Woman's Domain.

PRETTY FANCIFUL GOWNS.

Picturesque Frocks a Brunette, Chatain and Blonde Will Wear to a Hallowmas.

Halloween, perhaps, more than any other fete, supplies possibilities for picturesque and effective gowns, and the end-of-the-century girl is not the one to let them slip by.

A very fashionable wardrobe now owns, along with other dainty evening toilets, a Halloween supper frock, which may be made in any mode, but which, to be just the thing, should suggest, in some way, night itself. Tints vague and intangible, hinting of darkness or the white cool moon, are preferred over glaring dark colors.

As to ornament, there may be some curious jeweled night fly fastened somewhere, perhaps spangled in the hair, and if flowers are used, they, too, must propitiate the powers of night in wanness and thick perfume.

The dread witches, who on All Halloween have the threads of fate in their keeping, are said to be difficult ladies to please, but somehow one hopes they will smile on the wearers of these charming gowns and provide them suitable husbands. The originals of these dainty costumes, which were suggested by three famous French pictures, were all made by a nimble-fingered New York girl for a Halloween supper. They are to be worn by herself and two sisters, three distinct types; and along with their exceeding effectiveness they have the merit of having involved comparatively little expense, being all fashioned from materials at hand, some lengths of a marvelous Chinese drapery, a few yards of thick liberty satin bought in better days, and a thin, scant old tambour muslin slip, relic of a long dead great-grandmamma and tea cup times.

FOR A BRUNETTE.

The first dress was for the dark, handsome elder sister of the little Cinderella dressmaker—the type that goes with stiff-

TO MATCH BROWN EYES.

ness and stateliness and rustling textures. It was of the liberty satin in a dim luminous tint, too blue for gray and too gray for blue, and that will show off the wearer's rich malskin to perfection. The girdle drapery of graduating ribbon lengths and bows was of a faint dead tea rose color. This subtle and delightful tint, together with black, repeats itself in the simple but decorative embroidery at the bottom of the wide skirt. The tiny chemise gamp is of white mull, and the short balloon sleeves are stiffened with tarlaton. To be worn with the dress, as well as the next one, both of which were entirely uncrinolined, were petticoats of hair cloth, with tucks of large round organ pipe plaits, to hold the skirt on in the present approved fashion.

FOR CHATAIN COLORING.

The second gown, though perhaps not quite so enchanting as the first, was more suggestive of the witcheries of Halloween. It was of the Chinese silk drapery, in tone copper red, and with a fantastic patterning of black bats. The girdle and low neck decoration are of black velvet, and square jet buckles fasten the latter down at intervals.

The very daintiest feature of this paniered gown, however, which in style recalls somewhat little beflowered Dolly Varden, is the undersleeves, made to show off a rounded young arm and drive envy to the soul of womankind. For every woman who is a real woman has a weakness for lace, and these adorable undersleeves were made of the charming old net lace embroidery in back stitch of the long ago.

It, came, like the tambour muslin, from grandmamma's garret, where, when Halloween is over, it is to be hoped, it will be carefully put back.

A GOWN FOR A BLONDE.

The third and last dress, a tiny hint of the directoire period, is the tambour muslin slip

FOR A BRUNETTE.

itself, sinfully modernized. Once white, it is now evenly mellowed to a soft caressing yellow, which is further accented by a puffing of pure white chiffon about the neck and skirt bottom. The sleeves are of a rich heavy brocade, in black and white, and the belt and crescent ornaments are of silver.

This costume is to be worn to the supper by the little dressmaker herself, and its scant picture lines are sure to become her slim, shortwaisted young figure.

And may the ghost of sweet dead grandmamma not come back to reproach her for desecration.

MOCK SUPPER FOR HALLOWE'EN.

An Amusing Entertainment for the Boys and Girls.

A very funny entertainment for Hallowe'en is a "mock supper." The supper is spread in the dining room; and if the boys and girls do not enjoy it almost as much as a real supper they will be different from the party of young people who tried it last year on a small scale, and who are going to repeat it this year on a very much larger one.

For the mock supper let all the boys and girls assemble in the drawing room or the play room, which is the one usually devoted to Hallowe'en plays. And let the conversation drift toward the supper.

"What would you like best for supper?" the hostess asks one of her little guests—Johnny Giles, for example.

"I would like white grapes," replied Johnnie.

"Very well, Johnnie," says the hostess, "You shall have some white grapes to take home with you."

Next she asks a little girl what she would like best for supper. "I would like currant jelly," answers the little girl. And that is the way the game goes on. "Turkey!" exclaims one of the boys. "Pears," says another. "I would like nuts and raisins," decides a little girl. And then she changes her mind. "No! Give me bon bons."

At last, when all have told what they would like best, a very loud bell is rung with a great deal of strength; and into the dining room march all the boys and girls. And there upon the table are all the things asked for.

