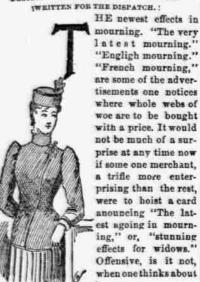
WEEDS FOR THE WIDOWS,

Never Was Such a Variety of Sultable and Elegant Material Offered to Mourners-Meg Philosophises Upon the Webs of Custom and the Fabrics of Fashion.



"French mourning," are some of the advertisements one notices where whole webs of woe are to be bought with a price. It would not be much of a surprise at any time now if some one merchant, a trifle more enterprising than the rest, were to hoist a card anouncing "The latest agoing in mourning," or, "stunning effects for widows." Offensive, is it not, when one thinks about

The trouble is we don't think. We are living sacrifices to the Moloch of customslaves, notwithstanding our boasted liberty of thought and action. Though at heart we may rebel against wearing our grief upon our sleeve, we have not the courage of our conviction and cannot brook being dubbed eccentric or wanting in proper respect for the dear departed; so we bow or neck to the black yoke and believe ourselves firm in the determination to forego the theater, the races, the barmless flirtation and all things elae not consistent with our attire.

SOME WHO DON IT NATURALLY. Others there are whose hearts are so crushed under the pressure of a great sorrow that they full to notice that the sun still smiles, the birds go on with their operetta and passers by laugh, regardless of crape on the door; or if these things be noticed it is only in wonderment for we are very sure we can never smile, sing or laugh again. Black is in harmony with our feelings and we don it with satisfaction, but learn later that and goes," wisely ordained so by that One



The Fashionable Widow

who, knowing us better than we know ourselves, admonished us to "mourn in secret."

If we but obey this admonition we can wear black for the dead or colors for the quick, at will, and consistently, and be less a travesty upon grief than we often are under the cus-tom of wearing mourning in public. Still another reason for adopting black is

the popular fallacy that it is a becoming hue to all. There never was a greater mistake. One wise woman defines the age-limits between which a woman may wear black with salety, to be under 25 and over 50. We know that black enhances the beauty of a fair skin and emphasizes the charms of a well-rounded figure, but it mercilessly calls attention to augularities of the form and betrays the existence of every wrinkle and its shadow. Therefore, my dear, young widow, you must not wear crowsfeet with your stylish black or you will be less interesting than you think you are.

THE PASHIONS IN GRIPP. But stop! I have been asked by esteemed friends, but friends who insist upon buying their woe at the end of a yardstick, to "write up" the latest fashions in their line of apparel, and I must tighten the staychains of my opposition, or I shall succeed only in writing them "down."

While standing at a counter that was weighted with choice and novel black goods, examining with interest if not with admiration, a lady was heard to remark that she had been in mourning continuously for 18 years, and had never been shown such a variety of equally elegant fabrics any one season; nor did she remember a time when there was so much latitude given for decorating. It does seem to me the designers have amply provided and that they must have sweated their brains to lend a little novelty to an otherwise monotonous garb-and succeeded in their efforts. For evidence see the new suitings or dull effects in robes which certainly make up a new feature in mourning wear. The border designs are mostly in stripes a shade more lustrous than the dead black of the ground; just enough to bring them slightly, not prominently, in relief. The absence of all vandyked designs is noted with relief, for surely there have been enough pointed effects displayed upon women's costumes from bonnet to boot to

impale all bumanity. THE OLD RELIABLES,

Among the more elegant black goods, new and old, we find the ever popular carmelite veiling, clairette cloth, silk warped ailk warped challies and the old reliable silk warped cashmere. Also, a new line of camel's hair grenadine, plain and

almost lusterless; canton crepe, crepon, crepe de chine, crinkled like real crape; ilk and wool armures and the standard

For warmer weather we have a beautiful line of lusterless India and surah silks, and for yet lighter wear the usual supply of ba-tistes, jaconets and organdies as fine as if

woven upon the spider's loom.

In the makeup of these materials the pre In the makeup of these materials the pre-vailing fashions in colored robes is to be ob-served, barring trimming the skirt with bugles, passementeries or like decorations which is not admissible for first mourning. Put all the money you can afford in your mourning, if you will wear it, for it is para-doxically true the dearest is the cheanest. doxically true the dearest is the cheapest. Have the material rich, but the makeup plain if you would be above criticism.

AN ACCORDION EFFECT. The latest wrinkle in skirts is akin to the secordion method of appropriating count-less yards of material, the difference being in the manner of disposing of the wrinkle. In the accordion the pleats stand out stiffly. In the Parisian they lie flat and adapt them-

In the Parisian they lie flat and adapt them-selves more obligingly to bands.

