

OUR FASHION LETTER.

All Black or All White Gowns For Evening.

MUSLINS ARE MUCH BELACED.

Taffeta Has Been Revived For Dust Coats, Evening Wraps and Dressy Gowns—Some Odd Fads of the Prevailing Fashion.

An all black or an all white gown is charming in the midst of an assemblage of gay colors. Some of the black dresses this year resemble coats of mail on account of the large number of steel and jet paillettes that are being used in tulle form over an underdress of close plaited black chiffon. A great many appliques and hand embroidered embroideries appear on the muslins and batistes.

There are some dainty pompadour designs in taffeta, the taffeta being of so soft a make that it looks like cologne. It is, in fact, a sort of compromise between the two and has the merit of being fairly serviceable, which



MUSLIN PICTURE GOWN.

Is more than can be said of the silk muslins which are so fashionable this year.

The pretty muslin gown in the illustration is made with a Romney tulle of white chiffon and wide sleeve ruffles of the same material. The waist has a transparent yoke of chiffon and lace, and the lace on the sleeves is cut out in order to show the arm underneath. The skirt is very full around the bottom and has a long train. It is trimmed with a full ruffle headed by a wide banding of the lace. The shepherdess hat is of white straw trimmed with pink roses.

About Lace Blouses.

Lace blouses trimmed with taffeta are being made to go with taffeta skirts. This is a convenient fashion if not always a becoming one.

Alpaca is a material which never disappears from fashion's list, and there are all sorts of pretty designs in the finer makes, such as narrow, pin stripes, spots, etc. Brown, blue and black alpaca are always charming and are quite indispensable for dull days and for traveling purposes. Dust coats have grown more and more gorgeous. They are voluminous and in cut resemble the Japanese. Some of the



WASP AND FANCY COLLAR.

Best are of taffeta, though those in ecru and black are very smart and practical. These garments are trimmed with gold and silver tassels and black and white crepe de chine. Some of the empire coats in ecru and black are trimmed with gold and silver tassels and black and white crepe de chine. Some of the empire coats in ecru and black are trimmed with gold and silver tassels and black and white crepe de chine.

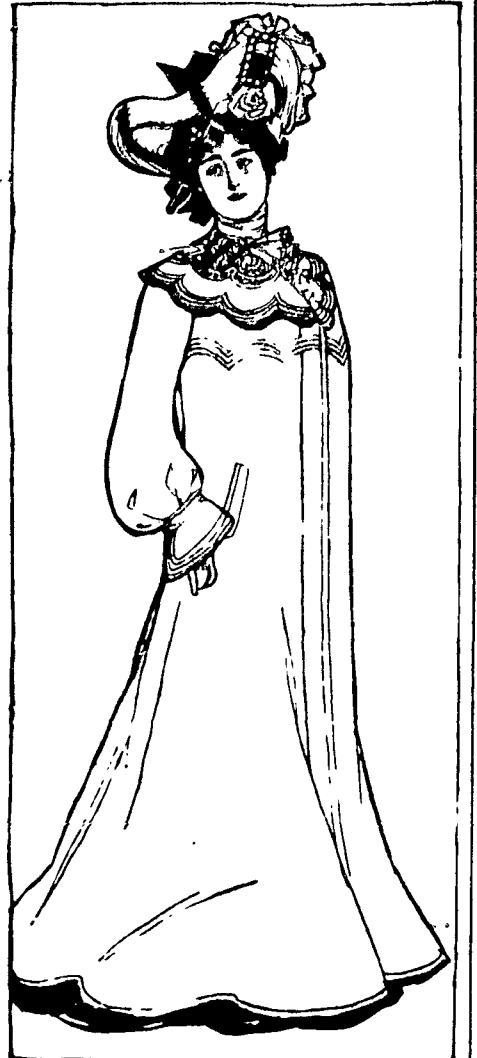
ly revived as they are today by up to date costumiers.

A pretty waist, hat and collar are here shown. The hat is of chiffon ruffled trimmed with an egret and an ostrich tip. The waist is of pale blue crepe de chine trimmed with bands of mochin lace. The collar is of ring spotted net and valencienne insertion.

Smart Dust Coats.

Dust coats of glace silk are being much used. They have the advantage of being suitable for evening wear as well and will stand a shower of rain with no evil effects.

