

NEW DRESS NOVELTIES.

Dainty Trimmings and Pretty Facelies in Costumes for the Coming Season.

Peau de soie and peau de cygne are favorite silks for waists.

White shawl and sea. Other make handsome fur evening cloaks.

Moleskin plush is especially smart for a jacket when worn with a cloth skirt of like color.

The prevailing fancy for lace manifests itself in no more attractive guise than in collar and cuff sets.

Short boleros of cluny or Irish lace, with elbow sleeves, are to be worn over silk blouses.

Full plaitings of white chiffon and valencienncs lace finish the large sleeves of many handsome cloaks.

A modish brown velvet suit has strappings and sleeves of brown cloth and brown leather belt about the Russian blouse.

A plaited green chiffon lining is effective under a white-cloth garment, the frills of the lining falling below the cloth.

Modish hair dressing calls for some sort of ornamental pin with which to catch the short hairs at the back of the neck.

A box coat of white shaved coney has shoulder capes, cuffs and front facings of white cloth embroidered in silks of delicate color.

The addition of a white silk elastic belt closely studded with cut steel squares gives a smart touch to a jacket of caracul, trimmed with chinchilla.

Bouton d'or is the name given by French modistes to an evening dress garniture of rosette-like flowers of gold-colored ribbon, applied on skirt and bodice.

One of the handsomest of this season's many handsome white cloth gowns is richly embroidered with ribbon flowers and silk cord, a border of moleskin finishing the skirt.

A simple but chic gown of white cloth has the skirt in three circular flounces edged with white silk fringe.

A deep crepe stole, trimmed with fringe.

COMPLEXIONS ARE NOT MADE.

There is Grave Danger in Attempts to Secure a Pink and Alabaster Skin.

The greatest desire of many women is to have a complexion that will rival the tints of the blush rose.

Artificial means to produce the desired blend, says a health authority.

An unsophisticated "bud" had a sad experience in following the malicious advice of a matron.

The matron always had bright complexion and dazzling eyes, whereas the "bud" was sallow.

The girl longed to know the secret of the older woman's fine complexion and one day asked how she retained the bloom of youth.

The matron was amazed at this ignorance, as her high color was merely a matter of rouge and rich powder.

"Simplest thing in the world," replied she. "I use steam baths. Ever tried steam baths? Well, you have a basin of scalding water and put your face as near the steam as possible and keep it there."

"That is why my skin is so pink and white and clear from all blemishes."

Without saying a word to her mother the "bud" ordered a basin of hot water and dropped her face over the rim.

She suffered much pain, but bore up bravely when she reflected that her color might be as glowing as that of the matron.

At last she could endure the steaming no longer and rushed to a mirror. Instead of her face being like a fresh peach it was lobster red and scalded.

She sought her mother and told her what her older friend had advised. The mother applied cold cream and powder to her daughter's face.

"Now you've learned your little lesson," said the mother. "Whenever you see a woman of 30 with the complexion of a 16-year-old remember it is not scalding water, but pain."

Feathers on Winter Hats.

In plumage those of the ostrich for the richest effect, especially for the trimming of large hats, are the leading choice.

Although for like purposes high favor is accorded the plumes made of short cocks' feathers, these being very handsome and graceful.

The bird of paradise plumes continue to be seen on hats distinguished for daintiness and elegance.

And in the popular use of large flattened birds, outstretched over the tops of turbans and toques, there is in illustration a plateau hat of white beaver.

This having the effect of a double brim overlaid with Irish cut point lace, and spread out over the top a white partridge bird, the head at the front and the airy wing plumes sweeping back at each side.

AN INTERESTING COURTSHIP.

In Which the Lady Made Up Her Mind she Wasn't Going to Leave a Stone Unturned.

Susan and Mrs. Lathrop were great friends, although there was some eight or ten years' difference in their ages.

Susan was 42, but Mrs. Lathrop had married young, and this fact caused her to feel ever youthful, and thus to be companionable to her girl friend over the fence.

