IN THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN.

MIDWINTER FASHIONS.

Glories of the Ballroom, Showy Furs and Decorated Fronts.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—It is never an easy matter to lay down the law with regard to midwinter fashions, and yet if the Sunday shows of church paraders and the nightly revels of dress at the theaters prove anything, they go to show that violet and gray are the favorite colors. Embroidery is still the popular garniture, and infinite varieties of the Russian blouse have almost effaced everything else in the way of bodices and jackets. All the high-necked, long-sleeved theater waists, for use with dark skirts, better known perhaps as fantasie waists, are made of whatever silk, or satin, taffeta, or faille, every wearer's fancy or finances dictate, and the fronts thereof are overlaid with blouses of some gauzy goods elaborately decorated with spangles.

The artful shopkeepers have the most tempting fronts made up, fastened over silk-covered dummy figures, and thus the eyes of femininity are dazzled and their purses betrayed. Such fronts as the shops show are usually of chiffon or tosca net, or liberty silk, and decorated with sunbursts, scrolls or arabesques of oriental design, done in spangles of every color, wax pearls, prettily colored glass beads or cut steel bugles. Then again there are fronts aglitter with embroidery, done in gold and silver threads, or big gilt and silver spider webs with centers of pearls or mock turquoise. At first sight there is undeniably an air of hopeless extravagance about these fantastics of fashion, and yet they are not by any means purchaseable only by the millionaire women folk. One pretty front can be transferred from bodice to bodice, and with any kind of care will do bright and beautiful service the winter through.

Everywhere it is plain to see that the slender women are trying to force a revival of the princess pattern, which is naturally abhorred of the stout, short sister. Many slim-waisted girls and matrons are already appearing in dark-blue or dark-green granite or sultana cloth suits, having the front of the basque tight-fitting and decorated with braiding in straight lines that continue on down to the foot of the skirt. Quite as often, in place of the silk or wool braid, the ornamentation is done in narrow bands of silk or satin, laid on flat, like braid, but edged with a very narrow tinsel cord. This, say the sharp dressmakers, is to be the universal trimming for new tailor suits in the spring.

WOOL IS SUPREME.

Cloth gowns chiefly for all save evening occasions. It is really surprising how little silk and velvet are worn by daylight. Cloth appears on the most exclusive and fashionable backs for breakfast and luncheons, afternoon weddings and morning musicals, and for evening concerts at which hats are worn.

True, it is usually cloth richly adorned with the novel and handsome tom sur ton embroidery, the flowers in the design being of wool and stuffed underneath, so as to give a raised effect, while the leaves are flat and worked in silk of many colors, or just one tone. The skirts of such suits are cut so that a seam runs directly down the front and the fullness behind is sometimes laid in two box plaits. The fact of the matter is that the seam down the front and the experiment of cutting the cloth on the bias is sure to become a very general fashion before long. Without exception the plaid cloth skirts are cut so, and in cloth of a solid color. The two plaits at the back are usually ornamented their entire length with traceries of black or dark braid. This last achievement in skirt cutting is really an unmixed blessing for the stout woman, for whom fashions are so rarely designed.

Anything more frightful, for instance, than a portly matron in a Russian blouse is hard to imagine, and yet in a bias skirt, with slightly braided rear panels, a basque with a loose front, tight-fitting back and sides and square hip tabs, falling below a very narrowly folded waistband, even a full blown figure comes forth in excellent proportions.

A PARISIAN SENSATION.

It is yet to be proven whether there is any reason in it, but the dressmakers, echoing a report from Paris, say that in gowns of certain colors flesh seems to shrink, in others to expand, and over this smart discovery the stout women are jubilant. A subdued shade of peacock blue, plum color and olive green, with black, of course, are announced as the colors under which flesh seems least ostentatious, while wedgewood blue, pale gray and almost any shade of red are to be avoided seduiously.

Here are the restrictions and permissions made as to wool goods, velvets and silks. So far as latitude or constraint have been given as to cottons, but in the way of trimmings and light tints, orange, yellow, light blue and cerise should not be used. Mauve and the higher tints of green are the two colors that, in decoration about the throat and shoulders, are especially helpful in diminishing the effect of flesh.

