

FALL-WINTER STYLE.

MITTS ARE USED BY BRIDES INSTEAD OF GLOVES.

Some of the Gowns—White Lace for Winter Gowns—Fascinating Jackets and Coats of Lace—Fall Gowns—Tea Gowns of Lace—Depeurle Lace.

There is fashionable precedent for bridal attire without gloves, if any September or October bride objects to kid gloves at the altar, or fancies mitts as the innovation of her wedding. To every bride is permitted one or two novelties, even by conservative communities. It may be an odd arrangement of the procession to and from the altar, something a little surprising as to color in the decorations, the music or the costumes. It was a young woman socially prominent who allowed the organist to play as she walked to the altar. "She was Bred in Old Kentucky." The air



Smart Fall Gowns.

changed cunningly, into the usual bridal march, but it was recognized generally and enjoyed. The bride really was born in Kentucky, though married in a fashionable church of a Northern city. Gloves always are a trouble at the altar. Though the bride should have had the ring finger of the glove for the left hand opened at the glove dealer's, there is delay in putting on the ring. With the mitt the matter is simplified. The bride simply has to stretch forth her hand and she receives the golden band. The mitts stop at the knuckles.

Its Beginning.

The beginning of this mode was in Paris last spring when a lace dress was made with sleeves so long that thumb-holes were wrought in them and no gloves worn. Other French women quickly took the mode, and the fashion developed into a revival of lace mitts to meet elbow sleeves. At one of the most recent weddings in English high life lace mitts were a successful feature of the rich, white satin costume. The lace matched that with which the dress was trimmed. And any American bride intending to adopt this style should consult with an importer of such novelties before committing herself to the new idea. The new mitts of actual lace are different from the cheap, or sort made from spun silk which were popular some years ago. I do not recommend them in place of gloves, some women would not feel dressed for the public eye unless their hands were kid-covered, whatever the privileges of fashion.

New bridal gowns are cut on the lines of those with which the eye became familiar in the summer. The trains, of course, are longer. But there is yet no change from the sheath shaping, whatever may develop with the later fall months. At this time choice for fabric is between the over-popular white satin and the temporarily fancied white crepe de chine. The latter is made heavy enough for elegant use by embroideries of silk and silver, or fine pearls. One notable example in this style of trimming shows a "mermaid" skirt with four five-inch ruffles outlining it and the train. Each ruffle has a ruche at the edge of white chiffon.

White Lace Gowns.

It is evident, from the gowns that are being exhibited—the advance styles of what is to be worn in the winter—that white lace gowns are to be in fashion an unusually long time. The black lace are to be seen all winter, and will be considered perfectly reasonable. The white lace gowns that have been worn at Newport lately are so surprisingly beautiful that it would hardly be possible for them to be put aside until next season. They will have to do duty through the winter, and they will also have to be copied, for nothing more exquisite has ever been seen. They are made of a heavy kind of lace, as a rule, and almost without exception, have underskirts of chiffon or mousseline de soie. They are even made up over taffeta. The underskirt is trimmed with deep ruffles edged with narrow little ruching of gauze ribbon or of mousseline de soie. This is put on before the material is accordion plaited, and the flounces are plaited as tight as possible, the lower one deep and flaring tremendously. Then there is another one not quite so deep. The lace overskirt falls down almost over the top flounce and its close around the hips. These flounces give it the flare that makes it look becoming and stylish. The waists, almost without exception, are tight-fitting, and there is a little blouse effect seen. It is the fact to button the waists at the left side or directly in front, with handsome jeweled buttons. Some women, who do not like the close fitting effect of their gowns, have jobs of lace or revers down the front, with one or two jeweled buttons at the lower part of the waist. This is a more becoming style than the severely plain.

Fascinating Jackets.

Besides wearing entire gowns of lace there are many fascinating jackets and coats of the lace. These are to be worn over flowered silks or plain satin. The prettiest are those that are worn with flowered silks, however. The double skirt is made of silk, cut in points and trimmed with gauze ribbon ruching of mousseline de sole ruching. The lace waist or coat is cut on the lines of a man's cutaway coat. The back of the basque is shaped and round. Sometimes a belt is worn across the back, but rarely does the belt fasten down the coat in front. They can be made with or without revers, just as desired, but the prettiest are those that are worn over a waist that has rather a full front, and the lace part is put on plain and fastened with a jeweled buckle or clasp across the bust. Sometimes the sleeves are cut out and the silk sleeves show. Again, the entire jacket is unlined, and so made that it can be worn over anything. It is an economical fashion, after all, if the jacket is made unlined, for it does duty for so many other gowns than the one for which it originally was intended.

