

OUR FASHION LETTER

FAD FOR STRANGE HOSIERY AT SOME RESORTS.

Black and White Obtain at New Port—The Question of Gloves is Always of Interest—A Pansy Toque New—The Laced Frock for Service.

Herewith is represented a charming costume of arab and white check homespun. The short jacket, which is rounded at the bottom, is ornamented with a navy collar trimmed with black mohair. It opens down the front over a white pique waistcoat, made in stitched pleats and cut away at the top, showing a chemise of white cambric, the sleeves of which show beyond the widened sleeves of the jacket. The skirt, which has a seam down the front, is cut on the



cross. The inset of an irregularly pleated sounce is concealed by a trimming of mohair braid. The hat is of Manila straw, very flat, with a border of black and white marbled straw. On the top is a pair of white wings, and the crown is encircled with a ruche of black velvet. Beneath the brim on one side, mixed with the hair, is a black wing.

It is about this time each year that one hears sung the praises of black and white as, after all, in supreme style. This is peculiarly true just now with returned Americans still bearing the signs of the complimentary mourning which, in greater or less degree, they wore while in London, where mourning hues still are the rule among fashionable women. A handsome park gown of white muslin, criss-crossed and figured with black, has a plaited sounce to the knees, and an inset of ecru Chantilly lace. A deep princess belt of black satin, with sash ends, forms the body of the bodice, which is draped in schu effect. All suspicion that this may be a mourning costume is removed by the topping of it with a hat of unrelieved pink.

There is grand chic in a garden party dress of pink muslin made on pink lousine silk, the six ruffles of the skirt overlapping. A bodice and skirt yoke of ecru guipure lace give a substantial effect to the airy costume, while the hat is from Leghorn, laden with pink roses. The usual touch of black in the costume of French design is found here in lacings at the elbows and on the belt.

It is said that there is a fad for strange hosiery at Narragansett Pier. Be that as it may in the neighboring city, nothing but black or white stockings obtain in public at Newport. And they usually are black. I have seen them so thin, worn with after-noon gowns, that they seemed hardly thicker than tulle. They were lace stockings, indeed. But, being worn with a fleecy white gown, the effect was not precisely unconventional, though it was pleasing.

By the thinness and elaborateness of the pattern of her stockings, then, rather than by the color, does the Newport woman regulate the richness of her dress.

There seem to be exceptions to black in the case of stockings worn with bicycle costumes and on the tennis field. The usual tennis and wheel dress is a shortened white duck or pique skirt, worn with white canvas shoes. White stockings are less conspicuous than black, when worn with a white dress, if the wearer is active.

There are now four ways of wearing in public the ineluctable of elbow sleeves. They are these, in the order of their popularity: Black kid gloves to the elbow, white kid gloves, white silk mitts and black silk mitts.

The black gloves are worn when the hat is black. Mitts are not particularly popular, but some younger women have the courage or the fancy to wear them in place of the warm and perishable kid.

Sashes are seen on many of the afternoon dresses. They are made from stitched taffeta and have small flat choux instead of the conventional and spreading bows. The choux is placed at the centre or side of the back, and some care has to be observed that the sash is not set upon. Less often than of silk, ends of wide ribbon are worn.

A new and pretty idea is the pansy toque, which is intended to take the place of the violet toque for those who have wearied of the latter flowers or who do not fancy them. It is flat and protrudes in front, after the manner of present millinery. The pansy toque is worn with a gown of ice-colored crepe de chine, with applications of cretonne pansies to the

bodice. These are stitched with threads of silver. The great ruche, with this, is of white tulle.

A simple and effective Casino toilet is of white plumelets over rose-colored tulle, and trimmed with applications in design of narrow Valenciennes lace. Lappings of black velvet give cachet to the bodice. The picture hat is of pink gauze, with black ostrich tips.

For service and general satisfaction nothing surpasses the linen frock. Fortunate the woman who had sufficient foresight to supply herself early in the season with three or four of them, for experience has verified her wisdom.

For the first time this year a decided departure was made from the standard shades, and linen was shown in almost as many colors and tones as silks and cottons. The pale blues, pinks, greens and mauves are charming, made up with Irish or some other heavy guipure lace and lines or rosettes or black bebe velvet.

In the illustration light blue is treated in this way, and the effect is exceedingly dainty. Medallions of the lace, which is deep cream in tone, are connected with two triple rows of the black bebe velvet, forming a serpentine border around the bottom of the skirt. The vest and yoke are of finely pleated white linen lawn, with three rows of the narrow velvet about the stock. A round collar turned back from the yoke is trimmed with lace and velvet, and the bell sleeves, which open over undersleeves of tucked lawn, are treated similarly.

For the tailor effects the darker colored linens are preferable, although white, of course, may be made up in either way. Stripes, plaids and other linen novelties resembling woolen fabrics were introduced this season for the tailor-made gowns, but they have not attained the popularity of the plain colors. Dark blue is extremely satisfactory for the plainly finished frock, and the "natural" color, so-called, is good. Red, with a touch of black, is effective, but is too striking for many persons.

