

OUR FASHION LETTER.

A New Idea in Trimming Muslin and Batiste Gowns.

BOAS THE PREVAILING RAGE.

A Fetching Hat Imported From France—How Cloth Skirts Are Being Trimmed—Negligee Attire That Is Dainty and Elaborate.

A new idea in trimming muslins and batiste gowns is the use of taffeta bands. They are straight or curved at the edges and scattered with embroidered polka dots. The taffeta may be white or some delicate color. One band is placed at the hem and another between waist and hem, curving up to the back. The bodice usually is outlined at the yoke with an applique pattern of this.

Lace forms, of course, the ideal summer trimming. Jaunty little coats made of lace are quite cut away in front to show the waist and fasten with a band of elme ribbon, which passes under the arms and is caught with art



BLUE MUSLIN

nouveau enameled clasps. The sleeves reach to a little below the elbow and are slit to above the bend of the arm. Some of the newest street parasols are made of white silk, hemstitch around the edge. The silk is often embroidered in polka dots or small figures, and the handles are of wood.

A pretty blue muslin is the subject of the sketch. The waist is made with a very original arrangement in the shape of a frilled bolero and a wide satin collar. The sleeves are finished with frills. The skirt is held in the perpendicular tucks and has a graduated dounce finished with three narrow frills.

Bows in High Favor.

The tulle bow at the back of the neck is not seen so much on gowns this summer.

Bows of every description are the rage this summer. They come in chiffon, dotted and plain, net, feathers, chenille, ribbon, and crepe de elme in all the delicate shades as well as black and white. White dotted net trimmed with black and white ribbon is very pretty. The chenille bows are usually of black, trimmed with white chiffon



LACE NET RUFFLE

or white satin ribbon. Some are small, while others reach to the bottom of the gown. The newest are composed of one or more wide ruffles, which lie flat on the shoulders and gradually taper as they reach the ends.

Many of the handsomest bows are made of lace. A very dainty cape ruffle is the subject of our sketch. It is made of wide lace gathered very full in two rows, and it is ornamented with a spray of natural looking pink roses. The hat which goes with this is of pink chiffon trimmed with small pink roses and black velvet.

A pretty imported hat. Cloth skirts are being finished with black and white and blue dounce have

sources of chiffon (which should be put on double, point d'esprit, net, gauze, etc. Grenadine is too stiff for draped flounces. It looks best in straight frilled flounces. Ruffled and box plaited flounces look well in glaze or foulard. Muslin frills are pretty. They can also be shaped and edged with narrow ribbon.

Alternate bands of silk and lace insertion compose many handsome gowns. Dresses of all over white and beige embroidery are finished with rows of tiny satin ribbon ruffles. Generally all the summer dresses are made with elbow sleeves beautifully finished with lace ruffles and ribbon bows.



IMMENSE HAT

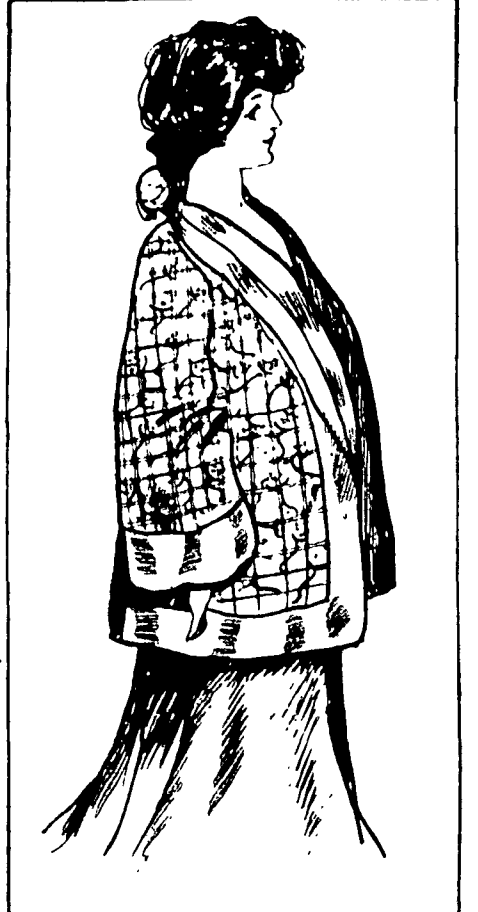
Gowns of transparent material are embellished with lace medallions placed here and there on the body of the gown. Black velvet ribbon is used as a trim. Lined flounces, swisses, and d'antilles are very pretty and are made elaborate.