Smart dust cloaks in a poppy shade or red are cut Japanese fashion, but ornamented with a collar and turned back cuffs of lace. The addition of a



TAFFETA DUST COAT

lace collar may sound incongruous, but it is very becoming, and it tones down the vivid color near the face.

Truly taffeta has had a revival in its favor. Smart evening dress dust coats and evening wraps are made of it. They are mostly in plain colors, and very few of the old fashioned shots have appeared, though they are still procurable and certainly take wonderful lights and shades. In the matter of colorings fashion is very decided this year. She likes them bright and mixes them in a most indiscriminate way and not always in the best taste.

A very useful dust cloak is here shown. It is made of taffeta silk, with an empire yoke, a scalloped turnover collar faced with lace and full sleeves gathered into a flare cuff. The garment is unlined.

Chiffon Picture Hats. Chiffon picture hats in pale shades are as much worn as ever. They are invariably trimmed with lace, either plain or jeweled.

There is an attempt to revive mitts and openwork gloves of fine silk. A tulle



OF PALE BLUE MULL.

boa decorated with petals of flowers to match those worn in the hat is another pretty and dainty mode of the hour.

Silk mull is one of the most popular fabrics for dressy gowns. It is extremely inexpensive and makes up like chiffon. Gowns of this description are made with many tucks. The waists are banded with tiny insertions, and the skirts have long trains made very full, with many ruffles.

Louis Quinze slippers of patent leather with oval gold buckles are considered the smart thing to wear with these thin summer gowns. The gown shown is of pale blue mull. It is cut decollete and has a triple ruffle of the goods, ending in a stole effect. The waist blouses a trifle all the way around. The skirt has a lace yoke. It is tucked perpendicularly and is finished around the bottom with three narrow ruffles edged with lace.

JURIN CHOLLER.

The Surprised Sabot.

A STORY

With a Moral—Never Make a Thief of an Honest Man.

"Some years ago," said a Kensington manufacturer of cloth, "I found that my mill was being robbed, once or twice a month a piece of finished goods would disappear. As the thefts were all from the finishing room, suspicion naturally pointed to the hands there and after a long while of amateur detecting I felt pretty sure I had my man. Yet I had no evidence against him, nor could I, to save my soul, get hold of any. I just suspected him, you know. So one day I tested his honesty. On pay day you must understand such hands' money is given him in a sealed envelope, on which is written his time, his rate per hour, and the amount due. Well, there was due this man twelve dollars, and in his envelope put twenty-two dollars—ten dollars too much. So I had expected, he said nothing. So I discharged him.

"This man had worked for me eight years. Times were hard and he had to be let go for eight or nine months. He moved away with his family. Scarcely had he moved away when the thefts which had ceased for nearly a year, began once more. Once more I turned detective, this time with better luck, for I caught the thief, and I traced every piece of cloth he had stolen. The man discharged was innocent, save in the case of the ten dollars.

"One of the manufacturer's small auditors spoke gravely. 'Yes, you did it clever thing. You made a thief of an honest man. You played in an honest man's way an almost unquarrelable temptation when one considers the size of the salary you paid him up. The Bible, I think, says something somewhere about such deeds, and you are promised your reward.'

The 1762 Military Expedition. Some published reference in the Hartford Times to a mostly forgotten military expedition from this country in 1762 when we were colonies of Great Britain—to Havana, produced an old manuscript, written by Andrew Hillier of Salmon Brook, Granby. It some seventy-three years ago in which the writer succinctly relates his experience in that expedition. The old document, which is in the possession of one of the three Healey brothers of this city, is a neat and plain handwriting, notwithstanding the writer's graying and many hardships which have impaired his constitution. In 1760 he went with an expedition under General Amhurst, against Canada then in the hands of the French. In 1762 the expedition under Lord Albemarle against Havana, sailed. It was so long in reaching Havana that the men, of landing after their long deprivation of all but salt food, knelt down to smel the fresh earth. Havana was taken, and Great Britain held it for two years when it was ceded back to Spain. If the document above referred to, written by himself a short time before he died, he said:

"In the year 1760 I was a soldier in Colonel Lyman's regiment, when Canada was taken from the French by Gen Amherst. I was about fifteen years old.

"In 1762 I was a soldier in Lyman's regiment, at the taking of Havana, by Lord Albemarle. Soldiers died by the fever. Of the fourteen that went from Salmon Brook only two of us returned.

