

OUR FASHION LETTER

NOTES OF THE PREVAILING MATERIALS AND STYLES.

Attractive Form of the Modified Blouse
Waist—Discarding the High Lines
Collars—Tiny Gold Buttons Come into Use—
Classic Looking Tunic.

The most attractive form of the modified blouse-waist in tailor style is a model cut low and rounding in the neck, with a deep slashing each side of the open front. All the edges are finished with braid or velvet ribbon. The gimpes worn with the waists are in various effects, guipure net over watermelon pink Liberty satin being a very becoming style. A glimpse of the satin and lace shows down the front and between the slashed portions. Silk cord applique pieces are additional garnitures on the most expensive models.

A season of fancy cotton fabrics is already assured, judging by the large sale of organdies, batistes, dimities, sephy goods, Indian muslins, etc. Moreover, the present styles can be most charmingly and appropriately carried out in these beautiful fabrics that actually rival taffeta and foulard silks in dainty colorings and patterns.



The full round waists, the flowing skirts, and all the very dainty effects of the summer toilet, the frills, ruffles, accordion-plaitings, berthas, yokes, fichus, and the like, are all seen at their best in the airy textiles for summer wear.

Even with the tailor costume very many women will, this summer, discard the high, stiff linen collar, which, it is now affirmed, seriously affects the nerves and cords of the neck and head, besides greatly marring the natural curve, smoothness, and beauty of a woman's throat. In its place will be worn the most dainty and becoming of little turnover styles in cambric, bishop's lawn, and insertion—many of these hand-wrought and edged with real lace of narrow width.

Tiny gold buttons continue to be used by French atteliers, on toilets of ceremony, made of white lace, net, mousseline de soie, crepe de Chine, etc. The buttons are not lavish in number, and are consequently effective, some of the dull Etruscan gold styles having a brilliant Parisian diamond or other mock jewel in the centre.

Bayaders and perpendicular stripes appear on every sort of fabric from the simplest cottons to the richest silks and satins. These materials, as a rule, are made up with a circular skirt, although French modistes use also the gored styles, deftly curving the bayader stripes into mitted points that meet at each seam and produce a pretty effect around the entire skirt.

Some very classic-looking tunics—long, short, extremely scant at the top, many of them looking as if there had been a distressing lack of material, are in universal favor. Some of the models are very long on the sides, others short on the front and sides, but reaching quite to the hem of the underdress at the back. They are made of every fabric from Venetian guipure lace and satin maitelasse to French gingham, and no two styles seem exactly alike, so varied are their shapes and effects on the lower portion, and so differently does each designer or dressmaker fashion and decorate them.

Wedding gowns in princess style made of satin, duchess, and peau de soie, with elegant garnitures of Venetian lace and corresponding net draperies, will be in marked favor for brides of this season. For bridesmaids' wear are lovely dresses of briar-rose pink, rose mouton, or primrose yellow crepe de Chine, with deep bodice yokes and Marie Antoinette undersleeves of guipure de flandre lace. The short, close-fitting deeply pointed oversleeve of crepe de Chine reaches just below the elbow, and is edged with several rows of very narrow ruffled mousseline de soie, or a single line of pearl and opal passementerie.

Returning importers speak of the marked favor extended to velvet-ribbon trimming in both Paris and London, with predictions that for the summer it will be in greater demand than ever for gowns or veiling, silk and wool fancies, shepherd's check, foulard, summer silk, challi, etc. French modistes frequently use three different widths on skirt, bodice, and vest. Last summer a rage for this simple yet effective and becoming garniture began, and before the season was over, nearly every retailer had sold out his best colors. Ten pieces of black velvet ribbon were this week used upon a gown included in the list of an early June bride. The fabric was a cream-white wool, figured with a black silk dot.

The new summer silks begin with a black silk dot, and beautiful effects of black and white, and black alone.

in very many handsome weaves, as all black is still highly favored by fashion leaders. Soft, medium, heavy satins, and peau de soie of satin weave with a demi-lustre, are the most reliable of the silk textures. The black Bonnet silk, with brilliant lustre, is also largely patronized. The weave called gros de Londres—a revival of the silks in fine black reps, worn years ago—is figured with small designs, also in black. A new design in gros de Tours has a black ground finely striped with satin, and quaintly brocaded with tiny flowers. Summer maitelasse silks are shown again, with lovely designs of small flowers on soft, neutral grounds, and so beautifully woven that the brocaded figures look like hand-embroidery.