The pretty French hat in the cut is of mousseline de soie trimmed with black silk flowers and green leaves.

Negligee That is Elaborate.

Negligee attire is growing more and more elaborate. Indeed, tulle and lace are essential to it. It is possible for tulle to cover the most costly models at a comparatively small outlay, so highly wrought ruffles and ruffles are the rule. A portion of it is made of the copying of the delicacy of cotton fabrics made of imitation of silk. All the light-colored goods have been made available for house gowns, night gowns and the like, and while not a few of these are worthy of really fine trimmings there is no need of expensive things which will suit them off nicely.

Many white lace neckties are utilized for bon gowns. Most of these are made according to import designs and trimmed with dainty laces. White tea gowns are stylish in white lawns and muslins, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion. Some are made with Spanish flounces, to be worn or trimmed



DRESSING JACKET

with lace. Others have plain gathered ruffles headed with embroidered fringes having pale colored ribbons ran through.

The illustration shows a very pretty dressing jacket. It is made of checked lawn ornamented with a fine design. The fullness is gathered into a square yoke. The fronts and bottom are banded with plain silk. The sleeves are cut Chinese fashion and also banded with the silk.

JUDIC CHOLLET

Shifting Fortune.

A wealthy woman invited a younger woman to go to Europe with her. After the plans had been made the younger woman's husband decided that he would like to go too. "All right," said the rich woman, "but he will have to pay his own expenses." It was settled that they should go together on this basis, and the woman of means was so much pleased that she informed her companions that before sailing she had made her will, leaving a large share of her estate to them. They had been gone only a short time, however, when a cloud appeared in the sky. The man bought flowers for his wife and paid her other attentions which the older woman resented. A quarrel resulted, and the man and his wife returned to their home without the old lady. When she got back, she changed her will and left her property to her doctor. His refusal to give her a coveted plant caused her to cut him off. Her present will leaves the money to the church, but the chances are that she will live to disapprove of it.—New York Press.

SENT BY PROVIDENCE

By MAY REED

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For forty years Jacob and Hannah Matthews had been man and wife and for forty years Hannah had been Jacob's slave. She started in her life as a slave and obeyed. He held her only to the obedience, and she never got away from that. He thought for her, spoke for her, and acted for her, and after a year or two she would have dared to dare one of his slaves without first asking him for a mark, and she should take it. It was in the hospital, where he took it back, and when she broke a dish and was put on a diet of bread and butter for a week with the butter spread very thin, he never thought of helping herself to anything more.

The wife died as she had lived. It didn't cost him a cent extra, and it didn't take up any of his valuable time. One day when he was down in the potato patch she felt that her time had come, and she lay down on the lounge and closed her eyes and died.

As he was sixty-five years old when he became a widower and earned an eight dollar zinc headstone above Hannah's grave it was the general talk that he would not marry again. His demeanor corroborated that idea, but he was only a poor Jew. Scarcely two months had passed when he called on Aunt Sarah Weldon one day and said:

"Aunt Sarah I have been wondering whether I could be married again or not. But Providence seems to have settled the question. I want to see if you agree with me."

"I don't believe Providence has anything to do with old tools taking a second wife," blurted Aunt Sarah, who was a widow of sixty and always said just what she thought.

"I am sorry you have such a poor opinion of me," replied Jacob, "but I must insist that Providence appears to have a hand in it. You know Susie White of course? I am going to ask her to be my wife."

"Why, she isn't eighteen years old yet," exclaimed Aunt Sarah.

"I know, but you see I can be a father as well as a husband to her. Providence seems to have had a hand in her father losing his farm and her



HE HAD TO GET OUTDOORS TO AVOID THE RAIN OF MISSELS.

mother being ill, and she can step right into Hannah's shoes and be loved and cared for. I may even do something for her parents, but of course I do not promise."

"Well, what have I got to do with it?" was asked.

"Why, I sort of thought I'd find out if you and Mrs. Davidson and Mrs. Jackson believed in Providence and thought my getting married was all right. I don't want everybody saying that I didn't wait till Hannah was cold, but I do want to follow the finger of Providence."

"Well, you follow away," said Aunt Sarah. "Folks will talk, I reckon, but if you and Providence are agreed you needn't care what is said."

"But you stand ready to say you think Providence is pointing out the way for me?" he insisted.

"Well, Jacob," she replied after a moment's thought, "I'll go as far as to say that Providence works in mysterious ways and that this may be one of 'em."

