

OUR FASHION LETTER.

Value of Chiffon Frills For Widening Revers.

THE PLAIN SAILOR HAT AGAIN.

Tuscan Straws Also Retain Their Popularity.—The New Skirts Are Very Wide—Black Point d'Esprit Costumes With Ruchings.

Revers, collars and stole pieces of coats and wraps may be widened admirably by ruched chiffon frills and a border of contrasting lace, black or white or ecru on white and cream or ecru on black. The contrasting lace is placed at the edge, and the frills fall from this.

The plain sailor hat is being revived, and nothing can be smarter, provided always that it is becoming. For those who wish a plain hat and cannot wear



BRIDESMAID'S DRESS.

the stiff brim, the French sailor, with its jaunty rolled brim, is suitable and smart.

Some of the two and a half inch or three inch black insertions can be put into admirable medallions with only trifling waste. Another plan is to trim them with strappings of the silk piped with velvet or outlined with baby velvet and the pointed ends finished with tassels. An old fashioned fringe in jet or silk makes good tassels under a medallion of lace or jetted passementerie, and a wavy trimming is also effective with tassels at the points.

Blouses or slips of plain silk or satin soon lose their freshness, but if covered with fleecy lace they acquire a new lease of life.

The cut shows a pretty bridesmaid's frock trimmed with bands of lace.

DAINTY HATS.

Tuscan straws for practical purposes still continue the rage. Some of the French sailors are bound with green and trimmed with fruit or flowers and a simple bow to form the bandeau of green velvet ribbon. These are worn tilted to one side, with a small sugar loaf crown.

A great deal of red is used, and white straw spotted with red is pretty with a red gown. White spotted with black, navy blue with white and tan and black are favorite mixtures, but the better style of hats, such as the picture shapes, are chiefly kept to one



A DRESSY HAT.

color, all black bravely holding its own, all white, all red and various shades of green also being in demand. There is a new pale shade of apple green which is wonderfully becoming in millinery. A mixture of Parma violet and pale green is always artistic.

Some of the French hats in rough straws are simply trimmed with wreaths of foliage.

For embroidery on linen a special cotton is sold in skeins, the same as is used for the popular white muslin cushion covers. The work, indeed, throughout strongly resembles that which is done in silk, though it is more generally decorated with embroidery when made in silk. The chief motifs are

carried out in a long, close stitch, which is repeated at the back with a little swiss openwork to lighten the effect. Sometimes the embroidery is arranged in stripes, alternating with lines of drawn thread work. The hat in the picture is of yellow straw trimmed with black and yellow daisies.

THE MODISH COLORS.

In voles and collans the colors are much the same as last year, but the new mignonette that is less like rosetta than of yore and shows more of a bluish shade.

The two leading blues are deift and pastel blue, the latter resembling the



LINEN SHIRT WAIST.

former veiled with gauze. There are fewer pinks, and the new pink is too much on the blue tone and lacks the warmth of last season's tone.

All the ecru putty and biscuit tints are extremely modish, and touches of color in the chin and belt act as a charm on such neutral shades.

The new skirts are excessively wide, and the circular ganglions are accepted with avidity, but these are woeful failures when touched by the "pretence hand, and the new household skirts gathered at the hips are becoming to but few figures. Neither fashion is likely to be very popular, and ganglions must necessarily be restricted to few textures.

Ecru veiling makes a charming tailor made when trimmed with lace dyed to match.

Lace is as much worn as ever for a trimming, and all over lace is even more used this summer than before.

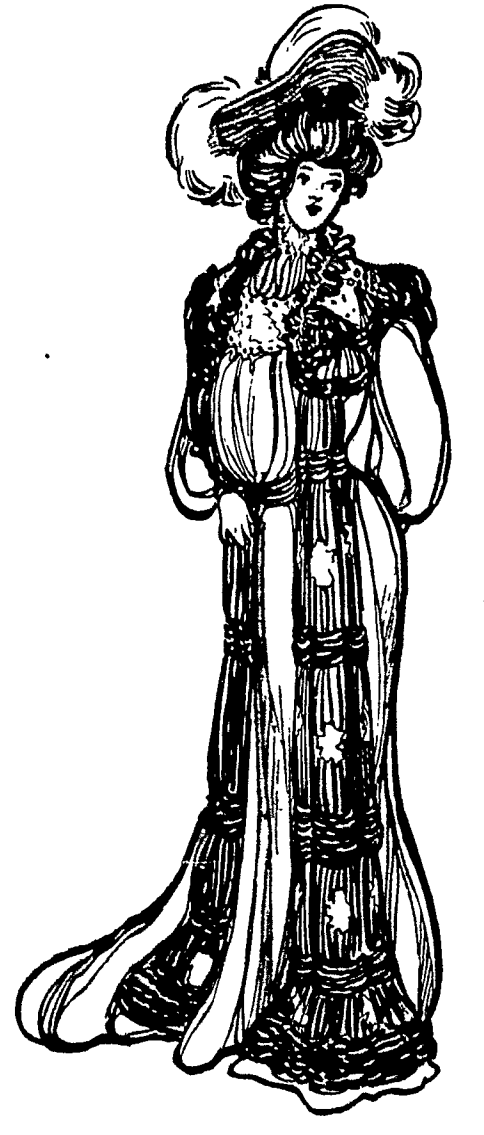
Whole dresses made of lace are the smartest thing a woman can have and nothing is prettier than a three-quarter wrap made of heavy lace in black, ecru or gray.

