WOMAN'S REALM.

BARONESS BRONSART VON SCHELLENDORF.

SOME WAYS OF THE WORLD

DECORATIVE POSSIBILITIES IN GREEN LEAVES—A FIREPLACE FERNERY.

Few people appreciate the decorative value of green leaves in house adornment. Flowers appeal to every one, and to have every available nook and corner filled with artistically arranged bowls and vases throughout the summer is an unwritten law of modern æsthetics, and one of the most delightful fashions of the day. But the exquisite foliage effects that may be produced by the use of the numberless varieties of forest leaves growing on their own graceful branches are only just becoming a part of the house beautiful. The average woman would never dream of filling her vases with leaves occasionally, instead of flowers, and yet the effect of a uniformly green decoration occasionally is indescribably cool and refreshing. There is a certain gray stone fireplace in a country house near this city that is always decorated with green, and the effect is lovely. "Color always seems to spoil it," said the house mistress, as she put two delicate beechen branches against the silvery gray of the stone in a couple of green Japanese jugs on the mantel, and then deftly arranged a mass of oak, chestnut and sassafras foliage at the base of the heavy grani added, putting a vase of yellow lilies nea. green tracery of the beechen sprays, "they quite ruin the effect here, although they are perfect on the little oak table in the corner against that piece of tapestry. I find the law of becomingness has to be considered as much with inanimate objects as with human beings. But to go back to foliage effects," she continued; "no one adores flowers more than I do, but I make it a rule occasionally to deck the house and table with nothing but green leaves, and the effect is always noticed and admired."

It is not generally known that an open fireplace affords in summer excellent conditions for a fernery, combining as it does fresh air with shade. There are two ways of utilizing a chimney in this way which are equally pretty. One is to have a piece of flat sheet iron, turned up at the edges, so as to retain the moisture. Upon it place ferns in pots of different heights, and then conceal the pots with selected rocks. Ivies and mosses can also be planted with the ferns, and an artistic rookery will be the result. Another pretty effect that may be produced is to arrange logs that have previously been hollowed out like a trough one above the other. Dirt is placed in the troughs, and in each ferns are planted, so that every log is a rustic jardinière in itself. If both logs and rocks are carefully chosen they are decorative in themselves, as the lichens with which they often are covered are indeed beautiful.

THEY SPOIL A MAN'S CHANCES.

"One thing really vexes me," said the mother of a débutante daughter, "and that is to have the opinion of her silly little contemporaries carry more weight with my Mabel than my own. 'Mab' is a well brought up child, and has a pretty differential manner when listening to my ideas, but I know all the while she is wondering what Edith M. or Elsie N. will say on the subject, and it is their approval or disapproval that is the test. It may be the question of a hat or a gown, or even of a lover. Everything concerning a girl of that age is submitted to the test of public opinion as voiced by chits of eighteen or twenty. It is annoying enough when this censorship is exercised only in clothes, etc., but when it concerns people it becomes really serious. There is no doubt about it that an advantageous match has often been spoiled by these sharp little tongues that are no respecters of persons, and many a girl who would, if let alone, fall in love and marry in the good old fashioned way, has literally not dared to evince a preference for any man that her friends chose to make fun of. Men do not realize this, and they often make a great mistake in ignoring the friends of the girl that takes their fancy, for these friends can make or mar a young man's fortune if they feel so disposed.

"It is always worth while to gain the goodwill of every one as far as it is possible, but never more so than to make a friend instead of a foe of an attractive girl's most intimate friend."

ARRESTING THE GILDED YOUTH.

The merry policeman and the youth of fashion might be introduced with advantage into the modern comic opera, for they certainly would be very effective as a typical chorus of the new conditions.

"It seems funny to see the names of one's friends in the police court happenings all the time," said a society girl recently. "If not for one thing, it is for another. One would think, to read the headlines, that our 'high sassiety' young men were a set of young criminals. 'A Crœsus held for bail.' 'B. Tiptop caught in flagrante delicto.' 'C. Midas arrested on Fifth-ave.,' etc. The other day on a South Shore, Long Island, train, crowded with people one knew, a couple of rough looking men came up to 'Billy' S., who was talking to me. 'We have a warrant for your arrest,' they said to him. 'You must get off at the next station.' 'You have mistaken your man,' said 'Billy,' at first amused at what he thought was a blunder. 'No, we haven't, either!' said one of the men, rudely. 'You'd better get off quietly, or we'll take you.' 'What's your complaint?' demands 'Billy,' white with impotent anger. 'Refusing to stop your automobile yesterday when requested to do so on account of a restive horse.' The horse smashed the wagon to bits, and I guess you'll have a nice damage account to settle, besides the police fines. There is no use denying it; we've plenty of witnesses, and they've arrested your chauffeur, and you'd better come quietly.' Of course, there was nothing to do, so he got off with the men at the next station, but the rumor had got about that a man was arrested on the train, and heads were stuck out from every window. Of course, no one knew what for, and there were all sorts of surmises. 'Did you see that young chap that was arrested?' I heard a man say to a woman in the ferryhouse afterward. 'He was a nice looking fellow, too—some confidence man, most likely. They always look like dudes.' And 'Billy' told me afterward that a new acquaintance who had seen the arrest, and had evidently not learned the cause, gave him a very queer look in Wall Street the next day."