But after all, for true beauty of form and color, the evening gown this season is the thing. Undeniably, for daylight use, the dresses, even of the most extravagant women, are growing every year more and more sober, but after the gas stars and electric sun of the ball room are up the glories of feminine costume appear.

It is difficult to give a realizing picture of a vivid cerise under petticoat, for instance, veiled in cream net, on which air background three foamy ruchings describe apron-like curves, above a bordering foot frill, edged with cerise colored baby ribbon. A roundly open bodice, veiled with net and clasped with a high folded waistband of satin, drawn into a big bow on the left side, from which depend double trains of poppies falling to the hem, must next be imagined, and there you have a glowing, graceful, but not in the least costly, dancing dress for a miss under 20.

PINK SATIN SKIRT.

An effort again must be made to gather a mental picture of a pink satin skirt, quite round and severely plain, save for one big flashing artificial diamond fastened in front, just about midway between waist and foot. From this, running out in every direction over the skirt, radiate many waving lines of silver sprangles. It is as simple a scheme of decoration as can be thought of, yet it turns a plain petticoat into a very regal sort of garment. With it is worn a pink bodice, its waistband drawn through a mock diamond buckle in front, its open throat draped in cream lace, while on one shoulder is fastened a knot of roses, from which, nearly to the knees, falls a white chiffon scarf, powdered with pink silk rose petals.

By-the-by, this shoulder scarf effect is repeated again and again on the loveliest of evening costumes. A net is the usual material and shoulder knots of white lilac fasten it most often to the bodice. Yet always a note of dominant color is struck, in these dancing and dinner toilets, by the flowers with which most of them are set off.

A favorite combination, with young girls and matrons irrespectively, is a white underdress veiled in rather coarse black net, full block and white ruchings of net at the foot, a wide waistband of orange or cerise colored crepe de chine and long net sashes, falling from one shoulder, on which is set either a cluster of vividly shaped nasturtiums or bright carnations. Crepe de chine and taffeta are steadily taking the place of velvet as girdles, be they wide or narrow, and, in place of letting sash ends fall from the waist line, as was the mode hardly a moment ago, the waistband ends on the left side in a big wheel-shaped bow of kilt plaited stiffened net or taffeta, or wired rabbit ear ends of the softer crepe.

AN EVENING CLOAK.

It is a luxury even to discuss the evening wraps of costly make, such as the accompanying picture this week exemplifies. A canary yellow brocaded satin forms the body of this queenly garment, and throughout its linings are ermine, with the shoulder cape formed very simply, but as elegantly, of the white fox skins, one disposed over either shoulder, and the beautifully mounted heads showing sparkling eyes of jackstone.

Though ermine is not the fashionable evening fur it was, lovely capes, having stole ends fringed with white foxtails, are widely worn, and it is no longer any secret that from white cats' fur and with discreetly placed tabby and tommy tails the most admirable and inexpensive imitation ermine is made. What is more to the point, it is very much worn and any girl is now entitled to wear an ermine cape to dinners and parties.

It requires a long purse, however, to enjoy the luxury of wearing garments of polar fox-skin. A poor sort of substitute is offered for the snowy arctic fox fur in that of the big western white rabbit. This does not make up into the long boas that rich women now wear over their equally white shoulders of an evening in place of ostrich feathers. Besides, a white fox boa should be finished by a cluster of tails at one end and a true fox's head at the other, the eyes formed of such semi-precious stones as jade, onyx, etc.

KNOCKABOUT HATS.

It is a far cry from luxurious evening wraps to knockabout headgear, and yet a word of commendation is needed for the Irish toques and Homburg hats that appeal for advertisement on all sides. So pretty and so exceedingly reasonable are these that any feminine head can be charmingly crowned for an absurdly small sum. If any woman has a knot of pretty feathers of any kind, coque or ostrich, that she wishes to utilize, let her step into the hat department of her favorite shop and buy a ready built new crush toque. She can find it in blue serge to match her walking dress, or black velvet to harmonize with her church gown. It lies on the counter already draped and wrinkled over its frame, needing only to be pushed up on the right or the left side, a tall effect or ribbon bows or feathers made there and the hat is ready to be pinned on the owner's head. A few stitches to merely fasten in her feathers and not more than $4 laid out in purchase of the toque, and her head is fit to be seen in any assemblage.