A tailor gown was made of a deep tan shade verging on brown. The skirt is finished with bias folds stitched only at the top. The jacket is strapped, tucked and stitched as if it were cloth, and is trimmed with small dark-pearl buttons. The highly colored waist of this Oriental silk is in grateful contrast to the sombre tones of the linen. Linen frocks not only have the great advantage over the fluffy muslins of keeping fresh for a longer time, but, when they do have to be done over, they come out of the process retaining far more of their pristine beauty than the less substantial fabrics.

The question of gloves is one of considerable interest, and, notwithstanding the fact that their use has been called in question, it is beyond dispute that the glove is an indispensable complement of the attire of a woman of distinction. For instance, assuming that white gloves are always adopted, there are many fine distinctions to be made between gloves and gloves. Let me, then, try to indicate some of those in season for outdoor wear, for paying visits or for afternoons; white kid gloves or white Swede leather gloves.

For traveling, white thread gloves wash well, and can be easily drawn on and off; for riding, hand sewn chertre gloves, fitting perfectly, and for driving chamois leather gloves, very large, so as to allow full freedom to the fingers. Care should be taken to select the palest color possible, so as



to resemble white. These gloves, which can be washed, can be bought at the saddler's. They are sometimes worn for tennis or croquet play. The softness of the leather is no impediment to holding the reins or the racquet. Lastly, the "gant de Saxe" is to be recommended for the country or the seaside. It has no fastenings, it goes on and off easily, can be washed, and authorizes many small liberties that can be taken in the country, such as picking fruit or flowers, or when visiting the stables, the kennel, pigeon house and poultry yard, or playing with children on the sand. In short, it preserves the hands from unpleasant contact, to say nothing of that of the wind and sun, which are so fatal to dainty Parisian fingers.

The fashion of wearing pretty lace mittens has never quite caught on. There is, nevertheless, an unquestioned charm about a pretty hand veiled by a network of silk. Some extremely refined persons use them at their intimate receptions, but this audacity is only admirable in the case of those whose hands equal in beauty the models of Phidias or Praxiteles; and there are very few who possess the enviable gift of pretty hands, flowers breathing the charm of beauty, grace and blue blood.

AT THE PHONE.

There are sounds that seem to soothe us. There are sounds that seem to excite us. There are sounds that seem to make us feel that the world is a better place than it is.

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snow just as we were leaving the woods and coming out on the steps. I thought he would have died. I took him in my arms and carried him over after a while my strength was gone and I felt fever coming over me. But the woman never noticed me, and once or twice, when I turned to look at her from under my burden, I saw that her eyes were fixed on the face of the man I carried. I could hold out no longer. I fell on the snow and fainted. How long I lay there I cannot say. Whether or not I dreamed I am unable to tell the court. I don't think it could have been a dream. I thought I saw a troika come noiselessly over the snow and heard the breathing of horses.

"Do you mean to tell the court this was a dream? Can you give me further particulars about the troika or the driver? Interrupted the president. "No, Your Excellency. The horses were black, I thought, and I know their eyes shone brightly; the sleigh also seemed to be black. It came silently. It went away with gently ringing bells, like silver bells. When I came to my senses it was snowing hard. The wet flakes awoke me. I think I gazed around me on all sides. I was alone. I thought of my dream. There were no hoof-marks, no traces of sleigh runners, nothing but the level, trackless snow. Perhaps the snow had filled up the tracks, perhaps—perhaps there was some other reason. Your Excellency, I felt myself forsaken. I could not understand it. I was mad and cried aloud. Suddenly I noticed, pinned to my coat, a scrap of paper with pencil writing on it. It was taken from me when I gave myself up, but I'll never forget the words: 'We cannot take you with us further. Save yourself as best you can. My husband and I will always pray for you.' Oh, Excellency, I saw it all then and sat down in the snow and wept and cursed. I loved that woman. Yes, I was a fool."

"And a traitor," interpolated the president, scowling.

"And a traitor, if Your Excellency says so, but I did not think of that then. I thought only of my love, of how I had been betrayed, of my hurt pride. Your Excellency knows the rest."

The sentence of the court is that Private Trofim Stoyan take the place of the escaped prisoner in the mine of Gorkaya-Balka. He will remain there during the pleasure of his Imperial Majesty."

That evening the young soldier was chained to the stanchion.

Three years after a man and a woman on Ellis Island suddenly encountered each other.

"The soldier!"

"While he exclaims: 'The woman!'"

There is no time for more. She has passed the inspectors and hurried to the little steamer that is to convey her to New York. He is pushed back, for the inspectors may not reach his case for a day or two.

But he lands at last. Where shall he find her? He finds employment, and then for six months spends all his leisure in the quest. At last he meets her. She is coming out of a theatre. He touches her sleeve. No word is spoken then, but as if by mutual instinct, they enter the nearest cafe.

Five minutes later he has said: "I have always loved you. You belong to me. Since you say your husband is dead, you are mine."

