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No rain in prices on account of the fearful landslide on Tuesday. Don't allow yourself to be frightened by the terrible catastrophe which has overwhelmed the country. We were prepared for all emergencies and will still continue to sell you goods at the old prices.

WE ARE SELLING IS ASTONISHING.

Do you know why? Fair and square is our Brand. Honesty is our Trademark. The old stand has been in your midst 21 years. Experience has taught you how we deal and what we are.

THE OLDEST, LARGEST, MOST RELIABLE AND CHEAPEST STORE IN TOWN.

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Near Railroad Depot,
Westminster, Md.

BABYLON & GILBERT,

Dealers and Jobbers in
Hardware, Paints, Oils, &c.

Cooking Stoves

and Ranges,

Stove Pipe Radiators,

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Parlor Coal and Wood Stoves,

Coal Stoves. Hot Water and Steam Heaters a Specialty. Meat Cutters, Sausage Stuffers, Butchers' Knives and Steels, Lard Cans, &c. A complete line of Single and Double Barrel Breech Loading Guns, Loaded and Empty Shells and Ammunition of all kinds. Fodder Yarn, Corn Huskers and Husking Gloves, Carving Knives and Forks, Patent Excelsior Roasting Pans and Never Bred Spindlers, and a full and complete line of all reasonable goods, at lowest Cash Prices.

Very respectfully,
BABYLON & GILBERT,
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REIFSNIDER & REIFSNIDER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
232 East Main Street,
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We have this day formed a co-partnership for the practice of Law, under the firm name of Reifsnider & Reifsnider. All legal business will receive prompt attention.
CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER,
CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER, Jr.
June 21, '94.

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Do not annoy your neighbors and friends by asking them to go upon your bond, but apply to the Fidelity and Deposit Co. of Maryland. This Company has half a Million Capital and \$200,000 surplus, and will go on your bond for any purpose, at a cost of from \$10 up, so for a small percentage of your commissions. It costs nothing to make an application.

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CHAS. E. FINK,
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J. FRANK WBANT,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Potatoes, Apples, Onions, Poultry, Eggs, Etc.
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TO OUR ALREADY MONSTROUS STOCK

WE HAVE ADDED MANY NEW LINES AND NOVELTIES.

CARPETS. CARPETS.

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THE LARGEST AND MOST STYLISH LINE IN TOWN.

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After giving this department a careful examination you will find our competitors are like the man who fell out of the balloon—not in it.

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WELL, WE SHOULD SAY SO.

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We have 16 different colors in Alpine and Fedora Hats alone. Can you suit yourself in that amount.

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A few odds and ends in Boots at remarkably low prices. Our line of Men's and Boys Patent Leathers and Good-year Welts is simply immense.

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EXECUTORS' SALE OF

Valuable Store House, Dwelling and Wood Lot.

The undersigned, as executor of the last will and testament of Mrs. Sarah Hoover, deceased, and by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., will sell at public sale on the premises of the first named property, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, 1894 at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following real estate:—
First—A Log Cabin, Boarded House, 2 Stories and basement, a substantial Brick Store House, and a Frame Tenant House, all in the village of Wakefield. There is excellent water and some fruit, and the buildings are in good repair. These buildings are all on one lot, and will be sold together with the lot, as a whole.

Second—A Wood Lot, containing a little over 5 ACRES, near Dennings P. O., adjoining the property of Levi N. Snader, Ellsworth Lovell and others. It is well-wooded with oak and chestnut and some hickory.

Terms—One-third cash on the day of sale, or upon the ratification of the same by the court, and the balance in two equal payments, at one and two years, the deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bonds or single bills of the purchaser or purchasers.

OLIVER J. HOOPER,
GEORGE P. L. HOOPER,
Executors.

TO THE PUBLIC.

If you want FIRE INSURANCE, LIFE INSURANCE, ACCIDENT INSURANCE, WINDSTORM INSURANCE, STEAM BOILER INSURANCE, Give me a call.

Lowest Rates. Best Stock Companies. No Assessments. No Premium Notes.

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By a combination of our establishments, we are now prepared to Manufacture ENGINES, PORTABLE or Stationary, from Two to Twelve Horse Power. Also the CELEBRATED LION FEED CUTTER, and a HOMINY MILL,

which has never been excelled. Circular Saws, Plows, Horse Powers, Wheat Fans, Thrashing Machines, &c., made from best materials. Castings furnished at short notice.

WM. H. GILBERT, Westminster, Md.
W. M. H. SHOWER, Manchester, Md.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR YOUNG FOLKS, IN 1895.