A Homburg is a round felt with a soft, dented crown, but a flat moderate brim, and the crown is encircled by a band of velvet with a knot of bright pheasant feathers on one side. It is a sort of cousin to the Alpine, but sufficiently removed in relationship to give it all the charm of novelty. As a rainy day hat it is without rivals. M. DAVIS.

EVENING WRAP OF BROCADE SILK.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Stories of Mrs. Nansen, John Oliver Hobbes and Others.

There is not a more prolific authoress in the United States and one who exercises her distinctive talents less for sordid motives than Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, otherwise known as Julien Gordon. Mrs. Cruger writes because to use her pen and brains is with her a keen pleasure, and the plump and plentiful checks sent her by her publishers are chiefly devoted to philanthropic objects. Recently, however, the large profits from one of her latest novels has fired her with new ambitions, and, not very long ago, she concluded the purchase of a charming bit of rocks, trees and turf in among the famous Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. Here in the course of time a tiny villa is to be built and dedicated to the muse at whose shrine Mrs. Cruger worships. In fact the island is to be a special refuge from social cares and responsibilities, where the labors of composition can be pursued uninterruptedly. At "Idlesse farm," on Long Island sound, she lives the greater portion of every year, entertains her friends, and looks out now, from the windows of a little house in the gardens, to the site of the great colonial mansion that was burned several years ago, and that is to be rebuilt, with all its original splendor, in the coming spring.

Why Dr. Nansen did make his notable tour across the difficult, well nigh impassable, ice cap of Greenland was owing, so his friends insist, to two very interesting reasons—first because it was an expedition that promised all sorts of scientific revelations and a thoroughly untried path, but chiefly because he had offered himself and his fortunes to a brilliant and beautiful young woman, who promised he should have her heart and hand as soon as ever he made himself famous. This would have been a cruel condition under which to place any other man, but it merely decided the young Norwegian to carry out his ambitious project. He crossed Greenland and claimed his bride who, so her friends say, was absolutely satisfied with that amount of fame, and could scarcely bring herself to listen to the project that brought her husband world-wide celebrity. After he had gone, however, on his long voyage she waited for a year with cheerful patience, until there came a report of his return and, when this was proved false, all Mrs. Nansen's girlish yearning after fame was swallowed up in despair. At length her family decided it was best for the young wife if her husband's name was never mentioned before her, but, with little Liv, it was most difficult to use any silencing persuasion. She wished to talk of her papa constantly, until her baby perceptions were made to see that at every mention of his name her mother suffered acutely. Month after month passed by and Liv kept her promise bravely, until one morning, meeting her mother in the garden, she ran up, gleefully exclaiming, "Papa's coming home, papa's coming home." Tears and remonstrances had no effect on the child, and lo! and behold! not a half dozen hours after her confident assertion word ran along the telegraph wires all over Europe that Dr. Nansen and his one companion were landed safe and sound in Norway.

Miss Murfree has never explained why she chose Charles Egbert Craddock as the disguise under which so absolutely and so long to deceive the reading public as to her sex. Mrs. Crosby admitted she took the name of George Eliot for a whim and because she thought it had a thoroughly simple masculine sound, but Mrs. Craigie confesses that the nom de plume John Oliver Hobbes was put together with design and care. Since her very earliest stirrings of literary ambition were felt, she intended to write under the name John because it was her father's and she dearly loved and reverenced it. Oliver she chose because of her great admiration for Cromwell, who long was cherished as her favorite hero, and Hobbes was taken as the most typically Anglo-Saxon surname she could find. Recently Mrs. Craigie has announced to her friends that all questions of religious doubt have been for her answered by the Roman Catholic church. Her profession of faith followed a long illness, after which she was visited and instructed by a friendly priest, and at length found conviction.

