

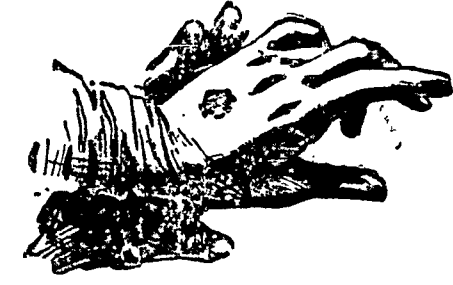
FADS OF FASHION.

PIQUE STOCKS TO REPLACE LINEN COLLARS.

Have But Little Stiffening and Big Ends—Shirt Waists Will Be Beautiful This Year—Scores of Different Materials and Varied Patterns Lure Women Into Buying.

A fad which had its origin in London among the extremists, or ultra smart, women of that metropolis has reached us here, but is as yet so exclusive as to be practically unknown except to a few of the "elect."

Two of the swell glovemakers here in New York have made some few dozens of gloves for one of the Eastern brides and perhaps three or four of the most exclusive society leaders of the town.



Gloves made to order with monograms are devoid of stitching and the monogram is embroidered in the center of the back of the hand. Those which are purchased from stock and then embroidered have the monogram set between the thumb seam and first row of stitching.

As a novelty for a present or for piazza work at a summer resort they are certainly very fetching, but for downright utility and beauty they undoubtedly stand a very meagre chance for any great success.

There are always certain women who will grasp at anything in the novelty line, and we must be prepared to see, after the fad has once been started, many gloved hands displaying the wearer's monogram in contrasting or self-coloring.

Never before this season have the accessories of dress played so prominent a part. They are apparently without number and the prices without limit—a serious combination—neckwear often costing more than the entire bodice with which it is worn.

For the wash shirts are most fascinating pique stocks made on the same pattern, but with the ends of the material to match the waist. The latter are made large enough to tie in a bow knot, a sailor knot or an ascot.



stiffly starched, and the ends must be without any stiffening whatever. Collars of silk in all different shades, with stiff rosette bows, are greatly in fashion. They should be either an exact match for the waist with which they are worn, or of white. The ends are elaborately hemstitched, in white or a deeper colored silk.

Chiffon capes and collarettes are the daintiest things imaginable. They are now made not only of all white, but in two or three colors combined.

Tight fitting waists of liberty satin and peau de soie are shown at one or two of the swell tailors and are among the season's novelties. They are extremely expensive and very "smart," made like cloth waists.

The belief that Friday is a day of bad luck arose from varied reasons. One superstition is that it was on Friday Adam and Eve ate the fatal apple, and then it is agreed that Christ was crucified on Friday.

celved the stamp of fashion's approval.

Belts are exhibited by the gross, and the marvel is that so many and such pretty ones can be had when no two are alike. The patriotic girl is rejoicing in the real Spanish belts, gay with their gilt trapping, and buckles that have been manufactured from war trophies.

Leading dressmakers are trying to stop the wearing of silk waists with skirts of different materials. Though it seems as yet that they might as well attempt to stem Niagara Falls, there are indications that the wedge has been inserted.

years. Shirt waists are so cool and comfortable it is scarcely surprising that they are in such demand.



All white waists of plain light colors are more fashionable than the mixed designs. Pique is a fashionable material, and comes in most attractive colorings and patterns.

Never since their first introduction have silk and satin waists abounded as now. They are sold ready-made at prices varying from \$2.50 to \$45, and to the uninitiated there is not \$42.50 difference in choice.

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The oldest person now living is held to be Annie Armstrong, who is 117 years old, and lives in a little town in Clare, Ireland.

THE COURSE DINNER.

Some of the Advantages Over the Old Style.

The so-called "course dinner" has come to stay, and with most of us it is an established daily function.

A ponderous roast is put in front of the father of the house, while four or five often more vegetables crowd the board.

The "meat course" despatched, the dessert is brought in, and the "dinner" is over.

As the carver lays a slice of meat on the plate in front of him the waitress removes the plate and puts another in its place.

