

OUR FASHION LETTER

Some New Things Which Women Are Wearing.

LITTLE ACCESSORIES OF DRESS.

Up to Date Hats Have Smart Muffs to Match—An Elaborate Nightgown of White—Odd Ideas for Evening Dresses.

Women are wearing silk satin or broad evening gowns in preference to those of other materials. Zephyr is of course a favorite winter material and obtainable in light shades but it is better for dressing gowns and garters, for even with shaped bands you cannot do away with a certain amount of thickness.

Cloth walking dresses in heavy material are not so much in favor and they mostly have the flared skirts. Again many of the better ones show plots, these being either at the front or at the back. They are indeed a real just now but they must be fitted and arranged so that they flow the lines of the figure—they are to form or disfigure will lurk in every fold.

Kid hats are perhaps more now than pretty though they are useful when devoted to more than one of these



SMART HUFF AND HAT.

In gray bound with black braid and with bows and ends of braid at the back, has been especially designed for such occasions.

The up to date hat and muffs shown in the cut are designed to correspond with the coat of light putty-colored cloth. The hat is draped in the popular three-cornered shape, with the edge of sable. There is a large tuft of red and a bunch of violets under the brim. The muffs are of the same cloth with two large tufts in each side, two bands of red and a large fall of lace and violets on the left side.

Rage For Spotted Net. There is a mad rush of novelties in evening attire, but the soft features still prevail, and there is a rage for spotted or speckled net. The slipper foundations worn with net chiffon and transparent skirts are still gored and edged with fussy frills, but the top is cut and fitted in shabby fashion. Slips with separate flounces of the goret order are now worn with heavier or transparent parent materials as the line of head lug is too obtuse.

The floral garnitures are exceedingly lovely this winter and gain much in effect from a judicious mixture of ribbon. What for instance can be lovelier for a net gown than a cluster of salmon pink chrysanthemums resting



ELABORATE NIGHTGOWN.

on a few loops of flame colored satin ribbon and then wandering off into a slender trail of stems from which descend smaller buds and knots of ribbon. Exquisite garnitures of violets are made up with narrow pale blue rib-

The elaborate nightgown here shown might also be used for a negligee and will be found especially useful for a convalescent. It is made of cambric, banded with lace insertion, some of these form a pointed collar at the neck. The rest outlines the lines of the body.

The Blouse Still Popular. A popular fancy blouse and the blouse still lives in the fashion. For winter wear it is made of white cloth or white muslin and of delicate insertions of lace or stripes of Russian or other material, for the privilege of trimming.

A remarkably pretty effect is secured at a small cost by embroidering colored cottons on a white flannel blouse.

Embroidery to be seen in nearly all the handsomer gowns.



COFFEE COAT.

gray or blue costume in particular bore a resemblance to the white silk velvet and red and white silk in a small leaf design.

Layers of every soft color a popular trimming. Fine cloth and pure white are of course favorites, but French tulle is not out of the order of the new, and a variety of cut awnings, puffs and crests is in vogue with and make a handsome effect on dress gowns.

The pretty little coffee coat in the illustration is of pink brocade and accented with black. The under sleeves and main part of the bodice are of accented plaid cloth. The collar and the sleeve cuffs are made of brocade edged with tulle.

About Evening Dresses. Evening dress of the moment is distinguished by an exceeding daintiness. The thinnest of ribbons, the smallest of fringes, tracings of sequins and tassels, innumerable may be found decked in fringes of chiffon and net, while rufflings of chiffon are essential to the hem of any well made evening dress.

A handsome evening dress recently made was of white-mousse trimmed with stripes of black chamois lace joined with bands of black velvet ribbon.



IMPORTED GOWN.

bon. Frillings of white mousseline decorated the décolletage and formed the twisted bows which did duty as sleeves.

Another more elaborate creation was entirely made of white lace striped with folds of gray and white chiffon, with medallions of white panne and applications of gray velvet edged with chenille. On the bodice was a decoration of yellow roses. Chenille fringes were pendant from the panne ornaments.

