Woman's Domain.

SKATING COSTUMES.

What the Fashionable Woman Wears When Skimming the Ice.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—(Special.)—The New York skating gown is not a thing to be labeled as such. With us the frozen period is too brief, too given up to the vast unfashionable majority, to make it seem to Madame Mode as worthy of a distinguishing uniform.

With an eye toward ease and comfort, as well as picturesque effect, the ice dress may be of blanket toboggan cloth, say white, with a border of black and red stripes.

If this is considered too gay, an India blue ground and black border may be chosen instead. Grant then the dainty wearer has just turned her 16th or 17th year—only the younger fry seem to take seriously to skating in New York—and picture the costume in two pieces, a short, full skirt and a blouse, long-tailed blouse that laps well over to one side, and is bound about the waist with a gay silk or wool scarf.

The striped border forms the sailor collar and wide cuffs that turn back over the bishop sleeves, and a single blanket torn in half and sewed together with the border down may make the skirt.

Again, then something more modish is fancied, the skirt may be gored, and the border applied afterward, and to keep it from frisking around too madly, leaden weights covered with bits of the material will be sewed all along the inside hem.

The cap, or toboggan toque of thick honeycomb wool, is either worn jauntily on top of the head or well down over the ears.

The gloves may be of only heavy dogskin, but if they are of fleece-lined kid, then are added cuff tops of fur.

But, of course, there must be some sort of a snug, easy bodice to go under the outside blanket jacket, and now come we to that part of her toilet, the most fetching of all the new skating girl's get up. She wears a sweater! It is not one of those feminine things with laced front and girlish shapings, but a real mannish sweater with a high rolling collar. In form it is the exact prototype of her big athletic brother's, and if the slim sister has the true fire in her veins, it will besides be embroidered over the breast with the same hieroglyphics—or a close imitation—the same crossed flags and rings that, to be a "man" of any consequence, Jack must now wear over his strong chest. These blanket dresses are wonderfully cheap, costing complete not more than $8 or $10.

As to shoes and skates themselves, our dainty skater will borrow further from Brother Jack.

The former will closely follow his hunting shoes, which lace high up on the leg over a folded "bellows" tongue, a continuation of soft leather at each side of the eyelets, and which closes the shoe up like a riding boot.

English grain leather in black or brown is the favored hide; the toes being only moderately rounded, the heels flat, to make sure the grip of the best skates which are clamped on, and which are said to be the correct thing in the ice world. They are especially adapted to fancy skating. Another skate, however, that the hiper-athletic girl is likely to adopt is one whose qualifications are long-distance and speed.

These are promoted through the medium of a slender runner that projects far beyond toes and heels with dashing snow shoe effect, and that sends the skater to cutting the wind with the swiftness of a bird.

But, though they are allowed, the wearer of petticoats is advised against the new long skate; there is an arrangement of straps about the instep and ankle that is said at times to stop circulation and produce cold feet.

And now a peep at the skating girl who is all girl, and hasn't the least wish in the world to ape her big brother.

When next the horns of sport sound the invited to the park you will know her by her sweet blonde head and her dress of hussar blue cloth trimmed with Alaska sable.

The skirt is short and full, and is bordered with a band of the sable, as is also the bottom of the natty round Prussian basque, the throat and wrists.

The basque is double-breasted, and over the front cords are draped in true hussar fashion. When the wind blows the skirt aside it will be seen that the little lady's high black boots are topped with the same fur that trims her frock. She carries a big brown muff and wears a fierce brown beast about her throat; and cocked daintily to one side her flat, saucer-like turban of blue cloth and fir, lifts stiffly up over one eyebrow a black spun-glass aigrette.

Or again, look for a dainty brown-eyed maid in scarlet and black, and with a big Persian lamb cap drawn well down to the tips of her ears. At one side of this a red bird is perched, or two scarlet quills crossed, and her muff and short round double-breasted jacket are also Persian.

The skirt of scarlet and black broadcloth is exceedingly novel. First, there is a

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skirt of the black moderately gored and stiffened. Over this falls a kilted second one of the scarlet, that is unshaped and lifted slightly over one knee, and that is also short enough all round to permit a view of the black lower jupe; the least movement spreads it out like a brilliant fan.

Both of these last two skating costumes are songs of pure luxury—they are respectively Paquin and Felix models—but they could easily be copied in less expensive materials.

