

# FASHION LETTER.

## The Up-to-Date Woman Has a Fur Suit.

### WHOLE COSTUMES OF LIGHT SKINS

Quantity of Lace and Embroidery necessary for the Newest Evening Dress—Par Garments For the Little Folks.

Furs were never more beautiful than they are this year, and women are not content with fur wraps only, but must have suits of fur.

Moleskin has more or less taken the place of sealskin, and it lends itself admirably to almost any shape. As a matter of fact moleskin is not heavy, and is therefore one of the best skins to use for blouses and skirts. The prettiest way of treating these skins is to let in on the hips some stitched cloth of the same shade, fitting the skirt tightly



EVENING COAT.

to the knees, where some strappings of cloth may be arranged at the top of a shaped founce. There must be a certain amount of fullness in these plain skirts, and the founce should just clear the ground. The bolero or short blouse to correspond can be finished with a cloth or stitched silk band, thereby avoiding necessary bulk at the waist.

Fur as well as cloth coats are usually lined with cream satin with inner frills of lace when an extra elaborate effect is desired at the neck and sleeves.

Enamel or paste buttons are also added, and these sometimes figure as ornaments on the large fur toques which go with these suits. A large moleskin toque relieved with white chiffon and white ostrich feathers is very smart.

In the picture is shown an elaborate evening coat.

#### The Coffee Coat.

The coffee coat and the petticoat to match have to a large extent taken the place of the negligee. These fascinating little coats are generally made barely reaching the waist line in the back, but having long tabs in front, reaching almost to the knees. They are trimmed with fine lace, embroidery and every dainty touch known to the dressmaker's art.

One of these recently seen was of pale blue taffeta. The lower edge of the jacket was cut in toothed effect, and lines of white insertion covered the body, imitating the pointed outline.

#### Clothes For Children.

Squirrel makes a charming coat for a small girl, the turndown collar and cuffs being hemmed with ermine. More costly coats for the little ones are made of ermine, with little caps to match trimmed with white osprey and tiny replicas of the fashionable flat muffs.

For the child of moderate means, however, the most serviceable and smart material for a coat is fawn or blue broadcloth with a wide collar of lace or velvet and a wide furry hat to match. This hat can easily be trimmed

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A DAYTIME BLOUSE.

The collar was of all-over lace run through with tiny baby ribbons. The skirt was of the same taffeta, with the same insertings and a wide founce headed by a heading run through with tiny baby ribbons.

Recently seen effects are to be seen

ed with spotted net, trimmed with bands of heavy lace and sometimes tiny edgings of fur and lace.

Negligees and coffee coats offer a fine opportunity for combining artistically several short remnants.

In the illustration is shown a dainty evening blouse of chiffon, ribbon and lace.

#### Elaborate Dresses.

At one period lace coatees were only worn at tea-time. Now we use them as additions to evening frocks and even day blouses.

One thing is certain—we cannot dress well without a good amount of lace and chiffon. Never was the latter more popular, and some of the most acceptable gifts for birthdays are those of real lace. The woman who has to con-

When Sarah landed in Last Hope, there wasn't anything in sight but a shanty, some tents and a yellow dog. She stopped on her way from the boat landing to pat the yellow dog, and it followed her into the shanty. The next day she owned the shanty, adopted the dog and started up business.

No other woman had ever seen Last Hope except old Walla Walla, who came up the river every month with skins and dry salmon and a husband.

Chick Benson sold her the shanty, and it had about a dozen mortgages on it. But Sarah was safe. The first man who had dared trespass on her



EVENING DRESS.

tent herself with imitation lace, however, need not despair, for the reproductions of the old patterns are delightful and in exactly the right shade.

Lace of a course make will be a prominent feature on spring millinery. Some lovely Paris picture hats are of white moire with a regular curtain of fine chintilly lace falling over a brim consisting of endless tuckings of cream chiffon and further adorned with one thick black ostrich plume.

The empire style, with its long, straight lines, gives delight to the wearer, but should never be selected when there is any tendency to embonpoint or if the figure is overfull or round.