One of the keenest admirers of the wit and beauty of American women is her royal highness, the duchess of York. This wholesome, good-natured royal lady, who is as plain of face as she is stolid of mind, generously envies the graces and charms of Uncle Sam's daughters, and does not hesitate to express and demonstrate most heartily her preference for American women at all times and places. In her the young duchess of Marlborough has found a warm partisan. At York house, near Sandringham, in the old palace of St. James, the future queen of England opens her doors hospitably to the American wives of the British peers, and one of her most intimate friends is Hon. Mrs. Paget, who was the beautiful Miss Stevens of New York. The duchess, indeed, carries Mrs. Paget with her on all her trips and visits through the realm, and asks in return for her hospitality and favors the bright conversation and gay presence of the American woman. As with many another well-trained, well-educated and kindly English woman, the duchess is a rather silent person, not possessed of very good taste in dress, and, like most royal ladies, she suffers cruelly from boredom that routine and formality of her state and position impose upon her. The women of her own race feel too deeply her exalted position and possess temperaments too much like her own to give her that sense of freedom from heavy court etiquette, democratic independence and gay good nature that the typical American woman does not hesitate to express before her.

A klondike ice is as good to eat as it is tempting to look upon, and is the bold invention of a famous New York caterer. It is in reality nothing more than a roughly shaped cake of rich ice cream, of any flavor preferred, but so artfully tinted by a secret process that it shows a deep gold color. This big lump of frozen cream, which is obviously intended to represent an impossibly big nugget of purest rough gold, is encased in an inch-thick covering of crystal clear jelly, which gleams and glitters at every point with the specks of gilt foil, until the aspect is quite that of a large lump of the precious metal frozen into ice that is also full of gold chips. It is the custom at dinners now to pass one big klondike ice about the table or serve to every guest a special nugget with a gold-sprinkled casing of clear jelly.

An American woman who saw the empress of Germany and her regiment in review before the emperor confessed it was a beautiful tableau. After long lines of men and officers went by, there was a sharp flourish of bugles, eight splendid men on gray horses, in white uniforms, flashing helmets and cuirasses, rode rapidly into view. Four were in front and four behind the empress, who rode alone. Her horse, bridle, saddle and habit were pure white. Over the breast of her silver laced riding jacket a row of medals gleamed, a sash of royal order was draped over one shoulder, two long white ostrich plumes streamed backward from her little cocked hat and in one white-gloved hand she held a shining drawn sword. "There was a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm as she went swiftly by," says the American woman who saw it all, and now, too, she said, the fiery young emperor's face took for a moment, as well it might, at the sight of his wife's graceful figure, her smiling face and her perfect control of the animal she rode. Nowadays, that there are no more babies to claim her loving attention, and most of her boys are at school, the empress goes with her husband on nearly all his tours about Germany, and at every unveiling, ship's launching, military review or dedication she takes a small but attractive part. It was in the city of Hanover, not long since, when the royal pair unveiled a statue the same day a big German steamer was launched. Arrangements were made that by pigeons news of the launching should be sent the emperor. In white, as usual, the empress stood alone and rather conspicuously, while her husband reviewed a body of troops. All at once a flock of white and gray pigeons swept over the heads of the crowd, not to their home loft, but directly to where the empress stood, and settled, fluttering and cooing, on her shoulders, arms and hands. The pretty sight was too much for the sentimental Germans, who fell to cheering vigorously.

This is the true story of how an American woman bought, of the elder Worth, a very gorgeous gown all embroidered with sables for very little more than two bottles of the best Kentucky whisky. Worth was a Scotchman, whose principle was never to sell anything cheap to an American woman, therefore he shook his head positively at the price a lady from the states proposed to give for a special arrangement in sables and blue velvet, and she went home pathetic and discouraged to her hotel and her husband. Her husband, contrary to all precedent, refused to increase her check, but he promised to help her, and the next day, an odd looking parcel under his arm, drove with his wife to the famous establishment on the Rue de la Paix. There was a pleasant private interview with the peculiar old man milliner, who still refused to do all the lady wished. When rising to leave, however, her husband placed on the table two tall bottles of Kentucky rye, and pleasantly asked Mr. Worth to try the whisky and give an opinion of its merits. The next day came a queer little note from the old gentleman. He begged to say it would be his greatest pleasure to supply all the velvet and sables Madame wanted and did monsieur have any more of the very excellent whisky, which had been tasted and found quite celestial, and of which Mr. Worth would like to purchase at once a dozen bottles! Hardly had this note been received when round came a big box containing the gown, a dream of fur and velvet, done in Worth's very best style, and along with it a note from the son of the great dressmaker. It was an entreaty, a command, that not another drop of the fatal whisky be sent to the old gentleman, who had already disposed of both bottles, taken to his bed, and, by the aid of two physicians, might be carried through a spell of such profound inebriety as only a Scotchman can assume and hope to come out of alive. The dress was a bargain, it was true, but the lady's satisfaction in it was tempered by many pangs of conscience, and the husband felt justified in writing Mr. Worth a tarradiddle to the effect that he had no more whisky of that brand nearer than his cellars in Chicago.