"They arrested 'Tommy' Tufthunter the other day, thinking they had caught young Crœsus," said a clubman. "The latter was under the weather, and 'Tommy' drove his coach out to the races. One of the horses, who strained at his collar, chafed the skin, and made it bleed. The police were on him like a shot, thinking they had bagged big game, but they were so disgusted when they found it was 'Tommy' instead of 'Billy' Crœsus, that they did not even take the trouble to take him to the station house. 'Tommy' said he was never so insulted in his life."

Boudoir Chat.

They were discussing summer homekeeping. "I have such a battle every year to keep our cottage in anything like order," said one woman to another. "Of course, when I first fitted it up it was sweet and artistic! Everything in perfect harmony. But such a medley as the first year gathered. Mildred wanted the place strung from end to end with what she was pleased to call 'souvenirs.' I suppose girls have to go through with that stage, but I declare it's worse than measles or whooping cough. Blue prints lined the walls, such hideously inartistic things at best as they are; butterfly nets with dusty, ragged birds' nests above them graced the mantels; broken golf sticks were tied with blue ribbons. Once I actually intercepted the hanging of a pair of tennis shoes—muddy, battered things!—above my mullioned window. Did you ever! Mildred insisted she had had such lovely times in those shoes—she wanted to keep them as souvenirs!

"As for Bob, there was the rod he caught the big bass with, line, hook and all, to dangle in my eyes; the rifle he broke the day he saw the bear; the paddle that belonged to his first canoe, with snakes' rattles and foxes' tails and stuffed birds—horrors! The place looked like a junkshop. I stood it for one whole summer. Then I laid down the law—that a cottage was a place to live in I told them, not a storehouse for rubbish. Of course, they wept and wailed and vowed it was worse than living in a hotel; but I was firm, and now my cottage is voted the freshest, most artistic house on the lakeside!"

The other woman smiled. "You certainly were brave," she said. "I confess I'd never have had the courage to institute such a campaign. Our own cabin in the mountains is a perfect grandmother's attic of relics and rubbish. But the children seem so happy, I confess I'm too cowardly to say the disturbing word."

The "cabin" to which the second speaker referred nestled among the hills, a quaint, many gabled, long, low, rustic affair, two-thirds windows and porches, and all overrun with wistaria and honeysuckle. The hardwood floors were strewn with rugs, the portieres were rich and effective, the curtains exquisitely dainty, the furniture simple but artistic to the smallest detail. All of which, however, interfered not a whit with the corralling of a colony of field mice in a corner of the hall, a box of kittens in the library, and angleworms ("bait") everywhere. Spiders' webs and mud daubers' nests were allowed to run riot. "They don't like their housekeeping broken up," pleaded the children. Grandpapa whittled windmills and waterwheels in the reception room if its sunny bay window happened to catch his fancy at the moment, for an admiring semicircle of barefooted beneficiaries. "dada" gathered other hunting enthusiasts about him in the dining room, and smoked and compared camp notes to his heart's content, while Jack's innumerable pans of "washes," plus bottles and blue prints in all stages of development, made one liable to "put his foot in it" at almost any moment.

HER HOME IN AFRICA.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE OF BARONESS VON SCHELLENDORF, FORMERLY MISS BUNCE, OF OHIO.

Baroness von Schellendorf, formerly Miss Isabella Bunce, of Ohio, who has lately returned from a year's residence in one of the wildest parts of East Africa, is now visiting friends in this city.

She brought with her to this country a perfectly new species of wild animal, not named or described in any work on natural history. It is a queer little creature, evidently one of those "left overs" from an earlier period, before one species had differentiated into a number of different ones. At first sight it reminds one of a kitten, a squirrel and a monkey. Its face is like that of a bear, though far smaller than the tiniest bear cub. Its ears resemble a bat's. Its hands are like those of a monkey, but its hind legs are like those of a kangaroo, though far smaller, and it uses them in the same way. Its tail is like that of a squirrel. Its fur is like a chinchilla's, and in its own country is very short, but since coming to northern climates it has grown rich and long, with black hair on the end. Likewise, although it is a night animal in its habitat, since becoming a household pet it seems to have learned how to see in the daytime. Baron von Schellendorf named it the "Nachtaffen," the night monkey, because of its nocturnal habits. At home it eats insects, toads, butterflies, squirrels and fruits. In captivity it eats whatever any one else does, with a strong preference for raw oysters and shrimps.

