

MAKE YOUR OWN BELT

AND SAVE THE PRICE OF VELVET SUSPENDERS.

Olive Harper Tells How to Do It and Also Describes the Prevailing Styles of Waists, Blouses, Jackets and Blazers Novelties in Hats.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, July 7.—The pretty waists and blouses require more attention since the use of them has suddenly taken such prominence. What the smocked waists were these are, multiplied twenty-fold. They are made of white China silk, like the picture, loose and drawn in at the waist with an elastic and left to droop at the hips. The yokes are made of light colored silk with an overlay of lace, point de gaine being the favorite, or they are all white with the yokes and forearm pieces embroidered in delicately shaded silk.

Others are of figured silk or plain gathered from back and front into a belt, and with a plain knife plaiting ruffle or a ruffle set on jabot style. The sleeves can be like the illustration, plain bishop or they can be as fanciful as the wearer desires. The leather or the velvet sus-



NEW WAISTS AND VELVET SUSPENDERS. A slender belt can be worn with this, and it requires a belt of some kind to hide the place where skirt and waist join. The leather belts are very stylish, and the suspenders are worn as often, but the velvet belt looks more dressy and more refined, and it also has the advantage that it can be made at home.

The way to do it is to get some buckram and cut it the size and shape required and stitch two or three thicknesses together by the machine just regularly quilting them. Then trim the edges carefully to have them quite even and cover the front with velvet, bringing it over to the wrong side and catstitching it down. The lining can then be faced down on this, the hooks and eyes sewed on and the straps, which have been made in the same way, fastened on, and it is done. The velvet belts cost about three dollars made, but a handy young lady could make one for much less. It requires $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of velvet cut on the bias, which can be bought for a dollar a yard. The buckram and silk for facing should not cost over twenty-five cents. The straps should be pinned on to fit the figure before being sewed.

The Eton jacket, worn over a white pique vest, is quite popular and is becoming to nearly all figures. It is pointed very slightly in the back, and the seams are cut just like those in the back of men's coats. The front is cut away to a point and has a regular man's coat collar. The neck is finished by a high linen collar and four-in-hand tie, black or matching the color of the gown which is usually of blue serge, with or without trimming. That one in the illustration has several graduated rows of Hercules black braid. The vest can be of tan colored pique, if liked better than white.

The hat that is worn with this is a sort of modification of the college trencher, and altogether gives the wearer a very sprightly though masculine look.

Next to the blouse waists in multiplicity of shapes and material is the blazer, which this season really merits the name of top coat, it is so long. The blazer is made of light drab or tan cloth with no trimming to speak of, and the seams laid flat and stitched twice like those of the covert coats, or it is made of tweed or serge to match the costume. For bicycling it must of necessity be shorter. It never meets in front, and many have straps of the material which button across the bust to keep the coat from flying open. Many wear yachting



ETON JACKET AND BLAZER.

caps with these, but the prettiest head gear is a neat straw, with flowers, to soften the somewhat hard effect of the blazers. The same may be said of the Eton jacket.

These rush hats resemble those round mats people buy for their gardens; so as to be able to sit about without spoiling their clothes on the grass. A little band on the under side furnishes a means of keeping them on the head.

OLIVE HARPER.

How to Make Home Happy.

He took off his coat in the hall, hung up his hat on the rack and made a turn toward the dining room.

It was stone cold.

"Mary," he said solemnly, "as he found her in the library, "what does this mean, eh?"

"Sit down," she said sweetly, "I have been waiting for you."

"You have, eh?" he said, glaring about.

"Do you know, Mary, what the hour is?"

"I do, Harry."

"And do you know that I got up this morning at 6 o'clock, breakfasted off the stove hearth and then hustled down town, where I have been working like a horse for fourteen hours?"

"Is—is it possible, Harry, dear?" she said in a tremor.

"It is, madam; and, what's more, I am as hungry as a bear; I want my supper. I am sick and tired of this sort of thing. You do nothing but run about all day and leave things go to smash!"

