

MY SHIPS.

Long years ago, at morning's glow, My ships sailed out to sea: Through perfumed gales, with hope-filled sails, They danced away from me.

A LUNATIC BALL.

As this story traveled in a roundabout way it may have been elaborated and built up before it came to hand, but the facts, as nearly as they can be learned, are about as follows:

Mr. Melton, a young man interested in the lumber trade, traveled on a suburban train one Friday night to attend the weekly dance at the asylum for the insane.

Mr. Melton is constantly longing for "experiences." He would rather look at an opium joint than a donation party and would rather go slumming than attend a Sunday school picnic.

As Melton stood in the doorway of the ball room and glanced at the rows of well behaved and rather abashed people against the wall he could hardly believe that he was so different from the others.

Except that many of them were pale and melancholy and a few of them were heavy eyed, intent on studying the floor, the assemblage would have compared favorably with any chance gathering of respectable, every-day people.

He knew, of course, that the violent patients or those totally demoralized were not allowed at the ball. The company was made up of convalescents or those whose vision was merely twisted so that they could not see things in their proper relation.

Some of the younger men had adorned themselves with particular care and wore buttonhole bouquets. Many of the women, too, bore the outward signs of gayety. Melton was rather disappointed. He had wanted to witness something "uncanny."

"I want you to dance this evening," said Superintendent Lucas, standing at his elbow. "One trouble with the visitors is that they stand around and stare at the patients as if they were a lot of freaks.

Now, these people are not dangerous. You needn't believe everything they tell you, but if you mix up with them and are friendly you'll find them very easy to get along with. Come on, and I'll introduce you to some of them."

The little orchestra was tuning up, and a patient who had been installed as floor manager was giving a correct imitation of a sane man who had been thrown under the same trying responsibility.

Melton had attended many evening parties, but he felt a new embarrassment as he passed along a line of demure women patients and bowed to each of them in turn. He shook hands with several of the men and then backed up to the wall to watch the opening. The superintendent, standing beside him, said:

"Oh, by the way, you must meet Miss Caldwell."

He beckoned to a young lady who was talking to the leader of the orchestra, and as she came across the room Melton whistled to himself and said:

"Here's a case of blighted love, and she's not over 20."

"Miss Caldwell, I want to present Mr. Melton," said the superintendent. "He's rather bashful in company, but perhaps you can entertain him. Now I'll go and look after Lowry."

Melton found himself staring at a very pretty girl, who returned his gaze in a half frightened manner. His head buzzed, and he never before was so much in want of a topic. How was he to begin a conversation with a young woman who might fancy him to be the prince who had come to rescue her from the tower?

"Do you dance?" he asked in a sudden desperation. She gave a start, and he imagined that she shrunk back a little.

"I'd rather not," said she timidly. "Well, then, let's sit over here in the corner and watch the others."

They found an out of the way place, and Melton, who had recovered a little, remembered the instructions given him by the superintendent. "These dances are very pleasant little affairs," said he. "They seem to be attended by an agreeable lot of people."

"I think it's a good idea to have them," said he. "You know most of these people, of course?"

"I've met a number of them," she replied. "You like Mr. Lucas, don't you?"

"Very well indeed; nice fellow." "He didn't tell you, did he, that I was a cousin of his?"

going back to town to-night on the late train. "Going away to-night?"

"Yes, I have to go to Milwaukee in the morning." "Why do you have to go there?"

"I'm going up to see about a deal in lumber. I may buy some hardwood lumber up there."

"How much?" she asked. "Well, she's inquisitive enough," thought he, but he was tolerant and answered, "Oh, 1,000,000 feet."

"Oh, 1,000,000 feet! Won't that be nice? I hope you'll get it." Melton was rather amused at her interest in his affairs. He began to question her.

"Will you remain here long?" he asked. "No, I'm going to leave in a few days and go to New York. I have an uncle there, and I expect to take a trip with him on a yacht."

