IN THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN.

FRAMING PICTURES.

Many Charming Novelties Introduced This Season.

"Framing a picture must be just as much a matter of fine choice and deliberation as fitting a hat to the head of a beautiful woman," said the connoisseur. "Both are affairs of high seriousness not to be ventured upon in any light, haphazard manner. Certain traditions in art, however, obtain which give one a sort of basis upon which to work. For instance, with very few exceptions, paintings, both in oils and water colors, require gilt frames, but the adaptation of the almost infinite variety of these to any particular picture calls for the nicest discrimination.

"This quiet, peaceful landscape, for example, you will notice is in the most quiet, unfiligreed frame. Where the prevailing idea in a picture is that of repose—a tranquil sunset, a still moonlight or the vast and silent sea—the same idea must be carried out in an entirely plain and unobtrusive frame. Where one or two bold figures appear as in this picture, the frame also takes on a certain boldness which you will see indicated by this rather heavy ornamentation in the center of the moulding. You will notice, however, that it is so focussed as to inevitably lead the eye to the picture itself. As pictures grow more varied in color, more complicated in

A BERNHARDT BONNET.

composition and bolder in execution, we can use more and more "noisy" frames, as we call them. The most ornate frame would attract no attention to itself when around a Rubens. The perfect harmony is, of course, obtained when the artist himself designs the frame that is to enclose his work of art, as for example, in this photograph from a mural decoration by Puvis de Chavannes, which is surrounded by a frame of his own designing."

FRAMING IN GREEN.

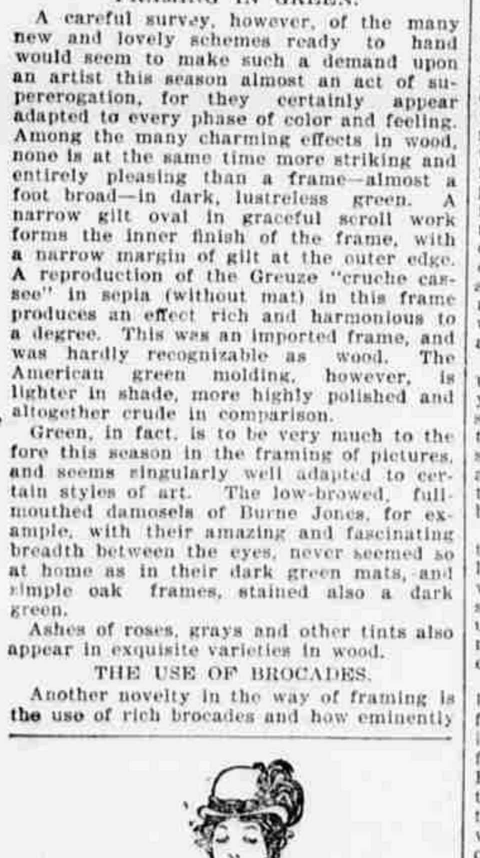
A careful survey, however, of the many new and lovely schemes ready to hand would seem to make such a demand upon an artist this season almost an act of supererogation, for they certainly appear adapted to every phase of color and feeling. Among the many charming effects in wood, none is at the same time more striking and entirely pleasing than a frame—almost a foot broad—in dark, lustreless green. A narrow gilt oval in graceful scroll work forms the inner finish of the frame, with a narrow margin of gilt at the outer edge. A reproduction of the Greuze "cruche cassee" in sepia (without mat) in this frame produces an effect rich and harmonious to a degree. This was an imported frame, and was hardly recognizable as wood. The American green molding, however, is lighter in shade, more highly polished and altogether crude in comparison.

Green, in fact, is to be very much to the fore this season in the framing of pictures, and seems singularly well adapted to certain styles of art. The low-browed, full-mouthed damosels of Burne Jones, for example, with their amazing and fascinating breadth between the eyes, never seemed so at home as in their dark green mats, and simple oak frames, stained also a dark green.

Ashes of roses, grays and other tints also appear in exquisite varieties in wood.

THE USE OF BROCADES.

Another novelty in the way of framing is the use of rich brocades and how eminently



A HORSE SHOW SUGGESTION.

suitable it seems for the gay court scenes that constitute the subject of so many eighteenth century pictures. A narrow and irregular shaped molding next the picture, a broad band of brocade, then a finish in gilt in fantastic scroll work design. Squares of these elegant brocades are imported in all shades and are selected with reference to the color and subject of picture, light green and yellow blending specially with the sepia tints, while pink, blue and other shades are vastly becoming to the fashionable dames in darker colors.

