

OUR FASHION LETTER.

The Latest Novelties in Seasonable Styles.

DAINTY LACE EVENING GOWN.

Some of the Newest Wrinkles in Hair Decoration—Mercurized Chamberlayn in Favor and Brown Holland Revived.

A pretty novelty in petticoats has white muslin flounces trimmed with insertion or frillings of lace set on a foundation of silk. The flounces may be procured ready made at some stores and are intended to be tacked on to the silk slips, from which they can be removed from time to time for washing.

A white tulle dancing frock recently seen at a summer resort was lavishly trimmed with tiny coral velvet ribbons. The skirt was made with a long yoke of cluny lace describing vandyke points. On this the tulle was plaited at intervals, so that its drape was quite extensive. The lower part of the skirt



LACE AND CHIFFON EVENING GOWN. was trimmed with narrow coral velvet ribbon wrought into a scalloped border.

Another pretty tulle gown was made of simple black and white, with tiny chenille dots powdered all over it.

A very smart evening gown is here shown. It is made of eru lace and pink chiffon. The lace is cut in a vandyke bolero over a full underblouse of the accordion plaited chiffon. This chiffon is banded with narrow black lace. The sleeves, which reach exactly to the elbow, are mainly of the chiffon banded with the lace and partly covered with two diamonds of lace joined to form an upper sleeve.

The skirt is plain, with the exception of a front and a wide flounce of chiffon. A spray of artificial roses decorates the left shoulder.

How to Dress One's Hair.

For evening wear as a hair decoration a full wreath or an empire half wreath of tiny pink roses, with a few leaves in either the delicate green of the rose foliage or the darker green of the ivy, is very becoming to a young wearer.

There are also coronets of larger roses or of lilies of the valley combined with maidenhair ferns. Frequently worn with such a hair ornament there will be a similar spray of flowers on the waist or skirt.

A bertha of tiny drooping blossoms such as lilies of the valley or field dai-



BLACK AND WHITE FROUDED. sides can appear on a girlish looking gown of airy chiffon or tulle. A princess gown of white lace was seen recently decorated with three lilies near the left bosom, and from this to the bottom of the gown extended a spray of the lilies intermingled with black velvet ribbon.

A smart frouded is the subject of the illustration. The waist is made with a yoke of white mousseline de soie, and the sleeves have undersleeves of the same. The skirt has a wide gored, and is trimmed with three bands of lace.

With this is worn a big black hat with a feather and a pale rosette.

The Latest in Tea Gowns.

In tea gowns two colors are quite the vogue. One shade constitutes the underdress, while the upper one is made of some more sober tint. For instance, a gown of willow green will have an underdress of shrimp pink crape accordion plaited.

The prettiest side combs have a row of pearls on top, and these are charming in dark hair. Strands of pearls are also twisted around the coils and a single rose is perched above the ear or a little one side of the twist if the hair is done high.

There is a tendency to trim the hips of skirts and yet at the same time preserve the plaited lines.

The stout woman should avoid muslins, at least those of startling nature.

A dainty bolero for an evening dress is here shown. It is of silk mousseline



A DAINY BOLERO.

de soie and white lace. The wide collar is of the mousseline de soie and lace. The undersleeves are also of this. The sleeves are laid in horizontal tucks and the body in vertical ones. Both are banded with lace insertions. The bottom of the bolero is edged with a wide lace frill.

Gowns for the Country.

Foulards and china silks have large, sprawy figures and are elaborately trimmed. The bottoms of the skirts are finished with innumerable chiffon ruffles, and they have very long trains.

Some of the mercurized chamberlayn suits are trimmed with rows of white bouillon braid, the same appearing on sailor collar and bodice. Plain tulle waist suits are made with tiny tucks back and front. The sleeves are tucked below the elbow.

Brown holland is another material a liking for which has been revived this



WHITE CHEVIOT GOWN.

season. It is extraordinary how very smart a costume of this can look when cut and fitted by a first class tailor or dressmaker.

An approved hat for country wear is made of fine white or cream chip, with a wide brim and a flat crown which is encircled by a wreath of flowers and leaves.

A pretty seashore gown is made of white cheviot, as shown in the illustration. The waist has its body made of all over Irish lace, with a front and bolero effect of the goods. The sleeves are slashed to allow a glimpse of the lace undersleeve. The skirt has a gathered flounce set in under a wide band of insertion, and there are three narrow bands of insertion down the front. The hat is a model of elegant simplicity.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Women Fleemakers.

American emancipation of women embraces not only the upper classes, but the working classes as well, so much so that Americans reading the following item from an English trade paper receive a genuine shock of surprise:

"The census returns for Yorkshire show that in that country there are 402 women engaged at home in fleemaking."

