



Lim Bucklin on First Love

By Opie Read

"And so you are Cal Atterson's boy," said Lim Bucklin as he sat down on the steps of the grocery store. "My, how you young chaps come on. And you're Ab Sarver's youngest, eh? Hasn't seemed more than a week since I saw you riding a stick horse and here you are big enough to make love to the girls."

"Don't make love to 'em?" Go on with you, I'll bet your heart has been wrong and hung out to dry more than once. When I was about your age I fell sick along about tobacco-cutting time, and I didn't think I was ever going to get well. The cause of my sickness was a young gal that came into the neighborhood to visit her uncle. I haven't time now to tell you how beautiful I thought she was. I didn't believe she belonged on the ground at all—just touched it now and then to accommodate the earth, you know. She flew down from a cloud that the sun was a shinin' on and didn't care to go back. Recollect how astonished I was the first time I ever saw her. I thought she just naturally sucked the honey out of the honeysuckle along with the hummin' birds, and when I saw her worryin' with an ear of boiled corn big enough to scare a two-year-old calf I went out and leaned against the fence. But it didn't hurt my love any. I thought she did it just to show that she might possibly be a human being. She didn't wank an all to feel bad. One night I dreamed that she came to me and wanted to put mustard plasters on me. She loved that mebbe she might draw out the inflammation. She thought I had somethin' the matter with my stomach because I had lost my appetite. I told her that I had an inflammation she couldn't draw out with a yoke of steers. Then she thought I ought to have an emetic. I said that if she had one that would make me throw up my soul she might fetch it along, but otherwise it would be as useless as saying new to a dead cat. Then she thought I must be crazy and came mighty nigh hittin' the mark, I tell you.

"A few days afterward, about the time I was at the height of my fever, I met the girl in the road and she smiled at me, and I ran against a beech tree and if I didn't knock the bark off I'm the biggest liar in the world. When I came to I had my arm around a sheep, a walkin' across the woods pasture.

"My, my, what a time that was to live. The sun had just riz for the first time and they had just called up the birds to give out the songs to them. They want quite done settin' the stars out in the sky, and they hadn't put more than one coat of whitewash on the moon. Music—it wa'n't there till she came, and the orchards bloomed as she walked along

down the lane. But she didn't appear to know it, and I want to tell you that I marveled at such ignorance.

"I didn't have the courage to go straight up to her, and one night at meetin' when I was feasin' my soul with merely lookin' at her, up walked a feller and asked if he might take her home. I looked at him, quick-like, expectin' to see him drop dead, but he didn't. Then I waited for the lightning to strike him, but it didn't. Then I waited for her to kill him with a look, but she didn't. She smiled and said yes. Then I sneaked outside and whetted my knife on my boot. There wa'n't power enough on earth to keep me from bathin' my hands in his blood. Mother saw that there was somethin' wrong with me and she came out and asked me if I was sick. I told her I was a drit, but before I bid farewell to the earth I was goin' to cut a scoundrel into strips and feed him to the dogs. But pap he came and took the knife away from me and said if he heard any more such talk he'd tan my hide till it was fit for shoestrings. I don't know how I got home that night, but after a long time I found myself a smooth-erin' in bed. There was a well in the yard and I thought I'd slip out and drown myself. Just then I heard a rooster crow, and recollectin' that there was to be a fight over across the creek within a few days, I decided that mebbe I still had somethin' to live for.

"But I didn't give up my idea of vengeance on that feller, and one day I met him as I was comin' along the road. I loved that before I knocked him down it would be well to inform him as to how he stood in my opinion, and I started out and I don't know what I might have said if he had given me a chance. But he didn't. He didn't appear to think that there were stars enough, so he began to knock them out of my eyes and I saw some of them as they sailed away. Among them was a comet with a tail about as long as a well chain. When I came to a muley cow was ringin' her bell over my head. I propped my eyes open till I could get home, and they covered me with fresh meat and left me to think over the situation.

"It was no laughin' matter, boys, I'll tell you that. The next day the girl came over. She said that she heard that a bull had met me and disagreed with me. What a lie that fellow had told her; and she insisted on seein' me. She came into the room and I looked at her through a hole in a beefsteak. She laughed. Oh, I don't blame her now, you understand, but just at that moment my love stubbed his toe and fell, and fell hard, I want to remark. She said she was awful sorry for me and I said she acted like it.