Edited by MARY MAPES DOIDGE.

The greatest year in the history of this magazine, none without a rival in the field. The new French Emperor by Prof. Sloane, one of the most popular of St. Nicholas writers takes the same character for his inspiration.

RICHARD KIPLING wrote his famous "Jungle Stories" for St. Nicholas, and it is a welcome announcement that these will be continued in 1895.

NAPOLEON FOR YOUNG READERS. While The Century will give us his leading features, the new Life of the French Emperor by Prof. Sloane, one of the most popular of St. Nicholas writers takes the same character for his inspiration.

A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE. BY ELIZABETH S. BROWN. Is the story of a little lad from the streets of Paris in the Bonaparte family, who, under the name of Napoleon, becomes one of his pages and finally an aide. He is with him at the most critical times of his life, at the departure for Elba, in the glories of the life of Fontenoy, and finally at Waterloo, the story given with pageantry, and is a truthful and accurate account, based upon the best authorities and verified by the latest information of the life of the man of destiny. It is really a delightful story history of Napoleon.

WEST POINT AND MAN-OF-WAR LIFE will receive attention. Lieutenant Putnam writing of earlier life of the military academy, while Zouken Elliott, of the flag ship "Chicago," will describe the experiences of our early sailors on the modern ship of war.

INSPIRING TALES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. Theodore Roosevelt will write a series to be called "Hero-Tales from American History," recounting the lives of men whose names are household words to all. Prof. Brander Matthews will write on his entertaining papers on "The Great American Authors," accounts of the lives of Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whitier, Poe and Lowell. Stories of Famous Heroes, and mythology—Bacchus, Napoleon and the "Red Rover," etc., will be told by every boy. A serial story of Frances Courtenay Baylor is one of the features.

Price of St. Nicholas is 25 cents a number or \$3.00 a year. New subscriptions should begin with November, the first issue of the year being sent through dealers, or remit by check, draft, or money order.

THE CENTURY IN 1895. Union Square, New York City. Send for our beautifully illustrated pamphlet, "The Century and Its Works," and mention where you saw it.

TAKING ADVANTAGE of the general revival of interest in the Great Emperor, The Century will give you a new life of NAPOLEON. Magnificently Illustrated.

The Century is famous for its great historical and biographical literature. Its history has been projected than this "Life of Napoleon," written by Prof. William M. Sloane, of Princeton, and is the most complete and up-to-date work of this kind ever published. It is a work of free and fearless and attentive to the laws of history, and is the most complete and up-to-date work of this kind ever published.

A NEW NOVEL BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON will be published during the year. It is called "An Erant Wooling," and is a tale of wandering and love among new scenes in northern Africa and Southern Spain.

OTHER FEATURES will be several familiar papers on "Washington in Lincoln's Time," by Noah Brooks, who was on terms of mutual literary with the President; "The Cathedral of France," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Alstyne, with illustrations by Mrs. C. C. Bennett. Many more serials will be announced later.

RICHARD KIPLING contributes his first American story to the December number of The Century.

THE PRICE OF THE CENTURY is \$4.00 a year. "No subscription without a trial copy." Be sure to mention where you saw it.

MCCLELLAN'S MAGAZINE FOR 1895. Volume IV begins December, 1894. A splendidly illustrated life of NAPOLEON.

The great features of which will be SEVENTY-FIVE PORTRAITS of Napoleon, showing him from youth to death; and his life in his family and in his campaigns and battles of famous battles, in all nearly 300 PICTURES.

PICTURES IN NOVEMBER and runs through eight numbers. THE EIGHT NAPOLEON NUMBERS, \$1.00.

TRUE DETECTIVE STORIES by authority from the archives of the FREDERICK DETECTIVE AGENCY, 120 N. Lincoln and Pinkerton (Nov. 1894); of Col. M. J. Allan (Pinkerton's Life Stories of the Police of the United States); of the Bank of the West; each complete in one issue, 12 in all.

SIXTY STORIES BY W. D. Howells, Richard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Jack Russell, Robert Barr, Octave Thanet, Bret Harte, Charles Kingsley, Capt. King, Capt. Chamber Harris and many others.

NOTED CONTRIBUTORS: Robert Louis Stevenson, E. Marion Crawford, Archibald Forbes, Sir Robert Ball, Prof. Drummond, Archibald Forbes, Thomas Hardy.

Send three-cent stamps for a sample copy to the publishers: S. S. McCLELLAN, L'Vd., nov17 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

COLLECT YOUR BILLS.