Hard manual, mechanical labor is a good deal of a rarity in this country.

Friendly Criticism.

Quads—Scribbles imagines he has quite a literary bent.

Space—Bent may be the proper term now, but later on he'll find himself bows—Chicago News.

JOSEPH KIDDY, BACHELOR

By PHIL M. CONGER

Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson

I had gone over to Paris from London for a few weeks. At home, in London, I was as usual, conservative and retiring as any old bachelor of forty-five you could find. I knew why a widow went to the theater or had company at my rooms. When I was in Paris, I usually gave myself a little more license. On this occasion I had so far departed from my home program as to pick up an acquaintance, a week in a cafe where I had dined several times. I encountered a middle-aged gentleman of my own nationality and soon became quite friendly with him. Had he been of any other nationality I should have been less ready to make his acquaintance. He had come over from Liverpool, he said on business for a well known firm and his cards showed that he was a solicitor.

We attended the theater twice in company and then Mr. Graham, as he called himself, asked me to accompany him to the rooms of a friend to a little dinner. I was astonished at myself promising as little dinners with people who would probably drink a bottle or two apiece and bring out cards afterward were quite out of my line. I was ready at the hour appointed and when we reached his friend's house I found him a young man and a capital entertainer. I am a man who laughs perhaps but once a year, and then only with conservatism. When the table had been cleared and the cards brought out I did not utter a protest. To my consternation I had thumped out and become both companionable and genial. As I roared with laughter I wondered what my landlady would say if she could hear, and as I slapped my leg and roared again I realized that I was guilty of a misdemeanor that would expel me from my London club instantly. There were forty members of that club, and I had been with it ten years and had never heard a laugh. In our club we played for tuppence a game and never went beyond but when the three of us sat

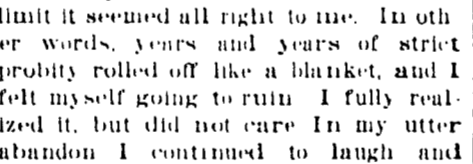
down to poker at a dollar ante and \$5 limit it seemed all right to me. In other words, years and years of strict probity rolled off like a blanket, and I felt myself going to ruin. I fully realized it, but did not care. In my utter abandon I continued to laugh and make merry.

I had never played twenty games of poker in my life, but I went right at it as if I had never putted a Sunday school scholar on the head or sent tracts to sailors. I am a very economical man and scrutinize my bills very carefully, but on this occasion I found myself saying that I did not care if I lost even a whole pound. The old saying of a fool for luck held good in this case. I knew afterward that the dinner was a put up job to skin me at cards, but the two sharpers failed in their purpose. I have no doubt they resorted to all sorts of tricks with the cards; but do what they might, the hands ran in my favor, and I raked in the pots.

It was a no less personage than myself who by and by suggested that the limit be removed, and the result was that after two hours' play I had them dead broke. As their plan to skin me had failed, they resorted to other tactics. One of them must have poured knockout drops in a glass of wine offered me, for I no sooner drank it than I felt my senses leaving me. As near as I could ever figure it, twenty-four hours elapsed before I woke up and found myself in a hospital. That was not the worst of it, however. I could remember nothing. I could not recall my name, nativity, hotel or anything connected with myself. I had not the remotest idea where I lived or what had occurred.

I was told that I had been picked up by the street. Graham and his friend had robbed me, dressed me in an old suit of clothes and carried me out upon the street. They had shaved off my whiskers, trimmed off my heavy eyebrows and otherwise disguised me, and one of them had gone to my hotel with a note signed with my name and settled my bill and brought away my things. When the hospital doctors found that my memory was gone, they

THREE OF US SAT DOWN TO POKER AT A DOLLAR ANTE.



THREE OF US SAT DOWN TO POKER AT A DOLLAR ANTE.

did not press me to talk, but sought to encourage me by saying that things would soon come right. I do not believe that a man standing defenseless before a crowding lunatic is the terror I did when I found that I had been wiped out of existence for want of a name they called me "No. 11" in the hospital, and I never heard it without a gasp and a shudder. In a way the old suit of clothes and empty pockets suggested that I was a poor man yet when they came to see that I was one who had bathed daily and had taken proper care of my nails and teeth they were puzzled. My speech proved me to be English, but that was no great point gained. There are hundreds of Englishmen to be met in Paris, and how were they to hunt out my record without a name and with a very bad personal description?

