IN THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN.

THINGS FOR WINTER WEAR.

Pre-Eminence of the Melon Muff—Silks, Ribbons and Gloves.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—The glories of the winter of 1897 and the grandeurs of 1898 promise to be absolutely outrivaled by the true magnificence of the season just closing. Silks and furs are the dominant topics of interest in clothesland this week, for hitherto nobody could speak with any authority whatsoever on the long or short-haired skins. It really is not until the cold winds strike in, and the women begin to put their new furs to practical uses, that one can tell what is smart and what is dowdy.

A decidedly nose reddening breeze whipped out of the north a few days ago and then the fun in furs began. A large majority of the women clung to their cloth coats, honoring the change in the weather by pretty stock collars of satin that wrinkle close about the throat, but let fall under either ear broad, rolling triangles of fur. That is to say, with a brown Zibilene coat would be adopted a full stock of damson red satin or velvet, having overlapping points of rich Russian sable.

Another, a smoke gray coat, was topped off by a stock of cornflower blue velvet and the large points were of chinchilla. These points fall well down on the shoulder and really cover the sides of the collar, and many of such neck fixings have two wedge-shaped ends of fur, one long and one short, that fall out on the chest about six or eight inches. A collarette that answers to the above outlines and a good-

A WINTER TEA GOWN.

sized muff is considered effective and perfectly sufficient for trimming, though there is no reason to assert that small capes, shoulder pieces with stole fronts, or in fact any of the good orthodox cuts of fur have lost one whit of their popularity.

Smart but Chilly.

All the new capes, of course, are shawl-shaped, their sloped fronts treated very often with a graduated arrangement of tails, but for warmth these new garments are a snare and a delusion. They seem fairly to invite and hold every icy blast. The most commendable of the cape family are those rather graceful little fellows of cloth that only drop to the elbow and have revers and a high collar faced with fur.

Some of these capes are cut from very gaily colored cloth, in warm reds and blues and are satin-quilted inside, which adds many degrees to their warmth. With all these wraps exceedingly high collars are worn without exception, and among the small things in fur are long scarfs of mink, marten and otter, Russia and Alaska sable that pass about the inside of a high collar at its base and tie in a double bow knot in front. Such a scarf keeps the collar close about the ears and gives comfort to the wearer's neck and they, more than anything else, have delayed the reincarnation of the long boa.

Melon Muffs.

Over in Russia the fair empress has given the ukase on muffs, for it is said that the only fad of that gentle, melancholy woman is for furs. Just now she prefers a melon-shaped muff with street dresses and a good big fellow at that. The muff is made of ten pieces of fur, so braced that they puff up at their broadest point, leaving the center of the hand warmer some twenty-five inches in circumference, while the orifices at either end are very small. With smart calling toilets she adopts a small muff made wholly of polar fox, sable, or ermine tails, and the few that have been imported are worth from $300 to $1,500. There simply is no question as to their beauty, but the price is so exclusive that many women are going to content their gently covetous souls with ostrich and marabout feather hand protectors.

For a good, serviceable, simple and tasteful muff there is nothing better than a big fellow of densely brown or gray cub wolf fur, while Persian lamb, mink and Alaska sable in reticule or melon shape are to be as extensively used as ever.

A very pretty and novel fur trimmed muff is made in the double reticule shape of cloth, with the fur applied in any way desired. To make one of these a long, rather narrow cloth cylinder is arranged and tied tight in the middle with a handsome ribbon, finished with a bow. Into the bow a couple of fur tails can be judiciously twisted, and then where the hands enter at either end the muff is again drawn up with ribbons into as small orifices as comfort will allow. A small outstanding frill can be left at both ends and trimmed with fur tails, but the muff when completed should have two distinct compartments for the hands.

New Surtouts.

Women to whom money is no object are undoubtedly lending themselves to the fascinations of the very long fur coat that buttons up double-breastedly in front and has long, solemn cutaway tails, but she who is wise as well as a lover of beauty will scarcely invest any capital in the new surtouts, as they are called, for their days of popularity will be exceedingly short. It is very easy, however, to have to a last year's fur coat small, pretty hip, long cutaway tails adjusted, and a lace jabot or a complete new front, of bright brocaded satin and lace laid on over the bust.