"I tell you love can't stand much laughin' at. It's the tenderest part that ever peeped out of the soft lap of creation, and in laughter if there is no sympathy there's frost. When a feller stops lovin' he sees more than he did before and yet he is blinder. He sees more in other folks, but sees that they ain't like the one he loved. And the reason that so few people marry first love is because that sort of love takes hold as if it wanted to kill. Don't appear that anything else will satisfy it. There's no use tryin' to dodge it, boys; a thief in the night can't slip up on you half so easy. It is the oldest thing in the world, but it is so new that nobody knows yet how to handle it. It makes ignorance as wise as a god and hangs a lamp with perfume of where darkness always fell before. A good many of the old chaps make fun of it, but when they do you may know that they ain't nothin' but money getters, and that marks the death of the soul. Does me good to look at you young fellers; I like to think of the sweet misery you've got to go through with. Oh, yes, there's more than one love. It's like the rheumatism. One attack may be worse than the others, but it's all rheumatism just the same, and no matter how light you've got it you know when it's there. So you are Ab Sarver's boy. What's your pap doin' to-day?"

"Arguin' politics with a feller when I left home."

"Well, he was always a mighty hand to argue. I haven't seen him in a long time. It's a good way to your house, ain't it?"

"About ten miles."

"Yes, and the miles get longer and the days shorter as we grow older. But no matter how old we get, if the heart remains sound, we never forget that rheumatism I told you about. I wouldn't give the memory of it for hardly anything in the world. One of these days you will see her comin' down the road, a makin' the orchards bloom as she passes along, and you'll wonder how you can live another minute, and you'll wish yourself dead just to make her feel bad. If she laughs at anything anyone else says it will send a knife blade through your heart, and if she sighs you'll think it's over some other feller. There'll be no such thing as pleasin' you, but I'd rather have it in store for me than a mountain range made of gold. Well, boys, it's about time I was a goin' on home. There's a woman there that I fell in love with years ago, and I haven't fallen out with her yet."

"So you are Ab Sarver's boy. You make me think, my son. It was your daddy that told the girl I had met a bull, and it was your mammy that made the orchards bloom."

(Copyright, by Opie Read.)

PARASOL HANDLES VERY RICH.

Precious Metals, Fashioned into Beautiful Shapes, Employed.

The variety and beauty of parasol handles for a girl who can afford to buy without considering the cost particularly seem never to have been so great as this season. Not only are precious metals employed, but minerals of high as-precious are worked into most beautiful, if simple, shapes. Ivory is carved with the delicacy and grace of fairy work, while woods, natural and treated, are wrought into things of beauty. Best of all, these styles between those suited to a girl and an older woman are so strictly defined that there is no danger of the former being suspected of having borrowed her mother's. Those for the latter are ornate, while for girls they are simple in their elegance.

Jade, that valuable Japanese stone, is to be enormously fashionable this summer, whenever it can be employed, and it is to be seen for parasols treated in many different ways. One design is simply a long, graceful, pear-shaped knob, its beauty due solely to the shading and translucency of the stone and the grace of form. An elaboration of this, which might be carried by a girl of 18, has the handle sprinkled with the tiniest of diamonds, deeply inset, and there are gold tips to finish the frame ribs, as well as a gold clasp for the strap. These sets of rib tips, either in gold, silver or ivory, with clasps to correspond, are now considered an inseparable part of parasol mountings and are purchased with the handles. The tips are quite unornamented and, while not small, cannot be called large.

Some long, slender crooks are cut from jade, and less expensive, but truly charming, are handles cut from carnelian and various agates. These show most exquisite shadings and are particularly suited to coverings of silks in solid colors, the shades, of course, matching the handle.

Copper, beaten and worked in most artistic forms, is a novelty of the season. The metal treated with acids becomes a mass of dull yet gorgeous greens and blues, and so-called "peacock eyes" are sunk in for additional ornament. One handle shows this gorgeous bird, the lines, for conventional sake, being made longer and more slender. The tail is enameled in dull shades, and the bird is mounted on an unpolished stick of oiled cedar. In other handles the copper is merely twisted, bent or chased, but the dull shading always obtains. The designs are not heavy in the hand, as the forms are hollowed.