TRAINING THE "HELP."

Suggestions and Advice on an Important Household Subject.

Although great stress is laid upon the importance of care in engaging the help, the treatment and the training of a servant after a good selection has been made is equally important.

To convince a girl that her happiness and welfare are of interest to her mistress is a long step in the right direction. She will seek advice and sympathy, and trust in judgment better than her own, and thus be saved from many mistakes.

To the "new girl" the house and its appointments are strange, and the fear that "she will not suit" adds timidity to her other disadvantages, and she is unable to do herself justice.

If her predecessor has been a competent servant, the mistress is unconsciously unjust by contrast, seeing many shortcomings, and the outlook is very disheartening; but how often the new comer is an improvement upon the former incumbent, if given time and a fair trial.

"Bad luck to me; it's only six months I am in Amerikey, and it's siven places I've had," said a good-natured, ignorant Irish girl, recently, and yet half a year is not such a very long time in which to change one's whole manner of life, and without the aid of education and trained powers of reasoning.

The mistress should remember during the training period that it is not sensible to expect from these girls neatness and quick adaption to ways of refinement, nice cooking and intelligent service.

It should also be remembered that there is another and a brighter side to this. Under a firm and gentle teaching, trying as it is to the nerves and patience of the mistress, these girls, with their uncouth ways, become excellent servants in many instances, and repay by their faithfulness all the efforts made in their behalf.

The maid-of-all-work, who, endeavoring "to do my best, mum," filled the lamps from the water cooler in her early days of domestic service, became, with instruction and consideration, "a jewel," classed among the "treasures" we constantly seek yet so rarely obtain. In her case a poor beginning made a good ending, but it took a great amount of patience and faithful teaching on the part of the mistress to accomplish this.

And in connection with the careful training, the mistress must show some considerations for the girls, as well as for her own "rights," if she is to expect the faithful service that in times of emergency will offer to perform duties not required of her—services in many instances that money can not secure, but only the kindness and consideration on the part of the mistress.

A comfortable room and bed should be classed among these "rights." Early rising and constant labor are the daily portion of the average girl, and the very best management cannot save her from fatigue. Rest and sleep are nature's best restorers, and a thoughtful mistress will furnish the requisites to this end.

Another "right" is a regular time and day for recreation. When a girl has her friends and her home and her outside plans and anything interferes with these plans when the anxiously-looked-for "day off" arrives, her disappointment is bitter, and often vents itself in hasty, impatient words; and then we say she is impudent, but whose fault is it? No infringement should be made upon this stipulated day of recreation unless circumstances render it absolutely necessary, and in that case it should be asked as a favor and rewarded in some way, for, after all, it is these seemingly "little things" that mean the most in careful training and faithful service.

DRAPERY FOR BODICE.

SPARE THE BIRDS.

The Penalty Mankind Pays to Gratify Feminine Vanity.

The Audubon society of New York is up in arms against the fall and winter millinery now displayed in shop windows and on the heads of the women of that city. A public meeting for protest has been held. Frank M. Chapman, discussing the matter with a New York Sun reporter, said: "Three things gave rise to this public meeting which the society held. First, the increased use of birds for millinery purposes has aroused us to renewed efforts in behalf of the feathered race.

Next, a prevailing and far-reaching sentiment which is cropping up against this barbarous fashion outside the ranks of the Audubon society, and, last of all, the threat made by a woman signing herself 'A. B. C.,' to form an anti-Audubon society in a letter to a morning paper.

"Among the birds most worn this winter are the herons, which are killed for their aigrettes, the terns, or sea swallows, and gulls; in short, mostly marsh and maritime birds. Aside from any question of humanity, the fact exists that these birds are of great economic value. Dr. George F. Gaumer of Yucatan stated to me that the killing of a great number of these shore birds has been followed by an increase in human mortality among the inhabitants of the coast, which he is assured is a direct result of the destruction of birds that formerly assisted in keeping the beaches and bayous free from decaying animal matter.

