TRUMPET OF DAME GRUNDY

Child Life Said to Be Happier Among the Orientals than in Christian Lands.

CRUELTIES PRACTICED BY SOME MOTHERS

Fifth Avenue Bath Rooms—Words for Woman's Ear—Snobbishness in Education Becoming Apparent—Prestige of American Women Abroad.

Why is it that child life is so infinitely happier in countries which we are accustomed to regard either as semi-barbarous, or even entirely so, than in those which claim to rank in the very vanguard of civilization? This is a question that must inevitably occur to any one who has traveled in the Orient and in Africa, and then glances over the distressing pages of the reports issued every year by the numerous societies for the prevention of cruelty to children which have been organized in the United States and Europe. Wanton cruelty to children in savage races is well nigh unknown. It is only the most progressive and enlightened people, whose social system and intellectual development are based upon the teachings of Christianity, writes a New York Tribune correspondent, who torture children for mere pleasure. And the higher the degree of civilization the more frequent and the greater is the cruelty, until one is tempted to believe that education and refinement tend to destroy those sentiments of parental affection which nature has instilled into the hearts of even the brute creation. When, centuries before Christ, the prophet Isaiah asked: "Can a woman forget her child?" he conceived it as impossible to use any simile of greater strength. But he would certainly have found it necessary to have used a more convincing parallel than this had he lived in the nineteenth century either in Europe or in the United States.

As a foreigner, I am unable, for obvious reasons, to say much of America in this respect, but in the old world, and especially in England, the statistics of the various societies organized for the protection of children go to show that there is a far greater number of unnatural parents among the rich and well born than among the poor.

Where, however, these unnatural parents happen to belong to the higher grades of society, their cruelty is in nearly every instance characterized by an almost diabolical delight in inflicting pain, suffering and humiliation upon the little ones. Everybody will remember the case of Mrs. Montagu, the daughter-in-law of Lord Robert Montagu, and a member, therefore, of the ducal house of Manchester, who deliberately tortured her child to death. And it was only the other day that people of the same social rank and possessed of a large and picturesque country seat in Cheshire were tried at the Chester Assizes for merciless cruelty toward their two children, the one 3 and the other 2 years old. The husband, who was up to that time one of the county magistrates, thrashed the infants with the buckle end of a strap, while his wife broke an ivory brush over the youngest child's head and lacerated the other infant's throat with a spoon, which she had thrust down as far as she could push it because of his refusal to take castor oil. She was accustomed to tie both of the little ones to stakes on the lawn, where they would be left the entire day in sunshine and in rain, often till 10 o'clock at night, so as to be out of the way.

The son-in-law of the late earl of Londesborough, too, was prosecuted at the Huntingdon Assizes a few months ago for disgraceful cruelty to his children, treatment all the more inexcusable seeing that they were not dependent upon him for support, but had been provided for under the will of their grandfather.

Nor is it only in England that cruelty to children is shown to exist to a far more terrible degree among the wealthy and cultivated classes than among the poor. Thus in Italy, as well as in France, the statistics of the criminal courts show an infinitely larger number of convictions of the well-to-do than of people belonging to the humbler walks of life. M. Ferriani, the procurator of the government at Rome, in a report which he has recently published on the subject, cites the case of a woman bearing a patrician name and belonging to the most exclusive circle, whose greatest pleasure used to consist in thrusting needles into the flesh of her little girl; of another mother of similar rank who delighted in putting lighted matches up her little girl's nostrils, while in a third case the unnatural mother used to derive her most agreeable form of entertainment from searing the body of her 4-year-old girl with a red-hot iron. Similar instances are to be found recorded among the records of the trials at the Paris tribunals during the last two years. In Sir Donald Mackenzie's book, "Holy Russia," he describes a well authenticated case of a Muscovite chatelaine torturing his daughter to death by turning her into a human pin cushion and piercing her bare body with hundreds of pins.

If any further evidence were needed of the influence of civilization upon the treatment of children, it would be found in the very noticeable change that has passed over the Japanese since they have adopted western ways. Formerly Japan used to be the paradise of children, to whom everything and everybody gave way. The principal festivals and public holidays were those organized for the sake of the little ones, and even the grown people were wont to enter with enthusiasm into their games and amusements. It was not the Mikado or the Tycoon who ruled the people of Dai Nippon, but Boya San, which may be interpreted into English as "My Lord Baby." In those good old days—and they were still in existence fifteen or twenty years ago—cruelty to children was punishable by death; and while it is perfectly true that I never heard of any one suffering this penalty, yet I never during my earlier stays in Japan saw a child mistreated. Now, however, with the invasion of western civilization, Japan is far less of a baby Eden than in bygone days. The children's festivals are losing their importance and are fewer in number, the foundations of Boya San's throne are shaken, and the face of the tiny Jap are no longer as beaming with fun, merriment and contentment as when I first went there. It is all the effect of western civilization, and I suppose that in due course we shall learn that it has become necessary to organize at Tokio a society for the prevention of cruelty to children, on the same lines of those in London, Paris and other European capitals.

