

WRAPS FOR AUTUMN.

THE GOLF CAPE LEADS IN POPULARITY.

Capes Have Advantages Over Coats When the Dress Sleeves Are Large—Back and Front Views of Garments Richly Made and Finished.

Costs and Capses.
New York correspondents.



The outside garment which leads in popularity is the golf cape. Evidence of this is on every hand, in the athletic-looking misses who stride about on mild days with their open capes hanging by the cross-over straps, and in the setting of the promenade with brilliantly plaided hoods, each one marking a golfer's rear view. No relief to the plainness of this cape is permitted, being exclusively in outdoor athletic sport. It still retains the element of practicality in every detail and must show its usefulness to the entire exclusion of adornment. With such a style of garment safely in the first place in woman's favor, it is but natural that the competing ones, those which are designed to second and third position should be of quite a different sort. Some of the small wraps fairly flaunt their excess of frilleries at the golf, which can merely show in return a flash of bright lining. The wee attire of the initial illustration is of this kind and makes a very pretty garment, one which is entirely serviceable for mild days. Of beige cloth, it opens over a



vest which is topped by a tulle bow. Between the plerone and the pleated epaulettes there is a small collar of Venetian guipure. A belt which buckles about the waist and long tabs with embroidered corners complete the wrap.

Back and front views are given here of a coat which is very richly made and finished. Its make is black moire and the collar is of red with jet. It has a full circular cape and is embroidered with et front and back, the design being a row of birds. The standing collar is a turned down attachment and the sleeves as well as the triangle are embroidered. The trimmings show a pattern of great that has a claim to first choice after the gold, which it far exceeds in beauty, though it does not approach the cape in its striking.

Whether to select a coat or a cape is a matter for consideration. The latter has certainly the advantage over a coat when sleeves are large, as all fashionable ones are, but, again, a coat is warmer. The cape appears to be more necessary as the dress is some dress with which it seems almost impossible to wear anything else. Nothing could possibly be done for the one of the new short models, and there is a great deal of warmth in them after all.

For the woman of matronly figure or of advanced years the small, circular capes, even though profusely trimmed, seem hardly dignified enough. For such a woman a cape-mantle is a wise choice. One can be made from seal-brown melton trimmed with sable, and she should come a little below the hips, be headed with fur at the bottom and hang in deep folds at the back. The front should have stole ends fastened with jet ornaments. A small pleated



complete collar, garnished with the same, should outline the shoulders, and the bottom of the open collar a deep shade of color be used as a garniture. The wrap is a mantle that effects a complete undergarment with a collar that is in real in the front and back, being held by an elastic

WHERE INSECTS DO THRIVE

Experiences of a Traveler Through the Mountains of Montserrat.
One of the first things that struck me in Montserrat was that nearly all the plantation houses were surrounded by white sand. When I asked about it I found the reason sufficiently startling. There are serpents in Montserrat, and great spiders as large as a child's head, and centipedes and scorpions and myriads of small green and brown lizards. It is to keep these creatures away that the sand is brought up from the beach and spread around the houses. Snakes and spiders and other crawling things do not like to make themselves too prominent, and they hesitate to cross a wide strip of white sand. When they try it they are easily seen and killed.



I had a chance to spend only one night in the mountains of Montserrat, but then I learned the necessity of surrounding the houses with white sand. Of course such pains were taken with the mountain cabins, and I made the acquaintance of a fine variety of insects.

My arrival at the cabin was very different from the way in which I went to the Jamaica cabins. There the colored people, though hospitable, were entirely independent; and knew they could either take me in or send me about my business, as they chose. In Montserrat they are more dependent upon the planters, and when Moss, my valet, rode ahead to tell the people of the cabin that he and a guest of "Maw's Colonel" would do them the honor to spend the night in their house, the effect was very much as if some Englishman in New York should receive a cable saying that the Prince of Wales would be over in the Campania to spend a week with him.

Moss made no bones about having everything taken out of the room we were to occupy and making a thorough search for insects. He even pulled up some of the floor boards and poked into the thatch. The first thing he unearthed was the most savage looking tarantula I ever saw. This fellow when in motion looked quite as large as the crown of a derby hat; but when we killed him he coiled up into a lump about as big as your fist. After killing the ground spider, as the negroes call it, Moss found a pan full of centipedes and scorpions in the walls and thatch and drove out a few hundred small lizards. I do not mind the lizards, for they are as playful as kittens. They are not slimy like our northern lizards, but clean, and always very pretty. They are precisely like the chameleons the New York girl had a fancy for wearing a few months ago.



A decidedly novel wrap is that which the artist presents in the final illustration. It consists of two circular epaulettes, each with narrow, pointed leather gullion and a third cape. It is more than a collar, which is embroidered with jet. Two long tabs extend down the front, which are in turn ornamented with et embroidered revers and have jet ornament at the bottom. The wrap is lined with old rose satin. Only the lower cape is silk, all the remainder being of cloth. "Narrow revers" does not often stand for such shaped ones as these.

