

OUR FASHION LETTER.

Hints About Corsets, Petticoats and Stockings.

NOVELTIES IN EVENING GOWNS.

They Are Much Filled and All a-flutter With Steel and Silver. Their Black Coats Are in High Favor Just Now.

The corset should be tolerably high in the back, but slope off gradually so that it is quite low in the front.

The front should be straight. This type of a corset if properly arranged draws in below the waist and sets out at the top, and, although the actual measurement of the waist is increased,



yet the figure looks smaller and the back and sides of the corset fit as closely as ever.

The new corset covers generally all about a very full blouse in front.

Petticoats of heavy black moire wear well and are serviceable for cool weather. They are fitted bell shape, with no extra fullness.

The newest stockings match the gowns with which they are worn and are very much embroidered.

The picture shows a dancing gown of white crepe de chine. It has the latest thing in skirts, wide folds from waist to hem, beaded by fagoting.

Dainty Novelties. The most noticeable novelties in evening gowns are the lovely fringes of silk heads and sequins which droop gracefully from the décolletage. Plisse frills and lace flounces are used in the same fashion.

Black evening toilets still glitter with steel or silver cup sequins and black



FLANNEL BLOUSE.

pallottes. It is quite impossible to have too many frills below the knees. Skirts are much fuller, but the width is more actually due to the trimmings, as the sheathlike effect is still preserved around the hips.

The newest veillings are of lisse, with large spots widely scattered, and black spots on a white ground form quite the most chic veils of the moment.

Originally introduced for motoring, the lisse has been found so protecting and becoming that it has quickly been adopted by smart women.

The blouse shown is of flannel trimmed with oriental embroidery.

What is Worn. The short skirt is extremely popular. It is shown with a very deep hem, and is really oversize and with the

of velvet are salient features of this little coat.

It is quite fashionable to have the coat or blouse without a neckband or high collar and to wear a chemise, but with the fat stole this is totally inadequate in this weather. Indeed, worn fashionably on a cold day the stole has quite an unsuitable effect. The stoles will be pretty in feather for spring wear with gowns of light



SKIRT OF FIGURED NET.

cloth or frieze and are already shown in marabou with large flat muffs to match.

The picture shows a dainty skirt of figured net with many ruffles and a crosswise effect in ribbon.

Costumes For Southern Days. Many toilets are being designed for the sunny south and light delicate colorings undoubtedly predominate.

The very light zibelines are extremely smart and are so soft and supple that a trimming of Irish lace is by no means out of place, and both chiffon and embroidered galloons are used on this fabric.

The coat and skirt costume is invaluable for cool days, and many toilets with a bolero or blouse coat are shown in cream or ivory white, the softly colored vest a mass of lace and the revers and facings finished with tiny

revers and facings finished with tiny

revers and facings finished with tiny

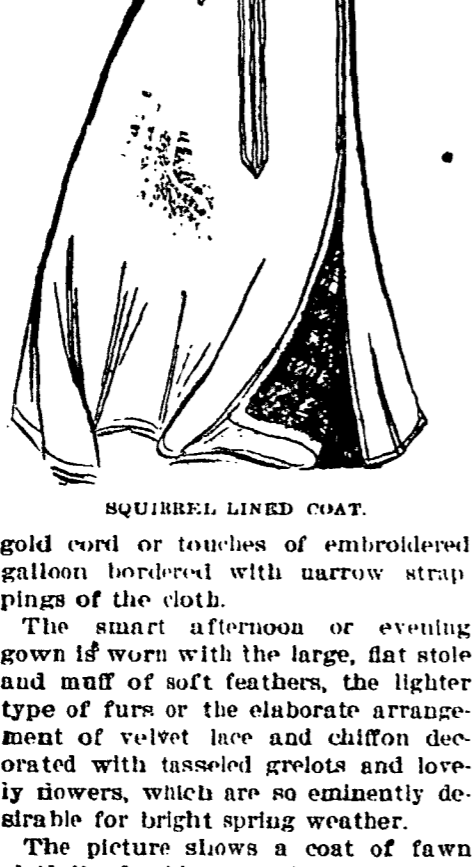
revers and facings finished with tiny

revers and facings finished with tiny

revers and facings finished with tiny

revers and facings finished with tiny

revers and facings finished with tiny



SQUIRREL LINED COAT.

gold cord or touches of embroidered galloon bordered with narrow strap plings of the cloth.

