

OUR FASHION LETTER.

Smart Things For Warm Weather Wear.

COSTUMES FOR STREET AND HOME

Little Coats of Silk Are Pretty and Very Popular—The Elbow Sleeve Seems to Be a Thing of the Past.

The little coats this year are remarkably smart. Many of them are built of glace silk or the still more serviceable pique de soie.

Boleros of every shape and all variations are with us still. Many of them are built with the long stole fronts, which afford a splendid opportunity for the display of choice embroidery.

Short sack coats are made of moire trimmed with lace, oriental embroidery, tassels, etc.

Biscuit and putty colored cloth three-quarter coats are lined with white satin and have wattleau plaited backs and box-plaited fronts.

The plain much gored skirt reigns supreme for most of the new woollen



for the frill at the bottom of the waist portion and sleeves.

Novelties of the Season. Bodices are elaborately trimmed, much crossed, de-liau style, and on the whole less pouched than of yore.

Waistcoats are a novelty. They are made in fancy velvet or panne white embroidered silk and suede kid, and enameled or hand painted bits of old brocade.



GOWN OF GRAY VEILING.

These are cut diamond shaped to form waistcoats over kilted chiffon fronts, each point being buttoned with a jeweled button.

The new bordered delaines are charming to make up into blouses and blouse slips.

Embroidered Wedding Dresses.

Wedding dresses are much embroidered in gloss silk, mother of pearl scales, silver and dewdrop beads.

An evening dress we see hanging but wing sleeves, berthas, tassels, flowers, floral fringes and bouillonne flounces. Gaiting is used extensively on both waists and skirts.

Waists of heavy all over lace are very smart to wear with fancy crepe



CARRIAGE COAT.

de chine skirts. When a large black or all white hat is added to this and the costume finished by the addition of a black silk three-quarter length coat, the effect is very smart.

Large black hats made of shirred malines are very popular.

The illustration shows a carriage coat of gray peau de soie, with a facing of burned orange silk. The hat is of pearl gray chiffon, with a white ostrich feather.

JUDIC CHOLLER.

There Are Many Such.

"Pa, what is the oldest inhabitant?" "A-lar in most instances, my son."

SPRING TAILOR MADE.

goods, while those who prefer variety will find an infinity of styles in the hip yoke box plaited or gathered skirts, but in all the skirts the front width is still quite narrow and usually kept plain.

The tailor made in the illustration is of blue cloth having a thread of white. The jacket has the effect of several layers, each layer being bordered with braid. The skirt has a plain front gore and the rest laid in layers edged with the braid.

Changes in Fashion.

The elbow sleeve seems to be a thing of the past as far as the separate waist goes. All the new sleeves are long and have full puffs.

Quint old fashioned berthas of lace renovate many an old waist where the difficulty is tightness across the shoulders or a lack of length on the shoulder seam.

There is just at present a craze for all black, especially in thin stuffs for



COFFEE COAT.

Evening wear. Jet pallottes are used more than ever, and entire robes of this are fitted very closely as to skirt, with fluffy effects of chiffon on the waist and puffs to the sleeves.

Gowns of rose pink chiffon are worn in coral beads and present a charmingly dainty effect.

The coffee coat in the illustration is of rose blue mousseline de soie and has a wide white edging

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

The kindly words that pass within the heart, and thrill it with their sympathetic tone.

But there spoken, fall to play their part, and claim a merit that is not their own.

The kindly word unspoken is a sin, and tells the heart that, doubting, looks within.

That not in speech, but thought, the virtuous lies.

But 'tis not so; another heart may thirst for that kind word, as Hagar in the wilderness.

Hagar! Hagar!—prayed a well worn heart burst out to save her parching child.

And loving eyes that cannot see the mind will watch the expected movement of the lip.

Oh! can ye let its curling silence wind around the heart and sear it like a whip?

That hides it, the music of the soul, bear sympathy expressed with kindly smiles.

But let it like a living river roll to deserts dry,—to hearts that would register.

Oh! let the symphony of kindly words sound for the poor, the friendless and the weak.

And He will bless you,—He who struck these chords.

Will strike another when I turn you seek.—James Le Vie O'Connell.

APPLE GATHERING.

"Why, Cassy, what have you done to yourself?" Miss Marietta Crystal might well say as she sat in her cushioned chair by the fire, drinking a cup of tea.

