WOMAN'S REALM.

LATEST FAD IN VEILS.

AUTOMOBILE STORM VEILS, PEDESTRIAN VEILINGS, PLAIN AND DOTTED, IN ALL COLORS, FROM THE NEW, SPACIOUS SALESROOMS OF HAMBURGER, HERZOG & CO., IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF VEILINGS AND NETTINGS, NOS. 91 AND 93 FIFTH-AVE., NEW-YORK.

What Parisians Are Wearing.

Paris, November 14.

There is an extensive use of plain cloth on fancy wools. This style of trimming may be made to suit a severe tailored morning gown, or elaborated with the addition of embroidery. A gown of heavy wool in mixed shades of dull green is trimmed with a cut-out pattern of light green cloth, appliqued with fancy silks. This is made up in one of the close skirts that many French women are ordering, in spite of the fact that all advice is in a contrary direction. There is a deep yoke, ornamented lightly with the trimming, and from this hangs the skirt in broad side pleats, stitched down almost to the bottom. The trimming is carried about the bottom of the skirt, running up on the pleats.

Another example of the use of plain cloth as a trimming is on a skirt and jacket suit of mixed dark red and black check. Really, nothing is more fashionable than these mixed or finely checked cloths. In this case the trimming consists of pattes of plain red cloth, embroidered lightly on the edges with a little gold and black braid. The skirt is made in three parts, slashed at intervals with a patte heading the slashings. On the jacket the pattes are on the choker and down the front.

An original long garment is of thick gray zibeline, trimmed with gray cloth that is embroidered in most original fashion. This embroidery is done in heavy stitching of yellow, green and royal purple, and the design is Egyptian in effect, consisting of long lines ending in small, conventionalized leaves. There are pattes of this down the front, and the big cape sleeves have the inside seam trimmed in the same way. There is a collar, with long stole ends, of the embroidered cloth, edged with gray astrakhan, and also a narrow, turnover fur collar.

PETIT GRIS ECLIPSED.

The pretty gray squirrel skin that has been so popular for two seasons is quite out of favor. Moleskin is the fashionable fur now, but the chances are that in a season or two it will disappear as the petit gris has done. Certain furs, like sable, seal, otter and zibeline, are always worn. Ermine has always been considered one of the standard furs, but it is being well imitated. Little neck cravats that tie at the throat, either in a single knot or in four-in-hand fashion, are most modish in this fur, but one of the big shops here is placing them on the market at a price that can only provoke imitation. There are excellent imitations, too, of the fashionable taupe, although one wonders why such a humble and common animal as the mole should be sold at a price that calls for this. Mole is much used in millinery, and lovely toques are made of it.

The smartness of many winter suits rests on a use of black mohair braid. The closely woven, very shiny variety is attractive and often used as a foundation for other trimming. Another style is a wide galoon of loosely woven meshes, effective over a colored lining. A dark green zibeline, with a black surface, is trimmed with a wide braid of this sort laid over bright green silk. Small rows of trimming made of three strands are used to border the wide braid in a little pointed pattern. This is used in up-and-down lines on the skirt, and in the same way on the bodice, which "blouses" over the belt all about.

Some of the mohair braids have colored or gold threads. A black braid in which gold is used is charmingly made up with black cloth in the form of a paletot reaching well below the hips. The garment is pleated in front and in the back, with lines of the braid between the pleats, and these are met by crossway lines about the bottom of the coat running in and out of the braid and pleats. There is the same effect over the shoulders. In front and in the middle of the back, the bottom of the garment is cut into little points to finish the lines of braid. The choker is original. It is high and straight in the back and descends in three little steps to nothing in front. It is trimmed with little hanging metal ornaments.

ORIGINAL FEATURES.

This model was seen at a place noted for original features. They show a handsome calling gown of sage green cloth elaborately perforated and embroidered. The larger perforations are filled in with a Cluny lace dyed the color of the cloth. This house is finishing as well a rather novel demi-toilet made of a coarse yellow silk net, inset with strips of yellow embroidered batiste, mounted over yellow satin.

