

WRAPS AND GOWNS



Inexpensive Lace Blouses.
Lace blouses and coats come in many varieties, the cluny lace being one of the most serviceable and popular. A real cluny of allover pattern cannot be bought for less than \$50, but the imitation, which is also a linen lace, with good wearing and washing qualities is being put out by the shops in prices as low as \$12. Some of these are made of strips of insertion, and are managed by a clever little dress-maker, had the two middle strips of the lace shortened enough to make a little square neck opening. She lined the lace with chiffon and a chiffon high band collar and dickey made with fine tucks went with it. Most of the new lace blouses for any wear whatsoever have elbow sleeves, and to fill these out the thin chiffon and organdie undersleeves are in great demand. There is no great attempt made to match them, and undersleeves trimmed with one kind of lace are seen with waists of another, although the woman who makes these little accessories for herself can nearly always find something to correspond.

Yorkshire Pudding.
Two eggs, one cup of flour, sifted before measuring, one cup of sweet milk, one-half teaspoon of salt. Put flour and salt into bowl, add one-half of the milk and beat until perfectly smooth, then add the rest of the milk. Beat the eggs very lightly, then add the mixture thoroughly with egg beater until it is full of bubbles. Grease gem pan with drippings from roast meat, pour in the mixture and bake about forty minutes in a hot oven. When the pudding has been in oven about ten minutes baste it well with drippings from meat. This pudding is always served as a garnish with roast meat and is a favorite dish in England.

Effective Redingote.
Redingote costume of plain golden cloth seen at the New York horse show.

Cheese Croquettes.
When dressed lettuce is served for the salad cheese croquettes are a new novelty to pass with the course, and butter or water biscuits are passed, too. Scald three-fourths of a cupful of milk with two slices of onion, and then remove the onion. Melt four tablespoonsful of flour and pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, three-fourths of a cupful of hot milk. Add three-fourths of a cupful of grated soft cheese, season with salt and cayenne, and spread on a plate to cool. Shape into balls about one and one-half inches in diameter, dip in crumbs, egg and crumbs again; fry in deep fat, and drain on brown paper. Arrange on plate covered with a folded napkin.—Woman's Home Companion.

Wash Flannels.
The colorings of the wash flannels are exceptionally pretty. There are stripes in combinations of cream and blue and white and brown and green and white. The former is set off by a black taffeta tie and the latter by a brown one. There are also a few gay plaids. Without exception these waists have deep cuffs fastened in the front. They are appropriate for house wear and severely plain tailor gowns; in short, they are warm and comfortable and decidedly informal.

New Flower Pots.
When you buy a potted plant from a florist nowadays he does not send it home in the ordinary red clay pot such as has been in use from time out of mind. The plant is delivered in a receptacle of the conventional shape, but it is covered with fine straw bound around with raffia that is either painted a soft green or a dull shade of red. These bindings are fashioned in some pleasing design and are varnished, so that the whole thing is ready to stand as an ornament just as it is. These plants may come high, but there is one economy in buying them. You do not have to purchase a jardiniere to put them in.—Chicago News.

Feather Hats.
The best feather hats this year are given distinction by something added in the way of trimming. Just the right note of incongruity and to mark the difference from the crowd is achieved by adding a bunch of flowers in contrasting color. For instance, a beautiful toque of robin's egg blue of the real water grebe was topped off at the left side with a large bunch of velvet violets. A brown feather hat was finished in the same way with pink roses and

one of the peacock hats was trimmed with an artistic knot of soft gold braid. A pure white one in turban shape was trimmed with a big pink dahlia, a knot of velvet ribbon and an upright ostrich tip. A shape of pheasant feathers, brightened with a vivid green wing, was another success.

Spiced Fruits.
Three pounds of sugar to one pint of good vinegar, a teaspoonful of broken cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves (whole), a very little mace. This will spice about one peck of peaches. Put all in a kettle and simmer slowly fifteen or twenty minutes. The fruit should be pared. When done put in small jars and cover with egg papers.



Wild the Tea Drinks.
The corselet skirt with bretelles or shoulder straps and no jacket at all is being worn a great deal at-at-home gowns. Light material, volie, cashmere, henrietta, celienne and similar fabrics are used. Charming little short coats of lace and muslin are shown for the babies. They are not for wear outdoors, but are intended to be slipped over the infant's robes when it is carried down stairs to receive visitors. A charming empire coat of light brown cloth has the waist outlined with a band of the cloth tucked in over fine tucks pressed flat and inset in the cloth of the coat, the bands crossing in a surplice and extended around the back of the waist. The same bands trimmed the sleeves above the wide, flaring cuff.