Some of the prettiest evening dresses for the coming season are made of sheer India mull over white taffeta soveux, with trimmings of soft yellow Valenciennes lace. These gowns show a full round waist, fastened at the back. The shoulders are adorned with loops and ends of deep-cream satin ribbon, and the neck of the bodice is cut square and banded with lace insertion finished on the shoulders with a ripple of gathered lace which falls below the ribbon loops. The square opening is filled in with a shirred or finely tucked yoke of chiffon or net. The skirt is trimmed with lace-edged ruffles of the mull, and hangs from the same band as the taffeta skirt beneath, which is very closely gored, and has a surah facing and numberless gathered frills on the lower half, which aid in giving a pretty flare to the outside skirt of mull.

Very fine and light qualities of summer tailor cloth, Indian cashmere, drap royal, and drap d'ete are being used, and among other summer materials for demi-dress wear, are novel and very stylish varieties in lattice-woven novelty goods in silk and wool mixtures, basket and whipcord weaves in very handsome new summer colorings, also printed dimities, Geisha cloths, silk-dotted and silk-striped batistes and nainsooks. French plumes in lovely tints, and pretty Italian reps in white and colors, the improved pliable cords having a high lustre, making them closely resemble bengaline silk.

This season there are brought out some remarkably rich blue shades in cloth, repped silk, wool, bengaline, cheviot, and drap d'ete, and these are made into various walking costumes, calling-gowns, and traveling and yachting suits. In nearly every instance there is a yoke, waistcoat, or other accessory in cream color, scrub of pure white, in satin guipure net over silk, or maitelasse brocaded with rich but small Oriental figures.

French atteliers, with very many of their smart summer models, have added a light and airy little pelerine, Marie Antoinette fichu, or Directoire cape. On genuine hot-weather toilets these capes are picturesque and charming. They are elaborately frilled, the frills are lace-edged, and there are additional trimmings of lace, cape-collars, chiffon ruffles, and draperies or bands of insertion, chaille-dotted jabots, neck frills, and scarf ends, velvet ribbon, choux, etc.

Very odd effects in the fashioning of dress waists appear this season. Bodices are cut and draped in novel and graceful ways, or are made in contrasting styles on each half of the front. Some have a round waist at the back and stole-finished bolero fronts. The sleeves may be of one



A Slumber Robe for the Head of the House.

material from shoulder to elbow, and of some other wholly different fabric, from elbow to wrist, with the cuff extending in a point downwards over almost the entire hand, and in as deep a point upward over the outer arm at the elbow. Velvet loops, straps, and chenille pieces on applique are arranged in quaint and effective ways, and lace frills, nets, and insertion bands also play an important part in this novel scheme.

Attractive color-blendings appear upon the new maitelasse grenadines. The various grounds are creped or basket-woven, and the raised designs are in shaded silks.

Very pretty are the costumes of silk-warp mohair, drap d'ete, and creponette, trimmed with shepherd's check silk in various new artistic color mixtures.

Many of the leading modistes of New York are making graceful and attractive little stole-fronted shoulder capes to wear on suits with various spring and summer costumes. A jacket is not an easy garment to put on or take off, and a cape is no trouble whatever.

THE TELEDIAGRAM.

ANOTHER WONDER OF THIS WONDER PRODUCING CENTURY.

Pictures Easily Sent by Telegraph From Thousands of Miles of Space—Practical Efficiency of New Invention—It Has Been Fully Demonstrated by Experiments.

Civilization was shoved ahead many notches the other night, and a new milestone planted when a picture of the first gun fired at Manila was telegraphed from New York to Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia and Boston simultaneously over a single wire. And then, after this miracle, other pictures were flashed back by telegraph from those cities over the single circuit.



Editor Kohlsaat, Picture sent by the Telediagram.

It was no experiment, but the practical commencement of the new business enterprise of telegraphing pictures, drawings, autographs and designs of all kinds by wire as if but ordinary telegraphic messages.

The machines had been tested and found to be in perfect order when six o'clock, the hour set for the long distance picture telegraphing feat, had arrived. The correspondents of the far away newspapers to receive the lightning art service were on hand to observe the practical working of the new system. The machines are a little larger than one of Edison's phonographs mounted on a cabinet stand.

The newspapers connected with the long distance circuit were St. Louis Republic, Chicago Times-Herald, Philadelphia Inquirer, Boston Herald. The preliminary adjustments of the machines had been made.

"Click! click!" rattled a telegraph "sounder" beside the machines. Superintendent Flynn, in communication with the main telegraph office of the big downtown Postal Building, said they had made up the circuit. That is, they had got all the offices of the five big cities connected on one wire running directly into the newspaper offices East and West.