Satin is much used this year for foundations, trimmings and blouses. Taffeta seems to have almost disappeared, and the silks preferred have a soft or fancy surface. Heavy corded and moiré silks are especially well liked.

To take the place of the pleated bolero which has become so common there is now a pleated pelerine. The pleats start at a point at the waistline in the back, and the pleats that form the big sleeves continue in the same line. It is this that gives novelty to the garment. Under the arms is a blouse and the pleats in front are gathered into a blouse.

The coat that blouses over the belt all about is the fashionable model, and it is more generally becoming than one would think. In the case of a short figure the blouse should stop well above the waistline. The straight line of the blouse in the back, as well as in front, gives a rather youthful appearance.

An attractive street suit is made of navy blue wool, a coarsely woven fabric, and a plaid silk in blue, green and black, with hairlines of red. The skirt is close to the knees and then springs into box pleats. The top of each pleat is ornamented with a Greek cross of bands made of the plaid. The short bolero opens over a draped vest of the plaid silk, and the sleeves fall in short pleats over a plaid puff that gathers into a close woollen cuff. Both the jacket and the sleeves are slashed and finished with a little ball fringe of blue and green. About the neck is a pattern of Greek crosses done in bands of the plaid silk.

A good model of trotteur is made of a green and red mixed wool. The skirt is laid in pleats and untrimmed. The bodice takes the form of a pleated bolero, the pleats held under the belt in the back, but loose in front. There is a round collar, making revers down the front of white cloth, embroidered with colored braids. Above this is a choker and tiny round yoke of black velvet, and the big, pleated sleeves gather into velvet cuffs. A suit of this sort is generally finished with a turnover starched linen collar.

A lovely trimming that is used on the most delicate fabrics looks like a tiny fringe of caracule, although it is done in silk. An evening gown of black mousseline de soie has a shirred skirt, trimmed to the knees with insertions of black lace figures and this soft trimming. There is the same trimming on the upper part of the bodice, but in this case over a blue silk foundation. This same trimming is used on white gowns with lines of shirrings. The skirt has three bands of trimming, consisting of scallops made of a puff of the mousseline, bordered with the trimming, and the material forming the second and third étages of the skirt is shirred to this. A lot of lace is used on the bodice.

OLD EGYPTIAN NECKLACES.

Oriental Jewelry Exhibit at National Arts Club—New Art Influence.

An exhibition of ancient, modern and Oriental jewelry of great interest was opened last week at the National Arts Club in West Thirty-fourth-st., to continue through the month. Not only is l'art nouveau represented by a number of specimens from the atelier of J. Walter Lawrence and Brainerd B. Thresher, of Dayton, Ohio, but there is also a collection of articles designed and wrought by Miss Luther, Mrs. Klapp, Miss Mary E. Pearson and Mrs. Henry Butterworth; there are over three hundred rings from the collection of Alexander W. Drake, a case of crosses, rosaries and necklaces lent by Mrs. William M. Chase, and a large number of Egyptian and early Greek bead necklaces from the collections of Mrs. Garrett Chatfield Pier and Mrs. Franke H. Bosworth. It will be seen that the exhibition strikes a pretty broad gamut.

"Beads are as old as the human race," said Mrs. Pier, in speaking of her necklaces. "They were made almost before instruments of warfare. To go back in history as far as one can and pluck out of the bosom of time these articles of personal adornment is the charming thing about it to me. You find the same impulse in the beads of Egypt and in the beads of our North American Indians. These little disks of the most heavenly blue"—here Mrs. Pier took up a string of liliputian quoits, about one-third of an inch in diameter and of almost fairylike thinness—"these little disks are cut precisely as our Indians cut their wampum, in the days before the Yankee trader began manufacturing it for them on Staten Island. That is what interests me so in beads—their universality and their closeness to the very springs of our race life."

