OUR FASHION LETTER.

Chat of the New Things That Are Worn.

MATERIALS FOR SPRING GOWNS.

Very Fine Face Cloth Is Much Favored, and Lace Flounces Are Still Modish—Changes In the New Millinery From Paris.

Very fine face cloth is much favored for spring gowns, and this is inlet with guipure arranged over panne. This is a pleasing mode of introducing color and is already taken up by first class modistes. Tabs have by no means had their day, but the little medallions of panne are newer and are most effective when inclosed in a wheel or diamond shaped motif of guipure or passementerie.

Lace flounces are rarely out of fashion, and just now it is quite modish to wear lace frills covering half the skirt. Plaited frills are also popular, and

DOTTED NET DINNER GOWN.

these are generally either very deep or very narrow. Not only are the skirts much flounced and frilled, but deep frills fall from the bodice or there is a wide bertha of lace or plaited chiffon which covers the bodice almost to the waist.

The cut shows a dinner gown of dotted net.

Booming the Toque.

There is going to be a marked change in millinery, so Paris milliners declare. They are trying to bring in the tiny toque. Fine chip is the favorite fabric, although coarse straws will be used as well. Some smart toques in moire are trimmed with cords and tassels. The

BLOUSE COSTUME OF ZIBELINE.

all round shape in toques will again appear in straw. Somehow these are always useful and becoming.

Gorgeous ornaments and buckles will be a feature of early spring millinery, judging from the models which have made their appearance on the Riviera.

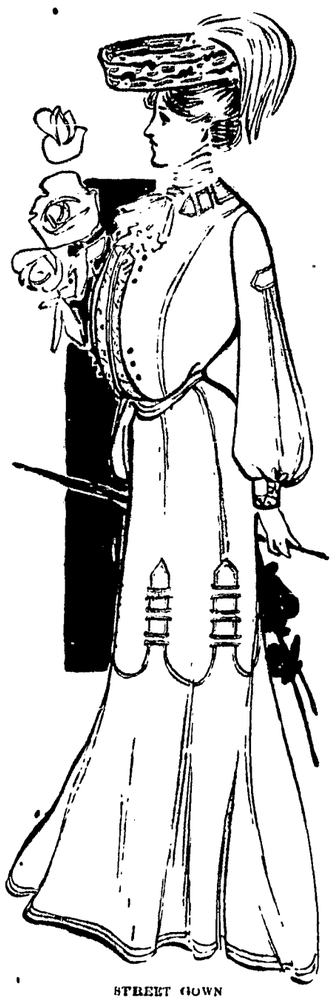
One or two tiny toques are shown made entirely of bugle trimmings, forming a sort of fringe around the brim, a note of smartness being the bird of paradise plume or a big choux of lace at the side.

The cut shows a blouse costume of zibeline, showing the new cape effect.

Chiffon Still Popular.

Beautiful frocks are being made of orange chiffon trimmed with a keynote pattern of chantilly lace and chenille. Many satin and chiffon dresses are decorated with lappets of mink or sable. These regal looking furs always seem adapted to the adornment of chiffon and satin.

Evening coats are made of flowered panne in various shades. Chiffon is more popular than ever for evening



STREET GOWN

dresses, while oriental satin is almost equally so. Some of the most beautiful gowns for evening wear are made in three or four shades of one color, yellow ranging from pale primrose to flame color and palest shrimp pink to coral are most effective.

Many chiffon frocks are trimmed with garlands of chiffon roses to match, sometimes also further decorated with paillettes. Glace is often intermingled to support these fragile roses.

A useful street gown is shown in the picture.

Some Dainty Effects.

The chou is giving place to long windmill bows of soft satin ribbon, of which a pale lime green, tender ciel blue and a soft shrimp pink are the favorite shades. A cluster of violets, roses or carnations is usually tucked in at the side, and the delicate blending of color is a great improvement on a black or white gown.

Three-quarter evening coats of lace are lined with quilted satin and trim-

DRESS OF ROSE CHIFFON.

med with plisse chiffon or much soft lace, and ivory cloth inlet with medallions of lace is lined with bright colored glace silk, which peeps through the lace and sets off a border of dark fur or ivory feathers.