A particularly handsome evening dress of spotted net and silk applique is the subject of the sketch.

She didn't get very rich along those first few months. She wouldn't trust anybody, so some of us gave her mortgages. Chick Benson mortgaged his horse and saddle, and she got some blankets, too, and a gun and a red fox jacket and hood, and finally, when Len Dyer fell over Bald mountain one day and never came back, she foreclosed on his fiddle that he'd mortgaged for a dollar's worth of biscuits and doughnuts. The fiddle hung on a nail in her back room.

"Never hear you tumlin' up, Mrs. Mooney," said Chick one day when he'd been to the shanty to fix her stovepipe for her so it would not smoke.

"Bob played pretty well," she answered. And we talked the matter over that night down at Bib Ned's.

"Like us not she's tied up to some devil of a man that's pounded her and

that settled it. We knew he was coasting. Whenever first smudge of smoke from the steamy puffed up as it rounded the river bend, she cried for the first time since Last Hope had known her, and we felt rather interested.

"If he should happen to be mean to her," said Chick, softly, laying his hand on his wife's, "he won't leave town by boat. Would he'll kiss her right before our eyes."

We felt for him. For Bob he had first right. Last Hope's shanty bakery days had been hard for her stove and the heavy work around the place, and Sarah had to go home. She made him a nice pie, Christmas. It was the only one in Last Hope.

But today she didn't see any of us at all. She stood down near the gangplank, watching the people come off, and her eyes were alive with some thing. Whether it was love or fear we could not tell, but when she gave a quick, half choked cry and sprang forward Chick turned his back and looked off to where the Yukon vanished into the arms of the everlasting hills.

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When Sarah faced us again, she came up from the landing, her head held high and her arm around him. It was then that we made the acquaintance of Bob. He wasn't any bigger'n a pint of elder; just a poor, little, crooked chap about fourteen, with big eyes, like Sarah's. And she? As she smiled on us Chick took off his hat. It was the smile of the Madonna, and Last Hope worshipped from afar.

That night Chick put on a clean collar and went to the side door of Mooney's bakery, and there was resolution in his eye. When he came back to Big Ned's, we were waiting for him.

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GLOTH SKIRT.

at home, but the coat should know the touch of skilled hands and should be made loose and comfortable so that it can be worn another season.

Pretty children's dresses are made of that old fashioned material corded mull. These are made with a deep yoke and roomy bishop sleeves, the skirt displaying a hem surmounted by a cluster of tiny tufts.

Many of the large floppy beaver hats are tied under the child's chin by means of wide satin ribbons. Two huge feather pompons often serve as the entire trimming.

One of the latest skirts is shown in her cut. It is pretty made up in cloth or wool veiling.

#### JUDIC CHOLLET.

The New Pythias.

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"Oh, yes! He never takes advantage of me except to benefit himself!"—*Verna Toples*

## Last Hope's Madonna

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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"What made you land here in this hole in the hills?" Chick had asked her when she settled for the shanty.

"Thought it kind of a likely place," said Sarah, and that was the only reason she gave for her coming.

We did not call her Sarah to her face. Mrs. Mooney was the name she had Big Ned paint up over her door, and underneath it said "Bakery." That one word made more excitement in Last Hope than any killing had for a year. She'd brought a lot of stuff up with her on the boat—flour and baking powder and lard and all the things that women folks cook with and a good stove too. We all gathered near the shanty, real careless and un-concerned, just as soon as we saw smoke coming from her chimney, and we drew lots to see who'd go and buy first. Chole fell on Chick, and up he went, sober as a judge. Just as we were going after him he came out, his mouth and arms and hands full. All he said was:

"Doughnuts!"

We all made tracks for the shanty. From that day Last Hope had a boss. She was not handsome. Her features were sharp in outline, and her hair was a neutral mouse color, and she was thin, but her eyes challenged all that was best in a man.

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#### THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

"Well, now, major," said one of the party in knickerbockers and golf stockings, "I would never have put you down as a believer in spooks."