The smart afternoon or evening gown is worn with the large, flat stole and muff of soft feathers, the lighter type of furs or the elaborate arrangement of velvet lace and chiffon decorated with tasseled grelots and lovely flowers, which are so eminently desirable for bright spring weather.

The picture shows a coat of fawn cloth lined with squirrel.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Where She Drove the Line. Kinglake, the oriental traveler and historian of the Crimean war, never married. This was strange, says his biographer, because he admired women and formed fine intellectual friendships with them.

He thought that there should be priestesses as well as priests in the churches, the women as the Egerias of men as the men are the pontiffs of women.

A friend of his tells us that when he was attacked by gout Kinglake wished for the solace of a woman doctor and wrote to one asking if gout were beyond her scope.

She answered: "Dear sir, Gout is not beyond my scope, but men are."—Youth's Companion.

IN THE THREE CORNERED LOT.

By HARRIET WHITNEY.

Copyright, 1906, by the S. S. McClure Company.

"George, I've let him have the old homestead farm. Ben's the oldest of the heap; Marthy Ann, she's got the blackjack holler strip; Columbus an' Jinny, they've got the two twenty acre lots, an' they're to take keer of me long as I last, turn about."

Uncle Billy Bascom looked as lean, cheerful and alert as a grasshopper as he sat on the top rail of the old fence.

"An' I reckon Rusby never got as much as a burdock patch."

Zeke Armstead looked hard at Uncle Billy, who squirmed a little.

"Rusby got Jed Hooker. That ought to satisfy him, seein' every kin person she had was sot ag'in him, an' ef he left her a widdier without so much as the scraps of a mash kittle she had herself to thank. Howsomever, not to make it look too p'nted, I've give her the three cornered lot yonder at Buttermilk ridge."

Uncle Billy chuckled.

Zeke growled like an irritated mastiff.

"The three cornered lot—a little ol' scrap of ground in the tim rock country, not big enough fer a truck patch an' too poor to raise black eyed peas. That's a big slice fer your youngster."

The young man started his team along. He was on his way to town with a load of cordwood. About a mile beyond Uncle Billy's he stopped, hitched his team in the shade and followed a narrow, weed grown path that seemed to lead nowhere, but brought up at a tiny cabin. Its scrappy little dooryard was full of that cheerful common yellow flower known as "but-ter and eggs." A plump, fair young woman in a pink calico sunbonnet was feeding a brood of chickens out of a tin pan.

"Mornin', Rusby," said Zeke.

"Mornin', Zeke. How's everything?"

"Jest joggin'. I hear your paw's give you some land."

A rill of clear laughter rang from under the pink bonnet.

"Yes, the three cornered lot. It'll make me rich, I reckon."

"Want to sell it?"

"Go 'long, Zeke. What's the use askin' foolish questions? I'd most sell it fer two bits, an' nobody wouldn't give that."

Rusby's smile hadn't an atom of bitterness in it, yet it went like a lance through Zeke Armstead's heart. He knew a little of the sore poverty endured by the girl he had wooed before his rival won her.

"Rusby, why won't you quit your contrariness an' take me an' let me do the supportin'?"

The pink bonnet was shaken decidedly.

"You know why Zeke. Your maw don't want me at her house. She's



A RILL OF CLEAR LAUGHTER RANG OUT FROM UNDER THE PINK BONNET.

never forgive me fer marryin' pore Jed, though he did go an' die. An' you ain't able to support two families."