An odd and at the same time handsome gown is shown in the picture. It is of heavy ficelle lace over pale green crepe de chine. The full sleeves are of pale green chiffon.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Discouraging. "Time is money, you know," remarked the industrious man. "Yes," rejoined the shiftless individual, "but the fact that it takes three months to amount to a quarter is enough to discourage a saint."—Chicago News.

YOUTHFUL EYES.

Many Women are as Careful of Their Eyes as they are of their Complexions.

Youthful eyes are a woman's outstanding feature. Many women are as careful of their eyes as they are of their complexions.

Every morning they are opened in a bath of salt and water. At first there is great winking and blinking, but in a short time the eyes grow accustomed to the dip and they like it.

Salt and water is a fine tonic. It not only keeps the eyes clear, but it helps to keep the complexion clear.

At night the lids enjoy a couple of drops of cotton wet in no way. Dipped the hands in hot water, and dipping the lids is very soothing.

When my eyes ache I use a certain remedy. The doctor told me to use a cloth wet in weak black tea. I use a cloth wet in weak black tea.

It is a very good remedy, especially in the streets of Tokyo to see a woman wearing European hats and a bowler hat while the rest of the body is only dressed in what we generally use as underegarments, yet those men think themselves dressed just like Europeans.

One of the great sights in Tokyo is to witness one of the Emperor's garden parties. No one is allowed in the imperial garden unless he is wearing a frock coat and a tall hat.

Sticks and umbrellas are deposited at the gate. By a great sight I do not mean that the garden is the center of attraction, for as gardens there are many private gardens that are infinitely more beautiful than the imperial one, but I mean the extraordinary collection of tall hats that one sees on that occasion.

From the earliest known examples of chimney pots, down to the present, height and condition can be seen on that memorable day. There is a custom in Tokyo to wear around the head or around the neck a piece of cotton, much resembling a long and narrow handkerchief. It is used to prevent the perspiration from getting on the collar of their silk kimonos.

Three Good Dishes. BANANA CAKES—Work two cups of fat into one pound of flour, add one cup of sugar, and two cups of currants, knead thoroughly, and roll on a flat cake, on an oil paper, across the top in diamonds, and take for three quarters of an hour. Ten minutes before the cake is done brush it over with milk, brown sugar over it and serve warm.

PINK CREAM.—Boil four ounces of ground rice in a quart of milk, adding two ounces of butter, two ounces of sugar and any flavoring like I. Stir after the rice is added to the milk, and for twenty minutes after it boils. It is a smooth custard. Color the rice to a pink with cochineal. Sprinkle the top of a glass dish with strawberries preserved and when cool pour the rice over the jam till the dish is full. Set aside till cold and then scatter desiccated coconut over the surface.

BANANA SPONGE.—Banana sponges should be peeled by hand and never touched with a knife. Dissolve over night one ounce of gelatin in one and three quarter pints of water. Add next day the pulp of six very ripe bananas, one quarter pound of sugar, and the juice of one half lemon. Stir well on the fire until it boils. Take off the fire and allow to cool and when the mixture is beginning to settle add to it the well beaten and perfectly stiff whites of two eggs. Beat all well and place in a wetted mould for next day.

Perfumed Beds. The recent fad for perfumed beds has gained great popularity. The perfuming is managed by spreading a cotton pad, thoroughly saturated, beneath the lower sheet. By this one's bed can be made to seem sufficed with roses or violets.

Conservative women, however, do not approve of this method. They stick to the custom of their grandmothers and the near to their beds come to be perfumed is from the clean and wholesome scent of lavender they exhale. Sprigs of this old-fashioned shrub are generously strewn in many well-regulated linen closets.

There is nothing new under the sun in housewifery.

Passing of the Old Maid. The old maid of the past—sour, scandal-loving, sharp of temper and of features—is now almost an unknown quantity. The unmarried woman of today who has passed her twenties is chery, active, busy and useful. Generally she is in business or has some special art, profession or accomplishment to which she devotes herself. Anyway, she is not idle. She finds many things to employ her hands and brains. She has little time for gossip and less inclination. Culture and occupation have broadened her nature and given her charity and wisdom.

