

WRAPS AND GOWNS



Up-to-Date Sofa Pillows.

The newest sofa pillow covering is of velvet or suede ornamented with applique designs in leather of contrasting tones. A moss-green velvet is applied with the rich-hued disks of the sunflower marked by the pyrograph with brown shadings. Foliage and stems are also burned. A poppy design in red and suede has a background of tan-colored suede. Pictorial heads cut from leather and brought into relief by the pyrograph's etchings are also applied on suede.

Both sides of the pillows are of the leather laced closely with thongs at the sides and decorated at the corners with leather tassels.

Colored suede skins tanned whole are as popular as ever for table coverings and sofa pillows, but are less frequently than formerly decorated with the pyrograph and brush. Two of the skins are used for a pillow, which is laced between them with leather thongs and the extra length and breadth of the leather is left hanging loose. Often these irregular sides are slashed into fringe.

Some Gown Effects.

A pale-green zibeline has a long skirt richly applied at the top and down the flat seams with broadcloth of the same hue. The contrast in material is decidedly smart. The bodice has blouse fronts garnished with folds of panne velvet of a deeper green overshot with black baby velvet ribbon. These fronts open over a vest of white chiffon done in soft folds and spangled in silver and strapped with black velvet ribbon an inch wide.

A distinguished street costume, recently from Paris, in steel gray camel's hair, is applied in a very light shade of the same material.

A black broadcloth has a blouse heavily embroidered in Persian designs and colors. The skirt is applied in black zibeline, elaborately stitched. The sleeves are of the broadcloth, applied near the shoulder with the zibeline, with the lower fullness confined in a band embroidered in the Persian design and colors.

Peculiar Combination.

One of the new and pretty flat neck ruffs is composed of white plaited chiffon ruffles that fall gracefully about the shoulders. This is not peculiar. But the long ends are. They are composed of latticed cord (soft, heavy cords are bigger than one's little finger) that are caught together with little tufts of white chenille showing threads of black. Lest this fall in a jumble at the foot there's a broad ruffle of white taffeta. It is edged with big balls of black-marked white chenille. All these combinations sound peculiar, but when they are the result of skilled designing and workmanship most of them are as pleasing as they are novel. Most of

them are importations direct from Paris.

Silk Evening Gloves.

The elbow sleeves of the summer forced all womankind to take an interest in silk gloves and openwork mitts. So we all laid in a supply of them, and most of us have them yet as fresh as ever, for when the thermometer was below 70 degrees we

needed something warmer than net-work, even if it was in August. But take comfort! We may even yet wear those expensive mitts. Word comes from Paris that the fancy silk glove is considered smart for dressy indoor occasions. Ladies abroad like them far better than the long white kid glove.

To prevent a cheese from becoming hard and dry keep it wrapped in a cloth wrung out in light ale or water, except during the short time daily when it appears on the table.

PRETTY GOWNS FOR WEDDINGS.

The first gown is of pearl gray crepe de chine. The skirt has a deep hip-yoke composed of shaped bands of the material, and falls in the form of a long tunic over an underskirt, also of the crepe de chine, the edges of each finished with a band of guipure. The blouse is composed of the fitted, or shaped bands, over which there is a bolero similarly made and

and gown is of pink pongee. The skirt is finished with a shaped flounce headed by a band of guipure, in which a band of golden brown velvet ribbon is run. Above this is a group of tucks, ornamented in front with a row of gold buttons. The bodice is in the form of a bolero plaited over the shoulders and bordered with the guipure and velvet. The plastron is also of guipure, the velvet run in the



edged with guipure. The sleeves are made to correspond and are finished with cuffs of the guipure, of which the collar is also made. The cravat is of narrow black galloon, and the girle is of black velvet ribbon, knotted in the back with long ends. The sec-

collar, and is finished at the point with a knot of velvet, the ends of which are finished with passementerie balls or tassels. The blouse is plaited pink mousseline de sole, as are also the sleeve puffs. The girle is of the brown velvet.—Weiner Chic.

CLOTH GOWNS FROM PARIS.

The first gown is of drab homespun. The skirt is plaited in the back, plain in front. The blouse, gathered in front, plain in the back, has a double basque, the under one of the cloth, the other of deep violet velvet ornamented with buttons. This basque is attached under the girle, which is of the velvet. The blouse fastens a little on one side, under a band of the velvet ornamented with buttons and cut with little straps, also fastened with buttons.