Pretty photographs of Watteaus, Lancrets, Greuze, etc., one finds exquisitely framed in gilt in the shape of an open fan.

Generally speaking, the large and beautiful foreign photographs are being framed this autumn without mats or margin, the oval predominating as to shape, and everywhere one notices the revival of the narrow, graceful scroll-like Louis XV affairs. The oval always presupposes an expensive mold, as it requires to be cut in four curves, which are dovetailed and glued together. The ornamental work of such a design is made in composition and then the whole must be gilded and burnished, requiring a great deal of skilled hand work. The graceful Florentine frames carved entirely from wood are also much in vogue for pictures small enough to allow them to be cut from a single piece of wood. The larger ones, however, have proved impractical for this climate, where the extremes of heat and cold soon work their dissolution.

The revival of the miniature is probably responsible for the many charming small frames in gilt, bronze and old gold—exact copies of a former day—that now flood the smarter shops, and that will cut a pretty figure among the approaching holiday gifts. Enlarged to the size of the cabinet photograph, they are to be found at prices varying from $1.75 to $25, depending upon the weight and workmanship. Even the shops devoted exclusively to the antique revel in a magnificent variety of so-called old Dutch frames, which, however, cannot be genuine antiques. Old designs are made to do duty on new forms, and the finely wrought repousse work combined with a somewhat dull surface gives them a genuinely old look—and the price is according, $18 being about the lowest price asked for one of these small frames. If one is really going in for a handsome cabinet frame, however, he will have plenty from which to choose. Conspicuous among many bijous are some stunning novelties in sterling silver. One of the loveliest of these is in a georgous flower design, gilded. In the center of the top is a bit of white porcelain upon which is enameled a graceful yacht in blue, and in the center of the bottom pretty figures appear in the same enamel. Another of these gilded silver frames is ornamented with four large imitation emeralds in the various colors. Frames of solid rhine stones and imitation emeralds in settings of sterling silver also serve to embelish the counterfeit presentment of faces most lovely in themselves.

A LADY FROM COREA.

A Chat with Mrs. Pak Ye, the Corean Minister's Wife.

The most picturesque figure in social life at the capital this winter is Mrs. Pak Ye, the wife of Mr. Ye Pum Chin, the new Corean minister. The Coreans have always been very popular in Washington, so kindly are their natures, so simple and charming their manners. Add to this the fact that any reception or dinner is given a distinct character by the presence of the quaintly dressed representatives of that far eastern kingdom, and their popularity is easily understood.

The last minister feared the free western ideas for his womenkind, and left them at home, where they were safe from the corrupting influence, so that for several years past there has been no woman at the Corean legation, a loss that has been much felt.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times sought an interview with Mrs. Pak Ye in order to get a few of her impressions of American life and manners, and during the early part of this week received a gracious note from Mr. Ye Koi Sok, an attache of the legation, saying that Mrs. Ye would be pleased to grant an interview. Accordingly, dressed in her best gown and new bonnet she called at Mrs. Ye's house. It is a large and handsome gray stuccoed building, by no means new, overlooking Iowa Circle, one of the flower-decked green spots that make Washington's chief beauty.

The door was opened by a polite colored boy in neat livery, who led the way into the drawing room. Unfortunately it is a distinctly American residence, done up by an upholsterer who had rather a weakness for vivid colors, and although the parlor was very comfortable and bright, it has about it no suggestion of eastern picturesqueness, except for a little folding screen painted with queer pictures by some artist in far away-Corea. The wall paper is a vivid green that would be quite unbearable were it not for the softening effect of the curtains and portieres of soft brown brocade. A light, flowered carpet covers the floor with some nice skins scattered here and there. Each chair and sofa is upholstered in some different color of satin damask. It is a prettily-shaped room, with a bow-window and a rounded end and from it opens a back parlor with conservatory attached. It is very pleasant withal, and very sunny.

Presently the polite servitor returned and ushered into the room with a deep bow a young gentleman in an every day business suit, surmounted by an unmistakably Oriental countenance. It was Mr. Tam E Ye, the secretary of legation. He speaks English and has a particularly pleasant manner. He told your correspondent that Mrs. Ye would be right down.

