

OUR FASHION LETTER.

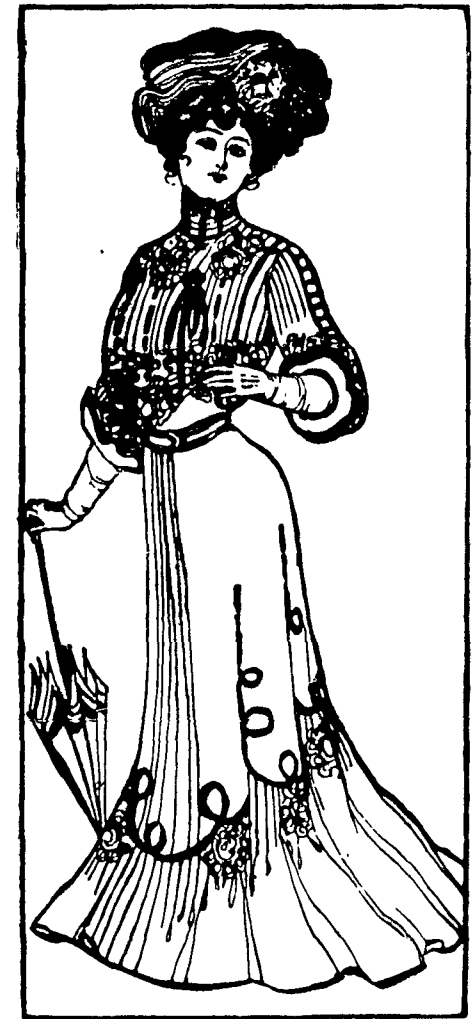
Linen and Gingham For Swell Morning Gowns.

HOW THEY MAY BE TRIMMED.

For Evening Wear There Are Light Colored Taffetas Softened by Lace Applique—Long Wraps to Be Popular—Gossip About Dress Trifles.

For morning wear at summer resorts entire dresses will be worn much more than shirt waists.

Gowns made of ecru linen will be cut blouse fashion and worn with belts and stocks of different pale colors. Gowns of glace linen will be popular.



GRASS LINEN GOWN.

principally in pink and blue. They will be trimmed with bands of Russian embroidery and are rather tailor made in effect, being trimmed with many rows of stitching as well as strappings.

Blouse and skirt costumes of pongee are very useful and becoming. They can be washed like cotton.

Silk gingham is another material which lends itself to the morning costume. Made up with a tucked blouse waist, three-quarter length sleeves and a belt of beading with a ribbon run through, this makes a dainty dress. Unlined dresses of dotted muslin made with elbow sleeves are very cool looking for hot days.

A pretty grass linen gown is here shown. The waist is laid in tucks. There is a bolero effect headed and edged by wide ecru applique. The tops of the sleeves are tucked, and they terminate at the elbows with wide cuffs. The skirt has a tucked front panel and a tucked circular ruffle. The entire dress is trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon.

The hat which goes with this is of ecru straw trimmed with black and white tulle and an ecru ostrich feather.

Silks and Chiffons. Light colored taffetas are being much used for evening wear. A recent ex-



A SMART RUFFLE.

ample was a pink taffeta softened by applications of heavy ecru lace. The waist gouched both back and front. The sleeves and yoke were entirely of lace insertion, which also went down the skirt and spread at the bottom in intricate veinings.

Foulard is not so popular as in former seasons. Plain materials are more fashionable. When foulard is used, it is usually of the satin finished variety in pale, almost indistinct, colorings.

Pongee is being made into dressy gowns, contrary to the custom of former seasons. It is trimmed with pale blue or deep red or else lace and chiffon in the same ecru shade. Worn with an ecru lace hat and a lace umbrella, the pongee costume is becoming.

ed chiffon with a straw crown. The neck ruffle is of dotted net, with a cape effect formed of three ruffles and two ends shirred in three places. It is trimmed with narrow velvet ribbons run through beading.

New Long Garments. Long wraps are very popular this summer. They are made of unlined silk and are most useful to protect light costumes from the dust. Long coats of pongee are trimmed with heavy brown lace and softened with chiffon ties of the same tint.

Coats of blue, brown and gray taffeta are newer than the black ones and are considered very smart. Motre unlined makes an ideal wrap, as it has body and looks rich.

Long coats of lace with linings of accordion plaited chiffon are used for carriage and very dressy wear.

