

IN THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN.

FASHION'S DECREES FOR AUTUMN.

Varied Shapes in Millinery—The Court Sleeve, Outside Pockets, Etc. NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—Welcome the coming autumn and speeding the parting summer is a task the milliners are busy about. So far as shop windows are concerned the frivolous straws and flowers have disappeared before a strong September gale, bearing felts and velvets in its arms. How far, from a standpoint of beauty, we have profited by the change remains to be seen. There are those who look very dubious over the autumnal prospect, so far as it reaches, and candor demands the confession that a goodly proportion of the much heralded toques look very like hasty puddings. They are, in the majority of cases, extremely solid affairs, built on the strata principle; that is, a layer of felt, then a superstructure of velvet, above this spangled or embroidered tulle, and finally a topping off of feathers. Such toques as these look as well as well as the head bind side before as the other way round, and, by their weight and heat, they are calculated to injure the growth of one's hair, even to the bringing about of incipient baldness. As regards height, these complicated round things vary in degree, and to no more tolerated in the theaters than the wide and lofty head-gear we fell heir to last spring.

Hats for Every Gown. There is, however, a silver lining to this cloud of objections, for the greater number of these toques are distinctly pretty and to ninety-eight women out of 100 the toque is a becoming crown. One good thing about it is that it blends most comfortably with your circumstances and if you are quick with your fingers you can weave a hat to match nearly every gown this winter. For example: Heaps and heaps of these jaunty little top-knots will be made of just the goods from which visiting or walking gowns are made. If your best suit is to be a rich French dervy cloche, a fourth of a yard of the stuff, carefully puffed and distorted over a wire frame, gives you the toque proper. Add to this a knot or two of bright harmonious velvet, caught down by brilliant ornaments, right from a hat of last year, tuck in a fluff of short ostrich tips over one ear and there! Without hint or help from a milliner, is a thing of beauty and a joy for all autumn. As a matter of fact there is no reason, in this season of small head ornaments, why women of any depth of purse should not have as many changes of hats as they have of gowns. Of course these fortunates who never borrow anything from last year's wardrobes, but begin every season with brand new remnant from toe to crown, are going to the point of extravagance among the special materials, imported and otherwise, that the milliners offer for toque construction alone—that is to say the painted velvets and the embossed satins, not to speak of the chamois embroidered nets, that are spread forth in all their seductive richness. These, for rich folks, are the very cornerstones of toque building, and there is a lovely goods, called braided satin, that has a great vogue.

Breasts and the tall feathers of brides are, for this particular specimen of hat, most sought after and utilized so that the sheeny plume will fall against the hair at either side. Last winter there was a fancy for wearing a knot of white ostrich tips straightly upstanding from a point some inches just above the left temple. This season the same earnest attention will be given to velvet horns, jutting at corresponding angles from just above either side of the brow. Sometimes the horns are twisted and spring from jeweled circles, sometimes they stand straight forward and erect like the pricked up ears of so intelligent donkey and sometimes they are laid back and close together. In a very good imitation of a mule's obstinate expression. But whatever the angle of the horns, there they are, pliant, aggressive and indisputably most chic and becoming. Almost as characteristic of the newly arrived race of toques are the rosettes, or to better describe these ornaments, the flaunting bows that adorn them at the front, sides or rear. A wheel how proper is a circular ornament of any material preferred with a jewel in its center. Those most universally adopted are made of smallest black ostrich tips, or soft and highly tinted water fowl plumage, springing from a sparkling center. Exceedingly narrow ribbon with wired edges makes a captivating cockade; so does crisp net, and even a bias piece of velvet, with its trim treated with fine gold milliners' wire, serves.

