

SPRING FASHIONS.

A BLUEBELL GOWN AND A LOVE OF A HAT LADEN WITH ROSES.

Lincheons Does Not Require Elaborate Costumes—Light Satin Finish Cloth—Embroidered Net Over Green Silk—Bright Red Made Tight Fitting.

Of all seasons in the year the spring is the best, from a clothes point of view. Whether it is that the bright sunshine and the warm weather make people more cheerful, and in consequence make them feel like putting on a lot of smart clothes, or whether it is the relief of getting out of the dark winter garments that have been worn so long, certain it is that the costumes that are seen through the latter part of April and May are the smartest of the whole year. They may not be so expensive in material as the winter gowns, but they are so light in effect and so indescribably dainty that they look as though they had cost a great deal more money.

While there is no formal entertaining in the after Easter season, there is always a great deal going on in the way of luncheons, dinners, informal receptions and theatre parties, each and all of which require smart gowns. The women's luncheons particularly take a lot of clothes, for then it is time that the clothes are most criticized, and intimate friends do not hesitate to make to one another remarks which savor at times of rather unkind criticism in their marked frankness.

Luncheon does not require so elaborate a costume as dinner—that is, no low-necked waists are permissible, but in other respects the gowns are just as elaborate. This year there is a craze for light gowns—and also black ones—elaborately made and trimmed. A smart light gown is of a thin net made over a light gray satin and trimmed with bands of entre deux of white chiffon on which is an applique of black lace. Worn with this gown is a small tulle bonnet of gray with jet accents and jet wings—not the heavy jet, but the transparent chiffon with the jet on it. Another smart gown suitable for a luncheon is a polka dotted tan nun's veiling, made with a multitude of tiny tucks around the upper part of the skirt. The lower part is allowed to hang full, is wide, and finished with ruffles of black lace.



Summer Lingerie.

The waist opens in front in V shape, and shows an elaborate chemisette of tacked white satin, white lace and rows of black lace. There are pointed revers of satin and embroidery and a high collar faced with satin and edged with embroidery. The sleeves are small and have flaring cuffs of embroidery, faced with white satin. Worn with this gown is a turban-shaped yellow straw, turned up at the left side, with bunches of blue satin ribbon and forget-me-nots. It is a dainty gown, for all its simplicity, it is made over silk, and the material itself is expensive.

Granting that the gown of this season which fits the figures in glove fashion are appropriate at all, then it will be agreed that nothing could be more suitable for the bluebell tunic, as the overskirt with many points is called, than fabric in rich deep blue, the color of that pretty flower.

A frock of this order was seen on Sunday. It may have been the belated Easter gown of a fastidious young woman who declined to appear in her best spring dress in competition with the masses.

The material was bluebell face cloth, slashed into points over a skirt of dotted china crape in the same color. The double-breasted waist fastened with five big blue pearl buttons. And the high collar and small epaulettes were of the dotted crape.

Then there are one or two styles that are much copied in light gray satin-finish cloth. These are trimmed with the lat-in pieces of silk, on which are sewed lines of the gray cloth. This trimming goes down the front of the skirt or else down the back; not around it or in on the sides. The jackets are short, tight-fitting and have reversed revers in front, the revers faced with the black and white silk.

The ordinary coat and skirt gown is not considered smart enough any longer for anything but street wear, unless it has elaborate revers and is worn with a shirt waist that is not a shirt waist at all, but a regular fitted silk waist with lots of tucks, a great deal of embroidery and a fancy collar. The cloth costumes that are suitable for luncheons, dinners, etc., are those that are made with a great deal of trimming. The silk let-in, the folds of cloth or the short, much-trimmed jackets. The plain coat and skirt, no matter how smart it is, has been relegated entirely to morning and business wear.

An elaborate black gown, intended for luncheons, receptions, etc., is an example of the new made-up over green. The pattern of this gown is bold.

ANNA HELM.

skirt is cut in circular shape, with a great deal of fibre to it; the waist is light-fitting, and is entirely covered with an open work of jet put over the net. It does not quite meet in front, a narrow vest of green saffin covered with white point lace showing between. The sleeves are tight-fitting and are a mass of the jet; there is a high collar that has jet at the back, but is faced inside with white satin. Worn with this is an odd three-cornered hat, or, rather, bonnet, for it is smaller than a hat, with a red rose at the left side. It is a striking costume, and is copied from a French gown.