"Click! click!" went St. Louis then Chicago's "click! click!" was followed by Philadelphia and Boston. The duplex wires had been "balanced"—the machines harmonized, "synchronized," and Mr. Crane, the telegraphic art superintendent, said the picture on the little cylinder, run by clockwork, was ready for sending.

Again "click, click." "All ready," answered St. Louis and Chicago, a thousand miles away, as Philadelphia and Boston tick-tacked back the same message.

Correspondents and editors hovered around the machine. A bombardment or an electrocution could have excited no more interest.

"We start in five seconds," clicked Superintendent Flynn at the telegraph key, with his racing watch in hand.

"One, two, three, four, five—Go!" The "switch" was "closed," the starting button pressed, and away went the picture of Dewey's Manila gun, over rivers, mountains and prairies, instantly, in the twinkling of a pretty girl's eye, into the busy, roaring newspaper offices half across the continent.

God's lightning flashed back from Chicago and St. Louis, from Boston and Philadelphia that "the picture is coming; it is perfect."

In each of these distant offices, an exact duplicate machine of the one in the New York office was receiving the sketch from the whispering wire. Next came a picture in return from each of these offices. The St. Louis Republic sent a sketch of Senator Major, the reformer, known as Missouri's Lexow. From the Chicago Times-Herald came a picture of McKinley and Kohlsaat, the editor. And thus ended the first practical long distance test of the new cylinder picture telegraphing machines put into commercial use.

How the Miracle is Done. This principle applied in telegraphing pictures is the same as in sending dispatches. A drawing is made on a sheet of tinfoil wrapped around a cylinder in the machine similar to the wax cylinder of a phonograph.

In Chicago there is a twin machine regulated to work in perfect harmony with the New York machine. In Chicago, instead of tinfoil, a sheet of carbon or manifold copying paper is placed between two blank sheets of paper. The New York current is turned on and the little needle of platinum point above the revolving cylinder in New York breaks the circuit when it touches the ink outlines of the picture.

The needle in the Chicago machine, which reproduces every pulsation made

in New York, prints the same kind of a record on the carbon paper because the steel point beats hard on the cylinder, and thus the picture in New York is faithfully copied by electricity in Chicago. The simplicity of the system is its wonder.

Yet experts have been years in perfecting a machine that would be of practical commercial value. Mr. Ernest A. Hummel, of St. Paul, is the inventor. He set up his first machine in the Herald office in January, 1898, when a picture of Mayor Van Wyck was sent over a six mile circuit without difficulty.

The success of the machine long ago passed beyond experiment. Nothing is uncertain about the process. Whatever is drawn on the tinfoil here is absolutely reproduced at the other end of the wire, regardless of the distance.

Platt and Parkhurst on a Single Wire. The extraordinary possibilities of this invention seem incredible, yet they have been demonstrated beyond doubt. A picture, a portrait, an autograph or a representation of a burning building can be faithfully sent either way while another series of pictures may go over the same wire in the opposite direction.

Think of Miles and Alger shooting across the country on a single wire! Bryan's photograph and Bourke Cockran's passing like two bolts of red hot lightning through the terror stricken land!

Think of Croker's picture slipped over the wire to Albany, with Teddy Roosevelt's bond for New York, with Devery's and Meas' pictures playing hide-and-seek between the telegraph poles!

The invention is of profound service to the world because it is practical and of commercial value. In all directions it opens new fields of usefulness. With it the picture of the escaping robber can be sent to the police long before the fleeing boss reaches the next station. Hereafter it will be constantly employed by the Herald in reproducing pictures from all parts of the country. A scene of a fire in Chicago, which takes place at ten o'clock at night can be absolutely reproduced, line for line, in the Herald office at eleven. Words have come by wire for fifty years and now the actual scenes come in the same way.

SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS.

Built of Wood and Yet Standing After Seven Centuries.

This is the oldest wooden church in the world, erected at Borgund, Norway more than 700 years ago, when Christianity was first introduced in that neighborhood. It is still as sound as ever, but is used by the congregation only during the warty months of the year. As the ancient edifice is not supplied with heating apparatus or glass-protected windows, the people refuse to patronize it in winter.

Seen from the outside, the church seems to be all roofs. Over the low colonnades, partly open, partly closed, that surround the church on all sides, rise two rows of roofs covering the side naves. Above them are the roofs of the centre naves crowned by towering rafters and timber work. The roofs are covered with moss-grown shingles and dragon heads and other emblems of Norsemen lore protrude on all sides.



Wooden Church Seven Hundred Years Old.