WEDDING JOURNEY IN WILDERNESS.

Probably no American girl ever had a more remarkable wedding tour. It took her down on the East Coast of Africa to Mombossa, a port in British East Africa. Thence she and her husband went by rail to Wol, a ten hours' trip, and from there made their way overland to the foot of the Kilima-Njaro Mountain, where Baron von Schellendorf was to conduct an experiment station for a German company.

The Kilima-Njaro district is in German East Africa, but the British railroad approaches it more closely. Under the most favoring circumstances the station is only a ten days' journey from Wol, but when the baroness made her wedding trip through there two years ago the trip overland occupied thirty-three days. It was in the wet season, and at every river bridges had to be rebuilt.

She lived in the wilderness for a year. Then she came home with African fever. Her stories of life in the African bush sound like extracts from Rider Haggard, but instead of dreading a mode of life which would appear full of hardships to many women, she is eager for her return to the frontier.

Keeping house in the wilderness affords good practice in the strenuous life. The baroness tried to pick up a puff adder one day, thinking it was a pole which she could use to support her clothesline. The puff adder is a snake about six feet long, and its scales, unlike those of many serpents, retain their brilliancy after death. On that account its skin is worth $5 in Europe for manufacture into novelties. All manner of snake skins can be exported for similar purposes, for the reptile world ranges all the way from three foot lizards up to the mighty python of the jungle.

Near the house was a little waterfall, and just above this, where the swift flow would bear all refuse away, the servants used to rinse the pots and pans. One day the cook dropped the coffee pot in the brook, and it whisked over the falls. They had only one more, so diligent search was made for the lost utensil, but without success. A week later the baroness met a crocodile at the foot of her garden. He had come up out of the water to take a stroll in the edge of the evening. She promptly shot him, and when he was opened there was her coffee pot, quite uninjured. Crocodiles can be shot by the thousand along the streams.

AN AFRICAN BUNGALOW.

She found that the most satisfactory dress was of thin white material, with a waist like the upper part of a kimono, and a short skirt, reaching to the tops of her high boots. Gloves and a broad brimmed cork hat, covered with white canvas, completed her out of door costume. Her house is a bungalow, built of the logs of barride and mewallies, the only lumber which will not be eaten up bodily by insect pests. The inner walls are covered with "gamti," which is nothing but unbleached muslin, hailing, every yard of it, from Yankee mills. The house is made gay with Indian cottons and Japanese umbrellas, and the whole inclosure is surrounded by a high barbed wire fence, with poisoned barbs. The household sleep in tents, which are cooler than it is possible to make the house, and which are searched for "varmints" of whatever breed before they retire for the night. This gamti is the only cloth known to the natives, and a Central African negro will work two months for three yards of it. Then he will drape himself in it, and wear it until it is perfectly stiff, like leather, and impossible to tear.

From March, when she left the ship, until October, when she boarded it again, the baroness did not see a white woman.

She will return to Africa during the coming summer. Her husband is the nephew of one of Von Moltke's generals, who was also later Minister of War to Emperor Frederick.

Baron von Schellendorf is experimenting with all the resources of the country to see which can be made commercially profitable. He has cocoa, banana and tobacco plantations, and another consisting of ten thousand indiarubber trees. He has an ostrich farm, which he started with wild birds driven in from the plains, and in which three incubators are now busily at work.

But probably the most picturesque thing done at the station is the capture of wild animals for the great German company which supplies all the large menageries and wild beast shows of the world.

Baroness von Schellendorf has participated often in the "drives" by which these captures are made, and she declares it the most wildly exciting thing which the world has to offer. When the baron decides upon a drive he calls in about a week beforehand the different chiefs who will control the men that day. A peculiar flag is shown to each chief, the motions and positions of which he is to follow on the day of the drive. For a week he is trained in this signal language. One signal means "Stand up," another "Close the lines," and so on. A location suited by its natural features is chosen for the drive. It is a vast plain, with a tree in the centre. In this tree a platform is built, visible all over the plain, and from this platform the baron and baroness manipulate the flags which direct the drive. A corral is constructed of logs, and an opening left, with arrangements by which it can be quickly closed after the animals are in.

TRAPPING ANIMALS.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of the drive the chiefs take the station assigned to them. Each has from two hundred to seven hundred men under him, making ten thousand natives in all, representing perhaps ten or fifteen different tribes, none of which understands the language of the others. It is the dry season, when the herbivorous animals, which in the wet season scatter through the mountains, are forced down to the plains for food.