For instance, instead of the rich cloth of the hussar blue, flannel which is sold at one-quarter its price, could be used, and any of the cheap dyed black or brown furs would make an effective garniture. Astrakhan could be substituted for Persian with the scarlet and black, or again the entire costume could be made of cloth.

Or, still again, since after all it will be worn so little, there could be a lower skirt and jacket of black cider down flannel, that would make a rich velvety background for a kilted drapery of scarlet cashmere.

NINA FITCH.

Pork Cake.

It is not quite an elegant name for a cake, but as no one is required to adhere strictly to truth, the word "pork" can be dropped and "fruit" substituted, which seems to be the case as far as its palatableness is concerned. No milk, eggs or butter are required, and as the average fruit cake takes one-half dozen of eggs and a pound of butter, it means a considerable saving. It keeps well and in no respect is it inferior to pound fruit cake. Country housewives are familiar with it, and even city housekeepers are not above placing it on their tables. The ingredients are:

Fat, salt pork	1 lb
Raisins	1 lb
Currants	1 lb
Citron	¼ lb
Hot water	1 cup
Dark brown sugar	1 lb
Molasses	1 cup
Soda	1 teaspoonful

Dissolve soda in a little hot water. Have the raisins seeded, currants picked over and citron shaved, all being floured well to prevent sinking to the bottom. The pork must be free of all lean and rind, and chopped till fine almost as lard. Add the hot water, then sugar, molasses and sifted flour to make a pretty stiff dough, three or four cups full. Add fruit, and any spices desired, teaspoonful of mace, cloves and tablespoonful of ginger, or nutmeg, cloves and cinnamon. The soda is added last. Bake slowly, about two hours, in a moderate oven. Test with a straw. Leave in the pan till thoroughly cold, and then wrap up and let lay in a cool place for a couple of weeks before cutting.

If beaten well and baked nicely it is not inferior to the richest fruit cake. The whole cost for a large cake is not over 60 cents, while fruit cake with butter and eggs comes to about $1.25, and the one tastes almost as well as the other.

TOBOGGANNING.

Mrs. Levi P. Morton and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Own Private Slides.

About New York, in New Jersey, on Long Island and through the northern country generally the tobogganing season is just commencing.

Tuxedo is the place where the sport is carried to a high state of perfection.

There is a slide which is beautiful to survey; it appears to be about two miles from start to finish; it really is less than a quarter that length; at night it is brilliantly illuminated with electric lights. The slide is divided into several chutes, each of which is about the width of a toboggan. This arrangement renders steering almost unnecessary and reduces the risk of an upset or other accident to a minimum.

It is exciting, of course—a rush, a drop, a struggle to hold on, then a mad whiz along

THAT LONG CLIMB.

the slide until the end is reached. This is tobogganing, and the fun is fast and furious!

Among those members of the Tuxedo club who take kindly to tobogganing, who are, in fact, enthusiasts, are Miss Fifi Potter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Brown Potter, Mrs. Fernando Yznaga, the Lords, some members of the Lorillard family, notably Mrs. T. Suffern Tailer, and the family of Mr. Lawrence Breese.

The particularly interesting feature of tobogganing is the club house. It is quite as important as the slide. It is fitted up cosily and prettily; it is warm and bright, and often gay with flowers and other decorations; and here a jolly little supper is served for the merry coasters, with a dance to follow. A fancy dress party was given by the Lansdowne Toboggan club of Montreal, at which the governor general of Canada and his wife were present. Something of the same sort is in contemplation by a toboggan club near New York.

Out in Orange, the members of the Athletic club are devoted to tobogganing, and make good and constant use of their slide, which is complete, and as nearly perfect as a slide can be, perhaps the best of any in the neighborhood of New York. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Sumner Teall are among the members of this club who own sleds and toboggan costumes, which, by the way, are always made of gay colors, in which scarlet predominates, with coquettish little caps for the ladies, moccasins and warm gloves. Others of the Orange club are the Colgates, Hydes, Fairchilds, Potters and Bairds.

The private toboggan slides are, one at the Rockefeller place, Terrytown, another at Mr. Levi P. Morton's, at Ellerslie.

As to the practical side of tobogganing, the best toboggans are made of oak or hickory, with the straps of wood beveled on the under side, and finished with steel runners. These cost from $15 to $20, and hold five people. The toboggans are of all lengths, from three feet, just long enough for one small boy, to eight and a half feet in length, the largest size made.

At the Rockefeller slide all the toboggans have silver-plated trimmings, and are supplied with cushions made of corduroy.