Many women no longer cherish Longfellow's little home-keeping song. Stay at home, my heart, and rest, Housekeeping hearts are happiest.

Even if it were more troublesome— which it is not— is it not the duty of us mothers to keep up with the times for the sake of our children?

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Women Outlive Men, Say Statisticians.

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The professor has still further hope for the fair sex in the announcement that women live longer than men.

Beautiful shades of violet and blue cloths are to be used for dressy costumes, and the newest foulards and India silks are shown in those two colorings.

Little Clarence— Papa, what is the difference between firmness and obstinacy? Papa— Merely a matter of sex, my son.—Tit-Bits.

NO MORE CLOSETS.

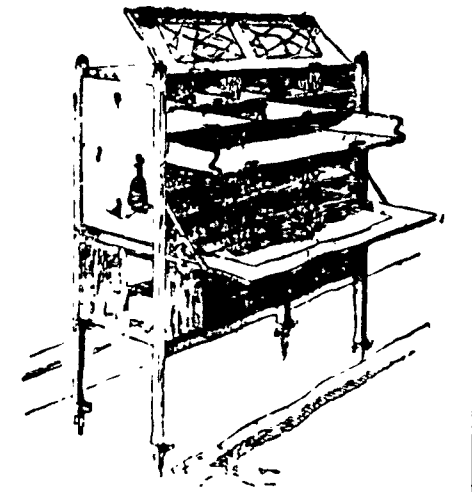
The Clothes Case That Takes the Place of Them.

The architects are puzzled. They have never been able to put enough closets into new houses to satisfy the women.

They have suddenly discovered that English houses never have closets. Clothes cases and wardrobes are used instead.

A new article of bedroom furniture is called a clothes case. This takes the place of the bureau or dresser. Instead of having each drawer separate, like boxes, half of the front opens upward and the other half drops, forming a shelf.

These cases are made to order, in small or large slides, shallow or deep, as one may desire. The convenience



is obvious, as the articles have separate compartments and are not in such danger of being wrinkled from having piles of heavy clothing on top.

These trays are made of plain wood to match the outside of the case or covered with linen, or padded with scented silk pads.

The panels of the upper half of the front of the case shown was latticed with ribbons to hold veils and other light articles.

Woman and Her Sphere.

Many women no longer cherish Longfellow's little home-keeping song.

Stay at home, my heart, and rest, Housekeeping hearts are happiest. They leave the home in their hands now a days, and go forth to do battle with the world, into every field which man heretofore had had to himself.

Whether it be that of domestic excellence or of the higher intellectual fame, or of the higher intellectual fame, or of the higher intellectual fame.

New Spring Colors.

Fashion makers say that from Paris comes the seal of approval on all shades of violet, coral and national blue for new spring dresses.

Beautiful shades of violet and blue cloths are to be used for dressy costumes, and the newest foulards and India silks are shown in those two colorings.

Black and white combination is to be very fashionable this spring, and the most stylish boleros and Etons are to be lined with white satin.

Women Are Firm.

Little Clarence— Papa, what is the difference between firmness and obstinacy?

Papa— Merely a matter of sex, my son.—Tit-Bits.

THE MAJOR'S BRIDE

In the year 1847, in the ancient city of Puebla, a young couple were carrying on a conversation which seemed to be of great interest to them.

"Yes," said the other sadly, a beautiful young Mexican girl, "I love you but I cannot be your wife. I have promised my hand to my cousin, to whom my father owes more than he can pay.

"No," said the maiden despairingly "It is impossible. We must part, and do not make our parting harder for me to bear by your reproaches."

Several months previous, just after the American army had entered Puebla on its victorious march to the capital, Captain Robert Reynolds had been able to perform a notable service for Senor Garcia, a Mexican of reputed wealth and his daughter, Inez.

The next morning Captain Reynolds rode away at the head of his company, his dream of love rudely broken.

It was a matter of history how the Mexican women tended and nursed our wounded and dying soldiers.

After the arrival of the new nurse, who confined herself almost entirely to the bedside of Major Reynolds, this cry was hushed and his ravings in a measure ceased.

