

forbade the practice of smoking, among the women at the imperial court, that reform, like charity, should begin at home. Princess Henry of Prussia, her daughter, devoted to the cigarette. The Dowager Empress Alexandra smokes habitually, as do the duchess of Cumberland, the empress of Austria, the queen regent of Spain, and the queen of Portugal. Man cannot give up his beloved tobacco without a tug, and why should women? Surely he will not find it in his heart to blame the women of the court for petitioning for a withdrawal of the distasteful order.

Filles on Fashion.
Filles and all varieties of corded silk will be in great vogue during the two seasons before us.

In Paris belts of goatskin, black and white speckled, and of gold and silver steel and turquoise and ruby clasp, are a fad.

The grays are graduated in tone and known as platin, aluminum, nickel, and silver, the latter shades being the most popular.

Damson is one of the coming autumn shades. It has a great deal of rich, deep crimson in it, and is seen in rich autumn materials in silk and wool.

A shaped blouse decorates the newest long ulster coat. It has a high collar, and in point of color light gray promises to out-tan, which has held its own so long.

Shirt waists of white flannelette, with a yoke of guipure lace with fichu effect. The sleeves are also of guipure, and two tiny knifed-puffed ruffles finish the bottom, giving the bodice the appearance of a short blouse.

The latest notion in millinery is narrow black velvet, mounted on wire, so that it can be bent into any form required for hats, turbans, etc. It has found great favor, for, in addition to being effective, it is light and airy and looks well with gauze-like materials.

Fichu and bertha effects and oddly draped close-cut sleeves, faced on the outside of the arm from wrist to elbow, appear on many of the new street redingotes and Louis XIV polka dresses designed for the autumn and winter.

"National blue," a new color this season, is a clear, lively tone of deep blue and is said to rival navy blue in popular favor. Emerald green is revived this season and shade of sea-green comes to us from Paris, under the name of "Neptune."

Black and white is as popular a combination as ever and black and white with white and sparkling with jet are completed by fluffy net or feather boas. Indeed, white may be called the universal color, for the trying gray, heliotrope and other shades are rendered becoming by the use of white collars, yokes and vests.

All indications point to navy blue as a popular color for fall and winter wear. Its selection, in most instances, is a sentimental choice, as one fondly imagines who is honoring our naval heroes by wearing gowns of that color. Aside from this, the fact is that navy blue is becoming to brunettes and "mediums" alike. It makes dark eyes shine, brings out the blue in gray eyes and heightens the tone value of blue eyes.

Double-faced cashmere and drap d'ete will share French honors with Venetian cloth in the making of elegant tail coats for dress occasions. Silk gowns, velvet ribbon in various widths, and gold and silver beads are the chosen decorations for these gowns; otherwise cream or white satin, overlaid with guipure lace, can be used.

There has been an innovation seen this summer for a revival of the style of dress made for little girls some five or ten years ago. The fashion was then called "Greenaway." If it becomes confirmed it will probably have another name. The long, full frocks have the small figure a quaint look that the French short gowns never impart. A feature this year is the low neck and short sleeves.

A new corset, designed solely for comfort, is made of light, supple material and boned with alternate wire and whalebone. It is adapted for easy and neglect wear. Another novelty in the stay line is a straight-busbed corset, with cambray sides, made in pale tulle, of exquisitely fine material, this shade gives the pretty rounded effect so noticeable in the Parisian woman's figure.

Slenderness and grace are the great considerations in the bras which are being adopted again with eagerness. The old-time massive bracelet of gold and precious stones is not tolerated. One of the most ingenious novelties is a bracelet with a few links, which can be used for a lace pin. Another design has a few magnificent stones mounted in a cluster, which can be converted into a brooch, pendant or hair ornament.

Silk-warp white serges, trimmed with lace or satin straps and small white pearl buttons, form very charming costumes for the early autumn, while mohairs are similarly used. These gowns are made of fabrics as manipulated just as silk materials are, and even those in tailor fashion for the street are silk lined and lightened on the front with chiffon trimmings.