"I'll be a'm-a-goon to be—you'll see. An', Rusby, soon es I sell my wheat I'll hev \$50. Ef you'll take that fer the lot, it's a trade."

"Why, Zeke, you're plumb crazy?"

Rusby's voice quivered a little. "You know es good es I do 'tain't worth the half of that. An' what'd you do with it anyway?"

"Dig a well," said Zeke promptly.

"I've got some land over that a-way I'm 'lowin' to make a stock pasture of, an' I'll need a well right there to water 'em."

"Ef you're shure about the well, Zeke, I'll take \$25 for the lot, an' you can go ahead an' dig your well. That's a big price fer it, an' I won't take a grain more, not ef you talk a week."

Rusby sat down upon her doorstep when Zeke had gone and wiped her eyes with a corner of the pink sunbonnet cape.

"Best friend I've got in the world," said she, sniffing a little, "an' got to be separated from him by that crabbedy maw of his'n."

Once, in the edge of a pink summer twilight, Zeke Armstead rode up to Rusby Hooker's cabin. Rusby had

just come up to the door with a tin bucketful of clear spring water, which she set upon the rough step.

"Mighty glad to see you, Zeke," she said, fanning herself with her apron. "What you been doin' with that little old three cornered lot? The way things has been happenin' fairly skeers me."

"What's to do?" asked Zeke.

"Well, honest, Zeke, sence you've been over yonder a-diggin' your well I could hev sold that scrap of land forty-seven times over. First come Brother George, then Columbus, then Marthy Ann an' Jinny, all a-wantin' to trade their land fer it or buy it. I sold 'em they knowed good es I did I'd told 'em you, but they 'lowed you heidin' paid yet an' the bargain wasn't bradin' an' offered me more than what I let you hev it fer. An' next half the county, 'peared like come p'oin' along, all a-wantin' the three cornered lot. I 'lowed to all of 'em I'd made a bargain with you an' I'd stick by it ef they wagged their tongues off, an' so I will, Zeke. But wouldn't none of 'em tell me what they wanted it fer—give one reason an' another there wasn't a grain of sense in, an' I jest naturally knowed 'twann't the real one. An' George an' Columbus an' the girls is all as mad as pay d's rails fer lettin' me hev the lot first place. What's it all about, Zeke?"

"Come over a purpose to tell you, Rusby, I didn't strike any water a-diggin' that well, nor oil neither, but I tell you what I did strike—a solid bed of salt. I hustled around spy an' hed it looked into by them that knowed, an' they said it was 99 per cent pure salt. The railroad folks are a-goin' to build a branch track out there. Your folks an' the others heard what was a-goin' on, an' of course every tinker of 'em begun to figure up what they could make out of it. Rusby, your three cornered lot is worth more than any property in this county."

"I'm mighty glad, Zeke," said Rusby, "but 'tain't my three cornered lot, it's yours. I've sold it to you for \$25."

"Well, I reckon not," vowed Zeke. "You've got to take it back—or else you've got to take me. Which is it, Rusby?"

Rusby was sitting in the doorway now, and Zeke was close beside her. She was looking dreamily away to the western hills, where the amethyst shadows of the twilight were spreading in.

"I reckon," she made reply, "you could tend to the salt mine better than what I could, Zeke."

One sunny morning Uncle Billy Bascom turned his back upon his four elder children.

"They're so darned cranky no feller couldn't live with 'em," he explained to an inquisitive neighbor. "I don't pritty well fer Rusby, an' her an' Zeke has asked me to come along an' live with 'em."

A Conjugal Duel. Charles Copeau, Sieur d'Assonoi, a French poet and musician of the seventeenth century, relates in one of his "Aventures" that his father and mother were one day engaged in a discussion upon questions of law when a dispute arose between them with regard to the precise signification and bearing of a provision in Justinian's code with respect to the rights of brothers. Ultimately the quarrel waxed so furious that the disputants lost all control of themselves, defied each other to single combat and proceeded to settle their difference and determine the mind of the ancient legislator by a fight with swords.