TABLE DECORATIONS.

Novel Idea Developed by a New York Woman at a Dinner Party.

"How shall I decorate my table?" is the interrogation of many a hostess during the season of dinners. The empire reign has shown itself in numerous fashionable functions of late, where every detail, from table linen to flowers, including china and service, has been done after the Napoleonic mode. "But," said a hostess, known for her originality, which, however, never interferes with the excellence of her chef's dishes, "I am tired of the nineteenth century. I am going to introduce something less modern. I shall go back to the eighteenth century and decorate my table with colored sand, papier mache and statuettes."

There are those who do not consider her plan advisable from an artistic standpoint. They hold that shining glass and glittering silver on fine napery with flowers are the only elegant accessories for a dainty meal. But the custom of the last century has been taken up, and whether it proves satisfactory is only a question of time.

The table of the eighteenth century is this: Some mythologic scene is represented. The palace of Circe, who metamorphosed Ulysses' companions into swine. The palace in the center of the table is made of papier mache, delicately tinted to suggest a dwelling place. At each end are ivory statuettes and small beds of colored sand, bordered deeply by roses. Others had mirrored centers bordered by bronze statuettes, or long, lush ferns which were reflected as in water. Sometimes hills were built of flowers, with these marble or bronze figures raised on the top. And to emphasize the woodland scene tiny trees were scattered about.

Those who object to the colored sand are replacing it by arabesques of flowers, using white instead of copper-colored statuary and substituting small potted plants for the trees.

For instance, a feast that was recently given at a home where the dining room was admirably adapted for the purpose, is worthy of description. The room of dark, carved wood, had rafters almost Saxon in architecture. The gloom of the oak floor was brightened by tawny skins of tigers and moose, and from the sides of the huge fireplace great brass sconces held lamps. It was all a fitting background for an "18" century dinner. Holly was everywhere, for the holidays were not over, and its crimson berries glittered among the golden green "mistletoe" pearls.

The table for the dinner was entirely denuded of linen and polished till you could see your face in it. There really is no napery of our generation that could suitably be used, and I doubt if any was employed in those old days. In the center of the board was built a palace of Pomona, from pineapples, oranges, green and purple grapes. The beds of colored sand were replaced by beds of flowers outlined with young greenery. Here and there gleamed marble statuettes. The light came from old-fashioned boat-shaped lamps, where the wicks floated in perfumed oil, placed on the table. The wine was served from quaintly-shaped flagons of English pattery, and at either end of the table were loving cups of the same ware.

This idea could be charmingly followed out for Twelfth Night, adding a great boar's head as the piece de resistance of the menu, and twelve candle sticks placed on the table, six on either side. These sticks should be of iron or brass with chains, the shade omitted, and only white candles burned. As to the novelty of this feast, there would be no question.

MRS. GOULD'S SUCCESSOR.

A New Star Arising in New York's Social Firmament.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—(Special.)—She is young, charming and beautiful; her gowns are symphonies, her hats are dreams—in a word, she is picturesque.

Late of Chicago, she has not been long enough in New York to become identified to any great extent with its social life; but to paraphrase a line from Mrs. Browning, she is touching with extreme flounce the circle of society, and already prophets have arisen which predict that the lady—Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes—will be the next social sensation—the leader if you like, of society. Then her gowns, dinners, receptions and balls will be the talk of the town.

It used to be the house of Astor that ruled the fashionable life of New York; the Vanderbilts followed. Just at present Mrs. George Gould is looked upon as the bright particular star, and her goings and comings are heralded to the four corners of the earth.

In the natural order of things she must, sooner or later, have a successor. Will that one be Mrs. Yerkes? Without a doubt, and that she will infuse new life in society is another prediction. She is not only young, handsome and gracious, but is also literary and artistic, and believes in devoting time to study and the acquirement of accomplishments. She has a fine taste in art and, discourses charmingly and enthusiastically on the subject.

The Yerkes' collection of pictures has already a national reputation, and additions are constantly being made to it.

The picture gallery is to be one of the most superb rooms in the new palace which Mr. Yerkes is now building on upper Fifth avenue. In it will be pictures by Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Raphael, Teniers, Boucher, Benjamin Constant, Daubigny, Bougereau, Jacque, Detaille and Jan Van Beers. One of the gems of the collection is the portrait of Mrs. Yerkes herself by Van Beers. It is an excellent likeness and a rarely beautiful picture.

