

OUR FASHION LETTER

A REVIEW OF SOME OF MISS RUSSELL'S GOWNS.

Coats and Wraps of Varied Designs
—Persian Lamb Jackets—Exercise
a Natural Cosmetic—Water a
Great Pariser.

If one were to sum up in one word gowns worn by Miss Annie Russell in her new play, "The Girl and the Judge," it would be "artistic," but besides that they are chic, the combinations makes them a delight to the eye. And when one understands the time and thought she puts into them



it throws light on the reason of them. "As a rule people have no idea how much time and thought go into my gowns," Miss Russell said, as she was putting on the gown that she wears in the first act when she goes to see the Judge. "I try always to have them help express my part, and be thoroughly in keeping, and also I know what I want and insist on having it. That is not always easy, for a dressmaker, of course, wants things to be the very newest, and may not always remember whether or not it fits the individuality of the wearer. I am a very strong believer in expressing individuality by one's gowns—as well as having them fit the part, but in order to do that it takes thought. For instance, because I could get better effects I wanted all the gowns I wear in the "Girl and the Judge" made of crepe de Chine. To my mind there is nothing like it for gracefulness and fit."

Miss Russell has shown originality in the first frock, which is for the street, because it is crepe de Chine made up on the wrong side. A silky sort of goods made in heavy tailor fashion did not at all meet with her ideas of approval, and to the astonishment of the maker she demanded that the wrong side of crepe be used. The result justified her. It has all the effect of cloth, but it hangs as only crepe can, and it does not begin to be as heavy as a wool frock would be. Cafe au lait in color, the skirt is formed by flat side plaits, with two cordings of brown at the bottom. The jacket is a triumph. The front stops just below the bust, hanging in straight lines, fullness made by three side plaits. Two twists of the crepe form a decoration at the edge of the front. The back of the jacket is also short, but a wide bodice belt holds it into the figure there and fastens under the front. That hat worn with it is moderately large, with a flat crepe lace covered brim, and a simple wreath of pink roses around the crown.

Light blue is the gown worn in the second act, where the "Girl" has shown such originality in arranging a home for her mother. Even a bachelor girl in a studio can get pointers from it. The little blue frock is of the kind that men characterize as "sweetly simple," and every woman knows what that means! Between the box plaits of the skirt are applied diamond shaped pieces of the same, those graduating to the waist. The bottom of the skirt finishes in a wide cluster of wide circular tucks. The same decoration is carried into the blouse waist, and a narrow tie of black velvet defines a gamp, and ends in two long strands, the only touch of contrasting color. The hat, for it is small, is trimmed with violets and a light blue bow.

How bothered Miss Russell was as to what to wear in the next act, with its midnight confessions of the mother, when the girl gets up from bed, only she can tell. It had to be peignoir effect, but to get that without suggestiveness was a problem that caused her many thoughts. What she designed, which is a model any woman would like to copy, is a long flowing garment of white liberty satin. The fullness is caught into the back at the waist, heading a long train, and in front the gown fastens under a great white rosette below the bust. The sleeves are really three-cornered capes, long and flowing.

The pretty white frock of the last act, when everything comes out right for the "Girl" and the Judge, is a work of art in the way of tucking. The soft material is tucked in panel effect, making the only break in the lines of the skirt. The body is bloused with a white embroidery on the front and over the shoulders, in which is the faintest touch of gold. The middle of the front is laced across with white satin bands. It is girlishness demure.

"Some persons have said," declared Miss Russell, "that I dress the part too expensively, considering that the Stantons are poor, but I do not think so. They have only just become poor, and were people who had been in good society in New York, and I take the position that a girl in that condition would have had nice frocks left over from her riches. I have tried to have what any smart girl would have who went to nice dressmakers, which is what Miss Stanton had been accustomed to."

Coats and Wraps.

Fur coats and wraps are not only in demand on account of the warmth they possess, but because they are made up so elaborately as to be purely decorative. The long coats do not come in this category, but the short jackets and the capes of various lengths. In sable or mink are some of the most novel designs of the season to be found, but combined with lace and other materials. An exceedingly popular, delightfully expensive and most effective sable wrap is in the shape of a loose Eton coat with wide sleeves and trimmed with double ruffles around the wrist being as wide as the sleeves themselves. There are revers and collar of the sable, the collar so cut that it can be worn turned up or down and the ruffles put in the front, full enough to form jabots. A muff to match is made of the sable with ruffles of the fur and with black and white lace ruffles showing inside of the fur ones. To wear with this cape and muff is a hat made of white velvet leaves, but with brim of sable turned up at the side and fastened with rhinestone buckles.