This singular duel took place in their son's presence. Copeau pere was an advocate by profession and a member of one of the French parliaments. Madame was exceedingly diminutive and had to wear exceptionally high pattens to approach the ordinary stature of women, but she was fierce and domineering in temper. The combat appears to have been a drawn battle, and the sense of Justinian remained as obscure and debatable as ever.

Women Executed For Treason. Two women suffered the death penalty for political offenses in England in the year 1685. One of these, Mrs. Alice Lisle, gave friendly shelter to two fugitive rebels after the battle of Sedgemoor. She defended herself with much ability, pointing out that, as the men themselves had not been convicted of treason, she could not be considered an accomplice. Jeffreys, the notorious judge, overruled this plea and, having caused her to be found guilty, sentenced her to be burned alive. A petition procured for her the less terrible doom of death by the ax.

The other victim, who was tried a few days later, was Elizabeth Gaunt, an elderly Baptist, who had assisted one Burton, who was concerned in the Rye House plot, to escape from justice. Afterward, to screen and save himself, he basely betrayed his preserver and appeared as principal witness at her trial. The hapless woman was condemned to be burned alive. A heavy downpour of rain while she was at the stake was interpreted to indicate divine wrath at this inhuman deed.

Didn't Like Shakespeare. A lady living in New York has a maid of whom she is quite fond and whom she considers a superior young person. Thinking to give her a great pleasure, she purchased tickets for the theater and gave them to her. The next day she asked the girl how she enjoyed the performance.

"Well, ma'am, I didn't think much of it," said the girl.

"What was the play?" asked Mrs. B.

"Well, it had no name, ma'am," said Julia.

"No name?" exclaimed Mrs. B. in astonishment.

"No, ma'am," said Julia. "The programme had printed on it 'As You Like It' and we didn't like it at all."—New York Herald.

JOGGIN' ALONG.

We're joggin' along An' we've staid' our song, No maw an' Burman's brin'ing; A song a'm-a-sigh, Onto a mornin' sky-high, An' the Lord gave us voices for singin'!

We're joggin' along With a right an' a wrong, In weather that's good, an' cozy; The worms make the silk, An' the cows give the milk, An' the bees help us out with the honey.

We're joggin' along—Furry country an' strong; We call for the Erie boats that here An' when we get to the sea, With a smile on each face We'll make for the bottom above us. —Atlantic Constitution.

FLIRT, THOUGH SHE WAS.

He was one of the handsomest fellows that graduated that term; of a fine aristocratic old family, who were as wealthy as haughty; so that it was only natural that he was the favorite at the Point.

A handsome fellow, I said, was Bertrand Holme; one who did not wear his heart on his gray coat sleeve.

And Lillabel Belmont, with her lapis lazuli eyes, and her low, siren voice, was—well, was she really in love, or only making believe.

She was simply perfect on the night of the officers' ball, and Bertrand was not the only heart under uniform that quickened the pulses when her hidden fingers rested, ever so lightly, on their arm.

She had taken especial pains with her toilet, and was radiant.

He was so unique in her style, so pure and fresh in her bonny ways and lissant beauty, and Bertrand Holme was wondering if he was falling in love with this Undine that floated along beside him.

"Won't you give me just one, Lieut. Holme? This one. You'd never miss it, I'm sure."

It was the bright button on his coat sleeve she was asking for, with as much eloquence in her blue eyes as though she were pleading for a priceless boon.

He bent his head a little lower. He liked to feel that soft, fragrant, wood-brown hair blow over his face, and smiled very gravely at her sweet face.

"I know I should not miss it, Miss Belmont; but I am not so sure you would prize it."

"Oh, I would! Indeed I would! I would keep it always, as a reminder of the happy hours I have spent at West Point."

