

CURRENT FASHIONS

Why cannot every woman remember that it is one thing to dress for the house, and an entirely different thing to dress for the street. No one indication shows more conclusively a woman's refinement, or lack of it, than the toilette in which she appears on the street. Women of means and presumably good taste are sometimes irresistibly attracted by gay colors and showy materials, and the result is a direct violation of all the principles of good taste. No woman should forget that safety in the question of dress, as in other matters, lies in "a middle course," and that it is best to follow the fashion afar off, making only such modifications as are best suited for one's own need. The present fashion is to be plainly dressed on the street, a most sensible fashion and one that has always been followed by ladies of refinement. Street dresses for spring wear are of wool cloth, well made, with plain skirts; worn with these are fur or cloth capes, or the half long jacket. The display of spring dress goods, shown by our leading merchants for the past month, has been simply bewildering. The texture of the goods, the designs and the colors are marvelous; never in all the history of this art has such a height of perfection been attained as in the present season. To pass through the silk department of one of these establishments is like walking through a garden brilliant with the tints of all the gorgons and at the same time most delicate of flowers. Surely, no woman of discernment could fail, with such a stock to select from, of dressing herself suitably, be it for the street, the church, the house or the ball room.

In one-color material, nothing is more admired than the Bedford cord; a beautiful, light-weight, repped cloth which comes in all colors, fawn, almond brown, dark brown, pearl silver, gray, rose and old blue. This cloth is used for long traveling cloaks, lined with taffeta, and also for stylish gowns. Many Easter brides will appear in traveling wraps of this fine, rich wool fabric, while the choice shades of fawn, tan or gray will be seen in street or house costumes. Nothing is more stylish than these goods if they are of a good quality. An Easter costume prepared by one of our best houses is of a delicate tan shade of this material. The false skirt is faced with velvet of a darker shade, and the dress skirt is cut on the bottom edge in square tabs; every other tab being removed and its place filled in with knotted fringe of the same color as the dress, which allows the velvet of the under skirt to be seen through its meshes. The apron front, slightly draped on the hips, is studded with tiny steel nail heads. The jacket-bodice, having collar, in Henry II. style, and high sleeves are edged with black ostrich tips, while the sleeves and collars are studded with steel nails to match the apron front. Of the many Easter costumes displayed, at this establishment, this one surpassed all in its beauty and style. Less expensive spring gowns are made of light tweed and cheviot in brown and gray shades, with indistinct cross bars and checks. Gray is the leading color, no matter what the shade may be if it is only gray. These gowns are usually made with a deep coat and plain skirt, simply finished with stitching. The sleeves are made on the bias, full at the top and tapered to the wrist, when they are closed by two buttons and buttonholes. The wrist is finished by several rows of stitching, and two or three rows placed higher up outline a cuff. The skirt may be cut on the bias or straight; the front hangs straight, not clinging, and the hem is ornamented by rows of stitching.

Home-spun and French woolsens are made more dressy by the addition of silk or brocade for the collar, cuffs, revers and pocket laps. Some very handsome new woolsens are in robes or patterns, with a strip of yard and a half of embroidery and applique and of contrasting material to trim the bodice and the skirt. Cloths in solid color figured with heringbone or chevron stripes will be very popular as the season advances. All sorts of dainty cotton fabrics for summer wear are already shown. Among these the ginghams take a prominent place. The Scotch or Zephyr weaves are extremely fine, showing many new devices. The most notable features are large plaids of most delicate coloring, and groups of variegated fine stripes with wide, white sixteen stripes. More beautiful, if possible, are the batistes, chambrays, percales and India mulls, while the new black grenadines with small colored designs, of all descriptions, are truly visions of loveliness.

The chosen spring wraps are coat jackets and capes reaching to the hips. It is doubtful, however, if the coat jackets are generally worn as their main point consists in a perfect fit, thus requiring the services of a first-class dressmaker. The latest styles are double breasted. Half length jackets, either close or loose fitting, with embroidery of soutache and reffer jackets of "sounding cloth," navy blue or black will be worn. The most stylish cloth capes come just to the hips with or without full shoulders, and finished with a Medici collar or a pleated ruche. The yokes of the capes are ornamented with passementerie and the fullness of the cape is massed in thick gathers on the yoke; the lining may be plain or fancy silk. The edges are cut smooth, hemmed or edged with passementerie or a cord. For young girls capes are cut short, with one side longer than the other and draped over the shoulder where it is fastened with a jeweled pin, thus leaving the front to hang long and full.

Spring millinery seems hardly in kept with cold March winds, but Easter is here and what is Easter without the traditional Easter hat?

