

OUR FASHION LETTER

Skirts Are Now Worn With Pads at the Back.

FRILLY TAFFETA PETTICOATS.

Wetted and Chemise Effects Are Smart on Dressy Gowns—Dull Browns and Myrtle Greens For Tailor Mades—Children's Dresses.

The majority of skirts look better when worn with a pad at the back. There is nothing more ungraceful than a flat skirt in the back. It gives the effect of the neck running into the heels.

Smart Paris dressmakers are introducing a little windborne into the skirts of evening gowns, and the old fashioned stiff muslin dresses are also being used to hold the fullness out.

Very frilly taffeta petticoats are the proper thing. They are made with innumerable ruffles and fillings and hold out the bottom of the dress very well.

Buttons are becoming more and more popular, but there is danger in using too many of them, and a wise dress-

maker will use discretion. Buttons of fur and of feathers are among the very latest novelties.

Wetted effects as well as chemise are very smart on dressy gowns and shirred bands add fullness to crepe dresses and veilings. The most up to date skirts are as full in front as they are behind.

In the sketch there is an attractive stole of ermine, white chiffon and tulle applique.



ERMINÉ STOLE

VAGARIES OF FASHION.

The plain fur stole has given way to the fancy design inserted with ermine or lace and steel ornaments.

A burgundy shade bordering on the purple is beloved by French tailors, and on this side smart flower hats are seen of it.

Feather hats are all the rage. The plumage used is composed of small feathers which are molded neatly into French sailor or turban shapes.

Many of the new millinery shapes have the trimming almost entirely under the brim.

In general the deeper shades of red are more used than the brighter ones.

and they are more universally becoming as well.

Dull browns and myrtle greens make ideal tailor mades for the fair haired girl.

Suede kid and various kinds of leather and of military buttons are used on the strictly tailor made costume.

The newest kid belt is crinkled and fastens with a heavy buckle of oxidized silver.

Turnover collars of the quaintest embroidery are features of all the smart morning gowns.

The many new tones of red so favored by Parisians will certainly be worn here, and quite the newest of these is a rich wine shade with deep tones, which is at its best in zibeline and rough textures. This shade is becoming to both blond and brunette and trimmed with black, is very stylish.



HAT MADE OF FEATHERS.

spotted mousseline de sole trimmed with fine lace.

Plumes drooping on the hair at the back are a prominent feature of the present millinery.

Very attractive evening sleeves consist of a tight fitting upper cap, from which hang on a ruffian foundation countless small ruffles reaching a little below the elbow. Each ruffle is edged with narrow trimming to set it out.

Many up to date skirts show a double or triple flounced effect, and these are most becoming to a slender figure.

A great deal of fine venetian lace is being used on evening gowns for berths, straps, revers and hip yokes.

The cut shows a zibeline suit having a triple skirt. The blouse has tucked sleeve puffs, and the entire costume is trimmed with narrow pipings of velvet.

The hat worn with this is trimmed with a bird laid flat on the crown.



A NOVEL EVENING COAT

with fitted and full effects, and the materials themselves are devoid of stiffness.

Velvet ruffles of different widths are used in trimming the little waists and skirts, and the latter are often shirred on cord around the laps.

Many of the new tailor made coats have wide cuffs filled with a double row of full button ruffles.

The new coats are lighter and more supple than ever, and some of them have a heavy shirred effect at the top in contrast to the wide bottom.

Gold, silver and white crests, but mostly on the head and feet, which are used for the upper and inferior day wear.

The illustration shows a novel evening coat of gray cloth and trim med with bands of zibeline and venetian lace. It has the new supple effect.

PRETTY COMBINATIONS.

Steel and jet are combined with silver to make most effective evening gowns. They have petticoats of black chiffon and sometimes touches of beautifully tinted old lace.

Three-quarter coats are the smart thing for winter wear. They have cape effects of fur and bands of this are skillfully applied on the skirt.

Gowns entirely composed of perpen dicular shirtings are dainty made of



GOWN OF ZIBELINE.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

SHE APPROVES.

"Bonds for Proposals"—It Struck Her As A Good Thing.