The deep pelerine of sable or chinchilla is finished with frills of chiffon and long stole ends of chiffon and fur. These are very smart for afternoon visits, and some new ruffles for early spring are of silk and marabou feathers. The large stole boas of marabou are useful for theaters and dressy occasions.

The dress shown is of rose chiffon.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

THEIR PHYSICIAN

By ROY RICHARDSON

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"Now, then, young man," yawned Uncle Bill as he got slowly out of his easy chair and surveyed his oldest nephew, who had begun to show marked signs of unrest over his occupation of building block churches, "what shall we do to put in the rest of this rainy Sunday afternoon?"

"Let's play pingpong," Bobby suggested.

"You're not big enough yet. Guess again, or I'll pingpong you."

"Let's tell stories," ventured Bobby.

"All right, old sport. You begin."

"We-ell," drawled the youngster in the singsong of rote, climbing into Uncle Bill's lap, "once on a time, w'y, they wasn't anny little boys 'n' little girls, 'n' pretty soon they was Cain 'n' Abel. 'N' they didn't have an-ny sisters or brothers or nothin' 'cept just a papa 'n' mamma, nor no Uncle Bills or nothin'. 'N' their papa 'n' mamma were cross one time 'n' told their little

"UNCLE BILL, WHAT MAKES YOUR EYES SO BIG 'N' SHINY?"

boys to go 'n' play. 'n' Cain he played too rough, 'n' he killed his little brother with a jawbone of a jackass!"

"No!" ejaculated Uncle Bill in horror. "Did he now, really?"

"Yes, sir. 'N' that's all of that story. Now you tell one, Uncle Bill."

"Well," began Uncle Bill, "once there was a lazy old uncle, and he had a nephew whom he loved very much."

"I know somebody else you love," remarked Bobby, wriggling. "Don't you, Uncle Bill?"

"Oh, lots of people," the young man agreed boldly. "Whom in particular, Bobby?"

"Miss Josephine," said Bobby in accents of firm conviction.

Uncle Bill shifted uneasily, but gave his nephew a hug.

"What made you think so?" he asked, with a studied air of indifference.

Bobby was silent, but his little mind busied itself wondering what caused Uncle Bill's chest to rise so high when he breathed the long breath he had just taken. It was intoxicating to feel oneself lifted up and let down exactly like being on a seesaw.

"Do it again, Uncle Bill!" he cried. "It's lot of fun."

Uncle Bill did not seem to hear. He was looking wistfully out of the window, and Bobby looked, too, but saw nothing.

"Do you love her, Bobby?" Uncle Bill inquired presently, smoothing the child's yellow hair. "Bobby, do you love Miss Josephine?"

"Yes," Bobby answered.

"Why? What makes you do you know?"

"W'y Uncle Bill, the other day I fell 'n' hurted my knee, 'n' she w'y, she kissed me 'n' made my knee all well."

"H'm!" muttered Uncle Bill. "Should think it might."

"Uncle Bill," asked Bobby, "did Miss Josephine ever kiss you?"

"Little boys shouldn't ask questions," was the quick reply, and a soft cheek was drawn close to a rougher one.

"I won't," Bobby agreed. "But did she, Uncle Bill?"

"Yes, little boy, she did."

"Well, but didn't it make you all well?"

"No."

"Did you hurt yourself?"

"Yes."

"Where—in your knee?"

"No."

"In your stomach?"

"There or thereabout."

"Did it hurt much?"

"I say, Bobby," exclaimed Uncle Bill, with more or less feeling, "let you and me talk of something else. You are a very little boy, and you ask questions that are painful. I don't"—

"Does it hurt you yet?" queried Bobby, thinking of stomachs.

"Yes. Now, Bobby, if I"—

"Why don't you go 'n' see Miss Josephine? She'll try again. Maybe—w'y, she'll have better luck."

"I can't."

"Why?"

"Oh, because. What a lot of questions you can ask and how little you know, Bobby!"

"I know the 'twos' in multiplication table anyway—so now. Miss Josephine taught me yistiday. See? I wrote 'em all down."

Bobby put a chubby hand inside his small jacket, where was a pocket, and proudly drew forth an assortment of documents.