Short credits make long friends. The undersigned, a Constable for Westminster district, duly bonded and qualified, offers his services to the public as a Collector. He will take accounts to collect either as a public officer, or on private account, on liberal terms, and returns promptly made. References—Union National, First National and Farmers & Merchants' National Banks, Westminster. Will also clerk and auctioneer sales.

JOHN T. DIFFENBAUGH,
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WAKEFIELD ROLLER MILLS

Manufacture and keep constantly on hand, FLOUR, FEED, HOMINY, MEAL AND CHOP OF ALL KINDS.

Highest Cash Prices paid for Grain, Longbery a specialty.

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NOTICE

To Those Having Land for Sale.

Poetry.

From the Boston Commonwealth. The year grows still again, the stirring surge of full-voiced Summer fills its furrows up As, after passing of an arduous, old Silence settles back upon the sea.

Autumn, a poet once so full of song. Spring, the young moon, the Summer, the strong noon, Have dreamed and done and died for Autumn's sake;

Autumn that finds not for a loss so dear Stake in stock and garner here too soon— Autumn, the faithful widow of the year, Autumn, a poet once so full of song. Wise in all rhymes of blossom and of bud, Hath lost the early magic of his tongue.

And all the thrushes of his falling blood, Hear ye no sound of sobbing in the air? 'Tis his, low breathing in a secret lane, Late bloom of second childhood in his hair.

He tries old magic, like a dotard mage; Tries spell and spell, to weep and try again, Yet not a daisy hays, and everywhere The hedgehog rattles like an empty cage.

He hath no pleasure in his silken skies, Nor delicate ardors of the yellow land; Yet, dead, for all its gold, the woodland lies, And all the thrushes of his falling blood, Neither to him across the stubble field May stalk or garner any comfort bring.

Who loveth more this jessamine he hath made, The life of him that he yet can sing, Than yesterday, with all its pompous yield, Or all his shaken laurels on his head.

Select Story.

A RED ROSE.

From the German. "Thank God! I have got away at last," said Frau von Gerboth, with a little sigh, to her faithful companion and friend, who sat opposite to her in the train. "I shall be very much like to know what they are all saying about me! I wonder which of the numerous men I flirted with is most unhappy at my departure. I suppose you haven't been chattering too freely as to where we are going?"

"Not a word! but all the same, everybody is not willing to be fooled so easily, and one or the other among them may find out, if they do not already know, where to find us."

"Do you think so? Not even the creators of the world are clever enough to find us in my opinion."

"Not even the Herr von Hilgenan?"

"A slight flush, like the shadow of a summer cloud, flitted across the pretty face of the young widow.

"Oh! I hardly ever thought of him," she replied almost bitterly. "Why do you mention him of all other persons?"

"Because it seems to me that he is twice as clever as all others combined," answered the other woman with a smile, whereupon Frau von Gerboth said, thoughtfully: "Yes, I think you are right, though he sometimes acts as if he could not count five, and that is unpardonable."

"Yet, in the end, you are sure to become Frau von Hilgenan," remarked the other, quietly. Her words had the effect of a spark in a powder barrel.

"Never! I tell you!" cried the young widow, with excitement. "That would be the last straw, indeed. 'Why,' she added, 'had not been to see us for an eternity.'"

"The last time was just a week ago," replied the older lady, dryly. "A fortnight ago."

"I thought it was a week."

"Three weeks, now that I come to think of it," maintained Frau von Gerboth. The whistle of the locomotive announcing the approach of their destination brought the discussion to a close, it produced an effect like the blast of an alarm bugle sounded in the ears of sleeping soldiers, and announcing the unexpected appearance of the enemy near their camp.

In a few seconds the two ladies stood armed to the teeth and ready for the fray, which, being interpreted, means they were loaded down with the thousand and one parcels, bags, satchels, shawls and umbrellas, and were waiting for the train to slip up and the door to be opened.

The conductor, who at length opened the door and helped the ladies out, was a remarkable looking person for such an officer. His handsome, strongly marked features had a distinct military appearance. His mustache was as fierce as any adjutant could have desired, and his hands were cased in faultless kid gloves. His clothes were also those of a railroad officer, and his hat was certainly not of the sort provided by the railway company for their servants and employees.

Yet Frau von Gerboth, as she stepped lightly from the car, noticed nothing at all this, and in her anxiety to get a seat in the hotel omnibus had eyes for nothing else whatever. Then suddenly the voice of the polite conductor opened her eyes to his identity.

"Herr von Hilgenan! How on earth did—?"

