

FASHION LETTER.

(From the Sunday Papers.)

In all the range of human error none is more fatal than the assumption that what is sanctioned by the world of fashion is suitable for all. The principles of art in utility and utility in art alike demand that everything useful shall be adapted to the purpose for which it was designed, and nowhere should this principle be more strongly insisted on than in dress, which is, or should be, a combination of the useful and the artistic. There are many points to consider when one wishes to dress fashionably, yet has an abundance of neither time nor money; and when viewed from this standpoint perhaps it is not surprising that so many young women fail miserably in the attempt. The saddest part of it all is that those who make the most egregious failures often appear most complacent over their fancied success, declares an eastern correspondent.

Troyer & Gingery
UNDERTAKERS

I have felt to be a great honor. Many people talk to me from their lips, but very few from their hearts, and your confidence is sacred.

He bowed, sat Rob down from his shoulder where he had been riding in royal state, and opened the gate for me.

I sat by my window long that night and wondered. Here was this man, simply thrown by the waves out upon the desert beach of time, stripped of everything save the doubtful gift of life itself. How could he endure it? How did he, all through the white unbroken winter? Perhaps his heart froze, too. Still he must know that in ever quickening time, when the leaves break forth, his old sorrow would wake and cry.

I sent my troubled, aching sympathy out into the night, up to the great white stars which never, in all the long years, have answered that wailing, anguished cry of humanity, "Why?"

I just possibly may go home next week and open the house for the rest of the family. Papa and I may go together. If so, I may not write again from here.

You are not doing especially well in the letter line. I suppose you are having too gay a time.

I really do not believe I will ever come to the mountains again. They seem to draw close and closer, hem me in with the stony intention of falling on me, if they happen to take a notion to. Fancy the sun dropping out of sight at four or so in the afternoon!

Considering the height they look to and never reach, and the shadows they live in, it is little wonder mountain people are big and sad. Yours,

PENELOPE.

Its Usual Effect.

Jones—I've just been doing something that always makes me feel cheap.

Smith—What is that?

Jones—Comparing my salary with what I think it ought to be.—Town and Country.

Reduced Rates and Special Train to National Encampment. G. A. R.

The Great Rock Island Route will sell tickets to Cleveland, O., and return, for the Grand Army meeting, at greatly reduced rates. Tickets will be on sale at points west of the Missouri River Sept. 7th to 10th, inclusive, except Oklahoma and Indian Territory, where selling dates will be 7th and 8th. Return limit Sept. 15th, except that extension limit to leave Cleveland, up to and including Oct 8, 1901, may be arranged by depositing tickets with Joint Agent at Cleveland, and payment of small fee. Comrades of the "Rank and File" have selected the Great Rock Island Route and Lake Shore & Michigan Southern R'y for a special through train to Cleveland, which will leave Kansas and Oklahoma Sunday, Sept. 8th. Passengers on this special train will be given the privilege of going and returning via Toledo on boat or all rail as they may elect. Passengers making return journey by boat will have a delightful stop of three hours at the celebrated lake resort—Put-in-Bay. Any Rock Island Agent or the undersigned will give full details and arrange for sleeping car reservations. E. W. THOMPSON, A. G. P. A., Topeka.

The street cars furnish the most astounding examples of this fact. A few days ago a woman, young and pretty, entered a Broadway car dressed in a manner that made her "the observed of all observers." Her costume was a compendium of fashion magazine information, inaccurately applied. She had real, undoubtedly, that short sleeves were to be worn this summer, and she wore them! They stopped half way between shoulder and elbow.

She had seen or heard that ornate low shoes with large buckles would be "fashionable," and she wore Louis Quinze slippers with huge rhinestone ornaments that must have cost half her week's salary.

She had ascertained that the stockings must match the gown, so above the slippers were revealed white "plaited stockings," worn because her gown was of white organdie—selected because all fashion writers had assured her that "this is to be a white summer."

Having read that feathers are in high favor, especially white ostrich plumes, that misguided girl had on her hat two long, thin, dejected looking feathers, not greatly inferior to those found in good feather dusters.

The sight was actually saddening. She had expended on the shoddiest of outfits a sum sufficient to have given her a pretty and appropriate costume, simply because she lacked that fine taste in selection that alone makes suitable dress possible even when one has not sufficient means to consult an "artist" in clothes.