The loose box plaited coat sloping at the waist line has gone out of fashion as far as really smart people are concerned. It was at best an exaggerated garment and not in good taste.

Three-quarter length box coats are being worn by tall women, to whom the full length loose coat seems too trying.

The smart evening gown illustrated is made of silk grenadine. The skirt



GRENADEINE EVENING GOWN.

has four ruffles headed by a fanciful application composed of tucks and lace. The waist has a toothed bolero over a full blouse of tucking. The elbow sleeves have underpuffs. There is a carriage decoration of differently shaded roses.

Fashion Decreases Pale Colors.

All tints of rose will undoubtedly be much worn this summer, but the paler and more delicate blues will be the most fashionable. Blue and green in the very palest tints will be smart, and the combination of black and white or of delicate mauve with either black or white lace will be used on many costumes.

Cottage roses and wild roses are seen on many of the most costly hats. Chrysanthemum straw and dainty satin straws are deservedly popular, and in many cases these straw hats are simply trimmed with a wreath of flowers.

The pearl cabochon has been imitated so that it can be now purchased for a few cents; therefore it will soon disappear from smart millinery. The on-fully is also being imitated so successfully that women will no longer have the excuse of wearing the real article. Sashes are to be as popular as ever.



LIBERTY SATIN WAIST.

only the bows are to be more complicated, with many knots and more than two ends.

The pretty waist in the cut is made of liberty satin. It has a double bolero effect, with chiffon front and undersleeves. It is trimmed with heavy gulfure lace. JUDIC CHOLLET.

It Wouldn't Work.

"I found," said the man who frequents the races, "that I seemed to win every second day, so I made up my mind to take a fresh start and bet only every second day."

"And how did you come out?" "Well, I think I must have started the scheme on the wrong day."—Chicago Post.

THE METAMORPHOSES.

"If you pursue and vex me so, into a convent I will go. And sweet contentment ever know."

"If you become a nun 'tis clear That I a monk must soon appear To hear the nun's confession, dear."

"If you become a monk then I Down to the pool will quickly fly, And with the carp secured die."

"If you become a carp my pet, A fisherman will spread his net, And so, you see, I'll catch you yet."

"If you discover me concealed, I'll be a red rose in the field, And never to your arts will yield."

"If you come back a blushing rose, I'll be a gardener, I suppose, And pluck my darling as she grows."

"A gardener you? Then I a star Will shine upon you from afar, And laugh to think how vexed you are."

"If you become a star, my sweet, I, as white cloud at your feet, Will follow you until we meet."

"Then let our wanderings suffice: Her take my heart, you've paid the price In leading me to Paradise." —French Folk Song, in Chicago Post.

BUNKDOWN BOB'S BOARD BILL.

Within the year three things had happened at Squawhollow that had never happened there before. It had, so to speak, been born anew. That is, it had been incorporated by legislative act. It had erected a new court house and jail. Lastly, it was head over heels in debt.

Amid the glories of its new existence as a miniature city, the heads of its officials swelled so rapidly that the Mayor and Council soon ordered larger and finer hats—silk ties mostly. As for the city marshal, Suberon in all his splendor would have had to take a loan seat had his ancient lines been projected within the modern influence of Squawhollow's municipal radiance. At least that is about the way Pete Turner felt as he swung his hat and aired his new blue regimentals before an admiring public.

But the new born city like the existing village remained persistently poor. For a month or more the brand new steel cage in the brand new jail had been swung by Pete to apprehend visitors; but it was always empty. This grew monotonous. People at last hinted strange things. Some grew sarcastic. Few wanted to know what was the use of such a costly structure anyhow. Pete was in despair. Might they not at least begin to question the utility of his own high office?

Such a contingency was too dreadful to be thought of long at a time. More over the emoluments of his office depended largely upon fees. Fees would not materialize without arrests and prosecutions, and as yet Marshal Turner had been able to swing his haton only through the empty air. There was no tramp shoe sales to rap, no drunks to drag into the lockup—not even a stray dog to shoot betimes.

"If somebody don't do something pretty quick," he growled to the Mayor one evening as they watched a "down freight" slow up in passing the station, "blame me if I don't arrest myself."

But at that very moment fate was preparing to be more kind than hitherto. A box car door was stealthily opened and a bundle of human beings dropped itself almost at the city marshaling feet.