Persian lamb jackets and wraps are also made in every possible design, the fur being so pliable that it is treated like cloth or velvet. A charming little jacket is made of both the moire Persian and velvet—the body of the coat of the fur, the flaring sleeves of the velvet, but with long cuffs, or under sleeves, to speak more correctly of the fur. Moire Persian is used for panels and for applique trimming on velvet and cloth gowns, and then there is always an Eton jacket, a bolero or a cape of the same material. A very odd but effective gown is of ivory white cloth, trimmed with round medallions of black velvet and Persian lamb, each medallion surrounded with a narrow rim of black velvet or an outer rim of white satin. There is a short bolero of the Persian lamb trimmed with collar, flaring



cuffs and revers of white cloth with the applique medallions, and while it must be admitted the contrast is just a bit striking the gown is a charming one and a favorite model. It has been copied in black velvet, and is equally smart and not so strikingly conspicuous. Entire gowns of seal skin and Persian lamb have not yet made their appearance, but the long coats of the moire Persian are very popular. Made either to fit tightly or with loose sack effect, these are trimmed plain, as the case may be, and are always expensive garments.

Exercise as a Cosmetic.

All exercises that will tend toward good health will naturally improve the circulation and be beneficial for the complexion. At least two hours should be given daily to fresh air and sunshine. Long walks an hour before breakfast and an hour later in the day should be taken. The outdoor amusements, such as golf, tennis and cricket, are all recommended. It has been remarked that the most perfect health is found far from drug stores, and that the great cities, with their toilet artists and cosmetic vendors, have imported their most famous beauties from the rural districts. Queen Louise of Prussia was a daughter of a poor prince whose castle was a hunting lodge; Josephine Beauharnais of the First Empire passed her youth on a West Indian plantation; Inez de Castro, for whose sake the son of a Spanish king offered to renounce his right of succession, was raised in an humble country mansion. Camp life, frequent migrations, rambling in fields and woods evolve the gypsy girl whose charms used to be attributed to witchcraft. So it is that beauty, health and a good complexion are attainable through exercise and fresh air, temperate and regular living.

The total circulation of national banks at the close of business November 30 was \$359,720,711, an increase for the year of \$26,395,557, and a decrease for the month of \$1,865,428.

THE BEAUTIFUL DEEP BLUE SEA.

I love the sea, I love the sea,
I love the sea, I love the sea,
I love the sea, I love the sea,
I love the sea, I love the sea.

—Margaret Williams, in Ladies' Home Journal

LOST LETTERS.

Three days before the wedding, and Rachel Percy was kneeling in her boudoir, where a blood-red banner of lurid sunset light flamed and trembled among the scattered flowers and jewels—the chestnut white as the pallid marble, told a far different tale than that of a maiden's innocent prayer.

She was very beautiful, and dark, with the rich crimson of Jewish blood glowing in her veins.

"What shall I do?" she murmured, looking vaguely out across the sylvan beauty of the quiet park, all flooded with evening splendors. "O, merciful heavens! what is there left for me to do? To think that this blow should fall on me, at this moment of all others, just when the cup of fortune and happiness was so close to my lips! It is to live—to hard!"

She uttered a low groan, as her eyes fell on a crumpled half sheet of paper that lay on the floor beside her.

"My darling Rachel," it read, "don't let your surprise and pleasure at again hearing from me—and so unexpectedly too—quite overpower you. Meet me to-night at 7 at the weeping birch tree on the edge of the Lake Woods. If I do not see you, punctual to the moment, I shall take prompt measures to cultivate the acquaintance of the gentleman whom you are about to make happy."

"I was, devotedly, while the cash lasts," "MALCOLM."

And Rachel Percy shrouded her rich dress of shimmering purple silk, shot with golden gleams, in a somber black mantle, and stole down through the overhanging shadows of twilight, to the weeping birch tree, on the outermost verge of the woods, to meet the hard and merciless man who held her fate in his hands!

He was there before her, pacing up and down the smooth greensward, and glancing over and upon shrewdly at his watch, a tall, stylish-looking man. He nodded his head as Rachel swept down the narrow path.

"You haven't grown at all ugly, my dear Rachel," he said, in a light, mocking tone, as he bowed a ceremonious greeting. "Upon my word, you do the greatest credit to Mr. Herbert Montpensier's choice!"

"I did not come over to listen to this," said Rachel, coldly. "Why did you send for me?"

"To get money, Rachel, of course, since you will insist on coming directly to business."

"How much?"

"Well—just at present—say two thousand."

"I have not got it to give you," she answered, with desperate calmness. "I have already given you more, far more than I could spare."

He drew a couple of faded, time-worn letters from his pocket, and deliberately unfolded them.

"Very well—let it be just as you please, Miss Percy. Then I shall have the pleasure of a personal interview with Mr. Montpensier. He will, of course, be deeply interested in anything that appertains to you, your early correspondence included."

Rachel uttered a low, sobbing cry. "Give me the letters, Malcolm. Have you no mercy, no compassion?"

"Don't know what the words mean. I know what money means, and that is the extent of my knowledge, as far as you are concerned, Rachel, my dear. You would not marry me, you turned up your pretty nose at my manifold merits and hung me away. Now, my Queen of Hearts, I have it in my power to settle up various little accounts."

"Of course I would not marry you when I learned that you were a villain."

"Complimentary, my dear," nodded Wayne. "No, you wouldn't marry me, but you had previously written me some very pretty letters."