Trimmed Muffs Fashionable.
What might be called trimmed muffs—that is, with tails and heads of the animals as ornamentation, are fashionable just now. As they are so large they seem to need some finish, white lynx—tails of the animal and the small heads relieve nicely the wide flat surface. Lace and flowers always seem rather incongruous against fur, but they undoubtedly give a richness of coloring which is effective to a degree. Ecru lace against sable is exquisite, and imitation gardenias with a touch of color in the green leaves render chinchilla more than ever charmingly pretty. Full lace ruffles soften the wrist holes in the majority of muffs for reception wear.

To Be in Style Wear Velvet.
Velvets, which until a few short years ago were considered the material of kings and queens, have come to be very generally worn not only by people of wealth but by those of modest purse as well. The chiffon velvets are the direct result of the manufacturers' efforts to get the pliable quality of the cotton fabrics in their silk weaves. Velveteens of to-day are as pretty and as lustrous as their silken relatives, and this season are brought out with the added virtue of being fast in color, thus assuring the wearer that her light-colored dainty blouse or delicately tinted gloves will not be smudged.



Hints to Housewives.
Rub glycerina over the window pane to prevent its becoming frosted. Use a wooden toothpick to test cakes, instead of a broom straw. Lay the fir balsam pillow on the radiator for a few minutes if you want the whole room deliciously scented. Potatoes may be deliciously baked on an asbestos mat on top of the range. Cover them with a tin pan and give them about one hour. Bake the hot cakes at the table when the family is small and there

Small Empire Coat.
No one need think that the fashions of the first empire are not as becoming to the little maid as to her mother. It is unusual to find a style which is so universally becoming, and the little coat shown is quite as becoming on her mother. What could be more adorable than a demure little lady in this coat? The short Eton part fits easily, while the lower attached portion flares gracefully about the bottom. Velvet is very soft and rich in tiny coats for winter, and the pretty collar and cuff facings of white broad-

is no maid. A small alcohol or gas stove, with a griddle to fit makes this possible.

Boiled meat used in making soups is often tasteless and dry. If left in the soup over night the juices will return to it and the meat will thus be rendered both palatable and nutritious.

Lace on All Kinds of Gowns.
Lace is to be a great deal worn upon winter gowns, and even on street dresses one sees it very much. In one of the shop windows there is a very handsome cloth dress, trimmed around the neck and down the front with a tan colored lace jabot. Set in the jabot of lace there is a strip of black fur. The muff is made of black fur, with a trimming of white lace along the upper part and at each end. Bows of velvet are set in the lace.

Flag from a Wedding Dress.
In the library of a home on Riverside drive hangs a frame in which, under glass, is a piece of a woman's wedding gown, says the New York Sun. The remnant is no larger than the hand of a sixteen-year-old girl. The fine old man who lives in the house tells this story of the garment from which the bit was taken:



New Wrinkle for a Muff.
A new wrinkle for a muff is to sew a full ruffle of about three-inch ribbon on to the ends of the muff. All styles and boxes and ruffles should be short—that is, just to cover the shoulders—and with fur tails or velvet loops as a finish at either end. These neck arrangements give a pretty finish to any costume, and are rather becoming if properly worn.

In French Broadcloth.
For the general utility, evening or carriage coat, French broadcloth of the exquisitely light supple kind is the most practical and modish material. One model is of this fabric in smoke gray. It is built on the empire lines and is without trimming, save a round yoke and pointed tabs formed of circular rows of stitching. The collar, revers and cuffs are chinchilla. White satin is used throughout for lining.

Soldier's Lost Identity.
"That story of lost identity," said the Major, "on the part of a soldier who served some years in the regular army did not strike me as being necessarily untrue. There were not a few strange cases of the kind in the civil war. We found in the hospital at the close of the war and among the released prisoners many men who could not satisfactorily explain themselves. Their personality had shifted to such an extent that some of them were sent to infirmaries and insane asylums, and in later years to the soldiers' homes."

Soldier's Lost Identity.
"While we were stationed at Bridgeport, Ala., after the battle of Missionary Ridge, a regiment of veterans came down from Chattanooga with several hundred prisoners en route for Camp Chase, Ohio. The guard was to go through with the prisoners and the boys were counting the trip as good as a furlough. When the column of gray, fringed on either side by a line of blue, started across the pontoon bridge to take the train waiting on the other side, prisoners and guards were in high spirits and there was a great deal of jollity.