"Every day something new. As I came along the street to-day I saw in the window of a banking-house a sign which read, 'Bonds for proposals.' That is something like, now, and I do hope the girls will insist upon their being used. That is what I call introducing a new century business into romance and love making," remarked Miss Sallis Twitters to a bevy of young girls at a five-o'clock tea.

"How do they work?" asked one of the young ladies with deep interest.

"I don't know any inquiries about them, but I gathered from the announcement that they had specially prepared forms for the use of young ladies when proposing. The institution guarantees that the proposer is protected on all sides, and in the event of a breaking off of the match by the young man it secures to pay the girl a certain amount. That is what I understand by it and it strikes me as a good thing. When the man goes into love with a girl without presenting any of these bonds, properly made out, as a guarantee of good faith, I suppose that they are to be had in different sizes, proportions, and the value of the bond in his estimation. The more he values her the higher will be the bond he will offer when seeking her hand. If once he has to pay for these bonds, himself, and if he entails loss upon the guarantee company by refusing or neglecting to fulfill his matrimonial engagement that company will punish him and he will be posted as untrustworthy. He will lose his business standing and that is something a man will do if he can help it. You can easily see, my dear girls, what an advantage it will be to become engaged to young men who are backed by these bonds for these engagements will be kept in mind and nine-tenths of the cases of a thousand Now you see that of this has not become the way yet, but it is bound to come. My advice is for a girl to refuse to listen to any proposal of marriage if the young man is unwilling to support it by bonding up in this way. It is a great reform, and if it had been in practice some years ago there would be more married women at present than there are now.

A Good Time.

One of the girls, sitting in the rural community, was innocently watching the two young men from the city as they played chess. The game was a long one and he continued to interrupt.

"You are not," said the objects of both their eyes, "then wooden objects from which they are over to where they are."

"That is a very expressive," replied one.

"And you have to be continually on the lookout for surprises and difficulties."

"Constantly."

"And if you are not muchly careful you'll soon be using some 'em?'"

"Yes."

"An' then there's that other game that you dress up in an play with long sticks and a little ball."

"You mean golf?"

"I think probably that's what I mean. Is that game amusing?"

"I'm quite interested, and the excitement is very beneficial."

"Well, I reckon it's a mighty good joke on me."

"What do you refer to?"

"The way I've been havin' fun without knowin' anythin' about it. If you gentlemen want to let me enjoy your sports, you can't ever get me to let you drive pigs. And if you want me to watch out for surprises, an' floggers is not to lose 'em, you'd tickle you most to death."

Struck With Astonishment.

They tell this story of Lord Rosebery, who is a very bad shot. Not long ago he was on the South moors, and, having upon his study fired at a covey of birds that rose no more than twenty yards ahead, he exclaimed:

"It is strange that some of them fell! I'm positive that some of them must have been struck!"

"I didn't do it," returned the keeper, with the usual freedom of his class, "that they were struck with astonishment at getting off so easy!"

A Slaying Imitation.

"The Pwme of Wales is in Germany drinking beer and water, and they say it's awfully nasty. Where are you going, dear boy?"

"I'm going home, don't you know, to throw away my flitch!" Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Talking Shop.

"Who was that philosopher at the next table?"

"I didn't notice."

"I mean the one who was talking about the brevity of life here to-day and gone to-morrow, and all that sort of thing."

"Oh, that fellow. He runs a bucket shop."

The Country Postmistress.

"I feel awfully provoked at the post-master general."

"What has he done?"

"Gone back to green stamps again—and there's no color so trying to my complexion."

In No Danger.

"Yes, he's drinking himself to death on absinthe."

"Where does he get it?"

"At Stimlers."

"Don't worry. He can live forever on that stuff."

A Little Mixed.

"Isn't he thin?"

"Yes, he reminds me of Job's turkey."

"Why, I never heard that of him."

"Never heard what?"

"Didn't Job's turkey have bolts?"

One Lucky Man.

"There is one man at least who is going to make a handsome thing out of Klondike stock."

"Who is that?"

"The engraver."

SHE RUNS THE PAPER.

SHE IS PUBLISHER, REPORTER, TYPE-SETTER AND EVERYTHING.

Father Shot and Killed Plucky Mrs. Griffin Now Runs His Paper—The Assault's Bullet Failed to Reach Her, The Pluck of the Modern American Girl.