"And have I contributed any to that happiness, Miss Belmont?"

There was a latent quiver in his voice; his proud heart was fast yielding up its treasure-trove to this girl.

"Indeed you have, Lieut. Holme; and that is why I asked you for a button. I thought surely you'd give one to me!"

There was a slight pressure of those lily fingers on his sleeves, and a pleading eloquence in her eyes, as she raised the fringed lashes for a moment to the handsome face above hers that was growing more impassioned every moment.

"And if I do, what will you give me in return? You are the only woman living who has asked, and not in vain, for one of these trifles. I am not contented, Miss Belmont, but I never could allow myself to be robbed of these trophies by coquettes who displayed them after, in boasting triumph. You could not do that."

He did not ask her if she would, he asserted the fact with a proud sort of consciousness that such was the case.

Then he laid his hand on hers—the hand she had unglued when they came from the ball room.

"What can I have in return?" She blushed a little and looked down so that her brown eyelashes lay on her cheeks in rarest beauty for a short second, then suddenly looked up, bright and frank and smiling.

"A special invitation to my birthday ball on Christmas Eve."

His heart beat gladly at the words, at the opportunity to see her again after this ray season was over.

He severed the button with his pen-knife, and gave it to her, almost solemnly.

"It is yours, Miss Belmont; and more goes with it than you perhaps think of."

She received the button with a regal bow of her proud head.

"Thank you, Lieut. Holme. I appreciate it very much."

And they went in again, to join the german.

"Lillabel! not another!"

Ada Brunel snatched a polished globe from Miss Belmont's fingers, as she wearily leaned back in the wicker, wide toilet chair, regardless of her costly ball dress.

"Is it anything wonderful, pray? I should think, after collecting the string I have, an additional button from Lieut. Holme was no great chef d'oeuvre."

"It's never from Lieut. Holme, Lillabel. Not from that grave, stern fellow, with his magnificent eyes."

"That's sufficient, Ada. I do not feel inclined to listen to his praises, if I have performed what seems to you a miracle. I'm going now. I never was so tired in all my life."

And listlessly, as if she were eight and fifty, instead of eighteen, Lillabel sought the apartments opposite Ada Brunel's.

Her face had lost its flush now, but the waxen pallor was very lovely to see, and I think the soldier who was pacing alone the parade ground with such a passionate light in his eyes would have worshipped his syren more than ever had he seen her, as once locked in her room, she leaned her head on her fair hands, and tenderly caressed the bignon he had given her.

Then she crossed over to the dressing bureau, and from a locked drawer took a long string of buttons, perhaps thirty or forty, just like the one she clasped so lightly in her hand.

"And I prized these trophies of my conquests so only this morning! Oh, how I despise myself! How utterly he would hate me if he knew it!"

"Then a swift, hot flush swept over face, neck and arms, and she thrust her buttons out of sight.

"But this—this—" and she kissed again and again her treasure from Lieut. Holme's sleeve—"shall never joint that folly of mine, because I love you—I love you!"

trinkets, attached the button and fastened the chain round her neck, the button falling just below her dress. "It shall never come off," she said, and then rang for her maid. The next morning, with pink-tinted cheeks, Lillabel watched and waited for Lieut. Holme, but he did not come. Toward noon, a cadet casually mentioned he had been summoned to Virginia suddenly by a telegram.

Music and dancing were at their height, and Lillabel, with anxious eyes and high-flashed cheeks, had flitted away from her guests to hide the long post-up agony that she knew must come, now that Lieut. Holme had not come.

She had hoped so, and expected so; and now, as she leaned her hot face against a pillar in the veranda, she felt the tears slowly forcing to her eyelids.

Then a low, cautious rustling among the leaves startled her. She would not for the world have any one see her thus. She winked back the tears and walked carelessly on, and came face to face with Bertrand Holme.

