

OUR FASHION LETTER.

New Things For Home and Street Wear.

DOUBLES SHOES AND LINGERIE.

Cold Weather Wraps Trimmed With Mink and Chinchilla—Soft Finished Suits Popular For Evening Wear.

Blue serge smartly trimmed with broad shawl in request for morning wear, and little pouched vests embroidered and lavishly adorned with lace.

Many of the blouse coats have short square tails, and the revers turn back all around the neck and fronts of equal



side with handsome buckles and very high heels. The cut shows a floral garniture of chrysanthemums and maiden hair fern.

Light colors are much patronized, and cream white serge and zibeline are used for long wraps of the kimono and sack order.



SABLE COAT.

med with beaver, mink or skunk fur. The little sack coats which reach to the hips are greatly in request to put over Russian costumes in severe weather as an extra wrap.

The picture shows a coat of sable with a front of brocade. The hat is of sable, chignon and ostrich feathers.

Brocade and Satins. Brocades today are really lovely. They are mostly copied from old French patterns.

Satins are much used for evening gowns, particularly of a rather thick make with a soft finish, fancy gauzes, too, always make charming and inexpensive frocks.

And I shall be glad to see him, Liz, said Mr. Lowery heartily.



GOWN OF YELLOW CHIFFON.

It will never come amiss. Lace will be used more than ever, especially on headgear.

Furs will later on give place to wide stoles of marabou and feather trimming of every kind.

Tassels and fringes as trimmings cannot be suppressed, and they lend an air of softness to the most severe costume.

Bodices are becoming more trimmed than ever, but a distinct effect in outline is aimed at. A very wide effect should be given across the shoulders.

The picture shows a gown of yellow chiffon, outlined here and there by thin lines of sable.

Fashionable Fringes. Fringes in chenille and jet are very fashionable, and it is possible to obtain them in all widths and lengths.

and a great many soft jeweled roses and other flowers made in chiffon intended to be applied in relief, with the accompanying leaves and satin and chiffon forming a garland.

Robes of white satin and chenille interblended with cloth in pink chiffon, with green satin leaves outlined with gold or all white and silver, and they are extensively used on evening dresses.

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Two men were working their way through the thick masses of palmetto. Suddenly they paused to listen.

"What a voice!" one of them exclaimed. "A blackwoods nightingale!"

"It must be old Dobson's daughter," said the other. "I was here five years ago, and she was then the wildest and happiest little thing I ever saw, a beautiful child with a wonderful voice."

Again the clear tones floated out to them. As they died away the first speaker drew a long breath.

"What an acquisition she would be to my chorus," he said.

His companion laughed.

"There you go again. Never a fine voice but you must be covetous—the penalty of being a theater manager, I suppose."

A few moments later they emerged from the palmetto. In the doorway of a cabin which stood in the small clearing was a young girl. At first she merely looked at them curiously; then she sprang forward with outstretched hands.

"Mr. Lowery, for all the world!" she cried, her eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"Hit's mighty pleasant to see you run' ag'in. Paw'll suttinly be glad."

"And I shall be glad to see him, Liz," said Mr. Lowery heartily. "We have had some rare hunts together. But



Maria James.

Much confusion has arisen from confounding the common laurel (Laurus cerasus or laurel cherry) with the famous laurel of the ancients (L. nobilis).

The former was not introduced into Europe until 1570. Its leaves contain the potent poison prussic acid, whereas the leaves of L. nobilis contain a fragrant aromatic oil used in confectionery. It is to this, the true laurel, that we apply the term bay, and we use it as a poetical term for an honorary crown or garland bestowed as a prize for any kind of victory or excellence.

We apparently get the word bay through the Latin bacca, a berry from the French baye, or as Holland's "Pilnie" has it, "The bates or berries (baccæ) that it (the roliat laurel) bears."

Hence also the term "bachelor" is supposed by some to be derived from the ancient practice of crowning candidates for honors with bay leaves and berries, whence the term baccalaureus and laureate. Those who were found worthy of the honor obtained the laurel of bachelor or the laurel of doctor (laurea baccalaureatus, laurea doctoratus).

In the Scotch universities the act of conferring degrees is or was styled "laureation," and a chaplet was used in some of them. In the ages of chivalry the baschevalliers, or men before the degree of knight, were admitted to serve by being crowned with a chaplet of laurel berries and were hence called baccalaurei.—Notes and Queries.

How Snakes Get Over Ground. Although the snake appears to have no legs or feet, it may be said to be practically supplied with upward of a hundred pairs of them.

Each joint of the backbone bears a pair of ribs, which are mobile and have their points attached to the inner surface of one of the large transverse platelike scales which clothe the under surface of the body. Thus by the movements of the ribs attached to it each plate can be drawn forward and its margin applied to the ground.