Military trimmings are being manufactured for fall gowns. There are epaulettes, adjutant's cording and a great array of gold braid and trappings. A stunning suit is made of military gray cloth with an Eton jacket with narrow revers of black velvet and straps of gold and black braid on either side. The cuffs of the very close, plain sleeves, the black collar and the belt are fastened with brass buttons, and so is the vest of yellow chamois. The skirt is also banded military fashion.

Though capes have lost a degree of their recent prestige, they are far too useful and convenient to be wholly discarded, and, as American women have not yet generally consented to wear the elegant sleeves with absolutely nothing in the shape of a frill, they puff or epaulettes on the shoulders, they will no doubt continue to elect for capes, which they will wear with sleeves, and, further, save the trouble of tucking one sleeve into another. Strictly becoming and stylish, however, the majority of capes are not, and to some extent they are distinctly the reverse. Short and over-full, they give a decided bumpiness to many figures. For general bumpiness the three-quarter cape, covering the hips and moderately full, is superior to all others of its kind, and the less trimming the better.

VOICES.
Albert Blagelaine Bright in New York Herald. Oh, the sun shines bright on the roadway white
And burns on the roses red,
And blue is the sky where marching by
Are men with a martial tread.
And a redbird sings in the apple tree,
And a whitebird whistles a tune,
And a bluebird whistles a tune to me
As the soldiers disappear.
"And where," says blue, "are they going to?"
And what are they going for?
And a crow flies by with the hollow cry,
Of "War! War! War!"
Oh, the night falls brown on field and town
That throb with the summer heat,
As, lifting my head, I catch
The tramp of returning feet.
And the redbird sleeps, and the dove of white
And the bluebird's voice is still,
While out of the shadows come tonight
The song of the whippoorwill.
Oh, feet that pass in the dust and grass,
My vigil shall never cease.
Though a cricket sings with its grating wings
Of "Peace! Peace! Peace!"

THE IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR
For Gray or Bleached Hair
Is the only preparation before the public today that restores Gray Hair to its original color, or that gives to Bleached Hair that uniform shade and lustre without in some manner injuring the scalp, the hair or the general health. Baths do not affect it.

No. 1—Black. No. 2—Light Chestnut. No. 3—Dark Brown. No. 4—Gold Blonde. No. 5—Medium Brown. No. 6—Light Blonde. No. 7—Chestnut. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Sole manufacturers and patentees: Imperial Chemical Co., Ltd., 25, Abchurch Lane, E.C. 4, London, E.C. 4, England. N. Y. For sale in Omaha by Richardson Drug Co., Sherman & McConnell, 1513 Dodge Street. Applied by all hair dressers.

PICTURES OF INDIAN LIFE

The Red Man and Woman of Various Tribes at the Exposition.

CURIOUS MIXTURE OF THE FIRST FAMILIES

The War Dance and the Medicine Dance—Fond of Candy, Soda-water and Cigarettes—Interesting Customs.

The savage viewing the flower of civilization. That is what one may see at Omaha; and the more one considers it, the more bewildering, the sadder and the more interesting in the gravest way, is the spectacle. Tumbled masses of cloud against the blue caught the sunlight and the colossal statues on the buildings shone like white marble. The gondolas skimmed the lagoon. A profusion of vines made a tower out of the shallow curves of the colonnades and the banks of the lagoon were a dazzling mass of aethereal and canna. Opposite the beautiful Art building stood a little group of Indians. The men wore coats roughly shaped out of gay blankets, and calico shirts and moccasins. The women's black hair was uncovered. Their babies were slung on their backs. Men and women and children were all eating candy. A "mixed blood" interpreter piloted them. They stared with incredulous faces; but, as they passed over the bridge on to the wide space of the plaza, a wave of excitement struck them; they nudged each other, and the biggest brave in the party laughed aloud; while two or three Indians with mock ferocity ran, brandishing their arms, at the "outlet" for the old Maine restaurant, in his yellow trowsers and bow tie, who was waving a toy gun, followed by his educated pig.

