

### COATS THAT SERVE FOR EARLY AUTUMN.

State That Charm and Many Things the Gentle Reader Wishes to Know in Keeping Pace With Her Sisters. More and more each year it is evident that people stay out of town until late, and consequently smart to wear summer gowns until very late in the season. There must be a smart autumn tailor gown, but summer gowns with light wraps are to be seen until they really look quite out of date. This year there are so many smart wraps that this fall will be more marked than ever.

The loose, light coats are certainly extremely smart, and, as a rule, becoming, and are long enough to almost cover the gown over which they are worn. The half fitting covert coat without strapped seams and with coat sleeves, is an exceedingly smart garment, and suitable for anything but morning wear. Built on the lines of a man's top coat, for the cool days of early autumn it is always in style. A more elaborate style is fitted at the back and sides, but has loose fronts, is fastened either single or double breasted, with dark toned buttons, and has a brown velvet collar; it is of covert cloth also, but of a decided darker shade.

In dark blue serge is a smart coat for autumn, with straight fronts and a half fitting back; it would be rather too shapeless were it not for the belt of ivory white cloth which is slipped beneath narrow sleeves at the side seams and pulled well down in front to give the pointed effect. A narrow turp down collar and cuffs of cloth



like the belt and black tone buttons are also essential to the fashion, but the coat is certainly very smart and a most useful garment.

A lightweight black cloth coat, of three-quarter length, with fronts faced with white or black and white, made, loose fitting and yet so well cut as not to be shapeless, with flaring sleeves, turned back and faced like the fronts, is decidedly a new fashion. A black coat quite long and half fitting is made with long pointed hood faced with light blue or bright scarlet, or made with capes, one, two, three or four. This style is also to be had in blue serge or camel's hair or in light cloth, tan or grey, but is smartest in the black.

Then there are a surprising number of short and medium length cloth coats in light and dark cloths that were surely designed by some one who wished to use as much material as possible. There are pleated capes, pleated sleeves that start from the collar, or the back and front of the coat will be in pleats and the loose flaring sleeves will be quite plain. If made of black cloth there will be facings of blue, red or white, and there will be many buttons of elaborate design. Braids or passementerie, black or colored, is also elaborate both in design and trimming and are worn with any and every gown, quite regardless of color or material.

Veiling coats were made up for summer wear, but when lined with taffeta silk are quite possible for wear until the cold weather sets in. These, as a rule, are elaborately trimmed with passementerie and the jetted or tassementerie with jet tassels and buttons is thought extremely smart. Something tempting for the invalid. A dish for invalids is bread jelly.

Others than invalids enjoy it, too. Three long slices of home-made bread are toasted and then put into a saucepan with a cup of water. Simmer slowly until the mixture becomes a jelly. After removing from the fire strain through fine cheesecloth, flavor with lemon juice, sweeten to taste, add nutmeg and sherry if desired, and pour into wetted moulds. When cold serve.

Comforts for the Cook. Among the new things brought out to brighten the lot of the "mistress of the kitchen" are: A chocolate grater which uses up

every bit of the chocolate, while protecting the hands. A jelly strainer which sets on a tripod, and is adjustable to a kettle of any size. Coffee machines by which coffee is made at the table. A new meat chopper, which has a deep, curved blade that gives eleven inches of cut, and is warranted always to cut across the meat. As the top is removable, the blade can easily be cleaned. The ring mold, which is simply an ice cream mold made in the form of a ring, with an open centre. A cake pan with a bottom that comes off, allowing the cake to be taken out easily. A cork extractor which fastens to the wall and holds the bottle while removing the cork.

The Eternal Fitness. Woman, lovely woman, is a sad creator of the eternal fitness of things. Too often she follows blindly where Madame Fashion leads, to the detriment of her own appearance and the eyesore of the patient public. Thus, we see the immensely stout woman clad ingloriously in large plaids and broad horizontal trimmings. The attenuated maid shows fondness for the lengthwise stripe and up



and down lace trimmings. The girl who is seldom often dressed in grays or lilac pinks. The russet-haired maiden of the scarlet tinted cheeks, with a flaming red, and so on down the chromatic scale of discord. The eternal fitness mentioned, is little to be desired in these our kaleidoscopic days.