The next arrival in the drawing room was the minister's little son, a handsome, merry-looking little chap of 6, who walked forward with a very graceful bow, shook hands and said "How d'ye do" in English. A few minutes later, with a real salaam that must have required lots of practice, the footman ushered in Mrs. Ye.

She looked just like a deliciously quaint little doll, or as if she had stepped down from some painted panel or screen, and oddly in contrast with her room. She is only about four and a half feet high and very slight. Her dress was very queer and very picturesque. It was more like an empire gown than any of our other fashions. The waist was of soft green silk, finished with bands of dark brown red, about the color of the leaves on the trees outside. The surplice waist was very short and below the waistband fell a full skirt of robin's-egg-blue silk. On her head she wore a queer black silk head dress, a sort of cap with a long end at the back, reaching to the waist, about five inches wide and ornamented with narrow bands of red, forming geometrical figures. She advanced smiling and offered your correspondent one of the tiniest bits of hands imaginable. Real little doll-baby hands, to be admired, but not used.

Mrs. Ye's manner is charming. It is simple and gracious, yet dignified. She told her secretary to say that she greatly regretted that her illness had prevented her from seeing your correspondent before. Then she said she was so sorry when she met a pleasant friend not to be able to talk English, and she smiled in a very bewitching fashion indeed. She is a delicate little woman. It seems, and has been quite seriously ill since her arrival here about a month ago.

Presently she called attention with great maternal pride and also some amusement to her little son, who has had his hair cut short in Yankee fashion and who wore a stylish suit of knickerbockers and round jacket, with ribbed stockings covering his plump little legs. When he arrived here he was clothed like his ancestors in colored silks. He smiled and seemed very pleased with the change—as much so as any little American boy wearing his first trousers.

There is, it seems, a curious custom in Corea which permits women to go out at night, but does not grant to men the same privilege. Thus it is claimed that latchkeys are at a discount in that country. The notion at the back of this is very ancient. Man belongs, they say, to the masculine principle of the universe, which is the sun; therefore, he needs the sunlight. Woman is of the feminine principle represented by the moon, and therefore are the moonbeams good for her. There are a good many girls here who would like to persuade their mothers of this fact on summer evenings. Mrs. Ye said this old idea is not lived up to by ladies of rank, however, and a midnight promenade by a Corean lady would be regarded as even more eccentric conduct than in this country.

Mrs. Ye on being asked if she found any great difference here from her life at home, said, very little. The greatest difference was that at home ladies never go out except in closed chairs, and here she drives out with her husband, Minister Ye Pum Chin, in an open carriage. This she finds great fun. Then she was asked if she had heard that the last Corean lady here had dreadful times at her receptions because everybody would attend. That women on their way home from market would employ colored boys to hold their heavy baskets outside while they attended the receptions. On one occasion a lady of the smart set met her cook and waitress at one of the afternoon teas. The description seemed to amuse Mrs. Ye very much, and she laughed heartily, but said she would have to find some way to select her visitors.

BEAUTY OF THE CREOLE WOMEN.

Fairer Than the Lily, with the Dignity and Hauteur of the Rose.

"As you see his face," writes Ruth McEnery Stuart in an article on the Creoles, in the Ladies Home Journal, "you will know that he (the Creole husband or father) realizes that no flower upon the lily-covered altar is half so fair or so fit for the temple's perfect adorning as his blooming wife and budding daughters, who sit in line beside him. If he does not think these things he is a dullard—or, maybe, only half Creole. Perhaps his mother was an American or Scotch. And then—? Perhaps he would not think them because they might not be true. They would be other things, other things just as fine and good, no doubt—they might even have rare beauty of a different type—but the Creole woman is a flower. She is a magnolia or a jasmine—occasionally a camellia—or, especially when there is a good warm drop of Spanish blood in her veins, she is a red, red rose—a rose too sweet to pass untouched but for her perfect dignity and a piquant hauteur that is as protective as any thorn upon a rose's stem.

"Properly speaking, or rather, narrowly

HOUSE WAISTS.

speaking, the Creole is an American, born of French or Spanish parents, or of both, and, strictly, both parents should themselves be foreign-born, but the Creole is often only the great-great-grandson of a Creole, and some of their families of purest blood could not reach the mother country without going back through three or four American-born generations."

STRANGE CHARTS.

Fannie B. Elkins' Wonderful Pathological Specimens.