The women laughed and the men laughed. They were almost as jovial as negroes. Then they returned to the candy stand. They returned to the candy stand, and it is rather a shock to see them stuffing cigarettes with intense enjoyment.

Tribes Represented.
The Indians now encamped at Omaha, on the bluff tract, belong to a number of tribes. They are, or soon will be, the peaceful Winnebagoes and the Omahas, the warlike Sioux and the Apaches, the Sacs and Foxes, (whose ancestors owned all Iowa), the Blackfeet and Cheyennes, the Plutes and Diggers, Poncas, (the peaceful tribe which never had the blood of a white man charged to it, yet were despoiled of their homes and farms more ruthlessly and with less provocation than the Arcadians were driven out of the north), the Arapahoes, the Shoshones, the displaced Plutes and the haughty Seminoles, the Zunis and Moquis with their own crude industries, the Kaws, Quapaws, Iowas, the Delawares, Immortalized by Cooper, Tonkawas, Cheyennes, Chickapawes, Ojegas, Choctaws, Creeks, Umatillas, Yavutins, Navahos, Nez Percés, representatives in line of almost every great tribal division left in the United States. The encampment is by itself, on the edge of a cornfield. Each tribe has its little village of wigwags, teepees or wigwags. The Indians live in the same fashion as they would live on the plains, except that they have no farms to cultivate. They stay a short time and give place to others. Meanwhile, they have their own industries, they make beadwork and baskets, they chip and carve, they weave birch bark canoes; the Navahos weave their blankets (alas! they no longer use their own honest, vegetable, unfading dyes, but the more convenient and transitory dyes of the white man); the Zunis will shape their pottery; they will cook and sew and have their own religious exercises and sports and games and ceremonies. Captain Mercer of the United States army is in charge. The assistant superintendent, Mr. W. C. Liddiard, took us over the encampment among the various tribes. He seemed on the best of terms with them all. He joked affably with the interpreters. The interpreters, themselves, spoke English fluently, with the average plainsman's independence in grammar and picturesque metaphors. In general, they seemed to be of mixed blood, alert men, quick at a trade, very civil in their manners, but not disposed to have their charges made a show of, more than was profitable. Some of them are men of property. They are proud of their education and their "citizen's clothes," as they call the white man's dress.

Later, when we were dancing the war dance, I heard a man call to one of these men, "Say, Jim, why ain't you in that rick, painted up and dancing?" To which Jim answered gruffly: "Me! I ain't never been painted in my life, or danced neither!"

There was a war dance in the afternoon, some seven tribes participating. A splendid spectacle it was, purely as a spectacle. The braves were in full war paint, displaying a truly ghastly ingenuity in their bedizenments. Some of the braves were as smoothly colored as the painted Indians of the past, the pigments smeared bluish or streaked with patches. There was a like creature whose body was painted white, but his face was black. He had very little paint but he smoked a cigarette. Another warrior was all yellow, except for green cheeks. He wore glasses, and the effect of his painted face was indescribable. He was like one of the Creatures in Alice in Wonderland. A magnificent fellow painted light red over his splendid face, and a grim array of white crosses on his face. He wore a pair of white leggings and there were eagle plumes in his hair. With his bare torso and his fringed leggings of skin, his paint and his feathers, he might have stepped out of one of Cooper's novels. He had a carriage as untamed and fine as his figure. I called him Uncle until I saw him blow his nose. Yet, really, I suppose Uncle had no handskerchief. One of the Fox chiefs certainly did have a handkerchief, and it was impressive to see him wipe his face with some two yards of unbleached cotton. The master of ceremonies was the champion orator of the world. The different tribes marched in and took their places in a ring on the grass. They sat, their elbows on their knees, smoking in silence. Slowly the tribes assembled. While they gathered, two drums were placed on supports of wood, and six braves sat around them, beating them and wailing a wild and monotonous war song. These would give place to others. Mr. Liddiard turned to two pretty Indian girls in civilized dress, who held themselves and walked like young girls, possibly a thought more gracefully. "Does that drum sound natural?" said he. The Indian girl smiled and nodded. "Very," said she.