I shall never cease to preach the gospel that women of means should do more than rush through life for nothing but their own pleasure. It is the duty of women who have wealth to help others, and especially other women, and to make life for them worth the living. So much happiness may be scattered continually that the more one tries to help others the more one loves to do it.—Address of Helen Gould to Cincinnati Woman's Club.

As the nursery is a room where the infant spends most of his time, especially the first few months of his life, let it be one of the brightest, sunniest, have a southern exposure, if possible, rooms in the house. In a city house let it be one of the upper stories where the sunlight lingers longest and

FASHION IN JAPAN.

European Attire Displacing the Picturesque Native Dress for the Women.

It is a shame that many a Japanese woman of the better classes has now to discard her most picturesque national costume for some ill-fitting dress of foreign make. Dress the prettiest Japanese woman in European style, and I do not know why, but she generally looks an awful sight. Partly, I suppose, it is because they do not know how to put on the dress properly, but mainly, I think, it is because their physique does not lend itself to wearing any style of clothing.

Many a wicked story is current in Japan of some mistakes made by Japanese ladies in displaying the different items of wearing apparel.

The other day a certain marchioness, who, having ordered a dress and underclothing in Paris, wrote to the milliner requesting her to pack the different articles in the order in which they were to be worn. The case reached its destination in safety, but was unfortunately opened at the wrong end, and the noble lady was seen at a garden party wearing her chemise, which she had put on the top of everything else, as a sort of a mantle, as it was the last thing she found at the bottom of the case!

I myself have seen, with my own eyes, a lady occupying one of the highest positions in Tokio, nearly suffocated through having put on her corset the wrong way up.

It is a very everyday occurrence, especially in the streets of Tokyo, to see a woman wearing European hats and a bowler hat while the rest of the body is only dressed in what we generally use as underegarments, yet those men think themselves dressed just like Europeans.

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TOO OLD.

Her eyes were shot with heaven's own blue. And in their depths I saw how true The little maid to me would be If only now her heart were free.

But when I sought to find some trace Of heart that leaped and throbb'd my cry I saw that love that is not bought or sold, Her constant I could not be.

As sadly as this conviction came, I said from her in very shame, I saw that love that is not bought or sold, Her constant I could not be.

For as the horror quick I passed, I saw that love that is not bought or sold, Her constant I could not be.

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DEATH IN THE TEMPEST.

Bravery I lay no claim to, still I was not a man of feeble courage. There are a score of other human of elementary strife upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in front of battle when swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents of the air. I have sat on the mountain pinnacle when the whirlwind was rending them piecemeal to the clouds. I have seen those things with a swelling soul that rook'd not of danger, but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness. I have called prayer to my aid. I have sought fortitude in the lessons of great philosophy, but they avail me nothing. At the first low moaning of the distant cloud my heart sinks and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a boy of ten. I had a cousin a girl of the same age as myself, who had been the constant companion of my childhood. Strange that after the lapse of a score of years that countenance is so familiar to me. I can see the bright young creature, her large eyes flashing like beautiful gems, her nose like a ruby, her hair like a crown of pearls, her smile like a sunrise in the sky.

It was a rainy day in the middle of August. She had been passing some days at my father's house and was to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and I gladly became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful as still. Only one little cloud was visible and that seemed as pure and white and peaceful as if it had been the incense from a burning censor of the skies.

The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters of the bay had forgotten the undulations, the flowers were bending their heads as if dreaming of the rainbow, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxurious sweetness that it seemed of roses scattered down by the hand of a Port from the far off gardens of Paradise. The green earth and blue sea were abroad in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird, or found some strange and lovely flower in her field.

The unbroken and deliciously natural tranquility of the day was almost entirely gone. The only indications of an approaching tempest were manifest in the sunset of a moving cloud about a mile away, the folds of a dark cloud beneath suddenly visible, and at the same moment a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as if it were the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud unrolled like a banner fold upon the air, but still the atmosphere was calm, and the leaves motionless as before, there was not even a quiver upon the sleeping water to tell of the coming hurricane. To escape the tempest was impossible.

