

## OUR FASHION LETTER

EVERYTHING THIS YEAR IS OF THE LIGHTEST DESCRIPTION.

New and Beautiful Shades of Mauve for Evening Wear—A Chic Little Hat in Toque Shape—A Very Charming Summer Coat.

Everything this year is of the lightest description, as I said last week. Dame Fashion evidently anticipates a hot summer, for she has decreed that all our best day frocks be of the softest and most diaphanous materials. The same applies also to our evening gowns, for which clinging and ethereal fabrics have the preference. Of course delicate materials have to be equally delicately treated, and this sea-



The above illustration gives a costume made up of a Directoire coat of striped taffeta worn over a front of soft muslin, trimmed with lace. The hat matches the coat.

son there can be no reproach levied at the manipulators of soft fabrics. The most fragile crepe de chine, rose de chine, and gauzes are generally weighted with inserted lines of ecru lace. In fact, lace is almost a necessity to complete our evening gowns. Those who possess real lace this season are indeed fortunate, though some of the imitations are most beautiful.

I am delighted with the advent of the elbow sleeve for summer wear in our muslins and cottons. At the same time I think we shall see a good many brown arms, for one cannot always be encased in long gloves on a summer's day. I also foresee that a terrible class of people will suddenly appear in these short sleeves, with a voluminous display of silver bangles and bracelets. But, alas! this is the way with all pretty fashions. In a very short time they become common, and so the whims quickly passes from a well-dressed community. Remember, too, that these short sleeves are only permissible in ethereal fabrics, and will not look well in cloth dresses or gowns for practical use.

There are some new and beautiful shades of mauve for evening wear, and these look well relieved with lace. For really smart occasions the pale shades of crepe de chine lose none of their popularity for afternoon wear, though for evening toilettes they are being surpassed by even still more ethereal fabrics. There is an old-fashioned lavender shade revived, which is particularly lovely in crepe de chine, simply made with a flou of old embroidery or lace. With such a gown we shall like the elbow sleeves, with their muslin frills. This is a peculiarly lovely shade of mauve, which mixes well with pink, and the wearer of it will do well to wear a nosegay of deep pink Malmalson carnations. There is, too, a strong feeling for blouses of crepe de chine, made with large sailor collars.

Two lovely outdoor frocks for summer wear are seen. One has the very latest fashionable idea set forth in its undersleeves of white chiffon. The gown is of palest pink muslin, barred with delicate green and dotted all over with huge American Beauty roses, which are painted on the muslin by hand. The skirt has no frills of any kind, but hangs in simple, graceful folds. The bodice is shown over a full blouse of white chiffon, turning back from this in scalloped, which are edged with ecru lace. The belt and straps are of black velvet, fastening with silver buckles and buttons. The picture hat is of ecru straw, trimmed with pink roses and two ostrich plumes.

The other dainty frock is crisp French organdie, in a delicate mauve shade, over which are scattered sprays of black, making a very suitable gown for a young widow. The skirt has three accordion pleated frills of mauve glaze, beaded with black insertion. The same trimming is used on the waist, which has a tucked yoke of the mauve glaze. A ribbon of the same is run through the insertion across the front, tying in a smart little bow.

A chic little hat in toque shape is of cream glaze, with spangled net draped over it. A large rosette of white chiffon gives the touch of novelty. There is also a white ostrich tip, and an accordion-pleated, bow of crisp white lace.

A very charming summer coat I saw the other day, intended for a young girl. It is a deep cream cloth, made blouse of white chiffon, the neck and

pale green and white fine striped glaze silk, bordered with a tiny ruche of the same; the coat sleeves had round cuffs to match and the lining of this artistic garment was in plain soft green silk. The coat was to take abroad, and I thought it extremely pretty and ladylike. A pretty hat for the same young girl was in white crinkled straw, mushroom-shaped. It had a row of wee pink roses outlining the inside of the brim, and soft rope of pink chiffon outside, tied in an artistic bow in front. Such a chapeau would suit a fair, childish face.