Shopping Hints and Others. All sorts and conditions of head-gear are here for a pretty woman's choosing. The shopping hat which heads the list is a charming affair of tan-plaited silk, trimmed with cognac feathers. A pretty white felt comes next with its pretty ribbon drapery of white and gray. For ceremonious wear is the large black hat of velvet and spangles, arched becomingly beneath a huge black plume. The morning hat shown is in the new bishop shape. Brown felt, lined on the brim with white and draped in white liberty silk. This is a generally becoming model.

Don'ts for the Teeth. Don't think you can be a beauty without good teeth. Don't bestow less care upon your teeth than upon your complexion. Don't brush across the teeth, but up and down, the upper teeth from the gums downward, and the lower from the gums upward. Don't go to bed without brushing your teeth. For it is an enlightening tongue is in respect, the acid of the saliva gets in its work on the teeth. Don't sleep with the mouth open. Dust and gritty particles floating in the atmosphere enter the trap thus set for them and injure the enamel by irritation. Don't let tartar accumulate on the teeth, for it brings a whole train of evils in its wake. Have it removed by a dentist twice a year. Don't use a tooth powder which contains gritty, acid or irritating substances, as the first two act injuriously on the teeth and the last two upon the gums. Don't use one side of the mouth only when eating for then the teeth have not all the same amount of exercise, and decay sets in more rapidly on one side than the other. Don't crack nuts or bite thread with the teeth.

A Hint to the Wise. The woman who can not afford to buy a good veil to drape around her hat should not wear one at all, for a flimsy piece of chiffon dangling from one's hat is a sight to make the angels weep. Another thing: always fasten the back of your skirt. Nothing is so untidy as to see the plaquet of your skirt open.

### BIG COVE WAS VERY QUIET!

A Dog-Fight Was All That Was Necessary to Wake Up the Inhabitants. The mountaineer was skinning squirrels for supper when a man mounted on a mule came up the trail and halted in front of the cabin to call out: "Deevnin' to you, Mister Gabbit over there."

"That you, Abe?" replied the old man, as he looked up. "Howdy, and howdy's all the folks?" "Right smart, thank you." "Pears to be purty quiet around here!" "And I reckon you heard about Tom Bottsford shootin' at Bill Shiner over that lawsuit?" continued the stranger. "Jest mighty nigh put a bullet through Bill's head and had to run for it!" "And somebody fired the skule house t'other night. Had a jangle 'bout the skule teacher last week, you know, and one side or t'other burned down the skule house."

"Shoo! Shoo! adn't nobody told me 'bout that." "Reckon you know Jim Renshaw? Well, Jim's wife went up on the mountain to look fur roots, and she didn't come back agin. Some sez as it was bars and some sez as she got lost and perished in the brush. Jim's mighty nigh crazy 'bout it and has quit drinkin' whiskey."

"Shoo! Wall, did I ever? Mrs. Renshaw dun got perished, eh?" "Reckon you dun heard 'bout that boss race, eh?"

"Reglar boss race, Mister Gabbit, with five mews in it. Steve Torbell's critter got in first by about two feet. Some said three feet and some said one foot, but I reckon two feet was purty close to the mark. Then the four foot begun."

"What fout?" "Reglar fout, with knives and flats and such."

"What fur?" "Kase Steve's critter got the race. Three men hurt and a heap o' talk all around. You was axin Mister Gabbit, how things was up at Big Cove, and I'm sayin' as how things ar' so mighty quiet with us that the stranger would jump along and git up a dawg fout will receive the thanks of the hull saybur'ood. Good evenin' to you, Mister Gabbit, good evenin' to you." Philadelphia Record.