"The gulls are not popularly supposed to be of any real service to mankind, but as the buzzards, whose use is so evident that they are protected by law as well as by public sentiment, are scavengers of the land, so the gulls are equally useful as scavengers of the sea.

"The dead marine animals, which, if undevoured, would be cast upon the shore and in decaying prove a source of disease, form a large part of the food of the gulls. This is most forcibly illustrated by the gulls in lower New York bay, which in myriads come each day at high tide to feed upon the garbago which is dumped by the scows. They are so thick that the scows are sometimes completely cut off from the view of a person on the tug towing them, and although the time for taking the garbage down depends on the tides, and thus varies several hours from day to day, the gulls are always on hand at the right hour, though not one will be in sight a half hour before that time.

"Marsh birds, for example, herons, are of particular value in feeding the larvae of insects that make man's life burdensome. New Orleans had a plague of bugs about the middle of September, just when the yellow fever epidemic began, and, strange as it may seem, the bugs proved far more troublesome than the disease to the people, and certainly the annoyance was more immediate. The plague was generally attributed by the people of that city to two causes, one natural, the other due to man. The scientists down that way said that the mystery of the bugs was no mystery at all, but merely the result of man's improvidence in destroying the birds. The destruction has been going on in Louisiana, particularly on the gulf coast, for years, and has been carried on by professional hunters, who kill the birds solely for millinery purposes. There is more to be made by shooting birds for bonnets than by shooting them for table use. Nature revenged herself on New Orleans, and so she will on every place where marsh and maritime birds are destroyed wholesale.

"This woman who proposed to form an anti-Audubon society declared that our society carried its good intent and work to such an extreme that many reasonable women who are inclined to aid its course are debarred from having the privilege. She, like a great many women, is wofully ignorant concerning the declaration of principles of the Audubon society. We are not a coercive body; our work is entirely educational. The society makes no attempt to secure legislation for the protection of birds, for we already have very excellent laws for the protection of song birds and many birds of economic value. What we aim to do is to create a public sentiment that will enforce the existing laws. A law is a dead letter unless there is sentiment to uphold it, and 10,000 laws favoring the protection of birds will do no good as long as women demand them for their personal adornment.

"The society has strong hopes of reaching the younger generation, and we are delighted to have the cordial help of State Superintendent Skinner in establishing bird day in the schools in connection with Arbor day. No legislation is necessary to do this, and Mr. Skinner writes me that early in the year he shall prepare his usual Arbor day manual, devoting a section of it to birds, and will publish an edition of 100,000 copies for distribution among the schools of the state."

PINK SHOT SILK.

Fashions and Fancies.

Many of the demi-trained dress skirts are cut with nine gores and at the back some are box-pleated and others fan-pleated.

A great number of the new coats are made decidedly longer than any worn last season. Very tall, slender women may congratulate themselves on the change.

The pleated round waist and the full Russian blouse waist contest for favor with the numberless chic little coat basques, very short, very smart and very much trimmed.

Of ribbons alone are made very charming girdles, bretelles, vests, guimpes, surplice waist front, jacket-fronts, panel pieces, fichus, puffs for slashed sleeves, blouses, collars, cuffs and little mouchoir muffs or chatelaine.

German broadcloth in dark Russian red, or the favorite blue shade of the winter, is noted among elegant models in redingotes and other enveloping garments of the season. Some of the very expensive wraps are lined throughout with fur.

Owl and pheasant plumage are still in the millinery world. It is not uncommon to see an owl's head with spread wings used whole for the ornamentation of a hat. Of course, there is no room for any other kind of trimming.

Among the handsome imported gowns seen at some recent openings several were of black chantilly lace, embroidered with steel or jet sequins and beads and made over black satin. It is predicted that lace costumes will be much worn in Paris next year.

Evening toilets show stylish loops and ends of ribbons on the shoulders, the loops alone, or mingled with airy frills of pleated silk muslin. The half-low bodice shows the still popular Watteau bow of medium-wide ribbon, placed between the shoulders at the backs, the ends falling low on the dress skirt.