The interior construction shows even more plainly than the outside that the builders of this edifice were advanced architects, for they discarded the primitive blockhouse principle for that of posts set upright and joined by woodwork. The church proper is divided into a "high church" and a choir, which is smaller than the first, and terminates in an oval altar niche. Both "high church" and choir have a centre and two side naves, separated by rows of pillars. The middle naves are elevated after the manner of the Roman Basilica. There are three entrances under fine arches, masterpieces of wood carved with axes.

The church is always steeped in mystic gloom, for there are no windows, only a series of small, round holes cut into the upper side walls where they join the roof. There are no window frames nor shutters, and the holes in the walls are never closed, summer or winter. The altar and the pulpit are of the simplest description, unadorned by paint or picture.

Never Mind the Ancient History. When the late Judge Finney was a member of the Wisconsin supreme court a young lawyer who was arguing his first case began: "Ancient history teaches us—" The judge, looking up from the printed brief, remarked: "Young man, just pass over the ancient and medieval periods and begin with the modern era." The young lawyer was put out for the nonce, but learned a lesson which has stood him in good stead ever since.

THE SEA'S LOVE.

Once in the days of old,
In the years of youth and mirth,
The sea was a lover bright and bold,
And he loved the golden Earth.
The Sun, in his royal raiment clad,
Loved her and found her sweet,
But the sea was content and glad
Only to be at her feet.
Ah! but the bards would sing,
And wall for the golden years!
Love was and is but an idle thing,
Tis but a wind that veers.

And Earth in her beauty and pride
Held her lips to the wooing Sun;
He said, "Thou art fair, O my bride,"
And she sang, "I am thine alone."
The faithful sea at her faithful feet
Rolled with a broken moan;
"O Sun!" he cried, "but thy bride is sweet,
And I am alone, alone!"
Ah! but the bards would sing,
And wall for the golden years!
Love was and is but an idle thing,
Tis but a wind that veers.

Oh would the Sun depart,
And his bride in her gloom made moan,
And the sea would cry that her loving heart
Should be left to pine alone.
And his voice is strange and sad and sweet,
"O, love, not mine! not mine!
I am content to lie at thy feet,
And love thee in storm and shine."
Ah! but the bards would sing,
And wall for the golden years!
Love was and is but an idle thing,
Tis but a wind that veers.

SEIGE OF CAMP M'LEMORE.

One day, during the prevalence of the Seminole War, and when the dusky fellows seemed to have it all their own way, General Scott sent Major McLemore, with forty men, up the Oulthiacoochee to take and hold a position until relieved. This spot was in the very heart of the Indian country, where there was not a friendly arm for many and many a mile, and in fact may be compared to an oasis in a vast desert.

So lonely and unfrequented was this place, that the men remained there four days before the Indians discovered their presence. These four days were most precious to the whites, who labored assiduously, and succeeded in completing a strong substantial blockhouse by the close of the fourth day. Had the Seminoles known of their presence, they would have fallen upon them in overwhelming numbers, and annihilated them, but the first premonition they had of who were their neighbors was in the shape of the dark, strong building that stood on the bank of the Oulthiacoochee, and that seemed to have risen from the very ground.

After the completion of the blockhouse, Major McLemore immediately left it—whether because he considered it an unsafe position, or from some other cause, is not known, but when all the facts are remembered, it will be seen that these men could not possibly have chosen a more unsafe position than the one in which they were placed. Their force was very small, the place was a "howling wilderness," in which all the inhabitants were implacably hostile, they had but two weeks' provisions, and were ordered to remain there until relieved. They were sent there until the commander-in-chief of the army, and were left without the means of escape in extremity, and no chance even by which they could make their condition known.

Time passed, and nothing was heard of Camp McLemore—as it had been named—and it was agreed by all the military authorities that it was useless to send any relief or messengers to them, as they could not have escaped destruction for so long a time; but they were alive, and were having a pretty hard time of it, as will be seen.

On the 9th of April the fort was completed, and a spring near the edge had just been dug, when two hundred Indians surrounded the building and attacked it simultaneously from three sides. The engagement raged fiercely for nearly two hours, when the Seminoles suffered a decided repulse, and withdrew. On the next day, one of their sentinels was shot from the opposite side of the river. On the 15th they found themselves surrounded by over a thousand of their dusky assailants, and a disputed battle continued for nearly three hours. They discharged their rifles by hundreds, and a perfect storm of bullets was rained against the blockhouse; but it withstood it bravely. There was a single boat in the possession of the soldiers—their only means of escape; this the Indians succeeded in capturing and carried it away with them.

The result of the battle upon the part of our friends was three wounded—so securely were they protected by the massive timbers.