Mrs. Pier has spent the last three or four winters in Cairo, and some of the necklaces in her collection were brought to her with the fresh earth still clinging to them. After washing one new acquisition Mrs. Pier says her hands were perfumed for days with the spices and ointments which still clung to the beads. And that necklace was 3,000 years old.

Among the particularly interesting pieces in Mrs. Pier's collection is a necklace composed entirely of small fruits and flowers. These were made only in one place, Tel-el-Amarna, under one king, Khu-en-Aten. The necklace is over 2,000 years old. These exquisite little flowers and fruits are of glazed pottery, and were cast in moulds. Perhaps the prettiest thing about them is the fact that each flower and each fruit was moulded so perfectly that it has been worked out and identified by Percy Newbury, by means of funeral wreaths, carvings and other representations of the fauna of ancient Egypt.

The necklace in the photograph is composed of large, irregular shaped, flat beads, opaque and of a rich orange-pink color. They are very rare and date from 1562-1228 B. C. A famous necklace which was bought in London is in the form of a little close fringe composed of red sard pendants and white glass amphoræ alternating. A handsome gold bulla forms the pendant. This necklace was found at Asinoe, and, says Mrs. Pier, "is charming to wear." One very valuable string of beads is of lapis lazuli, blue paste and gold. It is thought to be from a royal tomb.

The earliest beads were made in the form of long, slender cylinders. A necklace that dates from nearly 3000 B. C. shows a succession of lapis lazuli cylinders with three pendants in the front. One is an amulet in the shape of a heart, one is a "Tat" amulet, meaning stability, and the centre pendant is a scarab, the most important and sacred of all, standing, as it does, for the immortality of the soul. A particularly attractive necklace, dating from the days of the Ptolemys, is made up of little square and oblong beads of gold, lapis lazuli and feldspar. Near the front are four groups of little flat gold beads—double beads, they are, growing side by side like so many Siamese twins. The effect of this necklace is of a double string of oblong beads caught together by the square beads and the little double gold beads.

Some of these strings of beads are just as they came from the grave, save for a little cleaning, while others have been restrung. Some, like the necklace of blue disks, have been bought bead by bead. The blue disks were rare and expensive. A few of the necklaces have been built up by Mrs. Pier—recomposed, one might almost say, as, for example, the Greek necklace of carbuncle beads, to which Mrs. Pier has added as pendants long gold and carbuncle earrings of the same period and workmanship.

"These necklaces are all the time being discovered," said Mrs. Pier. "The Arabs turn them up every day. The reason why the soil of Egypt fairly teems with them is that the ancient Egyptian woman wore necklace upon necklace round her neck and festooned across her corsage. When she died and was embalmed all her necklaces were again placed on her person in readiness for the great day of her resurrection. When the tombs and graves are ransacked scores of these necklaces are found in them.

"It is amazing what fine effects the Egyptians managed to produce from the limited material at their disposal. They had no diamonds, rubies, sapphires or any of the gems known to the modern lapidary. They had to produce their effects with paste or pottery and stones which are now relegated to third or fourth place in the category of jewels. They had hematite, or iron, feldspar, carnelian, sard, lapis lazuli, amethyst, root of emerald, or emerald matrix, and blue and green pottery—that was about all. But I think the delightful things they conceived and carried out in these unpropitious mediums goes to prove that we moderns are mistaken in placing so much reliance on diamonds and the other precious stones; that beauty in jewelry isn't all a mere matter of glitter and flash."

From the beads of Ptolemaic belts to the new art buckles and brooches in the other cases may not be so far a cry as it seems. Mr. Lawrence at least has frankly availed himself of the art of the ancients as expressed in their glassware. Some of his most striking effects have been produced by combining fragments of the lovely iridescent glass found in Jerusalem, Cyprus and Asia Minor, and known variously as Cyprian or Phœnician glass, with gold and sometimes with precious or semi-precious stones.

