

GOWNS OF THE MOMENT

Foreshadows of Autumn Hues.
In color combinations there is now a tendency to combinations of several colors in the same applique, rather than two colors and several tones of the same color as heretofore. Just a touch of gold tinsel is seen on many of these, but only a touch, so that the result is never garish.

Aluminum is now being used in tinsel embroidery combined with applique trimmings in gray taffeta, and as aluminum does not tarnish and is very light in weight, it is invaluable. Flower designs still predominate in the applique designs, taffetas and the other soft and lustrous silks being used.

In colors for the coming autumn royal blue is predicted as a leader abroad, while in this country the shade termed inauguration blue to be a much-used color. Greens in myrtle, reseda and other dark shades will be fashionable, but browns will fall behind their run of last year, while the dark shades of plum, purple and kindred hues are being manufactured in quantities.

All these indications from manufacturers show which way the wind will blow, for whatever fashion might wish to dictate she is obliged to use the fabrics in the market, and these are always manufactured at least six months ahead of their use, sometimes a year.

French Cream Frosting.

Four cups of white sugar, one cup of hot water; put on fire and boil without stirring for about eight minutes. If it looks thick test by dripping from a spoon, and if it threads remove and rub some against side of cake bowl, and if it will rub into a ball, pour all out and meat rapidly with wooden spoon, adding flavoring of rose, vanilla or orange as it cools. It will cut soft for several days. This can also be mixed with nuts and made into nut bonbons and colored with cranberry juice, or green, made from parsley.

Take tender parsley leaves, wash dry and pound in a mortar until juice is extracted. Strain into a cup and put the cup into boiling water to get hot. A few drops will color a pale green.



Pale pink batiste frock, with open embroidery in white.

Novelties in White Serge.

In the white serge frocks, the French makers have introduced many novelties in cut and line. The Empire ideas that have taken so firm a hold lately appear here, as elsewhere, and Empire coats, long or short, are made up in white serge or white cloth with skirts to match and with severe tailor finish or with collars, cuffs and motifs of heavy open work embroidery on linen.

Decoration for Blouses.

For our blouses to be seen at their best it behooves us to provide them with fresh and attractive neckwear, since on neckwear to a large extent depends their success. Beginning with neckwear for the simple shirt waist or shirt, as the English term it, there is a new turnover collar, some three inches deep, of canvas linen, embroidered with a spot. Beneath this is passed a band of chameleon ribbon or plain lace, silk, fastened with a rosettelike knot in front, high up against the collar, and the ends, which are plaited, are knotted a few inches below the neck, and end in fanlike flutes.

Rainbow ribbons are used for a similar purpose; the knot and ends are formed of two soft ribbons in different colors. A hem-stitched border to the collar sometimes introduced shows glimpses of the band of ribbons passing beneath; and, again, these embroidered canvas collars are in various instances pierced with wide buttonholes in front, and tied with the ribbons, which, as before, are arranged in the fashion of rosettes.

Boudoir Confidences

More stunning braids are out for belts. Lots and lots of pale blue hats—the shade that goes with everything—are worn. Shirt-waist dresses of dotted Swiss and lawn are inexpensive and cool-looking. Traveling bags are almost a part of the traveling suit, so carefully are they chosen. Light weight wash flannels have polka dots of color or white embroidered at regular intervals over the cloth. Tiny three-cornered hats for wee tots are trimmed with three prim rosettes of baby ribbon—one on each place where the brim turns up. The revival of an old fashion is the sailor hat with wide crown and narrow brim. The favorite way of rim-

ming them is to drape on a veil of mousseline de soie in one of the new, rich shades.

A new brown is around town—brilliant in comparison with the rather lifeless color we usually mean by brown. It is especially pretty in the horsehair hats, as the ruddy tint in it takes the light best in horsehair.



Excellent chocolate can be made by boiling four tablespoonfuls of chocolate in a pint of water and a pint of milk.

After the cleaning, rugs should be carefully looked over for breaks in the threads and in corners and mended at once, with linen carpet thread or wool, if necessary.

A shabby black chip hat may be improved by rubbing it with a piece of black velvet which has been dipped in a mixture composed of equal parts of black ink and gum water.

Bits of white wax used freely when packing white garments of fabrics, such as tulle or silk evening gowns, choice lace, crepe shawls, etc., will keep them from turning yellow.

Do you know that sheep sorrel will take out rust stains from cloth? Rub thoroughly on the stains and then take out the resulting grass stains with either molasses or alcohol.

Beautiful Blouses.