Any observant American tourist in Egypt will bear witness to the singularly happy faces of the pot-bellied, and as a rule, naked little Fellah boys. The children show so well by their ways and manners that their life is entirely free from care, and that their fathers and mothers, impoverished though they are to a degree of which people in Europe and America have no conception, have other things to do than devise hellish forms of torture and humiliation for their little ones. You may travel all the way from Port Said to Yokohama, and from the west coast of Africa around the cape to Aden, touching at the various ports, without once seeing one of those poor, broken spirited, trembling little boys and girls that one so frequently meets in civilized countries. Cases of suicide among children, now alarmingly frequent in Germany, England and France, are as yet unknown among the nations which we are accustomed to regard as uncivilized and as in need of our missionary succor.

Just imagine what must have been the workings of the mind of a child who is led by the physical and moral sufferings to take its own life! And these moral sufferings are oftentimes more poignant and acute than the physical tortures above described. Nor is there any remedy that can be devised by the state for the latter. For whereas, it is within the power of the state to punish cruelty in the shape of physical torture inflicted upon children, yet how can one possibly bring within the ban of the law parents guilty of moral tortures, which ends by crushing the human spirit at the time when it should be at its happiest and at its brightest?

In the half dozen palaces now nearing completion on Fifth avenue in this city, says the New York Times, the bathroom is, in every case, a bit of fairy ingenuity. There is nothing to break the perfect harmony of color, for light and air seem to be supreme objects kept in view by builders. Light colors are universally employed in the decorations, and the room itself is placed where outside light and air stream through finely-chiseled glass or delicately-tinted cathedral windows. There are no middle, dark, unwholesome, stuffy rooms in these houses, much less is the bath placed in them if there happens to be such a spot. It is used for a linen closet or some other purpose than plumbing fixtures.

Perhaps the most perfect outfit of any of these modern houses is found in the new Vanderbilt house, where each bathroom cost not less than $5,000. There every new feature in plumbing is brought to bear, as well as costliness of material.

Cornelius Vanderbilt has in his own bathroom a porcelain tub, a needle and shower bath, douche bath, and sitz bath. In the Huntington house nothing less exists, so far as comfort goes, and the difference in the two lies in minor detail of color and material. Mrs. Henry Clews has white onyx in her bathroom, while in the house of a fashionable leader of society every detail is pink, while crystal and silver contribute an exquisite effect. The room is 12x15 feet, having an inlaid floor of delicately-colored stones forming arabesque designs in the center, with plain white marker chips running to the walls. A pink tilled wainscoating meets the enameled paper of the same tint, which is finished with an exquisite gilt and white-cornice and molding. One broad window has pink and white stained glass, so beautifully wrought as to defy description. A pink onyx mantel frames a little open fire grate with brass fittings. A mirror framed in white onyx stands on the mantel, while the same kind, but larger, covers the wall back of the wash basin. Pink onyx also forms the slab of the basin. A door leading to a closet has a mirror its whole length, as also does the door leading to the bedroom.

A superb porcelain tub is supported by four exquisitely-carved marble blocks, showing the lotus leaf, and a sitz bath is much like it. In a corner stands a needle bath formed of a stack of silver-plated pipes on three sides of a square. These are inclosed in onyx slabs, and a rubber curtain hangs at one side to protect the room from the "spouting spray" when turned on by a touch of the bather. Elegant silver-plated faucets ornament the tub and basin in the designs of a swan. Silver toilet articles stand upon a delicate little Louis Quinze table in white and gilt. One chair and just one white rug, made especially for this purpose, complete the furnishings of a superb bathroom.

When young New Englanders in the early days of the colony wished to enter the state of matrimony, they did not find it any too easy work, writes Alice Morse Earle in an article on "Courtship and Marriage in Puritan Days" in the August Ladies' Home Journal. In the first place, no young man could "make a promise of marriage" to any young woman whose fair face, or deft fingers, or sweet disposition had attracted his fancy or his affections, without first obtaining the consent of the fair one's father or guardian to thus address her. He was liable to arrest, fine or imprisonment if he spoke to her first and thus "inveigled her affections." Many a bold and headstrong swain was punished for that natural offense in early days, and I doubt not many another slyly inveigled, unpunished and undiscovered, in order to find out from her own lips, the state of affection borne toward him by the one he loved. It must have been somewhat of a damper on love making to have to make such a formal beginning, but there was no lack of marriages. Indeed, single persons were much scorned in the Puritan community. "Ancient maids" were few, and much to be pitied. Bachelors were looked upon with disfavor, were not allowed to live alone, and sometimes had to pay a weekly fine to the town as long as they remained single. With all these penalties it was plain that all would seek to marry early in life.

There are few sorrows that a salad cannot solace, and the woes are not many which will not vanish, at least temporarily, before a carefully chosen desert. The "food cure" is the best in the world for moods.

