

OUR FASHION LETTER.

The New Furs and How They Are Worn.

SQUIRREL AND ERMINE COMBINED

The Separate Waist For Evening Wear is good form, but it should harmonize with the skirt—coats and jackets.

Fur stoles are growing wider and even flatter. One of the newest ways of wearing them consists in tying the stole in a loose knot directly over the bust and letting the ends hang unevenly.

Muffs are very flat and larger than ever; they are lined with paws and tails.

The graduated collar with long stole ends is another smart style. Baumgarten is especially effective made up this way with three little groups of paws and tails. The loose sack coat of squirrel is often lined with ermine.



FUR COAT.

and has a wide shawl collar of the same fur. This makes a very artistic garment.

The expensive Russian sable is closely imitated in this year's styles of the baum marten.

Next to the sack coat, the blouse style postilion back is the favorite style in fur coats.

The illustration shows one of these garments. It is made of sable with wide revers, a blouse front and a tight fitting postilion back.

About Walking Suits.

Walking suits are made with the skirts just clearing the ground. The materials are usually speckled tweeds or zibelines.

There is no doubt the craze for mottoring has done a great impetus to the fur trade. Many of the motor coats have fur hoods large enough to throw entirely over the hat or toque. Those that are long have the fullness of the skirt of the coat secured by front tucks or loops on either side of the front, which certainly makes them very comfortable wear, for they are ready to



BROWN CLOTH SUIT.

let in and out at will. The sack shape and the three-quarter length characterize the newest garments of the moment, while pouched bodices are the mode for gowns.

Nearly all the jackets for out of door wear accompanying gowns are made with a button to cover the chest well, and a great many have capes on the

shoulders. Deep cuffs to the sleeves are still in favor.

The brown tailor made in the cut has a three-quarter length cut trimmed with applications of pelisse. The collar is especially smart.

Dinner and Theater Waists.

Although separate waists are no longer considered as dress accessories, yet a great many of them are worn for the dinner and informal dinner wear. The blouse, however, should be of a contrasting shade, but still in touch as near as possible to that of the main color of the skirt. Pretty black and white waists look smart with corresponding black and white skirts.

Plain styles of white brocade are very essential to wear with dark



BLACK CHIFFON WAIST.

for or line waists, and these skirts are economical as well for their amount of much cleaning.

Some of the prettiest evening waists are of black chiffon trimmed with the white lace of the band with black, dimly and made with transparent effects on the shoulders and arms.

Very smart styles of dinner and theater satin waists are sold ready made in blue, black, brown and deep red. They are to match the color made, and the color of the bodice is relieved by a color trimmed with white and a white collar of lace bow.

The smart dinner waist shown is of black chiffon trimmed with white lace.

Smart New Jackets.

Black skirts for evening wear shimmering with jet look more than usually stylish below full white satin long bodices with large embroidered motifs in subdued colors. The whole veiled with falling jet fringes. White satin is a capital background for the new chine velvet pointed garlands in the same subdued tones mingled with lace.

Ten jackets are more or less embroidered, and they all have bell shaped sleeves.

Yellow is coming in a great deal especially yellow accompanied by light peach colored flowers for the evening and a great deal of gray is also being made up with this shade as trimming.

The smartly dressed woman cannot have too much lace on her garments.



BLACK COAT.

and there is hardly any kind which is not fashionable. Old embroideries are invaluable worked on any kind of muslin or jaconet. They are laid on a backing of silk muslin and then interrun with gold thread, sometimes mingled with spangles.

The loose sack coat shown in the cut is of novelty goods lined with the same color of satin. JUDIC CHOLLET.

Nickel Against Aluminum.

Yachting rumors in Great Britain say that in the building of the hull of Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock III, aluminum will be used freely. On the other hand, it is believed on this side of the Atlantic that nickel steel will be the material for the body of the new defender of the America's cup. Yachtsmen all over the world will watch with keen interest the test of the relative value of the two metals.

The Real Thing.

Biff—I understand Windig has quite a reputation as an extemporaneous speaker.

Bang—That's what. When it comes to talking fluently about nothing without any previous preparation, Windig is in a class all by himself.—Chicago Post.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.



VERY unhappy maiden was Constance Lester. Perhaps, among the thousands of miserables, who awaited the Christmas tide in the great city, there were many more hopeless and wretched, but surely none more discontented and unhappy. And her grief was the greater because it was of a secret nature that she could confide to nobody. Alone she must meet her fate alone she might cast a question that, however she might cast her verdict, seemed fraught with utter misery to herself and others.