"There it is," he announced after a careful search, spreading a paper on Uncle Bill's knee. "It's the 'twos,'" he remarked, indicating a tipsy column of hieroglyphics, the only legible character in which was the letter X. "That means 'times.'"

"A very interesting exhibit," observed Uncle Bill. "What is that letter you have with the the bunch, Bobby? No, not the picture card, the letter—the one in the blue envelope. Let me see it. What don't boys have in their pockets? Why, bless me, it's for me!"

"W'y, w'y, Uncle Bill," stammered Bobby in a sudden spasm, "w'y, I forgot! Miss Josephine gived me that for you. She said to bring it right straight to you. I I forgot, Uncle Bill. W'y—w'y, Uncle Bill, what makes your eyes so big 'n' shiny? Oh, Uncle Bill! Don't don't hug me so! You're hurtin' me awful!"

"Am I, old man?" Uncle Bill said in a queer voice. "Tell me, Bobby, when Miss Josephine kissed you, how did you feel?"

"All nice," answered Bobby, with self satisfaction.

Uncle Bill hugged his nephew again.

"Did that hug hurt you, Bobby?" he asked.

"Some," the child replied.

"Then you get an umbrella, Bobby, just as quickly as ever you can, and I'll take you on my back, and we'll run over and see if Miss Josephine can make us feel all nice again, as you call it."

"Are you going, too, Uncle Bill?"

"Yes."

"Right now?"

"The sooner the better."

"Yes," said childish philosophy sagely, "when you hurt anywhere, it's best to get it cured right away."

A Story That Varies.

There is a story more or less diffused of a young bride on her wedding day playing the game of hide and seek and concealing herself in one of those ancient carved chests of large size. After she had got in the lid closed and she found herself unable to raise it again, for it fastened with a spring and she was shut in. Search was made for her in every quarter but the right one, and great perplexity and dismay were caused by her disappearance. It was not till years after when chance led to the opening of the chest that the body of the young bride was discovered and the mystery of her disappearance solved.

The story is found in so many places that it may be questioned whether it is true of any one of them. Rogers tells it of a palace in Modena. The chest in which the poor bride was found is shown at Bramshill, in Hampshire, the residence of Sir John Cope. Another similar chest with precisely the same story attached to it was long shown at Marwell Old Hall, between Winchester and Bishop's Waltham.

The folk tale of Catskin or Peau d'Ane represents the girl flying with her bridal dresses from a marriage that is repugnant to her, and as this tale is found all over Europe it may have metamorphosed itself into that of the bride who got into a chest and died there.—Cornhill Magazine.

Silence Often Best Rebuke.

Because a fault exists is no reason that it should be pointed out with no regard to time or place. It might not be difficult to prove that there is wisdom in allowing persons to make mistakes unrebuked for the time, but such wisdom can only flourish in a mind strong enough not to accept the evil of the day as final.

No mother, for instance, really thinks that her little daughter of twelve or fourteen is going to be a lifelong slattern because she keeps her bureau drawers in a tumble and is often seen without proper buttons, nor does any mother believe that a lie on the lips of her little son condemns him to a life of shame.

The faults must be met, but if they are not met by instant fault finding, but rather by the inculcation of higher standards and better habits, the actual offense needs little comment. Indeed absolute silence after a misdemeanor is often a more severe rebuke than a storm of protest and correction.

To make this silence judicious we must first of all cultivate in ourselves a just perception of values and proportions. We must train ourselves when to see and when not to see, what to leave out and what to keep in our lives.

Charles Lever's Characters.

Whence did Charles Lever get his rollicking Irishman? Professor Oman in his preface to the reissue of William Grattan's "Adventures With the Connaught Rangers" discloses the secret. It was clearly, he avows, from the domestic annals of the old Eighty-eighth foot in peninsular days that Lever drew the greater part of the good stories which made the fortune of "Charles O'Malley." Many of the characters in that romance appear in the flesh in Grattan's reminiscences. Notably:

"The fame of the eccentric surgeon, Maurice Quill, was so great throughout the British army that the novelist did not even take the trouble to change his name. His colleague, Dr. O'Reilly, was almost as great an original. Many of the humors of Micky Free seem to be drawn from the doings of Grattan's servant, Dan Carsons."