Surplice-cut blouses, leaving the throat bare or worn with a transparent gumpe and collar of lace, are liked for summer frocks, but though charming they are not so youthful as the blouse frilled to some sort of yoke and fastening in the back, and they should be reserved for the older girls. Here again we often find very heavy embroidery, applique or hand insertion bordering the surplice, while the rest of the frock is trimmed lightly and fittingly in valenciennes insertion and edging. Heavy embroidery insertion scalloped on both edges and with valenciennes frills bordering the scallops is liked for the surplice borders and may be used, too, upon the sleeve and as heading for skirt bouffants.

The Traveling Gown.

A soft shade of rose-pink Sicillienne is selected for the traveling gown, and the coat bodice is fashioned with an open front, filled in with low-cut waistcoat of pique that may be removed instantaneously. There is a smart little cape collar effect over the shoulders; the sleeve is one of those fluffy elbow-length models with lace ruffles, and a deep rose-red velvet ribbon is relied upon to make the touch of color contrast that the present mode demands. The skirt is plain, except for a shaped scant volant of velvet applied above the deep hem, shirring adjusting the fit.

Coat Now an Essential.

Time was when a waist and skirt were accounted a dress; but in this elaborate day a dress isn't a dress unless it has also an outside wrap of some sort made to match it and worn with it alone. This is true even of the linen shirt-waist frock whereto is added a jaunty little linen coat and the proper thing seems to be to wear this third garment through the thermometer says 94 and you languish with heat.

Serviceable Eolienne.

Eolienne has a place among coat materials this season, but voile, save in coat and skirt costumes, has lost favor with the coatmakers. The silky eolienne lends itself readily to the flowing lines of the loose, full coat, whether short or long, and is a serviceable material; though, on the whole, a taffeta coat is a better investment than one of eolienne, even if more expensive at the start.

New Fad is Kerchief Ruffle.

If a girl is making a fancy white petticoat to wear with transparent skirts she can not have a prettier ruffle on it than one made of handkerchiefs.

A dozen or even more will be needed, and each one is cut in the middle

GOWN OF BROWN LINEN.

One of the most charming linen gowns of the season is pictured in the sketch below. The original is a very late French design secured direct from the modeste who made it. It is designed for a traveling gown, but can be worn a great deal through the summer. The loose jacket is trimmed with heavy all-over lace, set in to the goods, and the sleeves are finished



with an edging to match. This lace is a shade lighter than the brown of the linen. The skirt is a new design, ornamented only with stitching. This would be charming in almost any of the colored linens, or in white, with a lace to match.

of one side up through to the center. Then a small circle is cut out. This may be quite perfectly done by turning a bread and butter plate upside down and making a mark by which to cut. When all the handkerchiefs have been so treated they are sewed together over and over on the edges that were cut by slashing the side.

It will be found after all these are joined that a circular ruffle, full at the bottom but straight at the top, has been formed, the whole having deep hemstitched points. Such a founce, trimmed with narrow Valenciennes lace, would be charming for a dress of handkerchief linen.

How to Wash Ribbons.

The washing of ribbons is not always attended by the best results. The following is a milliner's method and most successful: Put the ribbon into a basin of warm water, rub on some good white soap and wash as you would anything else. While still wet iron on the right side with a hot iron and when dry rub between the hands as if washing it until all the stiffness is out, then iron again to remove the wrinkles. When ribbons are washed in this way it is difficult to tell them from new.

Nearly every woman knows from experience how difficult it is to wash successfully a crocheted shawl and have it look fluffy and in prime condition when dry. One woman made a triumphant experiment. She put the shawl into a pillow case, tied a string around the top, and then washed it in plenty of soap and hot water.

When, in 1681, the Indians threw off the Spanish yoke the hotel became a temporary fort. Many a successful Indian raid was planned in this very building, and councils of war were held frequently in the "tap-room," as it was called.



White linen gown embroidered in white.

Of Green Rajah Silk.

A charming gown of green rajah silk, appropriate for day wear, is in walking length and finished at bottom with three tiny knife-plaited ruffles. The draped bodice is filled in at neck with a yoke and stock of embroidered cream batiste and lace insertion. Cut-steel buttons and a ruffle of silk, matching those on skirt trim the waist and the latter is used on the elbow sleeves. A hat of green straw braid with parrot wings completes the stylish costume.

Popular Shades of Red.

The reds most in vogue just now are the tomato and geranium colors. The red of the gardenia is also worn and the matchless red of the camellia. These shades are seen everywhere and in everything, but particularly in the red of the geranium worn a great deal. The most popular red for gowns is cerise.

