

FRILLS OF FASHION.

The Latest in Materials and Trimmings for Up to Date Costumes.

Lace and chignon bows are the fashionable fancy in neckwear for the first cool days before fur is in order...

Velvets, both plain and fancy, are to be very much worn.

Narrow bands of fur, and especially sable, are a prominent feature of dress trimming for gauzy evening gowns...

Long black kid gloves are worn with the black evening gowns, which, by the way, have been very popular this season with matrons and maids alike.

A bos holder of gold, set with imitation gems, and shaped like a serpent doubled in one deep loop, is one of the season's novelties.

The new variety in taffeta silk has the pliable qualities of a soft foulard, while it is much heavier and more suitable for gowns than the thinner kind.

Collar bands on the new gowns are built very much on the lines of those worn during summer, pointing or rounding up at the back of the ears...

French flannel petticoats with silk flounces below the knee must appeal to the average woman who likes to be warmly clad in cold weather...

Black ribbon velvet is well up in the list of dress trimmings, and the special feature of its use is threading it through lace for yokes, vests and bands...

Gold buttons with mock gems of various kinds and colors in the center are used on some of the elegant costumes...

Round handkerchiefs embroidered with your favorite flower is the latest fad.

Black velvet embroidered in oriental designs with gold braid and colored silks is used effectively for yoke collar and vest of an imported gown of old rose red cloth.

The back in many a cloth bodice is made quite plain without any seam.

SYNDICATE PLAN FAILED.

Ruse of a Lot of Lazy Fellows Is Exposed by Their Suspicious Wives.

In one of the big offices of the city where many men are employed the disconsolate fellows have evolved a brilliant scheme in the way of a labor-saving letter-writing device.

Of course all these devoted wives expected a letter at least once a week giving the minutest details of hubby's comings and goings...

Now, this involved a considerable amount of labor, so these men held an informal convention and decided to write a syndicate letter to their wives.

They cast lots to see who should write the first letter, and after that the duty rotated until all had an opportunity.

Then a copy of the letter was mailed to each of the wives. But the brilliant scheme was destined to be short-lived...

They were not nearly so enthusiastic about it after a brief interview with their wives.

Different Sleeves.

We may once more have the pleasure of delving into our chests and boxes for pieces of plush, velvet, satin or almost anything out of which to cut sleeves.

BABIES AND COMMON SENSE.

Old-Fashioned Notions in the Care of Young Children vs. the New Training.

"I always smile to myself," said a sweet old lady the other day, "when I hear old-fashioned folk poo-poo the ways of the modern mother."

"I wish I had known as much when the stork brought my first little one. Did I have a thermometer to test the water of his bath? No, indeed, and there's no telling how often the little cherub was nearly parboiled."

"The milk always did sour in them, and of course it never occurred to me to boil the paraphernalia. Another thing that I've noticed is that this generation of women make such sensible mothers."

"I was just reading the other day," chimed in the skeptic, "that an old doctor who has been officiating at births for 40 years says that each year's crop is a little bit worse and more troublesome and nervous and fussy and colicky than that of the previous 12 months."

"Don't you believe it," the sweet old lady declared. "I have always said that a nervous mother will have a nervous baby, although it doesn't invariably happen that way."

"I often think of the time when my first baby made this earth a paradise for me. My mother always superintended the daily bath. It was a great event. The room was got boiling hot and all the clothes were laid out...

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HOW TO DRESS THE HAIR.

Practical Suggestions for Arrangement of the Coils of the Coming Season.

All the latest hair dressing shows that the pompadour is to be the fashion for the coming season.

For the new hats, and also for everyday occasions, have the hair coiled high on the head in a figure eight, with the top raised to be like a loop.

Elderly women generally wear their hair high on the head, but below the crown. The front is parted and arranged in soft waves that are drawn down over the forehead, giving a more softened look.

For young girls there are two styles of hair-dressing. One way is to part the hair in front, to roll it at the sides, and to arrange it low in the neck at the back.

Young girls also wear their hair in pompadour with a bow on the top of the head, the ends braided and turned up, and tied at the nape of the neck with another bow of ribbon.