As the only resort, we fled to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall, rugged precipice. Here we gazed almost breathless upon the clouds marshaling themselves like giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent but every burst was so fearful that the young creature who stood by me shut her eyes convulsively, clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break.

A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury the little girl lifted her finger toward the precipice that cowered above us. I looked up; an amethystine flame was quivering upon its gray peaks, and the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundation, a roar like the groan of a universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown. I knew not whither. How long I remained insensible I cannot tell; but when consciousness returned the violence of the tempest was abating; the roar of the winds dying in the trees, and the deep tones of the thunder coming in fainter murmurs from the eastern hill.

I arose, and looked trembling and almost deliriously around. She was there—the idol of my infant love—stretched upon the wet green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked at her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the path of death had been. At first I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed into her face, almost with a feeling of calmness. Her bright dishevelled ringlets clustered around her brow, the look of terror had faded from her lips, and an infant smile was pictured beautifully there—the red rose tinge upon her cheeks was lovely as in life.

I have but a dim recollection of what followed—I only know that I remained weeping and motionless till the

At the Further End of the Furthest of Fontainebleau is a little town of ancient origin called Moret, which is a favorite of anglers. It is situated on the river Seine, which has long been renowned for its fish. An angling competition has been held there, in which a number of notable French anglers took part. Although the weather was wet and gusty, there was in fact a large number of competitors. Every one of them carried a number of fish of different kinds, and the jury who gave the awards had a rather troublesome task. Eventually they gave the prize of honor to M. Guillaume, a resident in the place, who caught a jack weighing about six pounds. There was also a prize for the first fish caught at the beginning of the competition. London Daily News.

He Induced It. A story is told of a country clergyman whose finances do not apparently extend to banking operations and experience. Going to a bank with a check, the clerk handed it back with a request that he would indorse it, and it should then be cashed. After a deliberation the reverend gentleman came to the conclusion that he could, without violation of his conscience, accede to the request, so he took the treasured piece of paper and wrote on the back of it: "I heartily indorse this check!"

It Didn't Work. Dusty Rhodes I said to Mrs. Dozog that the merry yuletide brought to me only sad recollections, memories of a day when I had turkey and cranberry sauce, and hot mince pie and so many merry jigs.

Hungry Higgins. And then she—Dusty Rhodes said she considered those very comfortable things to think about.

The Sun on Painted Work. Exposure to the weather injures paint but very little; it is the sunlight that does the business, though, of course, the winds and rains assist it. Wherever the sun's rays strike a painted surface in the middle of the day, the life of the paint is very soon destroyed, and it crumbles away long before other parts that are less accessible to the sunlight.—Invention.

Apt Information. "Anything new in your line?" asked the market reporter. It was growing dark. The hardware man looked absent and then remarked: "Window blinds are going down."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Effects of Trying. People could think much better of each other than they do if they would just try.—Galveston News.

Both in a Bad Fix. The man with nobody to care for is quite as badly off as the man with nobody to care for him.—Galveston News.

coming on of twilight, and that I was then taken tenderly by the hand and led away where I saw the countenances of parents and sisters.

Many years have gone by on their wings of light and shadow, but the scene I have portrayed still comes over me at times with a terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, its limbs are black and dead, and its hollow trunk, looking upward to the sky as if calling to the clouds for a drink, is an emblem of hopeless decay. A year ago I visited that spot, and the thoughts of bygone years came mournfully back to me, thoughts of the little innocent being who fell by the whirlwind—in the memory that she had gone where no lightnings slumber in the folds of the unblow clouds, and where sunlight waters are never broken by the storm.

As readers will understand why I shrink in terror from the security in order to my fear has assumed the figure of instinct, and seems in the part of my existence.

The Kansas Brand.

I was travelling along West street one day when I looked up a Kansas man who had been down to look over an ocean steamer. As soon as I told him that I was once a Minnigander and could tell the host of an old from a old-man's whistle, he became chummy and presently said:

"This is a big town with lots to see, but I can't find what I want. I've looked and looked, but I can't find it. What particular thing do you want?"