Smart Fall Suits.

It is undeniable that all the plaid used in making smart walking suits are to be condemned for lack of beauty for there are admirable little suits now on exhibition in the shops having their skirts made of the new French plaid in dark blue and stone color and brown. The charm of this material lies in the fact that the surface of it is smooth like that of a winter-weight French serge, while the stripes on it are woven in the roughest camel's hair. This is unique and gives a proper autumnal aspect attractive to the feminine eye, while the skirt, when cut from this pretty stuff, usually displays two features from which a good deal as to the future may be argued. The first point of interest is that when a saleswoman or a tailor brings forth a plaid walking skirt it is cut very scant even at the bottom and its hem escapes the ground all around by at least one inch. Again, it is often the case that boldly, on the front width of the approved skirt, a jacket is set and a deep square one at that. Evidently the powers that sway our sartorial destinies intend that, when women are observing any of the formalities of life, long, flowing trained skirts must be worn, but that an easy reasonable business-like dress can be assumed for active outdoor duties during the approaching winter. This is good news, but whether or not a woman elects to wear a short plaid skirt she has not the privilege of wearing a plaid waist with it. What is proper is a waist of a color that matches the background of the plaid, and it is trimmed with revers facings, straps, etc., that accord with the stripes in the skirt.

Depeurle Lace.

Another handsome gown for reception wear is made of depeurle lace, a long tunic over flounces of black satin. The waist is not coat shaped, but is tight-fitting, fastened with turquoise or diamond buttons. It is severe in outline but exceedingly becoming to a slender figure. It is not a gown to be rashly attempted, but is not impossible, even for home dressmaking. Provided the underskirt and waist fit well, the lace part of it can be put on easily, and it is possible to use an old black silk or satin gown as foundation, then the accordion plaitings of



mousseline de soie or chiffon made, of course, of fresh material, are all that are to be seen under the lace. Old black lace is not good material to deal with. It must be well freshened and put in order, for no gown will look smart made up of rusty lace that has no stiffness in it. Sometimes dipping old lace into beer or alcohol will restore black, also will make it look fresh. But it is more satisfactory to send it to some lace place to be renovated.

Tea Gowns of Lace.

Tea gowns of lace are among the newest importations. These are made with loose flaring lines, and almost invariably have an under dress of chiffon or mousseline de soie put over a silk lining. The chiffon is not put on full, but as scant as possible. One attractive tea gown is made tight fitting in the back, like a princess gown. It is cut out around the neck and sleeves and an unlined gimp of lace is worn. In front there is no attempt at having it tight fitting, for the fronts hang loose from where the gimp begins to the hem of the skirt. A jeweled girdle holds the fullness of the waist and takes away the wrapper-like effect that is old-fashioned and unbecoming.

HOUSE OF SPRAGUE.

CANONCHET, THE FAMOUS HOME OF MRS. KATE CHASE SPRAGUE.

Will the Ghosts of Dead Day Rise to Plague the Present Mistress—Horace Greeley and Senator Conkling Were Visitors at Canonchet.

Canonchet, the great Sprague house near Narragansett Pier, is to be opened again. When William Sprague built the place as a home for his bride, the beautiful Kate Chase, he spent \$1,000,000 on it. The house stands a little back from the sea, in the midst of a large park. All that money could supply and luxury and taste suggest went into the making of that home. The Spragues entertained lavishly, and in the summer distinguished visitors always were coming to and going from Canonchet.



Canonchet, the Sprague house.

Once Horace Greeley visited the place, and as Mrs. Sprague stood with him under the great portico, she said: "Let us be boy and girl again and write our names here." And on one of the pillars may possibly be seen to this day the names of Kate Chase Sprague and Horace Greeley.

Great was the power of the Spragues in the days of their prosperity. Their villages stretched for miles along the streams, and they controlled banks, steamship lines and various other industries. In their mills 280,000 spindles and twenty-eight printing machines were running, and the operatives in their employ numbered 10,000. They had large mills at Augusta, Me., and owned the waterworks of Columbia S. C. In Kansas they owned vast tracts of land, and it used to be said that the Senator had a whole township for his stock farm there.

The War Governor.

William Sprague was War Governor and then United States Senator. Kate Chase Sprague was one of the most fascinating and ambitious women of her time. Hugh McCulloch once said of her: "One secret of her social success is because when she is talking to you you feel that you are the very person whom she wanted to meet. That she has forgotten your existence a moment later is an afterthought." It can be conceived that Mrs. Sprague was a hostess to be desired among 10,000. To visit Canonchet was to meet with wit and intelligence and names which have taken a place in history. Mrs. Sprague's father, Salmon P. Chase, and Roscoe Conkling were among the visitors of note to be met there. The grounds were kept in perfect order, and a small army of servants was attached to the house. Times were gay at Canonchet.