Fuel Wanted. "You are right," said the old citizen, "about the necessity for some new kind of fuel. More especially some fuel adapted to household use. Gas is too expensive and our stoves are too old to burn it. We have to build big coal stoves and stoke up coal devouring furnaces, and the boiler and expense are altogether too great. Several years ago an Ohio man invented some sort of fuel in the form of a brick. It was made of numerous ingredients including chimney refuse, and the whole was pressed into the brick form. It was said to be cheap and lasting, and it made a tremendous hot fire. It was nice to handle and left no ashes, and the inventor was jubilant over his prospect. No, I didn't use the stuff and don't know anybody who did. And I don't know where the inventor is. He disappeared suddenly and I've heard nothing about his fuel since. But it has long struck me that was the shape to put the new fuel in. You could telephone to your retail dealer, 'Send me up 200 fuel bricks,' and you could store them in a neat pile in your cellar, and you could watch their output with mathematical exactness. And when you buy coal by the brick there'll be no more talk about short weight."

"I wonder where that inventor is?"

Timely Hint. Dean Swift was walking on the Phoenix road, Dublin, when a thunder storm suddenly came on and he took shelter under a tree where a party were sheltering also two young women and two young men. One of the girls looked very sad, till as the rain fell, her tears began to flow. The Dean inquired the cause, and learned that it was her wedding day. They were on their way to church, and now her white clothes were wet and she could not go.

"Never mind, I'll marry you," said the Dean, and he took on his prayer book and then and there married them, their witnesses being present, and to make the thing complete, he tore a leaf from his pocketbook and with his pencil wrote and signed a certificate, which he handed to the bride. The certificate was worded as follows: "Under a tree, in stormy weather, I married this man and woman together, let none but him who rules the thunder sever this man and woman asunder. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's."

Very Suggestive. An elderly man with a long gray beard, evidently a stranger from the rural districts, was standing on Prospect street, near Sterling avenue, waiting for a motor. Suddenly with a rush and a queer rattling noiseless carriage bore down upon him. It flashed by before his astonished eyes and was soon far down the street. The stranger rubbed his head feebly and retired to the sidewalk.

"Rather startling," exclaimed a passer by. The old man sniffed once or twice. "That was the devil's own go-cart, wasn't it?" he faintly asked. "No, exactly," he said. "What put that idea in your head?"

The old man sniffed again. "Well," he slowly said, "I was just jedgin' by th' infernal smell it left behind."

A Weakness Confessed. "I do my best not to be envious," said the nervous man, "but sometimes I can't help it."

"Why, you never manifest much covetousness."

"No, I don't covet. But whenever the Fourth of July comes around I can't see a deaf and dumb man without being jealous."

Dislodged the Enemy. "We have at last succeeded in dislodging a portion of our enemy from their stronghold," exclaimed the almost breathless Spanish officer. "How did you manage it?"

"My brave men and I went too close to where they were and they came out and chased us."

### VALUE OF HUMOR.

Laborers Consider It the Most Precious of Gifts.

I regard a sense of humor as one of the most precious gifts that can be vouchsafed to a human being. He is not necessarily a better man for having it, but he is a happier one. It renders him indifferent to good or bad fortune. It enables him to enjoy his own discomfiture. Blessed with this sense, he is never unduly elated or cast down. No one can ruffle his temper. No abuse disturbs his equanimity. Boredom does not bore him. Humbug does not humbug him. Solemn airs do not impose on him. Sentimental gush does not influence him. The follies of the moment have no hold on him. Titles and decorations are but childish baubles in his eyes. Prejudice does not warp his judgment. He is never in conceit or out of conceit with himself. He abhors all dogmatism. The world is a stage on which actors strut and fret for his edification and amusement and he pursues the even current of his way, invulnerable, doing what is right and proper according to his lights, but utterly indifferent whether that he does finds approval or disapproval from others. If Hamlet had had any sense of humor he would not have been a nuisance to himself and to all surrounding him—London Truth.

An Engineering Feat. Man is very small, and the earth very large, but size does not count when matter competes with brains. Modern engineering has reached such a point of perfection that the impossible continually recedes before it. For instance, the following remarkable feat has been accomplished near San Francisco, as we learn from the Chicago Railway Review.