The new art movement in jewelry expresses itself in a desire to execute a given sentiment or color scheme without regard to the intrinsic value of the medium used. While some of the modern pieces show a lavish use of precious stones, in this antique glass jewelry it is the glass that is depended upon to produce the sought for result.

"Ancient glass," said Mr. Lawrence, "was clear, and white, pink, green, violet, amber or blue in color. The fragments I use are pieces of bowls, vases, tear bottles and the like, that have been found in tombs. The beautiful iridescence which makes them so attractive is due to the decomposition and disintegration of the surface caused by the gases generated in the tombs from which the glass is exhumed. This disintegration produces not only beautiful coloring, but frequently suggestions which become through a thoughtful framing positive and distinct pictures."

One of the most striking examples of the felicity with which this old iridescent glass lends itself to the purposes of personal adornment is seen in the brooch which has been photographed. The background is the kind of glass known to collectors as ruby—the rarest of all ancient glass. This was probably part of a bowl. In the decomposition of the surface this disintegration has caused a brilliant, glowing light in the right hand corner of the glass when it is held directly in the line of vision. But if one turns the glass this light travels across the dome of the glass and disappears in the left hand lower corner. In the reverse position the surface is suffused with a silvery light.

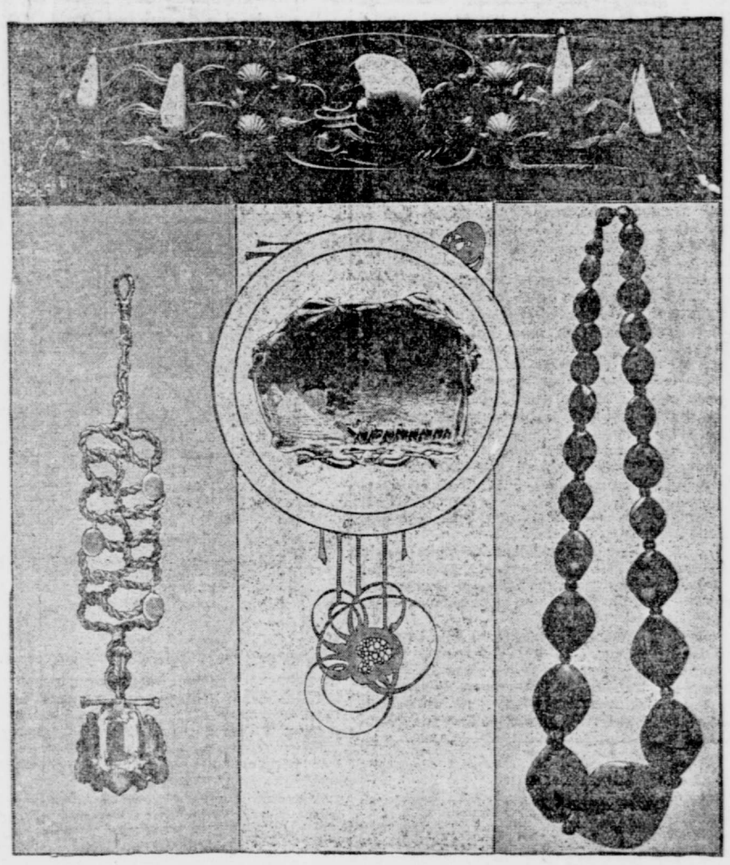
These features suggested the idea of sunset, sunrise and moonlight on the desert. So the bit of glass was framed in palms and lotos, and in the foreground is placed a caravan, picking its patient way across the sands toward the Pyramids, which mass themselves at the extreme left. Trees, caravan and Pyramids are in rose gold. The result is deeply poetic. More impressive than the beauty of the conception and the daring of the technique, however, is the thought that this brooch has required from three thousand to four thousand years for its full completion, and that it is beyond the realm of speculation ever to find its exact counterpart.