Some new silks show a white ground with colored garter snakes and earthworms gliding along and casting queer, long shadows. Other grounds are strewn with ears of corn, the natural size, great tufts of grass, bunches and trails of ivy, all giving the most bizarre effect. One will need to train one's self up to them.

In Paris fur is being slightly gathered into deep frills and flounces and placed on the hems of heavy winter gowns, cloth capes and wraps. The effect is novel and pleasing. Otter, beaver and gray astrakhan are among the fashionable furs, and grebe is also being much used, though it has been out of favor for several years.

The simplest and perhaps the most fashionable bodice for evening wear is the full blouse shape of chiffon, drooping over a fitted silk lining, the top cut in square or rounding fashion, with a full tulle ruch, a narrow band of fur, a fall of lace or beaded revers to finish the edge. The sleeves consist of short full puffs similarly trimmed.

For ball and reception gowns immense jacquard designs are shown on grounds of moire, peau de soie and faille. The most noticeable colors are pale lilac and delicate gray, in such fabrics as taffetas, broches, damasses, failles and brocades. Lilac is seen in every shade, from the lovely, soft pansy violet to the palest heliotrope.

The rage for woven trimmings very closely copying the most intricate and dainty hand embroideries in shaded effects is increasing rather than diminishing and inventive genius is continually exercised to maintain a variety of patterns. Silk, arrascene Persian beads, cut steel, jet, tiny Roman pearls and creamy opals, sapphires and other glittering mock jewels are each and all employed.

A beautiful foreign-made lilac capote recently seen had a double brim composed of chenille woven with horsehair. Where there were depressions in the two brims, rosettes of lilac satin were placed. The full velvet crown was held by a band and satin rosette, and was shaped like a Polish cap, the long point being at one side, with a cluster of black prince of Wales feathers. The strings were of narrow black velvet ribbon.

There is something always eminently rich and lady-like in the appearance of lustrous corded silk, be the color black, gray, fawn, moss green, plum tints or cream white. This winter these repped silks are pre-eminently fashionable, together with many other materials woven in similar corded effects. The circular, kilted and princesse outlines which fashion now favors are particularly adapted to these rich materials.

Given a Russian name and almost any article of wear is largely patronized. A woolen brocade called "Muscovite reps" is a fashionable material of a rather closely woven corded fabric and is an old acquaintance, being the handsome durable empress cloth of other days under a new title. A treasured traveling dress of a bride of two generations ago shows a rich color in brown empress cloth almost identical with the shade now shown in the new "Muscovite reps," and the wool is as soft and the cords quite as smooth and fine as the modern weave.

Feminine Personals.

A queen who insists on going barefooted is her majesty of Madagascar. All the same, she wears the most expensive of Parisian toilettes.

Mrs. Elitch of Denver drives about the city in a light wagon drawn by an ostrich. She is the only woman in the world who owns a zoological garden.

The queen of Roumania has been made a doctor of philosophy by the University of Budapest, and the queen of Portugal is a doctor of medicine.

Mrs. Francis E. Willard, who is living in Chicago, says that "among the things that women of the present day require is larger shoes."

Mrs. Eunice Davis, who is living in Dedham, Mass., is the oldest woman abolitionist in the United States and the only surviving member of the Woman's Anti-Slavery board of Boston.

Miss Columba Rivera has been licensed as a practicing physician and appointed to the women's ward of St. Andre's hospital, in the City of Mexico. She is the first woman in Mexico to be appointed to such a position.

Miss Evatima Tardo, the young woman who has attracted so much scientific attention abroad on account of a total absence of touch, has also been found to possess complete control over the circulation of her blood, which she can cause to stop flow at will.

A movement is on foot in St. Louis to secure a medal of honor from congress for Mrs. Delina Roberts, who saved twenty-two wounded soldiers during the war by carrying them, one at a time, to a boat, through a shower of bullets.

They were seated at a late dinner, says What to Eat, when the door bell rang, and the servant handed a card to Jones' wife. "Good gracious! it's our minister, and I've been eating onions!" she exclaimed. "Never mind," said Jones, "you need not kiss him today."