"Will you allow me the pleasure of accompanying you to the hotel?" he said, in a low voice, and he bowed to all acquaintance, while the other lady hurried on to get seats in the omnibus.

"I suppose there is nothing else for me to do, under the circumstances," she said, with well-feigned annoyance, as the omnibus rolled away behind the two horses. "Is it very far?" she added, with a pleasant smile.

"It will only take us fifteen minutes to walk," he said, "and the path is shady and cool."

Then they began the walk, side by side.

"Now tell me," she began, "how in the name of goodness did you know that I was coming here?"

"And I have come here," she said, pretending she did not see the embarrassed expression written on his face; "I have come here to feel happy and enjoy life."

"Wonder—if you would—be—able—to—be—companion," he said slowly, and with a slight tremor in his voice that he could not control.

"Ach!" she replied, archly; "have I not my dear old Thekla?"

"Oh, you hypocrite!" he thought to himself, "but you shall not escape me so easily."

"That is true," he said aloud. "I had almost forgotten her for the moment. Nevertheless, I trust you will from time to time allow me to join you and form a triple alliance."

"Yes, certainly," she cried. "It takes three, you know, to form a triple alliance. Still, we can play hide and go seek, and Thekla can hide."

"Why do you persist in making fun of me, gracious lady? Must I again say that I honor you so—so that I could even bring the stars down from the sky if you wished it?"

"She had grown a little rosier, and her heart was beating quickly. But she had no intention of being too easily caught."

"You're getting too eloquent," she said, teasingly, "but the stars don't appear in the daytime, you know."

"Oh! Frau von Gerboth, can you not listen to me seriously for a moment even?" he begged, with a shade of annoyance in his voice.

"Take you seriously! Ach! My dear Lieutenant," she continued in the same bantering tone, "how many thousand braves have been promised to me, and yet the stars for us from the sky! But as soon as we take them at their word they fail us altogether. Don't you know the story of the glove that the proud knight, Dalorges, was told to pick up at his sweet-heart, Kunigunde? She got it in the face, poor, foolish girl!"

"Dalorges had no heart," he said. "I would have stood the test very differently."

"You would not have demanded such a test of me."

"Who knows? But there you are again, the same as all the other men. You begin by talking of catching the stars, and then cry down even at a glove."

"By no means," cried he. "If there were any necessity for such a deed."

"Why should I not indulge in some such mood and fancy?" she went on with a twinkle in her roguish eyes. "Do you see, for instance, that carnation up there? I should like to have it. Now, Sir Knight, if your love is as warm as you say, then fetch to me your yonder flower," she cried, parodying Kunigunde's words in the poem, and pointing to a white carnation blossom that grew on the third story of a neighboring villa, and hung its pretty head down from the wall.

"He made a wry face to this request and said: 'Do you wish me to climb up on the outside, or shall I—?'"

"Just as you please, Sir Knight," she answered shortly, "but do not give yourself too much trouble. Stars are more easily reached and with less awkward result possibly."

Meanwhile they had crossed the road, and now stood opposite the house. As he raised his eye he saw a red rose, freshly in blossom, on the wall of the summer residence that stood next. An amusing smile played over his face as he turned to his companion and said:

"If you must have a stolen flower, I am prepared even to bring down to your feet yonder red rose."

"Oh, no, you must not do it," she said, with a tantalizing little nod. "And would you not accept it from me if I were to pluck it from its lofty perch?" he asked.

"Oh, why should I not?" she answered, feeling convinced that he would back out of the adventure in the end.

"Then I ask only five minutes' patience, and the rose is yours," was his quick reply as he disappeared inside the door of the house, even before Frau von Gerboth had had time to restrain him by a single word.

"What a silly, reckless fellow!" she murmured. "Who could marry such a man? I never."

The sound of a glass door opening caused her to come to a standstill, and looking around she felt the blood rush in shame to the very roots of her golden hair. Up there on the balcony above her an old lady was smilingly cutting the red rose from the tree.

"The felt lady to sink into the ground. A moment later Herr von Hilgenan appeared on the street, and offered to her with the smile of a victor the sweet-smelling and graceful flower."

"Simply beautiful! Is it not?" he said with a laugh.

"I think it is dreadful of you, Herr von Hilgenan," she replied in a low voice, having not yet recovered from the shame she felt at his boldness in entering a private home and taking a flower.

"How on earth did you accomplish it?"

"Mein Gott! that was easy enough. I rang the bell, and an old lady opened the door for me. I bowed to her and said: 'Gracious lady, there is growing on the balcony of your house a beautiful rose that I fancy would have—'"

"You must come with me, Leonore," Frau von Gerboth took a short step backward. She was trembling with rage.

