic, and gradually weaken and destroy those on which they feed. Huber relates an anecdote of some wire-bees paying a visit to a nest of yellow-bees, placed in a box not far from their hive, in order to steal or beg the honey, which places in a strong light the good temper of the latter. This happened in a time of scarcity. The hive bees, after pillaging, had taken almost entire possession of the nest. Some bumblebees, which remained in spite of this disaster, went out to collect provisions, and bringing home the surplus after they had supplied their own immediate necessities, the hive bees followed them and did not quit them until they had obtained the fruit of their labors.

They liked them, presented to them their probosces, surrounded them, and thus at last persuaded them to part with the contents of their "honey-bags." The bumblebees did them no harm and never once showed their stings, so that it seems to have been persuasion rather than force that produced this singular instance of self-denial. This remarkable maneuver was practiced for more than three weeks, when the wasps, being attracted by the same cause, the bumblebees entirely forsook the nest. Birds, notwithstanding their attractiveness in plumage and sweetness in voice, are many of them great thieves. When nest-building they will steal the feathers out of the nests of other birds, and are much inclined to drive off other birds from a feeding ground, even when there is abundance. This is especially true of one of our greatest favorites, the robin redbreast, who will peck and run after and drive away birds much bigger than himself.

Very different as the robin and the sparrow are in other things, they resemble each other in this. On an early spring morning when a little touch of frost still makes the surface of the earth hard I have seen a blackbird on a lawn at last after great efforts extract a worm, and this was the signal for a crowd of sparrows who, by dint of numbers, managed to drive away the blackbird and carry off the worm, to feed to their own young ones, no doubt.

The stealing of nest-building material or of worms is not nearly so surprising as the stealing of the nests themselves. In a sense, of course, the cuckoo steals the use of the nest of another bird, when she deposits in it her own eggs, and steals or procures under false pretenses the services of a foster mother for an intruder; but that is not what we mean. It is a more common thing for the sparrows, when there is a prospect of a mild autumn, to save themselves time and trouble in the building of a nest for a late brood and to drive other birds from the nest they have built and still inhabit. Sometimes even the swallow is a sufferer in this way.

Readers of Frank Buckland's most delightful books will remember that nothing pleases him more than to observe the different and delightful ways in which his pets would thieve. He would sometimes even tempt them to steal just to see how clever they could be in doing it. He tells one delicious story about his favorite Jenny, the curlew, and another about a pet rat which he had, and which not infrequently terrified his visitors at breakfast.

He had made a house for the pet rat just by the side of the mantel-piece, and this was approached by a kind of ladder, up which the rat had to climb when he ventured down to the floor. Some kinds of fish the rat particularly liked and was sure to come out if the savor was strong. One day Mr. Buckland turned his back to give the rat a chance of seizing the coveted morsel, which he was not long in doing and running up the ladder with it; but he had fixed it by the middle of the back, and the door of the entrance was too narrow to admit of its being drawn in thus.

But Mr. Rat was equal to the emergency. In a moment he bethought himself, laid the fish on the small platform before the door, and then entering his house he put out his mouth, took the fish by the nose and thus pulled it in and made a meal of it. Never after this did he attempt to drag in such a morsel carried lengthwise, though Mr. Buckland often tried him.

One of the most remarkable instances of carrying on a career of theft came under our own observation. A friend in northeast Essex had a very fine Aberdeen terrier, a female, and a very affectionate relationship subsisted between this dog and a tomcat. The cat followed the dog with the utmost fondness, purring and running against it, and would come and call at the door for the dog to come out. Attention was first drawn to the pair by this circumstance. One evening we were visiting our friend and heard that about the door calling, and some one said to our friend that the cat was noisy. "He wants little Doll!" said he—that being the dog's name; we looked incredulous. "Well, you shall see," said he, and opening the door he let the terrier out. At once the cat bounded toward her, fawned round her, and then, followed by the dog, ran about the lawn. But a change came. Some kittens were brought to the house, and the terrier got much attached to them and thereby to her. The tomcat became neglected, and soon appeared to feel it. By and by to the surprise of every one, the tom somehow managed to get, and to establish in the hedge of the garden, two kittens, fiery, spitting little things, and carried on no end of depredations on their account. Chickens went; the fur and remains of little rabbits, for which he perseveringly hunted, were often found round the nest, and pieces of meat disappeared from kitchen and larder. Our friend could not find it in his heart to shoot the tom, and thus went on for some time, when suddenly the cat disappeared—had been shot in a