That satisfied Jacob Matthews. He went over to White's and had a talk with father, mother and Susie. After a couple of hours they were made to see the hand of Providence in it, and a week later the redheaded, humble looking Susie became the wife of the man who was hungry to boss and nag some one. The only fear he had was that she was too humble and docile, too much like his lost Hannah, but perhaps a box on the ear might call out a spark of temper, just enough to require another box to subdue her. The marriage took place in the afternoon before a justice of the peace, and the couple drove home. The bride entered the house, while Jacob put out the horse. When he finally arrived at the kitchen door, it was to find several chairs in the yard, all the curtains pulled down and a dozen dishes thrown on the ash pile.

"I don't like 'em and want new things," explained the bride as he stood with open mouth.

Jacob walked over and boxed her ears, and a second later some one was pulling his hair and scratching his face. He boxed again, and the bride stepped back and flung the teapot, the rolling pin and the dispan at him, and

he had to get outdoors to avoid the rain of missiles. That was the beginning of the honeymoon, and Jacob had to beg his young wife's pardon to save the rest of the dishes. He had been taken by surprise, but he had hours to think things over, and next morning he had the law down to her and took his horse and departed for the field. When he came up to dinner there was no dinner ready. Jacob sniffed her ears, and she pulled out handfuls of his hair. He tried to shut her in a closet but she kicked the door off its hinges, threw the cat into the hall and hit Jacob with the leg of a broken chair. Again he had to get outdoors to bring about a cessation of hostilities, but it was not to be the clock and the clock stood. He had been long to get up to his eye, and the idea of giving up a wife of a wife was not to be thought of. He had his own dinner and supper and he attempted to make more in the next morning. Then it came to his wife, which he had been obliged to help prepare, he fell down the way. For her insubordination the young wife must pass two days and nights in the dark cellar on bread and water. She must also expect to go without tea or sugar or shoes the rest of the year to make good the damage to the furniture. Rather to his amazement the trade was humble and spiritless, and in the time the cellar door was latched against her Jacob set off to work toiling in the darkness and hunger were perhaps better than a box on the ear, although the box would come later, and as he toiled he reflected that he was an instrument of Providence.

Meanwhile the bride crept through the cellar window without much trouble, but not until she had popped the spigots of the vinegar and cider barrels just the soft soap, and smashed the jar of pickled peaches. When she got out she filled up the well with the chairs from the house, broke up the table and the rest of the dishes with an ax, and as a sort of farewell went around and smashed out every pane of glass in every window. Then she made a bundle of her trousseau and gave the cat a lick and departed for her father's house. Jacob came up to dinner in due time, wondering if the prisoner would knock on the cellar door and ask forgiveness. When he saw the tum wrought he staggered outdoors and sat down on the grass to get his breath, and he was feeling for it when Aunt Sarah Weldon drove past with her old white horse and called out:

"Yes, Jacob, I'll go as far as to say that Providence works in mysterious ways and if them ways are jerky and waddy and full of old ways we got to try 'em and be thankful we wasn't drowned in the eastern when we was babies."

A Hypnotized Message.

"When you take up a residence in the City of Mexico," said an American who had lived there for several years, "you are wanted upon by the police, who ask you how many beggars may call at your house every morning and receive a dollar. Your answer is recorded, and only the number of beggars mentioned dare show up. I had my brother with me at the house, and our answers to the police differed somewhat. Two weeks after their call a messenger came on an errand and inquired for Jones."

"Which Jones, I asked."

"Senior," he replied. "I know that there are two of you, the Jones you can send along about eight of 'em, and the Jones I want fed a cussed one of 'em, and the Jones I want is not the first."

"Then, as I'm the one who said eight beggars might come around, you don't want me."

"It cannot be. It is the I won't feed a cussed one of 'em Jones I want."

"But he is not in just now. Can you leave your message with me?"

"Si, senior. Tell you him when he arrives that if he don't want to feed a cussed one of 'em he can go to bazes and be hanged to him."

Fasting For Health's Sake.

We all eat more than we require, and this daily repeated superfluous lends to stoddiness. In a more primitive state of society meals were more irregular, and the amount of food tallied more with the effort expended in obtaining it. Now we eat because it is a mealtime. Too many of us eat not by rule, but to repletion, while probably all of us eat again before we are really hungry. Day after day a little more is taken than is used, and this excess either disturbs the liver or teases the stomach or, circulating in a hyperplastic blood, leads to torpor, or sometimes is put by-out of harm's way for the time, but much to the distress of the patient later on—in the form of fat. Thus we never have an opportunity of striking a proper balance between intake and output unless we follow the wise maxims of the church and fast once a week, not mere abstaining from the more toothsome delicacies, but fasting honestly, even to emptiness and discomfort—London Hospital.