The delicate old china which had belonged to Grandmother Carstairs at the apparition of a tall, slight figure with a man's overcoat buttoned in loose folds around it, so that the skirts nearly touched the floor, a man's boot pulled over the pretty feet, and a felt hat clapped, in cavalier fashion on the back of the head.

Cassandra Carstairs burst out laughing. "Make a man of myself," said she. "Pretty well done, isn't it?"

Miss Maria, stared harder than ever. "Is it a masquerade?" she asked, doubtfully.

"No, Cassandra. I was simply going to gather up the apples."

"What is that?" "The apples are for the school. I'll be back with rheumatism. And the apples must be marketed at once, or they will spoil."

"But you are a woman!" all you are getting to be," said Cassandra. "I don't know what work after all how does it differ from nutting or mistletoe hunting?"

"Oh! Jones is coming here to-morrow morning at five o'clock to take them to Market. If they are not gathered, of course they won't be marketed, and those red bait apples means not less than twenty-five dollars to us, Polly."

Miss Marietta sighed. "I wish I could help you, Cassy," murmured she. "But I am sure Dr. Harford's hired man would help."

Cassandra started. "If she had been, I could have done it," she said, but she repeated, brusquely, "But I am comprehensive if, Polly, I'd cut off my right hand sooner than to ask a man to help us. That haughty, conceited party of perfection, that high-crowned aristocrat, spoils all women wood-work."

"Is that the reason, Cassy, that you never gather apples after dark? So that he shall not see you?"

"No," answered Cassy sharply. "But Miss Marietta could see in spite of the dusk the apple stalks mount to her knees, and I don't like to have them after dark, do you?"

"I don't know," said Cassandra in a low voice. "Is there anything so disagreeable about that?"

"No, no," admitted Cassy. "But I thought you looked naughty and supercilious."

"Come," said the doctor, laughing. "That's funny. I thought you despised me. Was it because I was a doctor?"

"No," said Cassy. "I have you anything against doctors as a rule?"

"No," he persisted. "Not in the least?"

"Then shall we be friends?" in a coaxing voice.

And Cassy agreed cordially. How slight is the dividing line between friendship and love, Miss Marietta Carstairs alone can tell, for she alone was the confidante of those deadly enemies turned into excellent friends. Suffice it to say that when next year's apple-gathering came around Dr. and Mrs. Harford both went out to superintend the operation.

aren't you glad I went out myself to gather the apples?"

"Oh, Cassy, suppose they had had firearms? Suppose you had been hurt?"

"Oh, suppose, suppose?" gaily mimicked Cassandra. "But I wasn't hurt, as it happened, and now let us go to bed, Polly, for it's past twelve, and I'm tired to death!"

Wary though she was, Cassandra was so bright and early the next morning to feed her spring chickens and prepare her sister's breakfast, for the Carstairs girls kept no servants, and there was plenty to do.

A sturdy young man with a sunburned face stood at the gate. "What do you want, Bartholomew?" said Cassy, taking in the milk pail from its hook on the left hand of the door.

"The constable is here, Miss. He won't take no orders except from you."

"Where is he?" "Waiting Miss out by the ice house. Cassandra caught her hat from its peg under the kitchen clock, and walked in her quick, elastic way by "Jack Tar's" side to the ancient fastness built into the hillside, once used for the reception of ice.

"I think, Miss," said the thick set, grizzle-bearded, old village constable, "there's some mistake."

"Mistake!" echoed Cassandra, in her clear voice; but there can't be any mistake. I saw them myself stealing my apples. Here's the key to the ice house. I'm ready to lodge a complaint against them. Why Dr. Harford?"

For as the constable opened the creaking old door out walked her elegant next door neighbor, with an incoherent expression of countenance.

"I plead guilty, Miss Carstairs," said the doctor, brushing the blue mold off his fashionably cut garments, "and I recommend myself—and Tommymy—my office boy, here, to the mercy of the court. Yes, it's all quite true. We were picking your apples, but it wasn't for our own benefit. I heard that your factotum was sick, and I knew you wanted to send your app's down by old Israel Jones early in the morning. We wanted to do a neighborly act, but we didn't expect to be caught in a flagrant decto by you."

"Oh, Dr. Harford! But why didn't you tell me who you were?" "If you will kindly remember, you did not give any opportunity to explain myself."

"I—I called you names!" gasped Cassy. "Yes, I believe you did," said Dr. Harford, smiling, and now that Cassandra looked him directly in the face he had certainly a very sweet smile.

