A Girl's Protest.

We're getting very tired of the silly things men say
About the "good old-fashioned girl," and her superior way.
The highest point of nonsense they have fairly overtopped,
And we—"the girls"—decide that it is really time they stopped!

Our dear old grandmas—bless them!—never mean to lead astray
Young Ned or Tom, when, with a loving smile at us, they say,
"Ah, boys, the girls are different from what they used to be!"
But we think they've forgotten all the fun they had, you see!

They remember all the spinning, but the dancing they forgot;
They can recollect the baking—not the way they used to fret
When they had to stay at home sometimes, to dust the parlor clean,
When lots of other girls and boys were "dancing on the green!"

Why should a girl sit down and spin from morning until night,
With so much big machinery—do you think it would be right?
And modern girls can make good pies, and fancy dishes, too,
And just as well, we'll wager, as the old ones used to do.

But for an instant we'll assume the girls were better then,
Were more sedate, industrious—but how about the men?
We think our grandpa just too nice when sometimes he will say,
"Oh, girls, the boys are not so fine as in my old-time day!"

But, seriously, we should think that older folks would know
That times are very different from fifty years ago!
"The girls" must follow with the world, which surely has advanced—
* * * * *
One day grandma forgot and we were perfectly entranced
When she said that she was noted once for a minuet she danced.

The Bald-Headed Tyrant.

Oh! the quietest home on earth had I,
No thought of trouble, no hint of care;
Like a dream of pleasure the days flew by,
And Peace had folded her pinions there;
But one day there joined in our household band
A bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land,

O, the despot came in the dead of night,
And no one ventured to ask him why;
Like slaves we trembled before his might,
And our hearts stood still when we heard him cry,
For never a soul could his power withstand,
That bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

He ordered us here and he sent us there—
Though never a word could his small lips speak,
With his toothless gums and his vacant stare,
And his helpless limbs so frail and weak,
Till I cried in a voice of stern command,
"Go up, thou bald-head from No-man's-land."

But his abject slaves they turned on me;
Like the bears in Scripture they'd rend me there;
The while they worshipped with bended knee
This restless wretch with the missing hair;
For he rules them all with relentless hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Then I searched for help in every clime,
For peace had fled from my dwelling now,
Till I finally thought of old Father Time,
And low before him I made my bow,
"Wilt thou deliver me out of his hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land?"

Old Time he looked with a puzzled stare,
And a smile came over his features grim;
"I'll take the tyrant under my care,
Watch what my hour-glass does to him;
The veriest humbug that ever was planned
Is the same bald-head from No-man's land."

Old Time is doing his work full well,
Much less of might does the tyrant wield;
But Ah! with sorrow my heart will swell
And sad tears fall as I see him yield.
Could I stay the touch of that shrivelled hand,
I would keep bald the head from No-man's-land.

For the loss of peace I have ceased to care;
Like other vassals I have learned, forsooth,
To love the wretch who forgot his hair
And hurried along without a tooth,
And he rules me, too, with his tiny hand,
This bald-headed tyrant from No-man's-land.

Mary E. Vandyne.

Earth's Fleecy Mantle.

The beautiful snow comes fluttering down,
And lovingly nestles on country and town.

I watch from my window its feathery fall,
And see how it spreads out its soft, fleecy pall.

Tossed lightly and whirled by the frolicsome wind,
The white, star-shaped flakes their resting-place find.

Heaped softly together they hide all the ground
And cover the earth in a white, shining mound.
* * * * *
The storm in its beauty I watch all the day,
Till night comes at last and the clouds break away.

Then I take the snow-shovel and out doors I go
To clean out a path through the beautiful snow

"Light!" "Fleecy!" Who said so? I say to his face,
That for once in his life he was 'way off his base,

My back aches before I have hardly begun!
"Light!" "Fleecy!" Each shovelful weighs a full ton!

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

"Ah!" interposed Jeremy, "that shot was a credit to you. I didn't think you could have done it."

"A credit! I'll tell you what, it is an awful thing to kill a man like that. I often see his face as he fell, at night in my sleep."

"I was merely looking at it as a shot," replied Jeremy, innocently; "and considered as a shot at twenty paces and under trying circumstances, it was a credit to you."