Constance Lester was one of those sweet and loving natures that seek happiness only in the happiness of others. Selfishness was utterly foreign to her. She had been born and reared in the lap of comfort and ease. Her father had been a wealthy merchant in a suburban town, a busy, big-hearted man, who had taken pains to surround his family, which consisted only of his wife and daughter, with every luxury that his purse could provide. His death, which occurred suddenly from a carriage accident, had left his family in apparent comfort, but within a year the firm of which he had been a member failed, and the failure swallowed up not only the portion of the widow and orphan, but eventually deprived them of the comfortable home that had been a very ark of refuge in their troubles.

The blow was a sad one to Mrs. Lester. She was a semi-invalid, and years of suffering had worn her nature into that form of shrinking and half querulous selfishness that is contented with nothing but absolute protection from the chances of life. It almost killed her to give up her home, but there was no alternative. Constance had met the crisis with true heroism. A chance was opened for her to secure employment in the city in a business house that had formerly dealt largely with her father's firm, and the head of which had felt honored by his personal friendship. So the brave girl soon had her alling mother established in a comfortable flat, while she spent certain hours each day over a big ledger in the famous wholesale house of Day & Co.

All might have been well had not Constance been as pretty as she was sweet of character, and had she not had a secret. Ah, that secret! Before she had left West-bridge, her country home, she had become engaged to a young lawyer one Harold Cowen who, while not quite a "briefless barrister," had yet his fortune and fame to make. She had not confided this secret to her mother, as it would only have added to her troubles. She and Harold had known each other long, he had been a true friend and legal adviser in her time of trouble, friendship and mutual sympathy had ripened into love, and they had parted with the most sacred of all earthly pledges between them. Each believed that they had years to wait, and was resolved to wait patiently the fruition of their hopes.

"Why not, Constance?" "Oh, mother, you know I cannot." "I do not see why," continued Mrs. Lester. In the selfishly insistent tone



In the Old Home.

that had become almost a second part of her nature. "Oh, Constance, you can't realize how this dreadful city life is wearing me out. There is not an hour of the day that I do not sigh for the dear old home where we were so happy, and I know I shall die unless I go back. I merely dropped the latest hint to Mr. Day, and he instantly was full of sympathy, and he promised that one of the first things he should do after you were his wife would be to buy back the old home and fit it up as a country residence. He would expect to live there most of each year, spending only the winter in town, and it would be such a happiness to pass my last years there. Now, what can you have against Mr. Day?" "Nothing, mother, nothing; but it is impossible. He has been the kindest of benefactors, and I know I ought to be honored by his offer, but I cannot love him."

"Nonsense, my child. What do you know about love? Any good woman could learn to love Mr. Day. He is not so old—what is three and fifty, nowadays? It is but vigorous manhood for a man who has devoted himself to business and disregarded the dissipations of life. I am sure he is noble, high-minded, generous to a fault and very rich, my dear. Why, any girl would consider it a chance among a thousand. Surely, Constance, you would not throw away such a chance to provide for yourself and me?"

Poor Constance! What could she reply? The attentions Mr. Day had shown her had not at first excited her suspicions. They were so delicate that she accepted them merely as a consequence of the kindness that, seemed part of his nature. But suddenly her eyes had been opened by an invitation to accompany him to the opera.

which she could find no excuse for declining. Then had followed an invitation to the Charity Ball, one of the most fashionable events of the great city, and her mother's incessant and fearful of offending a benefactor had forced her to accept that also. And now had come the crisis. Mr. Day had visited her mother, and announced his wish to make Constance his wife, and to lay his fortune at her feet.

"Were it not for Harold?" she had murmured in her secret heart, when he astounding news was told her. She well realized the selfish common sense of her mother's view of the matter. Mr. Day was a brilliant and eligible match for a penniless girl of twenty, as the ways of society went, she honored at almost revered him, but how could she marry him? She thought at her mother's last words.

"You would not have me marry for money, mother?" "Not for money, my dear; but for your poor, sick mother and the old home."

This was the condition of things that had induced Constance to write to her lover the most pitiful of all letters, and had blotted every ray of happiness out of her life. Harold Cowen had not answered her letter, but instead had sent a curt telegram: "Look out for Christmas present." This enigmatical message only added doubt and perplexity to her almost unbearable load of sorrow.

"Package, ma'am! Miss Constance Lester. No, ma'am, nothing to pay. All right!" The blue cap, brass plate, and red face of Expressman Sharky disappeared as quickly as they had appeared, for it was the day before Christmas, and there was not a busier or fatter agent of Santa Claus in the whole big city.

"What can it be, Constance?" asked Mrs. Lester, all alive with curiosity. "I do not know, mother."

