

OUR FASHION LETTER.

New Things For Home and Street Wear.

DOUBTLESS SHOES AND LINGERIE.

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

Blue serge smartly trimmed with broad ribbons in request for morning wear, and little pouched vests embroidered and lavishly adorned with lace trimmings, these gowns, which are frequently made with that type of bolero which can be worn both open and closed.

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



THE LATEST CHERIE.

depth and have cuffs equally corresponding in style. The sack coat, reaching barely to the hips or quite level to the waist, is a favorite model, and the sleeves are all large and drawn into some species of wide cuff.

Belts are now of great importance, and there are wide ones for the full, soft blouses of flannel crapes or oriental silk and narrow ones excessively elongated in front to wear with the waists which have closely fitted backs and for the blouse coat, which is usually worn with a narrow waistband.

An up to date chemise is here shown. The fullness is held in as far down as the waist.

The New Belts.

Many of the new wide belts have exquisite buckles set with stones or in the art nouveau style with just a few cabochons of turquoise or jade, and these buckles are arranged at the back and correspond with the chataigne purse worn in front.

These accessories are very pretty on a tailor made suit and are most useful on black or gray gowns.

Beltcoats grow more and more elaborate, and ivory wash silk plentifully



FRIGATE GARNITURE.

adorned with soft-washing lace is very popular with afternoon gowns, or pale colored silk forms the petticoat worn with tailor costumes.

Petticoats of rich brocades are shown with a variety of designs and to use as the

most beautiful ones are of bro-

cade with handsome buckles and very high heels.

The cut shows a floral garniture of chrysanthemums and maiden hair fern.

Handsome Water Wraps.

Very handsome wraps of velours and Lyons velvet are trimmed with mink and chinchilla, but lace is rarely absent and is even used to outline a silk or satin lining and to form a border inside loose sleeves. The new snow-fake and zibeline mantle cloths have been eagerly welcomed, and very smart coats and wraps are shown in these materials.

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



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 three-quarter coat of white cloths are combined with heavy lace and skunk or sable tails.

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

Brocades 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. No matter how small a remnant may be, provided it is good,



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. Skirts are becoming fuller, and so are sleeves.

The little accessories of dress, berths, fichus and rosettes are responsible for the success of more than one gown.

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

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. These are sometimes made 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.

LIZA

By Frank H. Sweet

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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 backwoods 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. Lowry, 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, Liza," said Mr. Lowry heartily. "We have had some rare hunts together. But

"Excuse the interruption, Danielson," said Mr. Lowry. "but I want you to know my friend Norton. You've heard me speak of him—my guide among the keys; saved my life off Anclote and nearly lost his own."

Mr. Danielson advanced cordially. He had heard many stories of this brave guide and was glad to meet him. But before he could grasp the hand of a little figure sprang before, and Liza cried:

"Oh, Bob, we didn't spect you 'fore orange pickin'!" Then, turning about and with a shy air of proprietorship, "Hit's my Bob!"



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO NORTH AND STUDY MUSIC, LIZA?

how you have grown! You were only a little girl when I left." Then, nodding toward his companion, he said: "I've brought my friend, Mr. Danielson, down to try alligator hunting. I tell him your father is probably the best gator guide in south Florida."

The girl's face clouded.

"Paw's in right pore shape," she said. "He was lost in the Everglades an' got the shakes pow'ful bad. I 'low he can't do no more guidin' for right smart."

The men looked at each other in perplexity, seeing which the girl hastened to add:

"Cleb can guide you all better'n anybody except paw. He ain't but twelve years ole, but paw says what he don't know 'bout gators ain't worth takin' lessons on."

But Mr. Lowry looked doubtful.

"I remember Cleb," he said, "but it strikes me that he would be rather a small chap in case of emergency."

"Paw says that Cleb can get away with most anything."

"Very well, we'll try him, of course; it is thirty miles to the nearest settlement where a guide could be found. Now, suppose we go in and have a talk with your father?"