"And then, you see, Jeremy, there was another thing, you know—about—about Eva. Well, I wrote to her, and she has never answered my letter, unless," with a gleam of hope, "you have brought an answer."

Jeremy shook his aching head.

"Ah, no such luck. Well, it put me off, and that's the fact. Since she has chucked me up, I don't care twopence about anything. I don't say but what she is right; I dare say that I am not worth sticking to. She can do much better elsewhere;" and Ernest groaned and realized that his head was very bad indeed; but there it is. "I hadn't the heart to write any more letters, and I was too proud to write again to her. Confound her! let her go. I am not going to grovel to any woman under heaven, no, not even to her!" and he kicked the bedclothes viciously.

"I haven't learned much Zulu, yet," replied Jeremy sententiously; "but I know two words—'hamba gachle' (go softly.")

"Well, what of them?" said Ernest, testily.

"They mean, I am told, 'take it easy,' or 'look before you leap,' or 'never jump to conclusions,' or 'don't be in a confounded hurry'; very fine mottoes, I think."

"Of course they do; but what have they got to do with Eva?"

"Well, just this. I said I had got no letter. I never said—"

"What?" shouted Ernest.

"Hamba gachle," replied Jeremy, the imperturbable, gazing at Ernest out of his blackened eyes. "I never said that I had not got a message."

Ernest sprang clean out of the little truckle bed, shaking with excitement.

"What is it, man?"

"Just this. She told me to tell you that 'she loved you dearly.'"

Slowly Ernest sat down on the bed again, and, throwing a blanket over his head and shoulders, remarked in a tone befitting a sheeted ghost:

"Did she! Why couldn't you say so before?"

Then he got up again and commenced walking, blanket and all, up and down the little room with long strides, and knocking over the water jug in his excitement.

"Hamba gachle," again remarked Jeremy, rising and picking up the water jug. "How are we going to get more water? I'll tell you all about it."

And he did, including the story of Mr. Plowden's shaking, at which Ernest chuckled fiercely.

"I wish I had been there to *kick* him," he remarked parenthetically.

"I did that too, I kicked him hard," put in Jeremy; at which Ernest chuckled again.

"I can't make it all out," said Ernest at length, "but I will go home at once."

"You can't do that, old fellow. Your respected uncle, Sir Hugh, will have you run in."

"Ah! I forgot. Well, I will write to her to-day."

"That's better; and now let's dress. My head is better. By George, though, I am stiff. It is no joke fighting a giant."

But Ernest answered not a word. He was already, after his quick-brained fashion, employed in concocting his letter to Eva.

In the course of the morning he drafted it. It, or rather that part of it with which we need concern ourselves, ran thus:

"Such then, my dearest Eva, was the state of my mind toward you. I thought—God forgive me for the treason!—that perhaps you were, as so many women are, a fair-weather lover, and that now that I am in trouble you wished to slip the cable. If that was so, I felt that it was not for me to remonstrate. I wrote to you, and I knew that the letter came safely to your hands. You did not answer it, and I could only come to one conclusion. Hence my own silence. And in truth I do not at this moment quite understand why you have never written. But Jeremy has brought me your dear message, and with that I am content, for no doubt you have reasons which are satisfactory to yourself, and if that is so, no doubt, too, they would be equally satisfactory to me if only I knew them. You see, my heart's love, the fact is that I trust and believe in you utterly and entirely. What is right and true, what is loyal and sincere to me and to yourself—those are the things that you will do. Jeremy tells me a rather amusing story about the new clergyman who has come to Kesterwick, and who is, it appears, an aspirant for your hand. Well, Eva, I am sufficiently conceited not to be jealous; although I am in the unlucky position of an absent man, and worse still, an absent man under a cloud. I do not believe that he will cut me out. But on the day that you can put your hand upon your heart, and look me straight in the eyes (ah! Eva, I can see your eyes now), and tell me, on your honor as a lady, that you love this or any other man better than you do me, on that day I shall be ready to resign you to him. But till that day comes—and there is something in my heart which tells me that it is as impossible for it to come as for the mountain-range I look on as I write to move toward the town and bury it—I am free from jealousy, for I know that it is also impossible that you should be faithless to your love.