A collar in baroque pearls, also photographed, shows another fascinating development of l'art nouveau. It is made in panels of rare gold, inclosing a series of irregular, wavelike undulations. On these waves float tiny shallops, each with a lateen sail, composed of a baroque pearl. The middle panel contains, in place of a medallion or pendant, a larger boat, more powerfully modelled than the others, and with an enormous, roughly square baroque pearl for the sail. The pearl being convex, the effect is exactly that of a sail swelling and rustling before a fresh breeze.

A fob for a yachtswoman has as a pendant a large aquamarine, supported by a mermaid and a merman in dull gold. The fob consists of gold blocks and tackle. In nearly every other piece exhibited of l'art nouveau—birthday rings, engagement rings, combs and the like—there is the same emphasis of sentiment and individuality over the commercial value of the media employed.

COLLARETTE. A YACHTING STUDY IN BAROQUE PEARLS AND GOLD.

By J. Walter Lawrence.



LADY'S FOB of aquamarine and gold. BROOCH. Sky—a piece of iridescent glass about 4,000 years old; pyramids, camels and palms constitute the gold framework. EGYPTIAN NECKLACE of rose quartz 2,000 years old. By Mrs. G. R. Pier.

THEIR ANNUAL BAPTISM.

A Religious Ceremony in the Rising Mountain District.

The dusky members of the Rising Mountain Baptist Church had a big time not long ago at their annual baptism, held on the banks of the North River, down in Gloucester County, Va. During the preceding month a spirited revival meeting had been held, at which all the members of Rising Mountain had gathered together to bid defiance to the devil and bring into the fold all who were prepared to bid farewell to worldly wiles. As a result of this warfare against sin eighteen mourners had "got through," as they termed it, and awaited official membership in the church by being solemnly baptized at high tide in the river.

The eventful day dawned auspiciously—nature smiled upon the converts with a cloudless sky and a warm temperature. As early as 8 o'clock in the morning the congregation began to assemble at the appointed spot on the shore. From each road equipages of every description drove up in state—carts drawn by bix oxen, antique buggies and carryalls whitened by wear and creaking with infirmities, and ancient horses harnessed by unique arrangements of chain and rope to every conceivable kind of vehicle. In the mean time the candidates for baptism, eleven women and seven men, of varying ages, had been penned up in two barns for the moment when their impressive entrance into the open should be made.

Brother Carter knew his cue, and did not make his reverend appearance on the scene until expectancy was at fever heat. The burning sun was directly overhead, the tide was at its highest when the glad cry was given, "Hyar he come, down de road!" and "Sho' 'nuff dar he!" and at a snail's pace came an attenuated gray horse drawing an old ramshackle buggy, in which the minister was seated in a majestic, Napoleonic attitude, driven by his assistant.

The reverend men, each carrying a carpetbag containing his robes, alighted with dignity and disappeared into the barn set aside as a dressing room for the men candidates.

Ten minutes later the doors opened, and from the two barns came a weird procession. Brother Carter headed the men converts, who were attired in long black calico robes made in Mother Hubbard style, their heads wrapped in white cloths tied so tightly that the kinks of wool beneath could be seen. Their skins shone black as ebony, and their eyes protruded from their heads with nervous eagerness. Meeting them from the opposite side came the dusky sisters arrayed in pure white robes and with similar cloths on their heads.

As the two processions met and formed in one solid line marching toward the river, the spectators raised a dirgelike hymn, half wail, half chant, that suggested the barbaric melody of a Zulu tribe. On the river shore Brother Carter paused, and from a ponderous Bible read the third chapter of St. Matthew. Then "Will Sister Aaraat lead us in sacred song?" he requested. Sister Aaraat, a heavy matron in a purple velvet dress, despite the heat, advanced with inimitable dignity, and with a voice of percing sweetness began, "Oh, Children of Light, de Hour Has Come." The nervous tension of the moment was noticeable in the attitudes and expressions of spectators and converts, and as the long procession of converts, headed by Brother Carter and flanked by his assistant, made the first step into the river, arms, heads and bodies began swaying in movements of religious frenzy. Every one was working up to the critical moment.