The Crash.

One day the crash came. Hoyt, Sprague & Co., of New York, failed, and A. & W. Sprague were interested in that firm. This was in 1873, and the Spragues assigned with liabilities put at \$14,000,000, and assets supposed to amount to \$20,000,000. Then came days of sorrow and distress for William Sprague and his family. Sprague resigned his seat in the Senate. The vast property seemed to vanish as the trustees proceeded about the settlement of the estate. Sprague tried to get the property back from the hands of the trustees, and Benjamin F. Butler came over from Massachusetts to act as his counsel. The litigation was long and costly, and in the end Sprague was defeated. All his offices, his honors and his vast wealth gone, the once dashing War Governor found Canonchet the only place of driftwood to which he could cling.

The Scene.

Such was the state of affairs when one day a party of guests, among whom was Senator Conkling, was sitting on the veranda at Canonchet. Suddenly Sprague appeared, apparently much excited, and bearing in his hands a shotgun. He was with difficulty prevented from shooting Conkling, and there was great scandal all over the country. Soon after this Mrs. Sprague, taking her youngest children with her, fled from Canonchet at the dead of night, and entering a carriage which a faithful servant had in waiting was driven across the State line into Massachusetts. Mrs. Sprague sued for divorce, and obtained one. She alleged cruel treatment on the part of her husband, and that she was many times in fear of her life from him. The custody of her three daughters was given to Mrs. Sprague. Willie, the boy, elected to stay with his father. Now for a time the father and boy lived at Canonchet like a pair of besieged desperadoes. Several times the place was sold, but no one could ever get possession. Willie and his father used to ride about the park with shotguns, warning off trespassers. The grass grew in the walks and avenues of the park, the great house looked on a ruined look, and desolation and decay appeared where only a short time before there had

been such a display of wealth and gaiety.

His Remarriage.

When the fortunes of William Sprague seemed to be at their lowest ebb, people in Rhode Island were surprised to hear that the ex-Governor had married a woman belonging in West Virginia. He brought her to Canonchet, where she became known as Mrs. Inez Sprague, and was mistress of the mansion once presided over by Kate Chase. To Canonchet came with Mrs. Sprague some members of her family, and before long Willie Sprague was married to his step-mother's sister. Canonchet began to pick up a little now and the ex-Governor began to pick up, too. He looked "spruced," cleaner and brighter than he had before for years. The curiously related family appeared at first to get along amicably together.

Before long, however, there was trouble again at Canonchet. Willie Sprague and his wife separated. He came to New York and got employment as a mechanic. Then he drifted West and was one day found dead, it was supposed at the time from an overdose of some drug. His body was sent to Canonchet, and the funeral held in the little church at the Pier. Then for the first time since her midnight flight, Kate Chase saw again the towers of Canonchet rising above the trees, for she journeyed from Washington to be present at the funeral of her only son. After the funeral the Spragues drove directly back to Canonchet while Kate Chase journeyed alone with the body of her dead boy to Providence, and saw his coffin placed in the great granite mausoleum which, in the days of their prosperity, the Spragues had erected for their ashes on the banks of the Seekonk.

The Former Life.

After a while Mrs. Inez Sprague went abroad to study music, and Canonchet was left to its memories. Now she has returned and intends to have the place assume something of its former life and splendor. Decorators, painters and gardeners have been at work, and the place looks as if it again would be a house of gladness and forget its painful memories. Some of the beautiful things in the interior of the house are the great staircase of carved oak, which cost \$40,000, and the mantelpiece in the drawing room, which came from the boudoir of some of Mr. Brew's finest Tulleries. There is a Pompeian court in the centre of which rises a fountain from a basin filled with ferns and a dining room wainscoted and paneled with carved oak. Among the new decorations of the house is a large painting, fifty feet long, in the reception hall. It represents swans floating on a river. On one side of the reception room Mrs. Sprague has arranged a waterfall where the water runs down over rocks and through clumps of ferns. In the library are many fine bronzes and a collection of autographs made by William Sprague when he was a man of affairs at Washington.



Sprague's Music Room.

In the rooms which have been newly decorated most of the work has been done by N. R. Brewer, of St. Paul. Two interesting rooms are the "Horace Greeley room" and the "Salmon P. Chase room," so called from the men who once occupied them. These rooms are kept just as they were when these two illustrious men last occupied them. In Mrs. Sprague's boudoir is some of Mr. Brewer's finest work. Overhead in the boudoir are four life size female figures, representing Midnight, with one hand pointing to the stars; Evening, curtaining the daylight; Noon, with arms out before the sun, and Morning, welcoming the dawn. Nearby is Nautilus driving the swans, and overhead on one side are two tiny cupids.