Every one observes that men retain their youth much longer than women, says the New York World. At 50 men are erect, active—gray haired, to be sure, but fresh-colored and bright-eyed. At 50 women are gray haired, dull-eyed, wrinkled and colorless. Why is the difference? Because for twenty-five years or so men have been eating good, substantial epicurean luncheons in the society of their fellow-men down town, while women have been having toast and tea and cold sliced meat with the children at home. It is no base, material doctrine to preach, that of the intimate connection between good food on the one hand and good temper and good looks on the other. Even the apostle of temperance in all directions, Miss Willard, comes home from beef-loving England and chants the praise of five good meals a day.

Have you a fit of bad temper? Eat your luncheon in cheerful society, and make it a delicious one with a bit of crisp lettuce, a taste of cheese, some toasted crackers and a cup of black coffee. You will leave the table at peace with all the world. The jostling crowd which you longed to throttle before eating will arouse only emotions of good natured interest now. Are you depressed? Dine well and the world will bear a rosy aspect after dinner. Forswear, once and forever, the feminine ascetic notion which has prevailed through the centuries, and you will be a healthier, happier mortal than you ever have been before.

Only remember that to dine well means to dine with daintiness, not to overeat, and that luncheons to be truly successful must have true regard for hygiene. Suppers may not be a cure for unrequited love and luncheons may not minister to a mind diseased, but for the "trifling" worries that sap away vitality there is no remedy so potent as well chosen food.

Romance was eclipsed by reality in the case recently heard by the judges of the second civil chamber, says the London Telegraph. A Mlle. Maquet put in a claim for £6,000, the amount of a legacy bequeathed her by M. Poncault, who recently died in America. Poncault's career was a strange one. Thirty years ago he was a simple shoeblack on the quays of Havre. Disgusted with his humble and ill-paid calling he went on board a ship bound for South America and hid himself as a stowaway. When well on the Atlantic he was discovered and pulled out of his hole by order of the captain. Luckily for himself he was able to make himself useful as a roustabout, and no proceedings were taken against him when the ship arrived in port.

Once on transatlantic soil, Poncault, who had embarked at Havre without a penny in his pocket, set to work with a will. He was everything by turns and nothing long. He roughed it for some time, and was lost to his friends in France until a few years since, when he returned home a wealthy man. He died leaving a solid fortune of 5,000,000 francs, or £200,000.

Of this sum he bequeathed £6,000 to Mlle. Maquet, but she was only to receive it on the day of her marriage. Mlle. Maquet, however, does not appear to be in a hurry to take a husband, for she asked the court to allow her to receive the money as a single woman. The judges were inexorable, and pointed grimly to the clause of M. Poncault's will in which the marriage proviso was inserted. The applicant will accordingly have to look out for a husband if she wants to benefit by the bequest of the ex-shoeblack.

"Snobbishness in education is becoming a very apparent evil in New York," said a "nobly planned" matron to a New York Tribune reporter. The lady, although a finished woman of the world, had sufficient discrimination and self respect to separate the chaff from the wheat, and who did not propose to have the simple, childlike mind of her young daughter vulgarized by this most obnoxious of fashionable vices. "This formation of classes on a social basis I consider most objectionable," she went on. "Fancy giving the charge of your daughter, intellectually, if not morally, to a man or woman who chooses his or her classes notoriously only from among the smartest set. No system of teaching, however clever, could reconcile me to such a false basis for education. It would be like making ropes of sand. Do I not believe in the power of association? Assuredly I do, and I am most desirous that my children should be only with those whose home culture is of the best. Is this found only in the smart set, think you? I trow not. And it is the snobbishness of these classes that I object to, the vulgar, pushing, striving snobbishness of some of the fashionable teachers of the day, who must necessarily contaminate, more or less, the children under their charge. And now that private classes have become a favorite method of education, I think the parents should more carefully consider this tendency as a very serious objection."

The literary pitfall is, perhaps, the most amusing of all the traps into which unwary feet lead themselves, says the New York World. In the curious sorting up of sojourning summer households its development is frequent.

At a Maine mountain house, for example, are staying a well known New York man of letters and—other persons. One of the latter, a woman, is bookish, if not wise. And the society of authors is dear to her.

"Come here, Mr. L.," she said the other day, addressing the writer referred to, and in her calm confidence of literary comraderie she did not care who heard. "Do come here and tell me your impressions of 'Ships that Pass in the Night.' It is a most amazing little to begin with. Why, there isn't a word in it about a ship or even the slightest reference to the sea."

And up in a little New England village there is a circulating library which courteously offers its privileges to strangers within the gates of the town. One such strolled into the room on its only open day of the week lately, admiring the reading instinct which made the library possible in so small a settlement. A dignified looking woman, one of the magnates of the village, sat in an arm chair looking over the catalogue to help a friend's selection.

"Here is 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' by Holmes," she commented easily. "I've never read this particular one of her works, but everything that Mary J. Holmes writes is good."

This in Massachusetts, in a town from whose high neighboring hilltop, on a clear day, Boston harbor can be seen!