"What can she come over you. Herr von Hilgenan?" she asked, coldly.

"I have written George D. Rice, in the Paper Trade Journal. Guns have been made from leather pulp, and these are bound with hoops of metal. The leather pulp is, of course, hardened. There is also a core of metal set inside the gun. The lightness of the leather cannon is an essential feature. The principal aim, however, is to secure a material which has some elasticity, so that the force of a heavy discharge will be broken gradually. This seems to be obtained in cannon made from a pulpy substance. Paper pulp answers the purpose, as numerous trials and experiments have proved; it possesses more elasticity than metal, and when hardened is nearly as tough; hence this material is useful in the manufacture of articles requiring hard, efficient and elastic properties."

"The body of the gun is made of paper pulp; the core is of metal, and made very much like the cores of ordinary cannon. The exterior of the cannon is wound with wire. About five layers of copper, brass or steel wire are firmly wound on, thus binding the cannon. Outside of the covering of wire are various bands of brass. These bands are set with uprights, through which rods extend parallel with the gun. There are lock nuts on each side of the uprights, and these hold the rods in place."

"Then who is the lady?" she asked suddenly.

"My mother, Leonore; may I take you to her?"

"Yes," she replied, under her breath, yielding herself up to her fate and moving by his side toward the house where five minutes before a red rose had been growing.

Princess Aik's Trousseau.

It is the custom in Russia for the bride of the Czar to enter his palace with nothing but what she wears. The wedding frock and all her trousseau is prepared under the supervision of the Ladies of the Household. As the Czar is to be married soon the following description of a portion of the bride's trousseau will be of interest to our lady friends:

There are many pairs of very fine silk stockings in pale pink, pale blue, a silvery tone of gray, and most delicate French gray and green, to be worn with evening dresses. These are all embroidered in fine little raised stripes, with pale colorings in silk, either contrasting in hue or admirably harmonizing with the stockings themselves.

For ordinary day wear there are liberal numbers of black silk, thick and durable, and having a very pretty light open-work design up the centre of the foot.

Many are of fine black silk, for indoor wear with smart afternoon dresses, and they are embroidered in a small paisley design, and some in willow-flower sprays, called, respectively, "chintz" and "Dolly Vagabond," and are likely to be popular this season. The embroidery has been wrought by the nimble fingers of Nottingham outlayers.

There are some pairs of a design in the lines of light color crossing a black ground, such as red and bronze lines on black and pale blue and yellow lines on a similar sombre background. Many pairs in silver gray have lines and dots through them of paler gray, looking by contrast almost white. Others are black, embroidered in pale color, such as clover, periwinkle, anthurium and glorioia, all destined to match dresses with which they will eventually be worn.

Of all the very prettiest are of black silk, the foot stripes of exquisitely fine real black lace work, with narrow stripes of the silk between and the lace delicately caught up over the silk with the effect of a fine embroidery. In the same style are some having the lace work fine and yet well raised cobweb-like in texture, with a slightly raised silk embroidery over where the lace work unites with the stocking.

The Royal Stuart tartan also figures among the trousseau stockings, for Queen Victoria gives to all members of her family on their marriage at least one dress in ivory of this design. There are also ribbed in women tiny meshed stripe called Grecian, though made in Nottingham, that are fascinating. Each pair has the cipher "A. A." surmounted by a princess' crown, embroidered in red, as marking. There is also a quantity of Nottingham silk and woolen underwear of a light, warm, durable and exquisitely soft kind, made again with the Princess's cipher and crown.

The Princess has many gloves in black kid, with plain stitching matching the kid, and her favorite colors are yellows, grays and tans. For indoor wear are a goodly selection of "perfect" fitting suede gloves, in lovely light shades, prettily and aptly called champagne shades, as well as many white, gray, fawn and tan colorings. There are some pairs of English buckskin gloves, made in England, and beautifully polished, also in black, as well as some of antelope skin, which are specially suitable for riding and driving. Then there are gloves of English making from Russia leather, the skins having been prepared in the Crimea. Veils are also included in this order.

These are in black, white and gray and have the mesh very finely woven and the spots small, sometimes in groups and sometimes single. A new veil made in Nottingham is also included and looks like point lace, with a velvet or silk lining. One having black Spanish lace over the yoke and on the sleeves to the elbow was particularly good style, as was a tau gown in twilled silk with insertion and trimming of coral lace. The colors are chiefly those which the Princess likes best—delicate soft pink and grays.

These are very charming, trimmed in various, but always prettily ways, with velvet or lace.

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