There really is nothing that has not been told over and over again to tell now about the application of fur as a dress trimming. Bands and bindings of mink or broadtail crop out, in accepted style, on handsome cloth and velvet costumes, though in Paris they do cut from broadtail some very lovely conventionalized patterns of fruit and flowers and applique them on velvet. Short of trimming a gown with pure gold leaf there is scarcely any decoration more extravagant than this or any more richly beautiful.

One damson purple velvet brought over from Paris had a series of large broadtail bow knots, holding loose poppies of the same fur, applied on skirt and body. Where the edges of the fur lay on the velvet a finish of the finest jet beading was used and all the centers of the poppies, and some delicate intermixed vine like traceries, were done in this black sparkling ornamentation. It was a costume, however, only suitable for an extravagant millionairess.

Silks and Satins.

Gowns, however, that will be worthy of preservation for appreciative posterity are those made this season of the new evening silks and satins. In the days of Louis XV such imperially beautiful fabrics were not dreamed of as Cotele d'or, satin sultane and taffeta croquete. The first mentioned is a thick silk with broad bayadere ribs of satin crossing it at short intervals. Such quality and body has this goods that the ordinary taffeta lining seems like tissue paper under it, while satin sultane is duchess satin increased in beauty and richness ten fold, and among these new goods a new shade called Montenegrau red is to be seen and admired.

In contrast to these fabrics, dyed a solid color, are the truly exquisite figured and embossed moires that merit all the reverent admiration they receive. Over a milk blue ground of moire, for instance, will extend sprays of pink marsh mallows and ragged robin, or golden climatis and pink-tipped daisies. The flowers stand out always clearly defined and in the tenderest colors against the veined marble-like paleness of the moire, while on the new taffetas the flowers are closely massed in broad blurred bands of glowing color. Some of these taffetas are excellent reproductions of the handsome chined silks so popular twenty-five years ago.

Flowered moire and taffeta ribbon takes a place to the forefront, but the novelty is ribbon showing a liberal powdering of big and little loose silk dots. Somehow this business of dotting things, or rather tufting them with little flossy balls, has crept into great favor. A proportion of the winter goods show dots, while many of the felt hats are speckled with them.

Hats and Gloves.

The last word as to hats deals with the question of crowns. Kid, fur and shirred silk crowns, with felt brims, have their warm partisans, and the combination can be recommended, especially the pudding shaped fur crown. Some of the most enticing little theater bonnets have two tiny crowns of velvet, powdered with pearls, that fit on either side of the head. The theater bonnets are veritable top knots of coquetry, so minute are their proportions, and sometimes a Juliet crown of jet will flower out a couple of abnormally large pansies, one of white, the other of black velvet, having their centers and edges of jet. Not another material may enter into the composition of this bonnet, yet it will be most decidedly a thing of beauty.

All sorts of queer applications are being made to quills and plumes this season. Bands of crinkled satin ribbon are fastened somehow to the spines of eagle feathers, or tiny breast down, from domestic fowls, are glued in a fuzzy band along the spine. White ostrich feathers invariably have their spines dyed black and sometimes wee tags of fur are hung in with the feathery masses of the plumes. In walking hats brown and gray quills absolutely dominate the situation and some of these are the long mottled plumage from the lyre birds' tails. The seasonable golfing hat is denuded of all decoration. A checked cheviot or tweed hat is the thing that has a low crown and a broad flat brim, measuring the same width all round. This puts the Alpine's nose permanently out of joint just as the big hat with a lofty heterogeneous trimming is slowly, but none the less surely, being lifted to the top shelf of oblivion.

There are no new colors in gloves, but a recombination of tones has been introduced. That is to say, some of the long evening glove kids are white, or cream or pearl gray outside, and blue, or yellow, or lilac inside. Heavy stitching is again apparent on all hand gear. So very heavy is it in certain of the walking gloves that the thick silk lines cover as a solid wedge the back of the hand, while the prettiest buttons are deeply colored cabochon crystal. This last is distinctly a pretty touch of variety.

Illustrations of Fashions.