In the center there is an immense dish of fruit—grapes, pears, apies and peaches. At one end there is a very brown turkey and at the other is a beautiful ham all dotted with pepper and dressed with fluted ribbons. On each side are jellies and in great dishes are cakes, bon bons and ices.

"We will not have supper now. I am going to give it to you to take home with you. Johnnie, here are the white grapes you wanted."

And taking a great bunch of the clear, light green beauties out of a fruit dish, she turns to Johnnie, who wonders what is to happen next. As he takes the grapes he presses one of them and bursts out laughing. "You are not to eat the grapes here," cautions the hostess.

"No, nor anywhere else," laughs Johnnie, "because they are made of wax."

Next comes the handsome mould of currant jelly for the little girl who wanted it. The jelly is suspiciously light in weight and the little lady looks at it closely and says: "Why, it is made of celluloid or something like that."

The turkey turns out to be a bird of brown silk with wooden feet. He is stuffed with cotton. The pears are hollow, with an outside of rough, hard-baked sugar, and the bon bons are papier mache. The nuts and raisins are rubber and wood—very excellent imitations.

After the little guests have sufficiently admired their gifts and are beginning to get a little hungry from gazing at such good things about them a servant announces supper and all go into another room, where a table is spread in precisely the same way. But this time the turkey is real and the cakes and bon bons and fruit are good to eat.

A Hallowe'en supper is usually given at the regular supper hour, 6 o'clock, or even 5, and is a feast in every respect. Any delicacy may appear upon the table and the hostess can put her little guests at ease by suggesting that each one tell a story, taking, perhaps, the Hallowe'en gift for a subject. And so Johnnie tells a story about a turkey gobbler he once owned. And the little girl with the currant jelly tells how she once made jelly or picked currants; and so all the guests have a little story to tell.

After supper there is a little dancing in the drawing room and by 9 o'clock the guests go home, each taking along a small pasteboard box in which lies the Hallowe'en souvenir. A great deal of laughter is caused by the fact that the turkey is too large for his box and has to depart with his feet sticking out of one end.

"A mock supper makes the funniest Hallowe'en I ever spent!" is the verdict of the boys and girls so fortunate as to be invited to one.

GIRL HARPISTS.

A New Accomplishment for Fashionable Girls.

To fit the fashion of our resurrected grandmother's gowns, worn low over the shoulders and crinolined skirts, with hair brought over the ears and loosely parted down the center, comes the harp this winter as the fashionable instrument for young girls to play.

Banjos and mandolins are laid aside. Whether the instrument has come in from the eternal fitness of things or not, girls, to be smart, should train for the harp.

It not only requires good execution, strong fingers, but Delsartean poses to make it picturesque.

Quite a number of New York young girls are preparing for this winter. Their mothers are having them trained in a most proficient manner, that they may play at the afternoon receptions in their own parlors. Lovely gowns are fashioned for these children in soft old colors that harmonize with the yellow of the harp. The music is soft and full, not too brilliant to hush all other sounds, but serving as a delightful accompaniment to the singing or talking voice.

An instruments costs from $300 to $800, quite as much as a piano. Lessons are rather expensive, too, but the whole does not cost more than an education on the piano. The only difficulty comes in hardening the fingers. This is difficult. The thumbs are protected, but the other fingers will suffer during the first months and nothing but continuous practice will remedy this.

One of the most charming little players now in New York is Miss Lucia Larrest of Washington Square. She has an exquisite harp and plays at most of her mother's entertainments, and when school duties do not interfere she is allowed to lend her talent to some of her mother's friends. Her playing is exceptionally fine and as she is very graceful she makes a dainty picture sitting before her great instrument in some flower-bowered corner of a drawing room.

Beautiful Buttons.

"Who's got the button?" is a question Dame Fashion asks of her followers just now. There is no doubting the fact that buttons, of all sizes, varieties and especially prices, are to be the vogue this winter after being mummyfied for five years.

Hooks and eyes will yet play their important part, for these buttons are meant to adorn, not to use. No top coat but has its huge buttons, which may be used, if preferable, and no tailor gown is without its array. Cloth plays no part in their makeup, for metal is the favorite material.

A shop is offering now for sale some for top coats or walking jackets of covert cloth and cheviot, great ribbed onyx ones with carved mother-o'-pearl figures on them. Some designed for sportswomen have a splendid bloodhound's head with a whip in its mouth as the cut figure, which stands out in artistic relief from its dark background. These are $1.50 apiece. Others designed for a cut velvet Louis XVI. dinner coat that is to have revers of point lace, are exquisite miniature set in rhinestones. The heads are those of Marie Antoinette, the Dauphin, the little Princess, and of Louis XV. Mme. du Barry was there and Mme. Pompadour, also Charlotte Corday and Jeanne d'Arc. These articles range anywhere from $5 to $8 apiece.