As every one is interested in fashions now, a description of one I have just seen may be worth while. It was a dainty blue and white, with a very pretty bodice, ornamented with a number of tucks running from throat to waist and prettily stitched with white silk. This bodice had a vest and collar of tucked white muslin over white satin, trimmed with blond lace and a old drapey coming from the shoulder, edged with pale blue velvet and forming a large collar. There was a band of pale blue velvet at the waist. The skirt was prettily tucked to correspond, and arranged with two bounces of the froul and a double box-pleat at the back. Of course there were undersleeves, also of tucked white muslin, appearing at the wrist.

Every season some one model inevitably gets the better of its fellows, and threatens to eclipse them. There is no particular rule to guide one as to be style and character of this favorite of fashion. It comes first in one guise, then in another, directed, doubtless, by some subtle sartorial leader but it comes. There is a little Russian blouse affair that, built of cloth takes my fancy immensely. Just now, sometimes, quite erroneously, this is called a banded bolero. In blue black with this singularly thin, the fronts are opening at the top in a quite natural negligence manner, and the neck completed by one of those new straight military collars which are said to be rapidly superseding the extravagant pointed arrangement a la Medias, and the like familiar contrivances. This collar is apparently about the regulation military height, whatever that may be, and in consequence, I surmise, rests on its success largely on some under drapery, and also on being worn unbuttoned. But anyway, it is a detail to be recognized as inaugurating a pleasant change and variety, and as a finishing note to that Russian blouse bolero I can declare it of surpassing excellence, more particularly in gold galon or that astonishingly effective embroidered crash or coarse linen, used so much this summer.

In the wonderful display of "dresses" parades this year the greater portion of the expensive styles are strikingly elaborate and showy. The best selections among them are the black and white models. This article of comfort and convenience should always be neat and unobtrusive rather than showy and eccentric, and ought always, if possible, to harmonize with the dress with which it is carried, and seem in reality a simple part of it rather than an article of display, like a banner or a flag. A parasol may well serve as an indication of the general good judgment and cultivated taste of the wearer. It is always a conspicuous accessory, and originally here may easily lapse into vulgar display. A plain silk or satin parasol, devoid of any garniture whatever, looks in far better taste carried with the very richest costume than a white silk one, laden with lace or chiffon frills, carried promiscuously with dresses of foulard, cambrie, lawn, and similar gowns, none of them in keeping with this costly article.

Black nets, grenadines, and etamines have for several summers past usurped the place of black lace in fashionable favor for making of semi-transparent black gowns. Where we have seen a black lace model of recent seasons, it has been one that was exceptionally elegant and costly. When black lace comes to be as common on the dusty streets as huckleberries in a woodland meadow, the rage for this beautiful



Capeline of pink straw, turned up in front by a large steel buckle fixing a rosette of black and white tulle and pink feather falling over the hair.

style of dress was over. It was everywhere in evidence, and often looked gray and wrinkled, being made of tawdry laces that quickly lost their silky finish. This, of course, killed its popularity. But at its best, and properly worn, it is one of the most elegant and recherche black dresses that can be selected for the summer, and the variety of designs set forth for the season before us has never been excelled.

Swiss belts or corselets are coming in again, with very short boleros over them. At a little afternoon affair recently a girl gowned in the latest style had a skirt pleated from waist to foot, of lilac and white foulard; a deep corselet belt of lilac silk confined a white lawn chemisette. Over this was a bolero to match the skirt, coming about halfway down the back, and the latest thing in sleeves, which ended half way between the elbow and wrist, with narrow ravers turned back; from there to the wrist were lawn sleeves.

The man who wears a stand-up collar that stands up in hot weather will wear watches. The chances are that he is cold-headed.

## NOCTURNE

Night on the gray sea  
And one gray ship;  
It hangs out a light,  
Gold in the gray night;  
And over sea to me  
The silence brings  
A foreign air  
A sailor sings.

Remote as a dream, the sea  
Breathes, asleep;  
Remote as a dream, the hour  
Has a dream's power,  
And out of the dream to me  
Comes with the song,  
The face of one unseen,  
O, how long!

Your myriad-mazed hair  
Never, I know,  
Shall blind my eyes with a night  
Dearer than day's light:  
Be it so; but where,  
Girl, are you gone?  
It is my heart's cry,  
And my heart cries on.

Night falls, and a star  
Flutters white in the gray  
Hushed is the song; to me  
Whispers the warm sea.  
"Hush, hush, heart!"  
But if I could only tell  
If she be near or far  
Ah! 't were well!