I want to find the place where they keep old Kansas whisky, the sort of whisky you find in the small towns out there. Some folks call it 'dry-rod' and some refer to it as 'sure death,' but I've drunk it for fifteen years and it has always acted like a tonic. If there's blue vitrol or centipedes or cold pizen in it I don't care. I'm sighing for it and want to find it. If you know of a place where they keep it I'll be eternally obliged.

I took him into a longshore-man's resort and told the bartender what was wanted. He said he didn't have any of that brand on tap, but would fix up a drink. He had lived in the west himself and knew what was wanted, and would be glad to oblige a western man. He went into a back room to concoct his drink. What he put into it he alone knows. When it was ready the man from Kansas sipped it and his face brightened up. He took a swallow and huddled. He doubted the remainder and could not keep his head down as he swung his hat and exclaimed:

"It's the real stuff, and I feel myself at home again and like my old self. I thought it was funny if I couldn't find my particular brand in this big town."

We went out and up the street, but we had gone only two blocks when the man began to sway and lurch and wobble, and of a sudden his knees gave out and he sank down. I tried to help him up, but he fought me off and yelled until a policeman came. When I had told the blue-coat about the drink he lifted up his hands and exclaimed:

"Got a drink of the Kansas brand, did he? Well, he'll be dead drunk for four days, and it will take two weeks after that to get the strychnine and pounded glass out of his system. I'll call an ambulance and send him to a hospital."

And my friend from the west put up his hand and waved it about and shouted: "Y—whoop! Whoop—see! What's the varmint as called Prairie Jack a liar and lived to draw his breath afterwards!"

Big Ocean Waves.

An article quoted in Current Literature gives this interesting information on ocean waves: Dr. G. Schott, as the result of studying the form and height of the waves of the sea, claims that under a moderate breeze their velocity was 24.6 feet per second, or 16.1 miles an hour, which is about the speed of a moderate sailing vessel.

As the wind rises the size and speed of the waves increases. In a strong breeze their length rises to 250 feet and their speed reaches 36 or 36.4 feet per second. Waves the period of which is nine seconds, the length 100 or 125 feet, and the speed twenty-eight nautical miles per hour are produced only in storms. During a southeast storm in the Southern Atlantic, Dr. Schott measured waves 200 feet long, and this was not a maximum, for in latitude 28 degrees south and longitude 39 degrees east he observed waves of fifteen seconds period, which were 1,150 feet long, with a velocity of 75.7 feet per second, or 46.18 nautical miles an hour.

Dr. Schott does not think that the maximum height of a wave is very great. Some observers have estimated it at thirty or forty feet in a wind of the force represented by eleven on the Beaufort scale (the highest number of which is twelve), and Dr. Schott's maximum is just thirty-two feet. He believes that in great tempests waves of more than sixty feet are rare and that even those of fifty feet are exceptional. In the ordinary trade winds the height is five or six feet. The ratio of height to length is about 1.33 in a moderate wind, 1.18 in a strong wind, and 1.17 in a storm, from which it follows that the inclination of the waves is respectively about 6, 10, 11 degrees. The ratio of the height of the waves to the force of the wind varies greatly.—Chicago Daily News.

Women at Chess.

For the first time in the history of chess, there was contested recently a bona-fide match by a club team of lady players. They represented the newly established Ladies' Chess Club, and their opponents were gentlemen from the Metropolitan, who yielded the odds of a knight at each board. It will be interesting to feminine players to learn that the first public match of their sisters was marked throughout by the most pleasant and courteous demeanor and bearing between the ladies and their opponents. Play began at 3 P. M., on fourteen boards. Some of the ladies had to strike their colors very early through falling into palpable errors in the openings; other, however, defended themselves more stubbornly. Mr. Marsden, the honorable secretary of the Metropolitan club, discovered to his cost that the playing strength of the ladies was not to be despised, for giving his opponent, Mrs. James, a queen, he lost the first game. Miss Hooke added another victory to the credit of the sex; and, though finally the ladies' club was not at all bad for a first venture.—New York Sun.