Turkish buttons—three inches in circumference, of dull silver are studded with blue stones and brilliant wheels of gold, set with imitation amethysts and emeralds. These last are $10 a dozen. One of the handsomest species is bought over from France and costs $50 a dozen. They are sun bursts of finely cut rhinestones mounted on wires of gold and are designed for satin and velvet toilets for evening.

Their variety is infinite, but one must own a few to be in the mode this season.

THE NEW PETTICOAT.

Silk petticoats, flimsily made and unlined, may once have been pretty, but to the maiden up-to-date they present no attractiveness, because they are weighed in the balance and found wanting in utility. They wear out rapidly and add not a whit to the stand out effect the skirt must now have.

The new petticoats are made with a taffeta lining then interlined with hair cloth, not grass cloth, for the latter loses its stiffness rapidly. The hair cloth is put on after this fashion: A bias strip, sixteen inches wide, is cut exactly by the lower pattern of the skirt, then put between the two linings, as far as the side gores extend. In the back width this is placed in all the way up to the belt, and put into two large box plaits, as the skirt material should be done. This gives the flare out from the waist at the back which is grievously tending toward bustles. Nevertheless, on a slender person it is distinctly becoming.

Gown makers do not favor the making of the petticoat, after the very full manner of the skirts, for it interferes awkwardly with one's walking; still, the hem must flare considerably to lend countenance to the new dress skirt, and many petticoat makers are putting small steels in the hem to produce the enlarged flare so desired by those who are gowned in the extreme. This, also, is grievously tending toward hoopskirts, but as the fashions change, so do our minds, and the new effect is considered very fashionable and pretty.

ABOUT UMBRELLAS.

Never was there a feminine heart that didn't delight in umbrellas, and surely the designers knew it, for they rake every artistic instinct in their souls to devise and satisfy this longing.

Handles of gold and silver are children of a day that is done. They were cheaply imitated, and smart women put their real ones aside in disgust and took to those of wood.

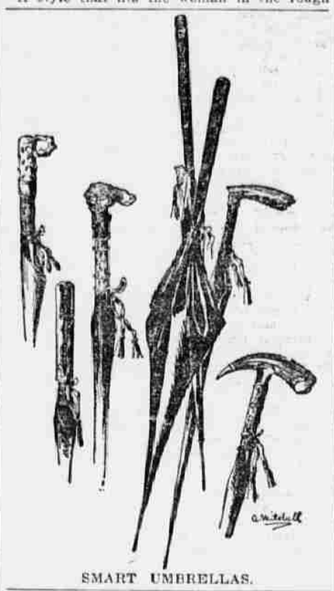
This set the pace to those who were not modish folk, and fashion whirled from the mineral to the vegetable kingdom.

And now we have umbrellas of finest silk with handles of wood, on which the artists place many designs. The favorite shapes in handles are long and narrow. One odd variety of newest build is of gnarled imported wood, without a semblance of polish, ending at the top in a grotesque or picturesque head made of bisque. One is of a little Dutch boy, with a water lily inverted over his head. Another ends in a cross legged Brownie, and others in red tomatoes, with the four green leaves at the top.

Those of rough wood, with large cherries sprinkled over the handle, are sold, but are not a bit smart in tone.

The preferable ones are carved in long slabs that are tipped with silver or twisted in a circle, at the end that the owner may slip her hand in to hold it better.

A style that fits the woman in the rough



SMART UMBRELLAS.

tailor gown is built similarly to a man's cane, having a broad claw of wood or burnt ivory, tipped with silver, placed at right angles to the handle proper.

Burnt ivory is very fashionable still, especially if mounted with narrow filigree silver bands, and some devices show an elf's face, carved intaglio into the ivory, surmounted by a cap of silver. Very dressy umbrellas have handles of plain mother-of-pearl, fashioned columnlike; others have a large amethyst or emerald laid into the metal at the end. But women who dress modishly don't go in for any of these styles as much as they do for the rough or scented wood, twisted and turned and capped charily with silver.

A word as to the care of your umbrella. Never put it ferrule downward when wet. If you can't open it and allow it to dry at its best, which is the correct method, then place it handle downward, so there is no chance for the drippings to remain in the tip and rot the silk. Again, never go out with your umbrella unrolled when not in use. It is a world of saving if the cover is always kept on it, to say nothing of the smarter appearance it makes.

TEA DRINKING,

Boston, Philadelphia and New York Indorse Different Varieties.

The tea statistics of the United States show an increased importation of almost 10,000,000 pounds between the years of 1891 and 1894. The importation for last year alone was 97,682,327 pounds. These enormous figures mean but one thing. We are becoming more like our English cousins in their love for "the cup which cheers but does not inebriate." And while it is not probable that Americans will ever substitute tea for coffee in the morning, the afternoon tea is becoming more of a recognized institution yearly and less of a fad.