Most of the spring shapes shown are similar to those now worn, and another season of the popular low hats is assured. The crowns rest flat on the head or are supported by a band set under the brim of the hat and which fits close to the head; this band is covered with a roll of velvet, ribbon or lace, sometimes ornamented with flowers and again with jeweled designs. The



No. 951

large hats are plateaux of chip or straw braid, pliable as those of felt and are fashioned into shape by the milliner's deft fingers. The light shades of gray, steel color, light and dark blue, and the new brownish yellow, called Cleopatra, are the dominant colors. Maize color is freely used in combination with black. English walking hats with the brim rolled closely at the back are worn with tailor gowns. Lace touques are mounted on wires with gold embroidered crowns and clusters of violets, crocuses, or roses, in the back and front, closely pressed together. Black hats still remain fashionable because they can be worn with almost any costume.



No. 949

**No. 949. DRESS FOR FIRST COMMUNION.**—This first communion dress for a young girl is of white veiling with a half wide for trimming. The plain skirt is trimmed with three bands of ribbon above a deep hem; the front is slightly gathered and the back laid in wide double box-pleats. The bodice has a pleated square yoke finished at the lower edge with a band of ribbon; the bodice is gathered at the waist-line and slipped under the skirt band which is concealed by a draped sash of the dress material. The close sleeves are ornamented at the top by puffs held by bands of ribbon while a band of ribbon finishes them at the wrist. A mull cap and veil accompany the dress.

**No. 950. SPRING CAPE.**—This half long cape for a young girl is made of green cloth dotted with large cabochons of black jet. The shoulders are formed by seams surmounted by a puffing of the cloth. The lower edge of the cape is finished with a narrow band of feathers. High, rolling collar in cloth. Touque of light green silk crepon with brim of velvet of a darker shade. The trimming of crepon in front forms rabbit's ears, in the back simple puffs.



No. 950



No. 952

**No. 951. SPRING HAT.**—This most charming capote has an open crown, and is made of gold colored-crepon with bands of black, pearl and diamond shaped jet. Cross bands of the same jet are placed on each side. In front are puffs of crepon and knots of black velvet ribbon; in the back a large rose with buds and foliage. Strings of black velvet ribbon.



No. 953

**No. 952. CHILD'S CLOAK.**—This beautiful little cloak, designed for a child two years old, is made of light cream-colored cloth with buttons and braid of a darker shade. The front is straight, closed in the center and ornamented with the braid arranged to form lozenges. This design forms, so to speak, a sort of insertion between the two rows of buttons on each side. The straight full sleeves are finished with wrist-bands. A double cape formed by two gathered flounces reaches almost to the elbows. The heading of the upper cape forms the collar.

Hat in pale, old-rose-colored silk with knots of white ribbon.

**No. 953. BREAKFAST CAP.**—White lace four inches wide and pink ribbon two and a half inches wide are used in making this cap. Fold a half yard of the ribbon over an inch wide band of stiff net; join the ends at the back. This forms the frame. Let a lace frill around the edge and hold it by a twisted ribbon crossed at the back. Then join two yards and a quarter of lace at the straight edges, and arrange it at the top of the frame as seen in the illustration. Place a knot of ribbon at the left side of the front.

An eastern exchange states that a new plan has been devised for treating buildings with antiseptic vapor. Fresh air is forced into ducts by a fan, over material saturated with the essence of eucalyptus, pineal, or any other antiseptic and aromatic extract of a volatile nature. People who cannot go to the expense of the machinery necessary to thus medicate the air in their homes will find that weak solutions of carbolic acid, or other antiseptic material, if put into the water tanks of their furnaces, will do the work quite thoroughly.

A SIOUX SUN DANCE.

AN IMPORTANT EVENT IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG BRAVE.

His Courage and Physical Endurance Put to a Severe Test.

A sun dance is a more important event in the life of a young Sioux buck than the "coming out" ball of a society debutante, for in his case it transforms a boy into a warrior, and gives him a standing in his band that he must achieve, or be looked upon with contempt as a "coffee-cooler," an expressive term used by the Indians, meaning one who hangs around a camp to beg for what is left after his betters have been served. No buck can appear in council and talk—a function as dear to the Indian's heart as it is to the before-mentioned society belle—unless he has gone through with the physical discomforts of this ceremonial dance.

The dance, which lasts about two days, occurs about once a year, in July or August. There were 14,000 or 15,000 Indians present. This crowd, mounted and on foot, were entering on the big dance house, where the festivities were in full blast, the dancing having begun with the first rays of the sun, all of the dancers having spent the previous night seated in a circle in the center of this tepee waiting for the sun to rise.

The Wa-che-pee tepee (or dance house) was an immense circle, inclosed on the outside, except a wide entrance by posts set in the ground; the spaces filled in with brush, with a shade of the same built over the top. The middle of this inclosure—occupied by the dancers—was open to the full glare of a powerful sun. All around this circle, on the posts supporting the shade, were hung banners of different colored calicoes, painted Buffalo hides and gaily decorated shields of the same material. The general effect was that of a circus.