Whipped Peach Cream Trifle.

Soak cocoanut macaroons in the syrup of rich preserved peaches until rather soft. Beat the whites of four eggs until very stiff, then beat in by degrees half a cupful of powdered sugar and two tablespoonfuls of the peach syrup. Mix in lightly a pint of sweet cream. Whip to a stiff froth and place in alternate layers with the soaked macaroons in a deep glass dish, heaping the cream on top. Sprinkle over it sarrated cocoanut.

A SUMMER BLOUSE.

This Paris model is an exceedingly dainty and attractive blouse of a style that is best appreciated during the warm days of summer, when a collar becomes very uncomfortable. Fine sheer white lawn is used, and the front edges of the surplice are decor-



ated with fine embroidery. The top of the tucked vest is also edged with this embroidery, and a wide embroidered rume finishes the short sleeves. It is a charming model for warm days, and the low necks are to be worn again this summer. If, however, one does not care to wear a collarless blouse, this one can be made up with a high collar.

RUGS OF PET CAT SKINS.

Pelts of Dead Felines Used to Make Handsome Ornaments.
Devoted feminine owners of "the loveliest cat you ever saw" need not utterly despair when, in course of time or accident, the last of this cat's lives is yielded. They may, if so disposed, at once remember poor pussy affectionately and add to their own choice possessions by following the example of a London woman who has loved and lost many fine felines.

This woman is the sadly proud owner of a handsome rug made from the skins of her departed darlings. All of the fourteen skins that compose this rug are of a single color, black, the one time mistress of the vanished cats being partial to pets of lacy shade and keeping no others. On the reverse side of each skin is an inscription recording the name of its original owner and the period during which she gladdened the heart of the woman before whose hearth her fur still reposes. Thus, one inscription reads: "Fairly, 1892-4," and another "Beauty, 1900-5."

Owners of fine cats might do worse than follow a similar plan when death removes any of their feline treasures. Cat fur usually is fine and handsome and poor pussy might as well be remembered in this way as by the cat portraits that now hang on many a wall.

OLDEST HOTEL IN AMERICA.

Building in Phoenix, Arizona, Enjoys That Distinction.

St. Augustine is the oldest town in the United States, but the oldest hotel in the country, contrary to what one would expect, is not in the East at all, but as far West as Arizona, being situated in Phoenix of that state. It was built in the seventeenth century by the Spaniards just after the erection of a wonderful governor's palace, which also is to be seen to this day—the famous "Palacio del Gober nador." The hotel is a long, low, one story affair, built of adobe, with a flat roof, low doorways and many-paned windows. The structure is now rather dingy in appearance, although it was no doubt considered really spacious and elegant when first erected.

When, in 1681, the Indians threw off the Spanish yoke the hotel became a temporary fort. Many a successful Indian raid was planned in this very building, and councils of war were held frequently in the "tap-room," as it was called.

This old tavern has sheltered such men as Custer, John C. Fremont, Gen. Phil Sheridan, Zebulon Pike, Buffalo Bill and other famous scouts and plainsmen, besides many lesser heroes who, in true dime novel fashion "went West to fight Indians."

The Best Court of Appeal.

No one could say a sharp or bitter thing with more absolute coolness than Lord Westbury, who was made Lord Chancellor of England in 1861.

After retiring from the office of Lord Chancellor he took a very active part in the House of Lords, sitting as a Court of Appeal, where his colleagues were Lord Chelmsford and Lord Colonsay. Lord St. Leonards, who was senior to them all, never attended. One day Lord Westbury chanced to meet him, and said, "My dear St. Leonards, why don't you come and give us your valuable assistance in the House of Lords?"

"Ah," said Lord St. Leonards, "I should be of no use. I am old, and blind, and stupid."

"My dear lord," said Westbury, "that does not signify in the least. I am old, Chelmsford is blind, and Colonsay is stupid; yet we make the very best Court of Appeal which has ever sat in that assembly."

"Tom" Reed's "Bored" Walk.

Tom Reed was very fond of crash suits in the warm weather, and he often went down Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington, on his way to the capitol, arrayed in one of them, with a silk sash about his waist and a jaunty straw hat on his head.

One day while he was speaker, when so attired, and accompanied by Congressman Hitt of Illinois, he was overtaken by Mr. Lessler, who, it will be remembered, defeated Perry Belmont for congress in his famous "washboller" campaign.