Our Daughters.

The household blessed with noble daughters ought to be a happy one. Most parents forget, however, to imbue them with love of nature, which is so invigorating and healthful. Give them not only noble teachings, but noble teachers, and give them the help which alone has sometimes done more than all other influences—the help of wild and fair nature. You cannot baptize them rightly in inch deep church fonts unless you baptize them in the sweet waters which the great Law-giver strikes forth from the rock of your native land. You cannot lead them faithfully to those narrow, ax-hewn church altars while the azure altars in heaven remain for you, without inscription—altars built, not to be by, an unknown God.—Ruskin.

ZEB TAYLOR'S ROMANCE

By Carl H. King

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Several events had happened in the life of Zeb Taylor before his romance came. For instance, he had grown up to be twenty-three years old and had become a farmer's hired man, he had almost become engaged to one farmer's daughter and fully engaged to another's, he had read a dozen love stories, taken the prize at a spelling school, learned to play the accordion and written a poem.

Such a thing as a summer boarder had never been heard of at Sheldon's farm, but one evening after Zeb had come up from the orchard his mother looked at him in a very wise manner and half-whispered:

"Zeb, you can never guess what's happened? The Sheldons have got a summer boarder?"

"No by gosh!"

"Yes, they have. I was there when she came. It's a young woman, an' she brought two trunks. Mrs. Sheldon had never let on, though I always tell her everything that's goin' to happen to us. Yes, it's a young woman, an' she's goin' to stay a month."

"Good boy," inquired Zeb, with a little more interest.

"Handsque as a picture," replied his mother. "Yes, she's the handsomest girl I believe I ever see. She's got brown hair an' blue eyes an' teeth as white as chalk. An' when she laughs it's like the jingle of sleighbells. Zeb, don't you want to get a look at her?"

"I ain't dyin' to, but I suppose it would be eticket to call on her an' sort of welcome her to the neighbor hood."

"Of course it would of course. Yes, you'd better dress up a bit for supper an' go over an' if you want any excuse you can ask Mrs. Sheldon to lend me her mittin' garter."

An hour later, dressed in his Sunday clothes, Zeb walked over to the other farm house. Farmer Sheldon hadn't finished making yet, and his wife was still washing dishes, but on the porch sat the young woman with teeth as white as chalk. On the way over Zeb had been preparing a little speech of welcome, and he intended to lift his hat and shake hands after the latest fashion. When he came upon the summer boarder, however, he was knocked out. He who had stood up without a tremor before 150 people at a spelling school found his heart thumping and his throat dry as he stood before



SHE SAW HIS CONFUSION AND HELPLESSNESS AND PITIED HIM.

one young lady. She saw his confusion and helplessness, and she pitied him and broke the painful situation by asking:

"Did you come here to see Mr. Sheldon about hogs or sheep or anything?"

"No, marm," stammered Zeb as he reached out and pulled the top off a weed. He hadn't intended to say "marm," but it had come out that way.

"Maybe you are a relative or something?" continued the boarder.

"No, marm," came the reply again, with a determination to kick himself all over the road for repeating the unfortunate word.

Then ensued a painful pause. The boarder rocked to and fro and looked over Zeb's head, and Zeb shifted his weight from one foot to the other and tried his best to get rid of his hands. He finally drew a long breath, straightened up and said:

"I hope you'll love Sheldon's Corners."

"Yes, I hope so," she replied.

"Good night."

"Good night."

With that he turned and plodded homeward, and as he plodded he kicked himself and called himself all sorts of names for his stupidity. The mother anxiously awaited his arrival. When he told her what had occurred, she replied:

"Now, Zeb, you needn't feel a bit bad. That girl saw how bashful an' modest you was, an' she'll like you all the better for it. I'll bet a gander against a chicken that you made an impression."

After thinking matters over for awhile Zeb almost concluded that he had, and he began to feel better. If he had made an impression, then he must follow it up, as was always done in novels. He got an idea for a "fol-downer" before he slept, and next morning before breakfast he was at the Sheldon kitchen door with a bouquet of hollyhocks for the summer boarder. Zeb's romance had begun.