"A Gypsy camp and fancy fair" is a combination title which explains itself and describes a recent suburban entertainment. It was held, of course, in the open air; a lovely wooded lawn affording an appropriate setting, and the pretty women attendants looked their prettiest in their gypsy dress. Gay plaid skirts, white blouses, red or yellow sashes, and bright handkerchiefs knotted on the head were frequent costumes. A witches' kettle was the lemonade stall, there was a grotto for the refreshment tables, a fortune teller's tent, of course, and a cafe chantant. The scheme works itself out in various ways, is easy to develop, and is both timely and novel.

An item found in an unidentified English clipping gives women smokers the advantage at least of aristocratic examples. "The empress of Austria smokes thirty to forty Turkish cigarettes every day. On her writing table there is a silver box with fine relief work, filled with cigarettes, and a gold ash tray. The czarina also yields to the passion for nicotine, but she only smokes in her boudoir. Her anxieties may plead her excuse; but Queen Marguerite of Italy, whose life is freer from care, smokes also, and smokes much, but always in solitude. The queen regent of Spain consumes Egyptian cigarettes in large quantities; ex-Queen Natalie of Servia has a great store of cigarettes of every kind; the queen of Roumania carries a little golden box filled with the same means of delight, while the comtesse de Paris appreciates only the tobacco of Havana, and her daughter, the queen of Portugal, gets her cigarettes from Dresden.

American women abroad keep up their brilliant social prestige. A bevy of them graced a late very smart English ball, that was given by Lady Londonderry on the debut of her daughter. Royalty was present in the persons of the prince and princess of Wales and their daughters, and royalty by marriage in the duchess of Teck. Of the Americans the downger duchess of Marlborough, formerly Mrs. Hammersly, was as lovely as ever in a black satin flounced with fine black chantilly, and embroidered with jet. Mrs. Henry White of the legation was in gray satin, on which butterflies were embroidered in silver thread. Her diamonds were described as "remarkable" even in that assembly. The duchess of Manchester's gown was of hyacinth satin, beautifully trimmed with silver spangled chiffon. A crown of diamonds resting on her coiffure, and her necklace and other ornaments were of the same stones. Hon. Mrs. Carington, another American, was in ivory satin, with touches of green and mauve and fine diamonds, and Mrs. Ronalds wore white brocade and a coronet of diamond stars. Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain wore an exquisite gown of forget-me-not blue satin, the skirt overlaid with crystal embroidery. Mrs. Arthur Paget looked exceedingly pretty in black satin, with berthe and sleeves of jet sequined chiffon and magnificent diamonds.

By way of a London paper, it is learned that an American woman has lately received what must be termed the most original of wedding presents. It is a musical dinner service, of which each plate begins to play a tune when put upon the table. The soup plates are accredited with marches as suiting the temper of the guest at that moment of solemnity, but as dinner progresses and wine and courses do their enlivening work, the harmonies brighten accordingly, till at dessert the covers are ringing out the maddest of polkas and galops.

Don't lean the face against marble or iron when overheated. The Philadelphia Press tells of a young woman who, after drinking a cup of hot coffee, sat down by an open window and rested her face against the cool stone casing. Grateful as it felt then, she repented her act the next day, when she was attacked by a facial paralysis that drew her features a little at one side, noticeably the eyelids and mouth. The physician who treated her said it was not an uncommon affection, and was apt to be encountered oftenest in the summer months, when persons are most careless in protecting themselves against sudden changes of temperature.

An exchange tells about a form of entertainment popular for charitable purposes in New England. This is an "Old Maid's Auction." A number of the prettiest young ladies are dressed in quaint spinster style and auctioned off. With a witty auctioneer there is a chance for much sport. An aristocratic church in Pawtucket, R. I., is one of the pioneers in these affairs, which have, however, been duplicated elsewhere. The highest price paid at one party was $1.50 for a very popular "spinster." At another church girls went as cheap as 10 cents.

Fashion Notes.

The toques, which seem almost perennial in their popularity, are very pretty and becoming.

Ringlets, real old-fashioned ringlets, are said to be a feature (?) of coming coiffures.

Autumn models make an equally scant display. The pointed shawl overskirt is mostly seen.

"Burnt straw" hats and bonnets trimmed with black are very fashionable this summer.

For afternoon as well as evening wear point d'esprit net, white or ecru over surah or batiste, is a very popular style of dress.

Long waisted slender women look very well in the new cross-over blouses that tie at the side or in the back, as is found most becoming.

The newest crepons worn are mostly shot, and many are showered with silken spots to match one or the other of the component tints.

The best dressmakers and tailors say that a dress, as well as a coat, should be fastened from the bottom up, not from the top down.

Four deep tucks in the upper part of the sleeves have a very good effect, as they stand out like ruffles and give stiffness to the material.

Many of the serge dresses are being trimmed with perforated cloth, cut out in rich patterns like lace, which is applied to collars, cuffs and revers of dresses.