These small, scattered herds are gradually driven in toward the corral by the advancing lines of natives. As they slowly gather to the centre of the field thousands of zebras, giraffes, gnus—a species of buffalo—Thomsonian gazelles, water boks and reed boks—which look like young calves—antelopes, elands and ostriches will be seen collected in a vast herd.

Then occurs a thing which few white persons have ever seen. The animals begin to realize that they are being trapped. A leader starts out, and they all follow him. He begins to run to make his escape. Everywhere as he seeks to break the line men spring up, shouting and brandishing sticks. The line of animals is forced to run in a circle. At length the leader approaches the mouth of the corral. To permit this great mixed herd to rush in would destroy the corral and defeat the purpose of the drive. A great body of men stationed at the gateway springs up. The leader of the herd turns back, and the long line follows him. The second line runs parallel to the first, only going in an opposite direction. Sometimes the herd will form half a dozen lines, running swiftly, each animal with its head on the rump of the one ahead of it and its sides touching those of the animal in the next line, yet never breaking out of its own line. An indescribably dizzy sensation is produced by looking at these vast, wavering lines moving with mad swiftness round and round, like the body of a monster serpent. It is said to be one of the strangest sights in the world.

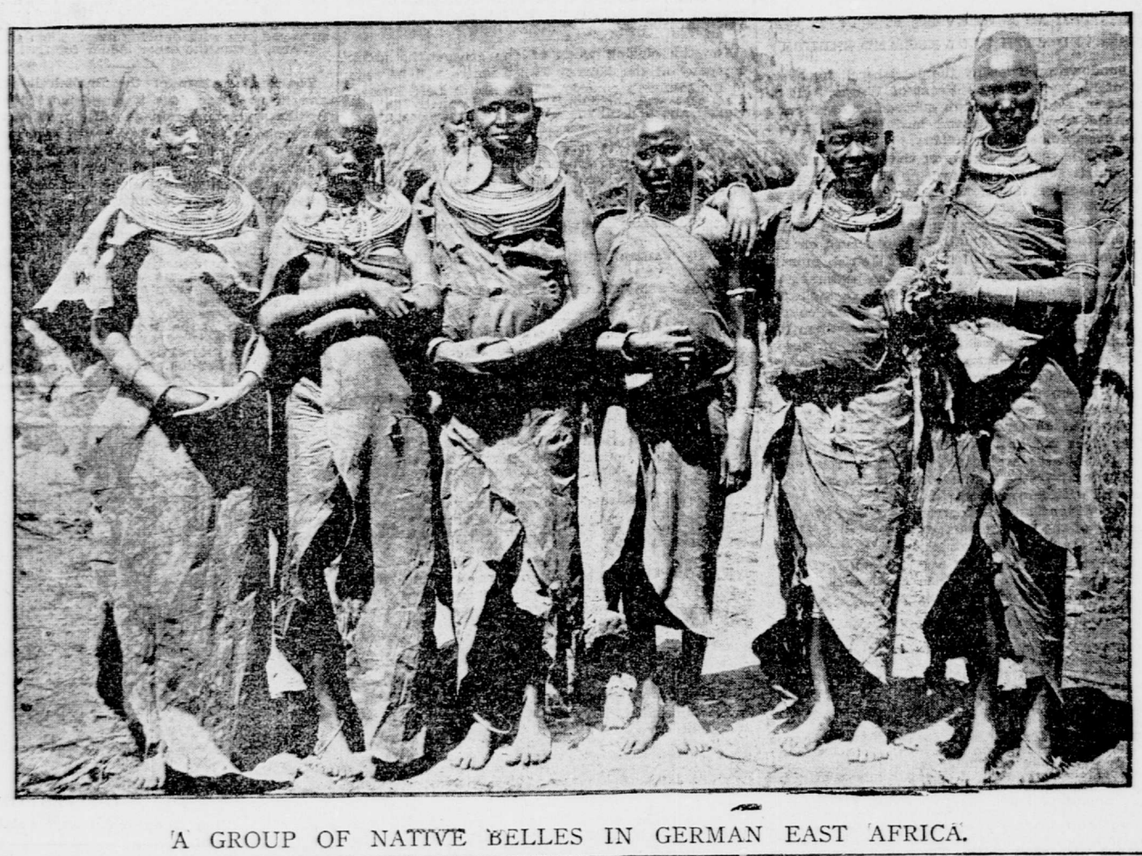
The drive is always for one particular animal; perhaps ostriches for the ostrich farms; perhaps zebras to ship away. Groups of the special animal desired are skilfully cut out of the great herd and turned into the corral. If a lion or leopard gets caught in the drive, early in the game the men near him are signalled to "lie low," so that the big meat eater may sneak away. The baron has an entirely different method of dealing with him.