"Invading Cupid's Realm," a Bouguereau, which is a special favorite of Mrs. Yerkes, was exhibited at the World's fair, where it attracted a great deal of attention. This picture always had the place of honor in the Yerkes' house in Chicago, where it hung in a room where there were no other pictures; it was lighted up with incandescent lights; the room opened from the drawing room at the rear, and the picture was hung in such a manner that it could be seen from the drawing room.

Mrs. Yerkes' own particular room—her boudoir—in the new house, is being finished regardless of expense. The decorations alone will cost in the neighborhood of $25,000, and among one of the special features of note are the perfumed wood used for paneling in every available form. When finally completed and furnished with its rare hangings, tapestries, rugs and French cabinets with Vernis Martin finish, Buhl clock and a thousand and one objects d'art, it will be a veritable fairy domain.

Mrs. Yerkes is fond of pets and among her collection—why not a collection of pets as well as of coins or stamps for instance—is a French poodle of remarkable intelligence and sagacity. His precious coat is always cut in the latest and most improved style of French poodle art and he dines off silver, sleeps on down and promenades in a sealskin blanket; violets are his favorite flowers and a tiny bunch sometimes adorns the bright lavender-hued bow which he wears. The poodle has the distinguished honor of being painted on the same canvas with his mistress in the Van Beers picture.

By a remarkable coincidence, the lady's favorite flowers are the same as those of her pet poodle—Parma violets—of which a profusion are always seen in her rooms at the New Netherlands hotel, where Mr. Yerkes has taken apartments until the new house is finished. Violets abound on all sides, the air is heavy with their perfume and usually Mrs. Yerkes wears on her corsage a mass of these fragrant blossoms; such a very mammoth bunch indeed, that you naturally conclude that she buys them by the bushel and wears them by the peck.

Mrs. Yerkes is always perfectly gowned; black is popular with her and extremely becoming to her blonde beauty. She appears in a new costume nearly every day.

Her wardrobe includes costly velvets, rich satins, filmy laces and magnificent furs. The lady herself has marvelous taste and perfect eye for color. A French artist of renown is in receipt of a yearly income which runs up into the thousands; it comes from Mr. Yerkes and is given in exchange for the rare and exquisite designs which he makes for Mrs. Yerkes' gowns, dresses and costumes. Costumes for the street; dresses for receptions, balls and dinners; gowns for breakfast, tea and one's boudoir. The design goes from the atalier of the French artist to the atalier of the French dressmaker, and when finally the finished garment reaches my lady's presence it is a thing of beauty, although not a joy forever. The piece de resistance of Mrs. Yerkes' opera cloaks is one of cloth and silver lined with brocade of a shade of pink which is seldom seen anywhere but within a seashell. There is a border of swansdown about the cloak and a clasp in which sparkles a diamond and an opal.

Mrs. Yerkes is a blonde of pure type, with curling bronze-colored hair, a radiant skin, and large yet delicately molded features. She is unusually tall, and carries herself with extraordinary grace and dignity.

Watering House Plants.

Probably more than one-half of the failures with window gardening arise from mistakes in watering. In theory, watering is a simple operation. All that we are supposed to do is to give to our potted plants the requisite moisture for their needs, in lieu of the rains and dews they enjoy out of doors, and are deprived of. In practice, however, this "requisite" amount calls for a good deal of judgment. Aside from certain elements absorbed from the air, all plants are fed and then growth provided for by various chemical substances found in the soil and appropriated by the plant's tissues. These substances must be first dissolved and made diffusible by moisture, ere they can be carried up in the form of sap. The water not only conveys this food, but is necessary in itself to fill out the tissues, and to give necessary fluidity to the sap.

Too little moisture means a shrinking and hardening of plant fiber, and a cutting off of nutrition, and the plant dies of water starvation. Too much water means a continuous flooding of the soil, that drives out the air in the soil with its life giving oxygen, and produces a sodden, sour state of the earth that produces in its turn chemical changes that are poisonous to the tender feeding roots of plants, and the plant dies of water dyspepsia.

The true secret of successful watering can be summed up in this rule of twenty words: Whenever plants are thirsty, give water to reach the bottom of the pot, then wait until they are thirsty again. A drop of water to a thirsty plant is a tantalization, but to a plant already standing in moist earth, an added flood is an aggravation, quite enough to send most plants into a fit of sulks, for plants can be sulky and contrary quite as well as humans.