Contrary to orders and custom the men of the marching column caught step and went swinging across the bridge to a lively air whistled by those in advance. Warnings were shouted by sentinels and officers, but too late. The bridge parted and scores of Unionists and Confederates went into the river. There was great confusion, but boats were at hand and most of the men were rescued. Many of the guards dropped their rifles and swam to shore. But one large, fine looking fellow went head first into the mass of floating timbers. He went down with his gun at a right shoulder shift.

OLD OF THE VETERANS

Now I Lay Me.
(Found in the knapsack of a soldier of the Civil War after he had been slain in battle.)
Near the campfire's flickering light
In my blanket bed I lie,
Gazing through the shades of night
And the twinkling stars on high;
O'er me spirits in the air
Silent vigil seem to keep
As I breathe my childhood's prayer,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.
"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."
"Mid those stars one face I see—
One the Savior turned away;
Mother, who in infancy
Taught my baby lips
Her sweet spirit hovers near;
In this lonely mountain brake,
Toll me to her, Savior dear,
"If I should die before I wake,"
Fainter grows the flickering light,
As each ember slowly dies;
Paintively the birds of night
"Till the stars with sad sighs cry;
Over me they seem to cry:
"You may never more awake."
Love I lay, "If should die."
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

Flag from a Wedding Dress.
In the library of a home on Riverside drive hangs a frame in which, under glass, is a piece of a woman's wedding gown, says the New York Sun. The remnant is no larger than the hand of a sixteen-year-old girl. The fine old man who lives in the house tells this story of the garment from which the bit was taken:

"It is a fragment of the wedding dress of my wife's niece," he said. "The Civil war was not three months under way when her husband enlisted in the company of Coon Thornton, afterward a Colonel in the Confederate service, whose personal history and daring made him known to both armies west of the Mississippi river in the '60s."

"Soon after the enlistment of the young husband, he sent word to his wife that the company had no flag. She was a spirited woman, as most Southern women were at that time. The stores were not dealing in much those days except the necessities of life. The young wife took a last look at her wedding dress and down it came from its receptacle. "She cut it and slashed it, got the red from another gown in her trousseau, and then added the blue field from the crown of her hat, which she had worn when her lover chose her as the queen of beauty at a tournament in which he was the successful knight."

"Out of all these the flag of Coon Thornton's company was made by this woman and her friends, and it was duly presented by the makers. Across the field of the flag were the words, stitched in silk, 'Protect Missouri!'"

Soldiers True to the Flag.
Col. Joseph W. Kay, having been elected National Commander of the United Veteran Legion at the National Encampment of the order at Wilmington, Del., in October last, resigned his office as Colonel of Encampment No. 70, at its regular meeting, says the New York Press. The lieutenant colonel, Jabez Chalmers, was elected as colonel to fill the vacancy. Major Nathan Armour was elected lieutenant colonel, and Peter Dwyer was made major. Major Dwyer was a member of the Eight regiment, United States Infantry, when war was declared, and was surrendered by Gen. Twiggs, and with the greater part of his regiment was held as prisoner of war for many months. To the credit of the United States soldiers they remained loyal to the Flag and to the Union, while many of the commissioned officers, who had been educated at West Point, deserted the Flag and went over to the Confederacy. The United Veteran Legion, as its name implies, is a veteran organization, but no one is eligible to its membership unless he saw at least two years or more of service or was discharged for wounds.

Victim of a Large Pension.
William Elliott, a civil war veteran of Kokomo, Ind., who has been notified that an accumulated pension of \$15,000 is awaiting his acceptance, declared he would not accept the money. "I was a soldier all through the war," he declared, "but I merely did my plain duty, nothing more, and am not entitled to a premium for that. Christ would refuse to accept money for the performance of his duty and I will not take it."

G. A. R. Pension Committee.
Commander in Chief Tanner of the Grand Army of the Republic announces the committee on pensions as follows: Chairman, Bernard Kelly, Ottawa, Kan.; David F. Fugh, Columbus, Ohio; Henry M. Nevius, Redbank, N. J.; William Shakespeare, Kalamazoo, Mich.; D. E. Denny, Worcester, Mass.; William Rife, Knoxville, Tenn., and C. R. Adams, Superior, Neb.