When the proper location in the river had been selected, Brother Carter advanced toward the first candidate, a girl of seventeen, of the purest African type, who, with bulging eyes and chattering teeth, awaited the awful dip. After the preliminary form of address, with the words, "I baptize thee," etc., he and the assistant holding the girl, plunged her head and body far below the surface. For one second there was breathless silence, then a wild eyed, dripping figure emerged with a prodigious snort. "Thank Gawd," she yelled in piercing accents that fairly rent the air. "Thank Gawd my sins is done washed away, I'se freed from my transgreshuns."

"Dat's so, sister," cried old Aunt Patsey from the shore, waving a palm leaf fan and holding up her black satin skirt, "dat's so, so dey is. Now, chile, float right away on de waves ob regeneration." Aunt Patsey, by the way, is the religious "rooter" of the annual baptism, an indispensable personage, whose services are of inestimable value in keeping up the enthusiasm of the converts.

Having deposited on shore their shrieking burden, who was received by relatives and tenderly wrapped in an old horse blanket, Brother Carter and his aid returned to the shaking line of candidates. The next victim was a mulatto woman, who, after the dreaded plunge, emerged in a state of excitement that made even Aunt Patsey's ejaculations from the shore of no "professional" assistance. "Lawd!" she cried, kicking and fighting like a wildcat, "I'se done took my foot from de miry clay an' planked it on de firm rock ob salvation, where de waves may roll and de winds may blow, but nothin' can't move me from de sho'."

As the third candidate was dipped an unexpected diversion was created by old Aunt Sarah Hopkins, who, seated on a woodpile on the shore, jumped down from that height without warning. Making for the river at full speed, she screamed: "Bress Gawd, de Lawd has spared me to see dis day ob new birf fo' my granchild, Liza Jane! Oh Lawd, open de hebbenly gates for yo' poh servant! I'se comin.' Lawd!"

Two burly men seized and held her on shore, while the spectators kept up a fire of sympathetic ejaculations: "Bressed Lawd, Sarah Hopkins; Gawd's done bin good to you, sho'!"

Five minutes later, as a small boy of twelve was baptized, the culminating excitement reached its limit, when his maternal ancestor rolled off the bank in a religious frenzy that required the combined efforts of three men and two women to hold her to the earth. She shrieked and scratched and tore, all the while blessing God for all His mercies to her, which mercies for the time being seemed to be in the nature of a severe pounding from her captors. When at last, breathless, she recovered her equilibrium, her shirtwaist hung in shreds from her shoulders.

And so the tumultuous ceremony continued. It was a dishevelled group that stood upon the shore as the last baptismal dip was made, but it was a proud hour for Brother Carter, the head of the regenerated fold of eighteen souls.

WELLESLEY CLUB TEA.

"I have an axe to grind, or I should not be here to-day," Mrs. Mary Kingsbury Simkhovitch told the New-York Wellesley Club yesterday afternoon. "I want to ask your support for the College Settlements Association, which is anxious to establish fellowships and scholarships for social study and work in connection with the various colleges represented in its membership. These colleges are Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Bucknell, Cornell, Elmira, Mount Holyoke, Packer, Radcliffe, Smith, Swarthmore, Vassar, Wellesley, Wells and the Woman's College of Baltimore. The plan is for each college to raise one-third of the money necessary to maintain one of its graduates in a fellowship and another in a scholarship, and for the association itself to raise the rest of the amount necessary. My idea of the college settlement is that it should be an impulse, rather than an institution. The settlement movement stands for democracy, for the principles which underlie our Constitution and laws, as no other movement does."