It was two weeks before I was well enough to leave the hospital, and then came the question of where I should go and what I should do. I was penniless and among strangers. Influenced somewhat by sympathy, no doubt, but more by professional interest, the head surgeon took me to his own home to see if time or accident would not bring back my memory. I, who had an income of 17,000 per year, a valet at my rooms in London and was looked upon as a gentleman of leisure became the doctor's "man." I blacked his shoes, brushed his coat and hat, ran on errands and bought meat and vegetables for the family table. There was not an hour of the day that I was not working my brain over the mystery, but try as hard as I would I could not go back further than the hospital. When I woke up there my life began anew.

During the six months I was with the doctor various suggestions were made and followed. I took long walks to see if I could identify streets and squares and buildings, and I mingled with crowds in hopes that I might see a face I could recall. A map of London was shown me, and the doctor called off the names of hundreds of streets. It was all in vain, however. The book was closed and I could not open it. There would come moments when I could almost grasp the past, but as my heart began to thump and my brain to whirl, memory would slip away again.

At the end of six months and while we seemed as far from the solution as ever I started out one morning to get a pair of the doctor's boots repaired. Just as I was turning into a small street to visit a cobbler, I came face to face with a member of my London club a man with whom I was well acquainted. My whiskers and eyebrows had grown again and I looked like my old self. He at once put out his hand and saluted.

"Why, old boy, you've been dead for months and months, and yet I find you in Paris very much alive."

I looked at the man in open mouthed astonishment for a minute and then went down in a heap. I was taken to his hotel instead of a hospital, and after a time was restored to consciousness, and the very next words I uttered were a shout.

"Write it down, write it down." My name is Joseph Kiddy, bachelor, of London.

Everything came back to me with a rush, and for a time I was so excited that I acted like a lunatic. At home I was supposed to be dead, and my lawyers had searched in vain for traces of me. As I got out Paris looked as if old to me. Every little incident came back, and the French doctor who had been so kind to me was one of the heartiest in his congratulations. I sought the aid of the police to hunt down Graham and his friend, but nothing ever came of it. They had moved on to find other victims.

did not press me to talk, but sought to encourage me by saying that things would soon come right.

I do not believe that a man standing defenseless before a crowding lunatic is the terror I did when I found that I had been wiped out of existence for want of a name they called me "No. 11" in the hospital, and I never heard it without a gasp and a shudder. In a way the old suit of clothes and empty pockets suggested that I was a poor man yet when they came to see that I was one who had bathed daily and had taken proper care of my nails and teeth they were puzzled. My speech proved me to be English, but that was no great point gained. There are hundreds of Englishmen to be met in Paris, and how were they to hunt out my record without a name and with a very bad personal description?

It was two weeks before I was well enough to leave the hospital, and then came the question of where I should go and what I should do. I was penniless and among strangers. Influenced somewhat by sympathy, no doubt, but more by professional interest, the head surgeon took me to his own home to see if time or accident would not bring back my memory. I, who had an income of 17,000 per year, a valet at my rooms in London and was looked upon as a gentleman of leisure became the doctor's "man." I blacked his shoes, brushed his coat and hat, ran on errands and bought meat and vegetables for the family table. There was not an hour of the day that I was not working my brain over the mystery, but try as hard as I would I could not go back further than the hospital. When I woke up there my life began anew.

During the six months I was with the doctor various suggestions were made and followed. I took long walks to see if I could identify streets and squares and buildings, and I mingled with crowds in hopes that I might see a face I could recall. A map of London was shown me, and the doctor called off the names of hundreds of streets. It was all in vain, however. The book was closed and I could not open it. There would come moments when I could almost grasp the past, but as my heart began to thump and my brain to whirl, memory would slip away again.

At the end of six months and while we seemed as far from the solution as ever I started out one morning to get a pair of the doctor's boots repaired. Just as I was turning into a small street to visit a cobbler, I came face to face with a member of my London club a man with whom I was well acquainted. My whiskers and eyebrows had grown again and I looked like my old self. He at once put out his hand and saluted.

"Why, old boy, you've been dead for months and months, and yet I find you in Paris very much alive."

I looked at the man in open mouthed astonishment for a minute and then went down in a heap. I was taken to his hotel instead of a hospital, and after a time was restored to consciousness, and the very next words I uttered were a shout.

"Write it down, write it down." My name is Joseph Kiddy, bachelor, of London.

Everything came back to me with a rush, and for a time I was so excited that I acted like a lunatic. At home I was supposed to be dead, and my lawyers had searched in vain for traces of me. As I got out Paris looked as if old to me. Every little incident came back, and the French doctor who had been so kind to me was one of the heartiest in his congratulations. I sought the aid of the police to hunt down Graham and his friend, but nothing ever came of it. They had moved on to find other victims.