It seems strange for a woman to invade the dissecting room, and through art to lend a helping hand to science, yet this is the calling of Miss Fannie B. Elkins has chosen and followed successfully. The work is in charts, color plates process and half-toned drawings which she makes from dissections photographs, and from sketches or books. She is familiar with the use of the opthalmoscope, larnygoscope, otoscope, microscope, and camera-lucida, and has frequent use for all of them. She also models and colors pathological specimens, in hard plaster or papier macha, with equal facility. In her studio she has a long table, on which she makes casts of any part of the human anatomy desired.

Her work is used by medical students in all our leading colleges. Before Miss Elkins gave her attention to the subject the students were forced to make the necessary observations from sawed slices of hu-

THE LATEST IN FUR CAPES.

manity, frozen, or preserved in alcohol. Whether the increased number of the gentler sex thronging the medical school had its influence or not, this method suddenly found disfavor. Then a Frenchman came to the rescue, reproducing the sections in tinted casts, but the work was not delicate or true in color or detail, and found scant favor with the professors. About this time Miss Elkins, who was a teacher in the "Packer Institute," Brooklyn, was called upon by her family physician to make some anatomical charts. As she had always felt a keen interest in anatomy, the charts proved no small success, and the doctor showed his appreciation by assisting her to obtain other work. Very soon the irksome routine of a teacher's life gave place to the interests of science. The doctors all welcome Miss Elkins, assisting her in every way, her gentle, womanly demeanor winning universal respect.

Whenever a physician has an unusual case he wishes to put on record this little woman is his companion, sitting quietly by, with pencil, water colors and paper, doing her work, while the doctor does his. All of the medical journals now published, have illustrations by Miss Elkins, but the triumph of her career has been her pathological specimens, which by far outclass those of the Frenchman, in delicate, accurate handling, each tiny nerve and vein being depicted with a fidelity greatly delighting the medical men.

Almost every well known physician in the country has had at one time or other need of Miss Elkins' services, and have had to pay well for them, too. Despite her rather unusual calling, Miss Elkins is very womanly in appearance. She is rather small, even for a woman, has dark hair, a trim figure and powerful face, glasses emphasizing the character. She talks with great earnestness and frequently alludes to the new fields which are opening to women. On the walls of her studio are the exhibits which have won for her the "Medal of Merit" at the Cotton State International exhibition, held at Atlanta, Ga., in 1895, and the medal and sword at the World's fair.

"The "World's Fair Sword" was granted to her for best colors, accuracy and beauty. A curious painting in her studio represents the heart of a sheep, painted in color, after being cut open, to show the valves of the heart.

Thus it will be seen that Miss Elkins takes a higher interest in eatables than the average woman.

ROSA BONHEUR'S DAILY LIFE.

Early to Bed and Early to Rise—Her Method of Work.

"My life is that of a peasant," writes Rosa Bonheur in a story of her life in the Ladies' Home Journal. "I wake with the day and lie down to sleep almost at nightfall. Early in the morning I stroll in the garden with my dogs or drive my pony cart through the Forest of Fontainebleau (in the midst of which is her estate, By). Toward 9 o'clock I take my seat before the easel and work until half-past eleven. Then I breakfast quite simply, and afterward smoke my cigarette, as I run through the daily papers. I resume my work at 1 o'clock, and at 5 I go out for a walk. I love to see the sun sink behind the trees of the forest. My dinner is as simple as my breakfast. I finish the day by reading. The books I prefer are those of travel, hunting or historical works. Often I read the bible.

"Before commencing a picture I study my subject exhaustively, prefacing this work with conscientious studies from nature. I look for the exact sky and the exact ground that will suitably frame the subject, and not until then do I commence work on the canvas. The ever-present desire to bring myself nearer to truth, and an incessant research after simplicity are my two guides. I have never grown tired of study. It is today, and it has been during my whole life, a happiness to me, for it is with persistent work alone that we can approach the unsolvable problem of ever-changing nature, the problem which more than any other elevates our soul and entertains in us thoughts of justice, of goodness, of charity.

TWO REMARKABLE WOMEN.

One a Champion Berry Picker and the Other Excels at Corn Husking.