Mrs. Frank Leslie has contributed $5,000 to the fund of the American National Institute. The object of the institution is to found a home for young American students of art, music or literature in Paris, to which both sexes are to be admitted. Mrs. Leslie's gift swells the sum to $25,000.

Governor William O. Bradley's only daughter, Miss Chrystyne, who has been chosen sponsor for the new battleship Kentucky, will be 18 years old on December 29. She is a remarkably bright girl, is an accomplished musician, has a taste for literature, has a will of her own and is one of the most charming members of Kentucky society.

Virginia newspapers are urging Senators Daniel and Martin to secure a pension for Mrs. Semple, the only surviving daughter of President Tyler. It is quoted as a precedent that ten years or so ago a pension was granted Mrs. William Dandridge, also a daughter of President Tyler, which pension was twice increased in the last five years. Mrs. Semple, it is stated, is now an inmate of the Louise home. The daughter of a president, she is also allied by ties of blood to three other presidents of the United States, being a cousin to President Monroe and of Benjamin and William Henry Harrison. She is gradually growing blind.

The queen of the Belgians and the Princess Clementine recently called at a farm house and asked for a glass of milk. Nobody but an old paralyzed woman was in the house, and she replied that no milk was left in the jugs, and that she was unable to go to milk a cow. "Never mind," said the queen. "If you will allow me, I will go to the pasture. Just tell me where the jugs are." "But, my dear woman, you are from the town, and you will never be able to milk a cow," objected the old woman. She was, however, mistaken, for a little later her majesty returned with a half-filled jug. Meantime, Princess Clementine had laid on the table three bowls, a loaf and the needful knives and plates. The old farmer's wife was served by the princess, who, it appears, greatly enjoyed the adventure.

Household Gods.

The ancient Greeks believed that the Penates were the gods who attended to the welfare and prosperity of the family. They were worshipped as household gods in every home. The household god of today is Dr. King's New Discovery. For consumption, coughs, colds and for all affections of Throat, Chest and Lungs it is invaluable. It has been tried for a quarter of a century and is guaranteed to cure, or money returned. No household should be without this good angel. It is pleasant to take and a safe and sure remedy for old and young. Free trial bottles at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store. Regular size 50c and $1.00.

Wilbur L. Anderson of Lynn, Mass., leader of the Holiness band, has set May 3, 1903, as the day for the resurrection of the dead and the translation of the saints.

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La Freckla (for freckles)	1.00	.69
Skin Food (small, for Wrinkles)	1.50	1.19
Skin Food (large)	3.00	2.29
Bust Food (small, for developing neck, bust and arms)	1.50	1.19
Bust Food (large	3.00	2.29
Complexion Face Powder, three shades—pink, white, brunette	.50	.29
Complexion Soap	.25	.15
Complexion Bleach (for moth patches and liver spots)	2.00	1.75
Complexion Cream (for softening and refining the skin)	1.00	.69
Eyelash Grower (promoting growth of the eyebrows and lashes)	1.00	.69
Special Lotion (pimple cure)	1.00	.69
Special Ointment(black head cure)	1.00	.69
Blood Tonic (purifying the blood)	1.00	.69
Hand Whitener (making the hands soft, delicate and white)	1.00	.69
Elixir of Beauty (skin tonic)	1.00	.69
Magical Secret (for softening water)	1.50	1.19
Great Scott	5.00	3.49
Great Scott (small)	1.00	.69
Jack Rose Leaves (liquid rouge)	1.00	.69
Jack Rose Buds (lip salve)	1.00	.69
Face Enamel, white and pink	1.50	1.19
Eyebrow Pencils	.25	.15
Fertilizer (for constipation)	1.50	1.19
Mole and Wart Extractor (large)	3.00	2.29
Mole and Wart Extractor (small)	1.00	.69
Lily Skin Whitener	1.00	.69
Skin Refiner	1.00	.69
Complexion Brush	1.00	.69
Yale's Antiseptic	1.00	.69
Yale's Digestive Tablets (for indigestion, etc., large size	1.00	.69
Yale's Digestive Tablets (for indigestion, etc, small size	.50	.35
Yale's Complexion Tablets, large size	1.00	.69
Yales' Complexion Tablets small size	.50	.35
Yale's Fertilizer Tablets, large size	1.00	.69
Yale's Fertilizer Tablets, small size	.50	.35

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