"Have a care, Harry Armitage!" she said, with a pout.

"I know what I am talking about. I suppose now you want me to do the usual favors?"

"If you please, Harry dear, you know; just dress little Tommy for dinner, peel the potatoes, build the kitchen fire and get the coal up out of the cellar, eh?"

"I will do no such thing, madam, and, what's more, tomorrow I will apply for divorce. You are the laziest, most shiftless woman in New York."

"Harry," said the woman slowly, coming over and putting his arms around his neck, "you do not understand. I said I was waiting for you, and I have been too. I have a little surprise for you, dearest. Guess what it is?"

"Bah! on the guessing. I want my supper!"

"I will tell you in spite of all. I don't care if you get mad or not. It is this"—

"Stop!"

"I have just finished embroidering your new nightshirts with red stars all around the collar!"—New York Recorder.

A Friend in Need.



OSCUATION.



INDIGNATION.



SEPARATION.



RECONCILIATION.

Smith and Gray's Monthly.

He Was a Hero.

"George," she said, turning her head shyly to one side, "I think you'd better not. I've been eating onions."

"Onions or rose leaves are all the same to me, Laura," said George, with a deep sigh of something like resignation. "Love levels all ranks."

And from the dimly lighted hallway in which the young man was endeavoring to say good night there came a sound like the impact of a cold boiled potato against the side of a brick house.—Chicago Tribune.

Saved by Two Children.

Alice's grandpapa had set her bantam hen on eleven cunning white eggs, and Alice was greatly interested in watching the result. One day she ran into the house, calling excitedly, "Mamma, mamma, two chickens have bloomed!"

Mama had been sewing and was looking vainly for the scissors to cut her thread. Finally she whined out, "Oh dear! I can't find anything to unsew this needle."—Youth's Companion.

What It Stood For.

"So Mrs. Billibank is going away," said Mr. Cumrox. "I see she sent you her card."

"Yes," replied his wife.

"It's got P. P. C. on it. I guess that stands for somethin' tellin' about why she's goin'."

"Maybe it does. An' judging from a couple of hours I spent in her neighborhood it probably refers to pianos, parrots and children."—Washington Star.

Unappreciated Thoughtfulness.

Husband—Goodby, my dear. I'll be dreadfully lonesome while you're away in the country.

Wife—I know you will, love, and I've prepared for it. Here's a nice new deck and a set of chips.—New York Evening Sun.

A Victim of Delusion.

Placid I am, content, serene;
I take my slab of gypsum bread;
And chunks of oleomargarine
Upon its tasteless side I spread.

The egg I eat was never laid
By any crackling, feathered hen;
But from the Lord knows what 'tis made
In Newark by unfeathered men.

I wash my simple breakfast down
With fragrant chickory so cheap;
Or with the best black tea in town
Dried willow leaves I calmly steep.

But if from man's viles arts I flee,
And drink pure water from the pump,
I quip down infusions;
And hideous rotaries,
And wriggling polygastries,
And slimy diatomaceous,

And hard shelled orphyraceoles,
And double barrelled kolpoles,
Nonloricated ambirela,
And various animacules;

Of middle, high and low degree;
For nature just beats all creation
In multiplied adulteration.

—Robert J. Burdette in Food.

A MODEST MONUMENT.

It Marks the Tomb of General Grant's Parents at Cincinnati.
(Special Correspondence.)

CINCINNATI, June 30.—When Channing M. Depew, in his recent oration on Grant, spoke of his parents' modest graves in the country churchyard, "he used a figurative expression, no doubt, to denote the contrast between their final resting places and that of their distinguished son. However, the mother and father of General Grant are buried in Spring Grove cemetery, Cincinnati, one of the most beautiful of western cemeteries. The graves are in a central portion and are surrounded by imposing monuments of rich families, beside THE MONUMENT, which the modest little marble shaft seems indeed small. The graves are well tended by the management and are always pointed out to visitors, for years none of the children have been to see them.