The Dainty Summer Girl.

The spic and span girl this summer certainly will have large laundry bills, for never before have so many accessories to the summer outfits been laundrable. Collars and cuffs, once made of starch, are now made of more delicate materials. A simple preservative when cream is employed as a cosmetic is boracic acid. One-half teaspoonful of this powder is stirred through the cream after it has been dissolved in a wine-glass full of milk.

If this application is used precisely as ordinary cold cream it will feed the tissues and soften the skin in a remarkable way. It is not put on until after thorough bathing in warm water, and then as much should be rubbed in as the pores can be made to hold.

MILK AN EXCELLENT COSMETIC.

Can Be Used in Many Ways to Very Good Advantage.

Milk is a cosmetic that women of to-day would do well to include in their list of complexion washes.

For example, when a woman is very tired and her face has been exposed to the sun and wind one of the best lotions she can use is a hot milk compress. For this purpose the milk—hot—should be put into a basin, and then two soft pieces of muslin, large enough to cover the face, should be placed in the liquid. When these cloths are saturated with milk that is as hot as the hand can endure, the woman should lie down and spread the compresses over her face. These should remain on until the cloths have cooled.

The muslin should not be wrung any dryer than is necessary to prevent a stream of milk from running down, and as rapidly as one cools another warm compress must be applied.

This treatment should continue for ten minutes, the final cloth being left on as long as one has time to spare. On getting up the face should be wiped with a soft cloth, damp with water, and then thoroughly dried. After this treatment the skin will be found soft and white, with none of the dull or hard look that comes from exposure.

The milk bath for the whole body, despite the ridicule attached to it, is beneficial and has the added merit of being inexpensive.

When preparing these baths a rich quality of fluid is desirable, because of the extra amount of cream. But skimmed milk is effective, too. For an ordinary tub anywhere from six quarts to three gallons may be used. This is poured in, and then hot water in sufficient quantity to cover the body is added. In this one lies for 15 or 20 minutes, the effect being softening and tonicating to the skin as well as restful to the nerves. If this and milk applications to the face are made every other day, improvement in the general looks cannot fail.

For those who can afford it, sweet cream may be constantly applied. Only a very small quantity should be used at a time, for the instant it becomes sour not only is its virtue gone, but there is danger of injuring the skin. A simple preservative when cream is employed as a cosmetic is boracic acid. One-half teaspoonful of this powder is stirred through the cream after it has been dissolved in a wine-glass full of milk.

If this application is used precisely as ordinary cold cream it will feed the tissues and soften the skin in a remarkable way. It is not put on until after thorough bathing in warm water, and then as much should be rubbed in as the pores can be made to hold.



Orchids are again in high favor as a dinner decoration.

Inside bonnets of plaited batiste will be used under hats.

The smartest motor coats show a revival of the ulster forms.

Costly wraps for daytime show a tendency toward dark shades.

Solid colors are popular for men's ties; also long bias stripes.

Encompassed by God's Hosts

STORY BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

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SERMONETTE.

Lions of evil in the way of the Christian are always chained if he is walking the pathway marked out by God.

It takes the eye of faith to see that the resources and power of God are always greater than those of the enemy.

The forces of evil can never crowd in so close upon the soul as to prevent God's hosts coming in between.

A fact for the Christian to rest on: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them."

The peace and assurance that that fact brings: "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."

The unseen forces of God are ever on guard lest evil come nigh thy dwelling.

Syria's mighty army was but a puppet in the hands of God. What fools God made of those mighty men of war as like sheep they were led into the trap set for them by the prophet. Surely God "bringeth the counsel of the heathen to naught; he maketh the devices of the people (evil) of none effect."

How wonderful seems this story of God's hosts coming to the deliverance of Elisha, but it is no more wonderful than the experience which may come to every child of God. Positively no evil can befall the one who is abiding in Christ save that which is to the honor and glory of God and the furtherance of the Gospel. With what sublime courage did the realization of this fact fill the apostle Paul and send him fearlessly into every danger and every suffering, even unto death. It was the realization of this fact which enabled the Christ to turn upon Pilate as he boasted of his power to crucify him and calmly declare: "Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above."