Trimmings may be indulged in more lavishly upon the waist than for some sea-son's past. Dull jet is in great favor. The prevailing styles in tinsel galoons and col-ored passementeries and cut jet have been popied in the dull jet, and come in sets designedly shaped for the places they are to occupy. Even the romantic Spanish jacket fronts are reproduced in this jet. Orna-ments and trimmings in dull silk passementeries and in crape passementeries are among this season's novelties. The surplice and other buckles come in crocheted covers of dull silk, or covered with crepe de chine

and in dull jet.

An attempt is being made to revive the English fashion of crape bands and panels for dress skirts; and the ugly wiry crape veil which defies the most artistic touches of the draper, knows no boundary limits and makes a woman hideous and unearthly enough to frighten an engine off its track.

NOT MAKING ANY HEADWAY. It is pleasurable to notice that this fashion is making no headway, but that the clinging, silky nun's veiling everywhere and upon all occasions prevalls. This veil is laid in plain folds across the front of a flat bonnet, and falls in rich, soft drapery almost to skirt hem if worn with visiting or church costume but considerably shorter if for traveling. Crepe folds for dress trimming is elegant for elderly ladies who wish to draw the line between their apparel and that of younger members in a bereaved tamily.

If the intention of mourning in costume were to turn the thoughts from loss to attire, then crepe it should be, for it is a constant source of anxiety from the time donned un til doffed. Rain, sunshine, dust and wind, are alike ruinous. However, the extravagance or worriment of crepe will not be a matter for consideration when the nutocrat of fashion decrees crape; for we are in the net of custom, and we can't mourn our dead in the same black tols year we did the emblem of it. Ridiculous? Yes I think so. We are familiar with the fable of the lion who got caught in a net; how he the forest ring with his roars, but with no effect; the net still enveloped him, until a humble little field mouse attracted by his cries nibbled a mesh in the net and he free-and let us hope, grateful. It will take many mice to destroy the strong net of mourning customs, but let us keep nibbling.

ONE OF THE WRAPS. Something out of the usual order of wraps for mourning is described as trimmed in os-trich plumes, the material of heavy armure silk; the edges finished with fringes of the plumes, and jet beading above the This wrap was for one Duchess d'Osta, so I suppose it will be considered a safe model. For these between-season days, the plain jacket, with the stylish high shoulders, is a wrap above reproach. A little later and the pretty Alberta fichue, cape-shaped in back and with long taba liers front, will be worn. These, knotted carelessly on the bust or at waist line, ac cording to the proportion of wearer, will be an elegant acquisition to a toilet.

Parasols to be carried with full mourning are in plain Justerless surah, shirred with cords and knife-pleated frill in lieu of fringe or lace, and gros grain ribbon braided in basket-weave with ribbon loops finishing the edge, and dainty Maries with covers of pean de soie or point d'esprit.

Black and white conceits in plaids, is stripes or with borders, white on black or vice versa, are exhibited for second mourning, but will not be confined to that wear exclusively. Black and white is a charming and sale combination, since less trying than all black. However, this was not the

reason Mrs. Jones gave for appearing, a lew days after having buried her husband, in an attractive costume of black and white Jones was her second husband and she be lieved in the eternal fitness of things. DESIGNS FOR SECOND MOURNING. All the new designs appearing upon colored robes are reproduced for second mourning in black and gray, white and gray and black and white. India silks and challies have white figures in black and

black or gray spaced far apart. The same styles come in chambrays and other wash goods that are found in woolen suitings. In handkerchiefs for mourning the mos approved has a broad band in black, set it back of the rather wide hem—though the most expensive have embroidered borders or corners. Narrow stitching prevails on gloves, undressed kid and silk being alike

Now, notwithstanding my prejudice have told you of the newest and most elehave done it in a right or pleasing manner. However, it is not all important whether I am quite right or absolutely wrong so long as my opinion is honest. Any sort of an honest opinion should help toward a proper judgment. If I could be always right and asing I would not be writing up black robes for you, but white ones for the angels.

OVER HER MOTHER'S COFFIN.

Touching Circumstances Attending the Marringe of a St. Louis Lady.

Mrs. Charles Moore died last Monday at 4159 Lucky street, St. Louis, says the Globe Democrat. On Thursday her daughter, Miss Clarissa A. Moore, was married to Mr John Fenton, and the bridal party attended the funeral. Mother and daughter had been inseparable companions, more like two sisters. Seven months ago they met Mr Fenton, and both liked him. Soon the daughter was engaged to him. Then the mother fell ill.