The Wellesley Club is bending all its efforts to make a success of the song recital which David Bispham will give under its auspices at Sherry's on the afternoon of December 12, at 2:30 o'clock. The concert is given for the Alice Freeman Palmer Memorial, in which the Wellesley Club is particularly interested, not only because of Mrs. Palmer's distinguished services to the cause of education, but especially out of grateful remembrance of her devotion to Wellesley College. Tickets may be obtained of Mrs. Walter L. Hervey, No. 351 West One-hundred-and-fourteenth-st., the chairman; Miss Mary MacMartin, Mrs. Peter A. MacLean, Miss Jessie L. Van Vliet, Mrs. George M. Whicher, at Sherry's, and of any member of the Wellesley Club.

The Wellesley Club met yesterday at the Women's University Club, No. 19 Gramercy Park. Tea was poured by Miss Martha Freeman Goddard and Miss Wheeler.

TABLET TO MRS. MURRAY.

Knickerbocker Chapter to Honor Memory of Woman of Revolution.

Evacuation Day, November 25, will be celebrated by Knickerbocker Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution by the unveiling of a tablet in honor of Mary Lindley Murray. A brass tablet commemorating her services to her country has been affixed to a bowlder taken from the subway, near the scene of the battle of Harlem Heights, and this bowlder has been placed in the middle of Park-ave, between Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh sts., just in front of the site of Mrs. Murray's former home, the exact site of the house now being occupied by one of the openings to the Park-ave. tunnel.

The tablet will be unveiled by Lindley Murray and Miss Myra Lindley Murray, Mrs. Murray's great-grandchildren, and Mrs. Underhill, of Ossining, another descendant, will also be present.

The invocation will be pronounced by the Rev. J. Brownlee Voorhees, chaplain of Knickerbocker Chapter, and the memorial will be presented to the city by General Walter S. Logan, president of the Empire State Sons of the American Revolution. An address by G. P. H. McVay, of the Bureau of Municipal Statistics, will precede the unveiling, and afterward "The Star Spangled Banner" will be sung by the audience. The benediction will be pronounced by the Rev. Arthur M. Judge. A reception at the Murray Hill Hotel will follow the unveiling, with addresses by E. Hagaman Hall, Reginald Boulton and others. The late Andrew H. Green had also consented to speak on this occasion, and his name appears on the programme.

The inscription on the tablet reads as follows:

In Honor of
MARY LINDLEY MURRAY,
wife of Robert Murray,
For Services Rendered Her Country
During the American Revolution,
Entertaining at her home, on this site,
General Howe and His Officers, until the
American troops under Gen. Putnam escaped,
September 15, 1776—November 25, 1903.
Erected by
Knickerbocker Chapter, New York City,
Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mrs. J. S. Bradley, jr., is chairman of the tablet committee, her assistants being Miss Helen M. Fisher, Mrs. Charles Dod Ward, Mrs. N. Taylor Phillips and Miss Addie S. Browne. This committee has made the most careful investigation of the facts of the case, and is much indebted to Mr. McVay, of the Bureau of Municipal Statistics, for his assistance in the matter.

The story of Mary Murray's luncheon to the British officers is one which is comparatively little known, and there is some dispute as to what her intentions were in the matter, but there is no doubt that the delay of two hours which she effected in the advance of the British troops enabled Washington to win the battle of Harlem Heights.

On September 15, 1776, General Putnam, with four thousand men, was trying to join Washington on Harlem Heights, to which he had retreated from Brooklyn on August 29. Putnam had been left at that time to hold New-York, and two weeks later the British invaded the city. Finding it surrounded and untenable, therefore, Washington ordered Putnam to join him at Harlem, and on the morning of September 15 Putnam proceeded to march his troops along a road parallel with and contiguous to the North River. Meantime, General Howe, who wished to stretch a cordon of troops across this city and cut off the retreat of the Americans, was marching toward the Hudson. In another ten minutes, it is said, he would have come in contact with Putnam's force and cut off its retreat, but at that moment a servant from a fine country house which the troops were approaching accosted General Howe, and, presenting the compliments of Mrs. Murray, wife of Robert Murray, a prominent Quaker merchant of the city, invited him to stop, with his officers, for luncheon. A halt was ordered and the invitation accepted. In the absence of the master of the house, the party was graciously received by Mrs. Murray, and Governor Tryon, who was personally known to her, introduced the British officers.