The Christian who fears before evil not only dishonors God but proves traitor to the cause of Christ in which he has enlisted.

We need to offer the prayer of Elisha: "Lord, open thou mine eyes," in order that we may see the mighty forces which are at our command in the fight against sin in our own lives and the evil in the world.

Not only did God give sight to the young man so that he could see the invisible forces present to deliver, but he shut the eyes of Syria's mighty men so that they saw not whether their way took them. How limitless are the powers of our God.

THE STORY.

"MY MASTER, we needs must flee lest the king of Syria catch thee as a bird in a snare," exclaimed the servant of Elisha one day as he rushed into the presence of the prophet. The young man was all out of breath with his running, and in broken sentences he went on to explain how he had chanced to be passing through the city's gate as two strangers had entered and had overheard them questioning those standing in the market places as to whether Elisha the prophet had come thither, saying that they had important tidings for him, and when they had received an affirmative reply, they made as though they would search thee out in the city, and then by another route they passed out of the city and hastened away.

"And why thinkest thou that they were emissaries of the Syrians?" asked the prophet, calmly.

"Did not I follow them, and noting that they were making for the outer gate to the city, I hastened thither, and from a place of concealment near the gate I overheard them say as they passed out that Syria's army would not be long in sweeping down upon the city. But we have time to flee ere they come!" exclaimed the young man, his voice trembling in fear.

"Nay," rejoined the prophet, unmoved, "the Lord sent us to Dothan and here we shall remain till he bids us go. Cannot God save us from even the might army of Syria?"

"Yes," reluctantly admitted the young man, his fears not by any means dispelled; "but how, if we remain here while the army descends upon the city? The people of the place will deliver thee into the hands of the Syrians to save themselves, and thou knowest how that the Syrian general has sworn that he will have thy life for many times thou hast defied the king of Israel out of his hands. It is for thee that he has been searching the land, and if he come thither how can thou hope to escape?"

"God will provide a way," was the confident response, and the prophet resumed his reading out of the scroll he held in his hand, and his servant turned dejectedly away. He was too loyal a follower of the prophet to flee from him. If he was to perish, he would perish with him, but he felt certain that to remain in Dothan meant to certainly fall into the hands of the Syrians.

"Perhaps the Lord will yet send my master away," thought the young man to himself as the afternoon wore away; "there is yet time."

But the prophet remained busy with his reading and gave no sign that he would do so, but remain where he was. The young man watched him

with falling heart as the evening shadows began to fall. He noted the earnest look upon the prophet's face as he read along and then he saw a look of triumph for flash forth, and heard him exclaim under his breath: "It is God's word. He will not fail!"

"Hath God sent thee word to go thither?" eagerly exclaimed the young man, breaking in upon the prophet's reverie.

"Nay, we shall remain here," and the prophet rolled up his precious scroll and placed it in the bosom of his mantle. He had been reading the Psalms of David, and had fallen upon that portion which read: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him and delivereth them." The words seemed to flash forth a message to his own heart, and in his hour of need he had enough. And as he went about his preparations for retiring for the night, after their simple meal was over, he kept repeating the words over softly to himself:

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him to deliver them."

He felt as though God himself had spoken to him and, resting in the perfect assurance that God would not fail him, he went to sleep.

Not so with the servant. Little sleep came to quiet his troubled heart. In imagination he pictured the army of the Syrians gathering about the city, and as occasionally he would drop off into a fitful sleep he would dream that the whole army with spears before them were closing in upon them. And then he would start up and find that darkness still prevailed and that all was quiet about, and he would lie down again upon his couch. Thus the night passed, and just before the dawn was breaking he again dropped off into a troubled sleep. This time he dreamed that the rulers of the city had seized him and his master in answer to the demands of the Syrian general and had carried them to the walls of the city and then threw them off the high parapet into the hands of the waiting soldiers below. He awoke to find that the terror of his dream had caused him to throw himself from his couch with a start and he had landed upon the floor. He was all a tremble and the dream seemed so real that he looked about to reassure himself that he was not in the midst of a hostile army. But no. In the light of the early morning he could see his master still sleeping over there as peacefully as when he had lain down the night before, and all without was quiet.