The shirt waist in the picture is of linen.

BOOMING THE BONNET.

There is an attempt abroad to revive the bonnet, but it has not yet proved popular. The reason is not hard to find. The average woman dislikes intensely to have her age added to by the slightest degree. For the white haired matron of mature years, how ever, nothing is more becoming than a broad bonnet with wide black strings made of velvet or lace.

From the bonnet has sprung a glorious picture hat something after the order of the old Dolly Varden shape, with a lace brim threaded through



BLACK CHIFFON STOLE.

with ribbon tied loosely under the chin or perhaps hardly tied at all. This is one of the prettiest hats of the season, especially in summer straw with lace tulle or wide satin strings and a single flower of great beauty.

There is one golden rule in choosing a hat. Have it as simple as possible, but be sure that the outlines are good. One of the most perfect hats of the season is of Romney shape in a fine black chip. On one side is a very smart black bow, and from this two ostrich plumes take a graceful sweep to the left side.

The cut shows a smart stole of black chiffon and white lace.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

A MOTHER OF '98

My gallant love goes out to-day, With drums and bugles sounding gay; I smile to cheer him on his way— Smile back, my heart, in the light!

The flags are glittering in the light; Is it their stars that blind my sight; God, hold my tears until to-night— Then set their fountains free!

He takes with him the light of May; Alas! it seems but yesterday He was a bright-haired child at play, With eyes that knew no fear;

Blue eyes—true eyes! I see them shine Far down along the waving line— Now meet them bravely, eyes of mine! Good cheer, my love, good cheer!

Oh, mother—hearts that dare not break! That feel the stress, the long, long ache,

The tears that burn, the eyes that wake, For these our cherished ones— And ye, true hearts called to bear Such pain and peril for your share— Oh, lift with me the pleading prayer, God saves our gallant sons!

—Marion Couthouy Smith, in Leslie's Weekly.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

"Charlie do you know that your bosom-friend Ethan Grey is dead? He died suddenly last night!" cried Jack Allain rushing unceremoniously into my room early one morning before I was dressed.

"Good God! Jack it is impossible. I left him at his own door at eleven last night in as good health as ever." But as I spoke I saw from Mr. Allain's pale face that there was no mistake and there immediately flashed across my mind the remembrance of an old promise that I had made to Ethan Grey which I had renewed the night before. I am not ashamed to say that this memory brought cold dew of terror to my body. My companion observed my sudden pallor, and strove in his rough way to comfort me. He was a next-door neighbor of the Greys, and had been summoned to their house by the cries of Mrs. Grey, who, on going to her son's room to awaken him, had found him stiff and dead in his bed.

"The old lady is dreadfully cut up, Charlie," he said, in conclusion, "and there is no one but Ethan's sister Edith to see to anything. It was she that sent me to you."

"My poor girl!" I cried, as I hastily dressed myself—for Edith and I were engaged to be married. As I walked rapidly to Mrs. Grey's I could only remember that Ethan was dead, and that I should be called upon to fulfill the promise referred to. The thought was a selfish one, I will admit, but I have ever been of a nervous, sensitive temperament.

Ethan Gray and I had been school-mates; we graduated from college at the same time, and started in life together—he as a disciple of law and I as a doctor. We disagreed on many subjects, without any bitterness, however. When about eighteen, and while we were still at college, Ethan wandered from the church of which we were both members to follow after a false teacher. He had by chance come in contact with an ungodly, man of great talent, who had been degraded from his sacred calling for irregularity of life. Specious and eloquent, this man was a dangerous companion.