The train passed on. The new arrival looked battered, tattered, frosty and tired. Fifth enveloped him like a garment. He reeled as he walked while his breath suggested rum, garbage and general decomposition.

"Stealing rides, eh?" said Pete as he called the tramp. "Well, you've sorted 'em down into the wrong town." "Then he walked him off to the brand new jail."

"Inasmuch," continued His Honor blandly, "as Squawhollow has not completed her workhouse, the prisoner is unable to pay his fine will be incarcerated in the county jail for the same period."

This allusion to the fiction of Squawhollow's probable workhouse was one of the pleasantries which, though not good, did cheer the prisoner's back and ushered him into the brand new cage as gayly as if he were accompanied by an angel to St. Peter's gate.

"Tell you what, boys," remarked he that same night to a group of political huns. "Jailer Jones krowed last week hat he'd get a sinner. Nothing to do but pocket his pay every month. Beckon I've changed the tune. That ragrant can't pay a nickel. He'll serve us time and Jones' wife will have to look his vittles. Makes me feel good all over. Squawhollow's no place for ramps, now we've got the new cage up."

As the days rolled by Bunkdown Bob worried not, but made himself comfortable. Three meals a day, a warm bed to sleep in, no work to do and a hard winter coming on, presented a combination of fortune's favors that was quite as alluring as they had been hitherto inaccessible.

When his first month of official service as boarder of the city's prisoner was up, Jailer Jones walked round to the city treasurer's office and presented his account. The treasurer looked over the items.

"H-m-m-m! Flour, cornmeal, sugar, coffee—what's this, rye? I hope you don't mean whiskey, Mr. Jones. Whiskey for a prisoner? Why, that is scandalous."

to get on a boom shortly, and we war even the prisoners to look peart and sane."

Jailer Jones rapped his hands down in his empty pockets as he went back to the jail immersed in gloomy cogitations.

"Sarah," said he to his wife, "we've got to wait another month for our board money. Don't you give that fellow but two meals a day from this on. Pity I can't hire him out to work."

Sarah seemingly assented. But she was kind hearted, and Bunkdown Bob received about as much to eat as before. He was an adept at the art of condensing the full substance of three square meals into two—or for that matter one, were it necessary.

When month number two had expired Jailer Jones again presented himself and his account to the treasurer.

"Good Lord, man!" snapped that official wrathfully. "How can I pay you when I can't pay myself? There is not five dollars to the city's credit yet and what is more, I fear there won't be before we all reach the poor house."

Jailer Jones looked aghast. He could not understand a condition of things hat had treated officials, but apparently no fees.

"See here," he argued. "I can't live and run the jail on wind. Haven't some of the other fellows got their pay yet?"

"None to speak of. Pete Turner wants to resign, and the Mayor swears he will sue the city for his salary."

"Drown me if I don't turn that prisoner loose," quoth Jailer Jones in high jubileon.

This he attempted to do, but Bunkdown Bob peremptorily declined to be turned loose.

"D'youse think I'm a dorn'd fool?" said he, thrusting his head out from between the blankets of the bunk. "Here it is almost Christmas, cold as blue-blazes and foot of snow on the ground to chase yourself. I've got four months to serve, and I'm goin' to serve 'em, see."

Then he curled himself for another snooze.

Jailer Jones went to the Mayor. "Your Honor," said he, "I want to resign. That cussed tramp over there at the jail is eating me out of house and home."

"Why don't you turn him loose?" "He won't go. Swears he'll serve his time anyhow. I can't let him starve in jail, yet the infernal town won't feed neither of us."

In this dilemma the City Solicitor was consulted.

"Can I kick the fellow out?" asked Jailer Jones, after the situation had been explained.

"Yes, you could. But suppose he brought suit against you for assault and against the town for damages because of breach of contract? Awkward situation, don't you see? We fellows won't be able to draw our pay for several months, anyhow. We cannot afford to feed this lazy but useful animal nor dare we kick him out. I don't see anything for it but some kind of a compromise."

Next morning a group of three presented themselves before Bunkdown Bob, hats in hand and with due humility.

"Wot yer givin' us?" exclaimed Bob, in disgust, after the city's case had been stated. "D'youse think I'm goin' to turn out in such weather as this?"

"Come, now," suggested the solicitor, airily. "Perhaps we can make it worth your while. What will you take to jump on the next down freight that bumps along?"

"Wouldn't be wuth less nor two hundred dollars."