It is a curious fact in the tea trade that certain cities in the United States distinctly prefer certain different kinds of tea. For instance, Foochow goes mainly to Philadelphia. The cultivated Bostonians discuss Browning over a cup of Formosa Oolong. Japan teas are preferred in the western cities. New Yorkers cling to the thoroughly proper Congou or English breakfast tea.

According to importers, tea does not lose its flavor in being brought here, and if made here as it is made in China, would have precisely the same bouquet. This is due to the careful way it is packed. The same rule which applies to the housekeeper applies to the importer. Tea should be used as soon as it is opened. Housekeepers should buy it in small quantities and always keep it airtight in a dry place. Tea a year or two old depreciates greatly in value.

Tea should be drunk from two to five minutes after it is made. It is not necessary to let it steep.

The Chinese put the dry leaf in the cup and pour the fresh water just at boiling point over it. The sap which is secreted in the stemmy structure of the leaf is all that is good. This exudes in from two to five minutes. If allowed to stand longer the chemical quality of the leaf destroys the flavor and renders the tea indigestible and injurious. As for the woman who has her teapot standing on the stove all day and takes a cup whenever she feels weary, according to tea men, it is a special dispensation of providence that she does not drop dead on the spot.

In China and Japan the work of cultivating and preparing tea for the market devolves principally upon the women. Tea grows on bushes from three to five feet high in plantations similar to cotton. In form the leaf is similar to the smaller petals of a rose. For the arduous labor of picking, drying and rolling the tea leaf women receive from 10 to 20 cents a day. The cultivation of tea has been tried in the southern part of the United States, but owing to the small wages paid Chinee laborers, we can not compete.

One of the interesting features of China to tourists are the tea houses. Chinese draperies, screens, lanterns and fans form the principal decoration. The low tea tables are covered with Chinese paper and the exquisite cups and saucers would gladden the heart of a curio collector. They are usually presided over by a matron and her several daughters. They all know a little English and are extremely polite. When a stranger appears on the threshhold the daughters immediately surround and fan him, while the mother bustles off to make a cup of tea. He is not asked if he wants it—that fact is taken for granted. If he hesitates and does not drink it as soon as it is handed to him, in very attractive broken English they urge him to drink it before it spoils.

The only teas which have at all the stimulating effect ascribed to alcohol are the Congou, Ceylon and India teas. Of course, then they are made of more than the ordinary strength. We do not dring tea anything near so strong as they do in England. In China, where it is the national beverage, they drink it in smaller quantities and oftener, and always without milk or sugar. Putting rum and cordials in tea is a thoroughly European and American idea, and would impress the Chinaman, if he were familiar with that flavor, of "painting the lily."

The purest teas are Oolong and Congou. There is a little coloring matter in green tea, but not enough to be injurious. For their own use, however, the Chinese never color their tea. For the very best quality one should not pay more than a dollar a pound. More is a fancy price. Nothing, probably, indicates so clearly the hold tea has upon its drinkers than the fact that hard times never affect the quantity sold. There is a demand for inferior qualities, probably, but even with the poorest there is always enough tea in the cupboard for a cheering cup.

It is very interesting to watch a tea taster at work. He is seated before a round revolving table, on the edge of which are several dozen cups. At his feet is an enormous funnel shaped cuspidor. Into this he spits the tea, after tasting. For a tea taster to ever swallow the tea is an unheard of thing. In the center of the table is a pair of scales. A nickel five cent piece is the only weight used, its balance being the regulation quantity of tea used for each cup. Two cauldrons of boiling water splutter on a gas stove.

Turning the table around, the taster investigates each cup in turn. He decides upon their respective values and quality by the fragrance, the brightness of the leaf, its formation (the smaller and closer the better), the color and taste of the tea. So accurate do these men become in their judgments that they can frequently pick out the different brands used in a cup of mixed tea. Nor does time impair these peculiar faculties, but rather seems to develop and sharpen them. There has never been a woman tea taster. The prevailing opinion is that with tea, like wine, a woman's palate lacks discriminating appreciation, and unqualifies her for the position.

MASSAGE CURES.

Sprains and Bruises Treated Most Effectually by Rubbing the Injured Parts.

A professional friend surprised me by saying he wondered why men wore black eyes when there was no necessity for it.

Half an hour of massage, judiciously applied, after the injury, he added, would prevent any such ugly condition. Massage, he continued, is a restful cure for many ills folk know, but to how many uses it can be put remains an unknown quantity to the laity.

"Bpt about the eye, doctor?" I asked.