When the corral is full of the species desired the entrance is closed and the day's drive is over. This is generally about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Five hundred zebras at a time has been the result of such a day's work.

TAMING THE ZEBRAS.

The Von Schellendorfs were the first people to tame and harness zebras. The baron himself had no idea that this could be done, for the zebra is reputed the wildest of all wild things. It was done by leaving a young zebra two days without food and then letting him into a corral where he could see donkeys eating hay from the hands of natives. In two days he also would eat from their hands, put down his head to be rubbed, and even take hay from the baron's pockets.

The same method was followed with the older animals, and within ten days after the drive two of the largest zebras were harnessed and ridden by colored boys. Baron von Schellendorf is now confident that zebras can be trained to become the draught animals of Africa, a country fatal to horses. Zebras are immune to the tsetse fly, and to all the other diseases which attack the horse. The zebras of Central Africa are sixteen hands high and have powerful chest and limbs, well fitted for pulling.



A GROUP OF NATIVE BELLES IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA.

THE TRIBUNE SUNSHINE SOCIETY.

GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.

NOTICE.

All letters and packages intended for the T. S. S. should be addressed to The Tribune Sunshine Society, Tribune Building, New-York City. If the above address is carefully observed communications intended for the T. S. S. will be less likely to go astray. The Tribune Sunshine Society has no connection with any other organization or publication using the word "Sunshine."

PLEASING CHILDREN.

Mrs. Annie Wears, of Florida, who is an artist, has been making rag dolls for some poor children and painting the faces to resemble real dollies. There are no school privileges for the majority in the district where Mrs. Wears lives, so she gives several hours a day in the summer to these poor children, and expresses herself as delighted with the progress they make in reading and writing. The office will be pleased to aid in this helpful work by sending some simple school books.

GIVING AND RECEIVING.

Mrs. F. B. Walker, State president of Connecticut, will send cheer to members in Florida and Ohio; Mrs. L. R. Hopton will forward reading matter to Mrs. Wears, of Florida; "E. R. C." will respond to a request from a crippled man in Pennsylvania; "A. M. C.," of Ossining, N. Y., will write cheer letters to members in New-York and Ohio; Mrs. J. Lyle has already begun to knit Christmas mittens for the "Little Mothers"; Miss Mary McLean, of Florida, reports that she has received two books she asked for, and desires cordially to thank the unknown donors. Mrs. C. V. Dorset has received a box of clothing from Patchogue, Long Island, and three shirt waists from Schenectady, without the names of the senders. The gifts were distributed where there was great need of them. Mrs. Sydney Evans, of North Carolina, has been greatly pleased to receive a box of flower cuttings and a sunshiny letter from Mrs. Anderson, of New-Jersey. Mrs. L. A. Fletcher, of New-Hampshire, has "passed on" sunshine in the form of a letter and book to the Philippines and flowers to a T. S. S. member. Mrs. Marler has given summer dresses to some girls in her own neighborhood in the name of sunshine, and sent pictures to a member at Cavité, P. I.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, a member of the Washington, D. C., branch, who was appointed a United States delegate to the Red Cross conference now being held in Russia, reports that the first meeting was an enthusiastic one and the reception most cordial. The Czarina was present.

Miss L. Moffat, of Berkeley, Cal., one of the most enthusiastic workers in the Sunshine cause, will spend her summer vacation in the East, reaching New-York about June 16. Mrs. Mary S. Rowland has gone to London for the coronation. Many T. S. S. members who live in this city during the winter are making preparations to go to their country homes. Mrs. Willoughby Sharp is already settled at New-Rochelle. A Sunshine member in Greenwich, Conn., who entertains extensively, has included a Sunshine member among her guests for June. Mrs. Young will be at her beautiful country home at Pine Orchard-on-the-Sound during the summer. Mrs. Charles Frederick Naething, who has recently returned from California, is spending a short time at Atlantic City before occupying her summer home at Lakewood. Mrs. A. B. Stone and her daughter, Mrs. Marbury, will spend the summer, as usual, at Magnolia, Mass.; Mrs. and Miss Peirce, of the Washington (D. C.) branch, have already gone to their country home in Canada. A Montclair (N. J.) member will travel all summer, but she will not forget to "pass on" sunshine to some members to whom she is accustomed to send cheer. Miss Edith Macnee, of Manhattan, sailed for Europe yesterday.

BITTER SWEET.

Just to give up and rest,
All on a love secure,
Out of a world that is hard at the best,
Looking to heaven as sure.
Ever to hope through cloud and fear,
In darkest night that the dawn is near;
Just to wait at the Master's feet—
Sure, now, the bitter is sweet.
—(Henry Van Dyke.

The foregoing poem was selected as a ray of comfort for invalids by Jennie R. Haviland.

STYLES IN BRIDES' GOWNS.