Then, too, ever since the death of Mrs. Clegg, some 12 years before, Mrs. Lathrop's advice had been indispensable to the other's ignorance.

writes Anne Warner, in "The Marrying of Susan Clegg," in Century. I dare say there are some who may smile just here and consider that at 30 Miss Clegg should not have needed much motherly counsel; but until one has really arrived at the age of 30 it is impossible to convince one how really immature said age is, and I can personally vouch for the fact that a mother is just as handy to have about then as she is at any earlier period.

Mrs. Lathrop had always had a good deal of time to devote to her friends' affairs, because her family consisted of but one son, and she was not given to that species of housekeeping which sweeps under the beds too often.

Miss Clegg had somewhat less time, because her father (waving between 70 and 80) was a bedridden paralytic, and had been so for over 20 years.

He was of necessity a great care, and she did her duty by him both vigorously and conscientiously, but the years in bed had led her to confound the bed with the father and to refer to them both as one united factor in her domestic economy.

Friday morning she always rose herself away from the fence with the remark: "Well, I must be gettin' back to beat father up an' put him on his clean sheets," and such phrases as "I've got father into new pillow-slips," or "Next spring I mean to have father's hair picked over an' get him a new tick," were ever on her lips.

She was generally very cheerful and quite resigned to her lot, but occasionally she had a spell of feeling that the world had more to offer than she was getting.

"If father should live to be a hundred," she said one afternoon in June, as she and Mrs. Lathrop held a parley on the borderline of their respective kingdoms—"if father should live to be a hundred, I wouldn't stand much show of gettin' married afterward. I'd be 60, an', even with a good new wave, 60 is 60."

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her finger.

"Nobody but a man of 70's goin' to marry me at 60. That'd make me bury father just to begin on some one else. I got to thinkin' about it last night, an' I've been keepin' on this mornin', too. An' I can see that if I want to get married at all, I'd better do it now. There's no time like the present. This world's made for the young 'n' well 's for the old. Besides, if I do it before cold weather, he'll pay for half of next winter's fuel. Then I could make my things along durin' the summer—I ain't got nothin' to sew on since I finished my dress for the funeral. You ought to dress for dress, Mrs. Lathrop; it's just as nice. I put it away with camphor balls, an' stuffed newspaper in the sleeves. There's nothin' to do when father dies but shake it out an' lay it on his bed—'cause of course that day father'll have the guest-room—an' the black gloves an' two black-trimmed pocket handkerchiefs is all ready in the pocket."

Mrs. Lathrop took a fresh clover.

"So I've pretty much made up my mind to get married, an' I'm goin' to set right about it. Where there's a will there's a way. I ain't goin' to leave a stone unturned, either."

THE DUTY OF MOTHERS.

There is One of Which Many Long-Suffering Ones Too Often Lose Sight.

A mother and a wife should not forget that she owes some duty to herself.

In the stress of family life, in the cares of bringing up children, many women do forget this. They fancy that they must shield the poor, hard-working, bread-earning husbands from all the troubles and annoyances of the home.

For him there should be slippers at the fire and a cushion on the chair, says Woman's Home Companion.

And the children? Of course, they must be clothed just as well as the neighbors' youngsters, even though the mother goes without a new winter coat. And the daughter must go to as many dances in the week as she likes, else where will be her place in the young society? And so the mother stays at home to wash the dishes and mend the stockings. It is all very fine for the husbands and the children; and the mother, bless her! enjoys it. But isn't she a little unfair to herself, and isn't it her own fault? She takes it for granted that she should sacrifice herself, and the others take it for granted, too.

But everybody has some right to a certain amount of living for his own ends. Everybody has a right to a slice of his own life to spend as he or she chooses. And the mother should take it. Not only she herself, but the whole family would be benefited if they were not allowed forever and eternally to lean on the mother. It is not because they are close-hearted that they do it; it is because they do not think, and in the mother's love she does not think, either, but cheerfully gives herself, when it would be better to require a little of the others.

Lady cabbage.

Chop some cabbage very fine, cook in boiling water half an hour; drain, then season highly with salt and pepper, one-half cup milk and a tablespoon butter. Cook a few minutes and serve.—Boston Globe.

SEA WATER IS HYGIENIC.

Bowers May Be Washed with It and Streets Sprinkled to Advantage.

Several years ago the city council of Hastings, England, tried the experiment of employing sea water for watering the streets and flushing the sewers, and their example was soon followed by the local authorities of a number of other towns on the coast.