"As soon as the injury is received the hands should go at once to work. No scientific passes are necessary, just the primitive knowledge of how to rapidly and firmly move the fingers over a given spot. In ten minutes the 'blueness' is fading and at the end of thirty minutes no 'blackness' is visible.

"It is better and surer treatment far than any amount of raw beef, salves or poultices."

This method does not only apply to the eye, but is good for any blow or fall which produces "blue marks."

Should a child tumble down and limbs or back be hurt, nothing one can apply will as quietly prevent coagulation of blood or soreness as instant massage.

The why and wherefore is quite simple yet wise. The blood is congested as the skin is struck, especially in soft boneless places of the body. The clots prevent newer and better blood passing into the bruised veins, and the transparent skin reveals the dark condition. Manipulation of this skin by the fingers loosens the clotted blood and carries it off, thus restoring a normal circulation.

This remedy is so simple that it will possibly be forgotten, but it is a rather good bit of wisdom to keep stored away for time of emergency.

Many physicians are applying massage for fractures and especially for sprains.

I saw a woman who had a bony growth between the joints of the wrists and who had to submit to its being broken, undergoing frequent massage for its cure. It was the only medicine applied.

Also nothing is so effective for a sprained ankle. The patient should, if possible, rub the joint of the ankle all the time, and have massage delivered by others four or six times a day. Not only is the cure as speedy as under other doctoring, but also the constant relief afforded to the soreness reacts on the nervous system. The same method applies to a sprained wrist or shoulder, and it is excellent in case of a sprained back.

In the case of fractures massage is being applied in the place of splints. True, all patients do not prefer it, for the constant friction of the hand on a very sore spot is not always soothing. It creates frequently intense pain for awhile, but the sensation is not lasting. However, some physicians claim that splints, as mechanical apparatus for perverted bones, is disadvantageous, because it weakens. The muscles are 'shelved' for the time being, and the blood is not in good circulation; whereas in the instance of massage all functions are stimulated by the quick circulation into which the blood is put.

LIVING PICTURES FOR HALLOWE'EN.

Old-Fashioned Games Are Made Pretty and Novel for Young and Old.

Paring an apple to discover a set of initials, eating a pear in front of a looking glass in a dark room, pulling a head of cabbage, and the old-time ducking for apples are played this year in a new way. They appear in a tableaux. As many boys and girls can be in the tableaux as desire. And for an audience there may be the younger brothers and sisters of the family and the elders who played these games in a different way long ago.

First there must be a large frame built. It is better to have two frames. One need be only large enough to show off a single person. But the other should be as big as a group of boys and girls, or about half the width and height of the room. The frames may be of simple pine, unplaned; and any boy with a hammer, saw and nails can make one of them so that they answer the purpose nicely. Fasten the frame that is to be used for the first tableaux in an upright position so that it stands in front of the audience; and you are ready for the performance to begin.

For the first tableaux, the one with the apple peeling, select a pretty mademoiselle with long hair braided down her back and a gown that is copied after a picture you may find in an old book. A dark blue dress made in old Dutch style is very pretty for a tableaux; and if the young lady is old enough, she may braid her hair and band it around her head in a way grandmama will suggest.

The tableaux shows the apple peel upon the floor, where it has been thrown by the anxious Hallowe'en girl, while she bends over it to read its initials. In her hand there is a peeled apple and a silver fruit knife.

The tableaux of eating a pear in a dark room is managed by darkening the room and putting out the light back of the picture frame. At one side of the frame, looking in a glass, stands a young girl eating a pear, while the only light in the room is from the candle in her hand.

The merriest living picture of all is the old-time ducking for apples. All the children can take part in this, and the large frame must be used. In the center stands a tub of water. At one side is a boy who has just lifted his head, all dripping, from the tub. Besides him is another youngster with his head apparently submerged in the water, etc, until the whole group is nicely placed in picture fashion. All eyes are centered upon the boy who has bobbed up with an apple tightly clutched in his teeth.

Pulling a head of cabbage is managed thus in a picture. A pretty girl sits blindfolded in a scene made to represent the kitchen. In her hands there is a big cabbage, just pulled from the ground. Her friends stand around laughing while her eyes are being unblinded. A head of very red cabbage adds to the picture.

All the old-fashioned Hallowe'en plays can be made thus in the living pictures with the result of novelty and entertainment for all.

A Suffolk Street Hallowe'en.

An October Romance.

Civilizing people in poor and bad quarters of great cities, through the medium of gentle and agreeable surroundings, is one of the specialties of theosophy. Suffolk street did not exactly resent civilization, but it took coldly at first to the reading room and boarding house for working girls theosophy set before it. Such things, being good, they might stand, was its silent decree; and then it went on calmly reading its Russian and Polish and Italian and Hebrew and all the other languages necessary to its multicolored taste and requirements. It was entirely owing to the witcheries of Halloween and the inconsistencies of a frilling little god called Cupid that theosophy got its first boom on Suffolk street.