Little Bo Peep, if her flocks were made up of the handsome fur-bearing animals, would shed bitter tears over the slaughter in tails that is going on this autumn as shown by the sketch, which is drawn from the newest fur models. One of the figures in the group shows a muff made of Alaska sable tails, a simple thing, but cruelly dear, and worn with it a stock of orange velvet having sable points and cravat ends. A charming coronet hat is the finishing touch.

A FRENCH LOUNGING TOILET.

Another model shows the treatment of a small black velvet cape with mink tails and the muff that accompanies the cape is a melon-shaped comforter of alternating dark and lighter stripes of mink.

A reticule muff in two compartments appears with the third figure, which illustrates the uses of the bow boa, while the fourth fashion plate displays a coat of broad tail, or Astrakan, or Persian lamb, trimmed and recut in harmony with the new laws.

How the rich chined and embossed silks and satins are made up in reception and tea gowns is elucidated in the two single cuts of figures. The larger model is that of a costume wrought out from kilted crepe lisse and moire decorated in floral patterns. The lisse front of skirt and body is white, made over pale yellow silk. The moire train and body are white, also elaborated in corn flower and clematis pattern, while the shaped ruffles down the front of the skirt and the little Romeo cape and cross pieces are of cornflower blue satin.

Tea gown number two is a rosy lavender satin bearing closely embossed velvet figures in a rich violet shade. Where the folded overskirt opens at the foot a glimpse is given of rose-colored tulle sprinkled with big purple silk balls. Tulle to match falls in a full front over the waist line, and appears again on the sleeves. A high collar of lavender satin wrinkles close about the throat and is crossed by a necklace of big black beads with metallic tones of red and purple glinting from their facets.

MARY DEAN.

IN A CAMP HOSPITAL.

Experiences of a Daughter of Captain Robley D. Evans.

(Mrs. Marsh and her sister, Miss Evans, are daughters of Captain Evans of the Iowa. Mrs. Marsh is the wife of Lieutenant Marsh, flag secretary to Admiral Sampson. Both are nieces of Captain H. C. Taylor, commanding the Indiana, and their only brother was a cadet on the Massachusetts, but participated in the naval fight, having been left aboard the Iowa on July 3. So while father, husband, uncle and brother risked their lives at sea for their country's sake, these two pretty society girls, for both are scarcely old enough to be called women, mustered the entire family into the service of the United States by devoting their energies to caring for the wounded. But little idea of the heroic work done during the war by carefully nurtured American womanhood, accustomed to all the comforts that come from wealth, can be gained from this modest little reminiscence of her hospital life, which Mrs. Marsh has written, in which she has said nothing of the hardships she and her sister underwent, but which records a few very humane incidents which came to her notice.)

Mrs. Marsh's Story.

It was a few days after the great Santiago fight, about July 10, that my sister and I heard one morning that the steamer Breakwater was in, and the sick and wounded were being taken to the camp hospital.

We had already offered our services to the surgeon in charge, but had been told that his orders from Washington prevented his having any women nurses in camp. So this morning we wasted no time in formal applications, but went round to the back of the camp where guards were few. There we found a young volunteer doctor, with more cleverness than respect for authorities, and he took us into the camp and set us to work.

For the next ten days we were the only women nurses in the camp, and as all the men felt more comfortable when there was a woman about, we did what we could for the whole 600. It was during these first days of rushing around that we found ourselves nicknamed "The sunshine of the camp." Some of the Michigan volunteers were gallant enough to originate that title.

Going one day to look for one of the men nurses who was not at his post, I found that he had developed a mild form of insanity, and was to be sent to the asylum. I went to see if I could do anything for him. He jumped to his feet when he saw me, saluted and said: "Like two angels of light ye descended upon us. Goodby, goodby! I'm going home to ride my new white bicycle with my monogram painted on it." I concluded he was at least happy, and left him to the two hospital stewards who had him in charge.

Scattered through all the tents were a few of the colored troops, and wherever I found one I found gentleness and good humor and patience; and all the men agreed to the verdict of an old Irish sergeant when he said: "An thim coons kin fight! There's lots of us wouldn't be here now if 'twasn't for thim."

