

OUR FASHION LETTER.

New Tailor Made Gowns Have Blouse Coats.

RUSSIAN SLEEVES ALSO POPULAR

Some Panels - Dresses For Home Wear - Hints About Early Fall Millinery - Smart Things For Evening Wear.

Indian and Persian designs of all sorts are having a great vogue. The silks in these patterns come very soft, so that they drape well, and for trimmings they are exceedingly rich.

Collars of lace insertion with stole ends will be worn on the fall coats. These can easily be made at home by any one with skillful fingers. One of the noticeable features of the late summer gown is the wide collar of lace, which extends well over the shoulders. Saffor collars of lace in every form are to be seen, as well as the vandyke and round shapes.

The blouse coat still retains the popular favor. It is made with or without tails and with an open or closed front. The triple coatalls with round edges are considered very stylish.



as are also the full Russian sleeves gathered into a band of silk or velvet which material is also used to strap the coat.

The tailor made in the illustration is of black cheviot. The blouse jacket is collarless, and it has round revers faced with white silk. The skirt is plain with the exception of the triple-pleated bouffe.

Nothing is daintier for house wear than an artistic tea gown. Muslin makes up very prettily for this, provided one combines it with pale-colored sashes and lace collars.

One of the easiest ways of evolving such a garment is to cut it on the empire pattern, with a round neck and flowing sleeves. A narrow double waist seam at the back is a pretty break to the broad sash which ties over the bust on an empire gown, and the front can be draped to suit individual taste.



It is one of the strong points of a tea gown, in fact, that it can be adapted to each woman's fancy regardless of the style.

Some of the most beautiful manitas this year are so finely patterned that they resemble gold. The pale green and white and blue mixtures are particularly effective, and the cream spot on a white will always be in style. It is the season, but rather overdone. The season, but rather overdone.

Illustration in mode of point d'esprit trimmed with white lace.

The New Fall Hats. Flat hats are again to be worn this winter and are quite like the sheep-herders' shape, which is always so popular because of its universal becoming. A great many turbans will also be seen, and, when suited to the features, it is difficult to find a more chic style. In the matter of dress materials all those hairy stuffs resembling plush and heavier will be very largely employed. In colors green will be foremost, but



the shade of blue called nationale and gray are likewise favored. Many costumes of dull red will be seen, and these will be combined with the new ecru tint. A great deal of felt will be used, especially in trimming hats. Lace veils will be worn a good deal on henna hats, especially those of black chain tulle. Irish lace will still be popular, and to this will be added curly in coarsest grades.

The cut shows one of the latest Parisian hats. It is trimmed with roses and knots of pale blue tulle ribbon. Evening Gowns of Black.

Nothing is more in favor for evening wear than a black gown. This should be of net, chiffon, moose linde sole or some other thin material and should be made fussy with shirtings and lace in sortions. Narrow velvet ribbons are also used as trimmings and applied in fanciful designs.

Very pretty dresses are made of alternate wide and narrow sections of black chantilly or of black and white silk.

These black robes can either be mounted over black or white silk, but



perhaps the most economical way is to have them free from the lining so that they can be worn over separate slips. Silk of contrasting color, whether in medallions or bands, is much used for trimming purposes. A dainty evening dress of black net is shown. It is very simply trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon.

"Spelled a Deed of Heroism." "Uncle," said little Johnny, "tell me how you charged with your war horse up the San Juan hill at the head of your troops."

"Well," said the battle-scarred veteran, "I mounted the fiery animal, drew my sword from its scabbard, rose in my stirrups, cried, 'Forward,' and sank the spurs deep in the quivering flanks of my gallant steed."

"Yes!" exclaimed the boy breathlessly. "Go on, uncle. Tell me the rest of it."

"There isn't any more to tell, Johnny," said his uncle, with a pensive sigh. "The horse balked." - Chicago Tribune.

The Haunted Barn....

By EDWARD F. KING

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For two or three years there had been talk in Italy that the Widow Jones had "set her cap" for Silas Pardun, who was an old bachelor and well-to-do. There was no particular reason why he had never married. He had simply been "swung round," as he expressed it, and he thought it more than likely that he would some day ask the Widow Jones to be his. There was no great mystery about it, however, not on his part. The widow had a clear and unspotted field, and all was lovely when a dark cloud suddenly spread over the horizon that is to say, the Widow Beeman moved on to a farm adjoining that of Mr. Pardun. She came from the west, and things soon began to hum. She had to consult Silas on several matters, and not a month had passed before there was talk that the Widow Jones had a rival. The latter not only heard the talk, but she recognized the fact. One woman can read another like a book about most things, and in a case of love one widow can calculate almost exactly on what another widow will do.

For the next three months Silas Pardun had a pretty good thing of it. He had an evening passed without his being invited over to dinner by one widow or the other, and at brief intervals he received invitations, neckties and other practical evidences of the esteem in which he was held. The race was about as even as thing. The two women were of about the same age, had about the same amount of property, and when Silas sat down to think it over he couldn't say which he liked the best. It looked as if he would be a sure winner in a matter which would be to him, finally, a matter of life and death.

One day in the course of a discussion the owners were accused of being old fogies and behind the times. "Why don't you get together and be up to date?" they were asked. "You really ought to have a modern equipment for a piece of this character instead of an old road of mud drawn cars that date back to the flood."

After considerable deep meditation and with many in services the road was ordered changed to an electric line, and an eight-horsepower equipment was ordered. The outfit arrived and was installed, but for some reason failed to operate properly. An outside expert was then called in to examine the plant and locate the trouble.