Black and white gowns are much in favor—the black and white striped silks, the black and white figured silks and the black silks made up with white, all are immensely fashionable. The black silks that are just relieved a little with the white trimmings on the waist are useful gowns, for they can be worn for so many occasions and the skirts can do duty with other waists. For instance, they can be worn with low waists in the evening or with lace waists. By the way, these lace waists are a great feature of the spring and summer gowns. For the summer gowns they will be of white lace, but those seen now are of heavy black lace made in jacket shape at the back with tabs, and in front are short, on the plan of a bolero, with a full front of chiffon, lace or silk. They are worn with different waists, but look best over the black. The black and white striped silks are a little conspicuous for street wear unless worn in one's own carriage, and even then they look best made with black waists or the body of the waist in black. For evening wear they are dainty—that is, for small dinners. They never are suitable for large dinners or for dances, and when worn in the evening look best if made of the broad stripes. There are one or two designs with a broad stripe of the material, white, and then the black stripe in satin.

There are a great many smart cloth gowns made for wear now. The cloth used is of the finest weave, with a satin finish, and looks like satin. It is called satin cloth, and certainly deserves the name. A smart gown of this cloth is made in a sheath-like skirt and a flaring sounce. Above the sounce is let in to the cloth a band of bright Persian silk, and about two inches above this first band is another let in in the same way. The body of the waist is made of the Persian silk, with a small bolero jacket of the black cloth—the bolero an odd-shaped one with points. The collar is finished with a large tie of the Persian silk, with black cloth ends. It is an odd costume, but smart.

Another gown is bright red, made light-fitting and long with a yoke on the upper part of the skirt of black and white striped silk. The waist is made in a short Eton jacket, and below the Eton jacket is a yoke of the black and white silk again, the stripes of which are arranged to match exactly the stripes of the skirt, making it appear as if there were a black and white silk corset put on over the gown. The front of the waist is made soft and pretty by a blouse front of white satin, with white lace over it. There are revers and cuffs of the black and white striped silk. This gown is one of the models of the spring, and has been worn in one of the plays, copied in gray, but the original model of red is really the smartest.

The lovely summer lingerie displayed lavishly and temptingly for feminine approval and extravagance is white batiste. The finest of it is called "chiffon batiste," so filmy is it and so possible to draw it through the traditional wedding ring. Or any other sort.

Chiffon batiste is hand-tucked for lingerie to such an extent that one becomes almost saddened at sight of so much work that must be had for the eyes, which need to see clearly to make them. It is some consolation that French fiction hardly could thrive without the overworked seamstress.

A bridal petticoat of white taffeta has a flounce to the knees of closely hand-tucked white batiste; the tucks are far too many to count, not to mention making! This perishable garment will sell for \$60.

Elbow sleeves are considered chic on the newer nightdresses. From the elbow the sleeve flows away in long, graceful lines. A ribbon is run through the sleeve just above the bend of the arm. And the same color is twisted into rosettes at the square neck. The model robe de nuit of the illustration gives an excellent idea of the prettiest among the new summer gowns. Nearly all are slightly décolleté and tucked between the fichu trimmings. Valenciennes, fine torchon and point de Paris are the laces used with lavishness.

"Sets" are as popular as ever. Sometimes there are five pieces, including long skirt and corset cover. In that case the chemise is used instead of a knitted undervest, some women preferring their lingerie to be entirely of linen.

Drawers are much narrower than those worn last season. They are made with yoke, or, preferably, cut in circular fashion at the belt line, and a ribbon drawn through. A new pantalon-jupeon, of course a French idea, is fashioned with small revers and full frills up either side. And two ribbons at the waist.

Pink, violet and blue are the favorite colors in lingerie ribbons, which are used unsparsingly on all white garments. White petticoats, though shown in such abundance, are not taking the place of silk ones. Women have more than ever of both sorts. French round garters are made just now of inch and a half ribbon, gathered loosely over elastic, and fastened with no buckles at all; rather, with great chains of the narrowest possible silver in the color of the garter's ribbon.