She fell on her knees with imploring eyes and clasped hands.

"Malcolm, as you hope for mercy, return those letters to me."

He raised his head with a sneering, exultant laugh.

"Bon soir! Rachel; pleasant dreams to you!"

Montpensier turned to her and exclaimed admiringly:

"How beautiful she is!"

Miss Percy's maid was sitting, half asleep, by the shaded lamp as her mistress entered, and started up at the click of the latch.

"You need not sit up any longer, Miss Percy," said the young lady, pleasantly. "I have letters to write, and when they are finished I will brush over my own hair."

"Thank you, Miss," said the sleepy hand-maid, very heartily, and Rachel Percy was left alone.

But she never opened her inland writing desk. For nearly an hour she sat in silence, waiting for every sound to die out within the house. Then, when all was hushed and still, she rose behind her silk draperies once more in the folds of the black cloak, she stole down stairs and out at a garden door, as noiselessly and light as a floating vapor.

The full moon still rode high in the violet dark heavens and the pathway down to the woods was nearly as light as day. In the copse, however, it was much darker, except where the white radiance flickered down through leaves and densely foliated branches, all sparkling and dripping with dew. Still she kept on, until the silver gleam of the river flashed between the tree trunks—kept on until she stood close to the treacherous bridge.

It was as she had thought. One or two boards had fallen from the flooring—the rail was gone. And leaning over the steep bank, Rachel's eager eye caught the white, ghastly gleam of something far below.

A narrow footpath wound down the abrupt declivity—Rachel hurried over the wet grass and sharp stones, heedless of her trailing dress and light slippers, until she reached the very shore of the river.

She was prepared for the ghastly sight; she had known what she was to behold; yet a chill of icy horror seemed to grasp her heart as Malcolm Wayne's dead face stared up into hers.

With a hand that trembled like the quivering aspen leaves, Rachel stooped and drew the fatal letters from his breast pocket, where she had seen them placed the evening before.

The light burned quietly beneath its shade as she once more entered her own room. She walked straight to the lamp, removed its globe and held the yellow letters above the white spire of flame—held them, until the last burning fragment scorched her lovely, slender fingers.

"Free! free at last!" she wailed, with her face buried in the pillows, and her heart throbbing with inexpressible thankfulness.

She was very pale the next morning when they told her at the breakfast table, of the dreadful fate that had overtaken some unknown traveler who had unwarily undertaken to cross the dangerous bridge!

"Is it not dreadful?" said Mrs. Montpensier.

"Yes, it is," said Herbert, "but I am sorry you told her, mother; I don't want the least shadow to cloud my Rachel's face the day before our wedding!"

But Rachel looked at him with a dewy sparkle in her eyes, that answered the happiness in his own heart; a sufficient guarantee that the coming day would be the brightest and happiest of all her life!—New York News.

Blanching Yellow Diamonds.

The discovery of diamonds in South Africa led indirectly to some clever deceit by the dealers. Many of the South African diamonds have a straw tint, which has an unfavorable effect on their price, especially as experts believe it will become more decided the longer the stones are exposed to the air. Some of the more knowing dealers discovered that by subjecting the straw-tinted diamonds to a bath of certain acids the objectionable color was removed and the gems became pure white. A number of diamonds so treated were sold in Paris and Berlin, and brought higher prices than they would if they had retained their original color.

After exposure to the action of the air for a certain time the original color returns, but by that time they have passed out of the dealers' hands. The fraud was soon found out by the trade and they now guard against impositions of such character by means of various tests. Of these the most generally used are the hot water bath or friction. If a dried stone be left in hot water a few minutes it resumes its original hue; or if the gem be rubbed sharply on a towel, or even on the coat sleeve, its normal color can be detected. These tests are simple and efficacious and are in daily use.—Fall Mail Gazette.

Dangers of Athletes.

"There is very great danger of an athlete dying of lung trouble if he over ceases his sports," said Prof. A. C. Matthews. "In athletic exercises large lungs are required, and they become inflated beyond their natural size. If the athlete ceases his practice and adopts anything approaching a sedentary life the lungs, falling largely into disuse easily decay and the result is quick consumption. It is frequently the case that young men in college who are athletic leaders, after graduation go into stores, offices or counting rooms, and in a few years die of consumption. Every one is surprised and it is said 'such a strong, healthy man when he left college. Who would have thought he would die with consumption?' Must have been hereditary. As a matter of fact, he brought it upon himself by failing to keep up the practices that expanded his lungs."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

What We Furnish Parlor For.

The Wife—"How do you like the parlor, John?"

The Husband—"It is beautiful. Those chairs are very inviting." (Sits down.)

The Wife—"Get out of that chair immediately. After all my trouble in fixing up the room you go and sit down in it the first thing! Just like a man!"—New York Press.

He Promised.

Old Canem—"Now, Willie Warple, how is it you're late again? Answer me, sir."

Willie Warple (trembling)—"A new baby came to—our house this morning, sir."

Old Canem—"Hunt. Well, don't let it occur again." (Willie promised.)

Shouldn't—Comic Cuts.

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