Constance's cheeks were pale. Her hands trembled. For a moment she felt that she would faint. She somehow knew that her fate was bound up in that mysterious package. At last she summoned all her strength, and cut the strings. Inside the wrappings was a plain white paste-board box, oblong in shape. She opened it, and drew from it a paper folded, subscribed and sealed in legal form. She opened it, studied it a few moments in a dazed way, and then the hot blood mantled to her cheeks and forehead.

"Why, mother," she cried, "this is a deed for the old home, made out in my name. And here is a note from Mr. Cowen planned to it, saying: 'The deed is all right. The old home is yours again. I will call on you, Christmas day, explain.'"

"I knew it," said Mrs. Lester's surprising ejaculation. "Oh, Constance, it has discovered the truth. Mr. Cowen has found the fraud. I know your father was never a bankrupt. It was all a conspiracy. And that young lawyer has been too sharp for them. Oh, thank the Lord for all his goodness!"

"The fact of the matter is," said Harold Cowen, the next day, in the explanation that necessarily preceded the Christmas dinner in the little flat at which he was a most welcome guest. "I suspected from the first your mother was right in thinking there was a fraud. Mr. Lester was not a man to put up the inheritance of his wife and child as a security for business deals. But he might have kept his private papers in the safe at his office. This in fact he did do. Now, I got evidence to show it pretty clear that the issuing of stock in the store business in your father's name, with the deeds and other securities as collateral, was really an outright piece of fraud. When I made this clear to the reorganized firm we had a pretty hot time. They denied everything, and swore they would fight it through every court in the State. But when I began to talk of the State officers they grew more reasonable. Really, it might have been a long and doubtful contest. There were rather too big men honorable avengers, church members, and all that to be dragged through a grand jury inquest. When they proposed to settle by restoring every dollar they had wrongfully taken, I thought it better than years of legal fight which indeed, I did not have the means to make. The deal of the old home was in your name, Constance."

"I know it, and it was with my consent, of course," said Mrs. Lester. "And now, mother, what is to be Mr. Cowen's reward?" asked Constance suddenly.

"Reward?" faintly queried the widow. "Yes; I promised him a year ago that I would marry him when the old home was once more my own. You know lawyer's fees must be paid. Don't you think he has earned his reward, and a Christmas dinner?" "Really, Constance," faltered the mother, "you were in love, then?" "Yes, mother."

"And you thought of me and the old home?" "Yes, mother; you and the old home were part of the bargain. I really think the promise must be kept. I would be sorry for Mr. Day, did I not know he can easily get a better and more suitable wife."

"Poor Mr. Day!" murmured the widow. "But there was no cloud on the Christmas dinner in the little flat—Julia Kent."



The Assumption.

BY-AND-BY.

At last, somewhere some happy days. The bliss will round us lie; For all a joyous way To follow, by-and-by.

He promised by the bird, the brook, the wide, unsyllabled air; Where'er I chance to look, I see it written there.

I learn it from each star that wheels, From every flower that blows, From all a young heart feels, And for all an old heart knows.

COLLABORATION

It was an ideal collaboration. Everybody said so, and, in theatrical affairs, everybody always knows. At the end of the third act it was so evident that the play was to be a success that the men left off asking each other what the author could know about the stage and the women decided that, after all the color of the authoress' hair was much more nearly auburn than red.

The members of the profession in the circle determined to make the acquaintance of the lucky young couple without delay, the critics in the stalls felt a sense of relief at being able to say something really nice for a change without wounding their all-too-tender consciences, and the friends of the management in the boxes immediately hurried round to congratulate anybody and everybody, from the leading lady to the barkers.

"And now," said the audience "they'll be able to get married and live happily ever afterwards." For it was an open secret—as open as most theatrical secrets—that these two collaborators were engaged to each other, and needed only the money that a success would bring them to set off at once for their honeymoon.

It was rather a nervous business for them, getting into that hansom, but they managed it without any sacrifice of dignity, and the crowd had the satisfaction of hearing the author give the cab an address in the direction of West Kensington.

"It's really awful good of you," said the authoress, as soon as they had turned the first corner, to see her such a long way home. "Are you sure you don't mind, Dicky?"

"Of course not," said the author. "I've tired."

"Yes, I do now, but wasn't it splendid the way our big scene caught on?" "Kipping! Fairly knocked 'em," but I always knew it would. The difficulty was to make any manager believe it."

"Oh, they're so stupid! All the ones who refused it, I mean. I should think they'll be rather sorry now."

"You bet! I had three offers for my next piece before I left the theatre."