NOVELTIES INTRODUCED AT RECENT WEDDINGS—MODES IN VEILS AND FLOWERS.

Fashion is so exacting in its demands that there is really only one day in a woman's life when she may bid defiance to its mandates and dress as she chooses. That day is her wedding day, and then, although she may still adhere to some of the prevailing modes, she can give play to her artistic fancies, to her fondness for the quaint and picturesque, and wear almost anything she pleases, certain to receive the approbation of those assembled to see her married.

Miss Maude A. Wolfe, who was married recently to J. Butler Wright, proved the truth of this statement by appearing at her wedding in a gown so quaint that it might have had for its inspiration some old French court costume. It was of white satin, and had angel sleeves of pleated chiffon, which extended nearly to her knees. To carry out the quaint idea she wore very long mits of white silk lace. They were almost as long as gloves and merely showed the tips of her fingers.

SHE WORE TWO VEILS.

Another odd conceit of hers was the wearing of two veils. The under one was of tulle, and not only fell over the entire length of her white satin train, but down the sides as well, and was draped somewhat like the veils worn by Sisters of Charity. Over this came a smaller veil of beautiful point lace. It was square in shape, and one corner was arranged so as to fall over her forehead in a way to suggest a Marie Stuart coife. Her low, soft pompadour supported the lace, and gave the effect on each side of two large dark rosettes, that is, seen from the distance as she walked up the aisle alone to the chancel, where she was met by Mr. Wright and his best man.

Mrs. George Lorillard Ronalds, who was Miss Edith Hoadley, wore at her wedding honeysuckles in place of orange blossoms, which for so long have been considered brides' flowers. And just here it should be said that while many still cling to these pretty oldtime blossoms, which, like tulle and white satin, are always associated with weddings, their popularity seems to be declining. It should not be understood by this statement that orange blossoms are not being worn, for that would not be true, but they are enjoying less prominence at weddings than heretofore, and one seldom finds them except in the smallest spray fastening the veil. There was one recent exception to this rule, one of the June brides appearing with an old fashioned wreath surmounting her tulle veil.

The fashion of wearing honeysuckles instituted by Mrs. Ronalds should find many adherents, for the effect of the long spray of these sweet scented flowers falling down the front of her gown from the left shoulder to below the knees was extremely pretty. A few of these flowers fastened her Valenciennes lace veil.

Mrs. Ronalds's dress did not follow the season's fashion trend. The reason for this was probably due to the old adage that she was obliged to have her gown "cut according to the cloth," or, to be strictly correct, the satin, which had done service at her mother's wedding. It was of that beautiful old variety which used to be described as "standing alone," so rich and thick was it in texture. The puffs and frills of her mother's time made it necessary to stripe her waist with Valenciennes lace insertions set between bands about three inches wide of the satin. This ran up and down the sleeves and bodice, which also had a yoke of the lace.

EFFECTIVE TRIMMED LACE.

Trimmed lace is another innovation for brides. Miss Constance Marie Gunther, who was married to Dr. Carl A. Clemons last week, made one of the prettiest brides of the season in her gown of chiffon and lace, the latter trimmed with cords of white satin applied in waved lines, which stood out in bold relief against the filmy background. The trained skirt was draped in front with this satin trimmed lace, as was also the bodice, which, like the sleeves, had undulating satin cords adorning it. Her veil was draped in a decidedly novel fashion. It was tied in a broad bow wired to hold it in place on her coiffure, where it was fastened with a spray of orange blossoms.

Her maid of honor, Miss Lena Fanshawe, also had a lace covered dress treated in a similar way, with a trimming of satin cords. She carried a large bouquet of white sweetpeas, from which fell innumerable white satin ribbon trails knotted with sprays of sweetpeas, giving the effect of a shower of these blossoms all the way down the front of her skirt. A pretty bit of color was introduced into the bouquet by a big bunch of moss rosebuds on one side. Speaking of bouquets, it should be said that bridesmaids and maids of honor carried these very low—far below the waist line.

Miss Ethel Edson, who was married on Thursday to Arthur Hoffman Van Brunt, son of Justice Van Brunt, departed from the usual fashion of carrying a bouquet, and instead used an ivory prayer book. Another of last week's brides also frowned upon flowers, and in place of a bouquet used a mother-of-pearl fan suspended from a white satin ribbon. All of her bridesmaids also carried fans in addition to their bouquets.

TURQUOISE BRACELET SOUVENIRS.

Miss Alice Marsten McKim, whose marriage to William Hude Neilson Voss was one of the social events of the last week, presented her bridesmaids and matron of honor with the prettiest souvenirs imaginable—charming little bracelets made of turquoises. Mr. Voss's gifts to the ushers and best man consisted of scarfpins in the design of fox heads in gold.