Melton repressed a smile at the reference to the "uncle" and the "yacht." He resolved to investigate further. He had heard that patients were always willing to talk of their delusions.

"I notice that you are wearing an engagement ring," said he. "So you are to be married, are you?"

"For a moment she appeared startled and then she laughed heartily. "I'm engaged to one of the nicest fellows in the world," said she. "You're not jealous, are you?"

This was more than Melton had bargained for. He had been impelled by the curiosity of the student, but he was not enough of a ghoul to have fun with the delusions of an unfortunate girl. He had detected the maniacal tone in her laugh.

"Oh, no," said he hastily. "I congratulate you." "She laughed again. "If I remain here, I'll have her violent," thought he. So he excused himself and hurried over to rejoin Lowry.

As he rode to the city on the late train Melton told Lowry that the most interesting patient he had met was a girl who thought she was only a visitor at the asylum, and who expected to go to New York and ride on a yacht, and who, saddest of all, wore an engagement ring and really believed she was soon to be married to some nice young man who existed only in her disordered brain.

No longer ago than last week Melton was at lunch in a quiet restaurant. He looked up from the bill of fare and saw at the next table the asylum girl.

She was radiantly affixed and was chatting gaily with an elderly woman. "By George, she's cured," said Melton to himself. "I wonder if she remembers anything that happened. If she does remember, it will be mighty embarrassing if she happens to recognize me."

Then he asked himself whether it would be proper to speak to her in case she recognized him. He knew the society rule as to ball room introductions but he had never learned what was form in the case of asylum introductions. If he spoke to her he would have to refer to her former meeting. That would be painful to both of them.

Suddenly the pretty girl looked toward him and gave a startled "Oh!" and then blushed furiously. He was recognized. He simply stared at the bill of fare to hide his confusion.

The voice of Superintendent Lucas aroused him. "This is Mr. Melton, isn't it? Come over here. I want to tell a story."

"No, no," exclaimed the woman. "But Mr. Lucas, who had come into the restaurant to keep his appointment with the woman seized Melton by the arm and led him over to the other table.

"Mary," said he to the elderly woman, "this is Mr. Melton, who came out with Lowry that night. Melton, you've met Miss Caldwell."

The girl's face was one fiery blush, and she seemed ready to cry. "Well, sir," said the superintendent without pity, "she met me that evening you were out there and told me that the most interesting patient she had met was that Mr. Melton. She said you seemed to be all right until you started to talk about lumber."

"I'll never speak to you again," said Miss Caldwell decisively. "And, by the way," continued Mr. Lucas, "she says you asked her if she was engaged."

"Really I must apologize," said Melton, a great light breaking in upon him. I wouldn't have talked that way I thought—well, you didn't say—I suppose she was one."

"What!" exclaimed the girl. Mr. Lucas roared and poor Melton collapsed. Then there was a general understanding. They insisted that he take luncheon with them, and he did so, devoting the entire time to an elaborate explanation.—Chicago Record.

Indian Legend.

How the Mojaves Explain the Division of the Races. The mystery surrounding the origin of the Indian race is greatly enhanced by listening to some of the quaint legends, says the Los Angeles Herald. Here is one of them, related by the older men of the Mojave tribe:

"At the time of the Mojave the white man, the negro and all other people lived together with their god, Mulevela, whose mother was the earth and whose father the heaven.

"They were all supplied with food, clothing and many luxuries. Besides these, they had tools and all kinds of implements and machinery to work with. "Everything was manufactured and especially matches.

"One day Mulevela died and all the people, excepting the Mojaves, fled after looting the camps of everything they could lay their hands on, not even leaving a match.

"Here was a pretty state of affairs, and the dead god awaiting cremation! "There seemed to be no other alternative than to dispatch a messenger for a spark from one of the brilliant luminaries of the upper region, and a coyote was sent to a star for some fire.

"After a long time he returned without success, and so hungry that he tried to eat up the dead god.