Many Varieties of Dress.
Presently an Indian in a smart light suit with an umbrella joined the girls, to whom he lifted his hat and bowed and smiled. He held the umbrella over the nearer girl's head. He bent his head and smiled, showing his white teeth, and she laughed. And not a stone's throw from them were painted braves who sat on blankets and remembered battle and murder and the pale faces' screams. In one hand was a lad who could not have been more than 12, but he was painted and decked like the warriors. He sat with his little pipe stems of arms on his knees, puffing a cigarette with precisely the stolid demeanor of the big men to the right and left of him. It was funny to see this little's painstaking imitation of a great brave's dignity. When the time came to dance, he danced and shouted (in his shrill, childish treble), just as they did. Last of all the Sioux, in war bonnets and wampum, and the Apaches wearing beautiful blankets of brilliant hue, filed into the arena. They walked with immense dignity, and no one with so much dignity as the last man, who wore a soft hat stuck with feathers and proudly wrapped about his new patch-work quilt. No doubt he felt himself better dressed than White Buffalo just before him, who had a magnificent blanket fresh from the dyer, red and blue and yellow in most cunning patterns.

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An Apache Medicine Dance.
An Apache medicine dance was the last of the series of the unfortunate red men I do not feel equal to my moral reflections. So far, however, as we saw them, they seemed to have a politeness of their own. They were quiet and distinctly friendly. At night we saw the Apache medicine dance. Great fire of wood built into cones, the heads surrounded by the huge painted crosses of the "medicine." All about the cones were dark forms of Indians, men, women and children. A warrior sat near me, holding his baby boy and talking at intervals to his wife who sat near with an older child. He might have been an American father, for anything in his intonation and gestures. His wife laughed over something he said, just as a paleface sister who belongs to a woman's club and doesn't mind keeping her lord waiting, might laugh. And the dark head with its war paint was bent over the child, and the little form was carefully shifted, quite as if he were a white father and loved his little boy.

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To Celebrate Their Great Feasts.
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The school work, the farm work, the rude beginnings of manufacture, these will be on exhibition. And, at the same time, one can see from ten to twenty tribes, as different from each other as Americans are different from Europeans. The Frenchmen, who will live together with the doors open.

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Man-Who-Went-to-War was a splendid looking brave, with a face of the traditional melancholy and dignity of the Indian. He looked as the archer described the part which he took in the massacre. Man-Who-Went-to-War says that after the first dance, when Custer found the force against him and gave back, the Indians would have retired. They did not want to kill Custer, who was esteemed among them as a brave man, but when Custer charged again, they became angry, "and in that one wild charge up the hill they killed every soldier."

When the archer had made an end, he turned to Man-Who-Went-to-War, expecting him to retire. Instead, the Indian burst into an impassioned flood of oratory in his own tongue. The white audience politely applauded; and the archer interpreted that Man-Who-Went-to-War had said that it was all right for the white man to have this country, but that, seeing that the white man had come to this country from across the seas, where he had not room enough to live, he might at least allow his red brother standing room, here, as much room as he had left in the old land. "He says he would like some time to talk to you about three hours on these subjects," said the archer, and there was a laugh. Yet there was a touch of pathos in the attitude of the lonely warrior of a doomed race who fought until fighting was hopeless; and now, in a land where he was a stranger, he is only a part of an idle show.

I had an interview of my own with Big Brave. I met him on the plaza near a candy stand. I said "How," because I understood from the novels that the Indians are so friendly to my surprise, simply, "Yes, 'mam,'" said he. "Do you speak English?" said I. "He shook his head. 'How yet?' said he; and he smiled feebly.