If water is needed at all, the whole plant craves it, and not the top roots alone. To facilitate the water reaching the bottom of the pot at each watering, nearly an inch of space (more if the pot be a large one), should be left between the top of the soil and the rim of the pot; otherwise, the water will run off the top before enough moisture has been soaked in to reach the lower part of the pot. Do not be afraid of using plenty of water. Water that is promptly absorbed or that drains readily off will hurt no growing plant. It is the stagnant water and soured soil that injure plants, to avoid which plants once watered should have no more given them until that is absorbed, and the soil commences to get dry, when the same liberal watering should be repeated.

There is no inflexible rule as to how often to water. In very cold weather plants need much less water than at any other time, and in a warm room pots dry out much faster than in one kept at a moderate temperature; and, lastly, some plants require, and some absorb water, faster than others. The most senseless moral rule on earth is to water every plant in the window every morning, whether they need it or not, as though they were run by hydraulic clock work. The next most senseless rule is to give a taste of water and no more to a plant, as though what is food to the upper roots would be poison to the lower ones. The sensible rule is to water plants when they want water, whether it be one pot or twenty that demand it, and give enough to satisfy them.

WHIMS OF GENIUS.

Singers Susceptible to the Influence of Fragrant Flowers.

Realism discredits the romantic picture of a diva singing in a bower of bloom, for she who aspires to be a Lind or Patti must forswear the dewy violet, the enchanting mimosa and the stately, snowy lily.

Most professional singers, on agreeing to sing at drawing room musicales, insist that flowers must be conspicuous by their absence, and the abhorrence exhibited by certain artists for any heavy perfume is often discussed.

The "mondaines" who have been thus prevented from decorating their parlors until they glow like a Japan spring, shrug their shoulders and murmur that this is one of the innumerable whims of the spoiled children of genius; but on further investigation this "artistic caprice" bids fair to be proven an inconvenient fact. It is maintained that strong perfumes undoubtedly affect the voice and that the odor of fresh flowers is more potent than their distilled essences.

Some great throat specialists admit their belief in the injurious effects of perfumes

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upon the laryngal organs; others claim that the belief in the disastrous effects of sweet odors has been impressed upon the minds of vocalists, and that finding themselves in a perfume laden atmosphere they suffer from fear, which causes a nervous constriction of the throat.

However this may be the pupils of a number of foreign conservatories are not permitted to wear flowers or to use perfumes.

The flowers that are most in disfavor with singers are those which the ungifted majority hold dearest; mimosa, violets, hyacinths, all of the fragrant bulbous tribe, tuberoses and lilies.

Would an artiste twine the delicate, delicious bells of the freezia in her tresses she is reminded of the bug-a-boo tale of the lovely young singer whose lover sent her a bouquet of the tuberoses she loved; inhaling their perfume with rapture, she strove to trill out her joy—behold! her voice had left her, and she was doomed to silence for many months.

Would the diva raise the dark, fragrant violets to her lips? A detaining hand stays her. She has not forgotten Mme. ——, who, burying her face in a bouquet of the flowers she loved, tripped on the stage to face the critics for the first time and was unable to utter a note.

Upon consulting a number of singers I find that many of them refuse to have flowers about them at all, saying that they do not sing easily in a perfumed atmosphere; others, again, state that they have given the matter no thought and have suffered no inconvenience.

Most throat specialists agree, however, that strong perfumes are injurious to the larynx.

All of this goes to prove with how much consideration must be treated the throat that wins the golden ducats; for the possessor of it must never know extremes of heat and cold, must not have even a bowing acquaintance with wine or highly spiced foods and must never regard the "rose upon her balcony" as blooming for her.

Considering these accompaniments to the success of prima donnas the discontented aspirants may do well to thank heaven for the "golden gift of mediocrity."

Charming Caps for Modest Heads.

Caps that adorn the heads of women on the shady side of 50 are lovely in design this winter. Their shapes have altered somewhat, perhaps in concession to the fashionable English bonnet that clings far back on the coiffure and droops over the knot. The new caps adopt that droop.

They are built on a crescent of crinoline carried back to a point, and fall almost to the nape of the neck, obtaining a less sprightly, but more graceful effect than formerly.

Point d'esprit is the favorite material out of which to fashion them. It bears "doing up" better than other laces, and has more freshness. A new web lace brought over from France is adaptable for the very dressy ones. It represents as nearly as art can a dainty bit of cobweb caught on the head, whose divisions are outlined with narrow ribbon. It is most effective.