"But you have no money," glancing at his shabby clothes.

"I can earn it," he pleads. "A man who loves as I do can fall in nothing."

The next day they were married by a priest of the Greek church. Was it love or gratitude that prompted the woman, upon her third brief meeting, to grant so much?

The priest, gazing after them as they departed, murmured: "I have united a goddess and a hero."—Journalist.

A Wise Suggestion.

The young woman with a strange infatuation for the clerk in the gun store, called to see him in a wild mood. He had grown cold, as men are apt to do when there is some one else to keep the fires up, and she had come in to have a talk with him.

"Give me a revolver," she said, after she had received full satisfaction.

"What do you want with it?" he inquired coyly, for he knew that danger lurked in that sort of thing, and that it sometimes had a way of coming out of the muzzle of it in a demonstrative and dangerous fashion.

"I'm going to kill myself with it," she sobbed.

"Oh," and she appeared to feel relieved. "What size calibre do you think you will need?"

"A 44-calibre," she replied, as one knowing something about those things as indeed she did, having heard him talk shop so often.

"My dear young woman," he protested, "don't do that. As sure as you do, some of those headstrong reporters who write up those things, will say you took that size to match your age. Here, here's a 22; try that."

It was a cold-blooded way he had of talking, but he was no fool, and the young woman got so mad that she not only left the place, but shook the young man forever.—Detroit Free Press.

A Wary Evening.

THE FRENCH CASE

A Sample of Royal Tyranny in the Eighteenth Century.

Dubourg's real name was Victor de la Cassagne, a journalist of Holland, who had taken the liberty of censuring the acts of the king of France, Louis XV. This criticism appeared in a public print at Frankfurt. Although he was living beyond the borders of French territory at Leyden, in Holland, he was not safe from the emissaries of Louis. The agents of the royal police succeeded in gaining possession of his person and conveying him to Mont St. Michel. There he was confined in the cage.

Touched by his supplications, the prior of the abbey consented to send a letter to his wife at Leyden, the mother of four children, acquainting her with the fact that he was alive, but entombed in the cells of Mont St. Michel. He was certainly entombed! Overcome by despair and by the sufferings and privations which he had endured, Dubourg died in the night of Aug. 27, 1746. In the morning his body was found almost devoured by a legion of rats.

The state papers contain an account of the burial of "the body of a man named Dubourg, aged about 30 years, who died in a cage situated in the castle of the town, where he had been detained by the order of his majesty." It is creditable to the humanity of Charles X that when he visited the island fortress as Count d'Artois in 1777 he ordered the cage to be destroyed. This command was not carried out, though the cage was no longer used as a place of confinement until Louis Philippe visited Mont St. Michel in 1837, when he caused it to be broken up before his eyes. The present cage is a restoration and exact representation of this ancient relic of barbaric tyranny.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Locust Porridge.

The everyday life of a Basuto village is a very simple affair when compared with the life of a British village. Take, for instance, the food supply. Porridge is made of mealies and thickened and flavored with sour milk (mafi) or herbs, and it is seldom that a Mosuto-Basuto in the singular becomes Mosuto—comes to his meal leaving his appetite behind.

Another standard dish is locust porridge, a plentiful supply being kept up by the constant showers of locusts, which are veritable godsends to the natives in a country where food is very scarce. The Basuto collect them and store them in jars, first pulling off the heads and wings. As occasion requires, they place quantities in large pots and boil them until soft and pulpy, favoring the porridge with fat and making it savory with salt.

The locust to an unprejudiced European is not unpalatable, closely resembling the shrimp in taste, though scarcely so nice. Greatly as the Mosuto appreciates stewed locust, he likes still better the young green maize stewed and served with melted butter, and certainly not the most fastidious could desire a more delicious food.—Chambers' Journal.

Eating For a Husband

When the parents of a young man in Russia decide that a certain young lady would make a suitable mate for him, they say nothing about the matter to any one, but on some evening they will drop around unexpectedly to the prospective bride's home and will stay for supper. During the meal they will keep a close watch on the young lady. If she eats fast, she will perform her work speedily; if she goes neatly and cleanly about her plate, she will perform her work neatly and cleanly; if she does not talk much, she will work and not talk; and prove a faithful and obedient wife to her husband; if she prefers rye bread to white, she will be satisfied with her lot; if she does not gaze and stare at the visitors, she will be a wife that will not continually pry into her husband's business; and if she immediately proceeds to clean up the dishes after the meal, she will bring property to her husband and will be economical with his money.

Coffee

Coffee drinking is a much more modern custom than tea drinking. It was first practiced in Arabia about the middle of the fifteenth century, when the story goes that the chief of a company of dervishes noticed that his goats frisked and played all night long whenever on the previous day they had eaten of a shrub growing wild in the neighborhood. Finding it difficult to keep his disciples awake during their evening devotions, he prepared a beverage of the leaves or berries of this shrub, and it proved so helpful to the midnight pieties of the dervishes that from that time coffee came into use.

NEW CENTRAL

THE FOUR-TRUCK LINE

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