English tailors have sent over some models for autumn jackets that are double-breasted and straight in front, with backs flaring only moderately below the waist.

Handsome novelties in silk and wool and in fine all wool are already imported. Those with quaint designs, creped and striped in a contrasting color, will find great favor.

The tailor made gowns are still as fashionable as ever, but are smartened up very much by long waistcoats of brocade, with chine flowers on silk, which relieve them of their former severe plainness.

"Hammock" dresses and other easy gowns for the sultry summer days are made of crepon of light ground strewn with flowers, and of batiste and flower dotted Swiss muslin, and soft undressed mulls.

The home dressmaker will take a hint from the late sleeve models. The enormously wide and topheavy "leg o' mutton" is rapidly giving way; the vogue of a full sleeve has a strong hold.

Wide lace-edged cravats of tulle tied in a large bow under the chin are worn with tulle-trimmed hats of Leghorn or openwork lace straw. They give an airy and very becoming finish to a summer toilet.

China linen is a new fabric used in making up fine underwear. It is especially suited for summer wear, having, in addition to its web-like fineness of weave, a sort of cool slipperiness to the touch that is inviting in warm weather.

There is a new double-skirted dress which by some of those who have seen it is better liked than the longer single overskirt caught up on one side. The edges of both skirts of the tunic model are trimmed, and the waist is in gracefully folded surplice form.

Draperies are talked about, but are not yet put on. The return to overskirts is something like the crinoline scare of two years ago. They were loudly heralded last spring, but they are not in evidence to any great extent in summer wardrobes.

It is to be regretted that French and English ladies' tailors are conceding to the taste for beaded, spangled and jeweled galloons and other forms of fancy decoration. New models show a lavish use of these garnitures on tailor gowns of cheviot, ladies' cloth and Venetian cloth.

Feminine Notes.

Miss Frances E. Willard is the third woman to have the right to write doctor of laws after her name. Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, and Amelia B. Edwards, the Egyptologist, were the others.

A Rational Dress association has been formed in New Zealand. Its object is to be "the bringing about of that change in woman's dress which her wider life and increased activity seemed to demand."

"Whistling for half an hour after meals is," says Mrs. Alice Shaw of whistling fame, "the best possible aid to digestion. Try it, weak-chested, slender-throated sisters, and profit by my experience," she adds.

There is not a shadow of foundation for the report that the duke of York was married previous to his union with Princess May of Teck. The report of a previous marriage was obviously invented to cause pain and annoyance to the royal couple.

In Syria the people never take off their hats or turbans when entering a house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. There are no mats or scrapers outside, and the floors inside are covered with expensive rugs, kept clean in Moslem houses and used to kneel upon when praying.

A cry from Montreal is of the scarcity of domestic servants in that Canadian city. In such straits are housekeepers there that they are said to visit the city prisons looking out for a possible maid among the inmates, and willing to engage such questionable persons at the end of their terms of imprisonment.

Mrs. Ewing sums up the matter of hygienic eating in a few wise words: "Divest yourself of prejudice concerning food. Partake judiciously of all articles of diet that are in general use. Avoid a great variety of dishes at a meal. Be regular in your eating habits. Taste nothing except at meal time. Don't eat too much."

Women's colleges are beginning to get the plums of gifts whose like has long been the share of colleges for men. The recent present of $10,000 from Mrs. Fiske of Boston to Wellesley is to be used in building a new cottage there. Vassar is constantly getting legacies and gifts. How long will Barnard have to beg for her due?

The dislike of Englishmen for the knickerbocker costume adopted by women bicyclists everywhere and naturally therefore in London, has almost reached the stage of legislation. A bill has been prepared, but not yet presented in Parliament, prohibiting the wearing of these garments by women in the public streets on or off a bicycle.

The princess of Wales is a great lover of animals, and has so many dogs at Sandringham that she cannot keep count of them. Every morning she goes to the kennels, and the dogs, let loose to welcome her, are so wild with delight that they jump upon her so frantically as almost to knock her down. A special favorite of the Sandringham kennels is Venus, who was a pet dog of the late duke of Clarence.

The Christian Woman's Exchange of New Orleans encourages an art interest and opens new avenues of remunerative work for women in Louisiana by offering, as it does, two medals—a gold one and a silver one—for the best decorative design for wall paper, textile fabric, fresco carving, pottery, book covers, wrought iron, stained glass, tile floors, tile mantels, art embroidery and the rest of the list. The competition closes March 1, 1895.

AUTUMN TINTS AND TONES.

Some Recent Creations in Fashionable Woman's Wear.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—The new tones in brown for autumn and early winter show a decided tendency toward red reflections. Burnt flower, auburn, mahogany, rust color and autumn leaf are the names by which some of them are known, autumn leaf being hardly more than a dull red with bronze shadows, which show only in folds.

These shades are all more effective if made up in plain wools touched somewhere with velvet in a deeper tone, but some of the latest materials in them show checks, plaids and even stripes, accented with a thread of definite red or gold.