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"He came up shortly, but I was startled to see that he still carried his gun at a right shoulder shift and that he made no motion with his feet or hands. He went down again in a swirl of water, struggling to one side, but making no lurching to save himself. I ordered the men in the boats to watch for him. One of the watchers declared that the body came nearly to the surface with gun still at a right shoulder shift and then was carried down stream by the current."

"A few days later a soldier, with clothing none the worse for wear, came trudging into camp with gun at right shoulder shift. I was officer of the day, and he was brought to me. He was the man who went head first into the river the day the pontoon bridge parted, and who came up and went down, with gun at a right shoulder shift. He seemed to me uncanny and ghostlike, but he was ready to answer questions. He remembered the breaking of the bridge, but remembered nothing after his plunge into the water."

"When consciousness returned he was in a negro cabin, some miles below Bridgeport. The woman washed and ironed his clothes and the man cared for him until he was able to walk back to camp. This was the story. He had evidently been struck on the head as he went into the water, and he was not in his right mind. He insisted that he did not belong to the regiment that was guarding the prisoners, and declined to talk on that point. He was not himself for several months, but I never knew until after the war that for all those months he thought he was some other person.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Million on Pension Roll.
The pension roll reached the maximum number in its history on Jan. 21 last, the number being 1,004,196. The roll passed the million mark in September of last year, and gradually increased the next four months. The decline began with the first of last February, and by the following May had dropped below the million mark.

"The total amount disbursed for pensions for the fiscal year was \$141,142,861, of which amount \$4,197,166 was for navy pensions and \$3,409,998 was and \$133,022,170 to the survivors of the civil war, their widows and dependents."

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MINDS SENT THROUGH SPACE

H. Addington Bruce describes the attempt of an English clergyman named Clarence Godfrey to "project himself" into the presence of a friend at a distance. The attempt was made on the night of Nov. 15, 1886.

The result of his attempt, as described in the account written out at his request by the "percipient," who it should perhaps be added, had had no intimation of the experiment, was as follows: "Yesterday—viz., the morning of Nov. 16, 1886—about half-past 3 o'clock I woke up with a start and an idea that someone had come into the room. I heard a curious sound, but fancied it might be the birds in the ivy outside. Next I experienced a strange, restless longing to leave the room and go downstairs. This feeling became so overpowering that at last I arose and lit a candle and went down, thinking that if I could get some soda water it might have a quieting effect."

"On returning to my room I saw Mr. Godfrey standing under the large window on the staircase. He was dressed in his usual style, and with an expression on his face that I have noticed when he has been looking very earnestly at anything. He stood there and I held up the candle and

gazed at him for three or four seconds in utter amazement and then as I passed up the staircase he disappeared. The impression left on my mind was so vivid that I fully intended waking a friend who occupied the same room as myself, but remembering that I should only be laughed at as a romantic and imaginative I refrained from doing so."

Arguing from analogy, it was held by those advancing the telepathic hypothesis that the mind of a dying person in reverting to a distant friend conveyed to the friend's mind a distinct impression which took the form of a vivid visual hallucination. To the reply that the apparitions were by no means uniformly coincident with the moment of death and not infrequently occurred only after a lapse of several hours it was deemed sufficient to point to such cases as that of Rev. Mr. Godfrey as illustrative of similar deferment of experimental hallucinations. In the Godfrey case the "willing" begun at 10:45 p. m. on the night of Nov. 15, and lasted only eight minutes, after which Mr. Godfrey fell asleep; whereas, it was not until 3:30 a. m. of the following morning that the hallucinatory vision appeared to the "percipient."—Public Opinion.

HAVOC WROUGHT BY SILKWORM

A thrifty woman of Augusta began experimenting some time ago to learn what effect the Georgia climate would have upon imported silkworms. A room in her house was given up to their use and mulberry leaves in abundance were supplied to them.

Later, when they began to increase in numbers and to escape to other parts of the house, whatever spot they chanced upon became sacred to them. No one was allowed to interfere with a silkworm in its pursuit of happiness, no matter where it might have established its cocoon. This was strongly impressed upon the servants.

All the while the worms were growing, Mandy, the colored cook, was making preparations for her wedding. In order to take advantage of every minute she could spare, she brought the materials for her wedding dress to the kitchen, and there constructed a thing of beauty with which to deck herself. At last her day of happiness arrived, and her mistress consented to allow a substitute to cook dinner while Mandy was away for a day to celebrate the event.

That evening, however, Mandy appeared in the kitchen as usual, and set about getting supper. Her eyes

were swollen and her face gave evidence of long weeping, which was supported by the persistent convulsive heaving of her shoulders.