That morning the young lady of the new reading room had said to Anita, the fruit seller, that she would give a little Halloween entertainment in the evening if she were only certain of a few guests from the neighborhood. This Anita told to honest Wong Lee, the laundryman, who in turn told it to all his customers, and toward night it bore fruit.

The boarding house and reading room, no more than the boxed off floor of a huge warehouse, were up a high flight of steps like a ladder. The young lady in charge of them both, the reading room girl, got them in beautiful order, and when at 5 o'clock somebody knocked at the door, she said "Come in" quite gleefully. A tall, slim girl in a plain brown dress and with a shawl over her head responded. She had a skin like the heart of a jessamine flower and the sublime brow of the Sistine Madonna. But when she spoke, though low and gentle, her voice was a musical suggestion of only East New York. Her name was Emily Anderson. "Emily," she said, and she was a paper box maker, living just around the corner with her widowed mother, and she had heard all about the Halloween entertainment, and she wanted to know if anybody could come who was respectable and knew how to behave.

"Yes; won't you come?" said the reading room girl.

"Well, I guess I will," said Emily, after a moment. "And maybe I'll get some other girls to come and a young feller or two; but you needn't be afraid of any scrappin' going on. I can keep them as good as gold! You see!"

The reading room girl said she knew she could. Then they both began talking as if they were old friends, and Emily told the secret that was weighing on her mind.

She had broken with her sweetheart, who though not exactly "tough," had a quick temper, and was given to occasional "sprees." "To tell you the truth," admitted the lovely madonna, frankly, "that's just why I want to come here tonight.

"There's going to be a dance 'round to the Sullivan's—pretty bad egg, Joe Sullivan, just loves whisky—and if I go, Dave'll be sure to be there—his name is David Finn, and he's a plumber, and dead sure he'd pick a row with anybody just to make me speak to him. But I ain't ever agein' to do it. I'm just dead sick of rowdies, and I'll never marry none on earth. I've just broke with him for good, I have, and I'd go to the ends of creation to jump the sight of him!"

Then Emily hoped that if any of the "boys" should come that night the young lady wouldn't make them "mad" by talking religion.

Then she went down the steps sniffing suspiciously.

It was quite plain to be seen that though the hot tempered and spree-loving Dave had lost the madonna's respect, he had still a warm place in her woman's heart.

At 8:30 in the evening, true to her word, Emily went back to her boarding house, but with a big, brown, good-looking young man alone. Who, but Mr. David Finn, the plumber himself. The rowdy, broken with, discarded sweetheart!

She presented him coolly, and without other comment than that "the rest of them" would go to the Sullivan dance, she fell into silence.

The reading room girl and a tall young lady in a fashionable pink dress, who had come in to help with the Halloween festivities, tried to draw her out in vain. She would say "yes" and "no," and then go back to her thinking, looking all the while like some beautiful holy picture.

The disgraced Dave, on the contrary, proved a genial guest, and with a surprising talent for roasting chestnuts and apples just to the point. He was a winning rascal, too, on his own account, with a curly, brown head and a big boy guffaw that would have touched a heart of stone. Yet at 10 o'clock Emily was still strangely silent.

She did not even smile, not until the second masculine guest of the evening arranged a long row of twelve candles in little tin props on the floor and lit them.

This gentleman had come all the way from Harlem to keep the peace on Suffolk street, if it should be necessary; and he now informed the ladies that they were to try their fates by jumping over the candles. These represented in rotation all the months of the year, and the candle extinguished by the jumping would be the month of matrimony. If they put out none at all, that would be a sign that they were to be old maids.

The reading room girl jumped first and was at once laid on the shelf of single blessedness. The young lady in pink knocked over two candles, which proved she was to be married twice.

And then it came Emily's turn.

Emily had been holding back, looking on with the ghost of a laugh about the corners of her divine mouth; and now, without a bend she stood up and gathered together the simple folds of her brown dress. Poor Dave, lovesick to the ears, flamed red as a peony. "One, two, three," counted somebody, and, with a running jump, the madonna whisked over the month of March.

"Oh, Miss Anderson," said the girl in pink, as the smoking candle lay on the floor, "you will be married in five months."

The reading room girl kissed her without a word, and Dave again changed color, but this time from red to white. Then somebody else declared that the claret mulling in the kitchen would be ruined, and after they had all run out to see, Emily said quite simply to Dave: "That's all right, Dave."