—Paul Mall Gazette.

## LOVE'S OWN WAY.

"I don't like to have you go skating with Fannie Engle."

So said Mrs. Harte to her daughter May one afternoon late in February.

"That is strange, mamma, when you have always liked Fannie so much," pointed May.

"Now daughter, you know very well why I do not want you to go with Fanny," and Mrs. Harte paused and looked straight at her daughter.

And May did know.

Exactly one month before May Harte had become engaged to George Noble as fine a young man as his name. But before her engagement she had been very "sweet," as the girls put it, upon Fannie Engle's brother, Horace, a young man of poor habits, and it was on account of Horace that Mrs. Harte did not wish her betrothed daughter to go skating with Fanny.

But May was willful.

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Harte, "that May acts so. Some time she will go too far."

That afternoon a messenger boy came with a letter for May and a large bouquet of flowers. The letter read:

"Dearest May—I drop you this line to remind you that we are to go skating this afternoon, and Horace says to be sure and send you these flowers with our compliments. He will join us on the ice. Lovingly,

"FANNY."

May read the note and smiled with pleasure. "Isn't that sweet of Fanny?" said she.

But her mother sighed. She did not want May to encourage Fanny or her brother, for she felt that it would lead to no good.

That afternoon May went skating with Fanny and her brother, and it was fully 5 o'clock when she returned.

"I am going to supper with Fanny," said she, "and as George was coming to call this evening I shall drop him a little line to tell him not to call before to-morrow."

Mrs. Harte objected seriously, but her willful daughter was not to be turned, so she let her go her own way, though she felt that it was a mistake for May to treat her betrothed in that manner.

Foolish May! She was actually in love with George, but like many other girls who have secured a good young man, she was capricious and liked to try his affection. George had noticed her capriciousness, but bore it good naturedly.

That evening May sent her note to George telling him not to call, and they went to Fanny's house to spend the evening.

If May noticed anything strange about the conduct of Fanny or her brother that evening, she said nothing, but afterward she admitted that both had acted a little strangely.

After supper Fanny suggested that all three go for a walk, but when they were ready to start May was surprised to see a sleigh standing at the front door. "We are going for a ride instead of a walk," whispered Fanny, putting her arm playfully around May's waist, "surely, you will not refuse to go with us, dear."

Before May knew it they were all seated in the sleigh and the driver was rapidly speeding down the street toward the main avenue which ran through the middle of the town.

Scarcely had they gone more than a block when Fanny put her arm around May and drew her head down on her shoulder. "Dear May," said she, "there is something Horace and I want to say to you, and we thought you would not refuse us."

And then to her horror and surprise, Horace Engle began to pour into her ears his tale of love and long affection, while Fanny added a word here and there.

Happy Horace has promised to turn over a new leaf if you will marry him.

"Stop this sleigh immediately," almost shrieked May. "I do not wonder, Fanny, that you thought it necessary to bring me away out here to talk to me in so dishonorable a way. But I will not listen to it. Stop the sleigh right away. I shall walk home. It would be contamination for me to remain any longer in your presence," she cried turning to Horace, with scorn in her flashing eye.

Alarmed by her vehemence, Horace opened the sleigh door and called to the driver, and the sleigh came to a standstill, but scarcely before May had bounded out. "You are a mean, dishonorable pair, and I shall never speak to you again," George Noble is worth a thousand of you," she said to the shame-faced Horace as she stood with down-cast eyes upon the walk, "and as for you, Fanny, the fact that we have been friends from babyhood keeps me from saying all the things I might otherwise want to say to you. Learn this, though, if you ever get a man like George Noble, be sure you treat him as he ought to be treated. I am sorry I ever went skating with you."

"Well said!" cried a manly voice behind her, and turning May ran straight into the arms of George Noble.

And where had George been? After he had received May's hasty note that afternoon he read it through several times, then, after some hesitation, he resolved to go and call upon May anyway. "I can visit her mother if she is not at home," said he. So early in the evening George went to May's house and spent an hour with her mother.

Leaving early, he happened to be passing along the main street, when his attention was attracted by a sleigh which drew up at the curb, with two ladies and a gentleman attached. Something about one of them seemed strangely familiar, and he took a step nearer to find out, that it was May.