"Why, Mandy!" exclaimed her mistress. "I'm right glad to see you back. Did the wedding go nicely?"

"No, ma'am," said Mandy, then burst into a storm of tears. "No, ma'am, it just didn't go at all. I ain't been married."

"Not married, Mandy? Why, that is too bad! What was the matter? Didn't Henderson come?"

"Ya-as'm, he done come. Ev'ebody done come. The whole church was plumb full of people. I reckon some of 'em is there yet. Ev'ebody was there but me."

Sobs again shook her and interfered with speech.

"Well, what was the matter, then?" finally inquired her mistress. "Did you change your mind?"

"O, lawsy, no, Miss Sally. I wanted to git there bald enough. But, Miss Sally—Miss Sally—" sobs again—"Miss Sally, one of dem plaguy, squishy white wo'ms done—done—cocoo-ed in my weddin' dress!"—Youth's Companion.

SUMMER UNDER IRON ROOF

"I had scarcely thought," said the middle-aged man, "that I should ever again hear the patter of the rain on the roof as I heard it in my youth, when I slept in the garret in the home of my boyhood. But now it has been brought back to me most vividly."

"In the summer just past I lived for a time in a one-story cabin built of corrugated iron. The little house had a nice little veranda across the front and was very comfortable within. And besides these distinguishing features, the little iron house had some other characteristic traits. For one, it was the most sensitive house I ever knew to changes of temperature.

"It was a lovely day on which we struck the place. As we sat on the veranda and looked out through an opening in the trees in front upon a broad and varied landscape of water, woods and mountains and then up at a fleecy summer cloud we thanked the good luck that had landed us there. And then, as that light cloud floated on across the face of the sun, we

heard coming from behind us sounds which we realized in a moment came from the house itself. It was the iron roof, now in the shadow of that cloud, contracting when the heat of the sun was withdrawn. And then in a moment, as the clouds passed on, we heard from the house again the roof expanding as the sun once more fell upon it.

"It was the most responsive house, by far, in a rainstorm that I ever slept in. On the first night we were there we were wakened by the sound of what we thought at first must be a buckshot cataract falling on the head of a giant drum. But in a moment again we realized that this was the sound of rain falling on our corrugated iron roof. And talk about the patter of the rain drops on the old, moss-grown shingles! Why, on this roof the rain came down like—like buckshot! Like grape-shot, cannon balls; innumerable, countless, continuous millions of cannon balls pounding with a constant roar."—New York Sun.

EXPLORERS KEPT IN MEMORY

Lieut.-Col. C. Delme-Radcliffe, late governor of the British Nile province, recently gave to the Royal Geographical society this account of the memories of former explorers still existing there: "The natives we found remembered Emin Pasha well, but regarded him with indifference or dislike. He had left, perhaps unavoidably, a great deal of power in the hands of native subordinates, and their abuse of it had made the unfortunate people dread the pasha's authority. Of Gordon only a few natives seemed to know anything, though most of those living near the river had heard of 'Godun,' as he was called. I secured one interesting relic of Gordon in the shape of an Austrian bentwood chair which he had given to the chief Gimorro. I bought it from the latter's son, Aoin, who had fixed a patch of leopard skin on the seat.

"Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, however, seem to have inspired the natives everywhere with the greatest possible affection. They never ceased to tell us wonderful stories of the do-

ings of 'Murrdu,' or Lion's-mane, as they called Sir Samuel, and of 'Anyadu,' or Daughter of the Moon, which is his name for Lady Baker. Watel Ajus, a very aged man now, got himself carried by his village a long way to my camp. On hearing that Lady Baker was alive in England he took an elephant's hair necklace from his neck and begged me to give it to her when I went back. This I did, and the old chief was delighted to receive a return present of photographs of Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, with an ivory-handled knife. This he acknowledged by sending back a leopard skin to Lady Baker.

"Our best recommendation to the natives we found to be the statement that we belonged to the same nation as Baker and that our government would be like his. Shooll gave me one of the scarlet shirts which had been worn by Sir Samuel's famous 'Forty Thieves.' He had treasured it carefully all those years in an earthenware jar, as a sort of credential of his connection with Baker."

THE WORLD GROWS BETTER

Tell me not, in your doleful way, that the world grows ever worse; That we cannot escape from the drear, old way of the drear, old primal curse;

mark of the tyrant upon the throne— Ah, sigh if you will for "the good old days," the fabulous days of yore. But we clearer see what the right must be than ever man saw before.