"You see," she explained afterwards to the reading room girl, her fast friend by now, "it was like this. I knew there'd be ducking for apples at Sullivan's, and going down the steps backward, and all the things to put men in a temper when they've took on too much beer, and I just made up my mind Dave shouldn't go, and maybe get in a shindy and be showing up at Essex Market Sunday along with fan-tan Chinamen and Dagoes. Any woman can keep a man straight if she wants, and there ain't many in the world as good as Dave. So, when I seen him in the street that night I just calls out: 'Hello, Dave! You wanter go to a Halloween entertainment?' 'Don't I!' he says. And then I wouldn't speak another word but just to come along; and I don't think I'd have married him on earth if I hadn't come here and knocked over the March candle."

And so, though the whole of Suffolk street has not yet been tamed, two loving and divided hearts are made one, and Halloween and theosophy are without doubt good things.

NINA FITCH.

Feminine Notes.

A new design in stick pins is a coronet of enameled gold or of precious stones.

White onyx set with diamonds is a new combination seen at the jewelers' this autumn.

Imitations of Venetian and Spanish point lace are very largely worn on dresses and mantles.

Bunches of ivy leaves on fall hats are a novelty that a Parisian modiste has made popular.

Tailors' canvas is used to stiffen skirts at the bottom, and a light weight mohair is used to line the back.

A pretty sealskin cape has a tightly fitting yoke of fine, black Persian lamb, with a deep ruffle and storm collar of sealskin.

Skirt trimming is chiefly confined to a narrow band at the bottom, but an occasional panel of velvet, lace, or embroidery is seen.

Embroideries come in great variety, beautifully worked in shaded silks on black velvet, and made more showy by gold, silver, or steel spangles.

The Figaro and Eton jackets have not yet gone out of fashion, as many of the imported frocks have these jaunty little jackets.

"Tell the amateur dressmaker," says an authority, "that she can successfully press the round seams of waists and sleeves over the kitchen rollingpin."

Lady Jeune, who is so fond of having young literary lions and lionesses at her "crushes," has written a book called "Later Questions." She is the wife of Francis Jeune, Q. C.

Mme. Courvreur, better known under her pseudonym of Tasma, has been appointed Belgian correspondent to the London Times, a position made vacant by the death of her husband.

Among the pretty novelties for theater wear are dressy collars of Venetian point edged all around with a band of sable, while some of them are worked with jet, steel, or colored spangles.

A stylish model for a fancy silk waist has double puffed sleeves and a wide revers-like collar, which is square in the back and trimmed with a bunch of embroidery and a ruffle of silk.

"Lecturettes" is the latest addition to our language. It comes from the land of "Lady Mayoresses and lady palntresses," and seems to mean an informal talk—sort of froth of a lecture, perhaps.

A novelty in a bodice for a black velvet costume has a front of ermine fastened under the arms and on the shoulders, and over this is the black velvet bolero with elegantly embroidered revers.

A black skirt, elaborately trimmed with ivory tinted guipure, and worn with a bodice and sleeves of rich dark red crimson velvet, adorned with the same lace, is described as a very stunning gown.

Bodices may be made with or without a basque, or they may have a dozen, separate from each and falling like leaves from the waist all round. These are sometimes very elaborately trimmed.

Miss Ethel Harraden, the sister of the author of "Ships that Pass in the Night," has written the music of a fantastic opera entitled "The Taboo," which has been successfully given in London.

Black satin seems to have supplanted moire for all purposes of trimming, but moire in varied patterns, and also striped with color, is still in vogue for skirts and sleeves, combined with chiffon waists.

Pauline Hall was one of the first actresses to use a bicycle. She took the exercise as a precaution against an increasing tendency to embonpoint. Georgiana Cayvan, it is said, is fond of riding a wheel.

There is to be a great run on black gowns, some new coarse woolen crepons being particular favorites in this negative tint. The lining will very often be in color, such as yellow silk or perriwinkle blue.

A new shape for a tea cozy shows a square of linen, with a cock embroidered in red upon it. Two sides of the square are left open and two sewed together, and the cozy was put over the pot cornerwise.

White satin continues to be first favorite for wedding gowns. Chiffon, mousseline de soie, tulle and handsome lace, with a distinct leaning toward the latter—if the purse is long enough—are used for trimming.

The latest sable boa is made of two skins, so arranged that the head and paws hang down on either side almost to the waist. Smaller ones encircling the neck are made to fasten with a spring, ending in a multiplicity of tails.

Women have been waiting for something which would hold their hats on, in lieu of the spiking pin. This seems to have arrived in a little English invention, which is an ingenious arrangement of two curved pins, that, sewed into the back of the hat, grip the hair in a way that defies any wind to loosen.

Reports from German universities say that more women than ever before have applied for admission to the various departments, and the gymnasia at Heidelberg, Mannheim and Weimar are almost overrun with students. The days of prejudice abroad against women and their capabilities seem to be numbered.