"And," added Cassandra, feeling herself gray cold and hot by turns. "I—I hit you with the lamp when you were climbing down."

"And broke it, yes," said Dr. Harford. "And all the time you are trying to do me a favor."

"In a mistaken way, as I now think—yes, I was," said the doctor. "I should have said I made myself of use."

"And now," said she, clasping her hands. "I've shut you up all night in a moldy ice house, and you are out for the constable and I've allowed worse than any eyes could see down to using opprobrious terms, and committing assault and battery on Dr. Harford. I shall never do it to look you in the face again."

And she fled to the house, bursting into a flood of tears as she went, and ran straight to a cellar to hide herself.

"I'll go on a female missionary to Japan," sobbed Cassandra. "I'll enter a netherhood. I'll never show my face again to any living soul!"

But she did. She never set sail for Yokohama nor entered a netherhood, and the very next day's boat riding with Dr. Harford.

"But why have you always disliked me?" "Why have you refused to be introduced to me?" "Why have you always looked the other way when you saw me coming, and run into the house when I came near the garden fence?"

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—Fashion Bazaar.

Rattlesnake Creek.

There is a strange story connected with the naming of Rattlesnake Creek, which empties into the Wabash a few miles from Lockport, in Carroll County.

The origin of its ugly appellation was recently related by an old settler. Several miles from the mouth of the creek, fifty years ago, lived Mort Ellis, one of the pioneers of the county. His lonely log cabin stood on the brow of the hill, at the foot of which was a spring from which the family secured their water.

A great many rattlesnakes had been seen in the neighborhood, but the location of the reptiles' den was not known for a long time. Finally it was decided that it was in the cavity from which the water came into the spring. The people were afraid to open it while the weather was warm and the snakes were lively, but one winter day the cavity was opened and a perfect menagerie of the reptiles was unearthed. That day there were killed out of that one den 450 yellow rattlesnakes, besides nearly seventy-five black and garter snakes.—Indianapolis Sun.

Miss Anthony on Matrimony. Susan B. Anthony says that it is all right for a woman to pop the question to a man she loves, whether it is leap year or not. Now that woman has become a breadwinner she is no longer in a position to wait for proposals. She can take care of herself and her husband, too, if necessary.



THE SUMMER GIRLS' FADS AND FANCIES.

Dainty Fichus—Funny Fads in Shoe Laces—Dresses and Coats—For the Girl's Room.

New Summer Features.

Lawns and satin batistes, ornamented with elaborate designs in Swiss embroidery, are of the new features for the coming summer.

Charming shirt waists in broderie Anglaise are shown with quite a novel trimming in the shape of pelerine ruffles of the broderie.

A great many of these are hand embroidered, and are extremely chic when thus ornamented.

Undershirts are more elaborate than ever this season. Green seems to be the popular color.

Linen de soie is extensively used for under linings, and looks very dainty, and airy in the delicate colors, such as pale-blue, pink, lavender and self blue.

The scalloped plaited flounce, which finishes the bottom of most all the petticoats, must this season be profusely trimmed with laces, insertions and ribbon bows.

An extremely old novelty in millinery displayed in one of the fashionable shops is a hat adorned with a long, flexible serpent made of glittering metal. The serpent, which encircles the crown with its head resting at the edge of the brim, turned up, which is raised on the left side.

Dainty Fichus. The woman whom sloping shoulders suit will do well to wear a wide fichu and elbow sleeves of lace or net over a blouse in which case the lower part of the blouse sleeves should be visible.

The elegant crests at the back, with long tails in the front, are very becoming to stout and tall figures alike. The crests in the front seem to accentuate the smallness of the waist, and to take away any undue size of the hips.

Few can dispense with the charms of lace, net, satin or chiffon sack.

The Summer Girl's Cashes. Even one white frock and half a dozen of the new floral sashes and the summer girl can ring six bewitching changes on her toilet.

There is first the rose sash. That part which encircles the waist is made of overlapping green silk rose leaves, while the two long ends are composed entirely of pink roses (artificial, of course) and foliage.

Then there is the forget-me-not sash, with a belt of blue satin, finely tucked and for ends long sprays of dainty forget-me-nots.

Another pretty floral sash has a belt of alternate bands of colver-pink and green ribbons, and the sash ends are made of long-stemmed pink clovers and clover leaves.

A daisy sash is charming, with its pleated belt of white satin and floating ends of golden hearted daisies.