Mrs. L. R. Adams, aged 75, living at North Sterling, about sixteen miles from Norwich, Conn., holds the record as a huckleberry picker. On account of the warm, wet autumn weather the huckleberry season was greatly prolonged this year, so that a belated crop of fine, good, perfect fruit was gathered in October. Mrs. Adams recently computed her pecuniary gains from her berry-picking labors. She found that she had gathered just 508 quarts of the fruit during the season and received from its sale from $35 to $40. To earn that sum she daily trudged two miles along a lonely country road to the rugged berry fields, and gathered on an average sixteen and one-half quarts of berries a day. On one of her trips she fell in with a pugnacious blacksnake, five feet long, and promptly dispatched it.

An ambitious and energetic woman is Mrs. J. Allen Griswold of the country town of Sprague, seven miles north of Norwich. To Mrs. Griswold her husband made a crafty business proposition the other morning, which that lady promptly accepted, and all that day he chuckled slyly, thinking how shrewdly he had contrived it. The proposal was this: If she husked forty bushels of field corn in the shock in ten hours he agreed to pay her $5, and 5 cents extra for every bushel husked by her in excess of that amount.

Mrs. Griswold took an easy stool into the cornfield with her husband, clasped a hickory husking pin to her middle finger, and, having dexterously flung a bundle of cornstalks to the ground, seated herself on the stool and proceeded to husk. She husked corn all day at whirlwind speed, going through bundle after bundle as if by magic, while red and yellow ears chased each other over her shoulder as her deftly tossed them into her rapidly filling basket. The neighbors, who slyly watched her working away at her stint, declared they had never seen such lightning-like corn shucking before. It was neat, orderly, accurate work on her part, too. At the end of ten hours Mrs. Griswold had her load of corn ears driven to the house, and jubilantly reported to the crestfallen husband. She had husked exactly forty-one bushels of maize, and Mr. Griswold, without a protest, paid her $5.05. He had ceased to chuckle and congratulate himself on his shrewdness some time about the middle of the afternoon. Mrs. Griswold has no doubt she can break her own record.

A BLIND BUSINESS WOMAN.

She Conducts Successfully a Mercantile Enterprise in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Catherine Chfistine McDonald of Brooklyn is one of the very few, if not the only blind woman in this country, who owns and personally manages a large mercantile business. She is a dealer in pianos, organs and other musical instruments, owns her stock, and is her own business manager.

In appearance Mrs. McDonald is a well-preserved woman of about 59. Her hair is iron gray and she wears smoked spectacles. One meeting her on the street would never think her blind. For, though she carries a slenden walking cane, she has not the appearance of feeling her way, but uses it as if to support a weak ankle or some slight lameness. Speaking of her life and blindness, she said:

"I have been blind since I was 8 years old, and it was caused by disobedience to my mother. It was in Germany before my father came to this country. My mother had had some winter dresses made for my sister and me, but when they came home found the linings not thick enough, so forbade our putting them on. I disobeyed and after putting on the gown took a pair of scissors to snip off a thread. The scissors slipped and one of the points entered my left eye. For the first two days I suffered no pain nor was my sight impaired, but after that the pain in both eyes was excruciating, and, although the best physicians were consulted and my eyes operated on I became totally blind. Soon after this my mother died and my father moved with my three sisters and me to this country.

INSTITUTION TRAINING.

"A few months later I entered the School for the Blind, in Boston, where I remained

MRS. C. C. M'DONALD.

for ten years. While there I became an intimate friend of Laura Bridgeman, and to me she always attributed her spiritual sight and conversion. After leaving this school I supported myself and helped to educate a younger sister by teaching the piano. I had plenty of pupils, many of them talented, and every year at the close of the season I would give a public recital, at which I played. I was quite well known, I think, in the local musical world, as "Kate Hill, the Blind Pianist."

"Then Mr. McDonald lost his first wife." Here she stopped, and something like a blush stole into her pink cheeks. "I had never thought of being married, but he insisted that he could not live alone. So we were married. He only lived a few years, and at his death left me this business. It was all he had. I didn't think I could conduct the business alone, so I took a partner, which turned out to be the very worst thing I could have done. He twisted matters up in such a way that when we failed I was left without a dollar.

"Some of my good friends came to my aid, and, advising me to conduct the business myself, lent me a few hundred dollars. From that little start I have built up the business to its present comfortable proportions. It furnishes me a good living, permits my giving employment to several clerks and workmen, occupies my time, and permits me to assist some of my brothers and sisters in darkness who are less fortunate in the possession of this world's goods.