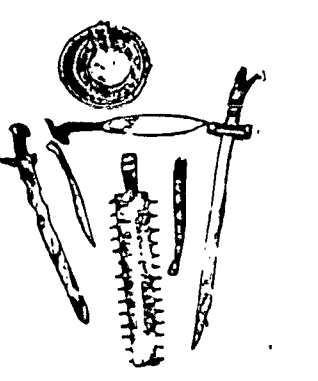
PHILIPINO WEAPONS.

SOME OF THE INSTRUMENTS OUR SOLDIERS HAVE FACED.

Execution Knife Which Has Slain Many Men—Shields Riddled With Bullets—Description of the Weapons in the Collection.

Consul General Rounseville Wildman, of Hong Kong, has sent to his friend A. C. Van Gaasbeck, of New York, a complete collection of war weapons used by the Tagalos, Negritos and other savage and semi-savage tribes in the Philippines Islands, and swords, which, the Consul General says, are the favorite weapons of bandits as well as soldiers who are to be found in that part of the archipelago—along the east coast of Luzon—in which Lieutenant J. C. Gillmore and fourteen others of the United States gunboat Yorktown were recently ambushed and captured by Filipinos.

In a letter to Mr. Van Gaasbeck the Consul General describes the weapons included in the collection, and tells of the uses to which they are put. There



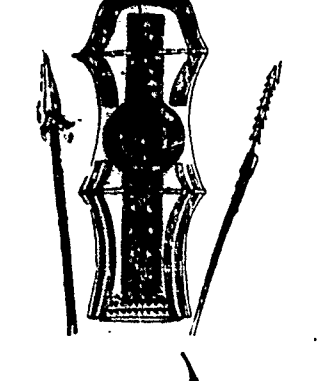
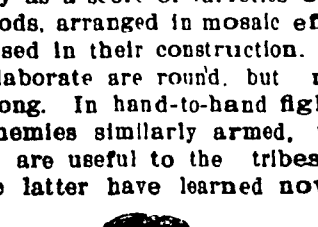
Filipino Weapons.

are several spears seven feet long from the butt to the pointed tip. The handles are of native wood; the tips of some are of metal, of others of fish bone. Armed only with these spears some of the Negritos faced Uncle Sam's soldiers, even those in charge of machine guns.

"Both the Tagalos and the Negritos," says Mr. Wildman "handle these spears dextrously, and hurt them with astonishing velocity. Oftentimes the savages soak the heads of these weapons in poisonous liquids or daub them with equally poisonous paint."

The Consul General calls particular attention to the bolos, a number of which he has sent to Mr. Van Gaasbeck. "Many of Aguinaldo's troops who faced MacArthur's men in the fierce fighting about Manila were armed with bolos, and hundreds of the weapons were found by MacArthur's men on the bodies of dead Filipinos on the field. There are a number of varieties of bolos. All have their uses, but the short, broad-bladed one is the most formidable. The Filipinos generally are expert in its use. The best of these bolos—and this is true of Filipino weapons generally—are made in Mindanao."

Many large wooden shields used by spearmen are included in this collection. Their workmanship is beautiful, as many as a score of varieties of native woods, arranged in mosaic effects, being used in their construction. The most elaborate are round, but many are oblong. In hand-to-hand fighting with enemies similarly armed, these shields are useful to the tribesmen, but the latter have learned now if



Filipino Bolos.

they never know it before, that no shield ever made is much of a protection against a well aimed rifle shot. Even in close range fighting they did not save the brave but ignorant hordes which faced Uncle Sam's boys. The latter rushed upon the enemy with almost savage ferocity in more than one engagement, and such of the Filipinos as did not flee panic-stricken were slain or captured. Many shields were riddled with bullets and slashed and jagged to pieces with the bayonet.

Two swords of peculiar make are used by the Filipinos. One is called the "serpent kris," and the other the "straight kris." A huge battle-axe having a broad fishbone blade is an ugly looking weapon. Filipino savages make use of it in combat, but the more or less civilized troops serving under Aguinaldo have not been armed with it.

"I also send you a genuine Filipino execution knife," writes Mr. Wildman. "This weapon is used in chopping off heads. The work is done with a single swing of the knife, or ax, for that is what it really is. The upper part of the weapon runs backward to a sharp point. With this the executioner crushes the victim's skull and tosses the severed head aside. Some of Aguinaldo's subordinates have been slain with this execution knife for disobedience or cowardice."