The invalid, feeling that she would never recover, insisted upon the marriage of her daughter taking place before her death,

with the hope that she would soon grow strong, and then she promised her the mar-riage would take place. The invalid rapidly grew weaker, and it was not long before the truth was forced upon the daughter and she realized that bitter grief was in store for her. While life was ebbing away Clarissa held one of the wasted hands in hers, and just before she died the invalid turned her

eyes slowly and lovingly to her daughter and whispered almost inaudibly "Church," at the same time pointing toward the church where it was originally intended that the marriage ceremony should take place.
"Mother, is it your wish that I should be

The mother replied, in a whisper, "Yes."
"This was the last word that mother uttered," said Mrs. Fenton to a reporter afterward. "She sank back on her pillow, and, with an expression of sweet resignation upon with an expression of sweet resignation about her face, she drew her last breath. I informed Mr. Fenton. We were married in our parlor, and joined hands over mother's coffin. I placed my bridal wreath of lilies of the valley upon the brow of my mother in the presence of about 50 dear relatives and friends. In about three hours after our marriage was solemnized we attended the funeral of my dear, dear mother, and accompanied the remains to their final resting

The bride is an exceptionally handsome young lady of 19. The groom is said to be the son of very wealthy English parents.

CAMPING OUT IN THE PARLOR. Novelty-Seeking Belle Has Erected a Ten

In a Corner of Her Home. A New York belle has a tent in one co ner of her parlor, according to the Herald. Several big packing boxes were placed on the floor, as shown in the sketch, their width from the wall being 31/4 feet and their height from the ground at the most 1 foot. On these were placed two small mattresses such as you can purchase for single beds at any large furnishing store for \$2 or \$3. This made a delightfully wide and low divan all around the corner, which seemed to invite a siesta at once. Bagdad rugs, double-faced cotton plush or any heavy draping material



may be used as coverings. The wall behind can be draped with similar material, and pictures, a mirror, brackets, busts or statuettes can be placed over the divan, with its many big, soft pillows, which are piled in

artistic confusion.

The effect of a tent is given by draping with silk or some soft material over the lounge, as shown in the illustration. A curtain pole is fastened to the floor a little to one end of the lounge, and another pole extends from this to the corner of the wall, where it is fastened. A rope is stretched from the angle made by the meeting of the poles to the wall on either side. A large hook is then placed in the wall higher up than the top of the rope, and the whole width of the silk or whatever it is draped with-even cheese cloth of a pretty dull shade will do-is taken up there in a bunch and simply let down over the rope, and looped and draped as effectively as possible. A rue laid at the foot of the lounge and a small, o'clock tea table give the character of a small room by itself.

TASCOTT'S SECOND VICTIM.

A Gentle Sweetheart of His Schoolboy Days Died of Grief and Shame.

Ten years ago Willie Tascott, the young man wanted for the murder of Millionaire Snell, of Chicago, was a pupil at the Skinner School, of that city, says the New York World. Across the aisle in the chair opposite sat a sweet girl, with soft brown eyes and hair, pretty teeth and the rosiest lips and cheeks in the room. When she was called on by the teacher to recite she used to stand in the aisle nearest Willie Tascott and rest her dainty fingers on his desk. The boy silently loved the gentle creature and showed his devotion by the nice points he put on her drawing pencils and the

care he took to keep her ink well filled and her sponge wet. In her quiet, lovable way the brown-eyed classmate watched her neighbor, smiled when he had a good lesson or received a high mark, frowned at his waywardness and was sad and troubled when he disgraced himself. When Willie Tascott's foster-brother married the little girl's sister the bond between them strengthened, and the impulsive boy was restrained and curbed and anchored by the sweet influence of Mrs. Tascott's little sister. In the shelter of her mother's house it was not strange that she should be ignorant of the boy's associations, but in spite of rumor she believed that the good predominated and that Willie Tascott would be man in time.

Then came the awful tragedy in the Snell mansion and the suspicion that pointed to him as the murderer and thief. No trace of him was ever found by either of the three families, and if the little schoolmate re-ceived any message she guarded it as sacred. She was taken from school at the advice of her teacher, and the doctor who went to see her pronounced her case harmless, prescribing rest and out-door exercise. The roses in her cheeks changed to lilies, the brilliancy left her eyes, her spirits drooped and before the beauty of girlhood had ripened into per-fect womanhood she fader and proper into perfect womanhood she taded and pined away. She dreaded to open a newspaper, every paragraph being a stab at her breaking eart. After suspense came the belief in er mind that her schoolfellow was dead, but time brought neither comfort nor forbut time brought neither comfort nor lor-getfulness, and four months ago gentle, lov-ing, beautiful Mary Lamport died of a broken heart, the only creature in all the world who really cared for the hapless boy.

hungry or half satisfied, and the sofa bed and thin covering is a cold frame for the growth of rheumatics. The women must have hundred-dollar gowns to sing or read IN DEBT TO NATURE in, and a genteel place to entertain visitors, whether they have comfort or not. The Tired Body Can Not Borrow

Without Paying Back Ten-Fold. MUST HAVE NOURISHING FOOD. Or they live in sky-parlors, where they sew, write stories at \$5 and \$10, act a little, or nurse a little, and teach a little like Miss

she did, planning a story while she ate a squash pie from the bakery and falling to write it as soon as she had finished. The wonder is her nerves held out as long as they did, and that so few people generally die of neuralgia and meningitis when they lay themselves out to invite these dispensations. Many Women Made Miserable by Fur-GOOD FOOD AND CLOTHES AND BATHS