The blouse is covered with a shoulder collar or peplum, which extends into a deep cuff of the violet velvet. The other gown, of mouse gray cloth, is worn by Mile. Mitzy-Dalit of the theatre de l'Odeon, in the first act of "Monsieur le Directeur." The skirt is plaited all around except in front, where it is plain, forming a sort of tablier. The plaits are stitched down in three places, thus forming three wide bands of flat stitched plaits, between which they open out and again at the bottom.

The blouse is covered with a shoulder collar or peplum, which extends



trimmed with wide bands of the velvet almost covering it. The little square yoke is of guipure, the standing collar trimmed with a bias band of the white silk, bordered with velvet, which forms a point in front and continues on round the neck. A band of velvet finishes the top of the collar. The sleeve is plaited at the top, full at the elbow, where it is gathered

over the girle and down to the hem of the gown in the back, forming a box plait. In front it forms a sort of panne plastron, embroidered in the same shade as the gown and fastened at the top with a passementerie ornament. The sleeve is plaited at the top, the plaits opening out to form a large puff gathered into an embroidered cuff.—Le Luxe.

The Latest Ideas From Paris

The flare is entirely eliminated from the skirt of the new walking suit.

Some dressy winter waists are of panne velvet with elaborate trimmings of Irish lace.

Full-blown pink roses form one of the most charming of the new band trimmings.

Pink taffets, mink and Irish crochet lace are employed in the making of a "dream" of a new hat.

A pretty all-white hat in French sailor shape is of heavier felt with trimmings of white grapes.

Materials of a reasonably heavy weight are all lined with soft silks now, but for diaphanous stuffs like chiffon, net, crepe de chine, etc., taffeta is still used

DWELL DEEP

Dwell deep! The little things that chafe and fret.
O waste not golden hours to give them heed!
The slight, the thoughtless wrong, do thou forget,
The self-forgotten in serving others' need,
Thou faith in God through love for man shalt keep,
Dwell deep, my soul, dwell deep!

Dwell deep! Forego the pleasure if it bring
Neglect of duty; consecrate each thought;
Believe thou in the good of everything,
And trust that all unto the wisest end is wrought;
Bring thou this comfort unto all who weep,
Dwell deep, my soul, dwell deep!
—James Buchanan.

THE MESSAGE FROM THE MOUNTAIN

By BLANCHE GREY JORDAN

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It had been such a trying, wearing day and she was so weary, so unutterably tired. It was a blank, blank wall she faced and to-day her courage would not respond to her efforts. The weight of her affliction was so heavy and she so longed for rest. Years of gray monotony and dependence stretching their sombre lengths before her. Years of dull inaction and changeless, level existence. Her bed, her invalid chair, her room—how her horizon had narrowed. And it had appeared so broad, so beautiful, so glowing.

Two hot, searing tears stole from between the fringes of her eyes as she thought that but for that fateful ride she should even now be realizing the most luxurious dream of her life; she should be wandering through the memory mists of rich old Italy, finding an objective answer to those years of hard, ambitious preparation, which she had made. She should revel in the fact that for two years longer there would be nothing to do but to open her eyes and her heart to the impressions which travel would give and to store those impressions away to be metamorphosed later and touch the minds of others through her songs and stories. Surely if she had been broadened by this experience the small success which had met her previous work would have been warm and triumphant and she would have gained that place in the affections of a people that her ambition and her yearning love desired.

But it was gone now. The luscious dream had fallen into ashes. Long, long years! Bleak, colorless years! And she so young! Her life thus nipped and marred just as it was opening into fullest rosehood. The dull heaviness of it all oppressed her heart until the tears were weighted down and, steeped in utter life weariness, she turned her head toward the window and gazed where the pallid November sunset sank listlessly into the west.

Slightly toward the south, where the yellow hung most clear, a wooded hill arose, the bluish tenderness of the haze, which distance loves to fold around all objects, clinging softly about its base, though the trees on the summit shook back their vestments and, bare-armed and dark, raised their many hands in striking silhouette, as if performing their evening sacrifice.