"Mastanho, the man, sat by rubbing willow sticks together, and produced fire, which they used in burning up Mulevela. After the cremation, which took place somewhere near Fort Mojave, the mountains at the foot of the canyon parted and the Colorado flowed through and swept the ashes away.

"Mastanho now became chief and divided the Indians into tribes and gave them their allotments of land."

Protecting the Birds.

A movement is on foot in Louisiana to erect a monument to John James Audubon one of the world's greatest naturalists, and possibly its most eminent ornithologist. It was a native of that State, and it is, therefore, appropriate that such a movement should be started there, although there is no doubt that should it assume tangible shape, people throughout the whole country would delight to honor the memory of a man to whom the world owes a debt. The Pennsylvania Audubon Society, an organization similar to those which have been established in quite a number of other States, seeks to discourage the buying of and wearing for ornament the feathers of any wild bird, and in other ways to protect our native birds. It has just issued an appeal to all intelligent and humane persons to join the society and use their influence to help it to carry out its purpose.

The facts that have been furnished time and again as to the wholesale destruction of the feathered denizens of woods, fields and mountains are sufficient to show to every observant person that the day is not far distant when the birds which Audubon described so charmingly, whose habits he studied so picturing, and whose useful place in animated nature, on the outside of delight which they give to the eye and the ear, he pointed out so clearly, will, in some regions, be only a memory, just as are the majestic buffaloes of the prairies. The chief thing against which humanitarians protest is the use of the egret, and the heads and wings of herons, which are now used so frequently in feminine head adornment. To supply the demand for these egret, the herons from which they are obtained are shot down on their nesting grounds; the plumes are plucked from the dead and dying birds and their carcasses cast aside, while the young and helpless birds are left to starve to death in their nests. It is said that the heron has been practically exterminated in Florida, while the plume hunter still seeks for and slaughters it in more remote regions. The delicate little wren has been almost exterminated in the same way on the New Jersey coast, and many of the smaller birds which lend a charm to the rural districts everywhere have also been offered up on the altar of fashion.

It is strange that woman, naturally sympathetic and tender, should not, long ago, have realized the suffering which she has caused and the ruin she has wrought by her adherence to the cruel law of fashion. It is true that there are men, who cannot, of course, be called sportsmen in the right sense of the term, who are not satisfied unless they kill something. But it must also be said that were it not for the demand for plumes which comes from all over the world, there would not be such wholesale slaughter of innocent and useful creatures. The poet has said that more evil is wrought by want of thought than by want of heart, and doubtless many of the women who follow the fashion never think of the harm which they do to gratify their natural love of personal adornment. It is to arouse public opinion on the subject that these Audubon Societies have been formed, and they are deserving of support and practical sympathy. The great man who was the first to tell the world of the birds of this continent is as much deserving of a monument as are the warriors and statesmen whose glory a grateful people has perpetuated in sculptured marble and molded bronze, in storied urn and animated bust, and yet greater honor could be done to him were the creatures that he loved so well to be guarded and protected, and permitted still to give beauty to air and earth and sky.—Inquirer.

It. Will somebody please tell me what "it" is? I am a parent to a small boy who is educating himself. His method is the direct opposite of that usually followed in schools. Instead of scintillating questions he asks them. I pass (or fail to pass) an examination at each meal. I usually fail.

My present difficulty is with "it." That boy discovered the other day that "it" rains. That didn't bother him very much. But when "it" snowed a couple of weeks later, he wanted to know who this versatile individual "it" was. He had me.

He became more mystified than ever when he learned that "it" hailed, that "it" froze, that "it" also thawed, and that "it" was time. Mystification grew into wonder when he found that "it" was day and also night, that "it" was moonlight and that "it" was noon. He gave up in despair when he discovered that "it" could grow warmer or colder. He said "it" and I shall give up in despair unless some one reconstructs this English language of ours and abolishes "it" altogether.

When the New Year Begins.