On the way home May confessed all to George, except Horace's base part in the evening's work, but she told him enough to give him to understand that he had a faithful little fiancée in May Harte, and that hereafter she would not go skating with young ladies who had brothers.

So May blessed the day after all, for it taught her to value true love when she found it.—St. Louis Star

How You Can Avoid Typhoid Fever.

Typhoid fever is usually contracted by way of the mouth, eating impure or poorly prepared food, or drinking impure drinks. The mistress of every home should take double her usual care to see that the food is thoroughly cooked, and the drinkables thoroughly purified.

The most common vehicle for the transmission of typhoid fever germs is milk. Extra care should be taken to insure the purity of the family supply, and unless you know that it is handled properly seek another dairyman. Unless you know that the milk is all right be sure to boil all that goes on the table. Milk should never be kept in an open vessel in the refrigerator, because it absorbs all kinds of poison with remarkable rapidity, and is one of the best natural culture media for disease germs.

Being assured that everything you eat and drink is pure and wholesome, the next step is to watch your general health and see that you do not get "run down." Everyone takes into his system an untold number of active disease germs every year, and the reason that they do not become ill is that they are in a condition to throw off the poisons. No man or woman in perfect health will contract typhoid fever, except under the most unfavorable circumstances, and even then the disease will not get a firm hold on the constitution. On the other hand if one becomes debilitated he is liable to contract the disease no matter how careful he may be.

Don't overstimulate. Drink sparingly of alcoholics and don't take things to increase your energy. Keep cool. Don't rush.

Drink plenty of water only be sure of its purity, but avoid ice water in large quantities or when overheated.

If possible take a cold sponge—not plunge—bath every morning. This will give tone to the system throughout the day. In order to keep the pores open, take one or two warm plunge baths a week.

Let the housewife see that every sink, drain, tub, if fact, everything about the kitchen and the yard is clean. Don't rely on antiseptics which destroys odors, but do not kill germs, as is generally supposed.

See that nothing is allowed to accumulate on the premises that will breed germs and there will be none. Have the cellar whitewashed throughout, and sprinkle lime in all damp corners and around the back yard.

But any kind of wholesome food that your taste dictates, and in such quantities as you know by experience that you can digest.

If you are afraid of the city water, get some other kind. Whatever water you drink don't be sparing with it. It is hard to drink too much water, especially in hot weather.

Remember that nine-tenths of the precautionary measures are simply the application of the law. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and keep clean, and keep everything clean.

In spite of the destructive freeze of a few years ago, orange culture seems to have taken on renewed life in Florida. From various sections of the orange belt come reports of fine prospects of the coming crop and the planting of orange trees. In Manatee county an enterprising New York capitalist has organized "The Venice Company" which has purchased 10,000 acres of land, all of which will be set out in fruit trees. At first 200 acres are to be devoted to orange trees, but later grape fruit and other standard fruit trees are to be added.

## THE COMING WAR

WE ARE ON THE EVE OF THE GREAT BATTLE EVER SEEN.

The United States Will Profit Greatly in the Event of This Great Struggle Taking Place Between Russia and the United States Will Be the Determining Factors.

We are now possibly upon the eve of the greatest war the world has ever seen. It will be a war between giants, fought out to a finish. It will be replete with horrors, it will wipe out nations, and it will be short, bloody and decisive. So says Hudson Maxim, the well known inventor of death-dealing machinery, in an illustrated article in the Home Magazine.

The introduction to this article, entitled "The Coming War," says: "An outbreak is at hand. The United States War Department has already ordered military representatives sent to Peking and Tokio to watch proceedings. General Sakaroy, chief of the Russian General Staff, has started for Manchuria, where six forts will be immediately erected. Russia is seizing the excuse offered by the Boxers against Peking to rush every available man onto the disputed ground. From the foothold thus obtained it will be difficult to dislodge her, unless steps are taken at once to block her game. Japan seems ready and anxious to do this very thing. And from the conflict thus begun may arise the world war so long threatened and so long feared."

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## THE DAIRY BUSINESS

Many Improvements, But Boss is Milled the Same Old Way.