These caps are the easiest of headgear to fashion at home. Some of the ultra stylish affairs for morning wear are made of handkerchiefs. Fine linen with a bit of narrow lace rolled on by hand, daintily embroidered ones with scalloped edges, even sheer muslin with tiny dots (or) fleur-de-lis in color, are used.

I saw some that were most artistic in this variety displayed in a Broadway linen store. The foundation was the useful half-moon of stiff muslin, a ruching of d'esprit lace laid on to soften the face line. The handkerchief was put on in a jabot, the extreme point falling over the knot of hair at the neck, and bunches of baby ribbon in palest colors ornamented it.

Others have four full plaitings of point d'esprit about a tam o' shanter of fine muslin, with a broad, flat bow in front. A crisp little one of rose plaited lace has a stiff pom-pom in front with a bow of heliotrope velvet, one loop standing erect, the other falling to the back.

A very few have this ubiquitous buckle. A small rhinestone crescent fastens a flat bow of pink velvet, two tiny gold circles form the base for a couple of narrow ribbon rosettes. However, when an ornament is used on a cap, it is generally conceded that the occasion of its wearing should be of much formality.

Fashion Notes.

Moire silk petticoats lined with horse hair are worn to keep the voluminous dress skirts well flared out at the bottom.

Tea balls of Dresden china are newer than those of silver. They can be had, if liked, mounted on a silver standard.

Metalasse, a material much in vogue a few years ago, is again coming to the fore, but is produced only in two shades—navy blue and black.

Dashing capes for wear at the theater are of red perforated cloth, over black moire silk, with garniture of black ostrich feather bands.

A charming gown for evening wear is of maize colored satin with a bertha of soft lace. The skirt is encircled with bands of heliotrope velvet.

Velvet ribbon in enormous quantities and in a variety of colorings and rich effects will be used for decorating spring gowns for both day and evening wear. Some of the flowered gauze ribbons for millinery uses will have as a finish a narrow bordering of velvet on each side.

The evening gowns are Paris creations. One is of black velvet with an embroidery of gold. The bertha is of white chiffon. Another is of pale pink moire with white lace.

A pretty costume for a girl of 10 for ordinary wear is made of blue serge with a shirt, coat and vest trimmed with bands of white cloth. The revers are faced with white and white pearl buttons trim the fronts.

A stylish waist for a cream satin skirt trimmed around the bottom with sable tails is made of turquoise-blue satin, draped with ivory open-work cloth, made elegant by an applique of steel and turquoise.

A picturesque evening cloak for a little maid is a large, full cape of fleecy blue cloth warmly lined, and finished at the neck with a hood shaped like a jelly bag, lined with white silk and edged with white fur.

Cheviot, camel's hair and tweed, of both English and Scotch manufacture, will still be utilized for smart tailor-made gowns, being especially adapted to the artistic development of plain, straight styles.

Sample cards of spring goods show, among other attractive materials, "Persian suitings," that in appearance are similar to the high-priced checked cheviots and silk and wool novelty fabrics from foreign looms.

The latest novelty in millinery is the picturesque hat called the "Dane," whose broad brim is woven from narrow velvet ribbon intermixed with moire of the same width. The crown is of velvet, the garniture consisting of flowers and feathers.

"Silk-warp Trilby" is the name of a very pretty material to be used for next season's street and traveling costumes. It is in Jacquard effects, and in evening colors the tints are as delicate and handsome as silks costing nearly double the price.

The "Bengaline Lansdowne," which will be placed upon the market next season, resembles the all-silk bengaline so long popular, except that the cord in the new makes is not so pronounced. It will be used for entire costumes, and also for accessories.

It is rumored that green will become more and more fashionable as the season advances, and to accord with popular taste emeralds will be the favored gems. Any kind of jewelry that is quaint and old, and harmonizes with the color of the toilette is considered the mode.

Feminine Notes.

Mme. Casimir-Perier, wife of the president of France, has organized a crusade against the use of birds' breasts and wings for decorative purposes.

The Kansas State Grange passed strong resolutions at its recent annual meeting in favor of woman suffrage and elected women to six of its thirteen offices.

The duchess of York spends her leisure time in winter in making clothes for the poor. She is so deeply interested in her charitable work that she has little time for amusements.

The prize offered by the Chicago Woman's club for the best research work in the natural sciences done by a woman in the Chicago university has been awarded to Miss Elizabeth Cook, fellow in physiology.