wood near by, by a game-keeper, when hunting to provide for his wild little things, which were allowed to live in the hedge at not kept down the mice in the garden; but first one was shot and then another, following their fosterparent's taste for hunting and killing rabbits and game in the wood. This was a case of animal thievery for a loftier purpose than generally obtains, mere demand for food and other necessity.—S. H. Jap, in Cassell's Magazine.

THE GROOM FOOTS THE BILLS.

It Costs Money to Marry One of Mexico's Beauties. Marriage in Mexico is attended by preliminaries which might well cause a single man to mark the country down there as a good one not to visit. A diamond ring by way of token of engagement, a gold band signifying marriage, are matters custom exacts of the matrimonially inclined American, but that Hymen should tax the bachelor's purse for such mysteries as make up his bride's trousseau is too much. It is also the custom for the mothers of the bride and groom to give the bride a gown for the wedding. The groom provides the bride's trousseau to the minutest particular. He buys every bit of it; every stocking, hairpin, pair of garters, everything in fact.

"The marriage expenses are very elaborate," says Mr. Parvin, "everybody drinks and has a good time for three or four days. The invitations to the wedding would seem odd to an American. Here is one sent out by my wife's people: 'This invitation is neatly engraved and states, in Spanish, that The General, Manuel Sanchez Rivero and his daughter, the marriage of their daughter, Josefine, at this year home,' etc. Mr. Parvin smiled in a superior way and said in explanation: 'The Mexican never invites you to his home, but pretending that it is yours, craves always the honor of meeting you there.'"

Women of this country who must faintly content themselves with being Daughters of Rebekah will be envious when they learn through Mr. Parvin that in Mexico women may join the Masonic order as well as men. He said yesterday: "My wife belongs to the order, and her father is a thirty-third degree Mason."

Mr. Parvin says that it is but seldom that an American, be he ever so rich, is introduced into Mexican society. "There is no middle class in Mexico," he says, "and there is as broad a distinction between the better class of Mexicans and the lower class as there is between the best white people in this country and the negroes. It is a very rare thing, indeed, for an American to obtain entrance to the houses of the best people."—Kansas City Times.

A MODERN MALAPROP.

Big Words, Their Use and Their Misuse and Abuse. This man began bravely that all the big words he used were eminently proper. No amount of persuasion could convince him otherwise. No proof could be produced strong enough to make him waver one jot or tittle from the belief that what he said was precisely as it should be. He gloried in the belief that in his circle of acquaintances he alone knew the meaning of big words, their position and their full significance, and he always pulled off his jacket and unlocked down a sleeve whenever he was "called down" after a bad break that was especially attractive and aggravating.

"I congratulate you most sincerely," he said, "on the death of your relative. It is an indeed to see you young fat in the line of the horse of life, but cannot always forshadow the coming of the grimy monster."

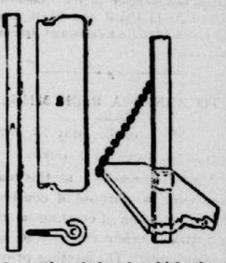
And yet he could not see why the man he wanted to console seemed surprised and even shocked. "I have just come from looking at those oxidized men at the museum," he said one day, "and they are wonders. One of them can play 'Sweet Home' like the Dickson, and the other can play 'The Star Spangled Banner' like the Emperor's instructor."

—Too Late.—"Can't you give me anything lower than the fourth floor?" Proprietor of Hotel. "No, sir, that's the best we can do." Guest. "But your clerk told me he thought you had a whole suite on the second floor." Proprietor.—"We did, sir, but I'm sorry to say that it was just taken by the hotel laundryman."—Clothing and Furnisher.