The Sense of Touch.

The sense of touch is the simplest but at the same time one of the most important special senses of the human organism. It is possessed by nearly all portions of the general surface of the body, but finds its highest development in the hands.

The true skin contains multitudes of nerve filaments arranged in rows of papillae about one-hundredth of an inch in length. It is estimated that there are 20,000 of these papillae in a square inch of the palmar surface of the hand. The cuticle is absolutely essential to the sensation of touch, for when the true skin is laid bare by a burn or blister the only feeling that it experiences from contact is one of pain, not that of touch. The cuticle shields the nerve filament from direct contact with external objects. Touch is most delicate at the tips of the fingers, and the hand is one of the most important organs.

Buffon declares that with fingers twice as numerous and twice as long we would become proportionately wiser. Galen, however, taught that man is the wisest of animals, not because he possesses the hand, but because he is the wisest and understands its use the hand has been given to him, for his mind, not his hand, has taught him the arts.

Why She Lost Interest in Him.

They were watching the balloon go up and he was telling her about the various crank aeronauts, including those couples who for the sake of notoriety are married in balloons and sail away.

"I don't think I'd like to get married in a balloon," she said softly.

"No," he assented thoughtfully; "there's too much risk in it plain without going out of one's way to find frills." And after that she seemed to be less interested in him.

Worse.

"So Smith acted as judge?"

"At a church raffle? Foolish man!"

"No, no—not at a church raffle; at a baby show."

"Idiot!"—Baltimore Herald.

WIFE PRO TEM.

By E. W. SARGENT

Copyright, 1901, by E. W. Sargent

"My wife pro tem, I believe," said Crawford, as, hat in hand, he regarded curiously the young woman whose features were clearly the original of the photograph he held.

"I guess I must be, if your name is Crawford," she assented, with a nervous laugh. "Mine is Vaneceton—Eunice Vaneceton. Mr. Sholt told me you would be looking for me." And she gave him her hand shyly, yet trustingly, for Crawford had a face which inspired confidence, and even the strangeness of the situation did not blind her to that fact.

Three months before Eunice had graduated from the Wheatcroft Dra-



"WOULD YOU MIND WEARING THIS?" HE ASKED.

matic school, and her playing in the one act comedy which marked her contribution to the graduation exercises had attracted the attention of a famous stage manager and dramatist. The latter's praise had induced Joe Sholt to engage her for his San Francisco stock company.

"I will pay fares," he told her when the contract had been signed, "but from Chicago you will have to go west with Guy Crawford, my new leading man."

Eunice murmured some polite little speech about it being nice to have some one to look after her, thereby increasing the confusion which was already crimsoning Sholt's face.

"Well, you see," he began awkwardly. "Crawford is not the worst part of the job. He's a great boy, big hearted, tender as a woman and as a decent actor ever come but it's this Crawford has friends in the railroad offices in Chicago, and he's got passes clear through to the coast for himself and wife. Now, you can save me a lot of money if you will travel as his wife."

Sholt awkwardly lit his cigar to cover his embarrassment. By no means had he a reputation for bashfulness, but this novel matter did not understand the situation.

Eunice blushed more rosily than he had done, and there was a tremble in her voice as she spoke. "I suppose you mean all right, Mr. Sholt," she said, "but I'm already engaged, and you really can't expect me to break my word and marry another man for the sake of a few dollars. Why—why, I'd rather pay it myself!"

Sholt's laugh made the windows rattle, but seeing that his companion was on the verge of tears he suddenly sat up. "My dear child," he explained, "you don't have to actually get married. All you have to do is to act as though you had known Crawford for a few years; no honeymoon, you know—just pure business, and only the porter and the conductor will know you as Mrs. C. You are Mrs. Crawford from Chicago to Oakland. You enter Frisco as Miss Vaneceton."

So it had been arranged, and though her fiancé objected Eunice convinced him that it was no worse than being a man's wife on the stage, and Jack Hamilton was even disposed to joke about it as he saw her off in the Erie station. "Remember," he cried as he waved adieu, "it's only a wife pro tem."

Here in the Chicago and Northwestern station it was something of a shock to look up at the tall, handsome fellow and to realize that she would be Mrs. Crawford for the ensuing three days. But she followed the man to the train rather pleased that her companion should do such credit to her supposed taste.

It was late in the afternoon when the train pulled out. The Lake Shore train was late in getting in, and the western train was held. Finally the heavy laden cars swung slowly out of the station and, gathering speed, started on the three day run. Eunice was tired and immediately after supper had her berth made down, and she saw little of Guy until she stepped off the car at Omaha the next morning to take a short stroll on the platform.