He did not appear at Sheldon's that evening, as one of the cows was missing, but next day, seeing the summer boarder in the orchard, he made an excuse to cross it and come face to face

with her again. She bowed a little coldly instead of extending both hands and expressing her delight over the hollyhocks, half of which were pink and half white, and he almost lost his wits again. When no words would come, he climbed an apple tree, shook down about a bushel of hard, green apples for her, and though he realized that he had burst one suspender in descending he managed to lift his hat and back away without falling down.

"Zebby," said his mother when he told her about it, "you did just right. There wasn't any use in sayin' anything. You acted shy an' coy, an' that was better than a rod of talk. I know girls better'n you do, an' you needn't worry. I believe I'd like to have you marry this girl."

"I believe I'd like to," he replied as he snatched away to think things over. As he was going over the case in his mind it occurred to him that he was somewhat handicapped by being engaged to Laura Lattimer. He would remove the handicap at once, and before he slept he sat down and wrote a letter that did the business.

The next morning a bouquet of pinks awaited the summer boarder at Sheldon's, and that evening Zeb entered with a grim determination to express the hope that she was enjoying herself. She did not appear on the porch, however, and after talking with Farmer Sheldon for an hour about the crops he went home. He was looking and feeling glum, but his mother said:

"Zeb, you don't understand girls. She didn't come out because she is coy an' shy, like you, an' perhaps Mrs. Sheldon had been jokin' her. You just keep right on as you are doin'."

He kept on. Every morning he sent a bouquet gathered with his own hands, and every evening he called. Sometimes the summer boarder sat on the porch with Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, but the only remark she ever made to him was to ask if there were any hours in the neighborhood. He accepted his mother's rosy views and fell in love. Also for six nights in succession he played the accordion in front of Sheldon's.

Three weeks had passed, and he was making up his mind to press things a little more, when Mrs. Sheldon informed him as he handed in a bouquet of peppermint and forget-me-nots combined, that the summer boarder had left. There was no message for him—no farewell. Mrs. Sheldon even had the cruelty to say that his name had never even been mentioned by the departed boarder and that the hollyhock bouquets were supposed to have come from her own garden.

Zeb turned away with a chill at his heart. When he reached home, his mother tried to say something consoling, but he froze her with a look and passed on to the barn. He intended to hang himself, but, being unable to find a rope and realizing that a chain would hurt too much, he gave up the idea and wandered down into the cornfield. An hour later his fond mother found him asleep with a pumpkin for a pillow and a squash apparently acting as sentry over his slumbers. She wiped a tear from the corner of his eye and whispered:

"Poor, poor Zebby! He can't understand that this girl went away because she was afraid she was fallin' in love with him."

A Little Girl's Compliment. Two women and a bright little girl occupied seats in a Prospect avenue car one evening. The little girl attracted attention with her questions and answers. It was when the car reached Eighteenth street that the climax was reached. At that point the car makes a long stop before pulling up the hill. It was while the car was at a standstill that a pretty woman and evidently a friend of the two in the car passed along.

"Oh, dear! There's Mrs. S. My! She is such a handsome woman," said the mother of the bright little girl to her friend.

"Yes, she is beautiful," assented the friend.

The little girl was looking out of the window after the figure strolled up the hill. Presently she turned in her seat. "Say, mamma, you look just like that lady."

"Do I, dear?" asked the mother sweetly.

"Yes, just 'zactly—'all 'cept the head." The little girl is still wondering why the careful of people laughed.—Kansas City Journal.

Quick Returns. "An inquest is quite an event, even in a city," said the man who had made a trip through the backwoods of Wisconsin, "but they don't take much interest in them in the lumber camps. I was at a camp when a saw log rolled off a flat car and over a man and washed him flat. It was just at noon, and nobody was disposed to lose any time.

"See here, men," called the foreman to a gang, "we've got to get this thing over with before we go to dinner. Six of you stand around."

"Six of the men came up and stood in a circle, and the foreman continued:

"Now, then, there's the log and that's Bill, and as Bill couldn't roll over the log we must take it that the log rolled over him. Verdict of the jury is that he came to his death by accident and will be buried after quitting time tonight, and now let's have dinner, and may heaven rest his soul forevermore."

The Stockholder. "I like the place," said Mr. Newl-wed, "but the railroad fare is pretty high."

"But, surely," replied his bride, "the railroad company will fix that for you when they know."

"When they know what?"

"That you're the man who bought that share of their stock."—Philadelphia Press.