The lot is thirty feet square. The monument is of Italian marble with a limestone base, and is now badly cracked by the weather. The model was designed by General Grant himself, being a clever artist, having painted many pictures when young. The inscriptions are:

R. Caroline Grant, born Dec. 11, 1825; died March 6, 1865.

Jesse R. Grant, died June 29, 1873; aged 79 years 5 months and 6 days.

Hannah Simpson Grant, died May 11, 1883; aged 84 years 5 months and 18 days.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

On another side is the inscription:

Samuel Simpson Grant, born Sept. 23, 1826; died Sept. 13, 1861.

He, however, is not buried in the lot.

The first to be buried there was the father, Jesse Grant, who died in the seventies while Ulysses was president.

He lived and died in Covington, across the river, where he was made postmaster, for which the cry of nepotism was raised against his son.

The mother died in Elizabeth, N. J., in May, 1863, and her body was brought here for burial by the general, his sister, Mrs. Cramer, and other relatives. The funeral had been held at Elizabeth, and nothing but the burial service was had at the grave or in Cincinnati. The same undertaker who had years before buried the father met the party at the station, and the casket was taken to his rooms in a Sixth street stable, while the general with several cousins went to break-

fast.

I was the only newspaper reporter who had guessed the exact time of the general's arrival, and boarded the train at Loveland, an hour's ride from Cincinnati, taking care to conceal the fact that I was a reporter. A morning paper man was at the depot, but that did not endanger my story for an afternoon paper. Together we were at once made pallbearers for every part of the subsequent ceremonies, and afterward the Grant family and rival newspapers wondered how such a complete and graphic account of the affair could have been secured. Inside the stable the casket was opened to see if the embalmer had done his work well.

It was a strange sight, the opening of that small coffin containing the clay of a woman who gave birth to America's greatest general. Stable hands, assistants and the undertaker only were present. The resemblance of mother and son could be easily traced in the dead face and occasioned remark. Then the body was taken to a modest home on Clark street, Bishop Joyce of the Methodist church joined the cortège, and with the reading of the burial service and a prayer the mother of General Grant was placed beside the husband. General Grant was, as ever, cool, unmoved, and with his sister on his arm held his hat to one side of his head as the first clod struck the coffin lid.

His sister Caroline, who never married, lies buried with father and mother. She was Grant's favorite sister, and died just as he took command of the Army of the Potomac. She was very fearful in her last days that like his predecessors he might fail, and her last and dying words of him were, "Tell 'Lysy to never give up and do his best to win." Her dying prayers were answered, as history tells. An elder brother of Grant died in the far west years ago. His health was bad and he undertook a journey by wagon to Minnesota. He died on the way and was buried in some village cemetery, and few if any of the family know where. Uncle Sammy Simpson, who survived his nephew and died aged ninety-two, is buried at Bantam, a little village of Clermont county, near the scene of Grant's boyhood. Orville Grant lies buried at Galena.

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See—Crete and Return—\$6.

On Monday, July 11, the B. & M. will run a special train, leaving Lincoln at 6:15 p. m., returning, leave Crete at 11 p. m., or soon as concert is over. The remarkably low rate of 50 cents has been secured for the occasion, and this alone should insure a large attendance. The grand concert given under the direction of Mrs. P. V. M. Raymond will include the May festival chorus of 100 voices, and will prove the great musical event of the season. Don't miss this unusual opportunity of spending an evening on the banks of the Blue, including a concert of rare and exceptional excellence. Tickets at B. & M. depots or city ticket office, corner O and Tenth streets.

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A. C. ZIMMER,
City Passenger Agent.

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For the accommodation of those desiring to visit the different Chautauqua assemblies the following exceeding low excursion rates are offered by the U. P.:

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Half Rates to Saratoga, N. Y. via B. & O. R.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will sell tickets to Saratoga Springs, New York, on the occasion of the