By the successive application of these multitudinous plates the body can be drawn forward in a straight line without its being thrown into undulations from side to side.

But rapid movements are also effected by such undulations, and serpents can, by pressure and appropriate muscular action, climb trees and sometimes spring forward. They also swim easily by lateral flexures, but no serpents advance by vertical bendings of the body, though they are so often drawn in such an attitude.

Standing on His Rights. The next witness was a hard faced, resolute yeoman with a bristling chin beard.

"Mr. Giggson," said the attorney for the defense, "are you acquainted with the reputation of this man for truth and veracity in the neighborhood in which he lives?"

"I reckon I am," replied the witness. "I will ask you to state what it is."

"Well, sir, his reputation for truth ain't no good. His reputation for veracity—well, that's different. Some says he does and some says he don't."

"Witness," interposed the judge, "do you know the meaning of 'veracity'?"

"I reckon I do."

"What do you understand by the word?"

"The witness twirled his hat in his fingers a few moments without replying.

"Then he looked up defiantly. 'I refuse to answer that question, judge," he said, "on the ground that it might discriminate me!'"

Chicago Tribune.

HUNTING THE POSSUM

A GEORGIA FAMILY OF COLORED PEOPLE HAVE A ROYAL FEAST.

Negro boy and yellow possum and rabbit dog have been friends since the day the pink mouthed, yellow puppy was brought home, not yet weaned from his mother, and still in the blindness that attends the first nine days of his life.

The little two room home could not contain a whining puppy, eleven children, the bantam rooster that roosted on the back of the hide bottom chair, and the setting hen that calmly surveyed the motley crowd from her perch in the loft, where her nest was built in an old cheese box. Many a night the slim legged boy and his yellow friend slept curled up in the



M'ria James.

cottonseed in the old outhouse, where they had been banished for the wailing of the dog. These cries were no drawback to the boy. He lay there and slept, deaf to all the calls of his comrades.

When Tige—though in looks and fierceness he belied his name—was large enough to eat bread and meat and blue stemmed collards, his master did his duty in trying to make Tige deserve his name by giving him liberal doses of gunpowder. But the dog did not take kindly to the heroic treatment, and left the piece of meat that could ill be afforded him to the old brindle dog.

Tige was not born to eat gunpowder and be fierce. His mission was to run rabbits in the fields of waving yellow broom sedge and among the gray stalks of the dead life everlasting, or to tree the possum in the cool, dark woods at night.

His friend of the slim black legs was always respectfully near when the chase started, and the same friend came up for the finish when "Molly Cottontail" made a leap for her home under the old pine stump, while the owner of the shining pipe stems was busy with a stick endeavoring to twist "Molly" from her resinous retreat, Tige literally tore up the patch in his efforts to run out the poor frightened rabbit which seemed tantalizingly near.

After working until darkness was beginning to creep over the field the boy fell back and called his friend. Solomon had had visions of a stew for that night, but both went home through the gathering gloom and misty rain hungry and dispirited. Tige walked thoughtfully behind his tall drooping and his nose near the ground as he retraced some of the way he had traversed in his frantic rush earlier in the afternoon.

If Solomon had only a piece of corn bread for supper he divided it cheerfully with the dog, and only longed for a piece of meat to go with it and sighed regretfully when he thought of the lost opportunity in the field.

When it comes to the night for the family to go on the opossum hunt Tige is the most trusted friend of the crowd. Solomon is sent to the old broom sedge field with a short handled axe with which to chop on the same stump under which the rabbit found safety and to get long pieces of the rich pine which is to light the way through the woods that night.

The old horn is taken down from the peg a blast is blown, the lank dogs yelp, the father of the family heads the line with the axe in hand ready to cut down the tree when the possum is discovered.

Solomon's mother, Aunt Maria, who always introduces herself and husband as "M'ria James, and Jeeems James, the mother an' father of eleven children," calls to Solomon:

"Sol! whar's dat fat light ud I tole you to git yistly. You ain't never stud' in nothin' but runnin' rabbits all de time an' den never ketches none."

That was a mortifying truth often presented to Solomon.

"Call Tige an' come on, yore pa an' de balance of de chillun done gone on, an' dey mus' be down in de neck ud de woods by de branch already."

Aunt Maria grow reminiscent as they walked in the direction of the neck of the woods and told Solomon of the "mangy trick old Eph'm played on yore pa when dey vuz younger dan dey is now."

"Jeeems had coteh de finest sorter 'possum, done clean btm and bake him in de skillet tell he was des drippin' in good ole juce, an' sweet 'aters all 'roun de 'possum, des as brown,

he take a little nap while de 'possum was still simmerin'." "He dropped off to sleep and dey so much he didn't hear 'tobby ter 'tobby in'." "Eph'm was croun' de big road an' Eph'm see to de best. Pear lak I smell 'possum. You know a nigger's leg lak a dog, ef dey smell 'possum dey ain't never gwine let up tell dey find it. Eph'm kep' sniffin' tell he track de smell to Jeeems' house. Den he croupe to de dore an' see Jeeems asleepin'."