Along with the red browns are seen the peculiar dull leaf shades deepened and melting into indistinct greens.

The old fashioned snuff brown, so becoming to fair, high colored complexions, will also be much worn; and for this shade Persian embroidery or black Russian fur make the handsomest trimming.

Bishop's mantle, a deep, rich violet that suggests the time honored royal purple, is one of the new tones for camel's hair and ladies' cloth. In fantastic stuffs wrigo, a curious eccentric tint touching on peacock blue, is the latest novelty. Other new colors for either silk or wool are petunia gray, which has an atmosphere of pink, beef's blood red, bottle blue and wallflower yellow that looks as if lightly dusted with brown.

Turquoise blue, in slight touches of velvet or satin, makes an effective bodice garniture for dull leaf brown costumes.

When the velvet is used it is generally only a wide shirred collar, rolled belt and cuffs, but a lately imported visiting toilet in this combination showed an entire tight-fitting vest of the satin, over which fell a loose blouse of white oriental gauze, spangled with turquoise.

The skirt of this costume was of deep leaf brown velvet, untrimmed and cut bell shape with a full wavelike effect about the hem in front, and the back stiffened with haircloth to fall in straight outward lines. Over it hung a long two-pointed tablier or drapery sharply V shaped back and front of crepe cloth in a paler leaf tint; this was heavily bordered with a Persian embroidery introducing the two leaf shades and the turquoise stones. The round bodices of the crepe cloth had a seamless back and huge gigot sleeves, and coming from the right under arm seam was a girdle scarf of the crepe that passed under the blouse and fastened at the left waist line in a full chou.

To be worn with this toilet, charming in spite of its fantastic tendency, was a short square cape of the deep leaf velvet lined with turquoise satin.

Along with this costume—which, by the way, is to be a part of the trousseau of an early winter bride—was a smart Louis XIV. jacket of striped yellow and black satin, to be worn with a black, net-trimmed bengaline skirt. The full blouse vest of this jacket, which was intended exclusively for the theater, was of white mousseline de soi fastened at the throat and waist line with a long, narrow jet buckle. A rich, jet beading also outlined the large revers and deep square cuffs, and it was lined throughout with yellow shot silk. Another exquisitely dainty garment in this trousseau was a Hading evening gown of stiff ashes of roses silk and short draped sleeves of Point d'Alencon.

For this same trousseau another exquisite frock has been prepared. It is made of heavy watered silk of creamy tint, the only garniture being a hugely big canary-colored bow at the bottom of the skirt, on the left side. The bodice was of the same material as the skirt, made in the Louis Treize fashion. The corsage was low, the shoulders sloping effect and trimmed with a fall of point lace. About the waist was a belt of rich cut jet, two inches wide and fastened at the left side with a smaller canary-colored watered silk ribbon bow. The voluminous puffed sleeves were finished at the arm with a band of the same jet as the belt.

Of course the bride is supplied with innumerable fancy waists, of saffron satin with huge sleeve draperies of black chiffon and black underaleeves sparkling with jet embroidery.

NINA FITCH.

THE BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY

Recollections of the Event by One of the Leading Participants.

VIEWED FROM THE TURRET OF A MONITOR

Admiral Stevens' Review of One of the Famous Naval Contests of the Rebellion—Three Hours of Fierce Fighting.

(Copyright, 1894, by S. S. McClure.)

It is very probable that Admiral Stevens on the night previous to the battle of Mobile Bay looked forward to the doubtful result with considerably more equanimity than he did to the day on which he had promised to tell me for publication the story of the famous fight.

For, while old warriors enjoy among themselves the re-fighting of past battles, the majority of them hesitate from admitting the public at large to their confidence, and the admiral was no exception to the rule.

By dint of perseverance, however, I attained my point, and the admiral consented to tell how the battle was fought and won.

On the day appointed I called at his home in Washington—it is but a stone's throw from Du Pont Circle, where the sculptured figure of his former commander, Admiral Du Pont, stands a solitary watch—and found the admiral pacing up and down his library with the slow, measured tread of the quarter deck.

One to have looked at the man who greeted me would have found it hard to realize that he had not only seen forty-five years of active service in the navy, but had been for the last twelve years on the retired list as well, for his step was as firm and his eyes were as bright as though he had but just come into his first command.

"You see the decks are cleared for action," he laughed, motioning me to a seat, "and I place myself under your orders. What shall it be first."

"First," I replied, "tell me about the two opposing forces, and the defenses of the blockade port."

THE UNION FLEET.

"Our fleet," replied the admiral, "was composed of fourteen wooden ships and four monitors, one of the latter, the double-turreted monitor, Winnebago, being my command. The confederate squadron under Admiral Buchanan was composed of the ram Tennessee, the most powerful ironclad of the confederacy, and three gunboats. This squadron lay inside of the bay, and to reach them we had to pass up a narrow channel, the entrance to which was salted with torpedoes, while on either side stood confederate works—Fort Morgan on our starboard side and Fort Gaines on our port. A narrow passage not over 100 yards wide under the guns of Fort Morgan had been left unobstructed by piles and torpedoes for the use of blockade runners, and through this passage Admiral Farragut intended to take his fleet."