Guy was already out, and he hastened up. "Good morning, Eunice,"

was his greeting, and, noting her start, he continued: "I will have to call you Eunice, and you must call me Guy to keep the conditions from taking up that pass. The C. and N. W. man came to me last night after you had returned and made me prove identity, because for one thing you had no ring on. He was a bit suspicious. I had letters that lived me up all right, and I explained that actresses seldom wore their rings—that sort of thing. At the same time, to save the pass, would you mind wearing this? It was my mother's." And he drew from his finger a plain gold band.

She slipped it on her hand, wondering what Jack would say, but the moment after she had forgotten young Hamilton in the charm of Crawford's conversation.

Like most actors of the better sort, Crawford was a capital talker, ever ready to amuse and careful to use the personal pronoun sparingly. The long, dusty trip, ordinarily so tedious, passed rapidly, and by the time Ogden was reached Hamilton was forgotten, and that night more than once Eunice caught herself looking at the wedding ring with more interest than she had a right to feel.

The next morning the spell was completed. They were in the snowsheds, and her first glimpses of the Sierras strongly moved this city bred girl. There was a grandeur in the scenery that the Catskills lacked, and when the sheds were passed she sat on the steps of a passenger coach with Crawford at her side to explain everything until her somewhat hysterical temperament was thrilled by a strange sense of exaltation, in which the Sierras and her companion were sadly jumbled.

Even when dusk closed in and Crawford led her back to their own car she was strangely silent and at dinner answered his laughing remarks in monosyllables.

How could he be so merry when it would all end in a few hours? she asked herself.

At last it did end. The train pulled on to the wharf at Oakland, late, as Southern Pacific trains usually are, and they boarded the ferry for San Francisco. It was a perfect California night, the blue sky studded with stars. From Alcatraz a few lights were reflected on the water, while to the west Mount Tamamplais loomed above the foothills a very night for romance, and as Eunice leaned over the rail she sighed softly. Guy looked down on her. "Well, it's over," he said gently, "but I shall always remember this trip. Usually it's so dull across the desert. Has it been there some to you?"

"No," she cried, "anything but that! At first I was afraid of my my 'husband,' but you were so good that I soon forgot that part. It was almost real. I never supposed marriage was so happy."

"It isn't," he replied harshly; "it's all right pro tem, but the quarrels will creep in. My wife and I always book in different companies because we always fuss when we're together, and at that we get along better than most."

"His wife?" Eunice laid her head on the rail, and for a moment she forgot everything. Then the auto suggestion, the unconscious influence of the man and the mountains passed away, and she was herself again.

"I thank you so much for your kindness, Mr. Crawford," she said in her ordinary tones. "I have had such a pleasant time, and I hope that when I am married to a man back east I will be as happy a real wife as I was when a wife pro tem. Here is your divorce!" And she handed him his mother's wedding ring.

England's Early Coal Trade.

Though the records of the incipient coal trade are scanty, they show that a traffic in coal first sprang up between London and the Newcastle-on-Tyne coalfields. A lane in a suburb of the metropolis where the burning of lime appears to have been carried on, was already known as "Sea Cones lane" in 1228. A particular notice also occurs of the arrival of shipments of sea coal in London in 1257, and such purchases of it were made for foreign iron at Westminster palace in 1258-59. It was usually sold by the quarter. At Billingsgate, in the time of Henry III. every two quarters of sea coal paid a duty of a farthing.

Sea coal was likewise bought at Berwick-on-Tweed in 1265, so that by the middle of the thirteenth century a small trade in coal was evidently being carried on along a large stretch of the eastern seaboard. The growth of the trade is reflected in the increasing revenue of Newcastle-on-Tyne, which, from being £100 a year in 1218, had risen to £200 in 1281 owing to the coal trade of the port.

From smiths and lime burners the use of coal extended to artisans who used furnaces in their trades. In Nottingham, situated on the confines of a great coalfield, this movement appears to have commenced very early. Queen Eleanor was unable to stay there in 1257 on account of the smoke of the sea coal.

Spoiling a Scene.

The beautiful actress was playing in a melodrama, and in one of her scenes she was alone with the villain, who locked the door and then announced in the usual style: "Aha, proud damsel, you are in my power," etc. She rushed at the door, beat upon it violently and was immediately precipitated out of sight of the audience, while a voice in the wings said loudly: "Bless me; I forgot to warn the lady that that ere door opened the wrong way."

Where Robberies Occur.

"I'll bet lots of people who closed up their houses and went away to the seashore have been robbed."

"That's right. These seashore hotel proprietors are becoming bolder every year."—Philadelphia Press.