An hour later Cleb came in, a small, freckled face boy with quick, sharp eyes which seemed to take in everything. Soon after appeared Mr. Lowry's man with the camp equipage.

"I suppose we can have the old camp site by the creek?" Mr. Lowry inquired.

"Suttinly, suttinly!" responded Mr. Dobson heartily. "You all set just like you was to home an' help yourselves. There's raft's of garden sass an' melons aplin'."

Before night the camp was ready, and late in the evening the two men with their young guide went down to the creek for a preliminary "brush" with the alligators. And it did not take long to discover that the girl's praise of her brother was justifiable. Before many days the two men expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied with his services.

As the days went by the relations between the house and the camp grew more intimate. Mr. Danielson was an enthusiast in his profession and found the voice of the young girl fully as attractive as alligator hunting. Day after day he listened to her singing, making comments, suggestions and often accompanying it with his own trained voice. And the more he listened the more he was resolved to take her back with him to New York.

"I would like the training of such a voice," he said to Mr. Lowry. "She will make a grand woman some day. If only her language was not so barbarous!"

But in time even her language grew less harsh to his ears. And her eyes were so brown and deep, so frank and open. What mattered a few oddities of expression?

One day Mr. Lowry took him to task.

"You must go slow, Danielson," he said warningly. "You are only twenty-eight, and Liza is no ordinary girl. But you know the impossibility."

For a moment his companion made no reply; then he said:

"Yes, I know the impossibility. I have convinced myself of it a dozen times. The girl is absolutely ignorant, a cracker in the extreme sense of the term, while I am what books and money have made me, and yet," after a long pause, "as soon as I convince myself of its absurdity I am sure to begin to make plans to take her north and give her an education."

The next afternoon as the two were practicing together Mr. Danielson asked in a matter of fact tone:

"How would you like to go north and study music, Liza?"

She raised her eyes frankly. This was one of her attractions. She never showed embarrassment or self-consciousness.

"I used to 'low I'd like to learn things right much," she said simply, "but money's been scarce, an' since paw's been sick I've done give hit all up."

There was a wistfulness in her voice which he took instant advantage of.

"If you could arrange to go north with us," he said eagerly, "you would have a chance to learn everything. My mother would look after you, an'—"

"Hit's too late, an' there's other things."

At this moment Mr. Lowry came up. With him was a young man in rough costume.

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The Boys.

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 1576. 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 "Plein" has it, "The bates or berries (baccæ) that it (the roslal 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 bas chevaliers, or men below 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. In fact, 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 fisted, 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.

Sign, and Solomon, James and Maria James All Go on a Possum Hunt. They Capture the Game and Their 'Cops and Feet Upon It—Vlands Fit for the Gods.

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

"He des et dat 'possum an' let de botes in de skillet an' put back the lid an' tuck an' grease James' an' an' mou' wid de ju'ce, an' den slip out easy an' made tracks on de road."

"Wen James waked up an' 'saw nothin' but de bones an' a few drops ob gravy—yess see, Sol, he den as eoun' asleep he couldn't recollect nothin'—he licked his mou' an' sed:

"Well, Gawd knows, dat 'possum gin me de leasest satisfaction uv any 'possum I ever et."

"Ole Eph never tole James dat in many years, an' James wouldn't 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's so scary ob heads dat when de moon shines he's sca'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 'skimmon tree quick enuff. He des wrope dat long, curly tail ob hisen roun' a lim an' catch 'skimmons till he can't res—an' Sol, he can jis lay dem grot big black muscadines in de shade; dem vines don't curi no mo' in his tail when he's dun clum 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 skinning 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 persimmon 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, is 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 persimmons. The axe, under the supervision of Maria, is piled by James, 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, James issues orders:

"Sol, you git on your stumck, an' slide down de hole an' take hold uv ole Brindle an' 'tho him out, an' den you'll hab an' paw'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, James 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 James, 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 James 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 fare of the torch and pats 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.

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