Lessler was not very popular with the speaker, or, indeed, with any of his colleagues in the house, so when he familiarly said to Mr. Reed, "Ah, there, Mr. Speaker, you think that you are at the seashore, I presume," referring, of course to his costume, the speaker turned to him and said, "Yes, yes, join'us and we will have a bored walk."

To Lilies of the Light.

To the lilies of the light from the shadows of the night,
And the sun to lure life's roses to a wreath of red and white,
To guide the bees to honey in the sing-ing east and west
And burn love's bloom into the cheek that I'm a-lovin' best.

To the light—to the light from the dim wings of the night,
From the gloom to the moon, like a dove-led bird in flight,
From blossom to blossom as the brown bee seeks the comb—
The eyes of your love's signals—the heart o' love for home.—Atlanta Constitution.

Spend Money to Save Timber.

To save 70,000 acres of standing timber which is held under a twenty-year lease from Idaho the Weyerhaeuser syndicate, of Seattle and Minneapolis, is constructing a \$2,000,000 railroad from Palouse, Wash., into the heart of the Idaho timber district, a distance of seventy miles.

Experiment in Labor.

Five men have left England for South Africa to demonstrate whether white men can do the work of Chinese in the mines. Their journey is the outcome of a controversy between two members of Parliament.

Peculiarity of Sight.

Prof. Reichenbach is said to have proved that thirty persons in one hundred can see, in the dark, colored rays from the human body and flashes from a magnet.

Rowed in First Henley Regatta.

The Rev. H. A. Baumgartner, of Henley-on-Thames, rowed for Caius college, Cambridge, at the first Henley regatta in 1839. He is 85 years old.

LITTLE EXPLOSIONS

No Thanks Required.
"I'm not feeling well to-day," said the clerk, "and I would like to get off."

"By all means," responded the manager, heartily.

"Thank you, I appreciate—"

"Not at all. When a clerk doesn't feel well he's liable to lose trade by getting out of patience with the customers."

A Misunderstanding.
"What's the matter with Mrs. Brydeigh?"

"Jealous. She overheard her husband say that he was going to buy a ribbon for his typewriter, and she's been threatening to sue for divorce ever since."

A Gold Belt Humorist.
"Digging for gold, are you?" said the stranger.

"That's what I am."

"Any hopes of finding any?"

"Ef they wasn't, d'ye think I'd be fool enough to keep diggin'?"

"You're smart, ain't you?"

"No, I'm Jones—plain Jones!"

A MISTAKE.



Mr. Fussy—You've been calling on my daughter for six months now. It's about time you were saying something.
Mr. Kidder—All right. What'll you have?

Hers Were Not Broomsticks.
"I want some hose," said a lady who appeared to weigh about 250 pounds.
"Yes'm," said the clerk, briskly. "Some thing about an inch in diameter."

"What do you mean? Do I look like a living skeleton?"

"Beg pardon, ma'am. Hosiery department three counters to the left. This is the garden implement department."—Houston Post.

Getting Ready.

Editor (to foreman of composing room)—Telegraph to the foundry for a supply of their latest, biggest black type.

Foreman—Why, we have plenty on hand.

Editor—No, we haven't. It isn't big enough. See the account of those hundred-mile-an-hour trains? Well, we want bigger scare-line heads than ever now shortly.—Judge.

An Amended Proposition.

"I suppose if anybody offered you \$10,000,000 you'd gladly agree to carry it home?"

"Of course I would."

"But \$10,000,000 weighs twenty-two tons in gold."

"Whew! Well, say, I'd agree to shove it into my coal bin if anybody dumped it into my yard."

The Boston Boy.

Mrs. Blinks—Johnny, did you wipe your feet before you came in?
Johnny—No, ma'am; my shoestrings were knotted and I could not undo them.

Mrs. Blinks—What have shoestrings got to do with wiping your feet?
Johnny—Well, how could I wipe my feet with my shoes on?

Given Away.

"Did the father give the bride away?"

"I should say he did! He got rattled and what do you think he said as he handed her over to the groom?"

"What?"

"It is more blessed to give than to receive!"—Cleveland Leader.

In the Bunker.

Mrs. Greene—"You shouldn't be thinking of golf in church, dear."

Mr. Greene—"Well, I really couldn't help it. You see, that Mrs. Styles, with her big hat, sat right in front of me and I couldn't get the idea out of my head that I was in the bunker."

The Cause.

He—The minister preached a scathing discourse on the extravagance of women.
She—Yes; and there his wife sat, with a \$17 hat on.
"That probably was the cause of the sermon,"—Yonkers Statesman.