THE FARMING WORLD.

A HOME INVENTION.

Removable Window Shelves Which Add to the Cheerfulness of a Home. The following article is contributed by J. Marion Shall to the Rural New Yorker. House plants in good condition add greatly to the beauty and cheerfulness of the living room, and every good housewife endeavors to have a place for at least a few specimens, but in rooms where there is no bay window, it is always more or less inconvenient to arrange a pot stand or table before the window, while permanent shelves are a nuisance during the summer when the plants are all enjoying the out-of-door air and sunshine.



From the accompanying designs may be constructed a convenient set of shelves which are put up or taken down at will, and without the aid of any tool whatever. For material, use common white pine, one inch in thickness. The construction of the uprights, A, is easily seen. They consist of two strips, each two inches wide and

as high as the window in which they are to be placed. At suitable distances are small square blocks, C, upon which the shelves rest. At the top is fastened a cleat, A, which, when in place, rests in the ashway, and holds the entire set of shelves securely in the window. With a hacksaw or file cut three screw-eyes like that shown at C, and screw them into the front edge of the upright at D.

The shelves, B, are eight inches wide, with notches, E, cut at each end to accommodate the uprights. The distances between these notches should be just two inches less than the width of the window, so that the whole may fit closely when in place. The form is that of an upper shelf, the dotted lines representing those which rest against the lower shelf. At each end of the shelf is a screw-eye, F, with a chain one foot long attached.

To arrange the shelves, place the two uprights in their respective sides of the window with the cleats in the ashway; the shelves are then set in position, with the chains hooked up to the screw-eyes above, and all is snug and secure. The lower shelf of course rests upon the windowsill. The shelves are a home invention, well tried, and inexpensive.

SOILING EXPERIMENT.

Indications Based on Tests Made at the Iowa Experiment Station. The indications from experiments carried on at the Iowa Agricultural Experiment station at Ames, Ia., James Wilson, director, upon soiling milk cows, may be stated as follows: The average cow will eat about seventy-five pounds of green feed a day, kept in the stable with grain ration added. That cows fed on oats and peas, clover and corn, fed green in the stable, in midwinter, will give more milk than when feeding on a good blue grass pasture. That a cow fed on green feed in a stable darkened and ventilated, will gain in weight more than she will in a well shaded pasture. That the cow responds as promptly to a well balanced ration of grain while eating green feed as she does on dry feed.

An acre of peas cut green weighed 18.5 tons. An acre of peas and oats cut green weighed 24 tons. An acre of corn cut green weighed 28.6 tons. The second cut of clover in a drought weighed 3.1 tons. It is not necessary to cut green feed often than twice a week, if it is spread to avoid heating.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

LICK ALWAYS ATTACK THE POORLY-KEPT, ill-fed chickens first. Turn best way for arranging the nests is to have them so that the hens can walk in on them. PULLETS hatched in March and April, if well cared for, can be depended upon to lay early in the fall. With the hens that set early it is a good plan to give them a good feed of corn daily; it promotes warmth. STONE drinking vessels are better than tin ones during the summer; water will keep cool in them longer. Set the first laying of both turkey and duck eggs under hens; more eggs and better fowls will be secured. Turkey chickens will eat wheat or sorghum seed when two weeks old, and they will be better than soft feed.

ABOUT ROOT CROPS.

Be Sure to Plant a Few Acres During the Coming Season.

While a considerable number of eastern farmers find it profitable to grow root crops of different kinds, to feed out to the stock during the fall and winter, it is only in exceptional cases where a western farmer can be found that follows this plan. Yet in many localities the sandy, loamy soil seems well adapted to the growing of this class of crops. Perhaps one of the principal reasons why so few roots are grown in the west is because so much corn is raised, and the fodder is used to the same purpose in the west that the roots are grown for in the east. Some years ago quite a number of farmers were induced to try growing artichokes, more especially as a food for hogs, but the plan for various reasons has, to a considerable extent, been dropped. Corn is fully as easy to grow and is less trouble to harvest and feed, and this is at least one good reason why the plan has not been followed up.