One of my men told me that as he lay wounded in the trenches another man came to him so covered with blood that he could not tell whether he was black or white, and asked him if he coudn't do something to help him. "No, man," replied my patient, "you'd better go and have something done for yourself." The other man wiped the blood from his face and said: "Now, look, and tell me what's the matter with me," and he told him he had been almost scalped by a piece of shell. "O, well," was the wounded man's answer, "if that's all, I'll go see if some of the other men don't need help," and off he went, stopping at the wounded and the dead, and finally finding down the line a wounded man who consented to be carried back to the doctor, whereupon he promptly took him on his blood-stained shoulders and carried him to the hospital.

In one of my own wards I had a little colored private, very black, with popped eyes that blinked continually, and an indescribable accent, whose one prayer was "Le'me git back to my company. Please, miss, git me well an' sen' me back."

One day I asked him, "Peters, why do you want to go back. Aren't you comfortable here?"

"Yes, miss," he answered, "but please, miss, le'me go back. I wan' kill some more them Spanyuts?"

"But why, Peters, don't you think you've killed enough?" I insisted.

"No, miss, no miss, dey done kilt my captun, and den we cotch de man what done it, an' when I see 'im I start fo' 'im, an' I say, 'Now I'se got you, now I'se gwine serve you like you serve my captun.' An' my lieutenant he grab me by er shoulder an' he say, 'You, Peters, you git back whar you belongs, don' you never let me even hear you talk bout killin' a prisoner;' but I say, 'You just le'me git holt my carbeen, an' see whether I kill 'im er not. Yes, miss, I sutenly is got to kill some more Spanyuts."

After things become more systematized and more women nurses were employed I only had two wards, about sixty men, most of them regulars, who had "soldiered" for years, and thought the climate of Cuba not so bad after that of Nebraska. One day an old cavalry corporal asked to what regiment the men in a neighboring tent belonged. I told him they were all members of a well known volunteer regiment. "Ah sure then," he replied "the poor bhoys need rale good nursin', for many's the time down to Santiago I've seen 'em come to mornin' sick call, suffering wid sunstroke, which is dangerous when you contract it at night; an' thim that didn't have sunstroke had cold feet!"

A sergeant of infantry in one of my wards was a great joy to visitors who wanted to hear of hairbreadth escapes, for he had been grazed by a mauser bullet across his whole body, beginning at his left arm and going all across his chest to his right arm. His real wound was a bad one in the thigh, but he valued above everything the flannel shirt he wore at Santiago with its eight holes, all made by the same bullet.

It was in the first part of August that a new man, an Illinois volunteer, was brought into my ward from Porto Rico with fever. He was not very ill and as I put him to bed and made him comfortable, I said: "How do you think you caught this fever? I thought Porto Rico was a healthy place?" He was nothing but a boy, and he burst out crying, as he said: "I don't know anything about Porto Rico, miss. I never landed. I got sick on the transport, and they sent me right back here; and all the other fellows is there now." He was in the "blues" for several days, till his mother came to look after him, and I think her content at having him safe and not with "the other fellows" reconciled him, for he went on furlough in a week or two looking happy.

The very best of the men nurses were two Armenians. One had been the son of a minister of the Armenian church, and had seen his father, mother and sisters killed by the Turks. He told of it one day, very quietly, but with a look in his eyes which made me thing that stray and unprotected Turks had best avoid him. Both of the Armenians were wonderfully clean, endlessly patient and as gentle as women. The men grew very fond of them, and called them "John" quite regardless of their intricate names, which sounded just as they looked, written in Armenian characters.

Only a day or two before I left the hospital I went into the diet kitchen and found the chef dancing with rage and almost speechless. He ran toward me as I came in, and when I could understand anything he said I found he was begging me. "Spik for me! Spik for me! Tell the doctaire!" I said I would speak to anyone he pleased if he would only tell me what he wanted, and then he waved his hand solemnly toward the stove and said: "Look! Behold! Here are ten gallons of milk I haf put to sterilize, and they haf curdle—curdle!"