Another American woman has become an English countess. This lady, who was Miss Corbin, married Mr. Walpole, nephew of the earl of Oxford, and the earl having lately died, leaving only two daughters, the title goes to his nephew.

The women of France have raised 300,000 francs ($60,000) for a memorial to the late President Carnot. Mme. Carnot has expressed a wish that the sum may be applied to the relief of poor widows with children, the Academy of Moral Science to distribute the said sum.

Lady Wilde, mother of the aesthetic and poetic Oscar, is a suffragist. Though no longer young, according to years, for she is past 70, her mind goes on untiringly. Her latest endeavor has been to secure for women titles similar to those conferred upon men as recognition for deeds performed or for personal merit. Lady Wilde lectures for woman's rights.

Rumor is constantly remarrying Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris. Last summer the bridegroom selected by gossip was General H. K. Douglas of Maryland, but the notion of the alliance has been dropped by the newsmongers in favor of one between Mrs. Sartoris and Frank H. Jones of Illinois, first assistant postmaster general. Mrs. Sartoris, it seems to be accepted, is too attractive a woman to be left in widowhood.

Miss Jean Day of Boston is a skilled piano tuner. This young lady is meeting with the opposition which a woman always encounters in entering upon a novel line of work, but she has given complete satisfaction to those who have committed their pianos to her care. Miss Day was being educated as a musician and showed great promise, but was compelled to quit her studies owing to the partial failure of her eyesight.

Isabella Beecher Hooker, one of the women foremost in progressive lines of thought and work, is the late Henry Ward Beecher's sister. She is an ardent suffragist, and though past 75, spends much of her time writing and lecturing for the advancement of the cause dear to her. She spent the past summer in her country home near Hartford, Conn., entertaining guests and working as usual.

Miss Sibyl Carter is living quietly in St. Paul in the intervals of her itinerancy. She is the apostle of progress among the Indian women of the northwest. This missionary some years ago returned to America from China, determined to devote herself to the civilizing and Christianizing of our aboriginal women by means of feminine work. She taught them to make lace. They showed remarkable capability and fondness for the art, and so artistic and beautiful is their work it is in great demand wherever it is exhibited.

What Cashiers Have to Stand.

Somerville Journal: Bank Cashier—I have no doubt, madam, that you are the person to whom this check is made payable, but in accordance with the rules of the bank I shall have to require you to be identified.

Indignant Lady—I have no doubt, sir, that you are a thorough gentleman, but under the circumstances I should require some undisputed evidence of it before believing it.

Vital Statistics

Show that 30 per cent. of all deaths which occurred in this country last year resulted from diseases of the throat, chest and lungs. Why was this? Simply because, in many instances, the victims were negligent and did not realize their dangerous condition, and in others the proper remedy was not employed. The frightful mortality resulting from these diseases can be largely reduced, provided precaution is exercised and the right remedy used.

Ozomulsion
TRADE MARK

will cure these diseases if taken in time and as directed. It has a positive and direct action on the causes which produce them. It is unlike any other preparation in this respect. It is a scientific preparation of Ozone, Guaiacol and Cod Liver Oil. It has proven its worth by restoring to perfect health thousands of patients who had been given up as lost. They are alive today, willing witnesses to its marvelous power over these very common, every-day disorders. *It is the kind physicians prescribe* for Colds, Coughs, Consumption, La Grippe and all Pulmonary Complaints, Scrofula, General Debility, Anaemia, Loss of Flesh and all Wasting Diseases.

KUHN & Co.,
15th and Douglas Sts.,
OMAHA.

Cash is Money
Good Credit is a Perfect Substitute.

We are delighted to sell you goods for either Cash or Credit. Cash, of course, NEEDS no Guarantee. THE INTEGRITY OF OUR WAGE EARNERS and our faith that the West offers them steady employment, IS SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE to us of their credit, especially when that credit is employed in Furnishing their Homes.

So, whether you drive in a Coach-and-four; own a Yacht are behind a Counter; wield a pen; drive an Express Wagon; are a Freight-Handler, or what not,—only assuming that you have some regular occupation—we want and appreciate your Patronage, and are glad to extend to you our MAGNIFICENT CREDIT SYSTEM, with the numerous other advantages which we possess in furnishing your homes complete.

These are our Terms.