"But the army must be about the city!" he exclaimed to himself. "Oh, I know we cannot escape!" and rushing forth, he strained his eyes to the rising hills without the city. With a wild cry he rushed back into the house and, falling down in terror by the side of his master's couch, he shook him rudely, crying the while that the hosts of the Syrians were upon them.

"Aias, my master! How shall we do?" he continued, as he led the way to the door and pointed to the horses and the chariots which filled the hill-sides opposite.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him to deliver them," calmly spoke the prophet.

"Nay, rather does it seem to be the hosts of Syria which are encamped about us," was the almost impatient rejoinder.

"Ah, but God's hosts are there."

The young man looked at the prophet half in wonder, half in fear. Had his master gone insane that he should talk thus, and be so indifferent to the certain destruction which was before them? He saw the prophet lift his eyes to heaven. He saw his lips move. He knew he was in prayer. Then, as he ceased and opened his eyes again, he pointed in the direction of the Syrian hosts.

The young man turned his eyes in that direction, and the vision that met his astonished gaze made him fairly about with joy for behold! the hill-sides between the Syrian hosts and the city were full of the horses and chariots of fire of the Lord.

Unearthed Confederate Treasure.

More than \$1,000,000 in Confederate currency and about \$1,000 in gold coin and bullion was unearthed by the prong of a plow on Bret Knox's farm near here by the plater, who had just taken the reins of the mule in hand in an effort to show a negro hand how to "ditch" a trough intended to carry the accumulation of water from the plot of ground in cultivation, says a Bine Mountain correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer.

The treasure is believed to have originally belonged to Samuel H. Thompson, whose father was prominent in the Confederate cause during the civil war, but as there are no heirs Knox will retain possession unless a claim is made.

The Confederate bills were mostly of \$5, \$10 and \$20 denominations, and were so mildewed from age that they fell to fragments when handled.

Buoys Lighted by Acetylene.

The Brazilian minister of marine has interested himself in the subject of illuminated acetylene buoys for use on the coast. The type of buoys is that lighted by acetylene which will burn continuously for six months. The largest of the buoys is situated at the mouth of the Amazon and weighs complete about 20 tons. The use of 25 lights of this character at varying intervals, is contemplated at different points along the ocean coast.

"Big Hat" Nuisance.

To remedy the "big hat" nuisance in Paris the theater committee of the municipal council has decided to recommend drastic action. The committee proposes that every spectator shall have the right to request the police officer on duty in the theater to call for the removal of any hat which presents an unobstructed view of the stage. If the wearer refuses to comply the officer may order her to leave the theater.

Disastrous Reaction.

"I was awfully worried about Johnny when he had that sick spell," said Mrs. Lapaling. "And when the doctor told me he was going to get well I went fairly delirious with joy."

I'VE BEEN THINKING

By Charles Battell Loomis

INCLOSE an interesting clipping that will appear especially to you. Let me know what you think of it.

And then inclose it and the recipient of her letter vainly hunts for it.

The noninclosing habit follows the postal route all over the world. It can be carried to maddening extremes, as when the young man who is stranded in the west receives a loving letter from his mother, in which, after telling him all the little inconsequencies of his native village, she says, "I did not know what to get you for your birthday and so inclose a five-dollar bill."

Imagine the feelings of the poor tenderfoot, down to his last cent, when he finds that she has forgotten the inclosure. If only she had forgotten the village gossip and remembered the thing that would have made that particular letter memorable.

In the same class as the noninclosers are those who say, "Of course, George will have written you about the mysterious happenings in the house of Cynthia Alendale. How do you account for them?"

It is more than likely that if George has written at all he will have said, "I suppose that Emma has told you all about the blood-curdling affair of Cynthia Alendale so I will not waste your time by telling you about it. But wasn't it awful? What are we coming to?"

If only George and Emma had assumed that the other had not told a single thing about the interesting affair! Here and there are people who hate to receive letters, but most of us are human (Heaven be praised!) and so in writing put in all the human touches you can think of, and don't assume that "the other fellow" has written all the interesting news because you may depend upon it he hasn't.