The wastefulness, not to say folly, of using for such purposes water that had at considerable labor and expense been filtered to the highest attainable degree of purity seemed obvious, and though, of course, it involved the installation of a separate system of pumping station, mains and hydrants, the fact that the supply was inexhaustible and itself cost absolutely nothing was so evident that it was strange that this source had been neglected so long, says a London paper.

The sanitary and economic results seemed more than to justify the innovation, for to say nothing of its slightly antiseptic action, the hygroscopic property of the salt caused the effects of each watering to last for a much longer time, and the surface of the roadway was believed by some to be more compact and cohesive, than when fresh water was employed. Besides the retrenchments the new system presented a direct source of revenue in the demand by many private householders for a salt water service to their bathrooms, so that they might enjoy the luxury of sea bathing at home.

But a few years' experience has unfortunately brought about no small disillusionment; the owners of carriages complain of the destructive action of the salt mud on the varnish and paint, and the tradesmen complain of the injury inflicted on goods of all kinds by the salt dust and its subsequent deliquescence. Lastly, the users themselves, the local authorities and their customers, have discovered that the salt water exerts such a corrosive and generally destructive action on metal pipes and fittings that the number of persons contracting for a domestic supply has fallen from 200 to two, and the leakage from the joints of the street mains has caused the death of trees planted in the best streets and promenades, so that the engineer in the corporation that had been the pioneer in the movement finds himself compelled, in an exhaustive report of its experience, to admit that the system has proved a complete failure.

BRICK LAYING IN WINTER.

Method Has Been Devised by Which Obstacles to the Work Are Done Away With.

Frank W. Mahin, United States consul at Nottingham, England, reports to the department of commerce and labor of a new method of overcoming the obstacle of building operations in winter due to frost, states the Brooklyn Eagle. He says: "It is averred that in Sweden brick laying is now carried on without interruption through the long and severe winters. It is probable that the method that makes this possible may be an old story in the United States, but I submit a description of it for what it may be worth."

It has been demonstrated that brick laying can be carried on in a temperature as low as 16 degrees Fahrenheit. For lower temperatures it is necessary to heat the sand and water used in making the mortar. The heating of the water is easily accomplished, and for the sand the common arrangement consists of a circular iron tube 18 to 24 inches in diameter and from six to eight feet long. This is closed at one end with bricks or an iron plate. On the top of this end there is a chimney eight to ten feet high and five to six inches in diameter.

The fuel, which is generally refuse wood from the building under erection, is fed in at the open or partly open end of the cylinder. This cylinder is often formed of an old boiler tube or of a piece of an old iron chimney. For burning coal special grate and chimney arrangements would be necessary, but in no case need they be elaborate or expensive.

"After placing this cylinder on the ground the sand is heaped on and around it to a depth of 18 to 24 inches and allowed to remain till it gets hot, when it is taken away from where it is hottest and replaced by fresh sand. The mortar should be made in a room where the temperature is kept well above freezing point and regulated according to the frost to be counteracted. Generally this room is made by roughly boarding a part of the scaffold, simplicity and cheapness being desirable.

In laying the bricks care should be taken to avoid shifting them after once being set in the mortar, and old or stale mortar should never be used. Fifteen or twenty years ago, when this process is now employed, almost all building was broken off for four or five months during the winter. To-day it is an exception to find it hindered more than a few days or a few weeks annually."

Rural Delivery at Sea.

The captain of the steamer Benalder, of Leith, on a voyage to China, threw a bundle of letters overboard in the Mediterranean. Some Spanish fishermen of Aguilas, near Cartagena, later caught a large fish, and on opening found a bundle of letters inside. They took this to the mayor, who managed to decipher the name and address of the superintendent of the steamship line in London and thus to restore the letters to their owner.—London Daily News.

He Was Lucky.

"Was your flying machine a success?" asked the inquisitive friend.

"Yes, in a way," replied the home-grown genius.

"How's that?" queried the I. F.

"It only took me ten minutes to find out that it wouldn't fly," answered the other.—Chicago Daily News.

MISTAKEN GOLD-HUNTERS.