AN ECCENTRIC BARON.

Was Formerly Prominent—Now Lives Alone in a Tree.

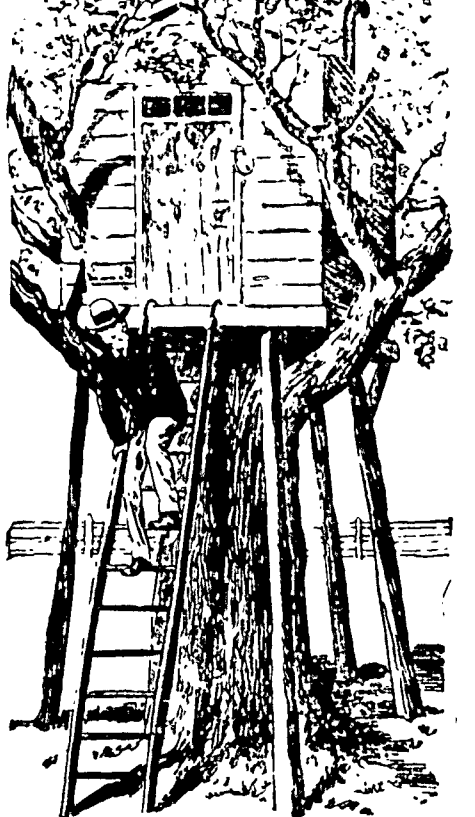
The Peace Commissioners assembled at The Hague will see in the neighborhood of Huis ten Bosch, or the House in the Wood, the splendid palace where the Emperor's Congress meets, an eccentric man who beats George Francis Train. This Dutch "original" lives in a tree in a nest built by his own aristocratic hands, for Herr Van Hyussen is a baron.

His "nest" is a shanty ten feet high, eight feet broad and ten deep, standing fifteen feet above the ground among the branches of a mighty oak in the thickest part of the forest. Baron Van Hyussen says his house is cool in summer, being protected by the green roof and not too cold in winter. He wouldn't exchange it for any palace in the world.

He reaches it by ladder, but nobody else does, as he has no friends and is not on visiting terms with his relatives. When he leaves his refuge to walk among the trees or to fetch food or water he lets down his ladder-drawbridge and immediately pulls it up again by a special contrivance. When he is at home the ladder is always up, and no amount of calling, shouting or other noise can make the Baron lower it or persuade him to poke his head out of the door.

When, fifteen years ago, he moved up among the trees the servants he then employed brought to the nest a small folding bed, a rocking chair, a tiny table, a cooking stove and a safe. These things are known to be in the shanty—whether there is anything more, besides the Baron's fierce watchdog, nobody knows.

It is surmised, however, that Van Hyussen keeps much money, gold and silver on hand for he is a miser. Passers-by, it is said often hear the click-click of coins coming from the leafy dome; on such occasions the Baron is supposed to be counting over his treasure, but whether this surmise is true is a question. Perhaps he is



His Home in a tree.

merely trying his gun. Shooting is the only pleasure he allows himself, and being the owner of the forest where he lives, he provides all the meat for his table. Wonderful stories are in circulation respecting this man's skill as a crack shot. Maybe that is one reason why he never yet was molested by burglars or robbers.

Twenty years ago Baron Van Hyussen held the post of chamberlain at the court of old King William. He was then one of the gayest dogs in the kingdom, and aided his royal master in many an escapade, for he was full of money and health. Suddenly, in the midst of pleasures, he withdrew himself from society, appointed an administrator for his estates and went to the forest, where he spent a month putting up the house shown in the illustration. That done, he discharged his servants, sold his horses, carriages and furniture, and said "good-by" to the world. He has rarely spoken to any one since.

Merrimac Man Failed to Pass. Robert Clausen, one of Hobson's Merrimac crew, has failed to pass the required examination for advancement to the grade of boatswain, which was conferred on him for gallant conduct, subject to mental, professional and physical qualifications.

His Fame Secure. "What a singular name for a novelist!" said Mr. Naggs, the book reviewer, to whom Mr. Borus, the author, was showing the advance sheets of his latest work. "Howburn's I ok-store." It sounds like an advertisement.