Only a part of this hill and that part framed on either side by buildings near at hand, could be viewed from the window where she reclined, but there was enough to ease her eyes and her mind and to emanate a mighty vibration of peace that softly, gently, imperceptibly began to roll as incense over that unhappy heart. Silently, unconsciously it diffused its soothing beauty through her thoughts and changed their bitterness into tender melancholy. Gradually she felt her soul responding to the scene. A deep religious exaltation awoke in her breast, a strange, beautiful yearning, groping peace, a sensation that was a prayer, a longing that was an apocalypse. And life was new.

This was the beginning of an absorbing personal love which the girl learned to feel for that bit of wooded hill. It was different from the love she felt for picture or other inanimate object. Indeed the hill was not inanimate to her. It possessed a soul, a mighty soul, and it stood before her as some strong, beautiful priest that was to purify her heart for perfect love of Nature and for the Spirit that quickens and is manifest in Nature.

Every morning she longed for her first glimpse of it as some earnest souls long for the moment of secret prayer. Every evening she could not

between her and the little upland and her eyes would swell with tears of love for earth's humanity.

Sometimes a storm of wind and rain would rage above its summit and she would see its firmness grow more stately and majestic as it stood in silent acceptance of what God saw fit to send.

Sometimes through the powdered violet of twilight clouds she would see the evening star blaze out above its forehead and her soul would drop to its knees in intensity of worship.

Unconsciously the noble serenity of its being grew into her own life and



"I have found my work and my life is rich and full."

she became a blessing and an inspiration to every friend and acquaintance. The young gravitated to her room for happy chats for she and the hill loved sunshine; the old came there for peaceful talks, for she and the hill loved twilight. Gradually a broader culture spread through her circle, for one lived one's highest when in the presence of those two, who kept their faces so firmly turned toward the purer light of Heaven.

Once she grew very ill, and it seemed that she must leave, but as she lay weak and powerless a little neighbor's boy came. He pleaded and was admitted, and, standing timidly beside the bed, he laid a bunch of trailing arbutus upon the pillow as he said, "I found it on the hill that you can see from your window." It was a message to her and she knew that her work was yet unfinished.

Then, when she grew stronger again, with the pearlish tints of those dainty blossoms still a part of her soul, with the perfume like the faintest sigh of an angel, still upon her, she wrote her first nature poem, not for fame this time, but from the necessity of love. The mother found it and sent it away and when it met the eyes of a public they caught the refreshing, pungent air of truth to nature and they caught the delicate breathing of beauty exquisite.

Happy work then followed, and when fame came soon thereafter it was sweeter to the girl because it came as the benediction of the hill.

One day a "sweet girl friend" had come for sympathy in a new found happiness. It seemed to ennoble and sanctify her love still more to confess to this gentle priestess and to feel these poet fingers upon her hair. At last she raised her face, the blushes still showing warm in the sunset's afterglow.

"You are gaining strength, dear heart, and some time you, too, will love. But how gentle and true and noble must be the prince to chain your heart."

Softly came the reply. "I think not, dear. I have found my work, and my life is rich and full."

Her other hand dropped upon her latest book of poems, that which she called "The Soul of a Hill," and as her eyes, glowing with faith and peace and deep serenity, turned through evening's grayness toward a wooded upland, she murmured in beautiful contentment, "And Nature never did betray the heart that loved her."

Little Leaf From the Past.

Joseph S. White of New Castle, Pa., has a relic of log cabin days in New Castle in the shape of an agreement made between Daniel Henderson and John Dickey in 1806. It is as follows:

"Memorandum of agreement made between John Dickey and Daniel Henderson, witnesseth, that the said Henderson doth promise and agree to and with the said Dickey to deliver on the bank of the Shenango at his, Henderson's house, 40 logs, hewed in complete and workmanlike manner, each log to be at least eight inches in face at the top and to be delivered in two months from the date hereof, and in consideration hereof Dickey is to pay to Henderson three shillings a log for each log 18 feet long, in witness we have hereunto set our hands in faith of the above agreement."

The signatures follow with Crawford White as witness.

Love requires a perfect digestion. Even then it may swallow many things it will never be able to digest.

WHAT HE WANTED SAVED.

His Property Was Burning But Appetite Was Uppermost.