Women abuse themselves and their own families trightfully and do not know it. Then they wonder as Louisa did at Fanny Kemble, how a creature can preserve spirit Was there ever a book like the "Life of Louisa Alcott," told in her letters and jourand attraction when she is over 40. Fanny Kemble had worked and suffered, but she nals this year? Many will read the record of family attachment, struggle and self-dehad known how to care for herself, through it all. If Miss Alcott had laid down the votion fascinated by its piquant spirit, and coveting a like success. Many will long for law for herself, that as an imperative neces-sity she must have nourishing food when the \$8,000 in six months paid for her literary working hard, good brown beefsteak and the best of hot coffee and graham rolls, not cold, work, but few will read the unwritten lesson which runs in largest print, intersolitary squash pie-that she must throw down her work and rest in a warm, fresh lining the story, a lesson repeated with nearly every ambitious woman of the room when weary though creation went to rack or threatened it meanwhile, she might century. Let us see if any will catch the have been living now, to delight the world. One must stand the reproach of being Tussy and hard to suit, bearing it for con-science' sake, and making it up to society in kindness and sweetness when the martyr spirits are waspish with indigestion. Noth-ing is more beneficial to the world than en-

lightened selfishness. How do you expect to keep your good looks and be a pleasure

WHAT WORRY WILL DO.

A fit of strong mental worry when the blood is out of order will throw its irritation

erbockers and stockings. Thus cased you are proof against sudden chills. If your

circulation is poor, make your sleeves come over the wrist, as fashion fortunately allows, with trimming of fur, swansdown or feathers.

Englishwomen are sensible. They keep fur jackets out to wear the middle of June

when a sea turn comes, furs never feeling so good as then, when fires are out. Do not be above carrying one of the little Japanese handwarmers, its lighted carbon smoulder-

ing in a tin case with cloth covering. The whole thing with fuel only costs 25 cents,

and can be carried in the pocket like a porte-monuaie. It is an advantage to persons

with weak chests to carry the case in the bosom, raw days. The warmth is so mild

and constant that it keeps the clothing dry from perspiration without overheating. The

some cadaverous women is remarkable, and it has beneficial effect in case of heart dis-

ease, which is greatly aggravated by cold

THE CHILLY SENSATION.

persons who feel chilly even in summer should never sit without foot warmers or

fur-lined slippers, if at all chilly. Mental exercise exhausts the bodily heat. You re-member how George Eliot always was chilly

when writing, and many a professional worker recognizes the familiar feeling. Hot

baths with plenty of friction afterward, get

up a healthy action of the skin, which leaves the fair face and opal tinted hours

afterward. One of the most beautiful com-plexions I know is kept by this practice

joined to care in eating. A compound of bornx and vegetable oil, with a little bleach-

or and vegetable off, with a little bleaching agent, has the effect of eating off the outer coating of the skin, while an alkali with it stimulates the capillaries by its irritation. The eyes will be dark and bright after such a bath, but if you want to insure their brilliance a pharmaciet brilliance.

their brilliancy, a pharmacist who studies these things says one must eat freely of tomatoes for the sake of the atrophine or its

kindred quality they contain. Certainly wholesome tomatoes keep skin and eyes in

Women need food very full of nourish-ment which will be the least tax on the

cess bread or rather cakes, baked by steam without yeast or baking powder. It is very

odd to miss the discomfort after meals wh

odd to miss the discomfort after meals when taking this bread; one feels so satisfied and yet as if one had eaten almost nothing, while the craving which follows unsuitable food no longer afflicts. A well-to-do woman

night attempt a far worse charity than to send a supply of such strengthening food to worn out sewing girls and school teachers. If anything lighter is wanted, it is found in

the stale mussins baked crisp in the over

and pounded to coarse powder, a very satis-

fying and delicate thing, of which three or four spoonfuls answer for bread at a meal.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

Mrs. Dow is a Good Cook, Editor and Rail

road Manager Besides Other Things.

Mrs. Mary Edna Hill Gray Dow, of

Dover, N. H., is the first woman to be

elected President of a street car company.

She comes of Puritan stock, was graduated

with honors at the Boston High School

taught at St. Louis and took part in ama-

teur theatricals with Nellie Grant with

great success. She married George Gray

an editor of Dover, wrote editorials, made

advertising contracts and managed a job

office. She took first premium twice at the

New Hampshire State Fair for best jellies

and canned fruits, for best brown and white

bread, and butter, for imported French

Houdan and buff Cochin fowls, for best

darning, for the greatest number of patterns

of tatting, crochet edging and knit lace and

for the best varieties of cakes and frostings.

She has always been a very skillful cook

and has given lectures on cooking.