O, but he was a jewel, that cook! He had been chef at the White House for years, and then at government house in Jamaica; and the "light diets" he used to send down into the wards were a treat to see. I shall never forget his milk toast. It would have been a dainty dish to set before the king. When the war broke out this chef wanted to do something for the soldiers, and so volunteered to one of the relief associations, which sent him to our hospital. They paid him about what his board cost, so he practically gave his services, and that meant a great deal.

Finally, about the end of August, my sister and I said goodby to our men and left the camp, which was by that time provided with plenty of contract nurses, who are paid $30 a month and their board. And we were very proud of being able to say that we had nursed sixty men apiece, for five weeks, and never lost a patient.

CHARLOTTE EVANS MARSH.

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In order that all may be benefited by their Great Discovery, the Misses Bell will, during the present month, give to all callers at their parlors one trial bottle of their Complexion Tonic absolutely free; and in order that those who cannot call or who live away from New York may be benefited, they will send one bottle to any address, all charges prepaid, on the receipt of 25 cents (stamps or silver) to cover cost of packing and delivering. The price of this wonderful tonic is $1.00 per bottle, and this liberal offer should be embraced by all.

The Misses Bell have just published their new book, "Secrets of Beauty." This valuable work is free to all desiring it. The book treats exhaustively of the importance of a good complexion; tells how a woman may acquire beauty and keep it. Special chapters on the care of the hair: how to have luxuriant growth; harmless methods of making the hair preserve its natural beauty and color, even to advanced age. Also instructions how to banish superfluous hair from the face, neck and arms without injury to the skin. This book will be mailed to any address on request.

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Frills of Fashion.

Very pretty umbrella handles are made of dull gold engraved and studded with gems.

A very pretty watch for a woman has a miniature on the back. The center is set with pearls.

The bias bands of velvet lend themselves to the crinkled ruffled effects to be seen in so many things.

There are few kinds of trimming that are not to be seen this year, and much of the trimming runs around the skirts and bodices bayadere fashion.

A bit of color is brought into a dark gown by means of the collar, which will be of a pretty, bright velvet, while a little piece of the same velvet flares and falls over the hand.

Rough Rider hats of soft French felt, in every shade of color, appropriate for autumn wear, are trimmed with a scarf of fancy silk laid in close, flat folds around the crown, with two quills feathers on the left side.

The tiny ruffles of chiffon, which are not finished with ruffles, and even some which are, are edged with tiny bands of ribbon or velvet. On a pink gown the many ruffles of chiffon are edged with narrow pink velvet with a soft and attractive effect.

The well remembered surplice front fastening over at one side of the waist is to be seen with a knot of velvet or silk as a finish. That is another pretty, old fashion, and with the lace or chiffon vest it is becoming to all styles of faces and softens the plainest.

Patterns in jet are very handsome on black cloth and velvet gowns, where they are put on so heavily that they must add much to the weight of the garment. Black jet is seen on white, but there it is put on less heavily. Here and there a rhinestone buckle is seen, enough to show that it is in evidence.

New traveling wraps for lengthy journeys are military cloaks, quite as long as an ulster, to be worn with or without a cape. The fronts are semi-loose, and the backs fitted and sometimes belted. Many of these wraps are made of army-blue cloth, and the fronts are fastened with medium-sized gilt buttons.

Many people do not like fringes, but some of the short fringes that are worn are very pretty. A black cloth suit has its three skirts outlined with black and white fringe about an inch in width. The white is almost imperceptible, being entirely under the black and showing only the tiniest edge. The effect is as if the black cloth and a white lining were slightly fringed.

Having appropriated piece by piece man's especial belongings in the shape of scarfs, neckties, hats, collars, waistcoats, and cutaway jackets, the very fashionable girl of the day has taken to wearing men's shoes for long country walks and cycling uses. The shoes are made of oil-grain calfskin, and are the regular shapes and styles made on men's lasts by first-class shoemakers.

The bangle bracelet has returned. It may be had in all kinds and conditions of material. The jade bracelet still holds a first place, but it is expensive. It is lucky, however, and attractive. There are imitations, but the uninitiated can tell the real jade by the temperature. A glass imitation held against the cheek is not cold, but the jade, being of a different composition, is noticeably so.