As with many other crops that are new to localities the better plan is to try on a small scale first, and if the results are satisfactory the planting can readily be extended. Of the different varieties of root crops grown for feeding stock the mangel-wurzel stands first and is a reasonably rich, well-prepared soil very large yields can be secured. Carrots, parsnips and turnips can be used to a good advantage. In growing for stock the larger coarse varieties should be selected, and the preparation of the soil for planting, the seeding and cultivating should all be done by using the team with the plow, harrow, drill and cultivator. All root crops thrive best in a deeply worked soil; plow deep and thorough and work into a good tilth before planting the seeds. The advantage in using the seed drill is that the seeds will be distributed more evenly in the rows and be covered at a more uniform depth. Use plenty of seed and after the plants come up well thin out leaving only one plant every six inches at least. One cause of failure to grow good crops is often on account of neglect to this out. If a large growth is secured the plant must have room to grow. In a majority of cases, if the soil has been properly prepared before planting, the harrow can be used first in commencing the cultivation and then the cultivator, taking pains to work as close as possible to the plants, not only to kill out the weeds, but also to keep the soil mellow and induce a better growth. Try a quarter of an acre first, give good cultivation and feed out carefully and if the results are satisfactory a larger acreage can be planted next season.—Prairie Farmer.

CHEAP GATE FASTENER.

Its Inventor Considers It the Best Thing Ever Made. I send you a sketch of a cheap and substantial gate fastener. Fig. 1 represents the gate shut. Fig. 2 is the fastener ready to attach to the gate. The dotted lines show the position of the lever when shoved back ready for opening. Fig. 3 is the wire which holds the top of the lever to the gate. E,



Fig. 1. Fig. 2. Fig. 3. A, A, are the pieces or bolts that go into the mortises in the posts; they are fastened to the upright, B, and this is attached to the lever D, by connecting piece C. It should be fastened by a bolt at each end, loose enough to turn easily as the lever is moved. The pieces A, A, work in mortises through the end bar of the gate (not represented) properly by the engraver. This, with the bolt through the lower end of lever, and the wire, E, holds the device firmly in position.—J. A. Calhoun in Ohio Farmer.

Clover with Timothy. It is not as generally known as it should be that common red clover seed, to the measure of 3 per cent of the whole, sown with timothy seed, will increase so much the growth of the grass. The yield over timothy sown by itself is from 20 to 25 per cent. This fact is a practical improvement of the new doctrine of profitable nutrition; that nitrogenous plant food may be to some extent supplied by microbes, that in rich soils are developed on the roots of the leguminous plants. Like clover, alfalfa, beans, etc. It is said that nothing else, unless it be alfalfa, so much enriches the land on which it is sown, as the clover bean. This has been attributed to the deep roots of the plant and the long shading of the surface, favoring the formation of the nitrate, but under the light afforded by the discovery of the important part played by microscopic germs in the phenomena of plant nutrition, the old and former explanation must give place to the new.—N. Y. Tribune.

Food Consumed by Horses.

It is not the amount of food consumed, but that digested, which keeps the horse strong and plump. I put two quarts of stones the size of small hen eggs in one of my mangers lately. The horse did not digest them—in fact, he did not eat them, but he eats his oats more slowly now because he can't get them so rapidly, and as a result digests them fully. It is as easy for an animal to waste food by bolting it as to put it through a hole in the manger.—Farm Journal.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