Mr. Gray died, and after five years his

widow married Dr. Dow, one of the leading physicians of Dover. They lived abroad

several years. On their return Mrs. Dov took the management of her husband's prop

erty as well as her own. Among othe

securities she owned some shares in the

Dover City Street Railroad. The accommodations of the railroad and the dividend

were meager, while the expenses and the fares were high. The stockholders were

dissatisfied, and in the summer of 1888

Boston syndicate started in to buy up the

road. They offered Mrs. Dow a third of what she had paid for her shares, and this

set her thinking. The result of her meditations was that at the annual meeting of stockholders Mrs. Dow surprised everybody by showing that

she had acquired control of a majority of the shares, and elected hersel! President of the company. Then she began to introduce re-

forms, raising the pay of employes, reduc-ing fares, and buying new rolling stock for cash, and at the end of the first year she an-nounced a dividend of 11 per cent, some-thing unparalleled in the history of the road.

SHIRLEY DARE.

od condition as far as food can do it

digestion, and this is found in the

Delicate women, writers and sedentary

difference in color this invention makes

air, food or drinks.

to friends by neglect and overdoing?

significance of these extracts. Miss Alcott writes, January, 1874: "When I had the youth I had no money; now I have the money I have no time; and when I get the time, if I ever do, I shall have no health to enjoy life. I suppose it's the discipline I need; but it's rather hard to love the things I do, and see them go by because duty chains me to my galley."

LESSON IN LOUISA ALCOTT'S LIFE,

nace Air Drawn From Cellars.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

Going back of this we read of her writing 14 hours a day, "so full of my work I can't stop to eat or sleep or for anything but a blood is out of order will throw its irritation to the surface in an eczema which may take years to cure. The rheumatic state from living in a chill, damp house will rob your movements of grace, your eyes of light and give you the complexion of a boiled corpse—a vigorous comparison of my own, but heard from a keen-eyed gentleman this evening. If you are chilly these changeful spring days, put on a silk undervest and chemise of white India allk with silk knickerbockers and stockings. Thus cased you daily run. Paid up all the debts-thank the Lord-and now I feel as if I could die in peace." April-"Very poorly. Feel quite used up. Don't care much for myself, as rest is heavenly even without pain. But the family seem so helpless and panic stricken when I break down that I try to keep the mill going."

HARDSHIP ALWAYS.

Still turning the leaves backward we read: "Home to shut up the house, as father goes West. A cold, hard, dirty time; but was so glad to be out of Concord that I worked like a beaver and turned the key with joy. May and I went to the new hotel on Beacon street, and had a queer time eating in a marble cafe, and sleeping on a sofa
bed that we might be genteel. It did not
suit me at all. A great gale nearly blew
the roof off. Steam pipes exploded, and we
were hungry. I was very tired with my
hard summr. with no rest for the brains were hungry. I was very tired with my hard summr, with no rest for the brains that earn the money." March—"Cold and dull. Not able to write." June, 1871—"Little Men' was out the day I arrived from Europe. Fifty thousand sold before it was out." August—"Sick. Holiday soon over. Too much company and care and change of climate upset the nerves again." October—"Desided to go to Boston. Con. October—"Decided to go to Boston. Concord is so hard for me with its dampness and worry. Go to Beacon street to rest and try to get well, that I may work. Bones ache less, and I gave up morphine, as sunshine and air and quiet made sleep possible without it.'

If Louisa Alcott made her \$200,000 by her pen, she earned it, and she were a martyr's crown to get it, too. Plenty of women have neuralgia and premature old age without the money to soften suffering; and they, too, write as she did that life is a and they, too, write as she old that life is a mystery. There is no mystery about it. The lesson of all this suffering begins to dawn upon the race, that by no other discipline, no less penalty, will obstinate, obtuse human nature ever learn to obey the laws of its own well being. One would think that three days acute neuralgia would teach any mortal the advantage of taking care of

A HARD LESSON TO LEARN.

But ten, twenty years seems none too much to teach this simple lesson, bright as sunshine in the universe, the secret of all loss and decay, that God's will is that we should take care of ourselves and our health first obvious duty, and soon there is no grace nor usefulness left in us. Let no one presume to censure the Alcotts improvidence or failure more han others, for nine-tenths of the human family squander their lives and all that is best in them the same way. The trouble began in Louisa Alcott's childhood, when "the children wearied of their extremely simple diet of plain boiled rice without sugar and graham meal without butter or molasses." Mr. Alcott was a visionary and vegetarian of the strictest sort. One would think that

his family need not have run deeply inte debt on such fare; but somehow, good food always pays itself back in keener foresight and force. Carlyle ruined his health for life by living on oatmeal at college, and many mothers bringing up their children on stinted, overplain fare, are fitting them for breakdown just when they want their strength. Tea-and-toast invalids and women turned 40 who need little food, and fancy no one else needs more than themselves; who one else needs more than themselves; who insist on hearty younger people cutting off suppers and doing without sugar or fresh meat or deserts, all play the same foolish part, and the whole family usually has to

UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGES. Marriages without provision of either practical sense are the first step which I shall not hesitate to call demoralizing, they entail such loads of care and suffering on the innocent for genera-tions. Ill-feeding follows overwork on the part of the vigorous elder child or two, the rest being sickly or having a happy knack of shifting burdens to more willing shoul-ders. This can hardly be helped by the child who, like Louisa Alcott, resolves "to pay all the family debts, fix the house, send ster to Italy and keep the old folks cozy." Brave heart! But the time comes when we have our lives in our own hands to guide, and it belongs to no one's duty to work as Miss Alcott worked at cold, weary house-cleanings and closings because others would

not do their duty about such matters.

In the first place, nobody is compelled to live in unhealthy conditions. Concord, with its dampness, did for this gifted woman what Scotch mists and London fogs did for Jane Carlyle, sowed the rack in every nerve and turned life into horror for years. Thousands of women suffer from the same cause, lose bloom and beauty and all that makes life worth living, and go on suffering, when a change of climate, perhaps to the other side of the town or county, would set all right. I have known the opening of a window in a cellar and a wide casement above to turn a most unhealthy house into a safe, delightful one. But the bane of woman's health and looks in Northern towns is the wretched practice of living all winter in houses where all the air for the furnaces or heaters is

drawn FROM CLOSE CELLARS, being the air that has filtered through soil reeking with the refuse of sewers and sour with standing moisture, a double distillate of putrescence and disease. During the last winter nowhere have the cases of epidemic been so disastrous as in close houses with-out fireplaces, where all the cellar air was irawn into each room from the heater, instead of through an air shaft opening out of pors. The next worse conditions are those of tightly calked country rooms heated by common stoves or fireplaces, draughty and uncertain as those in the Concord house, where Louisa Alcott took the neuralgia which ruined her life.

which ruined her life.

Equal in discomfort is the life many ambitious women feel compelled to lead, of which the Beacon Street Hotel is a type. Haven't I been through it, with struggling artists and readers and writers, in houses which presented a fine appearance, "eating in a marble cafe and sleeping on sofa beds that we might be genteel;" where the fittings are no proving the in a star work continual. are so poorly put in as to work continu uneasiness, where steam will not heat when eeded nor furnaces behave, and a gale chills the genteel rooms worse than the ten-ement house, where, thank heaven, families keep song by their cookstoves? The mar-ble case sends delicate women away always COLONIAL COURTING.

How the Swain of Ye Olden Times Won the Maid He Loved.

ASKING THE PARENTS' CONSENT.

Alcott, and treat their internal economy as Customs and Laws That Made the Lover's Lot an Unhappy One.

DETAILS OF A MARRIAGE CEREMONY

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

OW did they use gavs, in the times of the Puritans?" said a Boston maiden to an antiquarian. The classic fossil made reply to the effect that the social laws of the Colonists were some. what stringent, that love made

itself manifest then as now, but the difference between the methods of 1660 and 1890 was great. He

was forever under the eye of the father and

The antique gentleman stopped a moment

in hopes that his reply would be satisfying,

but his gallantry and love for the ladies

forced him to go on at the demand of the curious maiden. "Well," said he, "I'll tell you what I have read, and I dare say you will enjoy it. They made laws for everything in those days and courting was one of the important phases in the life of every tital and handliby manner.

says Barvard, under the covert of parents, were allowed to marry without their parents' consent. If this could not be obtained they

were then to get permission of the Governor

were to be published in church, or their names posted on trees. If any man offered

"To be exact let me give you an instance.

Mr. A. H., for making proposals of mar-riage to a young lady, Miss E. P., and pros-

or some of the assistants. After this they

fine or suffer corporal punishment.

mother."

drops her stocking which she is knitting looks up at Willie, who bows his head and wishes he was as near being consumed as the dull black log on the open hearth. 'You marry Rebekah?' says Madame Brand-'You marry Rebekah?' says Madame Brandish, and she surveys poor Bill's turned-in toes, his shapely leg, his doublet and the top of his head, 'what for?' Bill is lost, he stutters, mumbles something about 'She likes me. I like her,' and, teeling himself about as small as a button, he crosses his legs and subsides. At this instant a suppressed snicker reaches his ears, coming from the rafters overhead. Old Brandish comes to the rescue and stands bolt-upright, the action causes Bill to make a movement in doing which his hat falls, and in the attempt to uncross his legs and reach for the tempt to uncross his legs and reach for the hat he upsets the chair and for a moment the whole house is in a roar. Brandish, much amused, exclaims, 'All right, Will-OW did they use iam, you are a good fellow and know how to to court in old work and when you show us £40 Becky's work and when you show us 240 Decay's yours.' Bill turns as red as a steak, says, 'Yes, sir; thank you, sir; guess I'll go,' and accompanied by the pa and ma hastily beats a retreat to the glorious welcome air with a heart as light as the moonbeams which il-luminate his joyish path over the hills to