There may be poppy sashes, pancy sashes, lily sashes, lilac sashes, or sashes of almost any dainty bloom, with belt of leaves or of dily shaded satin.

The effect is good not only on white frocks, but on evening gowns of black lace or net.

Sashes of narrow black and cream lace insertion are a novelty for thin frocks, while with gowns of either cloth or silk a sash of soft silk, with fringed and knotted ends will be worn.

Funny Fad in Shoe Laces. That old-time saying of our great-grandmothers, "Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," may well be applied to the fashionable women who comment enthusiastically on the inconvenience they have been put to on account of a slight change in the daily routine of "whimsical fashion," such as a new style of coiffure when they have just purchased a new back piece, or pompadour, or a new fad in sleeves, recently adopted, which makes their gown "little only a few weeks ago" look a little passé. Yet if they have to stand on their heads to accomplish the deed, they fall in line and bow down in humble obedience to the latest and most nonsensical of all, that of lacing their rainy day boots from the top down.

Beginning at the upper eyelets, the

broad silk mocs wear their way downward toward the toes of the boot, where they end in smart little bows.

To discover how this is done, from a glance at these boots as they slip over a muddy crossing, would be equal to the task of solving of Chinese puzzle. But "Dame Fashion" says this is the proper thing and no matter how awkward and difficult, it must be accomplished.

Silk Mull Dresses. Not only for evening gowns, but for almost any sort of afternoon occasion, silk mull will be extensively used this summer.

With a sheer, filmy material it does not crush easily and will stand considerable wear. If the color is good and it is properly trimmed one can keep a silk mull gown in good condition all summer.

They are frequently finished at the bottom with a trimming that is easily removed for cleaning.

Crepe de Chine and Venise Lace. Visiting gown of blue crepe de chine richly fancied with Venise lace. The application of the trimming on the waist accentuates the fashionable long-shouldered effect, and the sleeves in the generous proportions adhere to the most popular shaping. The graceful skirt is elaborated to correspond with the waist, and in its style embodies the most exclusive features.

Gowns. A white hand-embroidered gown is made of three wide strips, a comparatively narrow edge being embroidered, finished with a scallop. These scalloped edges each are applied upon the plain top of another band, thus giving the length of the skirt. It is a

good way of making skirts of machine embroidery or Hamburg.

An all-white chiffon hat has around the fluffy edge big black cherries almost hidden in the white, and in the back big clusters of them hang down over the hair.

Coats. Never have summer styles offered more charming tone of materials for top-coats, the theatre coats and rainy-day raglans.

The little sarque bolero appears to be gaining favor rapidly as a summer coat. Besides being made in the light-weight cloths and tweeds it is shown in pique, flannel, taffeta and to match summer gowns in embroidered linens and canvas.

The loose Chinese sleeves grace most all of these jackets, with under-sleeves of net, chiffon or other fluffy material.

Tucked Eton blouses are in good style and can be made with or without the black plait. The new stole collar is a feature of the mode, when circular capes are abandoned.

For a Girl's Room. In furnishing her room a girl should bear in mind that quality, not quantity, is the keynote to beauty. She should decide on a color scheme and stick to it, or if she departs slightly from it, let her go in the right direction and choose a color which corresponds well with the main color scheme. In the first place she should avoid too many personal photographs, half a dozen of her dearest friends' photos and no more. Her room should contain at least one picture beautiful enough to raise her to a higher plane whenever her eyes fall upon it. She should be cautious in dealing with posters, bric-a-brac and gewgaws. Simplicity of hue and outline should be her main idea, striving rather to have a few good things than a great many inferior ones.

A Remarkable Pebble. A remarkable pebble, which was picked up somewhere in Egypt, that land of dark mysteries, is in the possession of a well-known lapidist on Twelfth street near Walnut.

The stone is translucent, and at a casual glance looks like an ordinary seashore pebble. It is about half the size of a walnut and oval in shape. When the stone is held over the light its remarkable peculiarity is beheld. Inside is a drop of water that circles about the interior. How it ever got there is a mystery that nature alone could solve. The surface of the stone is perfect, but there is no doubt of the hollow interior. The pebble is only interesting as a curiosity, but many wealthy institutions have offered good round sums of money for it. The owner, however, will never let it get out of his possession, as it was given him by an old sailor friend, who was drowned several years ago.—Philadelphia Record.

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"Pa, what is the oldest inhabitant?" "A-lar in most instances, my son."

Smart Set.