"Would you like some candy?" said I. "Yes, 'mam,'" said he. I bought him some candy, which he shared with the others. Then, through the interpreter he asked my name, and extended his hands with the speech of Indian who would give something to have understood. And then we parted. But when he saw me again on the ground he said, "How yet?" in a friendly fashion.

An Apache Medicine Dance.
An Apache medicine dance was the last of the series of the unfortunate red men I do not feel equal to my moral reflections. So far, however, as we saw them, they seemed to have a politeness of their own. They were quiet and distinctly friendly. At night we saw the Apache medicine dance. Great fire of wood built into cones, the heads surrounded by the huge painted crosses of the "medicine." All about the cones were dark forms of Indians, men, women and children. A warrior sat near me, holding his baby boy and talking at intervals to his wife who sat near with an older child. He might have been an American father, for anything in his intonation and gestures. His wife laughed over something he said, just as a paleface sister who belongs to a woman's club and doesn't mind keeping her lord waiting, might laugh. And the dark head with its war paint was bent over the child, and the little form was carefully shifted, quite as if he were a white father and loved his little boy.

I am told by those who know the Indian best that he has warm family affections. That night I was disposed to believe the story.

To Celebrate Their Great Feasts.
The Indian encampment is to grow more interesting all the time. There is to be a succession of the great traditional Indian feasts, and the tribes themselves are becoming excited and eager to celebrate them on a large scale. The famous war dance of the Sioux, the dog dance of the Blackfeet, the ghost dances, the medicine dances, are only a few of the spectacles that will be given. To a student, however, the keenest interest will attach to the Indians' daily life and industry, and such an opportunity to study it, that has been given and may be given again!

The school work, the farm work, the rude beginnings of manufacture, these will be on exhibition. And, at the same time, one can see from ten to twenty tribes, as different from each other as Americans are different from Europeans. The Frenchmen, who will live together with the doors open.

An eastern friend writes to me, "Is the Omaha exposition worth a journey from the seaboard?" I answered her, "The Indian encampment, alone, is worth the journey!"

TOLD OUT OF COURT.
A correspondent sends me the following story from Mississippi: Counsel for the defense was addressing a country justice of the peace of the "old school." Said he: "I realize that I stand in the presence of a descendant of the great old Huguenot family that emigrated from France to escape from religious intolerance. Many able jurists have sprung from that family and embellished the bench and bar of the union. Their watchwords are honor, truth and justice and their names are spoken in every home. The law is the law, and I am sure that 'he who runs may read.' Shall I insult the intelligence of the court by reiterating a proposition so simple? Need I say more?"

"No," interrupted the judge, "ain't necessary—I'll give you a judgment." Counsel sat down, while the judge, with emphasis, knocked the ashes from his cob pipe and counsel for plaintiff began: "May it please the court—"

"Squire, what are you fixin' to do?" asked the judge.

"I have the closing argument," was the reply.

"Well, you jes' as well set 'own. I do not get my mind set on the other side. Judgment for defendant."

"When I was new to the business and

all the Sioux, in war bonnets and wampum, and the Apaches wearing beautiful blankets of brilliant hue, filed into the arena. They walked with immense dignity, and no one with so much dignity as the last man, who wore a soft hat stuck with feathers and proudly wrapped about his new patch-work quilt. No doubt he felt himself better dressed than White Buffalo just before him, who had a magnificent blanket fresh from the dyer, red and blue and yellow in most cunning patterns.

The dance promptly began: the drums beating, the singers singing and the dancers rushing and leaping into the ring. They jumped about, at first slowly, then with wider gyrations, swinging their harmless wands, which they bore in lieu of weapons, and droning a monotonous song of triumph. And all around them, their ponies grazed, while a buffalo, no doubt to be the mainstay of some future feast solemnly watched them from his stockade; and the golden domes of the dream city by the lagoon caught the sunset light.

Was in the Center Fight.
After the dance