The milliner has evolved a combination of toque and a sort of cap-collar, that she seeks to make her customer purchase a garment besides a hat. She begins by showing a tiny affair that seems to be little more than a lot of vandykes of velvet, hunte's green, for instance, each vandyke edged with sable. All are caught together, there is a flash of jeweled buckle, a yellow gleam of old lace, and the whole is a toque. The vandykes take each a correct place when the whole is on the head, and the effect is charming. Then she throws lightly over the victim's shoulders another affair that also seems to be vandykes, only bigger. Each is edged with sable, there's a flash of jeweled buckle each side of the throat, the vandykes repeat themselves in soft confusion about the chin, and the yellow gleam of old lace shows between. Take the two together, toque and "touquette," and the effect is charming. It inevitably leads the woman on whom they are tried to wish that she could buy the two a fact that the milliner is well aware of, and her price is very high in consequence. As it is a device which cannot be copied by any one not skilled in hat-trimming, most women seem to be left out of the calculation altogether. But before long the milliners who can command more than two or three customers a day will offer like wear, and then the price will be much lower.

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CASEY WAS DISGUSTED.

Those Lions on the St. Louis Depot Were Too Much to Stand.
Nearly every stranger who comes to St. Louis has something to say or something to suggest with regard to the architecture or the arrangements of the new Union depot. One of the most startling discoveries was made yesterday by Dominick Casey of Kansas City, a member in good standing of the triangle faction of the Clan-na-Gael and a patriot who has freed as much of Ireland as any man of his years and weight in the United States.

Mr. Casey viewed with approval the long reach of the arcade platform, and he found nothing to cavil at in the disposition and furnishings of the waiting-rooms and offices, then he went across the street to Carnody's to get a couple of dollars—they have them for 10 cents, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. From this point of vantage Mr. Casey approved even more highly of the structure than before; there were suggestions in it of the custom-house on the Liffey, and the great stairway is strikingly like the entrance to Bkenny castle. But as from the consideration of the whole Casey came to the conclusion that the examination of details his brows darkened and his teeth shut with a shap. He walked across the street to make sure, not wishing to utter any statements under a mistake, and he glared at the great lanterns that embellish the front, each of which bears a rampant lion that evidently "had few the coop" out of the royal arms of England.

"Well," Mr. Casey said, reflectively, "I'll be hanged." Then he said it again. Next he went up to a sympathetic policeman and made the remark once more. The policeman followed Casey's accusing finger with his eyes and grasped the fact of the lion. Its tail was up and it was making motions with its front legs in the air. Its mouth was curved up in a mocking smile, and its mane and back were as fancy as so much sorrento work.

"They talk about the American Protective Association running Kansas City," Mr. Casey said, "but I'll be hanged if they could put up their signs and tokens on a public building in our town without taking them down again. Who did it, anyhow?" The policeman meekly admitted that he did not know, this being the first time his attention had been called to the outrage.

"Well, can't you report it, now you see it? You mean to tell me nothing will be done about a thing like that? Why—," but language was thereunder Mr. Casey's disgust, and he turned his back to the new station and haughtily declined even to look at it again as he walked away.

Practical.
Sweet is sympathy, and thrice welcome are kind words, but there are times when the heart craves recognition more substantial.
In a Western city, not long ago a gentleman was surprised to recognize the face of a person who was hawking shoestrings and button-holes in a street corner as that of one of his regimental comrades in the war. He went up to the man, greeted him warmly, and assured him of his sympathy. He was much grieved he said, to see an old soldier in such a case. When he had expressed himself at some length in this manner, he was suddenly interrupted by his former acquaintance.

ETHICS OF PUGILISM.

A Story Illustrating the Status Quo of the Corbett and Jackson Fight.
Corbett and Jackson, according to the latest outlook, will not fight, says Texas Sittings. The great pound sociable will not come off, and there is considerable disappointment spread out all over the United States in consequence.

While prize-fighting is undoubtedly a disgrace to civilization, somehow or other about nine men of ten take an absorbing interest in finding out which pugilist is most likely to take the cake—the pound cake, of course. These pound sociables are prohibited by law, and it is very difficult, particularly in the Northern States, for two pugilists to maul each other. Of course they could go off quietly in the woods and maul each other, but the real object of prize-fighting is to make a great deal of gate money. This involves so much publicity that the officers of the law have ample opportunity to interfere.

It is very discouraging for a prize-fighter to train for months, doing real hard physical labor every day, drinking no whisky and suffering other hardships, and then have the police break up the fight. At the same time there is reason to believe that in many cases there is no serious intention of having a fight at all. The conference between Corbett and Jackson was somewhat similar to a dispute that occurred not long since in New York between the German driver of an icewagon and an Irishman with a dray.

"Come out of that," roared the drayman. "Come out of your icewagon till I hate the ground under your lop-eared baggard. Dance to me, ye—"

"Look me ow!" howled his antagonist. "Look me ow!" (Ch, chimney, grass-hus, if somebody make me once mad, already I shake me out of my breeches if she been mine own fadder. Of you get some time it was padder you runned away before I get me crazy mad.")

"Whoop!" howled the blood-thirsty Celt. "Come out of yer cairn, ye murdering thafe of the ward, till I skin ye alive. Put up yer fists, ye Mo'awk! Wasn't me own feather wan of the Killmanans of Killallick, an' a cairn full of ice?"