The party here alluded to was a party of bicyclists, gathered together in the hall of a roadside inn, which called itself "the hotel of the place," but owed its prosperity chiefly to the fact that there was no "place" to speak of thereabouts.

"What do you call spooks, young man?" asked the major in a leisurely way.

"A spook," drawled the doctor of the party, "may be defined as something at the bottom of a happening that never happened."

"That's funny enough," said the major, "and, of course, it lets me out. I don't believe in the existence of anything at the bottom of nothing."

"I thought not," said number one. "You don't look like a naturally timid man. Of course, I know that naturally timid people often make the best soldiers—"

"And what has timidity to do with it?" said the major.

"Well, it's generally these nervous, tremulous folks who persuade themselves they have seen—what you may call—'em, isn't it?"

"Is it?" said the major. "H'm—well, since you don't think me an easily frightened and tremulous person, perhaps you may be the more ready to believe what I can tell you, and—"

"Go on, major," was the general chorus.

"Never can swear to it—"

"And mind the swearing," said the young woman in blue serge.

"I will tell you."

"But you will tell us, won't you?" the young woman gently pleaded.

"Very well, then, as you all know, I ride a wheel now on all occasions when a wheel is possible. Time was when I looked down upon bicycles—looked down on them from the back of a fine, bonny gray, about sixteen hands—a beast that would take me four miles in half an hour at an easy fox trot or carry me straight across country at a gallop, without stopping to so much as wing at any ditch or fence that might occur on the way."

"Now, about that fox hunt of Cruiskeen's—there was an Irish horse, with an Irish name—there was a certain individuality which I learned by ear after a few months, just as you learn how to know a familiar tune. If I had lent Cruiskeen to any of you, for instance, and you were bringing home a party of horseback riders, I could instantly have distinguished Cruiskeen's trot among all the others. Now I want you to pay particular attention to that point."

"Well, one day—I was out west then—I was riding Cruiskeen along a bit of freshly made macadamized road, just as good and hard a bit of road as that I superintended myself. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning, when the sun was terribly hot."

"Just as I got to a clump of young larches that had been planted along the road about two years before, I heard a horse coming along the road—coming toward me. Cruiskeen had been at a walk, but when I heard the hoofbeats of the other horse I spurred up, just out of curiosity, for there were few people about there, who owned horses, and I knew all of them."

"So here was Cruiskeen trotting toward the north, we'll say, and this other horse was cantering easily from the north, southward. I should have met the man on horseback in about a minute."

"But as we turned the corner by the clump of larches I was very much surprised to see—nothing."

"There wasn't a sign of man or beast anywhere on that road."

"At the same time the easy canter turned into a trot."

"Echo, of course," the doctor suggested.

"Doctor," said the major, sadly, "did you hear me say I could swear to Cruiskeen's trot anywhere? Or were you asleep when I said that? And wasn't the canter also the echo of Cruiskeen's trot?"

"Well, let me finish. While I was wondering at the strangeness of the thing, knowing that there was no other road where a horse's trot would sound like that within leagues, Cruiskeen suddenly shied to one side of the road, and shied so violently, as to throw me clear out of the saddle."

"Luckily, I was not seriously hurt, only a little bruised. And Cruiskeen



CHICK TURNED AND LOOKED OFF TO THE HILLS

ill treated her until she's cut stick and run away," said Chick. And Last Hope accepted the theory, and there was a shade more of respectful consideration in its manner toward Sarah.

The strike came in 1896. Chick Benson's horse stumbled down a washout on Cariboo run, and when Chick dug him out he picked up a nugget that turned Last Hope topsy turvy.

As soon as the crowd of gold hunters began to pour in from the river and over the pass Sarah didn't take any more mortgages. Doughnuts brought a dollar apiece along there, and she wouldn't touch a pie unless she saw five dollars' worth of dust weighed out. Just as a side issue she bought out Jim Dalley's share in the Buckeye for a thousand. Inside of four months the Buckeye brought \$300,000 from a syndicate, and Sarah rolled down her sleeves and reckoned she'd take a rest for a spell.