"The tallest man I ever saw," said a man from Kentucky, "was Jim Porter, who used to be a noted character on the Ohio when I was a boy. He was seven feet eight inches, and the most awkward, worst put together man that ever lived. When he stood up his huge knotted hands dangled below his knees. His joints were four times the size they ought to have been, and he was altogether a sort of walking scarecrow, not at all overburdened by gray matter in his mansard, but good-natured, a good eater and perfectly harmless. About the only thing he owned was a small interest in the steamer Nathan Hale, and the last time I saw him was the night she burned in the river at Shippingsport. Jim was in town, drunk as usual, when she caught fire, but somebody carried the news to him and he put out for the river at once. He had a small wagon, an under-sized horse, and a dwarf of a man who always drove for him. We could hear him bellowing for half a mile before he came in sight. When he rattled down to the shore, waving his immense sombrero and howling like a wounded wolf, and as he came we heard the words he was yelling. Over and over he roared: "Land's sake, save the kitchen! Land's sake, save the kitchen!"—Washington Post.

IT WAS EVER THE CASE.

One Thing That Fills a Woman's Heart with Absolute Despair.

She came into the room where he sat alone with a glittering knife in her hand, which she held hidden amid the folds of her dress. Her face was white and drawn and her eyes were wild and haggard looking.

Her husband sat by the fire deep in thought and never heard the slipped footholds of the beautiful woman, who now stood beside his chair with a strange, cold smile upon her lips.

Suddenly with a gasp she cast the knife from her toward the glowing coals, but it sank silently into a sofa at the other end of the room.

"I cannot!" she moaned wearily; "I cannot!"

And she fell into a white heap upon the floor at his feet. A pitying, tender expression broke across the granite of his cheek and he murmured in deep, tender, heavy-dragon tones: "What is it, darling?"

But she spoke not a word—she only raised one white hand toward him, in which she clasped a lead pencil.

She had been trying to sharpen it, poor girl!

Dutchman and Dog.

A Dutchman, addressing his dog, said: "You was only a dog, but I wish I was you. Ven you go mit the bed in, you shud darn round three times of lay down. Ven I go mit the bed in, I haf to lock up de brace and vind de clock and put de cat out und undress myself, und my wife vakes up und scols me, den de baby cries und I haf to valk L. U. up und down; den maybe ven I shud go to sleep, it's time to ged up again. Ven you ged up, you shud stretch yourself, und scratch a couple of times, and you vas up, I have to light de fire put on de kettle, scrap mit my wife already, und maybe get some breakfast. You play round all day und haf plenty of fun. I haf to work all day an' haf plenty of trouble. Ven you die, you's dead; ven I die, I haf to go to hell yet."—Unidentified.

A Memory.

I remember the time that you played, flashing over the keys, it was "Di." Just a trumpery tune, for the utter contempt of the wise; yet I sigh when I think it is dead. I would keep it alive for the sake of that day when you jingled the notes and took hold of my heart, by the way.

There were daffodils nodding their heads in a vase on your right; I close my eyes now and am filled with the sound and the sight, the commonplace tune and the flowers that nod as you play. The sunbeams that dance through the window and linger and stay.

And you—you are phantom, indefinite, some years ago; I can conjure you up, bright and frolic—a frill and a bow, A curl and a fichu, lace, silk—and the tune, "Di, Di, Di," making mirth in the soul of that dead afternoon.

Manufacturing Statistics.

Troy makes 85 per cent of the linen collars and cuffs used in the United States; Baltimore cans 64 per cent of the oysters; Gloversville and its neighbors make 54 per cent of the gloves; Connorsville district, 48 per cent of the coke; Wilkesbarre, 47 per cent of the brassware; Philadelphia, 45 per cent of the carpets; Providence and its vicinity, 45 per cent of the jewelry and 36 per cent of the silverware; Chicago slaughters 35 per cent of the meat and makes 24 per cent of the agricultural implements; Meriden makes 32 per cent of the plated ware and Paterson 24 per cent of the silk.

Uncle Sam's Capitalists.

Farmers, so far as actual wealth is concerned, are the capitalists of the United States. The census bureau report on the value of farming property of the country estimates that the 5,739,657 farms of the United States are worth \$16,674,890,247. Of this amount, \$3,560,198,191, or 21.4 per cent, represents the value of buildings, and \$13,114,692,056, or 87.6 per cent, the value of land and improvements. Farm implements and machinery are worth \$761,261,550, and live stock is worth \$3,078,050,041, making the total farming wealth over \$20,514,000,000.

A woman hates a jealous husband but gets mad if he is not jealous (but you never can please a woman).