"Man, you are crazy. You are lucky to get off as it is. Take a double X and skip out."

Bunkdown Bob knew how to haggle, and he came down to fifty dollars, only after half an hour's hot argument.

The town officials nearly bankrupted themselves to raise the amount, but breathed more freely after Bunkdown Bob had departed from the tall end of a departing cattle car.

"So long, gent!" he cried. "You may look for me back again about next December."

"If he shows up in a century, let us bury him alive," quoth the Mayor.

"Amen!" was the general response fervently uttered. William Perry Brown.

TRAGEDY OF WAR.

THREE MEN TRIED TO ANNIHILATE AN ARMY.

The Mad Scheme of a Trio of Virginians to Wreak Vengeance on a Whole Division of Northern Cavalrymen.

In a swampy country graveyard five miles from Floyd Court house, Va. are buried William Bordunx, John McMasters and Owen Lewis on the spot where Union bullets laid them low. Their graves have sunk and are almost concealed by rank calmos weeds. Cut on the face of one of the headstones which have almost fallen over, the neglected graves, is the following simple inscription: "William Bordunx. Born January 16, 1840. Died May 24, 1865." The two others have similar inscriptions. In that is a lated mountainous country, forty miles from the nearest railroad, their names are famous. They were the last men slain in the war of the rebellion. Forty-three days after the surrender of General Lee they gave their lives on the altar of the dead Confederacy. Nor is it the fact that they were the last men killed in the rebellion in that community. History does not record the battle in which they were killed.

THE ENGAGEMENT took place May 23, 1865 or forty-three days after the close of the late conflict. It was a most daring attack of rebel soldiers on northern troops. It was also disastrous to the entire attacking party, every one of them being killed. After General George Stoneman's return to Greensboro, N. C., from his Knoxville expedition, he was ordered to take command of Thompson's cavalry and advance eastward and destroy the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, now the Norfolk and Western. On March 20th he started on this expedition, but turned north at Boone N. C. Entering the valley at New River, in Virginia, he captured Wytheville and continued along the railroad, destroying it nearly to Lynchburg. On this raid he laid waste miles of adjoining country. As this had been the first invasion of northern troops into Floyd and Wythe counties, the inhabitants of them were very bitter against General Stoneman. The more the raid was talked of the morbidly became the spirit of the troops, and many were

THE THREATS MADE against Stoneman and his troopers. William Beaden who gave the writer the facts while standing at Bordunx's grave said that a secret organization, whose object was to be revenged on General Stoneman, was formed directly after the surrender of General Lee of all the young men who had not previously taken active part in the war and of rebel soldiers home on leave of absence. In the meantime Stoneman continued on his raid, which ended at Salisbury, N. C., a rebel prison camp, three days after General Grant's victory. Instead of remaining in North Carolina, as he had been ordered by General Sherman, he left and entered Jonesboro, in the eastern part of Tennessee, April 18, where he received the news of Lee's surrender. All this time the ranks of the secret organization in Floyd and Wythe counties had been considerably increased in numbers by the enlistment of discharged soldiers from Lee's disbanded army, when the news arrived that Stoneman and his cavalry would pass through Floyd county on his way to Washington, wiser and older heads tried to prevail on the younger enthusiasts to abandon their

PLAN OF REVENGE, but with apparently little or no effect. On May 18 Stoneman, with 5,000 cavalry, 10,000 infantry and twenty-three guns, started on a 100-mile march over the mountains to the Virginia and Tennessee railroad at Christiansburg, to embark for Washington. Mounted couriers of Floyd county's little army were immediately dispatched from different sections to inform the recruits in outlying districts of the movements of Stoneman's army and to notify them to gather at Floyd court house under arms. It was the intention of the foremost in the scheme to secret the men in different parts of the town and neighborhood, and at the appearance of the army to fire upon them from their places of concealment and thus harass the northerners for a distance of ten miles on each side of the town. Early in the morning of May 23, 200 ex-Confederate soldi and recruits had arrived at the town. As the day advanced and no new arrivals were reported they became disheartened and desertions were numerous. Another hour passed and the advanced guard of Stoneman's army was reported within ten miles of Floyd Courthouse. By the time the information was received about 100 men, all that remained of the bold band, were concealed along the highway. But as soon as the Federal column