"That is one instance," says the antiquarian, "and though it may be an extreme type, the rest of them were not far from being similar. After the 'ice is broken' the lucky beau, early and often, helps to wind the yarn, turn the wheel, draw water, does all sorts of errands for the folks, makes himself quite useful, and saves his shillings. Huskings used to be the great opportunity for developing love events, and, in a more somber way, 'lecture night' gave the lovemethods of 1660 and 1890 was great. He sick swain a chance to pour out his devotion said: "I think the maids and youths were to his 'dearest maid.' There were no bashful, and the poor enamored youth was obliged to face not only his lady love, but into one another's company; doubtless the sly youngsters stole an hour with their girls

in the kitchen when the old lolks went out

to a knitting party; and it often happened

that a young man could cultivate an in-timacy with the father of the lady he loved

by playing checkers with him or assisting him in his 'cyder'-making or some other

"The marriage ceremonies were usually

performed in the home of the bride's father, and the affair brought together all of the

to the guests. For weeks before the mar-

riage everything in the domestic routine of the household pivoted upon the ceremony. Spinning wheels were whirring constantly,

the carpenter was busy making an addition

to the house of another chamber, hams were

smoked, cheese pressed, and the rind kept grated, cake and puddings and pies were

rowed from the neighbors.

duty of the farm.

proposals of marriage to any young lady grated, cake and puddings and pies were without first obtaining the consent of her made, ale brewed, the garret stored with parents or master, he was obliged to pay a dried fruits, and, just before the day of

of the moon GENIUS WITHOUT BEAUTY. A vivid idea of the commercial value of

cases of one or two actresses conspicuously lacking in physical attractions. Agnes Booth would have been more than a second Adelaide Neilson if her superb figure had been crowned by a beautiful face. As it is, she is undoubtedly the most artistic and ca-pable actress in America, and her art has lifted her to a higher plane than nature at first designed. But the fatal gift is not there. Despite her maturity, she occupies a com-manding position in the first stock company in the country, but whereas a statuesque and wooden Langtry makes \$60,000 or \$70,-000 a year, the exquisite art of an Agnes Booth, unaided by beauty, must be content with one-sixth of that sum.

Theater goers, according to dramatic expers, are growing weary of the older profes-sional beauties. Lillian Russell and Pauline Hall have trained off a lot of superfluous flesh, but a good deal of the charm has gone. One does not like to think that they did not

grow so, but were forced down to their present symmetrical lines by bicycle riding, a starvation diet, tremendous walks on dusty roads, and the renunciation of balf the good things of life. In France women of the robust type remain beauties for a long while, and, to a certain extent, this is also true of England. But the standard of beauty in America holds delicacy to be the chief requisite. Hence the same of such distinctively American types of beauty as Ada Rehan, Virginia Dreher, Edith Kingdon-Gould and Emma Juch.

THE AMERICAN TYPE.

It is absurd for English critics to continue to assert that there is no American types of inhabitants for miles around. Such an event was celebrated in the most jovial manner, and the great spread which followed the that in nine cases out of ten it is mason

days, chairs, crockery and spits were bor-"As for the bride's appearance on the nuptial night, her costume was simple and man who had a wealth of assurance.

THE GIFTED THEO.

Perhaps its greatest and most gifted specimen is Theo, who was once a star in this country and is now on the rapid decline in Paris. Theo started out as a small, chubby, round and plump baby, to develop into an infantile young girl, and finally into the most beautifully curved and dimpled young woman on the French stage. At a critical period in her placid career she married an ndustrious young tailor, who devoted all his time after the marriage ceremony to fitting the plump and beautiful curves of Theo with stage gowns. His skill was so remark-able that when Theo was inclosed in the regulation gowns they fitted her as snugly as wet tissue paper, and Paris raved over her curves. She did America for a season, and after that Theo became fat. She has never since been able to reduce herself to the old dimensions, despite the most heroic and elf-sacrificing efforts.

after the first visitation the effects are for-ever afterward discernible. One of the most remarkable instances of the baleful results of over-weight in women that I have ever seen is that of Jeffries Lewis. She was a few years ago not only one of the most powerful and commanding actresses on the American stage, but she had a face and figure that men associated with genius. She shared with Clara Morris the honor of absolutely swaying audiences at her will.

the actress would weigh nearly 200 pounds, and her skin is of the peculiarly colorles shade which sometimes comes to fat people.