There was a sombre touch at the wedding of Miss Maude L. Quintard to James Hanford Brookfield on Wednesday afternoon in the Church of the Transfiguration. It was produced by the gray gown of her matron of honor, her sister, Mrs. John G. Richardson. It was of the shade, almost, of black pearls, and was made of crêpe de chine, combined with Irish lace of the same color. The skirt was devoid of any trimming, and depended for its attractiveness upon the graceful lines of its sunburst pleats. She wore a bodice a bit suggestive of a coat, as it had extremely long basques. It was made entirely of gray Irish crocheted lace over the crêpe de chine, and had the narrowest girdle possible, made of a twist of the crêpe. Her large gray hat was circled by an immense white ostrich plume. Instead of the conventional bouquet, Mrs. Richardson carried an armful of pink roses.

The bride herself was charmingly gowned. Instead of point lace, which, like orange blossoms, has long been associated with wedding gowns, she wore guipure lace, which covered the entire front of her white chiffon skirt and bodice. Speaking of lace, point is not so popular as it once was. Irish lace is coming into favor more and more, and will probably serve as the opening wedge, so to speak, for a whole train of other varieties of lace.

Not only has the tendency for lace changed, but other materials as well. Summer brides are using less and less satin, and more and more chiffons and gauzes. One of last week's brides was dressed in pineapple chiffon combined with Irish lace, while another one had her entire costume made of chiffon, which was trimmed with exquisite point appliqué lace.

MAID OF HONOR'S GOWN.

A maid of honor at a recent wedding was dressed in apple green Liberty gauze, and at the Voss-McKim wedding the bridesmaids wore frocks of white Liberty gauze embroidered with small white silk polka dots. The skirts and bodices were striped with lines of white silk faggoting and were trimmed with frills of lace, giving the airiest, lightest and daintiest of effects imaginable to the costumes.

A pretty novelty was introduced at the wedding of Miss Phelps to William North Duane, at which the bridesmaids carried, instead of bouquets, charming lace frilled parasols. These sunshades were of light green chiffon, and near the handles were ruffled with quantities of white lace, over which green silk leaves were scattered. The effect was charming.

At another wedding the bridesmaids departed from the traditional flower trimmed hats, and wore large black ones of straw, adorned with black ostrich plumes. These were most effective with their frocks of yellow organdie, which were matched by bouquets of pale yellow daisies.

A pretty and unusual effect was obtained not long ago in the dresses of the bridesmaids at a fashionable wedding. These were of white tucked organdie inserted with lace, and made over pale green chiffon, which imparted to them a shimmery, opalescent coloring. Touches of green were introduced on the bodices in the form of Liberty silk girdles, with short sashes in the back, and twists of green chiffon outlining yokes. The bridesmaids who wore these fascinating frocks carried, instead of flowers, immense bouquets of Farleyence ferns.

A DAINTY FLOWER GIRL.

Little flower girls for weddings are not seen nowadays as much as formerly. One made her appearance last week, however, in the daintiest of white organdie frocks, trimmed with lace. It was belted very low, a little above the child's knees, giving the effect of an extremely long waist and a diminutive petticoat, made of two short frills. The belting was done with a pink Liberty satin ribbon sash, and little pink bowknots appeared at the shoulders. This small attendant wore a big hat of white lace and mull, somewhat in shape like an exaggerated mob cap. It was trimmed with small pink and white roses. The "little lady" carried a basket made of a Leghorn hat, trimmed with pink ribbons, and filled with pink sweetpeas.

In the matter of wedding cake there is, of course, no change, but an innovation was introduced recently in the way of serving it. Instead of the square or oblong boxes to which one has been accustomed so long, at a country wedding not long ago the guests received tiny hampers made of willow, and containing more than enough cake to take home with them to dream upon. These hampers were trimmed with white satin ribbon tied in bows. One end of each bow's streamer had the intertwined initials of the bride and bridegroom in gold, while on the other end appeared the recipient's name. Fastened to the bows of these little hampers were bunches of white lilacs. At a naval wedding last week the bride's cake was cut with a sword.

CHURCH DECORATIONS.

While there have been changes this spring in wedding gowns, flowers and other accessories, there has been little in the matter of floral decorations in churches, except possibly a tendency to have these rather simple. At one of last week's weddings arches of maple boughs, trimmed with clusters of pink and white peonies, spanned the central aisle of the church for the bridal party to pass under.

At another wedding a few days ago a conventional effect was obtained by placing two small vases of pink peonies on the altar and two larger ones at its base.

At the Voss-McKim wedding in Grace Church the effect of the changes which have been made on the chancel by the removal of its beautiful stained glass window on account of the extension which is being built to the church were cleverly concealed by evergreen boughs. These were massed at the back of the altar, and gave the idea of a beautiful green dossal.