"Oh, my sweet, the troth we plighted was not for days, or years, or times—it was forever. Nothing can dissolve it; Death himself will be powerless against it. With each new and progressive existence it will re-arise as surely as the flowers in spring, only, unlike them, more fragrant and beautiful than before. Sometimes I think that it has already existed through countless ages. Strange thoughts come into a man's mind out there on the great veldt, riding alone hour after hour, and day after day, through sunlight and through moonlight, till the spirit of nature broods upon him, and he begins to learn the rudiments of truth. Some day I shall tell them all to you. Not that I have ever been quite alone, for I can say honestly that you have always been at my side since I left you; there has been no hour of the day or night when you have not been in my thoughts, and I believe that till death for a period blots out my senses no such hour will ever come.

"Day by day, too, my love has grown stronger even in its despair. Day by day it has taken shape and form and color, and become more and more a living thing, more and more an entity, as distinct as soul and body, and yet as inextricably blended and woven into the substance of each. If ever a woman was beloved, you are that woman, Eva Ceswick; if ever a man's life, present and to come, lay in a woman's hands, my life lies in yours. It is a germ which you can cast away or destroy, or which you can nourish till it bursts into bloom, and bears fruit beautiful beyond imagining. You are my fate, my other part. With you my destiny is intertwined, and you can mold it as you will. There is no height to which I cannot rise by your side; there is no depth to which I may not sink without you.

"And now, what does all this lead up to? Will you make a sacrifice for me, who am ready to give all my life to you—no, who have already given it? That sacrifice is this: I want you to come out here and marry me; as you know, circumstances prevent me from returning to you. If you will come, I will meet you at the Cape and marry you there. Ah! surely you will come! As for money, I have plenty from home, and can make as much more as we shall want here, so that need be no obstacle. It is long to wait for your answer—three months—but I hope that the faith that will, as the Bible tells us, enable people to move mountains—and my faith in you is as great as that—will also enable me to bear the suspense, and in the end prove its own reward. Oh, how life has changed for me since yesterday!"

Ernest read selected portions of this composition to Mr. Alston and Jeremy. Both listened in solemn silence, and at the conclusion Jeremy scratched his head and remarked that it was deep enough to "fetch" any girl, though for his part he did not understand it. Mr. Alston relit his pipe, and for a while said nothing; but to himself he thought that it was a remarkable letter for so young a man to have written, and revealed a curious turn of mind. One remark he did make, however, and that was rather a rude one:

"The girl won't understand what you are driving at, Master Ernest; she will think that you have gone off your head in these savage parts. All you say may or may not be true; on that point I express no opinion—but to write such things to a woman is to throw your pearls before swine. You should ask her about her bonnets, my boy, and tell her what sort of dresses she should bring out, and that the air is good for the complexion. She would come then."

Here Ernest fired up.

"You are beastly cynical, Alston, and you should not speak of Miss Ceswick like that to me. Bonnets indeed!"

"All right, my lad—all right. Time will show. Ah, you boys! you go building up your ideals of ivory and gold and fine linen, only to find them one day turned into the commonest of clay, draped in the dirtiest of rags. Well, well, it is the way of the world; but you take my advice, Ernest; burn that letter, and go in for an Intombi (Kafir girl). It is not too late yet, and there is no mistake about the sort of clay she is made of."

Here Ernest stamped out of the room in a passion.

"Too cock-sure, wanted cooling down a little," remarked Mr. Alston to Jeremy; "should never be cock-sure where a woman is concerned; women are fond of playing dirty tricks, and saying they could not help it. I know them. Come on; let us go and find him, and go for a walk."

They found Ernest sitting on the box of the waggon, which was out-spanned together with Jeremy's, just outside the town, and looking rather sulky.

"Come on, Ernest," said Mr. Alston apologetically; "I will throw no more mud at your ideal. In the course of the last thirty years I have seen so many fall to pieces of their own accord that I could not help warning you. But perhaps they make them of better stuff in England than we do in those parts."

Ernest descended, and soon forgot his pique. It was but rarely that he bore malice for more than half an hour. As they walked along one of the by-streets they met the young fellow who had acted as second to Jeremy in the big fight of the previous day. He informed them that he had just been to inquire how the giant was. It appeared that he had received an injury to the spine, the effect of Jeremy's "lift," from which there was little hope of his recovery. He was not, however, in much pain. This intelligence distressed Jeremy not a little. He had earnestly desired to thrash the giant, but he had had no wish to injure him. With his usual promptitude he announced his intention of going to see his fallen enemy.