Comparatively few persons realize what an enormous business dairying has come to be in the United States. In this industry, as in so many others, this country beats the world. There are over seventeen million cows giving milk in the United States, and it takes an army of over three hundred thousand men working from ten to twelve hours a day to milk them. The aggregate value of the produce of these dairy cows exceeds \$50,000,000 a year. They produce nearly a billion and a half pounds of butter, three hundred thousand gallons of milk yearly, for the Yankee cow is a good cow, an industrious cow, and works all the year round.

Dairying in other countries sinks into insignificance when compared with the industry in the United States. So fond are the Americans of dairy products that it takes from twenty-three to twenty-seven cows to each hundred of the population to keep the country supplied with milk, butter and cheese and provide for the export trade.

Mechanical Devices.

Along with the growth of the dairy business came the invention of many mechanical devices for doing by machinery what had hitherto been done by hand. One curious device is called the dairy "centrifuge," "cream separator" or "skimmer." It is a closed bowl revolving at the rate, sometimes, of 25,000 times a minute. The milk flows through a feed pipe into the rapidly whirling bowl, and from the bowl two projecting tubes discharge continuously the one cream and the other skimmed milk. A skimmer of standard factory size handles 220 gallons of milk an hour. This is different from the good wife "setting" the milk and then going around with her little tin skimmer and removing the cream for the morrow's churning.

The recent speech of Lord Salisbury betraying the weakness of the British position as against a determined attack from the continent of Europe, rendered especially assailable in view of the South African war, has, says Mr. Maxim, "caused considerable excitement in England, if not panic.

"England is weak. She has been so long in the hands of rotten bureaucracy that no one knows how weak she is, or where her weakness lies. The Boer betrayed the fact that the British military lion is a sick beast. But the Transvaal is a small, weak country—the lion roared, and the Boer is down. In the event of an outbreak of hostilities between England and any of the great continental Powers, possibly the British naval lion will prove but the stuffed skin of the fierce beast that under Nelson fought so bravely.

India, says Mr. Maxim, is amply protected from Russia at present. He foresees terrible slaughter from the general use of smokeless powder.

"Russia," says Mr. Maxim, "desires rather to avoid than precipitate a war with any of the great Powers. She is the mistress of wily diplomacy and prefers to secure her ends by diplomatic means, to her equally successful and less hazardous than war. She has wrested from Turkish domination the Christian Balkan States. She fought for them while the rest of Christendom did the talk, and by this act she has already paved with obligations a broad highway within cannon sound of Constantinople. Effete and imbecile Persia is all that lies between her and the Persian gulf, and already its Shah is but a puppet dancing to the march of Muscovy.

"In the Far East she now overshadows Manchuria, Mongolia and Corea, and, like a giant octopus, is reaching out to suck the life of Chinese trade and opportunity. She already has Port Arthur and advantages secured by diplo-macy that far outweigh all that accrued to Japan from her victory over China.

"Japan feels the sting of the Russian whip that made her drop Port Arthur and withdraw from the continent of Asia, thus relinquishing the chief advantage gained by her victory. The whole sum paid Japan by China as a war indemnity has been expended upon her navy and on armaments. In the East, in both naval and military strength, she is superior to Russia.

"It is doubtful if Japan will wait for the time when Russia shall be ready to strangle her. She may strike and drive Russia from Corea and secure, as well, a fair share of Chinese territory; or, what amounts to the same thing, a lease of a portion of the Celestial Empire."

One of the memories of Newport's early gayeties goes back to the night when, absolutely blazing with jewels, Madame Le Vert, a Southern belle, appeared at the Ocean House as Nourmahal, the Light of the Harem, wearing a bodice of silver lama, over which fell a network of pearls; around her waist a girdle of topazes, amethysts, emeralds and diamonds; in her dark hair a rare diamond crescent; her satin dress embroidered with pearls; her Turkish trousers fastened by silver anklets; her feet encased in gold and crimson slippers; her necklace and bracelets rich with flashing gems. Later a Brazilian dame appeared at a ball with a headdress made up of gauze haubles each containing a fiery, but she was soon left in the shade by a New York woman who wore on her head a wreath of flowers from out of which rose a lyre formed of tin gas jets fed from a small reservoir concealed beneath her dress.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Famous Newport Vets.

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