Table Linen Edging.

Heavy linen lace is most attractive for edging table linen. In table squares and tablecloths there is a simple hem-stitched line of drawn work at the hem, and an edge of the lace around the border.

A TRAMP BISHOP.

Episcopal Prelate Who Has Footed 8,000 Miles Just for the Fun of It.

Hale and hearty Rt. Rev. Leighton Coleman, bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Delaware, has returned from his annual pedestrian tour.

He humped 220 miles along country roads, over mountains and through a desolate region of southwestern Virginia, acquiring a rich coat of sunburn on his kindly face, and losing a few pounds of flesh from his rotund form.

Bishop Coleman is 62 years of age, and retains the vigor and activity of youth. He attributes his remarkable physical condition to his love for walking.

When starting on his annual walk, Bishop Coleman is transformed in appearance. An old linen duster, that has done service for many years, replaces the cloth of the church.

At the outset the bishop said he discovered a new reason for traveling in cognito. As he was reclining one afternoon under the shade of a schoolhouse, somewhat weary after a long day's tramp...

Plodding along, the bishop met another pedestrian, an Austrian, who found delight in viewing the country from the road.

TREAT FOR THE LOGGERHEAD.

A Feast of Cabbage Is Provided Twice a Week for the New York Aquarist's Big Turtle.

Free, the big loggerhead turtle at the aquarium, which measures about six feet, from tip to tip, would eat in the course of his travels considerable seaweed and marine vegetation of one sort and another, which he does not find growing in the pool in which he now lives.

The big turtle has been in the aquarium nearly a year. It came up, doubtless, from Florida; a voyage of a distance not unusual for such a turtle to make.

Sure Sign.

"You know that red-headed, freckle-faced, big-nosed Mr. Bruce, don't you?" asked the girl in blue of her friend in pink as they lolled on Margate extension.

"Yes. What of him?" "Mabel Wilson is engaged to him."

Where Nathan Hale Taught School. The old schoolhouse in East Haddam, Conn., in which Nathan Hale taught the year after his graduation at Yale, is to be preserved by a patriotic society.

DIAMOND DOLLARS OF 1864.

Daily Four of the Original Coinage of 19,570 in Existence—Others Are "Restrikes."

"Every now and then one reads about the discovery of another of the famous 'diamond dollars' of 1864," said a gentleman of this city, who owns one of the finest private collections of medals in the south.

"Do you mean to tell us, then," said a listener to the foregoing, "that all the 'diamond dollars' now in private cabinets are counterfeit?"

"By no means," replied the collector. "I own an 1864 dollar myself, and there are at least three others to my knowledge in the south. They were issued by the government, but they are perfectly good and legal coins, but they are not originals. They are what are known technically as 'restrikes.'"

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PITH AND POINT.

There is nothing to some men, except that they are smart and well educated.

When a man discovers he is being driven to despair he should get out and walk.

An Art Criticism—"Shed look better without so much powder and rouge on."

Like Many Others—"Tanke, leigh never mixes politics and religion."

Foreign to Him—"Daddy?" said the little colored boy.

"Put me off at Beacon street," said the fair passenger to the Boston trolley conductor.

May—"Did you see Miss Woodby's fall gown? It's something terrible, but she thinks it's fine."

M'KEE'S BIG INVESTMENT. His Calf Grew Into a Cow and He Had an Elephant on His Hands.

A problem which has caused James McKee, of Brooklyn, many a sleepless night and worried him into a state bordering on nervous prostration was happily solved recently.

SEA SWALLOWS CEMETERY.

Trees Swayed, Church Bell Tolloed and Waterspouts Spread Wide Havoc.

Reports lately received here from eye-witnesses of the Alaskan earthquakes in the early part of last September go to show that the shocks were even more appalling than any yet known on the Pacific coast.

The center of the disturbance seems to have been in the vicinity of Yakutat bay, where, among other strange happenings, an entire graveyard was swallowed by the sea, so that when the earthquake was over it was possible to row out over what had once been the ancient burying-ground, and to see far down in the depths the tops of tall trees still standing erect, with all their branches and foliage in what henceforth will probably for ages to come remain the bed of the ocean.