Latest Thing in Automobiles.

"Charlie Van Newport's new automobile will seat forty people."
"Great Scott! Did you say forty?"
"Sure! Fifteen doctors, fifteen surgeons, six machinists, two fine settlers, the chauffeur and Charlie."

No Wonder.

"Julia!" yelled the poet, "why don't you keep that kid quiet? What's the matter with it?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied his patient wife; "I'm singing one of your lullabies to the little darling."

Not Such a Big Light.

"McBlough gives the impression that he is one who hides his light under a bushel."

"Yes, that's his attitude. But all the light he has could be easily hidden under a pint cup."

Her Sense of Humor.

"Torque—Women have absolutely no sense of humor, no sense of the ridiculous, you know."

Mrs. Torque—There, there now. I married you, didn't I?

Alphabetically Stated.

"You don't have popular education in this country."
"No," answered the Russian. "De no too busy with our I O U's to both about our A. Z. C."—Washington Star.

Discouraged.

"I'm downright discouraged," said the man who always looks on the dark side of life. "That's what I am; downright discouraged."
"What's the trouble?"
"Every summer that I can remember has produced a day that broke all previous records for heat."
"What of it?"
"Well, figure it out for yourself. Suppose it keeps up the pace for five or six years more?"

Meek in Vain.

Mrs. Jackson—Wal, parson, I know de bible says de meek shall inherit de earth; an' 'deed I tries to be meek as I kin!"

Parson Polhemus—"Dat's right, es-tah! Dat's right!"

Mrs. Jackson—But it'll be jest mah luck, when it comes time fo' me tc inherit de earth, dat dar'll be municipal ownership.—Puck.

The Suspense That Kills.

"There doesn't appear to be much lawlessness about your town," said the tenderfoot.

"No," replied Cactus Cal; "we won't stand for it 'round here."
"Ah! I suppose when any bad character drifts into your town you immediately expel him."
"Well—er—most frequent we suspend 'em."

Fickle Woman.

Museum Lecturer—The bearded lady's husband has been dead only two months, yet she's sprucing up again.
Manager—What are the symptoms?
Museum Lecturer—Why, this afternoon she appears on the platform with her whiskers trimmed Vandyke style.—Puck.

Mrs. Dooley's Deduction.

"Well, OI seen th' daughter."
"An' what did he say was th' trouble?"
"He didn't say. But O'im to take a long rest iv'ry day."
"A long rest iv'ry day, is it? 'Tis dyspepsy you've got, an' you're to cure it by th' starvation treatment."—Detroit Tribune.

A Tail from Fairyland.

"Just by way of experiment," said the first fairy, "I appeared to ten men at random and asked them to make a wish, and seven of them wanted to know how to play the races."
"Ah!" said the old elf. "Only seven? But, I presume, the others thought they knew."—Puck.

An Irish Bull.

Patrick—Phwy didn't ye go to church, sure?
Bridget—OI had other things to do.
Patrick—If ye had gone and heard that sermon on "Absenteeism" ye would have been ashamed of y' self fur not bein' there.—New York Weekly.

Saving the Cook.

"We are having an awful time at our house. The cook says she feels like leaving our employ every time she catches sight of my wife."
"And what are you doing about it?"
"I'm trying to get my wife to take a long vacation."

AT THE SEASHORE.



Nora—How do you like it down here?
Cora—Fine. I am making my proposal engagements ten days ahead now.

Apparently Didn't Work.

Life Insurance Agent—My dear sir, have you made any provision for those who come after you?
Harduppe—Yes; I put the dog at the door, and told the servant to say I'm out of town.—Stray Stories.

Strong Hint for Groucherly.

"Gloves," remarked Groucherly, as he laid aside his paper, "have only been in use about 1,000 years."
"I thought," rejoined Mrs. Groucherly, "that mine were somewhat older; but perhaps I may be mistaken."

Sarcastic Geraldine.

Gerald—"If you refuse me I shall put a bullet in my brain."
Geraldine—"A whole bullet."
Gerald—"Of course."
Geraldine—"I see; you don't intend to have it go way in."—Judge.

Doorstep Subscribers.

"Don't you subscribe for a newspaper regularly?"
"Well, no. You see, some of our neighbors are away on vacations most all summer and we don't find it necessary to subscribe."

A Promise.

The Owner—Be careful of that trunk, will you?
The Porter—Sure! If you're not careful of these cheap trunks they'll be smashed before you know it.