Those Who Are So Intent Upon the Quest That They Lose Much of Life's Beauty.

A few years ago there died in San Francisco a man who, after a lifetime of toil and danger, finally made his fortune in the Alaskan gold fields. His story is told by Mr. Jack London in the Atlantic Monthly.

Born in Maine, he was only 16 when he began his wanderings, to Montana first, then to the Alaskan Panhandle, then—the north still calling him—over the terrible Chilkoot and down into the "Mysterious Silent Land." That autumn he returned over the pass in a blizzard, "with a rag of a shirt and a handful of raw flour." But the next spring he went back over the pass, and the next; and the third he went to stay. He was not going to return again until he brought his gold with him.

For eleven years, through almost incredible hardships, he toiled on. Then his long quest was ended; with the gold for which he had spent his life he went down to San Francisco. To live? But he never learned how to live with gold. To die, planning to the very last a return to the old trail.

A strange, wild, sad story it seems, read by the fireside. Yet are there not other gold-hunters all about us? Men who toil through years to "lay by" enough to enable them to enjoy themselves at last, only to find when the task is accomplished that the unused power of joy has atrophied; women who deny themselves everything to gain their children some special advantage, only to realize in anguish that in the crowded years they have lost the children themselves; young people who, in the eager following of their ambitions, neglect the small gifts of the quiet ways—are not these all, in their different ways, gold-hunters?

But the gold of life does not lie hidden in any mines—it sparkles in tiny sands all along the common path of every day. He only who gathers it bit by bit from daily duties and pleasures and opportunities and friendships will find himself the possessor of the real treasure at last.

GENIUS AND SEX.

The Inventive Power is Not Confined to Men Alone, as This Will Prove.

It is a mistake to suppose that the gentler sex is lacking in inventive genius. The records of the patent office prove the contrary. Some 15 years ago a controversy on this point grew so hot that the then patent commissioner had the records of his office searched for the purpose of making an accurate compilation of the pertinent facts as to the inventive faculty of womankind as shown in the work of his office. The result was the preparation of a pamphlet containing the names of all women to whom patents had been granted.

There were less than 2,000. Since that time two more pamphlets have appeared, showing that the total number of inventors belonging to the weaker sex does not exceed 8,000. Since the last of these was issued the names of perhaps 3,000 have been added to the record.

The whole number of patents granted in the United States to date is 735,948. Of course, many patents have been issued to the same man, men like Edison and George Westinghouse holding hundreds of them. It is a fair statement to say that letters patent have been issued to at least 700,000 persons, and of this great number only about 12,000 are women.

The first American queen to be granted a letter giving her the exclusive right to manufacture an article invented by herself was Mary Kies. The records do not give her address. The letter was issued May 5, 1809, 19 years after the patent office was established. She contrived a method for weaving straw with either silk or thread. The records do not show whether she made or lost money on the venture. It is probable that she lost, as the vast majority of inventors do. They do not even make enough to pay the cost of taking out the letter, which is \$25.

Small Chameleons.

Four "dwarf chameleons" were lately presented to the zoo, where they will be popular on account of the ease with which they can be kept, and their bright colors. Green, with a brick-red patch upon the sides, is the general pattern of their hues, which is only varied to duller tints when the animal is vexed in any way. This smallest among the tribe, called by Grant Allen the "Reptilian Vicar of Bray," is only five inches long, including its relatively long and prehensile tail. The little creature has a grim look when seen full face by reason of its serrated fold under the throat, which suggests a barely untrimmed "Newgate fringe."

There are very many kinds of chameleons, but all of them, like the present species, have an inordinate desire for meal worms, a slow and meditative gait, and eyes which move languidly up and down in a manner reminiscent of "ducks that die in tempests."—Westminster Gazette.

To Study New Guinea.

One of the noteworthy features of modern scientific progress is the study, by means of elaborately fitted out expeditions, of the few remaining savage peoples of the earth, as they live in their native environment. The latest is the Daniels' ethnographical expedition, which has started from England for British New Guinea. Although the land whose people this expedition is to study is one of the largest remaining areas in which a primitive state of human society still exists, it is urged that haste is needed, because "even there the remorseless activity of the white man is rapidly making itself felt."