Near Yakutat the shore was plowed with great furrows about four feet apart, which originally were 20 feet in depth, and now have been filled in with sand until they are only about five feet deep.

Great waterspouts rose in the bay. They bored enormous holes in the sand and earth, which they lifted high into the air and spread them over miles of territory far inland.

The shocks began on September 3 and continued at irregular intervals and with varying force until Sunday, the 10th, when the worst and most terrifying of all took place.

The Indians were nearly insane with terror when the first heavy jar came on the morning of that day. The missionary, Mr. Johnson, was not intending to hold service that day because he did not think it safe for the people to assemble in the church building.

When the service was over the worst shock of the day occurred. Men were unable to stand erect, the trees swayed to and fro, as in a terrible hurricane, and the church spire swayed so that the bell kept up a continuous and ominous tolling which frightened the poor Indians more than anything else.

Had the earthquake occurred at high tide instead of low tide it is believed the entire village of Yakutat would have been swallowed up.

THE PORT OF BOTTLES.

A Dead Spot in the Caribbean Sea That No Floating Plank Can Get Away From.

"There is a dead spot in the Caribbean sea," said the first officer of a Brazilian ship, chatting at the custom house the other day, "that ought to be called the port of bottles. It lies very nearly midway between Cartagena, in Colombia, and Kingston, Jamaica, and at a guess I should say it was due east of Cape Gracias a Dios. It is out of the steamer tracks and the action of the great currents going one way and another has left a space of stagnant water without any real movement at all. Anything that gets into the dead spot is apt to stay there unless driven out by some big storm, and will simply drift round and round, gathering seaweed and barnacles."

"The last time I saw the place was in '95, when I was on board a tramp from Rio that had changed its course a little to take up some rubber at a Central American port. While we were passing through we noticed a floating spar, and among a lot of rubbish attached to it was a peculiar looking round object, bright red in color. We put off a boat to investigate and it proved to be a patent buoy, which had been set adrift from a Florida lighthouse station in '93, and was part of a systematic attempt to ascertain the speed and direction of currents. Inside was an official memorandum which was afterward returned to the navy department with data of when and where found. But what is a good deal more interesting is the fact that while we were securing the buoy we discovered three bottles sticking in the drift, all covered with weeds and slime. One was empty and the other two had papers inside. The first was a memorandum that the bottle had been dropped from a yacht off the Grand Cayman in, I think, the year 1892, and the other inclosure showed that it came from a ship bound for Montevideo, on what date I forget. In each case it was evidently the whim of some idle passenger, but it was a little odd that we should find the whole collection together."

"I noticed a lot of other driftwood in the dead spot, and I am confident that no end of bottles could be culled from the place. Hundreds are dropped overboard every year, but very few escape being knocked to pieces unless they happen to find their way to some such a still place as I have described."

Patagonia's Future. Doctor Moreno, the director of the La Plata museum, during a recent visit to London, gave a lecture on Patagonia, in which he declared that that country does not deserve its bad reputation. Although its present population is small and scattered, it has, he avers, a healthy soil capable of supporting a large population, and it presents a vast field for human industry. In Dr. Moreno's opinion, Patagonia is a remnant of an ancient antarctic continent.

Judge—What made you assault your lawyer? Dooley—He insulted me, sor. He rootlessly thrumped upon the dearest prejudices of a down-throdden race; he mocked the tenderest sensibilities of a unfortunate nation; he made a feather word an a hiss'n' av me sacredd feel'n's, an' in me humble resignation jeered at the misfortunes of a licked but not vanquished paple. An', yer oner, O'll allow no man to do all that widout pokin' him was in the jaw av him.

"Dear me! And how did he make such a comprehensive fool of it?" "He asked me, yer oner, me name, an' whin O' told him Albert E. Dooley, he says: 'Oh, yis; Albert Edward, av course. Named after the pri'—an' thin O' pushed his face.'"—N. Y. World.

L'ABELLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS

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