Few girls feel like continuing the work that their father laid down when he latter had been shot and killed in carrying out of it. Frank Griffin's daughter has had the pluck to do it. A short time ago Griffin met his death in Maryland. He, at the hands of a man whom he had attacked in the columns of the Review, the paper owned and run by him in Maryland. When the attack was justifiable or not it is unnecessary to discuss now. Griffin was always a fearless man, and his paper reflected this characteristic. Had he been more conservative he would have been alive to-day, his laughter would not have been running in his paper in his stand, and as the novelists are fond of saying, "this story would not have been written."

When Griffin had been laid beneath the sod the people of Maryland believed that "Griffin's Daily Review" had been laid there with him. But they forgot that the pluck of the modern American is equal to almost any emergency. Her first burst of grief over Miss Pearl Griffin, the pretty young daughter of the dead man and his helper around the printing office while he was alive, led to work to devise means of carrying on the periodical in the name of Mrs. Griffin. She worked that the paper is now ready to continue its publication with Mrs. Griffin as editor, reporter, publisher, typesetter, and everything else except pressman, and even this position she is prepared to fill in the event of an emergency arising.

In a rather long appraisal of the work of Miss Griffin, the writer, "I have always had control of the office and understand every detail of the newspaper work. My sisters are both married now, and when I resume publication I will do all the work myself inside the office and my mother will assist me in the outside work. I think there is no other family in the United States that has a longer experience in the newspaper business than we have. My sister, who is now married, and lives in Maryland, with her husband, and her mother, who lives in New York, are both married and have children. My mother has been married for many years, leaving me the only one of my kind in the family living in the place. We have lived in Maryland for many years and are known all over the state of Maryland. We have established four roads paying no taxes in Maryland county, the counties in which we live. We are the only family in the state belonging to the National Missour Press association and have twenty three years' record."

The girls have not been without their own exciting times, owing to the unity and interest of their fathers' candid opinions and writings.

During the late political campaign in 1890, the printing office was broken into by a mob of broken ricks tipped over and destroyed. From the wreck a new type was gathered to outfit the publication and to protect the press. A month later the party was wrecked and killed the press. Some time after this wreck the press was found in an old well.

This violent operation was due to the spirited course of a paper in opposing unlawful liquor traffic, and certain political opponents. But these experiences only served to educate the girls to assist and maintain their principles, even at the risk of life and loss of property.

The fact that they were of the gender sex did not save them from violence and attempted assassination. One night in April, 1891, some unknown miscreant fired into the room where Miss Pearl was sleeping, shattering the window and hitting her bed with broken glass. At the same time a shot was fired into her mother's bed room, both escaped unhurt.

The papers had a hard row to hoe financially, too, in those troublesome times, and it speaks volumes for the intelligent management of the sisters that from such straightened circumstances and such violent opposition their papers have grown until they have reached a safe paying basis and are now potent in social and political affairs.

Tubes by Extrusion.

Although leaden pipe and rods of lead, for manufacturing bullets, have for some time been produced by forcing lead, made plastic by heat, from a low pressing cylinder, through a die the principle has never been applied until recently to metals plastic at high temperatures.

In 1898 Mr. Perry F. Nuresey read a paper before the Iron and Steel Institute describing a method of and machinery for manufacturing metallic rods of any form by extrusion at high temperatures. The system was invented by Mr. Alexander Dick, who has so perfected it that he is now able to produce tubing also. The tubing may be of any desired section, and is usually made of copper or its alloys.

The process is very simple, consisting merely of first filling the compression cylinder, or "container," with molten metal, then causing a hydraulic ram to force it, when partially congealed, through a die, whence it issues having the desired shape. The length of the tube so produced is, of course, regulated by the quantity of metal in the container.

OF IN FREST.

Manners are the happy way of doing things.

Circumstances are never strong enough to imprison a great soul. Anger closes the eyes of reason as soon as it opens the mouth.

The first to do, if you have not done it, is to fall in love with your work.

By using what we have we gain that which we have not.

If all men were to perish who did not succeed in obtaining what they wish all mankind would die.

The common opportunity comes, as the divinest opportunity in the whole history of the world came, cradled in obscurity.

If only rests with ourselves to take any position in life, when circumstances render it expedient for us to occupy, debate.