A great section of mountain was recently torn off by ten thousand pounds of powder, lifted several feet straight up, and then pushed bodily forward forty or fifty feet, trembling over the gorge below the dam, and then falling with an awful roar one hundred and twenty-five feet, to remain hereafter for all time as the bulwark of the great dam being built to impound water for the city of San Francisco. For two months or more preparations had been made for the monster blast, in common with another blast that is nearly ready. The plan was to cut tunnels into the side of the mountain at various points above the bed of the creek, and to place in these tunnels, first great charges of black powder, which ignites more slowly than the giant powder, and then a more powerful pushing powder and less-shattering effect. On the surface and in places through the mountain side were placed big deposits of giant powder for the purpose of shattering the mass and lifting it up.

According to the plans the black powder, when it exploded would hurl the mass straight forward making a bridge of granite across the gorge and blocking the stream. The plans were carried out with the greatest care and with a successful result. When the dust cleared away it was found that the blast had dislodged a mass of rock four hundred feet up and down stream, and an average of sixty feet in height, completely bridging the canyon. The engineers estimated that the amount dislodged weighed about one hundred and fifty thousand tons. The rock was thrown exactly as the engineers had planned.

Exercising a Demon. Perhaps the most recent instance of this survival of mediævalism in one of the chief centres of modern civilization and scientific culture occurred on March 15, 1897, at Munich, Bavaria, where a Catholic priest of St. Benedict's church solemnly went through the ceremony of exorcising a demon that haunted a house at 24 Park street in that city. It seems that an evil spirit had disturbed the quiet inmates of the dwelling by growling, sighing and making such a racket generally that it was impossible for them to sleep, and was seen one night by a child passing through the room in the disguise of an old woman dressed in black, evidently a survival of the race of ugly and ill-starved hags who have played such a melancholy part in the tragic annals of witchcraft. On receiving this information the parish priest and his acolytes went at once to the house with aspergill and censers to expel the infernal intruder by the supernatural power inherent in holy water and consecrated incense. The event caused considerable sensation in the Bavarian capital—Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

Patriotic in Spite of Itself. It was a hot evening and the car was crowded with people who had gone over to the West Side for the purpose of getting a little air if possible.

A lady who sat on the second seat of the trailer asked to be set down at Liberty street. The cars whirled away like an express train for two or three squares, and then the man who was taking care of the trolley rope looked back and asked:

"Do you want Liberty, madam?" "She was a pretty, demure looking little woman, but the temptation was not to be resisted. Apparently oblivious of her surroundings and the fact that the man's question had directed general attention to her, she stood up in the car, bent forward slightly and answered:

"Yes, give me liberty or give me death."

Everybody laughed save a man on a rear seat. He took his cigar out of his mouth, and as the lady stepped down shouted:

"Hooray!"—Cleveland Leader.

Navajo Snake Worship. At a recent meeting of the Anthropological society in Washington Dr. Matthews described the snake worship of the Navajos. A Navajo, he said, never kills a snake. If he finds one coiled in his path he gently lifts it with a stick and tosses it aside. The Navajos think snakes are very wise and understand the language of men. At the same time they believe snakes are evil and will employ any information they get by listening to meet their disadvantage. Accordingly the Navajos hold their most sacred rites and receive their myths only in winter, when the snakes are hibernating and cannot overhear them.

### IN NORTH CAROLINA

#### HOW LIVE DECOY DUCKS ARE USED FOR HUNTING.

Raising and Training of Wild Geese—A Curious Fact—Know When They Are Going Hunting—Marvelous Keenness for Hearing.