"The battle took place in the morning, did it not?"

"Yes, on the early morning of August 5. At 5:30 the signal came for getting under way from the flag ship, and the fleet steamed away from its anchorage, slowly toward the distant forts. As they proceeded, the ships took up their assigned positions, and while the order of battle was being established the crews went to quarters and cleared for action.

THE ORDER OF BATTLE.

"The order of battle was well defined; the wooden ships were lashed together in couples, and advanced in column. The Brooklyn and Octorara led, with Farragut's flag ship the Hartford, and her mate, the Metacomet, following.

"The four ironclads in single file steamed abreast of the leaders, on the starboard side, so standing between the fleet and Fort Morgan, the monitors being so low in the water as to enable the wooden ships to fire above them.

"A little after 6 o'clock the national colors were hoisted at the mastheads of the wooden vessels and displayed upon different parts of the monitors; at the same time the first two shots of the battle were fired by the leader of the monitors, the Tecumseh, at Fort Morgan. These were not followed up, however, as a slight delay occurred, caused by our straightening out the line of battle.

"This being accomplished about 7 a. m., the fleet steamed ahead once more, and ten minutes later Fort Morgan opened fire on the Brooklyn. The Brooklyn immediately replied with her bow rifle, and at once as the other vessels got within range, the action became general along the line between the fort, the monitors (with the exception of the Tecumseh) and the fleet. The wooden vessels in approaching used only their bow guns, reserving their broadsides until abreast of the fort.

"As the leading vessels of the two columns came abreast of the fort, the Energy's gunboats steamed out from behind Fort Morgan, and forming in line across the channel, just before us, delivered a raking and telling fire upon the fleet.

ABREAST THE ENEMY'S WORKS.

"At 7:30 the leading vessels of the fleet were abreast the works and by their heavy broadsides kept the enemy's fire down so that the latter did but little harm. At this period, becoming uneasy lest my pilot should take the Winnebago too close to the sand point running out from Fort Morgan, I walked from the after to the forward turret of the vessel to direct him to give the point a little wider berth—during the war I always fought my monitors from the deck instead of from the tower, as I found it more convenient—as I walked forward I saw the Tecumseh in the lead followed by the Manhattan (both were monitors) about 150 yards astern of her, the Winnebago being about the same distance astern of the Manhattan. In the smoke of the battle this was about the limit of the vision. Possibly I may have been five minutes in conversation with the pilot, by which time we were abreast of Fort Morgan, into which we were pouring grape and cannister; we were so near the fort that at intervals, above the roar of the battle we could hear distinctly the officers in the fort directing the fire of the batteries.

THE TECUMSEH GOES DOWN.

"I had turned to leave the pilot, intending to go to the after turret, but when midway between the two I halted, startled by a series of loud cheers and yells, coming apparently from all directions. Looking forward to discover the cause, I saw to my consternation the Tecumseh going down bow foremost with her propeller revolving rapidly in the air. The rebels' torpedoes had done their work too well. You know the fate of her gallant commander, Craven; how, when he and the pilot, after the torpedo exploded, made instinctively for the narrow opening leading from the turret, and how Craven drew back and said, 'After you, pilot.' The pilot was saved, but Craven, with the rest of his crew, with the exception of about twenty, went down with the Tecumseh.

"For a moment I was stunned by the appalling disaster. The wooden ships which but now were belching forth broadsides of destructive missles gave forth but a feeble fire, while the sudden increase of the vigorous and pitiless fire from the fort, the Tennessee and rebel gunboats told of our confusion and the advantage gained by the enemy.

THE FLEET ALL TANGLED UP.

"Looking aloft from the deck of the Winnebago while the hulls of our ships were obscured by the smoke of the battle, I could see by the flags flying from the different vessels the confusion in the order of the fleet, which seemed to be all tangled up. The leader of the column, the Brooklyn, with her consort stopped and then began to back; this move put the other vessels out of line and threw some of their bows toward the fort, which raked them severely; the guns of the wooden vessels, by their position, were rendered mainly useless, and the monitors almost alone kept up the fire. During this trying moment the survivors of the unfortunate Tecumseh had not been neglected. A boat from the Metacomet had gone to the spot where the Tecumseh had sunk and had picked up the pilot and the remainder of the crew. These were brought on board of my vessel and at once taken below to the sick bay, where their injuries were looked after.

"Farragut's great genius for war now came to his aid and enabled him instantly to grasp the situation and apply the remedy, thus preventing what would have been otherwise a most complete and crushing disaster. From his position in the Hartford's rigging he hailed to know what was the matter, and received the reply:

'TORPEDOES AHEAD.'

"Another man might have faultered at the problem which now confronted him—not so with Farragut. Without hesitation he gave the order to the commanding officers of the Hartford and Metacomet, which were lashed together, to go ahead at full speed, and at the same time made signal for close order.