And remember to put in the inclosure even if you forget to post the letter containing it.

HEARD a beautiful story the other day about an afflicted father, a loving daughter, and a piano.

It seems that the father had long wished his daughter to become a proficient performer on the piano, and the daughter, distrustful of her own capabilities, had made up her mind that she could never play well enough to make her devotion of hours and hours of practice worth while.

Suddenly, and almost without warning, her father was stricken with blindness, and then the daughter, taking a leaf out of Dickens, determined to play Dot in the Cateb, and she bought a piano player on the installment plan.

Her father had been away for some weeks when the automatic player came to the house, and upon his return she said to him: "Father, dear, would you like to hear some music?"

And her father said: "I would, indeed, daughter, if you can play some for me. I want to see if you have improved during my absence."

So the old gentleman sat himself down on the sofa and turned his ear toward the piano, and the daughter put a Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt in its place and started the mechanism.

When she came to an end her father called her to him and kissed her upon her forehead and patted her cheek and said: "What a dear little thing it is and how much it loves to please its papa. Paderewski might interpret it differently but he could not play it any faster."

And while the daughter's pride and her conscience were having it out between them, her father said: "Daughter, I too have a surprise."

He turned toward her and continued: "While in New York I visited an oculist and I can now see as well as I ever could. How much do you have to pay a month for the thing?"

Have you a meek husband? Don't bullyrag him. Remember that even if you did omit

the "honor and obey" clause in the marriage service you were made partner, and as he probably suggested the partnership in the first place he has some rights.

If you must bullyrag him be sure that you do it in the quiet (or tumult) of your own home. This baiting of a husband in public, while it may afford food for laughter on the part of the groundlings, can but make the judicious grieve.

A large woman leading around a small puppy is always a ridiculous sight.

If you make a puppy of your husband and accompany him out of even-ings, remember that some of the after-laughter will be expended upon you.

If he is a puppy feed him well, treat him kindly—and perhaps he will become a jolly dog.

But do not live a comic supplement life with him, because the comic paper habit is so general in this country and the types are so firmly grounded in the minds of even the young that you will be recognized at sight, and depend upon it, all the sympathy will go out to the (under) dog.

Perhaps you are intellectual and your husband is not. Don't twit him with your college education.

When you come right down to it, if he never went to college, you have forgotten most of what you learned there, and so you are not in a position to snub him as unmercifully as you do.

No doubt your mind was disciplined by the very things you have forgotten, but remember that "while it is excellent to have a giant's strength it is tyrannous to use it like a giant." Lead your husband up. Don't beat him down.

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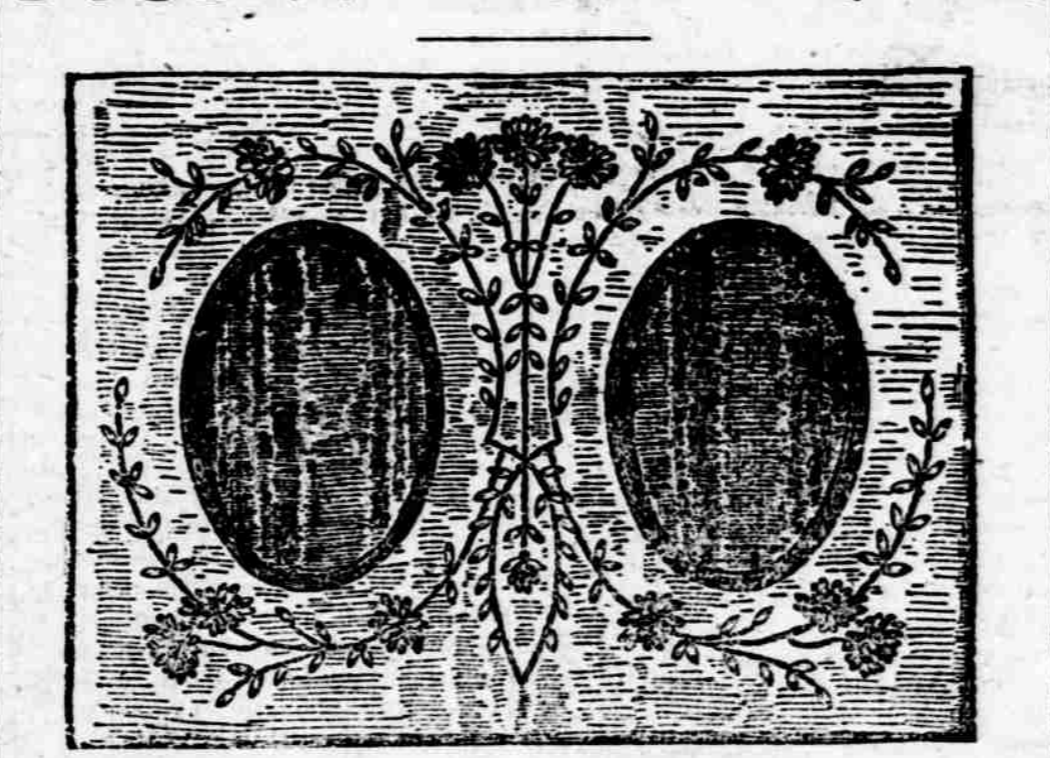
Three Men in One.