It is not easy to be in any great assembly without thinking that the chance which brings so many people together will also make us meet our friends.

No man lives without fostering and being fostered. In all ways he has to elbow himself through the world, giving and taking offense. His life is a battle in so far as it is an entity at all.

Do you know what it is to be sure that a thing is wrong and yet not be able to feel it so—to have your reason acknowledge what your conscience does not confirm?

If we desire to reduce mental activity, it stands to reason that we must attend to nothing. We must not attempt to mind drift. We must not attempt to exercise any control whatever, but let the thoughts stray as they will and follow any line of association that is a line of least resistance.

To know what to do, and be able to do it, lies at the foundation of all successful accomplishments, but at critical junctures we need to know so very thoroughly, and to have such unimpeded power of action, that no preparation can be too ample, no self-discipline too rigorous.

All the toil and trouble of the world, and all the work which begin with the life of man is directed toward one great end—the doing away with sin and suffering and the establishment of purity and peace. And this work seems almost hopeless not because the multitude does not approve of it, but because individuals are cowardly and will not do their share of it.

Mr. Herbert Spencer in his Sociology says: "The two ideas often repeated in a great order become important in that order, and just as muscular motions of the different combinations of property with one another, and with guiding perceptions, become by practice, and at length automatic, so the resulting production of any conduct by its promoting emotion, makes that conduct, so to speak, not by precept though heard daily, but by example, unless it is followed, but only by action often caused by the relative feeling of a moral habit, be formed."

FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Salt—A little corn starch mixed with the salt will keep it from dampening.

Whole Peppers—Whole peppers are better for seasoning soups and sauces than ground pepper.

A Home Remedy—One of the best remedies for indigestion is a weak solution of salt and water.

Scoured Linen—Scoured linen may be restored to its proper color by wetting it and laying it on the grass to bleach.

Have Boxes—Do not keep sugar, tea, coffee and other such groceries in the bags in which they come. Have wooden or tin boxes. A great deal of strength is lost when they are left in the paper bags.

Saving Steps—In arranging your kitchen have things arranged as conveniently as possible. Do not begin to make bread on a table in one part of the kitchen and have the lard, the salt and the water in other parts. Many steps can be saved if a little thought is given to the arrangement of the kitchen furniture.

Copper Kettles—If you use copper kettles, be sure that they are scrubbed every day or two. About once a week clean thoroughly with lemon and salt.

Coffee Cream—Whip and sweeten a rich cream. Make a pot of good strong coffee. Put egg shells in the coffee to clear it. Stir enough into the cream to flavor it highly, then freeze.

Ambrosia—Peel and slice a dish of oranges. Remove all tough skin and seeds. Cover a layer of orange with sugar and grated coconut and proceed in this way till the dish is filled.

Sweetbreads—Trim a good sweetbread and parboil for five or six minutes, then put in cold water. When it is cold dry it thoroughly in a clean cloth, run a skewer through it, dip in egg and then in bread crumbs and roast.

Rice Snowballs—Boil three ounces of rice in one pint of milk flavored with vanilla and sweetened to taste until it is tender. Put the rice in small tea-cups and let it stand till cold. Then turn them out into a dish with onion breaking and serve with egg custard.

Tea Biscuit—Mix four ounces of butter with half pound of flour, then add about four ounces of sugar, a teaspoon of powdered ginger, a little salt and a beaten egg. Roll out, cut with biscuit cutter and bake in slow oven for seven minutes. Let them cool before storing in tin or earthen jar.

Asparagus—If the asparagus is fresh, boil in salt water until tender; if it is canned, heat through in the water it comes in. Drain the water off and cut all away but the very tender parts of the asparagus. Put in a bowl with three tablespoons of melted butter and a little black pepper. Mix well with the asparagus and serve on crisp hot buttered toast.

SELFISH ALL.

How Abraham Lincoln Secured Peace of Mind.