"Yes, I do my own banking business. I always go alone, and find no difficulty. I went to the World's fair in Chicago, which I enjoyed very much, as I did also my visits to Grand Rapids, to California, to Germany and through Europe."

To the astonished query, "Did you go alone? Did no one go with you?" Mrs. McDonald laughed as at a good joke.

"No, indeed. It was not at all necessary. When I was crossing the Atlantic there were several of my friends aboard, but they traveled first-class while I went second. Then we separated very soon after landing. Yes my friends and relatives in Germany thought me quite wonderful at first, but they soon became accustomed to me and to know that I really was almost as independent as themselves.

TO BENEFIT THE BLIND.

"I have but one music pupil these days. A little girl of 8 years, to whom I am giving her musical education. She is a talented child and her mother is not well enough off to have her take music lessons. Yes, I made my will several years ago and left this business, and what little other property I have, to be used for the benefit of the blind. But now since the establishment of the Home for Blind Women in Brooklyn, I wish to change my will so that everything will go to that. As I have no children I call this business and the Home my children and at my death would prefer the business to be continued, if possible, the proceeds going to the Home. Of course, if that should prove impracticable, the business will be wound up in the usual manner."

Mrs. McDonald's home is quite on the other side of Brooklyn from her store, and she always makes the trip unattended, back and forth, as she does on all other occasions. Indeed, she has never found it necessary to have a guide. She reads and speaks with the greatest ease, both German and English. Her penmanship is unusually distinct, although she seldom writes anything beyond her signature. Instead she uses a typewriter. She is regular in her habits, has a large circle of intimate friends, whom she visits quite frequently, and is a devoted church member. She has, since early childhood, been noted for her charity, and has since her husband's death, fourteen years ago, given the greater part of her earnings to charities for the blind.

Fashion Notes.

Caracal, beautifully soft and creamy white, is one of the novelties in fur for this season.

Vivid green is beloved by the Emerald islanders and popular this year the world over.

Yellow in all its glory, in its varied tones and semi-tones, is to rage in dress and millinery this winter.

The fashionable woman wears jewel-galore this season, not alone with evening dress but with day gowns as well.

Lace applique is one of the popular and rather expensive dress decorations since it must be arranged to suit each gown.

Short fur jackets in mink, chinchilla, astrakhan, seal, etc., are very fashionable in bolero, Eton, Russian, and similar styles.

Suits in silver-blue cloth have bolero jackets of mink fur, with ceintures of Persian satin that show color mixtures of blue, red, fawn, brown and gold.

One of Worth's latest gems in cloth is trimmed round the skirt to the knee with two-inch bias bands of velvet in a contrasting color, and an inch and a half space between each one.

Satin, serge and tweed knickerbockers, made with a removable flannel lining, are a good substitute for the short flannel skirt, and are worn with street costumes in cold weather.

Tucks are still used on skirts, bodices and sleeves in many ways, and these can be made with far more effect than the simple style of decoration might be deemed capable of.

Not a few of the gray wool astrakhan, chinchilla and fine Parisian lamb bodices are finished off with cerise velvet collars, with ceinture to match—a charming color relief to many faces.

Smart-looking tailor-made costumes of dark military-blue bourette cloth have the jacket bodices trimmed with rows of flat gold bullion and fastened with handsome buttons of gold and blue enamel.

Silver fox stands next to sable in value, and is used for collars, cuffs, boas, muffs and trimmings of various sorts. Blue fox is also fashionable for the same purpose, and both white and black fox are very much worn.

Standard and fancy materials in black are in high vogue this season, and will continue in favor all winter. They are brought out in silk, satin, wool, and silk and wool mixtures in designs most novel and attractive.

Chinchilla toques are worn with gowns and coats ornamented with the same fur, and they are trimmed with rosettes of bright ribbon, cream lace and gray or black ostrich feathers. Sable toques with violets are another fancy.

Shirt waists of French flannel in plain colors with black polka dots are decidedly the thing for morning wear, and they are made up exactly like the cotton ones worn in summer, with a black satin stock collar or a wide linen one.

A Medici collar cut into squares and stiffened so that they can be turned down at will is a feature of the new cloth capes, and some of them are made more becoming and dressy by an inside frill of lace set in deep enough to cover the squares.

Red, the shade of the traditional British coat, heads the list of fashionable colors in England just now; czarina blue has broken out all over France, rivaling Russian gray in general favor—the soft, becoming refined gray in cloth and velvet that the young empress seemed to favor next to blue and cream-white during her short brilliant stay in Paris.