A witty writer has observed with much truth that every man is, in a sense, three different men. In the first place, he is the man he thinks himself to be; in the second place, he is the man other persons think him to be; and, finally, he is the man that he really is.

A Reasonable Precaution.

"In order to be a regular optimist," said Uncle Eben, "it's a good idea to stand out by your arrangements all made for three square meals a day and do payment of do rent."—Washington Star.

DOUBLE PHOTO FRAME



For two midget photographs, the frame might be the same size as shown, or it could be made larger for carte de visites or cabinets. The foundation is stout cardboard, with two oval shaped openings cut in it; the card is covered with white, or very light colored moire embroidered with the design shown in ribbon embroidery, shades of golden yellow being used for the flowers, green for the little leaves, and darker green silk worked in cording stitch for the stalks. When cutting the oval the moire, cut them a little smaller than those in the card, and snip the edges; put a thin layer of wadding over the card, then stretch the moire over that, turning in the edges, and fixing at the back with a little secotine; a band of gold tinsel braid is then set in at the edge of openings, and a piece of glass fixed behind each. Cut another piece of card the same size, cover it with sateen, and fix to the back either by stitching at the edges or by secotine; leave openings at the lower edge for the photos to be slipped in.

If to be hung up, two small brass rings should be sewn to back, or a support of double card about an inch wide and half the length of frame should be sewn at the back just below the upper edge.

Robes d'interieur.

There seems to be no limit to the flimsy loveliness of the robes d'interieur; their artistic negligee appearance combined with the prevailing clinging semi-classical style appeals to the susceptibilities of the vrate elegante in a remarkably forcible manner. One of the new models had an under dress of fleur de peche gossamer chiffon, over which was worn a long directive coat of coarse lace dyed a somewhat deeper shade than the under dress; the long pointed sleeves were of lace—almost medieval in design—threaded with gold, the same idea being repeated around the decolleteage. Sometimes these coats—such distinctive features this year—are of rich brocade, handsomely embroidered, or they may be of a gossamer material of a contrasting shade finished with a deep old gold or silver fringe.—The Tattler.

Use of Perfumes is Spreading.

Doctors' recommendations have contributed to the popularity of certain scents. The use of scent is becoming really widespread, asserts a dealer in perfumes. "The doctors have pronounced in its favor," this man says, "and have recommended those of their patients who are particularly prone to catching such complaints as influenza to use scents copiously, principally by means of the spray. The odor that is most in demand is appropriate that of wood violets, springlike and refreshing."

Wears Two Pairs of Gloves.

A clever woman has succeeded in reducing her glove bills by about one-third, and by a most simple device. When she is going out she just slips a pair of gauzy white silk or cotton

gloves over her kid ones. These serve to keep the delicate kid free from the soil they might otherwise get from contact with her skirts or furs. When she reaches the reception, tea or dinner for which she is bound she pulls off the protectors, and there are her kid gloves as fresh and clean as when she left home.

Black coats in liberty silks are perhaps the newest of the dressy wraps.

The daytime coats of the moment are distinctly separate garments.