By this time the garrison had come to understand the critical dangers by which they were encompassed. The Indians maintained an unremitting watch upon them, and the least incautions exposure was sure to result badly for them. The woods swarmed with their foes, and had they attempted to leave the fort and march for another post they would have been cut off before they had proceeded a mile.

For some time no united attack was made upon the garrison; but on the 24th a large force again made their appearance, and assaulted it with great fury.

Their repeated failures had convinced the Seminoles that something beside the mere firing of guns was necessary to destroy the intruders, and they prepared themselves for different work.

While about five hundred were occupied in firing their guns, between twenty and thirty had provided themselves with burning arrows. These came circling through the air in a beautiful arch, and struck the roof with great precision. The points remained sticking in the wood, while the barb and body, which were enveloped in burning tow, speedily became a bright, crackling flame. A few of these perhaps would have caused no injury; but they came continually, a fiery circle constantly filling the air.

The roof was soon bristling like a blazing porcupine, and it was not long before it burst out in one sheet of flame.

The garrison had no means at hand to extinguish the fire, and they were compelled to remain idle, and hear the roof crackling and burning up over their heads.

The roof was completely destroyed, so that the men were left no protection from the rigor of the weather.

The sides of the block-house were composed of wood so green that they would not take fire, and the party for the present escaped destruction.

None were killed, although several were wounded. But the Indians were not fortunate, losing at least fifty of their number.

This result seemed to have discouraged the Seminoles somewhat. They remained in the vicinity all night, during which one of the chiefs called out to the fort and announced that they were going away and would trouble them no further.

In the morning they poured a heavy volley into the fort and withdrew. The whites could not be deceived into any false security, as by this time their presence had become known to the Seminoles for many miles around and never a moment passed that they were not scrutinized by watchful eyes.

On the morning of May 3d, while Captain Holloman, the commander of the garrison, was strengthening the position, one of these outlying dogs brought him down with a shot from his rifle.

By this time, to increase the terrible condition in which the garrison was placed, it was found that their provisions were nearly exhausted. They were driven to the hard necessity of living upon corn and meat without salt, yet all bore it uncomplainingly, although they could not have been blamed had they doubted the wisdom of the military power that placed them in such a position.

Every few days a shower of bullets was rained in upon them, seemingly with the purpose of reminding them that their presence was not forgotten, and that if they should venture from their protection, they would fall into peril from which there was no escape.

The situation of the isolated garrison was becoming critical in the extreme. Should their provisions give out entirely—as they were now at an exceedingly low ebb—there was no possible means of renewing them. They might exist for a while on corn, but it could not last much longer.

It would have been a desperate venture for any force to have sought to relieve this party. It necessitated a journey up the Oulthiacoochee for a long distance, where every rod could have been made dangerous by the Seminoles swarming along the banks. Sad as it was, they were given up as lost, and it was decided as madness to attempt to relieve them.

For twenty-eight days the men lived on corn; then, finding there was no hope of relief coming voluntarily to them, they gathered together to take counsel as to the best course to pursue.

But one plan presented itself. If any of the men could make their way through the perils that environed them, to St. Marks or Tallahassee, they could easily raise a company to come to their relief. But who would do this? Who had the courage to make the venture?

Finally three men volunteered. As the Indians were constantly watching them, they could not make the attempt during the day-time, and they waited for the darkness of the night to favor their enterprise. When all was quiet and the block-house and clearing were wrapped in gloom, these three men stole cautiously out and made their way to the banks of the Oulthiacoochee. Here they found an Indian canoe, in which they began their perilous descent of the river. Cautiously and silently they stole down the dark stream, listening for every suspicious sound, and lying under the sheltering shore during the day when they detected signs of their enemies. Night after night they hurried down the stream, until finally they were gladdened by the sight of Tallahassee.

Here they made their errand known, and vigorous preparations were instituted at once to relieve the beleaguered garrison. A company was raised in St. Marks, and placed under the command of Captain Read. These ascended the Oulthiacoochee on a steamboat, and on the twenty-fourth of May the garrison were taken off without the loss of a man.

Shrinking of Wool. It is a well known fact that chlorine has the effect of preventing wool from felting. It would therefore presumably prevent wool fabrics from shrinking, for it is the felting property of wool that brings about the shrinkage during washing operations. A solution of three pounds of bleaching powder for each 100 pounds weight of wool is made and the goods rapidly immersed in this bath. After remaining in about ten to fifteen minutes they are taken out, put into a bath of hydrochloric acid of two degrees for ten minutes, and then thoroughly washed. It is not advisable to use more than three pounds of bleaching powder, or otherwise the goods will be yellowish in color and have a harsh feel.—Popular Science.