Metal ornaments in the guise of fancy buttons are largely patronized. French dressmakers are very prodigal of them, and skirts no less than bodices display buttons used exclusively in an ornamental style. The buttons are small and very artistic in design—nail-headed, faceted-gem set, and in fine filigree effects. Most of them are put on in groups.

Among trimmings square tabs are much affected; revers and basques are finished with them; the hems of dress skirts are battlemented, and outstanding tabs are attached to straight collars and wrist frills. Most of these tabs are about two and one-half inches long and not more than two inches wide. They are detached as a rule and are secured to a moderately wide band which slips inside the collar of the bodice.

The use of white satin, fur, gold braid and rich laces is a decided feature of rich cloth and velvet gowns for afternoon calls and receptions, the white satin accessories still consisting of full vest, revers and collar. Many women prefer the pure snow-white satins to any of the tints which have a glint of cream or yellow in the hueless hue, but this dazzling pearl or lily tint is most trying to the complexion, but equal to the situation.

Very dressy bodices for cloth gowns are made of alternate inch wide strips of cloth and black or cream lace insertion, stitched together by machine. The entire waist is of this combination and is made plain in the back and full in front, opening over a fancy vest, or fastening on the shoulder and under the arm. The silk under bodice is either in a pretty contrast of color or matches the cloth. The sleeves are also formed of the lace and cloth, and the puff at the top is of plain cloth.

Fashionable dressmakers both here and abroad are making most liberal use of artificial flowers that look exactly like nature's own, to decorate evening toilets, and not a few bodices are actually smothered with roses. Large, soft blooms entirely without foliage are seen on many toilets, and the apron front introduced in demi-trained evening skirts is trimmed with rose garlands, or otherwise the flowers are arranged in empire clusters and set on at equal distances down each side of the front.

"Electric seal," which is simply rabbit skin dressed to resemble the genuine seal as nearly as possible, is one of the popular cheap furs this season, and the French tame rabbit is said to have the best fur. The skins are first dressed to make them soft and pliable, then passed through a machine which trims down the coarser hairs and gives the fur gloss in the combing process. The dyeing is skillfully done by experts to give the same shading from light to dark brown which we find in the seal, and all the superfluous hairs are plucked out by electricity. In color and warmth there is very little choice between the real seal and this clever imitation.

Feminine Notes.

The princess of Wales has $50,000 per annum for pin money, a large proportion of which she will expend in charity.

Mrs. Nansen will accompany her husband to London upon the occasion of his reading a paper before the Royal Geographical society.

The supreme court of Missouri has appointed Mrs. Jennie Edwards, widow of the late Major John N. Edwards, to the office of state librarian for a term of six years.

Mrs. Charles Dalton is superintending the stone carving for the internal decorations of St. Cuthbert's church, Kensington, London. The stone and wood carving is being done entirely by women.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst will send Prof. B. R. Maybeck abroad and to the Orient to select architectural designs for the new building of the California State university, which she will erect as a memorial to the late Senator Hearst.

Frau Fredholm, wife of the Swedish consul at Constantinople, has been presented by the sultan of Turkey with the Order of Chefakat in brilliants. It is a magnificent diamond star worn on white silk ribbon with green and red edges.

Miss Vivien Sartoris, granddaughter of General Grant, will be one of the most attractive debutantes at the national capital this winter. She is 17 years old, well educated, graceful and pretty. She was born in London and has received her education from private governesses and tutors.

Mrs. Nathaniel T. Britton, wife of Prof. Britton of Columbia college, who has done so much for the Bronx Park Botanical garden, is now in Mexico, where she has gone with a party, including a number of professors from the College of Pharmacy. Mrs. Britton, who is a skillful and scientific botanist, will make collections of ferns and mosses—her special line of work, upon which she is writing a book, soon to be published.

The death of Darwin's widow, says an exchange, recalls the fact that the great naturalist was fond of novels and often had his wife read one to him. In the evening, before the reading aloud began, he would often lie on the sofa and listen to his wife playing the piano. He was fond, too, of backgammon, and played two games with his wife every night. "For many years," says his son, "a score of the games which each won was kept, and in this score he took the greatest interest. He became extremely animated over these games, bitterly lamenting his bad luck and exploding with exaggerated mock anger at my mother's good fortune."

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