"You are likely to meet with a warm reception if you do," said Mr. Alston.

"I'll risk it. I should like to tell him that I am sorry."

"Very good; come along—that is the house."

The injured man had been carried to the house of a relative just outside the town, a white thatched building that had been built five-and-thirty years before, when the site of Pretoria was a plain inhabited only by quaggas, eland and wilderbeeste. In front of the door was a grove of orange trees, which smelled sweet and looked golden with hanging fruit.

The house itself was a small, white building, with a double-swinging door like those used in stables in this country. The top half of the door was open, and over the lower portion of it leaned a Boer, a rough-looking customer, smoking a huge pipe.

"'Dagh, Oom'" (good-day, uncle), said Mr. Alston, stretching out his hand.

The other looked at him suspiciously, and then held out a damp paw to each in turn, at the same time opening the door. As Ernest passed the threshold he noticed that the clay flooring was studded with peach stones well trodden into its substance to prevent wear and tear of passing feet. The door opened into a fair-sized room with whitewashed walls called the "sit-kame" (sitting-room), and furnished with a settee, a table, and several chairs seated with "rimpi" or strips of hide. On the biggest of these chairs sat a woman of large size, the mother of the family. She did not rise on their entry, but without speaking held out a limp hand, which Mr. Alston and the others shook, addressing her affectionately as "tanta" (aunt). Then they shook hands with six or seven girls and young men, the letter sitting about in an aimless sort of way, the former clearing off the remains of the family meal, which had consisted of huge bones of boiled fresh beef. So fresh was it, indeed, that on the floor by the side of the table lay the gory head and skin of a newly-killed ox, from which the beef had been cut. Ernest, noticing this, wondered at the superhuman strength of stomach that could take its food under such circumstances.

The preliminary ceremony of hand-shaking having got through, Mr. Alston, who spoke Dutch perfectly, explained the object of their visit. The faces of the Dutchmen darkened as he did so, and the men scowled at Jeremy with hatred not unmingled with terror. When he had done, the oldest man said that he would ask his cousin if he would see them, adding, however, that he was so ill that he did not think it likely. Raising a curtain, which served as a door, he passed from the sitting-room into the bedroom ("slaap kame"). Presently he returned, and beckoned to the Englishmen to enter. They passed into a small chamber about ten feet square, which was, after the fashion of these people in cases of any illness, hermetically sealed from air. On a large bed that blocked up most of the room, and on which it was the usual habit of the master of the house and his wife to sleep in their clothes, lay the fallen giant. So much as could be seen of his face was a mass of hideous bruises, and one of his hands, which lay on the bed, was in splints; the chief injury, however, was to his back, and from this he could never expect to recover. By his side sat his little wife, who had on the previous day urged the thrashing of the Hottentot. She glared fiercely at Jeremy, but said nothing. On catching sight of his victor, the giant turned his face to the wall, and asked what he wanted.

"I have come," said Jeremy, Mr. Alston interpreting for him, "to say that I am sorry that you are injured so much, that I wanted to beat you, but had no idea that I should hurt you so. I know that the trick of throwing a man as I threw you is very dangerous, and I only used it as a last resource, and because you would have killed me if I had not."

The Boer muttered something in reply about its being very bitter to be beaten by such a little man.

It was evident to Ernest that the man's pride was utterly broken. He had believed himself to be the strongest man, white or black, in Africa, and now an English lad had thrown him over his shoulder like a plaything.

Jeremy next said he hoped he bore no malice, and would shake hands.

The giant hesitated a little, and then stretched out his uninjured hand, which Jeremy took.

"Englishman," he said, "you are a wonderful man and you will grow stronger yet. You have made a baby of me for life, and turned my heart to a baby's too. Perhaps one day some man will do the same for you. Till then you can never know what I feel. They will give you the Hottentot outside. No, you must take him; you won him in fair fight. He is a good driver, though he is so small. Now go."

The sight was a painful one, and they were not sorry to get away from it. Outside they found one of the young Boers waiting with the Hottentot boy, whom he insisted on handing over to Jeremy.

Any scruples the latter had about accepting him were overcome by the look of intense satisfaction on the features of the poor wretch himself.