"The Birth of Venus" portrays a beautiful female figure on the wave. Psyche, too, is here. "Love Awake" and "Love Asleep" are two more life size female figures in Mrs. Sprague's room. Then on the south side of the chamber is a sea nymph, representing the "Music of the Sea." To the east is another maid, "The Will of the Wisp." The favorite pictures of Mrs. Sprague are "Love Awake" and "Love Asleep." In the bath-room are the pictures "Arlon on the Dolphin" and "The Mermaid" merrily splashing the spray. One of the towers of Canonchet is called the Romeo and Juliet tower, and from it a grand view is obtained of Narragansett Bay and of the ocean.

So many people have applied for permission to see Canonchet that Mrs. Inez Sprague has announced she will admit the public to the house and grounds on Thursday afternoons.

His Face.

"Well," asked the attorney for the prosecution, who was cross-examining the defendant, "what did he do then?" "He took out his handkerchief, for it was a hot day," replied the defendant, "and wiped his face off." "Wiped it off? Wiped his face off? That was a pretty serious loss, for him, wasn't it?" "Not very. A few minutes afterward I put a head on him."

MARTHA MILLS'S LUCK.

A law recently enacted by the New Jersey Legislature providing for the abolishment of the foliages has resulted in the tearing down of an old landmark in the suburbs of Trenton known as the Mills Tavern. This tavern, was kept for more than a half century by Martha Mills, a woman who made a small fortune out of the penies she saved from her commission on the tolls that she collected at the gate that she opened and shut without missing a day for fifty years.

To these savings she added thousands of dollars made in her dealings with politicians who came to her hostelry to lay plans and connive for the passage of measures by the Legislature and for political appointments in which they were interested. She possessed a remarkably keen eye for business. Her terms were always cash and her prices for favors and refreshments were at such a pitch that they yielded her a liberal profit.

She was a tall, muscular woman, with an attractive face. She might have married many times during her younger days, but she frankly declared she loved money better than anything else on earth, and that she wouldn't trust a man as far as she could throw a stone church by the steeple. Among her other accomplishments Martha was an expert poker player, and coupled with her knowledge of the game and her careful estimate of the value of a hand was a "streak of good luck" that stayed with her to the end of the game to the other. She rarely got up from the table loser, and she would never take a hand unless there were seven players.

She explained this peculiarity by saying that she was the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter and had an abiding faith in the number seven. Her confidence in this number always prompted her to draw cards to it no matter what odds were against her. If there was a seven spot in Martha's hand she would draw to it, and when she did the pot generally went over to her side of the table.

Away back in the forties and fifties there were some pretty sharp poker players among the members of the New Jersey Legislature and the politicians who hovered around the lobby. They played a "no limit" game, and when they felt like making a night of it without being disturbed they went to the Mills Tavern and sat down to the game in what was known as the "Chamber of Fate," a big room in a remote part of the house. Here, with a jug of applejack on the floor, the players awaited and fumed and rejoiced from early in the evening until sunrise, and Martha stayed up to count the "kitty" and lock it up in a small iron chest that she kept under her bed.

It was Martha's boast up to the time of her death that she had never been killed by a man since her babyhood days, and she won a good many dollars from men who were ambitious to pick a cherry from her lips and who stacked their dollars against her kisses that they would win the prize they courted. Oliver Heatwood, from Hunterdon county, came nearer winning the prize than any other man who ever strove for it, but Martha's lucky sevens saved her. It happened one night when Martha had consented to take a hand in a game of poker from which one of the players had been called. She played that night in unusually good luck. The chips gradually assembled on her side of the table, and at midnight the other players declared that there was no use in undertaking to break Martha's luck and that the game might as well be stopped.

"I'm willing," said Martha, fingering the chips that were stacked in front of her and making a mental calculation of their value.

"Hold on, boys," said George Honeywell, a politician from Cape May county, "let's play one more hand for a kiss. Martha can bet her kisses against our money, and every kiss shall be valued at ten dollars. What do you say?"

The men favored the proposition.

"Will you do it, Martha?" asked Honeywell.

"You never knew me to back out of a game of poker, gentlemen," quietly answered Martha.

The deal went around to Martha before the pot was opened. Honeywell opened it with a bet of \$10; Heatwood raised it \$20, and Martha stayed with three kisses, valued at \$30.