At a special directors' meeting he reported that the rated efficiency of the plant was eighty horse-power and that eighty horse-power was being used for the actual operation of the road.

At this one of the directors jumped up and exclaimed excitedly: "Eighty horse-power for what we used to do with six mules? I guess we had better go back to the mules!" - Electrical Age.

Recently a party from the embassies at Constantinople went to inspect the international lifeboat service on the Black sea coast. At one of the life saving stations they thought they would like to test the conditions of lifeboat work; so, clothing themselves in bathing costumes and cork jackets, they each took an oar in a lifeboat, to the huge delight of the Turkish boat men, says the London Telegraph. One of the secretaries of the British embassy is never seen without an eyeglass and he said even to sleep with it. On this occasion he was faithful to his glass and solemnly embarked in a cork jacket and eyeglass. All the proper exercises were gone through, and finally the boat was capsize and righted again by its own crew. As they crept out from under the capsized boat a howl of surprise went from the Turks, for the secretary's head appeared with the eyeglass firmly fixed in its proper position, its owner taking it as a matter of course that it should be there.

A gentleman having an estate in the highlands, as he was going abroad for some time, advertised the shootings to let and told his gamekeeper, Donald, who was to show the ground, to give it a good character to any one who called to see it.

An Englishman came down, and, inquiring of Donald as to how it was stocked with game, first asked if it had any deer.

Donald's reply was, "Thousands of them."

"Any grouse?" "Thousands of them too."

"Any partridges?" "Thousands of them too."

"Any woodcock?" "Thousands of them too."

The Englishman, thinking Donald was drawing the long bow, asked if there were any gorrillas. Donald drew himself up.

"Well, they are no so plentiful. They just come occasionally, noo and again, like yourself!" - London Standard.

THAT ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL

By CHARLES WELSTEAD

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"Dolly, there is no use worrying, dear," I put my arm about her waist. "Well, be all right in another week's time. I'll draw my first hundred dollars then, and you shall have it all."

She wiped the tears from her eyes and looked bravely at me. "I kissed her," "I'll be home early."

I had more than a mile to go to the warehouse and had to walk every step of the way. Not a penny did I have to my name and had not had for three weeks. That is why Dolly was crying.

It is true that I was holding a position at a salary of \$100 per month, but then I had been employed by Simpkins & Co. only three weeks previously, and prior to that I had been out of employment for two solid months.

Dolly and I were living in a fairly good section of Harlem when I was working for Black Bros. & Co. and, like most New Yorkers of my class, lived up to every cent of my two thousand a year. When a receiver stepped into the wholesale firm of Black Bros. I, with others, stepped out. I had one week's salary coming to me, and that was all Dolly and I owned in the world besides our household goods.

So for those two weary months of my idleness we kept up appearances by Dolly's able management of my last \$40 salary, but the climax had come. The landlord, to use an expression of the street, had been making inquiries and was "getting wise." He wanted his rent for one month at least and that at once. I had been engaged by the month at my new position, and it was a hard and fast rule never to allow the employees to draw money before their salaries were due.

I had tried to borrow a dollar or two from some of the others, but I soon found that in that establishment no one toward the end of the month had anything to spare. Hence my financial embarrassment and Dolly's distress.

I could not see the house agent, she said, because I had such a "horrid nasty way of losing my temper." So she undertook the straightening out of the whole financial tangle.

"Well, gillie," said I when I reached home that night "did you fix him, that fellow, for the rent?"

"Yes, dear," she replied, "but right in the middle of it up came Dr. Temple from the lower flat to see if I was

I saw Dolly look at me appenlingly, then whisper to the doctor. He glanced around quickly, picked up a small satchel and rushed from the room, followed by all except my wife, who came weeping to the couch where I lay. She was telling me of my narrow escape when the doctor returned laughing. In a silver tray he held up to view a small package.

"Dolly, it's the hundred dollars!" I yelled with a shout of joy, and fell back in a faint from sheer exhaustion.

He had a Close Call. I was sitting by the red hot stove in a New England village inn when a citizen who had been out west and returned a week or so before my arrival entered the office and was at once asked to relate some of his adventures.

He soon started off with a story about an avalanche sliding off with a mountain and burying 10,000 head of cattle under the stones and dirt. He was there and saw it all, and he was the one who carried the bad news to the owner of the cattle. There were looks of doubt on the faces of some of his listeners when he concluded, and one of them finally asked me:

"Stranger, do you think such a thing possible?"

"It is not impossible," I answered. "But wouldn't at least one of those cattle have got away?"

"Not necessarily so. Their tails might have got twisted around the bushes, you see."

"So they might. Did you see any, twisted tails Hiram?"

"Hundreds of 'em, but I forgot to say so."

"Then that makes it all right, and I hope you'll go ahead and tell us about Injuns."

Next morning the story teller paid me an early call, and, after shaking hands, he said:

"Stranger, I want to thank you for twistin' them catties' tails around the bushes in the way you did. I got too big an avalanche and too many cattle, and if you hadn't chipped in as you did I might have been turned out of the church for a liar."

The Fighting McCooks.

The McCook family was well represented in the war, and the members were generally "bunches" as the "fighting McCooks" General Alexander McCook had as one of his staff officers Adjutant General Dan McCook of Illinois. Other members of the family were Captain Edwin McCook, who belonged to Logan's regiment; Lieutenant Edward McCook, who was in the regular army; Major Anson G. McCook of the Second Ohio, Captain Henry McCook of Illinois, and Sheldon McCook, lieutenant in the navy. They bore themselves bravely and won the title "fighting McCooks" where the battle raged fiercest.

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