It may be of interest to know that at 20 minutes to 7, on the morning of December 31, the year 1897 commenced in fact. The day begins away out in the Pacific Ocean on the 180th meridian. At the hour named above, it will be exactly midnight at this spot. Of course there is not a pause. On rushes the New Year over the seas and through Asia, conquering the earth at the rate of one twenty-fourth every hour. By the time the sun is in the zenith over Pennsylvania it will be evening of the last day of the year in England. At 20 minutes to seven that evening in Pittsburgh it will be New Year's Day in England. It is an interesting morsel for thought, and to the strong imagination it is not impossible to picture the new day of the new year as some living thing fleeing around the earth on tireless wing at the rate of a thousand miles every time the minute hand of the clock completes a revolution.

"Contiguous."

A dusky damsel, temporarily employed as a servant in an uptown residence, wishing the other morning to use big words, with, approached a very demure and worthy matron with the following complaint about the gutter, which she had been sweeping: "Ugh! Madame, that gutter smells ridiculous!"

The matron, hailing from the borders of Acadia, Louisiana, and not wishing to be outdone by the "meek" colored woman, gravely and studiously answered: "No wonder! The water staggers there!"

Of Course.

First small boy—I wish I had that 5 cents back I spent for candy. Second small boy—What would you do with it? First small boy—Buy more candy.

—Book was originally a name for a tree—the beech—and was afterward transferred to its bark.

Many States Storm Swept.

Five or Six Killed at Mooringsport, La. The Many Injured in Hospitals.—Missouri Feared Floods.—Little Rock Deluged by a Four-Inch Rainfall in 36 Hours. Heavy Losses in Arkansas.

SHREVEPORT, La., Jan. 3.—The Kansas City, Shreveport & Gulf train arrived this morning with the wounded victims of the tornado from Mooringsport.

The list included the following, all at the hospital: Mrs. SUSAN HEAD, body bruised, gash in abdomen and skull fractured. Mrs. R. G. MORGAN, three scalp wounds and bruised body.

Mrs. MORGAN'S child, skull broken. EMMA L. MORGAN, skull fractured and broken arm. PARALEE GOODMAN, bruised body. CLAUDE GOODMAN, arm fractured. Mrs. JESSIE GOODMAN, scalp wound and bruised body.

JORDON ROBERTSON, colored, shoulder and arm broken. Two of the four Goodman children killed were found 100 yards from their home with their clothes stripped from their bodies, which were bruised and mangled. Of the number at the hospital, Mrs. Morgan's children and Mrs. Head have little chance of recovery.

The path of the storm was narrow and short, but terrific in destructiveness. A number of horses, cattle and hogs were killed. The body of the man who was blown from the bridge has been recovered, but is not identified. Another unknown man is missing.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 3.—Communication was re-established with all of the towns south of here on the Iron Mountain to-day, and the reports indicate that the greatest suffering by last night's tornado was at the town of Benton, where half a dozen small frame houses were demolished and several freight cars standing at the station were overturned. Several persons were injured and many had narrow escapes, but no fatalities occurred.

The storm was severest in the southern part of the State, and the towns between Little Rock and Texarkana suffered, and reports from the country gave many instances of damage to farm houses. The rain was the heaviest in years, and all the branches and creeks were overflowed.

The "Cannon Ball," a train on the Iron Mountain, which was held at Benton, last night, had a narrow escape from being wrecked, and but for the heroism of a country lad a terrible disaster might have occurred. The train was late and was running at a high rate of speed when near Benton. Five minutes before it would have reached the spot the storm struck a farm house near the track and demolished it. Trees were blown across the track. A boy, realizing the danger, secured a lantern and lit the train, just in time. The passengers made up a purse and presented it to him.

The rainfall at Little Rock continued until early this morning, the precipitation being more than four inches. The streets were flooded, and in many portions of the city houses were inundated. The damage from the storm alone will aggregate many thousands of dollars.

To-night it is much colder, and the indications are for snow.

About Pepper.