ESKIMO GIRLS ARE SLAVES.

Rich Whites in the Far North Make Orphan Children Toll Away Their Lives.

Slavery, even worse than that which existed within the United States before the civil war is carried on beneath the flag of American independence in our possessions in the far north, says a Washington report.

In Unalaska, Alaska, there are a number of pitiful forlorn little Eskimo girls held in bondage. They are the slaves of rich families, made to labor as drudges, deprived of association with free children and forbidden the first vestige of education.

These children are poor orphans, whose means of support have been taken away and who are sold out to families, not for ordinary service like working girls in other parts of the country, but as common slaves. They are permitted to have no playmates nor to enjoy any of the privileges or delights of childhood.

Their lives are the lives of a drudge. From the slave child they grow into the slave woman, and no matter what the finer feelings of the child may be she must put them away and pay for her orphanage and her poverty at the cost of her health and all hope of happiness or relief from her life of drudgery.

This appalling condition of affairs has been brought to public notice in a letter to the interior department from William A. Davis, principal of the United States public schools in Unalaska, Alaska.

Mr. Davis' personal experiences there form the basis of his communication. The letter states:

"While canvassing this village for scholars a few days since, I found a number of families holding Aleut children as slaves. Inquiry developed the fact that it has been the custom from time immemorial to make slaves of poor children, especially girls, and that the custom still prevails, not only here, but in other portions of the country.

"A German, whose wife is a Russian Creole, has a slave girl nine years old; a Russian Creole, whose wife is a native, has a slave girl 14 years old; a Scotchman, whose wife is a native, has two little slave girls about seven and eight years old, respectively; a Russian priest has a slave girl 12 or 13 years old, and others whose names I did not learn, also hold slaves.

"Nearly all, if not all, of these children were secured in the Atka islands, the westernmost of the Aleutian chain. They are made to do all the drudgery and dirty work of the families, are not allowed to attend school, or associate with free children, are poorly clothed and fed and are treated generally as slaves."

"The elephant on the road."

Darkies in the South Watch Him Closely to See Him Trip on His Trunk.

"When an elephant is wide awake and feeling chipper," said an old showman, "the carter has trunk pretty well curled up, like a great hook, with the end of it up toward his mouth, but when he gets tired and sleepy his trunk hangs limp and all but straight, with the end of it pretty near the ground; and then, when he walks, the elephant seems to be all the time in danger of stepping on it."

"In the south, when we've been moving from one town to another, and the elephant was tired and was carrying his trunk low down like that, I've seen darkies follow along on the road near him for miles to see if he wouldn't trip himself on it and fall."

"The ponderous beast plods along with his trunk hanging straight except for, maybe, the slightest bit of a kink right at the end, and all but touching the earth. Then first you know the tip of his trunk actually does touch, and then the elephant throws his head up the way a man that has dozed off throws his head back when it drops forward. Then the elephant dozes off again, and his head drops the way it was before, and his limp trunk all but trails on the ground as he walks."

"And then, sometimes, as he lifts his great foot and is about to set it down, the dangling trunk swings back in such a way that it seems sure to be caught under it this time. Never is it, but sometimes it comes very near it. And then:

"'Hi! dere!' says one of darkies following along the road and watching him, 'he done come mighty near steppin' on it dat time, suah.'"

"But still the foot just misses it. Fast asleep as the elephant seems to be, and with his feet going forward mechanically and his trunk hanging and swinging around any way it will and always in danger of being stepped on, it never actually is, and so he never does actually trip himself; but the sight of the great beast going along the road like that, and apparently all the time in danger of tripping itself up, makes a fascinating attraction for the darkies."

Nothing to Trouble About.

Two Irishmen who had not met for many years came face to face with each other, and after a period of handshaking one said:

"Long time since we met, Clancy, an' it's lots of things have happened since then."

"Yes, indeed. Look at myself. Shure it's married I am," replied the other.

"You don't tell me! Have you any family?" asked the first speaker.

"Faith, and I have that. I've a fine, healthy boy, and the neighbors say he's just the picture of me."

The first speaker looked at Clancy, who was first built on the lines of a prize beauty, and said:

"Ah, well, what's the harum so long as the child's healthy?"—N. Y. Tribune.