Mr. Lincoln once remarked to a fellow passenger on the old-time mud-wagon coach, on the corduroy road which are dated railroads, that all men were prompted by selfishness in doing good or evil. His fellow-passenger was antagonizing his position, when they were passing over a corduroy bridge that spanned a slough. As they crossed this bridge and the mud-wagon was shaking like a Sucker with chills, they espied an old razor-backed sow on the bank of the slough, making a terrible noise because her pigs had got into the slough and were unable to get out; and in danger of drowning. As the old coach began to climb the hill Mr. Lincoln called out "Driver, can't you stop just a moment?" The driver replied, "If the other fellow can't object." The "other fellow"—who was no less a personage than at that time "Colonel" E. D. Baker, the gallant general who gave his life in defense of Old Glory at Ball's Bluff—did not "object," when Mr. Lincoln jumped out, ran back to the slough and began to lift the little pigs out of the mud and water, and place them on the bank. When he returned Colonel Baker remarked: "Now, Abe, where does a selfishness come in on this little episode?"

"Why, bless your soul, Ed, that was the very essence of selfishness. I would have had no peace of mind all day had I seen and left that suffering old sow wringing over those pigs. I did it to get peace of mind, don't you see?"—Springfield (Ill.) Monitor.

Wasted Indignation.

The man with the florid face and the bald head grew more and more uneasy as he sat at the restaurant table. He tried to read a newspaper, but every now and then would drop it, adjust his glasses and glare up and down the room to find the waiter to whom he had given his order. At last he managed to detain him, at the risk of being scalded by the soup he carried, and inquired:

"How about that dinner I ordered?"

"It will be here immediately, sir," was the answer.

The guest tried to read his newspaper once more, but as the time passed his uneasiness increased until he was glaring up and down the room as fiercely as ever. He found his waiter again and the same conversation was repeated. After two or three more similar attempts he arose and went over to another waiter, who was gracefully leaning against a pillar.

"Look here," said the guest. "I want to know something."

"Yes," responded the waiter.

"What I want to know is this, Am I ever going to get any dinner, and if I do, when will it be?"

The languid young man looked at him and replied:

"Excuse me, I'm afraid you have made a mistake. I am only a waiter; not a prophet."

Blanketed the Cow.

A well known citizen of the East End recently purchased a high-bred horse. He did not object to his son using the animal until a few nights ago. The son went to the stable, ordered the horse hitched up, and went out for a drive.

Returning home in the early morning, he put the horse in the stable and called to the boy to get up as he would start out to-morrow. At the usual time in the morning the father arose and strolled out to the stable, before the hired man had made his appearance. To his surprise he saw a cow that he owned heavily blanketed, and in the stall the horse he prized so highly was in a terrible condition. The son had been racing and had brought the horse home, white with perspiration. In the excitement he had blanketed the cow and left the horse stand unprotected. He will never be permitted to use the horse again, as the animal was almost ruined.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

That Eye.

A Minneapolis man once invited a friend to dine with him and neglected to telephone his wife to that effect. To make matters worse, both host and visitor stopped in at the club on the way home, and consequently were late for dinner—very late. The dilatory husband undertook to explain his tardiness while dinner was being served, and put up a rather overplausible defense in the line of business complications coming up at the very last moment before he should have left the office. The hostess heard him with ominous politeness, and then calmly said: "Perhaps, but you really can't look me in the eye and tell that story."

"No, no," stammered the culprit; and then, as a brilliant idea struck him, "but I'll tell you what I will do; if John will kindly look you in the eye while I repeat what I have said, probably we can make it go."—Minneapolis Tribune.

Joking on the Klondyke.

The Klondyke gold miner held up a nugget which he had just found. It was as big as his fist. "Isn't that a beauty?" he asked.

The consensus of opinion was that the nugget was a beauty indeed.

"Yes, indeed," said one of the old hands, after the others had expressed their admiration, "that nugget is easily worth its weight in corned beef."—Harper's Pazar.

Value of Intuition.

Sherlock Holmes (at bureau show) That little man over there in the box is a professor of mathematics.

Dr. Cubels—He is an acquaintance of yours?

Sherlock Holmes—No; I never saw him before in my life.

Dr. Cubels—Then how do you know he is a professional mathematician?

Sherlock Holmes—By the interest he takes in the figures on the stage.—Chicago News.

Elements of Success.

Crimsonbeak—The two most successful business men I know live in my town; one is a shoemaker and the other is a photographer.

Yeast—To what do you attribute their success?

"Why, one sells ladies' shoes two sizes too small for the wearer, and the other other takes pictures which never look like the originals."