"Unfortunately," Ethan, who was easily influenced, fell under his influence, and became fully imbued with his views. After knowing this preacher for a while he horrified me by the denial of a higher and more perfect state of existence, and by declaring that the "next world was a coffin."

At college we passed many long nights in arguing the question. I, at that period, being very orthodox, was uncharitable, insisting that for my friend there would be no salvation if he did not return to the old belief. One night, after a hotter argument than usual I made some remark indicative of pity for his soul when it should leave his body. Turning to me gravely, after a moment's pause, he said, "Charlie, you may be right in your belief of a future state, yet I cannot ascribe to the Great Unknown the cruel attributes with which the orthodox delight to clothe Him. I believe that if there is a hereafter, my soul will enjoy it as well as yours. We are both seekers after truth. Should I die first, and the spiritual essence called the soul leave my body, if it is permitted, I shall make itself manifest to you—more than one of your senses shall appeal, and that within twenty-four hours after my death. If we continue to live in the same village, as is most likely, sit up alone with my body the first night, and I will then visit you. Is it a bargain, Charlie?"

"Yes, Ethan, I will willingly agree; and should I die first, you will sit up with me, and I will come and warn you to repent and believe," was my eager answer.

At the time we made this strange compact my health was by no means robust. I was of a nervous, sensitive temperament, fostered by close application to study, and I believed that I should die early. For the salvation of my friend I almost hoped that I should. Shortly after this we left college. In more active life and the rough struggle of a young man with his own way to make encounters, many morbid ideas were dispelled; my health had improved, and I had almost forgotten my engagement with Ethan, though we were still much together, his gentle sister Edith being my affianced.

Our old discussions on religion were never resumed. Ethan attended church regularly with his family, and seemed to have forgotten his infidel friend. Whether he had or not I cannot say. The evening before his death was spent by me, as usual, with Edith. Ethan was present, joyous and hopeful of the future. I observed nothing uncommon in his manners or conversation till he accompanied me to the door. He stood beside me looking at the stars while I lighted a cigar, when, suddenly catching my hand, he said, "Charlie, all looks quiet and beautiful up there. I hope you have not forgotten our college compact. You are strong now, and will see me out."

"Hush, Ethan!" I replied, almost angrily. "What folly to talk so, you

have never had a day's sickness in your life!"

"True, Charlie, yet all is not right here, I am sure," he replied, touching his heart in a half laughing manner; "don't forget your promise, old fellow, if you are called upon."

"Loveless?" I asked, jestingly. "All right, I will keep my promise any time within the next fifty years. Good-by!" I continued, puffing my cigar into brightness as I shook hands with him.

And now he was dead, and I should have to keep my word.

I spent the day at Mrs. Grey's, comforting Edith, and as she had no relatives in the village, ordering everything for the funeral, which was to take place the next day. In my active and unaccustomed duties the long night yet to come was almost forgotten.

The comfortable old farmhouse had already put on a strange, forlorn look, and each hour I more and more missed my poor friend's cheerful voice and genial presence. We had placed the corpse in the long, dark, oak-paneled sitting-room. The coffin stood on the table directly before the wide old chimney, up whose capacious funnel Ethan and more than one of his ancestors had shouted childish prayers to old Santa Claus, and in the blaze of whose roaring fires, as men and boys, they had warmed themselves.

It was a quaint, comfortable old room. At one side stood an old-fashioned English buffet, on the other a tall Dutch clock such as our ancestors used, which had been in the family for generations—brought over from the old homestead when the Cavaliers first fled to Virginia, so it was said.

A few minutes past eleven I pressed my lips to the cheek of the still weeping Edith, and entered the room where the corpse lay to commence my lonely vigil.

Restless and excited, I paced the room, or stood silent by the body, gazing at all that remained of poor Ethan, and allowing memory to wander back, till the real had passed from my physical vision and I was living over the past.

My deep reverie was suddenly dispelled by hearing a dull, heavy blow struck near me on the coffin, such a thud as a clod of earth would make if thrown upon it. At the same moment the clock commenced striking, and a huge black creature rushed from the coffin past me, disappearing through the door. Trembling, I fell upon a chair, and sat staring at the corpse, expecting each moment to hear its voice break the dreadful silence.

It did not move, ghastly pale in the dim lamplight it lay, wearing yet the smile Ethan had died with. Unable to endure the awful suspense of expectation I rushed to the door determined to call some one of the servants to sit with me.