Andrew Hillier was born in 1743 and died in 1828. He was graduated at Yale College in 1770.

A promising schoolboy recently wrote the following composition on Spring: 'His sentiments will accord with the views of a large majority of readers:

"Spring, like salt, pepper and mustard, is a season. It is called Spring because that is its name, and it comes like the 4th of July, only once a year. Of all the seasons of the year, Spring of the year is most apt to come before summer, unless it is winter, because folks has to winter ash and more in the winter. This makes it rather tough. Our folks moved this spring because they sold our house. It was a board house with a cellar and setting-room and fetched 2 thousand 7 hundred and 50 dollars, so that we cleared two 000\$ by the sell. We board now in a private family, and pay seven dollars a week a piece, and each one has a biled egg a piece when eggs is biled awaiting for real estate to come down so that we can buy another building cheap. The profits on houses is higher than any spring ever known in months before. But spring is not spring as it used to be. It seems to me it has sprung a leak, the clouds is so squeezed out like a sponge—especially if any one goes to paint his house and lot. Still, as I said before, there is no place like Spring in the spring-time unless it is thanksgiving or Christmas, but I had rather go to fishing than either one when aggit worms are so plenty."

Two True Stories.

Our dog, Sport, a clever, black and tan, was the pet of the family.

He had many playthings, among which was a large, solid, rubber ball with which he played continually.

Being too small (and also too much petted) to be a watch dog, we succeeded in securing from one of our friends a large St. Bernard.

Both dogs then shared the fun of the ball, which roused the jealousy of Sport.

One day, seeing the ball on the floor, he began playing with it as usual, and ran upstairs with it. We searched all over for the ball but after that day could not find it nowhere.

Two years have passed and our St. Bernard was killed.

A few days after his death, we were surprised by seeing Sport playing with his ball.

A Great Rabbit Hunter.

Several years ago we owned a fine large, grey cat. He was fond of hunting and would often bring his game to us, and we were very proud of him.

One evening we were telling a visitor about his hunting excursions and mentioned the fact that he had caught a rabbit the day before. The cat, who was in the room and who had listened very earnestly to this, got up and walked to the door, and asked us, cat fashion, to let him out. We opened the door and thought no more of him.

Later in the evening when our visitor was going away, and the door was again opened, there was the cat in front of the doorway with a rabbit in his mouth, dead but still warm—almost as large as himself. He dropped it and looked up in the visitor's face as much as to say: "I want to show you that they were telling the truth about me."—O. K.

Teacher—What led Columbus to conclude that the world was round? Bright boy—Well, his experience with it proved that it was anything but square.

FROM THE TOP OF MOUNT PROSPECT.

On every side the solemn mountains rise, Green-robed in sturdy oak and rustling vine. And silver brood'ring birch, to meet the sky's Curved turquoise, glowing in the bright sunshine.

Across them move the shadows of the clouds, Deep purple, and the tree-tops toss and sway, Wind-swept, and on the ear the murmur crowds Of myriad leaves, each with the air at play.

Beneath, the trembling mirror of the lake, Lilies spread, and sparkles in the sun's warm gleam, And, all across, some vanished vessel's wake

Winds snake-like, and a wave-banked bank doth seem

'Gainst the gray rock that crowns Mount Prospect's height

The harbell swings, the daisy lifts its face, Gold-eyed, each crevice holds a fern-plant light.

And, waiting all the lichens' dainty lace? White-moths, and black, blue-spotted butterflies.

Flit everywhere, and everywhere is seen Beauty of great and little, till the eyes Are, thau, who best all, until we all

"The King in all his beauty," we will never Be satisfied by any earthly show Of beauty in the earth, the sea, the air! For beauty, whosoever it may be found, Is but the shadow of Thy perfect face. Our souls must enter Heaven's inmost bound, And find in Thee their destined resting place.

—Georgia Benedict.

A HOLIDAY TRAGEDY.

All my life I had been—well, not exactly a woman hater, but a firm believer in the idea that man is the lord of creation, and that woman is not an absolute necessity. For many years it was my proud boast that I was able to dispense with feminine aid and yet live a very enjoyable life, as, with clockwork regularity, I went from my bachelor lodgings to business each morning, returning in the afternoon and spending the evening at the club or some place of amusement. The idea of having a lady companion in my rambles never entered my head.