"The Hartford dashing to the front, the line was straightened out, and the other vessels swinging into close order had the effect of restoring the line of battle—order grew out of chaos, men sprang to their stations with renewed vigor, the roar of the guns sounded anew from the union fleet as it swept over the line of torpedoes to meet new foes in the formidable ram Tennessee and the supporting vessels of the confederates, which lay in line across the channel and which poured in a raking fire upon the approaching union fleet.

"Our ships crossed in safety the line of torpedoes, but as they crossed the torpedo cases were heard knocking against the bottom of some of the ships and the primers snapping, but none of the torpedoes themselves exploded.

THE ENEMY'S GUNBOATS DISPOSED OF.

"When Farragut with the wooden vessels had reached a point which enabled him to bring their broadsides to bear upon the enemy's gunboats, the latter were quickly disposed of. It was at this time that the dashing and gallant Jouett, casting off his command, the Metacomet from the Hartford, made after the Selma, whose fire had been particularly destructive in its effects upon the Hartford and other wooden vessels, and after a spirited chase and protracted defense, made a capture of her.

"During this time the ironclads steamed up the bay, having remained behind to keep down the raking fire of the port and water battery on the port column as it moved up the bay—our orders were to remain behind until the last wooden vessel, the Oneida, my previous command, had passed.

"The Oneida had been knocked into helplessness by the enemy's shells and was being pulled past the forts by her consort, the Galena.

"As she passed us and as we closed in upon the wooden vessels I saw the Tennessee pass to her starboard and attempt to deliver a broadside. Failing in this the Tennessee passed under her stern and at the same time delivered a raking fire, which cost her commander, poor Mullany, an arm.

A TIMELY RESCUE.

"The Tennessee then made for the Oneida with the intention of ramming her, but giving orders for full speed, I took position between the ram and her intended victim, when the ram, seeing before her an ironclad instead of a crippled wooden vessel, sheered off.

"The crew of the Oneida, who were expecting to be rammed, leaped upon the rail and cheered heartily as the Winnebago passed by.

"After this incident the Tennessee refrained from further attacks upon the wooden vessels and retreated to a safe anchorage under the guns of Fort Morgan, where she had the company of a confederate gunboat, the others having been captured or sunk.

A CHANCE FOR BREAKFAST.

"The union fleet had now passed the rebel works and was some distance above Fort Morgan, and as active hostilities had ceased, our men were given their breakfast. Breakfast had hardly been begun, however, when signs of activity were noticed on board the distant ram, and a few minutes later, at ten minutes before 9, she was reported approaching.

"Although her action in attacking the entire fleet was a surprise, yet it was just what Farragut wanted, for he intended to have attacked her that night with the monitors.

THE TENNESSEE GETS HER PUNISHMENT.

"As the Tennessee approached signal was made to the monitors to destroy her, the Monongahela, Lackawanna and Ossipee being directed to ram her if possible. The action was brief, but decisive. The entire union fleet beset the ram, which made a gallant fight, but nothing could withstand the galling fire poured in by our vessels at such a range. Her smokestack was shot away, as was also her tiller chains, and she floated helplessly down the bay, followed by the Chickasaw, while we on the Manhattan and Winnebago were running for her and pounding away, with the others hovering about for a chance to ram her.

"The Tennessee endured this hammering unable to reply for twenty minutes, at the end of which time her flag was hauled down and hoisted on a boat hook, which was thrust through a grating. This was not noticed, and the fire of the fleet continuing, Johnston, her commander, went on the roof of the shield and waved a white flag. As he stood there, the Ossipee was bearing down at full speed, intending to ram; she passed me as I stood on the deck of my sluggish craft and Le Roy, her commander, and I exchanged greetings.

"On seeing the white flag displayed the Ossipee's helm was put over and her engines reversed to prevent a collision, but her momentum was too great and she banged into the ram with a crash.

A RECOGNITION.

"As the two vessels came together Le Roy appeared on the forecastle and sang out: 'Hallo, Johnston, old fellow! how are you? This is the United States steamer Ossipee! I'll send a boat alongside for you! It's Le Roy! don't you know me?'

"And so ended the battle of Mobile Bay; it had lasted but little over three hours, but they were hours of many minutes. Our casualties amounted to 129 killed and wounded, to say nothing of the pounding our ships received."

"It was a grand fight," said I.

"The grandest I ever was in," the admiral answered with enthusiasm.

And then I left him, but I had to walk many blocks and hear many street sounds before I could drive from my mind the roar, the clash and the glory of the battle of Mobile Bay.

STEVENS VAIL.

Getting Even.

Washington Star; "You barbers do a heap of talking, don't you?" remarked the inconsiderate man as he took his place in the chair.

"Some of us do," was the answer.

"People are always kicking in the comic papers about you having so much to say."

"Well," replied the tonsorial artist, "in some cases I don't blame them."

"Why not?"

"Because it's unquestionably impolite for anybody to make