In the center of the circle was planted a tall cottonwood pole, from which were hung banners, lariats, buffalo heads, medicine bags, bunches of painted porcupine quills, bundles of bird's feathers and large figures of men cut out of buffalo hide. This pole was cut, hauled to its place and planted by a number of maidens the evening before. It is the only part of the ceremony women are allowed to participate in. They are even excluded from the inclosure, but they are kindly allowed to gratify their curiosity by peeping through the outside brush.

The orchestra, located opposite the entrance, consisted of six enormous tom-toms, operated by as choice a body of thieves and cut-throats as ever murdered music. The dance, being continuous from the rising of the sun until its going down on the second day, requires unceasing music, so there was a detail of musical experts to relieve each other at stated intervals.

The dancers, more than 150—most of them youngsters going through the ordeal for the first time—are arranged around the center pole, keeping time with the tom-toms with a peculiar step that requires one foot at a time to be raised, while the weight of the body is brought down on the heel that is touching the ground. The body is crouched and bent forward with the arms raised, the right arm being extended above the head when the left foot is down, and the left arm when the right foot is down. This alternating motion constitutes the dance, and can be kept up without gaining ground. But the fresh youths occasionally spring both backward and forward and thereby elicit applause. All the time the dancers must face the sun and look at it. They are not allowed any head covering, and are stripped naked, except a breech cloth.

The dancers hold in their mouths whistles, made of the bones of turkeys' wings, which they blow as they breathe, the object being to keep the mouth dry. They are not allowed water or food during the whole time of the dance (about forty-eight hours). To intensify their desire for water, which is the harder of the two to bear, several philanthropists go among them with water, which they pour from a cup into a bucket in front of the dancers so they can see and smell it. These philanthropists are accompanied by good Samaritans, who assist the power of the sun by flashing light from a looking-glass into the dancers' eyes.

Only the most tender-hearted of these cultured children of nature are entrusted with these delicate missions, and they must belong to different lodges than the dancers they appear before. Their desire is to break down the dancers, while it is a matter of

pride with the members of the lodges to which these youngsters belong to succeed, and it is permissible for a buck, not one of the dancers, to go alongside of a tired friend and let him lean his back against him, both keeping up the dance. Although the dance was not more than six or seven hours old when we appeared, there were several dancers being assisted in this manner. The only cessation of the dance allowed the dancer (each one gets his chance) is when the Big Medicine Man, who stands near the center pole, calls him up to be operated upon. But he is only permitted to stand still long enough to endure that pleasure, which consists in having incisions made in the flesh of his breasts or on his back below the shoulder blades, through which are run thongs of deer skin, to which are tied either a buffalo head or a larlat, taken from the pole.

While this matter of sight and sound is kept up a warrior will enter the circle, and in a loud voice orate to the crowd, telling of his exploits in the good times gone by, when scalping was not a lost art. This dance I'm telling of was held the next summer after the Custer massacre, and several of the audience present had been actively engaged in it. These orators talk well, and what they say is listened to with great attention. It fires the young men's hearts with a desire to emulate the deeds described, and keeps the dancers nerved up to go through with an ordeal which will entitle them to appear and tell what they have done, even if it only consists in the killing of an old Ponca squaw.

Sun dance is a fair trial of a man's ability to endure discomforts. And when a young buck has successfully gone through with it, he is entitled to be considered qualified for the vicissitudes of a warrior's life.—Capt. Allen Smith, in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Beecher and Ingersoll.

Mr. Beecher has gone to rest. The way was long for him and often very rough, but he trod his pathway with a buoyant step and far-looking eyes. Great, natural, faulty, beloved, he has gone now; but his words remain. Perhaps Colonel Ingersoll and those who were with him will long remember the following selected incident:

Colonel Ingersoll was thrown one day into the society of Henry Ward Beecher. There were other gentlemen present, all of whom were prominent in the world of brains. A variety of topics were discussed with decided brilliancy, but no allusion was made to religion. The distinguished infidel was of course too polite to introduce the subject himself, but one of the party finally, desiring to see a tilt between Bob and Beecher, made a playful remark about Colonel Ingersoll's idiosyncrasy, as he termed it. The Colonel at once defended his views in his usual apt rhetoric; in fact, he waxed eloquent. He was replied to by several gentlemen in very effective repartee. Contrary to the expectations of all, Mr. Beecher remained an abstracted listener and said not a word. The gentleman who introduced the topic with the hope that Mr. Beecher would answer Colonel Ingersoll, at last remarked: "Mr. Beecher, have you nothing to say on this subject?"

The old man slowly lifted himself from his attitude and replied, "Nothing; in fact, if you will excuse me for changing the conversation, I will say that while you gentlemen were talking my mind was bent on a most deplorable spectacle which I witnessed today."