True, my landlady (good old soul) prepared my meals and cleaned my rooms, but that was because I had not time to do it myself, and a man servant was beyond my means. But in all else I dispensed with woman's aid. Boot cleaning, sewing buttons on, lighting the fire, were all done with my own hands, and, at a pinch, I have even washed a pocket handkerchief.

I desired to stand forth as a living example of the original Adam and a proof of the superfluity of the modern Eve. But my misguided companions refused to profit by my teachings or to follow my example. One by one they fell under female influence, one by one they married, and then I cut them dead. Ah! those free Bohemian days were happy ones, as a year after year I pursued my adopted course, in spite of the continual falling off of my comrades. Then came a time when my circle of acquaintances had decreased so considerably that I began to feel lonely. Bachelor evenings were more difficult to find than ever. To loneliness succeeded melancholy, and I grew miserable and pessimistic.

One friend, to whom I had laid bare my woes, said:

"You keep to yourself too much. What you ought to do is to lodge with some family where there are two or three grown up daughters. They would wake you up a bit."

This, to me, the hitherto ideal advocate of an Eveless Eden! And yet, after the advice had been tendered several times, I began to think that such a change might be beneficial. Such a course need not involve the rendering up of one's femininity, but, as woman still formed a part of the world, she might at least contribute to my amusement. So, after very serious consideration, I decided to seek fresh apartments, with slight society thrown in.

Now my troubles commenced. I could not make the direct inquiry, "Have you any grown up daughters?" So I generally viewed the rooms, listened to the landlady's verbiage, settled the rent, and then casually asked, "Have you any children?" and the reply would be, "Yes, four, five or six" (as the case might be); "the eldest is ten years old and the youngest two months. But they are as good as gold, and never make a bit of noise."

The numberless journeys I made and the many desultory conversations I listened to were all to no purpose. No one appeared to possess grown up daughters—the eldest was always ten. Just when I was about to abandon my search, fortune—or was it fate?—led me to Myrtle Villa, Paradise Gardens, Upper Dulwich. The door was opened by a vision of loveliness, faultlessly dressed and with bright blue eyes and golden hair. "Newly married," thought I, "well, here at least the eldest won't be ten!" She invited me in, and then disappeared; a middle aged lady entering directly after, we proceeded to discuss terms. Then came the inevitable inquiry as to children.

"I have two grown up daughters, the youngest of whom opened the door for you."

At last! Need I say that, within a week, I was installed in Myrtle Villa? The landlady (a widow) was a genial, homely woman, and the youngest daughter, Annie, aged twenty-five, I have already described, but the other daughter, Julia, did not impress me favorably. She was neither good looking nor pleasing, and, without being exactly bad tempered, always insisted upon having her own way.

I now seemed to be in a new world. My boots bore a brilliant luster each morning without my aid, and my slippers were laid ready for me in the evening, and as for lending me a needle and cotton—the idea—if I would only leave them outside, they would only be too happy.

I no longer needed to seek relaxation at the club after the labors of the day. Julia played the piano well (her only accomplishment), while Annie sang divinely, and thus the evenings passed all too quickly. Male acquaintances they did not seem to possess—yet, stay, there was one—a Mr. Malcolm, whose name I frequently heard mentioned, but as his calls were always made in the daytime, I never saw him. I had rapidly passed into that condition of mind which raised into a feeling of jealousy on his account, so one day I questioned my landlady on the subject.

"Oh, he's a very old friend of ours."

Once we thought he would have proposed to Julia, but nothing came of it. "What a relief! Only Julia!" So time went pleasantly on, and then—how can I confess it?—my lifelong creed was thrown to the winds, my proud ambition humbled in the dust, and I became a willing slave to the sex I had so long despised and ignored. My only thought now was how, and in what words, I should beseech my darling Annie to become my wife. Time after time I was on the point of speaking, but Julia always turned up at the critical moment.

One evening Julia announced that a week thence she had an engagement to play at a concert. Then burst upon me a brilliant inspiration. I purchased two stall tickets for the Lyceum for that same evening, and, making pretence that I had had them given to me, I persuaded Annie to promise to accompany me. This time Julia would not be able to intrude, and I should know my fate in two months' time, should be taking my summer holiday, which would fit in just nicely for the honeymoon.