The reputed best woman chess player, Mrs. Baird, the wife of a retired naval surgeon, has composed several hundreds of problems, some of which have appeared in the Illustrated London News and other periodicals. Her first problem, she says, took her just upon a hundred hours, but now she can often turn out one in half an hour.

Miss Virginia Fair has a fad for fans. She owns the largest and most expensive private collection hereabouts. They are all for use, too, and match her costumes, of which she has hundreds every year. Miss Fair did not set out with the idea of making a collection of fans, but the number has increased until she has come to have a justifiable pride in them.

The Baroness Adolph de Rothschild has, like our Duchess of Hamilton, a particular affection for cows. At her Brittany villa, in one of the walls of her boudoir, is a sliding panel of plate glass, through which she can see into the cow house, or rather cow palace, wherein the animals feed out of marble mangers and are milked into solid silver pails.

Capes have lost nothing of their vogue, being recognized universally as the most useful if not the most ornamental garment extant. As the season advances they are gradually increasing in length, and some of the latest models are shaped like a flaring gored skirt, the seams covered with rich galloon, jet bands or very narrow strips of fur, imparting a striped effect to the cape. Sometimes three or more materials are used for the same cape—velvet, moire, jetted net and fur.

The tailor costumes for utility uses—shopping, traveling, walking, etc.—are made with round skirts that just clear the ground all around, either in gored shape or in modified bell form. Soft but rough-surfaced heather mixed tweeds, wide wale diagonals, English serges and cheviots are used for these suits. The coat is long-skirted and shows little or no fur trimming even on the collar and revers. The suit is simply machine-stitched, or finished at most, with rows of narrow braid, and en suite is a cape collar of some sort of dark fur with medium-length stole fronts. This collar is not fastened to the coat, but is independent of it, and to be worn with any other out-of-door costume.

Alsatian bows appear to be the special garniture for most of the hats and bonnets of the season, whether made of velvet loops or of silk and satin ribbons, or of lace, fur, and feathers arranged to give an Alsatian effect. Soft ostrich plumes are curled away from the front on each side, two or three together, and held by a curved buckle of jet or Rhinestones.

Some of the heavier camel's hair goods, cheviots and English tailor cloths have the popular frise effect in stripes, dots and plaids, and others have stylish borders for the skirts, some having the appearance of bands of cloth in rich colors, on which are woven rows of perforated velvet in graduated widths, the perforations showing pretty glimpses of the contrasting color of the cloth beneath.

CONNUBIALITIES.

Persistent Suitor—I neither drink, smoke nor play cards. Dear Girl—Do you think I'm going to marry a freak?

Miss Ethel Ingalls, the eldest daughter of ex-Senator Ingalls, was married last Wednesday in Atchison, Kan., to Dr. Edward Giles Blair.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Turrell of Litchfield, Mich., have just celebrated their ruby wedding, marking the sixty-fifth anniversary of their marriage.

A society belle was told that her fiance was a foolish fellow. "I guess he is," she admitted. "It seems to me the smart men have quit marrying."

Miss Mary Wentworth Morrill of Providence, R. I., is to marry Field Marshal Lieutenant Johann von Roskiewicz of Austria late this month, at Trieste.

Miss Young—I hear that Bessie Blueblood has married an Italain count. Mrs. Placid—Maybe so. I heard a hand organ playing "The Fatal Wedding" in front of their house the other day.

The latest cable news from the other side brings a rumor that the duchess of Marlborough is about to marry Lord William Beresford. The Beresfords are a race of gallant soldiers, but notably impecunious.

Tinn—Hallos, Tagg, what's that sign on your front door, "No admittance except on business?" Tagg—There have been so many young men calling on my daughters and their visits have been so fruitless that I have adopted this plan to reduce the surplus.

If a girl is going to give a present to a young man whom she likes pretty well, she will make no mistake to select a fancy china cup and saucer, even if he is a bachelor. He may propose to her some day, and then the cup and saucer will be quite handy in the family.

An interesting event early in this month was the marriage at an advanced age of Mrs. Stirling, the talented and popular English actress, to Sir Charles Gregory, who is 76. As an actress Mrs. Stirling enjoyed an exceptionally long stage career, extending over fifty-three years, from 1833 to 1886.

A native officer who attended the wedding of the duke of York has been giving his favorite newspaper upon his return to India a graphic account of the festivities. Here is an illustrative gem: "Afterward the chaplain came and performed the ecclesiastical prejudices in accordance with the laws of Christianity, and prayed some prayers out of the bible."

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Guaranteed to remove wrinkles and every trace of age. Price, $1.50 and $3.

Yale's Mole and Wart Extractor.

Removes and destroys forever moles and warts. Price, $3.

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Pimples, Black Heads and Skin Diseases cured with Mme. Yale's Special Lotion No. 1 and Special Ointment No. 2. Guaranteed. Price, $1 each.

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