At last the fever had run its course, and Major Reynolds, though not convalescent, had now, in the doctor's opinion, some chance for life.

"Yes," said she, "but you must not speak or even think. Those are the surgeon's orders."

"Now, if you will promise to be quiet, I will tell you how I happen to be here. In the first place, I am not married and (very demurely) am not likely to be.

"And now," broke in the major, "there is no obstacle to our marriage. Is that what you mean to imply?"

"Yes, and I shall never return to grandmother again. I dare not. So I am going away."

BONNIE BESSIE

"Bonnie Bessie" every one called her and rightly enough, for of all the highland lassies who gathered at the little Kirk Sabbath mornings not one was half so pretty and winning as Bessie.

Squire Renfrow, of the Red Pass, was desperately in love with Bessie, and sought to make her his wife in spite of difference in rank.

"If the lassie thinks she can fancy me," he said, addressing Bessie's grandmother, "I'm ready and willing to lead her to the kirk to-morrow, and if a good, true husband and some gold and silver will make her happy, she'll be as happy as a queen at the Red Pass."

Bessie listened with wide, startled eyes, burning cheeks and quivering lips. She held her peace, standing tall and slim in a sort of stunned silence, until her gray haired lover had taken his leave.

"Well, 'tis o'er now, and ye'll simmer down and keep quiet, mebbe I've let ye have yer say, and now I'll have mine. We're poor folk me and ye, I found it hard to get bread when I had but my own mouth to feed, and since I've been broucht w' ye I've gone to bed mony a night fit to cry w' hunger. But I've borne it all and done my best, and always been willing to gi' ye a share o' my last crust."

"Now look here, my lass," interrupted the old woman, lifting her bonny finger and glowering fiercely upon Bessie. "If ye're fule enou' to refuse this good fortune, that ends it! Twixt us two ye pack out o' my house and ne'er cross the threshold again!"

The Springtime came and the wedding day was close at hand, when one evening, just before the gloaming, Bessie went to fill her pitcher as usual at the rocky spring near by. She had accomplished her task and lifted the pail to her shoulder and had started for the cottage, her white, shapely feet twinkling prettily below the short petticoats as she stepped from stone to stone in crossing the little brawling stream, when suddenly she uttered a stifled cry, and, staggering to a moss-grown boulder, sat down and put the pitcher hastily on the ground, pressing her hand on her heart and trembling all over.

"It's his ghaist! It's his ghaist!" she cried, and oh, how sair he looked at me! He has come from his grave. I dare na, dare na! Oh, forgive me, Jamie, that I ever thought o' it."

When she reached the Red Pass the bright glow of the warm ingleside lit the windows. She approached the nearest one and pressed her sad, tired yet resolute face against the glass.

"Well now, well now, what's the meaning o' this?" he cried, rushing across the room and throwing up the window. "Bessie, my lass, what's happened?"

"Something that never should ha' happened," she answered, looking at him with a sort of desperate defiance and drawing the gold ring from her finger as she spoke. "I've come to give this back to you, Squire Renfrow. I was wrong ever to let you put it on."

"Take your ring," she said. "You've heard o' Auld Robin Gray, maybe, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have. But what then?" "Well, I had a Jamie once," she went on, clutching at the little silver ring suspended from her neck, a great throbb of pain shaking her. "He gave me this, and I can't ever wear any other ring. He—he went off to seek his fortune," with another repressed sob, "and he was lost at sea. I tried to forget him, but I cannot. I can't keep my promise to you, Squire Renfrow—I couldn't feel like she did to Auld Robin Gray—I should hate you—I should—"

He took the ring she offered and paused for a moment. A look of unutterable pain and regret came into his eyes.

"So," she said slowly. "You have come to tell me this and to ask for your freedom? And you really think, too, you have seen Jamie's ghaist?"

The Quickest Wink.

Experiments have been going on with an ingenious machine which shuts over a man's eye so that the eyelid as it winks opens and closes a chronograph. So far the quickest wink on record is about a sixth of a second.