His name was "Aasvogel" (vulture), and he made Jeremy an excellent and most faithful servant.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A WAY OF ESCAPE.

When Mr. Alston, Jeremy and Ernest emerged from the back street in which was the house they had visited into one of the principal thoroughfares of Pretoria, they came upon a curious sight. In the middle of the street stood, or rather danced, a wiry Zulu, dressed in an old military great-coat, and the ordinary native "moocha," or scanty kilt, and having a red worsted comforter tied round one arm. He was shouting out something at the top of his voice and surrounded by a crowd of other natives, who at intervals expressed their approval of what he was saying in deep, guttural exclamations.

"What is that lunatic after?" asked Jeremy.

Mr. Alston listened for a minute, and answered:

"I know the man well. His name is Goza. He is the fleetest runner in Natal, and can go as fast as a horse; indeed, there are few horses that he can not tire out. By profession he is a 'praiser.' He is now singing the praises of the Special Commissioner, 'bongering' they call it. I will translate what he is saying:

"Listen to the foot of the great elephant Somptseu. Feel how the earth shakes beneath the tread of the white t'Chaka, father of the Zulus, foremost among the great white people. Ou! he is here; ou! he is coming. See how the faces of the "Amabooma" (the Boers) turn pale before him. He will eat them up; he will swallow them, the huge vulture, who sits still till the ox is dead, who fights the fight of "sit down." Oh, he is great, the lion; where he turns his eye the people melt away, their hearts turn to fat. Where is their one like Somptseu, the man who is not afraid of Death; who looks at Death and it runs from him; who has the tongue of honey; who reigns like the first star at night; who is beloved and honored of the great white mother (the Queen): who loves his children, the Amazulu, and shelters them under his wide wing; who lifted Cetawayo out of the dirt, and can put him back in the dirt again? Abase yourselves, you low people, doctor yourselves with medicine, lest his fierce eyes should burn you up. Oh, hark! he comes, the father of kings, the Chaka; oh! be still; oh, be silent: oh! shake in your knees. He is here, the elephant, the lion, the fierce one, the patient one, the strong one. See, he deigns to talk to little children; he teaches them wisdom; he gives them light like the sun—he is the sun—he is t'Somptseu.'"

At this juncture a quiet-looking, oldish gentleman, entirely unlike either an elephant, a lion, or a vulture, of medium height, with gray whiskers, a black coat, and a neat black tie, fastened in a bow came round the corner leading a little girl by the hand. As he came the praiser lifted up his right hand, and in the most stentorian tones gave the royal salute, "Bayette," which was re-echoed by all the other natives.

The oldish gentleman, who was none other than the Special Commissioner himself turned upon his extoller with a look of intense annoyance, and addressed him very sharply in Zulu:

"Be still," he said. "Why do you always annoy me with your noise? Be still, I say, you loud-tongued dog, or I will send you back to Natal. My head aches with your empty words."

"O elephant! I am silent as the dead. Bayette. O Somptseu! I am quiet, 'Bayette'"

"Go! Begone!"

With a final shout of Bayette the Zulu turned and fled down the street with the swiftness of the wind, shouting his praises as he went.

"How do you do, sir?" said Mr. Alston, advancing. "I was just coming to call upon you."

"Ah, Alston, I am delighted to see you. I heard that you were gone on a hunting trip. Given up work and taken to hunting, eh? Well, I should like to do the same. If I could have found you when I came up here, I should have been tempted to ask you to come with us."

At this point Mr. Alston introduced Ernest and Jeremy. The Special Commissioner shook hands with them,

"I have heard of you," he said to Jeremy; "but I must ask you not to fight any more giants here just at present, the tension between Boer and Englishman is too great to allow of its being stretched any more. Do you know you nearly provoked an outbreak last night with your fighting? I trust that you will not do it again."

He spoke rather severely, and Jeremy colored. Presently, however, he made amends by asking them all to dinner.

On the following morning Ernest sent off his letter to Eva. He also wrote to his uncle and to Dorothy, explaining his long silence as best he could. The latter, too, he for the first time took into his confidence about Eva. At a distance he no longer felt the same shyness in speaking to her about another woman that had always overpowered him when he was by her side.