Feit Shapes Galore. Though the milliners' heads are so full of all these fashions, not all fashionable headgear of necessity takes the form of a toque. On every hand the most enticing felt shapes attract one in the millinery mart. What these shapes enjoy, however, in common with their toque brethren is roundness and pettiness of form. Leaders among them, in the department of distinctly ornamented hats, are the Little Corporal, Post Boy and Peter the Great shapes. The Little Corporal is nothing more than a queerly cocked felt that was worn in the period of French dandyism immediately following the French revolution. It is built of the most silken soft felt, and in his mighty youth Napoleon the Great wore one. At least he was a little corporal in the French army. In Napoleon's day a cockade significant of the liberty, equality and fraternity that was supposed to reign over the pseudo republic adorned the face of the sharply upturned front brim, and the milliners have everywhere made use of the idea. Instead of liberty, equality and fraternity, the huge

rosette on the front of a Little Corporal hat usually represents rank extravagance and love of color. The cockade is made of mirror velvet, its right as big as a baby cabbage and in its heart sparkles a jewel. Rosettes on a more modest plan, and some of them with floating ribbon ends, seem half falling out of the trough-like sides of the hat, or a knot of ostrich feathers trim off three corners, or a tiny epaulet, else an elaborate plume waves above the crown of the hat. Occasionally the front brim of a Little Corporal is slit in the center from crown of a brilliant color in sharp contrast with the brim. This mismatching of the two parts of a hat is a favorite device for the fall, and one and all the good felts show an exceptionally soft and pliable quality. Slate blue, peacock green and copper brown are some of the favored colors in felts so far, while the importers are show-

toward the back and carry it two inches down on the arm. The under side seams of the waist are also carried along the arm a distance to properly correspond and then, a couple of inches below its usual position, the sleeve is fitted in. This is called the court sleeve since it displays the curve of the shoulder as a presentation dress at the court of St. James is required by. Two pleats, or a tiny epaulet, else an elaborate braided pattern is placed where the sleeve meets this long shoulder seam and thus something almost new has been evolved from the lively Parisian brain.

Dressmakers have at last done away with the skirt pocket entirely. For a couple of seasons now the pocket's fate has been hanging in the balance and its location was at the placket hole, where only one out of every fifty women reached it. Now that a wee bit of stiffening is located here the pocket has

Little Corporal, the Post Boy and the Peter the Great should be. The Little Corporal is of green French felt, bearing on its broad facade a rosette of velvet in a lighter green tone and caught in the center by a flat button of brilliants. Ribbon loops of green velvet fall and flutter from the points of the hat, while above the crown flutter a dark and a pale green plume.

The Post Boy is a warm robin red felt, turned off the face, and its front brim edged with a shirred red velvet ribbon that falls at one side into a plump cockade, mingled with dashes of brown velvet. A cluster of shagreened brown and red ostrich feathers gives the hat height and dignity.

A brown ridged felt brim, turning back from the face about a sapphire blue felt crown, is the color and material of the third hat. A fold of black velvet winds about the crown and a varied fold of the same ornaments the front of the brim. This springs from a cut steel buckle, while a pair of smooth black wings, powdered with steel sequins, gives just the required note of fashionable eccentricity.

A princess gown in rough sandstone, red camel's hair and relieved only by a vest of rich green and white brocade, is the subject of one of the single illustrations this week, and shows to what severity of outline the smart dressmaker is tending. A sketch gives a pretty blue peau-de-gazelle cloth braided in black and opening over a vest of silk muslin. This is something in a more

the three daughters of the noted Letter family, the eldest being Mrs. Curzon, wife of the newly-appointed British viceroy of India. Miss Letter is tall and slender, with violet eyes and fair hair. She is decidedly literary in her tastes. She has enjoyed several seasons of popularity in Washington and London.

The ceremony of christening a ship is simple and impressive. Upon this occasion Governor Tanner and his staff, with Miss Letter and her party, will stand at the bow of the ship, and just as the last lock is removed Miss Letter will break over the bow the bottle of champagne or water, which will be incased in a silk net. She will say: "I christen thee Illinois." The scene of a great ship gliding from its resting place into the water is one of great majesty.

CELIA THAXTON'S PARROT.

A Coy, Artless and Extremely Polite Bird.

A few years ago when Miss Thaxton lived on an island off the coast of New England, among her flowers and birds was a gray parrot that she had inherited from her mother. But it must be admitted that Polly, however much she was endeared to the poet through long association with her family, was roundly hated by the islanders.

Although only a bird, she was like an extremely disagreeable person and having passed nearly all her life in the society of human beings instead of with her fellow parrots, she had taken on their views and ill-mannered ways. Instead of their virtues, very much as do savages when brought into contact with civilization.