"Why," said Mr. Beecher, "as I was walking down town today I saw a poor blind man on crutches, slowly and carefully picking his way through a cess-pool of mud in the endeavor to cross the street. He had just reached the middle of the filth when a big, burly ruffian, himself all bespattered, rushed up to him, jerked the crutches from under the unfortunate man and left him sprawling and helpless in the pool of dirt which had almost engulfed him."

"What a brute!" said the Colonel.

"What a brute he was!" they all echoed.

"Yes," said the old man, rising from his chair and brushing back his long white hair, while his eyes glittered with his old-time fire, as he bent them on Ingersoll—"Yes, Colonel Ingersoll, and you are the man. The human soul is lame, but Christianity gives it crutches to enable it to pass the highway of life. It is your teaching that knocks the crutches from under it and leaves it a helpless and rudderless wreck in the slough of despond. If robbing the human soul of its only support on this earth—religion—be

your profession, why, ply to your heart's content. It requires an architect to erect a building; an incendiary may reduce it to ashes."

The old man sat down and silence brooded over the scene. Colonel Ingersoll found he had a master in his own power of illustration and said nothing. The company took their hats and parted.

Boston's Woman Barber.

Jennie L. Dodge, a New Hampshire girl, has the reputation at present of being the only woman barber in Boston. A few evenings since a writer climbed up a short flight of stairs into the cozy little room of the feminine hairdresser. Miss Dodge has been in the barbering business since 1853. Miss Dodge, or "Jennie," as she is called by nearly all of her regular customers, has had more than ordinary success in her occupation, and averages \$22 per week, a very tidy sum it must be admitted. Her shop is neatness personified. There are pictures on the wall, bric-a-brac on the mantel and side shelves, and books and papers on the table. She has only one chair, and does all the work herself. Jennie is a rapid workwoman, and would certainly make it quite interesting for some of her speedy male fellow members of the profession were she to enter a competitive test. Jennie does not have any nonsense with "fresh" newcomers. She is a tall, muscular woman, with a strong positive countenance, and a voice far from being kittenish. Whenever a forward fellow undertakes to act too smart she gives him a look the first time, and if the offence is repeated she points to the door and in a tone that means "business" invites him to get out. They go.

The Sprague Mansion.

Ex-Governor Sprague still occupies his fine and famous country-seat, "Ononchet," which is one of the points of interest to the summer visitor at Narragansett Pier. The house has sixty rooms, which are all handsomely furnished. There is a Roman court outside, with a fountain in the center and tropical plants in bloom. A big mastiff and two agile greyhounds roam at will over the lawn.

Blue and Silver.

Patti's drawing room at Craig-y-Nos is described as a vision of blue and silver brocade, Oriental hangings, pictures, and costly objects d'art presented to the diva during her career. Foremost is a sapphire goblet from her admirers in San Francisco, and then there is a silver casket from her confidantes at the Vienna Opera House, birds of solid gold set with precious stones, a tiny piano studded with emeralds and rubies, exquisitely devised frames, delicate china, painted fans, and pretty souvenirs strewn every table and the shelves of every cabinet in the room. A grand piano of Steinway's is also here, and looming over it, with warrior aspect, a portrait of Colonel Mapleson in the uniform of his Tower Hamlet corps.

The discovery of gold in a recent meteoric stone suggests some very interesting queries. It is commonly believed that meteors are fragments of other worlds accidentally thrown outside their usual orbit into that of the earth. The question is whether this gold where it originated was the cause of as much strife and contention as it has for ages been on this planet.

W. A. Merryday, of Polatka, Fla., has an owl that is as tame as his store cat. All day long the "Irishman's parrot" rests on the rafters overhead in the grain-room. The cat and owl have formed a strong attachment in the last four months for each other, and it is not an unusual sight for the cat to go off and return with a rat for his owlship. In return for the kindness the owl will take its paw and scratch the cat's fleas, when pussy will purr and rub up against the owl's feathers, both looking perfectly happy all the while.

HENRY VILLARD has a great scheme for uniting the Twin cities in the bond of electricity generated by the Falls of St. Anthony. If he succeeds the skeptic will no longer doubt that electricity is the miracle-worker of the age.

In Siam you can get good board for 45 cents a week, and this includes washing, the use of two servants to run errands, tickets to shows, three shaves and all the cigars you can smoke. But the 45 cents a week, and here's the rub.

Two ironclad frigates are to be built in England for the Russian fleet in the Baltic.

GENERAL HOWARD is of the same opinion as General Crook, that the Apaches are good, docile people and should be sent back to Arizona.

The hen of the United States was worth to this country on her own personal account last year \$200,000,000, according to the bureau of industrial statistics.