Lives Lost in the French Wars.
A Paris Journal, "Annaes d'Hygiene Publique," has lately printed an article on the loss of life in France caused by wars in the course of a century. At the beginning of the revolution in 1789, the standing army numbered about 120,000 men. In the course of the year 1793 the foot-cavalry was increased to 1,300,000, of whom about 1,200,000 marched off to the various battle-grounds. In 1799 there was hardly one-third of this legion alive. Ten years later—that is, after the wars in Belgium, along the Rhine, in Egypt and the Vendee—there were 67,000 soldiers in the French army. In the period between 1799 and 1815 the wars of the consulate and the empire cost the country, according to Thiers, 2,000,000 men, and according to Charles Richet, 3,000,000. The years of the restoration and of the July Government were comparatively peaceful for France. Under the second empire France had again heavy losses by the Crimean War, the Italian campaign, the campaigns in China and Mexico, and finally in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71. In the oriental campaign of 1854 to 1856, 90,015 of the 300,000 soldiers who took part in it were buried in foreign lands. The Italian campaign cost the country 10,200 men, and 1,000 of the 8,000 sent to China in 1860 never returned. There are no trustworthy reports as to the losses in Mexico, but in the Franco-Prussian war 133,000 Frenchmen were killed and 143,000 wounded.

What is a Mahdi?
"El Mahdi" can best be translated as "the guide." Moslems generally are looking for the coming of a prophet. Sunnis and Shias agree in expecting the appearance of a Mahdi or Messiah. But they differ as to the manner of his manifestation. Sunnis believe the coming Mahdi to be a new prophet. Shias hold that he will be an Imam, who has disappeared, but who will appear as the expected Messiah.

There have been many prophecies as to how he will declare his divine mission, as to marks on his body by which he will be known, as to his parentage and as to the result of his appearance on earth. And, since so much difference of opinion exists on these points, it is not wonderful that adventurers have more than once declared themselves to be the Mahdi, and have induced others to believe in them.

Lupostors of this class have been especially successful in North Africa, where nearly all Moslems belong to the Sunni division; but in this country the name of Mahdi has definitely become associated with Mohammed Ahmed of Dongola, the boat builder, who wrested the Nile provinces from the Khedive in spite of British protection, under whose banners the Arabs fought us at El Teb, at Abu Klea, and at McNeill's zeriba, and who died at Omdurman just as the Nile expeditionary force, led in its attempt to save Khartoum, retired from the boudan.—Blackwood's Magazine.

STUMP SPEECHES.
Just after the last Russo-Turkish war, the author of "An Englishman in Paris" happened to have some business to transact with a well-known maker of surgical appliances, and while he and a friend were talking to one of the members of the firm, they noticed a number of wooden legs being packed for shipment to Constantinople. "Rather an eloquent protest against the war," said the member of the firm, pointing to the cases. "Yes," replied Mr. Vandam's friend, "they are stump speeches."

MEASUREMENTS of human hair prove that its fineness depends much on color, and that it varies from the 250th to the 500th of an inch in diameter.

KEEP THE OLD STAGE.
Owners of theaters also have their little fancies. In the Theater Royal, Island of Jersey, the stage box is in a wofully shabby condition. But Wybert Housby, the proprietor, would as soon think of pulling the house down as of having that box upholstered.

"I don't want to damn the theater," said he, "and that's what I should do if I pulled those old curtains down."

The theater at Stafford, the native town of Isaac Walton, is one of the oldest in England, and stands about three minutes' walk from the home of the celebrated angler. We were playing there one week, and during a rehearsal my foot went through a hole in the stage and I wrenched my ankle severely, says a writer in the Philadelphia Press. I went to the stage carpenter with my complaint and expressed my surprise that the proprietor did not have the stage torn up and a new one laid.

"Young lady," was his reply, with a look of sublime pity for my ignorance, "when you have been in the profession a few years longer you will know that no manager in his senses would tear up the old stage in this theater, not if you and every member of your company broke your necks down the holes."

This was not very consoling, but it was unanswerable, so I left him.

Henry Irving has his prejudice also, but he was not willing to endanger the lives of himself and his employes, so he had a new stage laid over the old one. The Lyceum, therefore, thanks to this superstition, possesses a double stage.

PUSSY IN THE MAZE.
The cat went into the maze yesterday morning for the first time, says the Baltimore Sun, although her curiosity had sorely tempted her to enter ever since the maze had been put in position. She strolled in and climbed a pillar near the door. It so happened that this was a central position, and when she threw her eyes around there seemed to be sixteen other black cats returning her glance with friendly interest. This enraged her, and she humped her back to let the other cats know she was no coward. Sixteen other cats took a corresponding hump, and each was watching her next move.

This was too much, and the cat leaped from her stand and started to get out. There were apparently a dozen avenues of escape, and she made for one of them, only to run plump against a mirror. The same thing happened again and again, until finally she spied the man in the blue uniform who takes tickets for the maze. Like a flash she leaped past him and got out of the maze.

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