"It has always amused me," remarked a botanical expert, "to hear people talking of their preference for black pepper over white, and the various explanations they give for the same. Little do they know that both white and black pepper grow upon the same shrub. Over the paper seed grows a black covering. The seed itself is white, or nearly so. To make black pepper the seed and its external covering are ground up, while the white pepper is the seed alone ground up. White pepper is milder than black, the greater part of the pungency being in the covering. A pepper made of the coverings alone would be such, to use a slang term, hot stuff that it would burn the mouth. The black covering of the pepper seed contains the oil."

Well Known to Old Soldiers.

Captain George Lemon, the noted pension agent of Washington, died at Coronado, California, Friday last. He was a native of Onondago county, N. Y., and was nearly 60 years of age. He went from Troy to Washington early in the war, and rendered gallant service in the army. At the battle of Gettysburg he was so seriously wounded as to disable him from further active service. He then went into the treasury department, and later opened a pension agency which developed into the most extensive institution of its kind in the country and yielded him a fortune estimated at over \$1,000,000. He was the proprietor of the soldier paper, the National Tribune.

An Infallible Test of Death.

The reward offered by the French Academy of Sciences for a sure test of death was paid 25 years ago. The method of determining the life is extremely simple. When the hand is held between the eyes and a candle or other light, with the fingers stretched and touching each other, the bright color of the circulating blood will shine through the tissues, and the skin will appear partially transparent. After death this is not noticeable. Scientists declare that nothing but death will prevent the tissues so that the transparency will not be noticeable. Catalepsy and other forms of apparent death do not put change the appearance of the hand when thus examined.

Contest in the Bay State.

Silver Democrats Begin Suit Against the Gold Builders. Boston, Jan. 3.—The George Fred Williams faction in the Democratic state organization, has begun proceedings in the supreme court of Suffolk county against the bolting members of the state committee who took part in the convention held at Faneuil hall to nominate gold standard anti-officials last October. They have filed suit praying for a writ of mandamus to prevent them from taking a hand in the reorganization of the state committee. The matter will be heard Jan. 7 and 15, and the meeting of the state committee has been indefinitely postponed.

Holy smoke! What are we coming to? Lynn, Mass., has elected a Populist Mayor. Cambridge, Mass., has elected a Democratic Mayor. Anarchy is rampant! Where are the conservators of the national honor? Where is the Hon. Bill Bynum, and the Hon. William Everett? Hullly gee,—Detroit Tribune.

I'm a plain blunt man, Margaret, and can frame no hoied speeches. Will you marry me? I'm a little on the plain blunt order myself. No?"

Drought on the Cumberland.

Half way up the side of the Cumberland range, as I took a short cut through the woods to save distance, I suddenly came upon a man with a 10-gallon keg on his shoulder. I knew in a moment that he was a moonshiner, and that the keg was full of corn juice which he was carrying off to sell at some crossroads store. He suspected that I knew it, for he came to a halt and brought down his rifle and showed considerable excitement as he demanded my name and errand. When I answered him he stood in doubt, and I quietly observed:

"Pretty dry time up here on the mountains, isn't it?" "Yes, I reckon," he replied. "Most of the springs gone dry, I find. I stopped with Abraham Sweet last night, and his two boys had to bring water in kegs over a mile."

"Stranger," he said, after a long look at me, "this ar' a 10 gallon keg on my shoulder."

"Yes, 10-gallons." "She's full of spring water." "Yes, I know."

"I'm backin' it home, 'cause my spring has giv' out." "Certainly. If I were you I'd do the same thing. We can't get along without water. Should I meet anyone who seems to be a stranger to these parts I'll—"

"You'll what?" he asked. "I'll tell him that it's the drest season for 30 years, and that if he doesn't want to perish of thirst he'd better get down the mountain in a hurry."