"Comparing the 'real thing,'" Mr. Oman goes on, "with the work of fiction, one is driven to conclude that much of what was regarded as rollicking invention on Lever's part was only a photographic reproduction of anecdotes that he had heard from old soldiers of the Connaught rangers."—London Outlook.

St. Patrick's Confession.

The following is the opening chapter to St. Patrick's confession, the first autobiography written in the British islands:

"I, Patrick, a sinner, the rudest and least of all the faithful and the most inconsiderable among many, had for my father Calport, a deacon, the son of Potitus, a presbyter, who lived in the village of Banaven of Tibernia, near the hamlet of Enon, where I was captured. I was about sixteen years old, but I knew not the true God, and I was led away into captivity into Hibernia with a great many men, according to our deservings, for we had gone away from God and had not kept his commandments and were not obedient to our pastors, who admonished us of our salvation. And the Lord brought down upon us the anger of his Spirit and scattered us among many nations, to the ends of the earth, where my poverty was seen among strangers. There the Lord opened to me a sense of my unbelief that I might remember my sins and that I might be converted with all my heart unto the Lord my God, who had looked upon my humility and had compassion on my youth and ignorance, and who kept me until I was wise or could distinguish between good and evil, and who kept and comforted me as a father would a son."

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THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, By the Grace of God, Free and Independent. To Mary O'Rourke, widow, of the Town of Pittsford Monroe County, New York, Bernard O'Rourke Mount Rath Queen's County, Ireland, Bridget O'Rourke, Mount Rath, Queen's County Ireland, Anna O'Rourke, 81 Eighty-first Street, New York City, Mary O'Rourke New York City, Bernard O'Rourke, residence unknown, William O'Rourke, residence unknown, Martin O'Rourke residence unknown, John O'Rourke, residence unknown, Mary O'Rourke residence unknown, Kate O'Rourke, residence unknown, William Costigan, residence unknown, John Holland, Mount Rath, Queen's County Ireland, Kate Holland, Mount Rath, Queen's County Ireland and Pinton Holland of Penfield New York and Barney Costigan, whose residence is unknown, heirs at law and next of kin of Bernard O'Rourke, deceased, and also to all other persons who are heirs at law and next of kin of said Bernard O'Rourke, deceased, whose names and places of residence are unknown, and cannot after diligent inquiry be ascertained and also to all other persons unknown who are heirs at law and next of kin of the said Bernard O'Rourke, deceased, Send Greeting.

Whereas, Owen Burns and Thomas Burns, the Executors named in a certain instrument in writing, bearing date the 18th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty seven, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Bernard O'Rourke, late of the town of Pittsford, in the County of Monroe and State of New York, deceased, and relating to both real and personal estate, has lately made application to the Surrogate's Court of our County of Monroe to have said instrument proved and recorded as a Will of personal and real estate, you and each of you are cited and required to appear before the Surrogate of the County of Monroe, at his office in the City of Rochester in said County of Monroe, New York, on the 20th day of April, 1903 at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to attend the probate of said last Will and Testament. And if any of the aforesaid persons are under the age of twenty-one years, they will please take notice that they are required to appear by their general guardian, if they have one, and if they have none, that they appear and apply for the appointment of a special guardian, or in the event of their neglect or failure to do so, a special guardian will be appointed by the Surrogate to represent and act for them in the proceedings of the probate of said Will.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, we have caused the seal of the Surrogate's Court of the County of Monroe, to be hereto affixed.

[L. S.] Witness, Hon. Geo. A. Benton, Surrogate of said County, at the City of Rochester, this 20th day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and three.

ANDREW LUDOLPH, Clerk Surrogate's Court.

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A. M —*1.05, *2:05, *4:00 *5.28, *6:27 *6 48, 8:10 ac., *9:23ac., *9:42, *12 :38

P M —*12 55 ac., *2:30, 3:35, 5 00ac., *5 20; *8.20ac. *9:10, *9:25, *9:40, *10:23 11. 10

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A M.— 8:17 9:00, *9:40, 10:50. P. M. *2:10, *4:15. 5.10 7:10. 8:50, *9:05, 11.55

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A M.— *†6.05 *†8.25, †10:50.

P M —†2 30 *†5:40, †11:20.

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