Many, many years ago, one day a Hyde County man took his gun and went out hunting. Hyde county is a division of the North Carolina coast enveloped by great sounds, estuaries, bays and bay-like rivers. Two-thirds of its surface is covered by a swamp as dismal as the famed one of Virginia. Mattamuskeet Lake, twenty miles long and six miles wide, lies on the southeast edge of it. The borders of Hyde county are vast tangles of reedy marsh. Bear are numerous to-day in the swamps of Hyde county. So are deer. So are wild geese and swan and ducks on Lake Mattamuskeet and the waters surrounding Hyde county. What they must have been that time so long ago when this particular Hyde county man went out hunting may be imagined, and he was sure of bagging some kind of game, whether it might be furred or feathered. It is the tradition that he remarked on going out



Hunting With Live Decoy Ducks.

that he didn't care a rubbin' of snuff what he got, so long as it had meat on it. He got a shot at a wild goose and hit it. He retrieved the goose and found that it was only wing-broken. He carried it home. It got well. The man penned it up. After a few weeks, the goose being constrained in that way, it began laying eggs. It produced two dozen eggs, and then developed a strong disposition to set on them. The man let the goose sit. She hatched out a big brood of goslings and they were genuine wild ones. Then the owner of this brood of goslings somehow got the idea that when the young geese were old enough and big enough he might utilize them as decoys for wild geese. He gave the idea a trial. The result proved that it was a great idea. Ever since then the raising and training of wild geese to be used in making the hunting of their kind more successful has been a regular industry on that part of the North Carolina coast. The "goose yards" where these tame wild geese, as they are called, are raised and trained are familiar portions of the Hyde county natives' premises, and the geese are kept to hire out to visiting sportsmen. No hunter nowadays would for a moment think of trying his luck for wild geese in these waters without the aid of the live decoys any more than he would think of going after quail without a bird-dog.

#### A Curious Fact.

It is a curious fact in heredity that, as a rule, no descendant of a wild goose, no matter how long a time may have elapsed since its ancestor was made captive, forgets that it is a wild goose; hence the wings of these same wild geese are kept always clipped. Otherwise they would rise superior to their surroundings and soar away to join their truly wild brethren. They are allowed swimming privileges, however, and these they seldom abuse. Captain W. B. Tooley, of Hellbaven, relates how he had a flock of these tame wild geese. He kept their wings clipped, but let them go for a swim occasionally to the Pungo river. In front of his house. One day, while exercising this privilege, they disappeared. The Pungo river is three miles wide, and leads down into Pamlico sound, twelve miles away. After the geese had been missing three days Captain Tooley came to the sorrowful conclusion that they had abused his confidence and swum away to await some where the growing out of their wings, that they might fly away and be free. This was undoubtedly their original intention, but four of them came back the morning of the fourth day, climbed out of the river and returned to their pen with all the haste they could make on land, and their actions and excited cackling to one another indicated that something had occurred to disturb them greatly. Their owner subsequently learned that his geese had swum down the river several miles and taken themselves to the reeds, where a hunter had seen them early on the morning of the fourth day, and not knowing that they were fugitive decoys, shot one of them. The remaining four turned their heads up river, and never stopped. It is plain, until they had reached home and safety. Ever after that they were not at all eager to go swimming, and if they did go, kept close to the shore, and remained out but a short time. Just the same, Captain Tooley kept their wings clipped.

At the same time, while these captive wild geese would become free ones if they might, it is told as a curious fact that the moment a hunter appears at a yard to hire or buy decoy geese the fowls know they are going hunting as well as a setter dog or a deer hound does when the master takes down his gun. They become excited and eager, and set up a great cackling. They are taken to the hunting ground in a coop, or sometimes in

a big bag, with holes cut in it, out of which they thrust their heads. When the coop or bag is produced the geese scamper to get in, and once in become quiet.

The Decoy. For each decoy a sharpened stake, in length to suit the depth of water where the geese are to be placed, is provided. Some manipulators of the decoys have their stakes fitted with a piece of board perhaps eight inches square, through a hole in the centre of which the stake is passed, leaving the board a sufficient distance below the upper end of the stake, so that it will be six inches or so beneath the surface when the stake is driven into the firm sandy bottom of the water. Others cut squares of sod from the marshy shore and drive the stake through them to hold them in position in the water. The square of board or sod is to give a firm footing for the goose that is placed upon it, the decoy being held in position there by a strap around its legs and a stake. The effect is that of a goose resting on the water, as if it had alighted there, and the skillful distribution of geese in a group in this way gives an appearance of natural and voluntary position that no disposition of artificial decoys can be made to assume.