On the eventful day I hastened homeward with a queer fluttering in my heart and a flower spray for Annie in my hat. Julia opened the door, and hardly permitted me to enter before she informed me that Annie had been out in the hot sun, and had been obliged to go to bed with a very bad sick headache. My fluttering heart gave one huge bound and then seemed to stand still. However, to disguise my feelings, I said:

"I am sorry, and you have to play at the concert?"

"No," she replied; "the concert has been postponed."

"Then may I beg the pleasure of your company? I did not ask you before because of the concert engagement."

"Thanks, I shall enjoy it immensely."

What a miserable failure that evening proved to be! I do not even know what the play was called. I was thinking all the time of my poor, sick darling, and not of the acting or the woman who sat by my side wearing the flower spray that was meant for Annie.

The words were still unspoken when my holidays arrived, and, tearing myself away from the two sisters who stood at the gate and waved their handkerchiefs as long as I remained in sight, it was with no feelings of joyful anticipation that I took myself to Hastings for rest and recreation.

Rest! Where could I find it? Not on the parade or pier amidst hundreds of couples promenade, as I had pictured Annie and myself doing; not on the beach, where the Ethiopian musicians were eternally playing "Annie Laurie," "Sweet Annie Rooney," and "Annie Dear, I'm Called Away." For a whole week I wandered aimlessly hither and thither. Then I could stand it no longer. So I wrote a long letter commencing "Darling," and pouring out the impassioned, pent-up love that comes but once in a man's lifetime. I besought and beseeched her to take pity upon me, or my lifeless body should surge in the billows that beat restlessly on the rocks of Beachy Head.

When I had finished, I happened to catch sight of a photograph which I had purchased the previous day, representing one of the yachts preparing to start on her morning trip, with my own figure in a prominent position in the bows. "Ah!" thought I, "I'll send that to Julia."

If it were possible I had now less rest than before, night or day, while waiting for the answer. Rising in the morning with haggard looks and burning brow, the other boarders would remark that I had not slept, and I would answer, while under the mask of assumed indifference there raged within me the fiercest volcano that ever burned in the heart of man.

At last the reply came, and bounding up to the privacy of my own room, with trembling fingers I tore open the envelope which hid from me life or death?

"Dearest, I am yours for ever. I cannot say your proposal was unexpected, for I have felt that you could mean nothing less, ever since the evening when you so openly expressed your preference for me by taking me to the theatre."

What! Whew! Where? I looked at the signature—"Julia." Oh, Heavens! I saw it all. I had placed them in the wrong envelopes, and sent the letter to Julia and the photograph to Annie! How I raged and fumed and tore my hair, until at last in sheer exhaustion, I sank into a chair and endeavored to finish reading the letter.

"Annie thanks you very much for the photo, and she desires me to tell you that yesterday Mr. Malcolm proposed to her and was accepted. We will have the two weddings on the same day. Won't that be nice, dear?"

Nice? This was the last straw. Nice, indeed, for me to be married to a woman I did not care for, and at the same time to see the one I loved given to another man! I cannot remember what I did for the next hour or two beyond cursing my foolishness and swearing I wouldn't marry Julia. Then, when I became calmer, I saw an action for breach of promise looming. I thought of all my hard earned savings of years being swept away by a sympathetic jury to heal Julia's broken heart. There was no escape for me. She had my letter, which simply commenced "Darling," and as no name was mentioned in it from beginning to end, was it possible that any body of intelligent men could be brought to believe that I intended it for Annie when I addressed the envelope to Julia? No, no. I must go through with it—I would marry Julia. Yes, and I would teach her that man is the lord of creation, and that woman is but a help-mate, and not an equal, and so, in my married life, triumphantly assert those principles which I had held so long.

Julia married me at the same time and place as Annie became Mrs. Malcolm. I now spend my evenings endeavoring to solve a difficult problem, and that is, why do they call woman the weaker sex?—Tid-Bits.

The Feeding of Children. Let each child have its own spoon, cup, knife, fork and other dishes. The uncleanly as well as dangerous custom of chewing the baby's food by the mother or nurse before giving it to the little child is one which should not be tolerated for a moment. The combined mixture of pus from decayed teeth, oral catarrh and suppurating gums is in the highest degree unwholesome, not to speak of the tubercular bacilli and other disease germs which may be present in the secretions of the mouth.

Children should never be allowed to chew gum promiscuously, nor to put their hands in their mouths. It is hard work to compound with your creditors when there is "the devil to pay."—Boston Bulletin.