All looked dark and quiet. Growing ashamed of my terrors I returned to the room, exclaiming:

"Ethan I will keep my promise to you, and remain alone to meet you spirit."

I sat down resolutely and fixed my eyes upon the corpse, determined to watch closely. Heaven! even now I can remember how long the minutes seemed. I could watch their passage by the old clock standing opposite me; five went by, ten, a half hour past, three-quarters, still no movement.

"Almost one o'clock," I exclaimed in a low voice, with a sigh of relief, closing my aching eyes and pressing the burning balls with my fingers. Scarcely were they closed when again, came that dreadful blow, and as I opened my eyes the black object darted by white the clock tolled one.

"God in Heaven!" I cried, starting up. "Am I never again to know rest? Is that frightful sound to haunt me whenever I close my eyes? Oh, Ethan, dear friend, I cannot keep this frightful compact. If it is your spirit striving to free itself, speak, make some sign, tell me what I shall do to give you rest?"

No answer came from the cold lips I heard naught, saw naught, but that smile which now seemed to mock me. In agony I started up and paced the room. I would call none to witness my terror. As long as my eyes were open and I conscious, I had not been disturbed. I also remember that it had only been once an hour that I had heard the noise, and I felt safe for a while.

Pacing backwards and forwards, I almost stumbled over a black cat stealing into the room. I recognized the creature as a pet of Ethan's. As I watched her she walked under the table upon which the corpse lay, and quietly ensconced herself in a box, evidently her bed, standing in the corner by the clock. Here, thought I, with a feeling of relief, is an explanation of the dark object I saw rush past me. But the noise could have been no creation of my fancy, as the cat must have also heard it and fled in flight. Collecting my scattered senses, I resolved to watch the animal, and see if she were in any way connected with the noise. It wanted but a few moments of two. To accomplish my purpose conveniently, I placed myself close to pussy, my back to the clock, nearly touching it.

I could almost hear the beating of my heart while watching the cat and counting the ceaseless ticking of the timepiece. I felt that it was on the stroke of two; my heart stood still for an instant, as I heard the dull, heavy thud—not from the coffin, though, but from the inside of that nefarious clock. Away fled pussy, while I turned with a groan of relief to wind up the timepiece, wondering at my stupidity in not before remembering that when nearly run down the weights fell with a heavy blow as it struck the hour.

In a little while pussy returned to her bed and she and I passed the rest of the night without further alarm. Strange to say, I did not escape as easily as pussy. My locks of ebony blackness when I entered that room were in the morning powdered with gray, and it was long before I told the little wife, poor Ethan's sister, now sitting opposite me, the story of that night's vigil.

The British museum has acquired for its reading room a fac-simile of the original manuscript of Bret Hart's poem "The Heathen Chines," which first appeared in the Overland Monthly of San Francisco, in September, 1870.

NEW YORK FASHIONS

CHANGES IN THE SUMMER COSTUMES TURNS TO GREENS.

Still Creature of La ce From Parasol to Hosiery—The Little Rouches Count—Beauty Don'to and Health Hints, With Economy of Fashion.

The ever-changing fashion has introduced green. The lawns that spread velvety carpets before the Summer homes and in the parks were never more brilliantly emerald.

Neither trees nor lawns set the fashion. It is the Summer girl who has accepted fashion's hint and made the season vernal.

Whether it is white or green, she will likewise be a creature of lace. Her garments are literally covered with



lace, her hat is of lace, her parasol of lace, her hands covered with lace and even her feet encased in weblike hosiery.

She absolutely insists this season upon being light, airy and flimsy in the matter of gowns.

Blue still holds its own, and it is always cool and jaunty. A natty gown of blue, with white polka-dot trimmed with lace ruffles. The bodice is made with deep yoke of lace, below which is a cluster of tucks, followed by lace ruffles.

The dressy sleeve is made with a cluster of tucks, three ruffles of lace, with full puff of the material finished with ruffles of lace at the wrist. A dainty cravat of white lace gives a natty appearance to the bodice.

A large leghorn hat, with white plumes is charming worn with this. A unique costume is made of navy blue Voile; the skirt made with a three bounce effect, each finished with a Grecian border of Persian braid. The bodice is made with bolero corresponding with skirt over an underwaist of blue chiffon. The sleeves are made of blue chiffon with two capes at the top also trimmed with Persian trimming.

A deep girdle of blue taffeta, with handsome buckle, finishes the waist. The hat of blue rough straw, with tiny green loop bows and the parasol are of green taffeta.