Then things began to hum.

Chick Benson started it. He asked her offhand one day how about it, and she said no, on account of Bob. That's what we all got.

But Last Hope said Sarah was all right and watched for the coming of Bob. One day Sarah put on a new dress and combed her hair different, all fluffy and wavy. And she asked Chick if the fiddle was good still; so

#### A Tartar Courtship.

Among the Tchulian Tartars a curious mode of "popping the question" exists. The Tchulian bachelor in search of a wife, having filled a brand new pipe with fragrant tobacco, stealthily enters the dwelling of the fair one upon whom he has bestowed his affections, deposits the pipe upon a conspicuous article of furniture and retires on tip-toe to some convenient hiding place in the neighborhood, local etiquette requiring that he should execute this strategic movement apparently undetected by the damsel of his choice or any other member of her family. Presently he returns without further affectation of secrecy and looks into the apartment in a casual sort of way. A single glance at the pipe he left behind him enables him to learn the fate of his proposal. If it has been smoked, he goes forth an accepted and exultant bridegroom; if not, the offer of his hand and heart has been so irrevocably rejected as not to be even worth a pipe of tobacco.—*London Express.*

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#### THE CHANCES OTHERS HAVE

"I might be rich, I might be great," I heard one sadly say.

"Could I have had my master's chance to start upon the way; Had he been placed where I was placed men would not praise his name; Had I been favored as he was I would have greater fame! They that ignore me now would all be sycophants, to dance Attendance on me here if I had only had his chance!"

The wires whereby men's messages are sent beneath the seas, The gleaming rails o'er which men speed what time they loll at ease, The graceful domes that rise until they seem to pierce the sky, The mighty ships that cleave the main as fast as eagles fly, The disks and tubes through which men see o'er space's broad expanse, Are not the works of him who sighed to have some other chance

The songs that live through centuries are not the songs of men Who longed for favors others knew and tossed away the pen; The names upon the noble arch that makes the artist glad Are not the names of men who yearned for chances others had! Of all the wonders of our age that rise at every glance None came from him who might do much had he some other chance.

—S. E. Kiser.

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"If he should happen to be mean to her," said Chick, softly, laying his hand on his wife's, "he won't leave town by boat. Would he'll kiss her right before our eyes."

We felt for him. For Bob he had first right. Last Hope's shanty bakery days had been hard for her stove and the heavy work around the place, and Sarah had to go home. She made him a nice pie, Christmas. It was the only one in Last Hope.

But today she didn't see any of us at all. She stood down near the gangplank, watching the people come off, and her eyes were alive with some thing. Whether it was love or fear we could not tell, but when she gave a quick, half choked cry and sprang forward Chick turned his back and looked off to where the Yukon vanished into the arms of the everlasting hills.

"Did he kiss her?" he asked. No one answered. Last Hope had witnessed the meeting and was struck dumb.

When Sarah faced us again, she came up from the landing, her head held high and her arm around him. It was then that we made the acquaintance of Bob. He wasn't any bigger'n a pint of elder; just a poor, little, crooked chap about fourteen, with big eyes, like Sarah's. And she? As she smiled on us Chick took off his hat. It was the smile of the Madonna, and Last Hope worshipped from afar.

That night Chick put on a clean collar and went to the side door of Mooney's bakery, and there was resolution in his eye. When he came back to Big Ned's, we were waiting for him.

"Boys," he said softly, "Sarah's a widow, and I've got her. That poor little tad was all she had left, and it wanted money to make him straight, so Sarah just packed up, put him in school and made tracks for the place where money grows in the ground. She's got a pretty good crop, and she needs a manager; also Bob needs a father; that's all. You're cordially invited to appear this day week, and there'll be a banquet." He stopped. Last Hope cheered wildly. Chick raised his hand for a final word. "And boys, Sarah says she'll make the doughnuts herself. Just please add an echo to that last yell for Bob."

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