One of the ways by which Polly made herself disagreeable was through her powers of mimicry. To her mistress she was invariably sweetest and courteous, and she would say "C-e-l-i-a, C-e-l-i-a," as if she were calling the name of her most idolized friend, in the most musical and endearing tones possible, and from that turn to imitating the bashful, whispering utterances of a shy little Norwegian maid until the girl would be teased beyond endurance.

In approaching Polly's case it was no unusual thing for a visitor to be captivated by her coy and artless manner, and the very caressing way she had of putting out a claw in friendly welcome, and then when the unwary disengaged her within her reach, she would drive that enticing claw into his flesh like a thing of iron. There was never any trusting her, for she was sure in the end to be treacherous itself. When she seemed to think the atmosphere too quiet, or when the tediousness of waiting within her reach, she would break out into a terrific screech that could be heard all over the island.

Among the whims that seized Polly—and she seemed forever to be intent upon mischief—was to annoy the new driver of an express wagon by shouting "Whoa!" to his horse in the exact voice of the former driver, which would bring the animal from a smart trot to a sudden halt.

Let it be said to Polly's credit that she was no mean songster. Her favorite airs were "Yankee Doodle" and a jumble of a Norwegian tune. She had also a peculiar whistle, which a composer wrote into a serenade called "Polly," and she frequently ended her song, or whistle, with one high and low cry, "C-e-l-i-a, C-e-l-i-a."

One day Polly escaped from her perch and was lost sight of for several days. The ground was white with an early snow and the poet's brother, who was fond of hunting, went out with his gun. While wandering about in search of game he saw in a tree what he concluded was an owl or gull, and lifting his gun, took aim to shoot. Suddenly he was arrested by the sharp cry of "Cedric, Cedric!" The bird had called him by name and was no other than Polly herself, who for once at least, by a word in good season, had saved her own life. Of course Cedric got Polly down and took her home, where she proclaimed her return by sending over the island one of her famous shrieks.

After the death of the poet Polly again disappeared and was never more seen. Just what her fate was has not yet been discovered, but it is supposed that she was poisoned or in some way secretly killed. That her life had been so long spared in the midst of her many enemies—all of her own making—was due to the influence of her beloved mistress, for whose sake since her death, no birds have been allowed to be shot on the island, because she so loved them.

THE EMPRESS TSEN.

The Romantic but True History of China's Real Ruler.

The true story of the woman who is at the head of the Chinese empire is of extraordinary significance as well as interest. It has been told how, disappointed with her son's weak and characterless rule, she has again taken into her own hands, openly, the reins of power which she has held in truth for a generation. This monarch, who is comparable to Catherine of Russia in her sagacity and shrewdness and Judah in her wisdom, was once a slave. When she was a little girl she was sold by her father to be a slave in the family of a viceroy in a remote province of China. Her father was a Tartar blood, and one of those who could read, and would not have thought of selling his child, although she was "nothing but a girl," but as the family had become destitute in a rebellion the little girl of 11 suggested this means of getting bread for her mother and little brother and her father—the little brother whom long after she sought and made rich and powerful.

Tsen served the viceroy's wife and mother-in-law, and was taught spinning and other useful arts by their maids. When she was 12 she embroidered a beautiful tunic for the viceroy, and he was so delighted with it that he offered the little slave whatever she

SPONSOR FOR THE ILLINOIS.

The Lady Chosen to Christen the Great Battleship.

Miss Nancy Letter of Chicago has been chosen by Governor Tanner to christen the battleship Illinois, which is to be launched at Newport News, October 4. She is one of

SOME AUTUMN HATS.

ling hats that have fur crowns and felt brims, felt crowns and velvet brims and very smart walking shapes made all of the roughest and most of the mokest felt. In velvet shapes there are many new things to captivate one's admiration and attention, for some of the velvets are attractively striped, interspersed with satin dots or woven in patterns that resemble the pattern of corduroy.

The Alpine Ousted. A round tuby little felt hat with a highly ridged brim, called the Acorn, and trimmed with hawk's quills, is the sort of headpiece the close follower of fashion wears, when she goes about her early morning business in the street. It has not the smallest relation to the Alpine, for the top of its rather stiff crown is as round and level as a table and instead of a crown band ridges of felt, that might by a stretch of the imagination be called small tufts, follow the crown's circumference. The brim turns up equally on all sides and from a steel buckle, planted flat on the hat, the quills sprout. Now this may not be beautiful, but it's very neat and new, and truly we are weary of the Alpine genus.