He looked at me and grinned. Then he freed one hand and extended it for a shake, and said:

"Yes, and if you stop at Bull Fisher's to-night I'll bring you some spring water in a bottle and see that you don't suffer!" He was at Fisher's that night, with half a dozen others, and when he was asked why he didn't pop me over for a revenue spy he laughingly replied:

"Why, the critter got in a slick, smooth talk about spring water befo' I could get my gun to bear on him, and he seemed so mighty earnest that I thought I'd take chances on him. Yere's yer water, stranger, and if she tastes of co'n juice I can't help it!"

Useful Hints.

Spots and dirt may be removed from paintings and chronos by using a cup of warm water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added.

A good broom holder may be made by putting two large screws—nails will answer—into the wall about two inches apart. Drop the broom between them, handle downward.

Any woman doing her own work may so systematize it that it will be the easiest possible for her. She need not follow any other person's methods, unless they are the very best for her own conditions.

Remember that polished oak furniture may be beautifully cleaned with a soft woolen rag dipped in turpentine. It must then be rubbed off with a dry cloth.

That hot vinegar and salt will clean copper like magic? If washed off then with hot water and soap and polished with a dry flannel it will retain its brilliancy for a long time.

That an easy way to clean the horrid, sticky oatmeal kettle in which the breakfast porridge was cooked is to drop a lump of washing soda in a quart of water and soak in the kettle on the back of the stove for half an hour? The glutinous crust can then easily be removed.

That rich cookie dough may be prevented from sticking to the baking board, by taking a piece of unbleached muslin, stretch it over the baking board so there will be no wrinkles; dust it well with flour and roll out the dough. Try this method, and making cookies will not try the patience half as much.

It pays well to do the mending before the article goes into the wash, since the processes to which it is there subjected materially enlarge the holes, and it is better and more agreeable to wear if the washing follows the mending.

Too small a figure in wall-paper destroys the effect.

A bread cloth should always be sweet and clean, and never used for any other purpose.

Mrs. Beecher Crippled.

The Aged Widow of the Great Preacher Breaks Her Hip. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher received a fall at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Samuel Seville, at Stamford, Conn., the Monday after Christmas from which it is likely she will never recover. It is doubtful if she will ever have the use of her left limb again, owing to her advanced age.

Mrs. Beecher had a fall in the same house on November 29 last, from the result of which she sustained a scalp wound. Since then she has been subject to occasional dizzy spells, and her daughter has been very watchful over her.

About 4 o'clock Monday morning she arose to close a window in her room, and, in crossing the floor, she was seized with an attack of vertigo and fell heavily. The noise caused her son-in-law, the Rev. Samuel Seville, to run into the room, and, with the aid of other members of the family, she was placed in bed. It was thought at first that she was only slightly bruised, but her physician pronounced it a fracture of the thigh very close to the joint. Mrs. Beecher is eighty-four years old, and has been very energetic, but it is now feared that she will never walk again, owing to spent vitality.

Good Market for Scotch Water.

It was a Scotchman returning home on foot who met another on the banks of Loch Lomond.

"Weel, Sandy, and how did ye get on?" asked the latter.

"Weel, I taked my coo to Glasgie and selter her for twelve pun."

"An dinna ye ken, ye pair fule, that if ye'd taked her to London ye'd have got twelve pun for her?"

"Aye, and if ye'll tak Loch Lomond there to helle ye'll be able to sel her for a shillin' a glass!"

A Lawyer's Able Effort.

The Oil City Blizzard charges this remarkable utterance to a lawyer of that city "Why, gentlemen of the jury, if the train had been going as it should have gone, and the engineer had of blew his whistle or rang the bell, both of which he did neither, the cow would not have been injured when it was killed."

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Frances Willard, President of the World's National Christian Temperance Union, who is at the sanitarium at Carlisle N. Y., has suffered a relapse. Her physician has cancelled all her engagements and she will remain there for some months.

To be "laced" is now considered the height of vulgarity. Fashion, frivolous as she is, does, once in a decade, strike something sensible, and this is certainly one of the times. Fancy the human figure being expected to show the neck and waist of the same proportion!