The great value of these live geese decoys to the hunter, hidden in the thick reeds in proximity to them, is their marvelous keenness of hearing, which leads them to enter to the spot flocks of wild geese that otherwise would fly over, and at which the hunter would not get a shot. There are professional Hyde county goose hunters, who can imitate the "honk" of the wild goose so perfectly that they can cause a flying flock to stop in its course and alight, and whose trained ears can hear the honking of a flock before their eyes can discern its coming.

#### An Educated Flock.

The voracious Hyde county wild goose raisers and trainers are so jealous of their belief in the disposition of their decoys toward their free brethren that they quote to you wonderful things they have known the same wild geese to do. They will tell you about a flock that was educated by a favorite son of Hyde, and which was so apt in the performance of the duties in which he had instructed it that he never had to clip the wings of a single member of it nor to strap one of them to a stake. They simply went to the hunting ground with him, took their positions in the water themselves and swam about until they had succeeded in luring a passing flock to drop down. They would not take up time by dilatory tactics as the tied-up decoy had to do, but as soon as the flock alighted they swam out to it, mingled with it at once, disabused its mind of all misgiving and escorted it toward the shore until they had it within easy gun shot of their master in the reeds. Then they carelessly separated from the flock one by one, and swam here and there out of range. When out of danger from the hunter's gun one of these amazing decoys would so inform him by a peculiar honk, when firing began, and the decoys would actually flop and scream in fendish glee as their victims fell under the deadly fusillade.

They will particularly refer you to one Old Dick, who, when he ceased to be a real wild goose was a lone gander that came voluntarily to the inclosure of a Hyde county hunter. One day and deliberately and with malice aforethought entered upon a career of deceiving his kind to destruction. It was supposed that he was a gander who for some reason had been deposed from the leadership of some flock, a deposing that had been attended with some belligerence, for this gander was bloody, one eye was gone, and his neck and one side plucked nearly bare of feathers. He took his place with the flock of decoys belonging to the Hyde county man whose inclosure he had thus sought, and as soon as he had regained his plumage was ready for vengeance. He needed no trying to a stake, but he took to placing himself on the supporting sod as if he had been doing it all his life.

It is on record that he would honk an approaching flock long before any goose of the flock approached he would scan them closely and then swim away and let the hunter do his worst. One day he met an approaching flock that he had argued into drawing near shore, and evidently found what he had long been looking for. That is what was always believed, for with a wild shriek he pitched into the gander, and before the astonished hunter in the reeds had time to think Old Dick had stretched the gander dead in the water. He then seized the gander's mate and dragged her screaming to the shore and held her there until the hunter had fired at the rest of the flock, which seemed paralyzed at the sudden onslaught of Old Dick. He held the wild goose and the hunter captured her alive and took her home. Once there, she seemed to become reconciled and Dick was so pleased that he honked all day. The only way the Hyde county chronicler can explain this act of Old Dick's is by the theory that the gander he pitched on and killed that day was the one that had deposed him some time or other and that the goose he captured was his sometime mate. At any rate, she never showed any inclination to leave, but she could not be induced to become a decoy. However, to this day they talk, over in Hyde county, about such and such a decoy goose being of superior merit, because its pedigree can be traced back to Old Dick! That is what they will tell you, and if you look incredulous they will almost get tears in their eyes.

#### The Range of Sounds.

The whistle of a locomotive is heard 3,300 yards through the air; the noise of a railway train 2,800 yards; the report of a rifle and the bark of a dog 1,800 yards; an orchestra or the roll of a drum, 1,600 yards; the human voice reaches to a distance of 1,000 yards; the croaking of frogs, 900 yards; the chirping of crickets, 800 yards. Distinct speaking is heard in the air above to a distance of 600 yards; from above it is understood to have a range of only 100 yards downward.

Five cantons of Switzerland have admitted women to the business schools, and report good results.