As the sphere of hats widens by the week so also does that of dress, and we find after a season of fair experiment the tailors are lapsing back into the habit of lining their skirts as of yore, instead of using the separate sham. From Paris some of the dressmakers have brought over a goods of which they expect great things. It is used for skirt linings and is called silk paper. One of its chief virtues is crispness that does not fall and endurance beyond that of the most expensive silk. In price it compares in Paris something less than cheap silk, but over here it is still a novelty and an experiment. The linings of dresses are, if possible, more elegant than ever and all women in these days, when something like amputary laws ought really to be passed, seem to afford silk doubtures. Dressmakers as a rule like to cover the interiors of skirts with silks in sharp contrasts to the wool goods. The most dazzling stripes are not regarded in bad taste, but the stripes must run horizontally, not in the perpendicular.

A Queer Sleeve.

There is no news, since the last edict, about sleeves, except that you can spread them all over with braiding, let them fall open, cup shape, on the shoulder, in case you should have a narrow chest, or on a plain cloth gown do a very new thing by not setting in your sleeve on the usual shoulder line. True enough, only women with wonderfully perfect physiques can endure the test, but dressmakers don't pretend to say who is a Venus and who is not, and for any customer a mistress of the needle

approachable form for the woman who will not trust to the classic possibilities of her figure, while yet more agreeable is the third suit of soft brown winter cashmere and invisible brown velvet. There is black braid used tastefully on the skirt and the little jacket that falls over the velvet body is almost wholly covered with braiding on cashmere.

Illustrations of Fashions.

Significant hats indeed are the three set forth with all their most marked characteristics. By their names one may know them, for they are excellent exponents of what the

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

THIS OFFER ALMOST SURPASSES BELIEF.

An External Tonic Applied to the Skin Beautifies It As by Magic. The Discovery of the Age

A WOMAN WAS THE INVENTOR.



Thousands have tried from time immemorial to discover some efficacious remedy for wrinkles and other imperfections of the complexion, but none had yet succeeded until the Misses Bell, the now famous Complexion Specialists, of 78 Fifth Avenue, New York City, offered the public their wonderful Complexion Tonic. The reason so many failed to make this discovery before is plain, because they have not followed the right principle. Balm, Creams, Lotions, etc., never have a tonic effect upon the skin, hence the failures. The Misses Bell's Complexion Tonic has a most exhilarating effect upon the cuticle, absorbing and carrying off all impurities which the blood by its natural action is constantly forcing to the surface of the skin. It is to the skin what a vitalizing tonic is to the blood and nerves, a kind of new life that immediately exhilarates and strengthens wherever applied. Its tonic effect is felt almost immediately, and it speedily banishes forever from the skin, freckles, pimples, blackheads, moth patches, wrinkles, liver spots, roughness, oiliness, eruptions and discolorations of any kind. In order that all may be benefited by their Great Discovery, the Misses Bell will, during the present month, give to all callers

THE MISSES BELL, Complexion Soap, Skin Food and De-

ple are to be had by all druggists.

wished most. Then Tsen fell on her knees and declared her heart's desire. She wanted to learn to read like her father. It was a most extraordinary request. The viceroy told her that girls could not learn such a thing, but Tsen told him she was not to blame that the gods had made her a girl, and she could not help longing to know how to read. So her master had her taught, and, his own daughter dying after a time, she

became the favorite wife, and when the empress consort died she became empress of China. On the journey by river to Peking, with servants sent with her by the viceroy, she had given a ring to a young lad who saved a man from drowning in the river. She had promised the ring to any one who would save the drowning man. The youth to whom she gave the ring had a bright, intelligent face; he was a sailor, in the course of his work he had seen a notice in the papers of the lower class. That was Li Hung Chang.

During her son's minority Tsen was regent, and now as empress dowager she again assumes command. The emperor is about 24 years old; the empress is 60.

COAL WOMEN OF ST. THOMAS.

They Do the Work of Carrying Coal to the Ships.