Those who are trying to live up to this false ideal may have grown into deformity. It is quite natural the waist should be smaller than the bust or hips, but it need not be strangled. Few of us are constructed on the lines of the ideal women, so that much of our beauty of form depends on good corsets. These are of primary importance. All modistes declare this, although few of them have any preference, provided the corset is suited to the figure wearing it.

What is needed is a corset allowing plenty of room at the bust and on the hips, interfering in no way with the breathing and catching one in just below the ribs. The trouble with corsets in general is they are too long and press upon the ribs. The glove-fitting corset is the correct mode. In Paris the shortest sort of corset is worn. Every corset should have at least two laces so there will be no straining at any point.

Every mother should be familiar with simple home remedies which can be used in times of need. It is not pleasant to be always dependent on a physician to ease every ache and pain.

A sharp pain in the lungs or side can be driven away by applying vaseline and mustard in the proportion of two parts vaseline and one part mustard. Rub it together and spread on a piece of linen as you would an ordinary mustard paste. This is also excellent for a severe pain in the back of the neck, and has been used with good results for breaking up the grip.

There is no better remedy for taking the soreness out of mosquito bites than sweet spirits of nitre.

To break up a hard cold at the start, take a hot mustard bath and go to bed, being careful not to take more cold afterward. Flaxseed tea with plenty of lemon juice and loaf sugar is very soothing to sore lungs, and will often cure a hard cough.

Equal parts of honey, olive oil and pure home-made wine made from grape juice or currants is both soothing and strengthening for a bad cough.

Physicians are advocating the use of the pure olive oil, which comes from California for weak lungs. It bids fair to take the place of cod liver oil, and is thought by many pleaser to take.

Olives, as a food, are considered very strengthening for those with lung troubles.

Mrs. Phoebe Heart, of California, contributed \$1,000 to the fund used in the campaign for the suffrage amendment. She has also given \$200,000 to establish a fine gymnasium for girls at the State University.

Fashions just now are at a standstill as regards skirts and sleeves, but there are no end of increasing novelties in the stores. The favored mode of the season is one of severe wool or cloth cut with jacketed bodies and made dressy by the most elaborate neck fixings of fur, velvet and lace. This is one style; then there is the Paris street costume, of very elaborate design, combining different materials and dressy enough for receptions or calling. Some very smart suits of late day origin are of corduroy. These are recent favorites of French tailors.

Russet brown corduroy is made into a chic suit consisting of skirt and double-breasted loose-fitting jacket, trimmed with metal buttons and revers of ecrú cloth, braided in brown. A sable bag and muff complete the stylish effect. Silvery blue corduroy is even more popular than brown. Black cloth tailor-made costumes are always effective. Just now they are also popular. One model shown in a Chestnut street store has the skirt trimmed apropos fashion by rows of black and passementerie. The fitted bodice has jacket fronts with a vest of embroidered chiffon. A suit of dark blue wide diagonal is quite quaint, with tucked sleeve puffs, each edged with fine gold braid.

Up-to-date gowns are supposed to have waists like the skirts, the decree having gone forth some months ago that odd, fancy waists were out, but there is almost invariably another color and material, and more often two or three colors, with possibly lace, chiffon or jet, so that it requires a second glance to discover any more resemblance to the skirt than there would be in the odd waist. Skirts are graceful in shape, with not more than four yards of fullness at the bottom. The seven-zoned skirt prevails, with now and then the belt shape, having very little fullness at the back. Double and triple skirts are talked about and noted occasionally. Wide folded belts of black satin are a conspicuous feature, as are satin corsets, yokes, vests and bolero jackets.

Storekeepers are always rather shy of running to extremes in fashion, since they have to cater to the million. Thus the various novelties in collars brought out by them for the holiday season are moderately different from those which preceded them, and it is to the special shops that we must look for the novelties that will serve as models for the popular productions of next season.

The round necklets are invariably surmounted by a single or double ruching of creelated pieces of material edged with lace, which stand out toward the throat, forming a horizontal disk.