In cheerful mood after their successful occupation of the city, and refreshed by generous wine, the officers bantered their hostess on her rebel sympathies, and Mrs. Murray responded, says history, with such graceful tact and pleasant humor that two hours or more were whiled away before they concluded their repast. During this time Putnam and his command, in their straggling and disorderly retreat along the Bloomingdale Road, had passed in safety within a mile of the comfortable parlors where the illustrious generals who were to conquer America quaffed with appreciation the old madeira and jested complacently at the discomfiture of the rebels. Thereafter it became a saying in Washington's camp that Mrs. Murray saved the American army.

Mary Murray was the mother of Lindley Murray, the grammarian, and no portrait of her is extant.

BEING BLIND TO ONE'S FAULTS.

It is curious how often people criticise others for the very faults or foibles they themselves possess, a fact which their listeners generally appreciate to their great amusement, although the former are quite unaware of the paradox. Fat people are continually alluding to the preponderance of embonpoint in others. Thin men and women commiserate the gaunt appearance of their counterparts and so on. "How old poor Mary B. is looking. She has a regular old woman's back," said one of her contemporaries, speaking of a certain woman who oddly enough had made a similar remark about the speaker to the same woman the day before. "I cannot understand why it is that Mrs. Smythe allows her daughters to be so independent of public opinion," observed a matron of her acquaintance. "I think it is in extremely bad taste"—her own daughter, meanwhile, having given the gossips not a little to talk about. "I came across my old chum, Tom B——, in Chicago," said a small, spare, dapper little man, whose contrast to his tall, portly, dignified spouse always provoked comments when they were together, "and he took me home with him to dinner. You remember what a nervous, wiry little man he was? Well, he has married a huge sort of creature who makes the most comical contrast to him you can imagine!"

FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE
THANKSGIVING MEANS HOSPITALITY
and has, ever since the first Thanksgiving Day, when the turkey was roasted before a log fire, and Indian sachems were the invited guests. Hospitality nowadays means furnishing, and arranging one's rooms to look "Welcome."
It is the little touches of comfort and contrast that give the needed expression. A quaint bit of tapestry over the dining-room mantel; a window-seat hung with Oriental rugs in the library; a mass of gay pillows from $2, in the couch corner; odd bits of dark oak in "Mission" design—3 Pc. Suites with leather cushions, $41. Arm Chairs, leather seats, $11. Foot-stools, $5.50—any one gives an air of liveableness to a room, which makes a guest feel at home.
Our floors show not only the most delightful materials, but examples of the touches themselves, at factory prices, as you
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COVERING ENTIRE HEAD. A perfect coiffure arranged for either High or Low Hair Dressing, always assuring a well-dressed head. Naturally curly, avoiding the curling iron. Absolutely non-detectable and specially adapted to those whose hair has become thin from any cause.
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For Gentlemen—Lost hair replaced by our methods—a necessity to avoid cold in head.
WAVY SWITCHES
of strictly natural wavy convent hair; permanently retains its natural wave.
Hair Coloring, Hair Tonics.
L. SHAW
51 W. 14TH ST. (near 6th Av.), N. Y.
Crescent Pompadours
A new production for front pompadour essential to a complete coiffure.
HAIR DRESSING
Showing many beautiful and exclusive introductions. The "Marcel Wave" our specialty.
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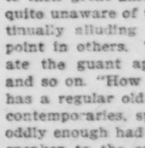
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