"And I had two. That makes five altogether. We shall have a monopoly of the comedy houses," and the clever little woman leaned back in the corner of the cab and laughed happily.

"Well," said the little man, "now it has come, we'll make 'em pay, eh?" "I feel that I've got a lot to get back on his sordid old city."

"Never mind," she said, gripping his hand, "you've got your reward at last. You can have everything you want now."

"Er, yes," he replied, "I'm giving a her for a moment, and then staring straight in front of him over the horse's head."

There was a pause, until "May I light a cigarette?" he asked, rather nervously.

"Of course!" "Won't it?" He indicated her fringed by a saucer of the hand.

"Not a bit! And, besides, it wouldn't matter now, would it? Do you know, she leaned forward and slipped her arm into his, "things seem unreal tonight, unsubstantial. Nothing seems quite the same as it did yesterday—except—"

"I was going to say except you, but even you don't seem quite the same to-night. I didn't think I was so easily thrown off my balance."

"Perhaps," he said, flickering at his cigarette ash so clumsily that he burnt his finger, "perhaps I am not the same."

"What do you mean?" There was the slightest trace of suspicion in her tone. "I suppose you are."

"It's all through that rotten play!" "Don't say that. It's a good play." "Yes, I know. But it's muddled things up frightfully. Do you remember the little tiff we had after one of the rehearsals?"

"Do you mean about—about Mr. Turner?" "No, no! I ought never to have said anything about that. Of course, you had to be polite to a man playing such an important part."

"Yes, but—I did flirt with him—a little."

"Oh, that's nothing! I mean about—about Miss Sewell." "My dear boy, we've finished with that long ago!" "Well, I thought we had, too; but—" "Haven't we?" "I'm afraid not—quite. The fact is—"

"Oh, dear, don't let's have any confessions to-night! We're both rather tired. Do you think it wise?" "I'd rather tell you to-night, if I may. The fact is, I—well I've flirted with her more than you think."

"After our—tiff?" "Yes." "That wasn't quite nice of you. Dicky was it?" "There was yet another pause. This time, in his agitation, he lit a cigarette without asking permission.

"You know," she said at last: "you're quite spoiling my evening. Men are so tactless!" "Beastly sorry!" he replied, stubbornly. "But I hate putting things off."

author opened the doors, helped her out, and paid the cabbie. "Aren't you going back to the Temple with him?" asked the authoress. "No, I'll get another. I want to speak to you first."

The man drove away, and they began to climb the stairs, slowly. "I'm afraid I can't ask you in," said the lady. "Mother's away."

She paused on the landing below her own, and held out her hand. "But I thought I saw her in the theatre," he said, surprised.

"Oh, yes!" she replied, slightly confused. "Very likely you did. But she's staying with some friends in another part of town. What was it you wanted to tell me?"

"I wanted to tell you that—that I care for Miss Sewell more than you think."

"Oh, Dicky!" There was a world of reproach in her voice, and she looked up at him with wide, enquiring eyes.

"That isn't all," he went on looking out of the staircase window into the dark street. "I—I proposed to her to-night after the third act."

"Well?" The question came sharply through his teeth.

She accepted me. He waited a moment, not daring to look at her. "Then he went on, 'I feel an awful brute. I ought to have told you before, when I found I was falling in love with her. But I didn't want to spoil the rehearsals, and—oh, for heaven's sake, say something!'"

He turned quickly, wondering at her silence. She was leaning against the banisters, and her head was bent so that he could not see her face.

"I won't ask you to forgive me now," he said, in a low voice, "but, perhaps—"

"Listen!" She laid her hand heavily on his sleeve, but kept her face turned away. He waited for her to speak, and in the stillness that followed he heard a hansom pull up at the entrance below.

There was the quick step of a man's foot on the stairs, and then— "Turner!" gasped the author.

"Hallo!" said Turner, "brought the wife home for me? Good man!"

And he escorted his beaming bride up the remaining flight of stairs.

Chinese Names.

Fu, a prefecture. Futai, the governor of a province. Godown, a place for storing goods.

Halkwan, Chinese maritime customs. Li, a Chinese mile, one-third of a British mile.

Yamen, an official residence. Tael, a coin of silver, worth from 64.4 cents to 71.8 cents, according to province.

Squeeze, general term of extortion. Klang, or ho, a river; hu, a lake.

Pei, north; nan, south; tung, east; si, west.

Shan, a mountain; sheng, a province; cheng, a town; hsiang, a village; hsien, a district; ling, a hill, peak or pass.

It is easy to find a lover and retain a friend; what is difficult is to find the friend and retain the lover.