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"This will be emphatically a velvet winter," writes Miss de Forest in her Paris letter to the September Ladies' Home Journal. "This means that velvet will add a luxurious touch to almost everything. There will be very little combining of colors in the body of the gowns, and bright notes will be given only by hints of color or in vests and such accessories. Gray will be worn more than ever. A great novelty in the new styles is the "kimono" wrap. In Paris this picturesque Japanese model is made in light cloth with richly embroidered facings for opera wraps and in dark cloth, trimmed with fur and velvet, for an all-around winter coat. The bolero and the Eton jacket will be as popular as ever, and all the coats will be long. Collars, whether of lace or embroidery, are mounted now on a second silk-faced cloth collar. The latest thing in skirts this autumn is the one which flares and forms of itself a flat ruffle. There will not be much fullness at the waist line in the gowns for the autumn. The prettiest things for 'between seasons' are certainly the Russian blouses of taffeta or cloth. They are tucked or side-plaited, and are generally lined with dainty colored silk. The full sleeves are gathered either into a cuff four inches or

"Old Sol" looks down
From his perch above
And smiles on all the world.

He don't care a cuss
About any of us,
Though so hot we can hardly breathe.

The hotter we get,
The broader he smiles,—
Just laughing up his sleeve.

He has seen our Shower,
And knows of its Power,
Cleansing, Refreshing and Cool.

So why shouldn't he smile,
When he knows all the while
"What fools these mortals be."

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**ELK
MOUNTAIN,
WYOMING.**

This mountain is 1,100 feet high, and between Laramie and Rawlins, for 117 miles, it is constantly in sight. This is in the Medicine Bow Mountains, one of the historical ranges of the west, over which roamed at one time great herds of Elk, from which the mountain was named.

Other famous landmarks are also seen all along this line.

E. B. SLOSSON,
Agent.

more in depth, or into a narrow wristband.

"A feature in the very newest gowns is the Russian sleeve; and in the smart visiting dresses the sleeve is none the less finished by a wristband. Puffs may be let in at the elbows, and it may be varied in other ways."

Separate waists of cashmere, albatross, viyella and Scotch and French flannel will be worn this autumn. The colors most used will be bright and dark red, tan, the light, dark and French blues, gray, pink, and dark and reseda green. Buttons of steel, gilt and white and smoked pearl will be used on the new waists, which are made with plain backs, long shoulder seams and stitched or tucked front, with long waisted and slightly bloused effect. The latest sleeve is a bishop shape with a trifle more fullness at the top than that of last year. The wristbands are made large enough to permit the hands to slip through. The necktie finish is now seen on almost all waists, particularly the more dressy ones.

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It's really a pity that more of us cannot see ourselves as others see us after we have passed them on the street. There would be fewer sagging belts for one thing. Stocks would be pinned on more securely for a second thing, and petticoats would be decently mended and partially respectable about the hems for a third thing. What a trio of beautiful benefits would come from the use of double mirrors.

We all know that petticoats wear out in no time, and that skirt facings will pull and part and tear. But we must have silk petticoats—so we think—and in that event we must keep ourselves de-

cently mended. Some of us argue that safety pins are better than buttons, because you don't always have to keep them in the same place, but that's the excuse of the girl who has to have an introduction to the sewing machine to know what it's used for.

It is the manner of womankind to imagine that money spent for shoes is money thrown away. Womankind prefers to spend her money for green snake bracelets or for belts that tarnish at sight of a cloud in the western sky. And the funny thing is that green bracelets and tin belts never give style or dress polish to a girl. Far from it. Half the women who are badly dressed are merely overdressed—they pile on fripperies until they look like the bargain counter in a 5 cent store!

Shabby boots, heels that look like nutmeg graters, raveled skirt facings—oh, what a combination is this! Why will the dear girls spoil the effect of a pretty gown by wearing under it a befrazzled, bedraggled, miserable, ragged old petticoat? The woman who is born with a love for luxuries and the nice things of life would a deal rather spend money for lovely, nice, frilly, beautiful undergarments than for feathery hats and gowns with Paris labels on the waist bands.

An exchange remarks "that it is not much wonder that the human race finds it up-hill work to be decent and keep straight. The first man was a liar and a sneak; the first woman kept bad company and pried into things that did not concern her, and the first child born into the world killed his brother. Our first parents were a tough lot, and it is hard so get it out of the blood."