When cable communication between the United States and Cuba was cut off as a result of the active operations of our army and navy against the Spanish colonies in the Caribbean sea, the telegraph stations among the neighboring islands took on an importance which they had not hitherto enjoyed. The principal places which soon became familiar to us as news centers, relates Harper's Bazar, were Kingston, Jamaica, Cape Haytien, Haiti and St. Thomas in the Danish West Indies. St. Thomas, having a good landlocked harbor, also became prominent as a coaling station for press boats and dispatch vessels, and as the headquarters of some twenty-five newspaper correspondents, who made it their base for gathering and disseminating the news of the progress of the war. The town of St. Thomas, sometimes called Charlotte Amalie, is one of those delightful spots built on a hillside, surrounded by tropic vegetation, facing the sea, and blessed with a climate that varies little the year round, the temperature rarely falling below 60 degrees or rising above 80 degrees. Although Danish possession, the language of commerce and society—such society as there is—is English. The majority of the population, however, is made up of negroes and mulattoes, who speak a dialect consisting of a mixture of broken Dutch, Danish, English, French and Spanish. These negroes are the descendants of the slaves who were imported about 1680 to cultivate the plantations of the Danish West Indies and Guiana company, and they are mostly fine specimens of the black race. The women, in particular, are strong and well developed, and by reason of their strength and endurance have made themselves an important factor in the commercial development of the island. It is said that vessels may coal more cheaply at St. Thomas than at any port in the West Indies, and doubtless that is true, for there is seldom a day when some steamer is not coaling at the wharves, and the ships of all the navies have made this island their principal coaling station for years. Perhaps this quality of cheapness is due to the employment of women laborers, for they are almost exclusively used in transferring the coal from the sheds to the banks of a 200 pound work better and quicker than men, and are always cheerful at their labor. Hundreds of women are employed in the work of supplying one ship, and thus a continuous line of these active carriers may be seen striding up the gang plank, balancing their loaded baskets on their heads, while another stream, unladen, pours over the ship's side on to the wharf.

These St. Thomas coal carriers use large baskets for their work, they carry three on their heads, and so skillfully balanced that no accident ever occurs, even on the steepest or slipperiest of gang planks. So expert are these women that they can thus carry a load of from 100 to 200 pounds of coal. While at work they usually sing some peculiar and monotonous negro melody, and when the loading is being done at night, by the light of flaring torches stuck in the ground near the coal heap, the scene of groaning processions of erect black women form a picture that is weird and impressive.

These women are trained to the work of carrying loads on their heads from babyhood almost. When they are not older than 5 years they are taught to carry small loads on their heads, and thus they become familiar with the science of perfect balance—for it must be a science. At 9 or 10 the girls are able to carry heavier loads in larger baskets, say from twenty to thirty pounds, and they become proficient in the work by walking many miles all over the island carrying fruit and merchandise for sale. Thus at 15 the negro girl is tall and robust—lively, vigorous, tough, all tendon and hard flesh. She can

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THE COQUETTE'S MIRROR. Ah, Mirror, HINT NOT YOUTH IS FLED THAT JOY AND I MUST PART, THAT ALL UNSUNG, FORGOT, UNWED MUST LIVE MY LITTLE HEART! FOR HOW COULD YOU AND I GO ON, WE WHO WERE ONCE SO DEAR, AND KNOW SWEET LOVE FOREVER GONE, WHILE YOU AND I ARE HERE?

NERVOUS WOMEN.

The Opinion of a Famous Medical Writer as to the Cause.

In a recent lecture on diseases of women, Dr. Hartman said: "A nervous woman is always a sick woman. Some drain on her system is the cause of it. If the mucous membranes are healthy, the woman is usually healthy. Each one of the numerous and delicate organs of the human body is lined with mucous membrane. The slightest catarrhal congestion of any of these membranes gives rise to weakening discharges, which leads to nervousness, and finally prostration. Pe-ru-na is the only remedy that I have ever found to be of lasting use in these cases. Thousands of women are languishing with the very common ailment known as female weakness, which in almost every instance is caused by catarrh of the pelvic organs. Pe-ru-na will cure these cases promptly and permanently." Mrs. Lucy Lee, Naples, Texas, writes: "I am enjoying better health than I ever did in my life. I can't praise Pe-ru-na enough; it is the greatest medicine there is in the world."

Dr. Hartman's latest book, written especially for women, "Health and Beauty," will be sent free to any address by The Pe-ru-na Manufacturing Company.