Now that he had been away from England for a year or so, many things connected with his home life had grown rather faint amid the daily change and activity of his new life. The rush of fresh impressions had to a great extent overlaid the old ones, and Dorothy, and Mr. Cardus, and all the old Kesterwick existence and surroundings seemed faint and far away. They were indeed rapidly assuming that unreality that in time the wanderer finds will grow round his old associations. He feels that they know him no more, very likely he imagines that they have forgotten him, and so they become like shades of the dead.

Already Ernest began to find it something of a labor to indite epistles to people in England, and yet he had the pen of a ready writer. The links that bound them together were fast breaking loose. Eva, and Eva alone, remained clear to the vision of his mind. She was always with him, and to her, at any period of his life, he never found difficulty in writing. For in truth their very natures were interwoven, and the rapport between them was not produced merely by the pressure of external circumstances, or by the fact of continual contact and mutual attraction arising from physical causes, such as the natural leaning of youth to youth and beauty to beauty.

These causes no doubt had to do with its production, and perhaps were necessary to its mundane birth, as the battery is necessary to the creation of the electric spark. Thus, had Eva been old instead of a young and lovely girl the rapport would perhaps never have come into being here. In short, they formed the cable along which the occult communication could pass, but there their function ended. Having once established that communication, and provided a means by which the fusion of spirit could be effected, youth and beauty and the natural attraction of sex to sex had done their part. The great dividing river that rolls so fast and wide between our souls in their human shape had been safely passed, and the two fortunate travellers had been allowed before their time to reap advantages—the measureless advantage of real love, so rare on earth, and at its best so stained by passion; the divine privilege of suffering for that love's sake that will bring such endless blessings in its train, which will only come to most of us, and then perhaps imperfectly, in a different world to this.

Yes, the bridge might now be broken down, it had served its purpose Come age, or loss of physical attraction, or separation and icy silence, or the change called death itself, and the souls thus subtly blended can and will and do defy them. For the real life is not here; here only is the blind beginning of things, maybe the premature beginning.

(To be continued.)

How Death May Come.

As the great physiologist Bichat observed many years ago, death may come at last in any one of three different ways: By failure of the heart, the lungs or the brain. The first named is, in fact, the one that always shows that life is extinct. So long as the heart keeps going, the circulation is kept up, and all parts are nourished. When breathing ceases no more oxygen can reach the blood, and the latter no longer nourishes any part as it should; the brain no longer sends its influence to the heart, and it has no further incentive to keep on working. If injury to the brain should happen, or some poison interfere with the outflow of nerve force, then the lungs no longer take in fresh air, and the heart ceases its work. So, finally, all modes of death result in the cessation of the heart beats, and the life of the body stops within two or three minutes after complete failure of this great force-pump to continue its action.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Personal Points.

Laura Bridgman, the wonderful blind deaf mute, after an extended absence, has returned to the Institute for the Blind at South Boston. She is now nearly 57 years of age.

The Queen has been pleased to appoint Sir Robert George Crookshank Hamilton, K. C. B., to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the colony of Tasmania and its dependencies.

Senator Ogilvie, of Montreal, is confined to his residence, undergoing treatment for abscess. It will be some days, it is understood, before the hon. gentleman will be sufficiently recovered to resume his usual avocations.

Something Like a Saleswoman.

Here's a treasure for some enterprising Canadian trader:

"A young lady desires a situation as sales lady—three years' experience; first-class recommendations; can sell whether customers want to buy or not. Address box 240, Aylmer, Ont."—*Daily Paper.*

Let us hope that ere this she is plying her persuasive arts for a monetary consideration, which shall soon afford her, in the words of Dr. Samuel Johnson, "a potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice."—*Monetary Times.*

Political Ambition in Mexico.

Said a man yesterday who was just from Mexico: "They have a fine way of disposing of surplus candidates down there."

"How so?"

"Why, they shoot 'em. There were three candidates who were against the Diaz interests. One has been shot, another has been run out of the country and another has been put in jail. It is not nice to be a candidate for the presidency of Mexico."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"How can a man get rich at poker?" asks a correspondent. We know of but one absolutely sure way. Don't poke.

The fur boa is in high favor this winter, and other new shoulder protectors have the neck formed somewhat similar to the old-fashioned victorine, with long stole front, the cape portion, however, being much shorter.