Fish Croquettes.—Take one pint of any fresh fish. Remove skin and bones. Flake fine and add butter half the size of a hen's egg. Season with salt, cayenne and onion. Mix with cream and form into balls. Brush with melted butter. Fry in cracker crumbs and fry.—Housekeeper. —Boston Brown Bread.—One cup of sour milk, one cup of New Orleans molasses, into which beat one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of Graham flour, also one cup of rye flour, and one of corn meal. Measure two hours and bake one-half hour.—Detroit Free Press. —Making back-wheat cakes. It is best to save a little of the batter and not cook it all. That which is saved is the yeast for another mess, and it can be kept perfectly sweet by filling the vessel with cold water and let it stand till night in a cool place. When ready to use, pour off the water, which absorbs the acidity, and mix with tepid water. In the morning stir in half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water and cook.—Cleaning Burnished Steel.—Burnished steel on stoves is often mistaken for nickel-plate. There is comparatively little nickel-plate used on the parts of a stove where great heat comes, since it has a tendency to scale off when exposed to a high temperature. A stove manufacturer tells me that there is nothing so good for cleaning burnished steel as ammonia. There must be no fire in the room when it is used, and do the work by daylight. If a stove requires cleaning, be sure that there is no fire in it. Wet a soft cloth with ammonia and rub the steel briskly. —Ladies' Home Journal. —Here is a prescription for keeping warm without a jacket: Buy four large chambray skins and a paper pattern for a high-necked undershirt. Cut the waist according to the pattern with this exception: the chambray should be quite come down to the waist line. Punch a few holes in the leather for ventilation, trimming them neatly with a pair of sharp scissors. Line this with silk and you will have a delightfully comfortable little garment that will have all the warmth of a jacket, and that will not take up any room to speak of when you are under the weight of the dress. Cloth which is tightly fitted over the hips may also be lined in this way from the waist to the distance of a foot; this will prove also to be of great protection from the treacherous spring winds, and will not detract from the slender look of the gown.—N. Y. Tribune.

CURRENT FASHION NOTES.

Delicate and Delightful Designs for Pretty. At the present moment chemise is the most fashionable of trimmings. The modified poke bonnet will be one of the most modish shapes of the coming season. The newest shade in gloves for evening wear is called "leto de veau," which is a yellowish shade of white. A late and pretty novelty in hange trousseaux are in the shape of delicate vines with leaves and berries of various gems in such colors as make them realistic. Real gold threads are introduced into colored embroideries designed for elegant costumes and handsome evening wraps of white and gray cloth velvet and satin de Lyon. Colored umbrellas are one of the latest novelties. One of the changeable silks, especially stylish. The handles of these modish colored umbrellas are of the predominant color of the silk. The correct thing for lady dancers is no longer the conventional old time programme, but a miniature check book. A check is daily issued for a walk, a polka or any dance and must be honored when presented. Early spring wear has a skirt and bodice of emerald green velvet and a jacket of light fawn-colored tweed. The salvage of the material of which the jacket is made is arranged in a rever cascade about the neck. The jacket is closed with gold coin-shaped buttons.

Very going out in the evening some very pretty little hoods are made of black or white lace over light-colored silk, with a frill of gathered lace around the face, and adorned with ribbon or velvet bows. There is a little cap to the hood, with two ends which tie. It is called "Marion." A recently imported "art gown" for evening wear is of creamy brocade overworn with tiny roses. It is the topophile and has the front of the plain skirt robed in gold passementerie terminating in tassels. The skirt wasted bodice is of moss green velvet laid in folds and the short puffed sleeves are of the brocade. The most popular flower for the bouquet de corsage is the celist vert or green pink. By means of watering the white silk with abundant mistletoe garments have succeeded in obtaining flowers striped and marked with green and others with mauve. While they are more curious than pretty, they are new, rare and costly and are therefore the rage.—N. Y. Post.

Embroidery as a Gown.

Embroidery is this year to be greatly favored, and already the leading houses are exhibiting very elegant costumes finished with this beautiful garniture. These are of plain Chinas silk, sheer and beautifully tinted wool fabrics, saphyroids, French ginghams, organdies, India muslins and silk grenadines. More beautiful than ever are the Persian gowns for summer-dancing toilets, with gay florid borders in shaded dillies. They are to be made up over silk or satin de Lyon the shade of the gown. These last mentioned exquisite fancies are not designed for general usage, nor were they intended for ordinary mortals. Fortunately, however, there are left for these a little world of artistic and beautiful embroidered materials, which, although less elaborate in design, and far less extravagant in price, have all the novelty, delicacy and beauty of effect of the more costly varieties and patterns.—N. Y. Post.