"He des ef dat 'possum an' let de bote in de skillet an' put back the lid an' tuck an' grease Jeeems' ass an' mou' wid de juce, an' den sail out easy an' made tracks up de road."

"Wen Jeeems waked up an' see nothin' but de bones an' a few drops ob gravy—yore see, Sol, he den as eoun' asleep he couldn't recollect nothin'—he licked his mouf an' sed: 'Well, Gawd knows, dat 'possum gin me de lassest satisfaction uv ary 'possum I ever et.'"

"Ole Eph never tole Jeeems dat in many yars, er Jeeems woulder split Eph's head wide open."

"Sol, sin dis de fust dark night since de moon changed? It's dark tonight, en er good ting it is, case you know why, Sol, a 'possum't so scary ob heads dat when de moon shines he's ma'd ob his own shadder en goes back whar he cum from. But, good lan', when it's dark de ole 'possum can't git to de simmon tree quick enuff. He den wrops dat long, curly tail ob hisen rou'n' a lim' an' crite 'simmons till he can't see—an' Sol, he can jis lay dem gro't big black muscadines in de shade; den vimes don't curi no mo'n his tail when he's dunn claim de tree, an' he who do at."

A blast comes from the mellow old cow horn, and the mother of eleven children and Solomon quicken their steps.

The call for light sounds above the noise of the dogs, and then a force dispute arises among the boys about to whom shall fall the lot of shining, the light in the eyes of the 'possum to see if he is there. Solomon is resolute.

"Tige tread him first," and Tige is his dog, but the mother of eleven adds the wrangle by seizing the torch and holding it aloft, passing around the tall perimmon tree, now loaded with the ripe fruit. She circles around two or three times, and then, with one accord, the cry is raised.

"Dar he! Dar he!" And there as they live, the frightened, grinding wretch, hanging on a limb, his eyes gleaming like balls of phosphorus in the light of the flaring pine torch.

The crowd tries shaking the tree, hoping to bring down the victim, but he clings more tenaciously, and the only thing that drops is a shower of ripe perimmons. The axe, under the supervision of Maria, is piled by Jeeems, and the tree falls with a crash and swish among the undergrowth, and thereupon commences the scramble of the boys, the dogs and the 'possum.

When caught he shows no fight, but "plays possum," feigning death, allowing himself to be pushed, rolled over and shoved about without displaying the least sign of life.

Suddenly away he goes. The night is dark; the dogs are elated over the victory and sniff and whine, leading off rapidly to an immense pine, blown down, where some of the roots are still imbedded in the fine yellow clay.

Both dogs plunge down into the deep, narrow opening of the clay root, and, as well as the limited space will permit, make mad efforts to get the 'possum, which has taken refuge far under the root. Seeing things so arrayed and being consumed with anxiety for fear the 'possum will elude the dogs, Jeeems issues orders:

"Sol, you git on your stumckid, an' slide down de hole an' take holt uv ole Brindle an' 'tho him out, an' den you'll hab an' pu'chis at Tige an' de 'possum."

The opening was so small it would only admit one body at a time, and, in order to get at the dog, Jeeems further suggested that when Solomon caught Brindle's legs he could kick his own—Solomon—and at that signal Peter, who would be flat on his stomach holding on to Solomon, could kick his heels, and then Jeeems, who would be at the end, could drag out the prostrate hunters. And by that chain arrangement they could get rid of the superfluous dog.

The scheme worked with perfect success, and Brindle was held in leash while Solomon went down the hole again, Peter right at his heels, all head foremost.

The kicking signal was again given, and this time Jeeems seized one of Peter's legs and Maria the other. First Peter emerged from the clay hole, followed by Solomon, who had hold of the hind legs of Tige, and last came the 'possum, held by Tige with a death grip.

The journey home is begun with the 'possum fastened by having his tail thrust through a split in the pole, which is borne on the shoulders of two of the boys.

The family marches home discussing the various incidents of the night's excitement, each one inclined to take the credit for providing the coming feast. Their mouths water when they talk of how they will keep the 'possum in a pen for a few days "to take de will' taste outen him."

How they will scald him and scrape him as they would a pig, then string the remaining hairs, put him in the old spider legged Dutch oven, lay a row of sweet potatoes around him and then pile high the blazing coals under and on top of the lid.

Excitement runs high and the victim on the slitted stick hears all about his coming fate.

Solomon drops back a few steps from the hore of the torch and puts his friend of friend, and Tige responds to the show of affection by opening his pink mouth, showing his sharp teeth, giving a short whine and then rubbing his cold nose on the boy's hand.