HOVE IN SIGHT the self-appointed protectors of Floyd county deserted—except the three men whose graves I have described. Nerved by drink and a sense of injury they boasted that they would exterminate the hole of Stoneman's army. In another hour the head of the army appeared at the outskirts of the village. By this time the three men were crazed by liquor and in marching order, with Bordunx in the lead, acting as commander, boldly advanced to meet the great army of Stoneman with a little fear as did David to battle with the mighty Goliath of the Philistines. When within a stone's throw of the front of the column they entered a field thickly grown with bushes. The march of the three men was watched with interest by the inhabitants of the town, who had turned out in full force to see the army pass. They had no idea the hosts of the men were more than idle threats. After entering the field Bordunx halted

his followers, and greatly to the amusement of the Union troops, put them through drill. They were greeted with good-natured cries from the soldier, giving the rebel war cry of "Yip yip, yah." Finally Bordunx gave the order to aim and then to fire, at the same time suiting the action to the word.

THE AMAZEMENT of the Unionists can be imagined when two of their number fell seriously wounded. Before they had fully recovered from their surprise another volley was fired, wounding others. The three men hastily retreated. The town was searched, but they were not found, as they had gone further down the road. The army moved forward, and a mile from town was again fired upon, this time from ambush. The order was given to capture them alive, and they were charged upon by at least 500 men, but were not taken, as they apparently knew the rough country well. Another mile and three more Union soldiers fell under their aim. Two miles further on three others fell out of the ranks and were carried to the roadside to await the arrival of the ambulance. The three avengers hastened forward and found concealment in a graveyard beside the highway. Here they waited again for Stoneman's army. The troops were ordered to fire if another assault was made. They advanced nervously for the fifth time. Suddenly the crack of three rifles was heard, and the roar of 500 muskets answered it. The mad Virginians fell riddled with bullets and were buried where they fell. This was the last blood shed in the war.

FEMININE OBSERVER. The greatest men are the simplest. There is no greater disaster in love than the death of the imagination. Annual sales of white have come to take the place of real, out-of-doors snow storms. Cruelty always grows more cruel as it tries to satisfy itself. A man is often lucky when he fails to get what he wants. A good paymaster never wants workmen. Opportunity takes a mean advantage of most people by going around disguised. The first gray hair is bad enough, but the last one is worse. Many persons fancy they are cultured when, in fact, they are only bookish. Don't drink a hot beverage just before going out. A girl admires extravagance in the young man she isn't going to marry. Greatness magnifies a man's mistakes. Hope has golden wings and eyes that bore through mountains of difficulty. To keep the air in a sick room very pure wet a cloth in limewater and hang it in the room. Contentment is always perched on the round of the ladder just above you. If you are never guilty of follies you are not quite so wise as you imagine. Love carries an influence which antagonizes self-opinion and sways the destiny of men and women. People seldom tell you how much of how little they think of you. The best solution to the servant girl problem is not to have any. Blessings in disguise are responsible for a lot of profanity. The average man finds it much easier to pay compliments than debts. It's the hardest thing in the world to understand why other people are not satisfied. Many a man who tries to be a racial finds he is only capable of being fool. Says a pessimist: You've got friends to burn when you've got money to do the same thing with. Reputation may be a bubble, but the best is ever made by a blower. Grecian noses have given place in favor to retrouse ones, golden hair to brown and delicate figures to the athletic sort. It takes some people a long time to find out that the world isn't sighing when they happen to feel blue. The first thing a wise man learns is to dodge an interrogation point. If canines are eaten at all they should be eaten immediately at the close of luncheon or dinner and then only in small quantities. That even the smallest scraps of bread may be died and powdered and have innumerable uses in dainty cookery. The average parvenu uses his memory to forget things as well as to remember them. Now, wouldn't this be a hard world if we were obliged to do all the things we tell other people we would do if we were in their place? The grammar of "speaking eyes" is never questioned. In selecting a new home more attention should be paid to the plumbing than to the white marble steps and vestibule. English pottery, with Dutch mottoes seems an anomaly and rather incongruous, but the effect is quaint and attractive. Candlesticks with strange birds appeal to the eye. A man of few words and many deeds is like a garden of many vegetables and few weeds. There is many an antique head upon modern shoulders. The stern realities of life are not as devastating to the domestic archer as the frivolities. To listen to another woman's conversation frequently teaches you what not to say. A nippy day is as bad for the nose as it is good for the cheeks. Plain round muffs are the sanest investment.