To Cure a Kicking Horse. Fle a foreleg by rope to the hind leg on the other side. By kicking, the front leg is jerked off the ground and the animal goes down in a heap. Two or three doses are enough.

Australian newspapers report the complete disappearance of Madia Island, which as late as 1880 projected 150 feet above the ocean.

THE BATCHELOR'S MOTHER.

A blushing bride is fair to see, As she walks down the aisle, Half hesitating to where he Awaits her with a smile; A fond young mother bending o'er Her firstborn child is sweet Unto the man of fifty-four Who guides no little feet.

The Girl who wears her first long gown, Who calls her gleaming hair; That yesterday hung, braided down, Is radiant fair; But fairest of them all is she, With hair as white as snow, Who calls me "Eddie," as she did Some fifty years ago. —Chicago News.

A FIGHT WITH COLD TYPE.

By trade I am a compositor. When a young man I emigrated to the West, and was there for ten years. While there I made the acquaintance of a noble red man, and this is a story of my most noteworthy meeting with him. My first acquaintance with the Apache came about in the most unexpected manner, and at a time when I was wholly unprepared to receive such distinguished visitors.

It was in 1882, I had been in Las Vegas, New Mexico, about six months, working in the job room of the Daily Optic, the leading daily in the Territory. I had not accumulated much money—about the only thing I had acquired was a desire to get back to civilization, and the ambition to become a proprietor of a newspaper. It happened about that time that a big excitement broke out over the discovery of gold at Kingston, near Lake Valley. Then "Russ" Kistler, reporter for the Optic, came to me, and said:

"There is a fine opening for a paper down at Kingston. Why can't we go down there and start one? It won't cost much, and will be a paying investment."

I told him I was willing, if I could see any way to get a press and material to work with.

"That is easy enough," he answered. "There is an old 'Champion' press in this office, which they offer to sell to us cheap on the installment plan, and, if you are willing, we'll go in together, and give the thing a trial."

I readily accepted his offer, and hasty preparations were made to move our traps to the new El Dorado. We took the evening train and went to Nutt Station, three hundred and fifty miles from Las Vegas. From there we had to make our journey by wagon, a distance of forty miles. We hired a wagon and horses at Nutt Station, and, loading in our press and other materials, we set out for the new town with light hearts and bright expectations.

We soon fell in with half a dozen other wagons on their way to the new mines, and though there had been some trouble with the Indians in that vicinity a short time before, we thought that our number would ward off any attack, but in this we were mistaken. I had never met any of the Apaches before, but it was a wild, picturesque place they selected for our first meeting—far from the influences of civilization and the United States Army.

We had camped on a little knoll, on every side of which stretched the unbroken monotony of the sage brush and the dark Mexican thistle.

It was a grand sight that met our gaze that morning. But there was one thing that marred its loveliness and sent a gloom over the party. In the background, coming slowly toward our camp, was a gang of Apache Indians. This went a great way toward destroying the beauty of the wild, picturesque scene.

The Optic reporter, who had brought along an opera-glass, climbed upon a wagon and surveyed the advancing host. Then he climbed down from the wagon and commenced to put a bridle on our steepest horse.

"Boys," he said, with the air of one who had come to a foregone conclusion, "I am a man of few words. Those Indians may be friendly or they may not be. If they are friendly, I'll see you back at the station, and if not, I'll get the details of the butchery in the daily papers."

Then he mounted the animal, and was in the act of riding away when another gang of Apaches were discovered coming from the opposite direction from the first. This gave matters another aspect to the man on the horse, and he turned about and dismounted. I could see that he was disappointed about something, though he said nothing.

I thought it strange at the time that two separate gangs of Apaches should happen to meet at that particular spot, but my acquaintance with them since has given me reasons to believe that the meeting was not altogether accidental on their part. We had a hurried consultation to decide whether we should meet them as "friendly" or "hostile" Indians.

The Optic man remarked that if he had his way about it, he would rather not meet them at all, but as we could not avoid it, he was in favor of showing fight from the first.

The two lines of approaching Indians halted just out of rifle range, and a solitary warrior rode out from one of their lines and came in the direction of our camp.