A recent bride wanted apple blossoms used at her wedding. The season for these flowers had passed in this part of the country, but as she had set her heart upon them they were brought from one of the New-England States and were used to decorate the drawing room of her parents' home, in Lexington-ave., where the wedding reception was held. Every one marvelled at seeing these blossoms so late, not knowing that the orchards of a Massachusetts farm had been taxed to supply them.

TEACHERS COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

Teachers College will begin to-day the first of a set of unusually elaborate commencement exercises that will last until Wednesday. This afternoon the members of the graduating class will hear the baccalaureate sermon delivered in the Columbia gymnasium by the Rev. Frederick Burgess, Bishop of Long Island. To-morrow the seniors will take an all day excursion to West Point, and the members of the faculty as well as the undergraduates in the college will be invited to accompany the seniors.

On Tuesday will be the class day exercises, which will embrace the usual programme. The exercises will take place in the large hall of Teachers College. After the formal exercises the class prophecy will be read by Miss Hildegarde E. Nordell, and Miss S. R. Miller will deliver the class poem. After this dinner a reception and musical will be tendered to the members of the faculty and the students' friends. In the evening the exercises will be concluded by a dance in the Teachers College building. On June 11 the graduating class will have its picture taken and will then proceed to the gymnasium, where in common with the other graduating classes of the university they will receive their diplomas.

After the commencement exercises the Teachers College alumni will hold a business meeting and will then attend the alumni banquet in Whittier Hall, at the Teachers College dormitories, at One-hundred-and-twentieth-st. and Amsterdam-ave.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A TISSUE PAPER PATTERN OF WOMAN'S SHIRRED WAIST, NO. 4,128. FOR 10 CENTS.

Simple shirred waists are always becoming to slender figures, and are revived among the latest of the season's styles. This pretty model is shown in pale pink mousseline, with collar and cuffs of cream lace, and is charming, but all pliable fabrics are appropriate in silk, wool and cotton.

NO. 4,128—WOMAN'S SHIRRED WAIST.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size five yards of material 21 inches wide, four and one-fourth yards 27 inches wide, three and three-fourths yards 32 inches wide, or three yards 44 inches wide will be required, with one-half yard of all-over lace for collar and cuffs. The pattern, No. 4,128, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34 and 36 inch bust measure.

The pattern will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Please give number and bust measure distinctly. Address Pattern Department, New-York Tribune. If in a hurry for pattern, send an extra two cent stamp and we will mail by letter postage in sealed envelope.

COOLNESS and BEAUTY in SUMMER HAIR GOODS
Our Marie Antoinette
POMPADOURS & Wavy Knots
are the most desirable Hair Pieces for the heated term—being feather-weight, they ensure coolness and comfort.
Retaining their naturally curly appearance, they dispense with the troublesome curling iron. An always ready aid to complete the coiffure.

GRAY HAIR WIGS
for Elderly Ladies—of the finest materials and the highest type of workmanship. Any shade readily matched, from the slightly sprinkled gray to the lustrous silver white.
L. SHAW
54 W. 14th St., next to MACY'S, N. Y.

FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE
REDUCED ENAMELLED REED.
ORIENTAL COLORINGS.
Original designs in red, blue and green, interwoven with the natural. The reed is enamelled in Switzerland by children rubbing the color in with their fingers.

	Were	Now
3 PIECE SUITES (Red and natural.)	$96.00	$78.00
2 PIECE SUITES (Green, red and natural.)	$74.00	$58.00
SOFAS (Green and natural.)	$41.00	$33.00
ARM CHAIRS	$23.00 to 27.00	$17.00 to 22.00
CORNER CHAIRS	$10.00	$7.00

Graceful in form and restfully cool in appearance—all the fashionable novelties of the season, now below factory prices, if you
"BUY OF THE MAKER"
GEO. C. FLINT CO.
43, 45 AND 47 WEST 23RD ST.
NEAR BROADWAY.
FACTORY: 154 AND 156 WEST 19TH STREET.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Radically Destroyed.
MME. JULIAN'S SPECIFIC, before the public 35 years, here and abroad, cures the worst growth. No electricity, poison or pain. Absolutely harmless. Cure guaranteed.
MME. JULIAN,
155 WEST 22D ST. Hours 10 to 3.

GRAFTON FUR Co., Ld.
164, New Bond St., London.
Choicest selection of FURS and smartest styles in LONDON.

Ask for Lundborg's
Velcrema
a lotion known for its curative properties and delicate aroma; allays all irritations of the skin and quickly relieves soreness caused by
SUNBURN, MOSQUITO BITES, ITCHING PILES, WIND BURN.
Invaluable to all who indulge in outdoor sports. Not greasy or sticky, 25c.