Honeywell, who had opened the pot with a pair of jacks and who had been playing in hard luck ever since the game started, slammed his hand down on the table with an exclamation of disgust and refused to see the raise. The other four players had thrown up their hands, and the contest lay between Heatwood and Martha.

"Cards?" said Martha as she picked up the pack.

"I'll play these," said Heatwood, "and bet you fifty dollars I've got you beat."

That meant five kisses if Martha should call him. Heatwood was counting on the spot and enjoying eight sweet kisses.

"Well, Martha," said Heatwood, "when I have my kisses I'll give you a cool one. You make a four card draw and then try to bluff a pat hand. There are thirteen kisses counter to me. I call you, but I guess we can bet about more than that, so I'll raise you fifty dollars."

"Heatwood threw his chips on the pile in the middle of the table and, chuckling merrily, lay back in his chair."

"I'll see that and raise you five more kisses," calmly said Martha. "That's twenty-three kisses I owe you. If you had beaten me, but my advice to you is to stay out."

"Oh, no," said Heatwood, "not with this hand. I'd rather kiss you a hundred and twenty-three times than twenty-three, so I'll raise you a hundred dollars."

"Well," Heatwood said, "I've given you a good chance to save your money, and you don't seem to want to do it; now, if you kiss me you've got to pay for it. I'll see your raise and bet you twenty more kisses that I've got the winning hand."

The prospect of fifty-three kisses made Heatwood smack his lips, but he had been up against Martha's luck before; besides, his \$200 to call, and he had that amount lacking \$10. He shoved \$190 into the pot and said "I'll call you, Martha. I'm \$10 shy."

"I don't play shy pots," said Martha, put up the money if you want to see my cards."

Honeywell threw a ten dollar bill into the pot for Heatwood, who said to Martha, "Now what have you got—anything?"

"I'm the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter," replied Martha, as she slowly spread her cards on the table. "I had a seven spot and drew three more. There they are."

Heatwood laid down an ace full one five, and, referring to his luck in language more forcible than refined, left the room, with his five friends raving along behind and occasionally inquiring if Martha's kisses were above the average in point of price and sweetness.

The biggest winning that Martha ever made was a fifteen hundred dollar pot, and a seven spot did the trick. It was in the winter of 1860. The Legislature was in session, and the railroads had several important bills that they wanted passed. As a consequence the lobbyists and members of the Assembly had money to burn. The sessions in the "Chamber of Fate" that winter were frequent and unusually exciting. There was not much chance for Martha to get into a game, but the "kitty" was a fat one every night, and she was supplied with her income from that source.

One rainy night six of the "stiffest" poker players who had the entrance to the "Chamber of Fate" came together in a room of Martha's tavern, and a turn at poker was suggested and Martha was invited to take a hand.

"Gentlemen," she said, "I'll play if you say so, but I feel unusually lucky, and I think it will be better if you leave me out."

Every one of the others declared that he felt lucky and insisted that Martha should take a hand in it. They adjourned to the upstairs room and began what was probably the shortest, big game ever played.

"Now," said one of the players before the cards were dealt, "let's have a cut which one of us has the least money; then we'll make him put it up. We'll match his pile and then play table stakes."

The proposition met with the approval of the other players. The man who had the smallest roll was George Sinclair, an Essex county man. He had three hundred dollars. He agreed the money on the table, and the minutes there were twenty-one hundred dollars displayed on the table.

Henry Whitehead, a Scotchman, Assemblyman, dealt the cards. The pot was opened by Miles Graham, who started the ball rolling with a bet of twenty dollars. The player next to him raised the bet fifty dollars. Martha saw the seventy dollars, and the man on her left asked if fifty dollars more. When it came to the opener to see all the raises he gave it another "boost" of fifty dollars, and that was raised fifty and then a hundred. Meanwhile Martha trailed along, and Graham apparently believed that he had the best hand, for he raised a third fourth and fifty time, and went to a standstill only when all the money on the board was stacked in the middle of it.

"That's a pretty comfortable looking pile," remarked Whitehead, picking up the pack of cards.

There were six pot heads on the table, and the only one to draw a gentleman, she said, "I'll call it. I'll draw after all and I'll make my money. I'll take the money. It's a good draw, so here's my hand. She picked out the four four five and six of diamonds and the ten of hearts.

Now Whitehead said, "I've discarded the ten of hearts, and I've given me the seven spot, and I'll have a straight flush, and I'll have the money."

That ended the game, and exactly four minutes after the pot was opened the money was all in Martha's hands. She had won the pot, and she was a rich woman. She had won the pot, and she was a rich woman. She had won the pot, and she was a rich woman.