The prominent color among advance autumn styles for dress and millinery accessories for those who could appropriately wear it was a brilliant shade of cherry-red. Not cerise, for that color is as trying and hard a tone as magenta or any of the intense reds which have a purple cast. To some people cherry-red is immensely becoming, but is to be carefully avoided by others.

There are no hard and fast lines in women's dress as there are in men's. A man wears a straw hat just so long, and no longer, and if by some chance he wears a straw hat and an overcoat every one comments upon it. A woman wears a straw hat whenever she sees fit—all winter if she likes—and if she has a big velvet hat that she thinks would be pretty with a summer gown, she would take it out and wear it, and the admiring world would exclaim, "How pretty and original!"

Two-button cutaway coats, made with a silk-faced notched collar, like those on men's coats, are neat and inexpensive styles for every-day wear. The fronts slope very much towards the hips, the curve beginning immediately below the buttons, disclosing the dress waist or silk shirt waist beneath. The back is adjusted by closely fitted side forms. The coat sleeves have no extra fullness at the top, and are only of sufficient size to slip on and off with ease. The pockets have curved slit openings, and the edges of the entire coat are finished with two rows of stitching.

Feminine Personals.

Miss Elizabeth Stephenson, who is to christen the Wisconsin, has sailed for this country after a six months' tour of Europe.

Miss Laura Lykens, a half-blood Shawnee graduate of the Carlisle Indian school, and a lawyer in Oklahoma, is the only Indian woman lawyer in the country.

Miss E. Bonomi, who has received the M. D. degree from the University of Genoa, is said to be the first woman to secure a degree from any Italian university.

Miss Antoinette Greely, daughter of the arctic explorer, and Miss Rosemary Sartoris, a granddaughter of General Grant, will be among the debutantes in Washington this season.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt is said to be an enthusiastic collector of thimbles once the property of famous women. She owns one which once protected the finger of Elizabeth.

A notable feature in the proceedings of the American Board of Foreign Missions at Grand Rapids was the election of Margaret J. Evans of Minnesota as a member, she being the first woman to be so honored.

Mrs. L. A. Heald, a dressmaker, has just completed a journey from Berkeley, Cal., to Seattle, Wash., 1,000 miles, in a dog cart. She was accompanied by her 6-year-old son. The outdoor trip, which was taken for her health, was very beneficial to her.

Mamie Frey of Chicago is 18, pretty, and the only woman watchmaker in the city. She is acknowledged to be an expert, but women with watches out of order prefer to trust their timepieces to a mechanic of the other sex. That's why she is unhappy.

One of the large New York hotels to be opened next winter will be entirely in charge of a woman, who, through a previous successful experience, has qualified herself to assume a place of such responsibility. Women proprietors of hotels are not unknown here, but they have not hitherto operated in a field so large as that of the woman who will manage this new building. One of these had charge of a private hotel which was unique, at least in one particular. During one winter the proprietor had sixty cooks, and the young woman who struggled against this visitation of ill-fortune did not seem to think that she had been through an experience especially trying. But she admitted that keeping a hotel furnished splendid discipline for the character. Women hotel keepers have been successful in many parts of the country, and no occupation seems more suitable to their abilities. One of the largest hotels in one of the best known summer resorts is kept by a woman, who has maintained for years the high reputation and exclusiveness of the house.

AUTUMN IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Punxsutawney Spirit.

Pumpkin pie and apple cider!
Cut 'er loose and open wider!
Ain't no time like fruitful autumn;
Hick'ry nuts in river bottom!
Who said fall was melancholy?
Just the time to be real jolly!
Stir that steaming apple butter;
Fry them doughnuts—hear 'em sputter!
See them trees with apples laden;
See the buxom country maiden!
Scenes of plenty, bliss Arcad'n.
Sparkling eyes and rosy features!
Joyous, blessed, happy creatures;
Apple snits and pumpkin slices;
Eggs and butter bring good prices!
Gran'ries full and runnin' over;
Bulging haymows sweet with clover.
Country sausage! Goodness, land sakes!
Hurry up them buckwheat pancakes!
My, oh, my! But don't we pity
Poor folks livin' in the city!

"A life on ocean wave" and a quart of Cook's Imperial Champagne, extra dry, is the acme of happiness.

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