CASH, or

$10 worth of goods, $1 per week or $4 per month.
$25 worth of goods, $1.50 per week or $6 a month
$50 worth of goods, $2 per week or $8 per month
$75 worth of goods, $2.50 per week or $10 per month
$100 worth of goods, $3 per week or $12 per month
$125 worth of goods, $3.50 per week or $14 per month
$150 worth of goods, $4 per week or $16 per month
$200 worth of goods, $5 per week or $20 per month
$250 worth of goods, $6 per week or $25 per month

In Our Stove Department

Base Burners	$11.45;	worth $25.00
Oak Stoves	$6.25;	worth $15.00
Cannon Stoves	$3.45;	worth $7.50
Parlor Cooks	$8.48;	worth $20.00

Very Special

All Wool Ingrains	45c;	worth 75c
Heavy Union Ingrains	34c;	worth 60c
Tapestry Brussels	45c;	worth $1.00
Good Window Shades	19c;	worth 50c

EXTRA

Hardwood Chamber Suits	$10.45;	worth $22.50
Good Bedsteads	$1.75;	worth $3.50
Parlor Suits	$29.75;	worth $50.00
Rockers	$1.75;	worth $3.50
Oak Center Tables	$1.25;	worth $3.00
Couches	$6.00;	worth $12.00

OPEN MONDAY AND Saturday EVENINGS ONLY.

People's Furniture & Carpet Co.
1315-1317 FARNAM ST.

OREGON WEATHER FOR JANUARY

Average at Portland, Oregon, for the Past 22 Years.

(From Government Weather Bureau Records.)

MEAN AVERAGE TEMPERATURE OF THE MONTH FOR THE WHOLE 22 YEARS, 38 DEGREES.

AVERAGE TEMPERATURE OF THE WARMEST JANUARY FOR 22 YEARS, 43 DEGREES.

AVERAGE TEMPERATURE OF THE COLDEST JANUARY FOR 22 YEARS, 29 DEGREES.

THE EXTREME HIGHEST TEMPERATURE REGISTERED IN ANY HOUR OF ANY JANUARY DAY FOR 22 YEARS, 62 DEGREES.

THE EXTREME LOWEST TEMPERATURE REGISTERED ON THE COLDEST DAY OR NIGHT DURING THE 22 YEARS, 2 DEGREES ABOVE ZERO.

AVERAGE NUMBER OF DAYS OF THE MONTH ON WHICH THE SUN SHONE AND THERE WERE NO CLOUDS DURING THE DAY OR RAIN AT NIGHT, 5.

AVERAGE NUMBER OF CLOUDY OR PARTLY CLOUDY DAYS UPON WHICH NO RAIN FELL IN JANUARY DURING THE 22 YEARS, 7.

AVERAGE NUMBER OF DAYS IN EACH MONTH OF JANUARY FOR 22 YEARS UPON WHICH ONE ONE-HUNDREDTH OF AN INCH OR MORE OF RAIN FELL AT SOME TIME DURING THE 24 HOURS, 19.

AVERAGE RAINFALL FOR THE MONTH, 7.50 INCHES.

Now, we who knew contend that this is proof of the finest climate on earth. Where the worst, coldest and stormiest month of the year makes such a showing as the above the saying in the fuel bill alone will pay the grocer's bill for the whole family.

The editor of the Morning Oregonian, who has lived there forty years, writes of it as follows in his paper of December 26:

"They who look upon Oregon now cannot but be charmed. Never was Oregon more attractive. The same may be said of all our Pacific states. We are having a fine winter. Nature is making amends for the mistakes of man. The tides of human life come and go; there are ups and downs in business, but Oregon is always right. It is the same incomparable country that was the object of our early admiration. No one who has lived in it can ever leave it. Every newcomer, noting such a winter climate, in a country so productive, so full of all resources, is surprised and delighted. Air, scenery, landscapes, water courses, mountain ranges, the gorgeous greenery of our forests, contribute to the effect upon every beholder, and they who have lived here all their lives still look upon all these things with the delight of a youthful lover. Yet there is no intoxication in these raptures, no enthusiasm, no excess or exaggeration. This simply is the country for which nature has done more than any other on the earth, and they who know Oregon know it."

Every Oregonian feels that way and you will if you take advantage of our offer and go there and go to work with half the vim you put in against this climate of drouths and uncertainties. Yours Truly,

STEARNS FRUIT LAND CO.,
101 Bee Building.

Quaker OATS

It is surprising how cheap those two-pound packages of Quaker Oats are sold! Cost little, if any, more than oatmeal—infinitely better.

Sold only in 2 lb. Packages.