She did not cry out in melodramatic style; but while her heart was throbbing to suffocation with the overwhelming joy, she only smiled and extended her hand.

He uttered no exclamation; he bowed, and then stepped directly in her path. He looked down in her eyes.

"Miss Belmont, I should not have come, I know; but as I go to India to-morrow, I could not refuse myself a sight of you once more. I regret this misfortune that compels us to exchange courtesies."

So what could it mean? he was so cold, so awfully angry, she knew.

"I don't understand why you should not see me, Lieut. Holme. I am very glad to see you."

"Thank you, Miss Belmont. Any other of your West Point friends would doubtless fare as well as I in welcome."

Then she was sure he hated her for something; her eyes filled with tears she could not restrain and she reached out both her beautiful white arms.

"What do you mean? What have I done? I was so afraid you wouldn't come, and now—now."

She seemed ashamed of her impulsiveness and suddenly turned her head away.

"Can I believe you wanted me to come, after I heard the story of those thirty buttons you had taken for your spoils—and mine, mine with them?"

She sunk down into an oaken chair, her face growing white and one hand on the chain on her throat.

"Lieut. Holme, so long as you are going to India to-morrow and we will never meet again I will confess to you that, first though I was, I never played with your heart. See?"

She snapped the catch of the chain and laid it and his button, warm and bright, in his hand and buried her face in her hands.

A silence, so still it was agonizing; then he raised her head with both his hands and kissed her mouth and she knew it was all right between them forevermore.—New York Daily News.

A National Bad Habit. The right of a person to whistle, to the paralysis of other persons' nerves, is becoming almost as burning a question as the right of persons to smoke, to the mental and bodily detriment of others. We Americans are probably next to our own colored people in the southern towns, whom we have educated in the art—the whistlingest people in the world. There are, apparently, two reasons for this. One is that we are the most nervous people; we have to be doing something; we can't go down stolidly at our work like Europeans, or sit silent and contemplative; so we work off our fidgets with whistling. The other reason is that we are really a cheerful and expressive people, in spite of all that has ever been said to the contrary. The national whistling habit has resulted in the production of a great number of really skillful and musical whistlers. With one consideration and another, there is a tremendous amount of whistling. It seems cheerful and sometimes, to the whistler, it is really cheerful. Now, undoubtedly, this would be very nice if every one's whistling were heard only by himself. It would be a blessed way of working off one's nervousness. But the other fellow has nervousness, too. What about that? An ordinary whistler's performance gives absolutely no pleasure to any one but himself. —Boston Transcript.

Burglars and Chloroform. Burglars sometimes chloroform their victims in the hope that their work will be the more easily and effectually done. As the plan is to administer the anaesthetic while the patient sleeps it is no wonder that failure attends the effort. Happily it is one of the most difficult feats to accomplish, requiring the greatest care and the highest degree of skill. By many good observers it is claimed to be impossible. The latter may be looked upon as the rule, especially with novices. Before primary insensibility is obtained the victim awakes from the irritation of the inhaled vapor, whence force is necessary for the completion of the purpose. In the meantime an alarm may be given, and the assailants may be captured.

Fortunately the chances are always against the latter, as his victim, facing the horror of strangulation, is instantly and almost instinctively roused to desperate resistance. Taking all the chances, however, chloroform in the hands of a burglar should be considered as dangerous to his victim as a club, an ax or a bullet, and its administration should be punished to that extreme limit of penalty which is due to the employment of other murderous measures.—Medical Record.

Admitting Our Supreme Court. Sir Henry Wrixon of Victoria, Australia, who is now in this country for purpose of studying its labor conditions, paid the following tribute to the United States Supreme Court recently: "We recognize the Supreme Court of the United States as one of the greatest judicial institutions in the world. Its decisions command the greatest respect in every English court. While its decisions may not have the same technical precision as those in England, they are broader in principle and are recognized as fountain heads of the greatest principles of law."