Then again we have a costume of dainty green Swiss, over same color foundation. The skirt is made with two flounces of material and applique of Russian lace, with a border of a deeper shade of stitched ribbon. The bodice is made with a tucked yoke of the material with a bolero of Russian lace, trimmed with stitched green ribbon. The waistband is of soft green silk.

A hat of black lace straw, trimmed with black and white Margerites give a dash of character to the gown.

An outing dress of green and black shot taffeta is very well. The skirt with deep gathered yoke and a double box, pleat down the back. The short bodice is made with a triple bolero effect; plain full shirtwaist sleeve. The hat of black chip, with bird of Paradise feathers.

Another lovely gown of pale blue Swiss has the skirt made with five deep tucks at the bottom, above which is a graduated ruffle of Valenciennes lace. Scattered over all are dainty medallions of same kind of lace. The collarless bodice is made with tucks running around to about five inches of the front, the front of waist falling loose and full. An insertion of medallions gives a square yoke effect, with capes of lace over the sleeves. The sleeves are plain to the elbow, then having three tucks and a puff of lace, confined at the wrist with narrow cuff.

A large hat of light blue straw, with ribbon and pink roses, is worn with the costume.

Then there is the popular golden brown mohair, made with full gathered skirt and two narrow panels of brown and white check. The bodice is made in surplice style, edged with brown and white with a dainty chemise of white lace. The sleeve is made with three folds, giving considerable fullness at the elbow and finished with deep cuff of brown and white check.

The hat is of brown straw, with shaded brown plumes.

The popular pongee must be among these lovely gowns, so we have one made with skirt fitting tightly over the hips, the bottom adorned with a scroll trimming and moulds covered with pongee. The bodice made of deep acure lace, with odd little bolero of material, with lapsels of red taffeta and lace and moulds same as the skirt. A high girdle of red taffeta encircles the waist.

The outing hat is of ecru straw, with black quills.

A smart suit is of shot blue and black taffeta, with the inevitable pleated skirt and a short Eton jacket, trimmed with blue tassels.

With this is worn a large black fancy straw hat, with rosettes of black ribbon which looks well.

Beauty Don'ts.

Don't wait until afternoon if you desire the best results from a photograph. Go in the morning.

Don't expect a photograph that will please you if you are fatigued when sitting.

Don't hurry. Haste makes the face red, and red comes out dark in a picture, a result not desirable when complexion is concerned.

Don't get out of temper. It brings lines to the face and spoils the expression.

Don't select a day when the sun is too bright, or every imperfection will be strongly developed. A well lighted cloudy day is better.

Don't wear black. It gives a hard, dense tone.

Don't wear silk or satin, nothing comes out so badly as the glimmer of silk or the gloss of satin. Woolens, lace, crepes or velvets are preferable.

The Little Touches Count.

In this day of the linen frock and drooping shoulders and swirling skirts and other evidences of the return to favor of the utterly and entirely feminine in the matter of dress, it is the little things that count.

Milady has a care for the tout ensemble scarcely less minute than in other days when she was faultlessly tailor made and rigidly mannish in her get-up.

Be careful when you wear that flowered organdie of yours that you have the proper hose and the properly feminine slipper or shoe. As to your



handkerchief, select it with discrimination—a bandana, no matter how flimsy and delicate in tone, won't do. Put by the bandana notwithstanding its faddishness and effectiveness—on the proper occasion—and use the daintiest little hand-embroidered article in pure white you have in your mouth case.

If you don a frock of pure white and have a touch of leaf green at the belt and possibly at the neck then carry your dainty bandana with its centre of solid green and its border of white worked out in a design of green. And your hat of white with a touch of green and your parasol with its note of green will complete a stunning costume. For an effect at once attractive and easy of accomplishment, wear a white frock, white stock and white belt and wind your long string of coral beads twice about your neck and then let it fall its full length. Select a kerchief of pure white embroidered in coral dots or edged with a tiny border of coral red.

Just barely escaped from France are smart little embroidered coats of white sailcloth, the very latest wrap for wear with accordion-pleated voile skirts and lace blouses.

A dainty elbow sleeve for summer is finished with crisp ruffles of hem-stitched lawn.

Another late mode in sleeves shows a tailored effect made in a puff to the elbow, where it is finished with a linen ruffle over a close linen under sleeve.

The elaborate serge coat and skirt suit is still one of the favorites of fashiondom.

Green vegetables preserve their color better if they are boiled rapidly and left uncovered.

Never run upstairs. Remember that you are lifting the weight of the body many times and go slowly.