"Me mighty chief, Geronimo," he exclaimed, slapping himself on the breast. I replied: "Glad to see you, Mr. Geronimo; have read of you in the papers. Hope you are well." "Me want heap to eat," he exclaimed. "All right," I answered. "Just come up to our camp—we'll have breakfast ready presently."

As I turned and looked in the direction of our camp I saw that the other line of Apaches had sneaked up to our wagons while our attention had been fixed on the chief. Indians are very cunning. He signified to his warriors to follow, and we were all soon back at the camp.

There were about ninety of them, and they all stayed to breakfast, and consumed enough to have done our party for two months. Then the chief wiped his mouth and said: "Want um horses."

We told him that we needed our horses, and did not intend to give them up. "Kill um, then!" he exclaimed, drawing a long knife and flourishing it in the air, and his actions were followed by the other eighty-nine warriors.

We didn't want to be killed—that is, the majority of us didn't—and we told him to take the horses along. I had become very much attached to our horses, but I was also very much attached to my scalp—that is, it was very much attached to me—and I knew it was of "no value if detached," so I kept silent. After they had helped themselves to our horses, the chief approached me, and said: "Gimme um watch."

I gave him my watch without further parley. I didn't want to hear those words "kill um" again, if I could help it.

He next asked for my coat and a pair of red braces I had on—in fact, he asked for everything he saw with a child-like confidence that was touching to behold. It was very fortunate he met us when he did, for he seemed to be out of everything that was necessary to make life happy. After he had taken everything we had that he could carry away, he still seemed dissatisfied, and went through our boxes again, smelling at the vinegar, the pepper, and the sauce bottles in a vague sort of a way.

Then he called his braves and rode away. When the Indians were a few yards away, Kistler, of the Optic, turned to us, and said: "Are those friendly Indians?"

"Yes," answered the man who had advocated a peace policy; "they are evidently friendly, and it is our duty to report their actions to the Indian agent."

Just then, before we could prevent it, Kistler, who had grabbed a gun, sent a bullet into the ranks of the Apaches. In a moment the wildest excitement prevailed, and with a series of savage yells they whipped up their ponies till out of range, and then wheeled about and began circling around us, yelling and firing as they rode.

It was fortunate for us that most of our arms and ammunition, being concealed in the hay in our wagons, had escaped being found by the Indians, or we should have been wholly at their mercy. There was nothing left for us to do but fight, now that it was commenced, and a moment later every gun and pistol belonging to our party was brought forward and put into service, and a telling fire was poured into them as they swept past us.

Kistler kept perfectly cool, loading and shooting as fast as he could. Again and again the Indians charged us, and each time from our breast-works behind our wagons we poured a deadly fire into them, sending them back with one or more of their number dead on the ground. The guns in our party were doing deadly work; but presently it was announced that our supply of shot was exhausted.

Kistler said nothing at this, but took a hatchet and broke open the box that contained our type. Then he took a handful of "long primer" and loaded his gun. His example was followed by the others, and when the Indians charged us again they were greeted by a dose of cold type which seemed to make a great impression on them. Again and again they charged us, and each time we distributed a shower of cold type among them. For the next half hour the siege was kept up with "long primer," and when the supply of that was exhausted we commenced to pour "talles" into them in a most generous and lavish manner. When these were all used up we commenced using mixed charges of spaces and exclamation points. Then when they made another charge we gave them a dose of "quads" and display type, which so discouraged them that it was plain to see that they had got enough.

"You see," observed Kistler, grimly, "the press exerts a great influence in this country, even among the Apaches. I don't believe they will come again."

His words proved true, for they soon left us, taking their dead and wounded along. Two of our party had been slightly wounded, but none were killed. That night we walked back to Nutt Station and the next day purchased some horses, and returned for our wagons, to find that they had been burned by the Indians in our absence.

We did not consider the press worth moving after it had passed through the fire, and left it there, where it can be seen to this day, half-buried in the sage bush by the roadside, eighteen miles from Nutt Station on the old Kingston Road.

Quick Work. To test the skill of their workmen, the Compagnie Francaise des Chemins de Fer de l'Est, at their works in Epervay, recently caused a locomotive to be "mounted," or built up piece by piece, as soon as possible. It was finished in fifty-six hours.