INDEPENDENT SEA SERVANTS.

Stewards on Ocean Liners Are Having Trouble on Account of Demands.

The servant question has spread to the sea. Within the last few months the demands of steamship stewards have become so great as to give the impression that the men are organizing for some purpose not beneficial to the companies, reports the New York Sun.

A former steward of the Hamburg-American line has just sued for and recovered \$50 marks for extra work, and the steward of an English line who was employed for being compelled to serve the officers and clean port hole deadlights. He has estimated what he lost in tips through being deprived of the pleasure of serving passengers, and has put this in the bill, too.

The steward who has just won his suit from the Hamburg line was engaged by the bank master as first violin. On this company's ships all the musicians play the dual part of providing music and making beds. This steward sued the line for 750 marks for extra work because he was obliged when not fiddling to polish brass and clean dishes.

Some of the stewards of an English line are awaiting trial in London for giving steerage passengers better food than they were entitled to. The charge is admitted by several of the men. They insist that it has always been a custom for stewards to get scraps from the salon table, which, instead of being absolutely wasted by being thrown overboard, have been sold to the steerage passengers anxious for better food than is usually given to the third-class passengers.

The company admits that the practice has been in vogue for years, but points to the fact that the food in question was not taken from the first cabin salon, but from the ship's store room. In other words, it was not a perquisite, but a theft.

A line running to the continent recently had 11 stewards leave one vessel at the other end because the chief steward found fault with them for entertaining guests in the kitchen after hours. One of them, who had been in the service of the line for nine years, wrote a letter to the captain of the vessel complaining against the chief steward, and adding that it might be possible for shore folk to make such rules for servant girls and house maids, but that a steward had rights that even a steamship company was bound to respect.

Good stewards, like good shore domestics, are hard to get, and the companies close their eyes to a good deal of their nonpareil. Many stewards have fine incomes, and the deck steward of one of the White Star line steamers owns four houses in Liverpool, and has an interest in a public house as well.

ADDS TO COTTON AREA.

Paraguay is About to Engage in the Culture on an Extensive Scale.

The recent advance in the price of cotton in this country and in England has stimulated the culture of the plant in other countries. The possibility that the cotton manufacturers of the world are facing the prospect of a dearth of raw material seems to have excited the people of Paraguay. Cotton grows wild in that country, and the cultivated product, though different from ours, has a long and fine staple.

As in Peru, the plant is a small tree rather than bush, and it lives and produces for several years. European manufacturers have reported good results from its use. The Paraguayans, however, have never given much attention to its cultivation.

The newspapers of Asuncion have suddenly awakened to the opportunities presented, and have risen to the occasion. They are offering many suggestions to the government, and assert that cotton will yet place Paraguay on the high road to prosperity.

They ask the government to employ the services of men of science, like Dr. Bertoni, to prepare pamphlets for distribution in the cotton trade of Great Britain, France and Germany, descriptive of the nature and qualities of Paraguayan cotton and the facilities for producing large supplies of it. They ask that Dr. Bertoni, Mr. Anstata and other experts be engaged to make a survey of the lands adapted for cotton cultivation in the republic; also that the government print and distribute among the farmers of the lowlands the best information as to the methods of cotton-raising.

"We may in a short time export \$100,000,000 worth of cotton in a year," announces the enthusiastic Paraguay-Rundschau, a German weekly published at Asuncion.

A Roman Meet.

Rome has a delightful climate the whole year round, and from the end of November to the middle of March is an ideal time for hunting; then the hounds meet twice a week. On such mornings the riders leave Rome, or the villas round about, in time to be on the field and ready by 11 o'clock; for the hunt is always several miles from Rome, sometimes on the rolling, partly timbered land to the northward, but more often on the level plain. Such a meet is to Rome what a Meadow Brook meet is to New York. It means a morning gathering of fashionables, with time and money and distinction to its credit. Swift moving motor cars, lumbering drags and four-in-hands, smart phaetons, barouches, victorias and dogcarts hurry out from the city. From the ranks of noblemen in the vicinity of the hunt come more carriages, and men on the hunters which they will ride in the day's chase.—P. D. Zabriskie, in Oetting.