If it is difficult for men to keep from getting too stout with all the activity which enters into a man's life how much more so it must be for a beautiful woman about whom every sort of luxuries is usually grouped One season of champaign, pate-de-foi-gras and late suppers removed from her throne a girl known as Genevieve Lytton, who reigned absolutely for a time. Once in a while the training down process provesto be a mistake. This was the case I think with Miss Amelia Sommerville, the plump young woman who made such a success when Dixey first produced Adonis. She are meat and

RISE AND FALL OF FAMOUS LADIES (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. )

Mrs. Laugtry's beauty was an endowment worth about \$1,000,000. As a business venture she has paid interest at 6 per cent on \$2,000,000, but then she has had off years, such as the one three seasons ago when she dyed her hair; and this year, when she is harassed in a grim, malignant and rasping way by the gout. The Langtry's beauty was more productive of gold than the genius of Rachel, Rosa Bonheur, George Sand, Ouida and George Eliot combined. In view of all this, why sneer at beauty on the stage? It makes the world wobble sideways on its beaten-track, and easts a blush over the face

SHEKELS AND BEAUTY

Commercial Value of a Pretty Face

and Figure on the Stage.

THE PUBLIC TIRED OF OLD TYPES,

Overweight the One Great Enemy of Per-

sonal Attractiveness.

Had Mrs. Brown-Potter been as beautiful as she is reckless, she, too, might have been quoted in seven figures. As it is, she is somewhat to be likened in a general way to Northern Pacific stock, with Mr. Bellew in the posttion of Villard. The general desire to know what he is going to do with it as far as Mr. Villard is concerned has always been a very pronounced influence over the value of the stock. When people find out what Mr. Bellew is going to do with Mrs. Potter there will be some market value in her. At present she is quoted far below the closing price of last season, on account of Mr. Bellew's desire to play in London. Where he goes the Potter will follow, according to the most authentic and reliable information from Europe.

beauty may be had when one considers the

beauty. Everybody knows the English beauty. She is square-shouldered, small of waist, with a straight nose, broad brows and a chin that is rather massive in comparison with the rest of the face, very large hands and feet, and stalwart carriage. Further-more, the English type is distinctively ath-letic, pushed to such an extreme degree

line.
The French type, on the other hand, is precisely the reverse of this. It is in no sense athletic, and never awkward. Everything lies in expression in France whether facial or verbal. The French women grow shapeless, are prone to be inordinately plump, and do not exercise enough, but a wonderful charm lies beneath their coustant and infinite mobility of expression.

The American woman fully realizes the happy mean between these two extremes. No wonder the Englishmen all marry our girls, and that the American women are half mobbed when they stray about in Paris. They have gone in for athletics enough to give them the most willowy and beautiful figures in the world, but they are not bony and hard. They have a freedom of manner and a vivacity and variety of expression which comes from cosmopolitan ancestry. American girls possess an all-around beauty. Judic was considered the most fascinating beauty on the French stage for years, though she had round shoulders and a shapeless figure. Her only attractive feature was her eyes. No woman can achieve distinction as beauty in America merely on the strength of her eye or the symmetry of her figure She must be in a sense of the same school as that which has lifted Marie Jansen into fame as a professional beauty. It might be called the lovable or huggable school by a

This enemy of beauty on the stage-over-

abundant weight-affects nearly all of them, and the unhappy part of it is that ALL GONE TO FAT.

The other day I happened to be in front of Tiffany's when she passed. Not a trace of the figure remained. I should say that

nounced a dividend of 11 per cent, something unparalleled in the history of the road.
Since then the company has been moving
along on a high wave of prosperity.

Mrs. Dow has resigned the Presidency;
but her success was so great that efforts are
making now to induce her to take charge of
a horse railroad in the West, one in the
South, and a third in New Hampahire. She
is seriously thinking of assuming control of
one of them. Mrs. Dow is also a good shot
with a rifle; is skillful at fly fishing, is a
good judge of horseflesh, and has taken a
prize in an amateur swimming contest
among ladies. At the same time, she is a
charming wife, mother, and mistress of the charming wife, mother, and mistress of the home, and, withal, she is fair, fat and forty. A Wonderful Literary Genius. It is estimated that 75 different Stanley books will soon be on the American market. Stanley could hardly beat this if he were dead and up to his elbows in the work of producing posthumous books.

the chap along a little, speaks up kindly and says, 'William, come in.' Willie obeys, and with hat in hand he enters the hall and then the great sitting room, where, to make him more uncomfortable than ever, he finds his Rebekah, her mother and two brothers. Here he is obliged to sit and suffer and bot tle up his prayer for two or three hours. By 9 o'clock all leave the room but the father and mother and Bill. After a silence of a half hour, Bill plucks up courage and says

ecuting the same contrary to the parents'

wishes, and without their consent and strictly contrary to their mind and will, was

sentenced to a fine of £5 and to be put under bonds for good behavior and desist from the

use of any means to obtain or retain her

affections. Poor chap, lovesick, no doubt,

it being known by everybody that he was spurned by the cold and unreciprocating maiden,

"Suppose he had won the affections of the

girl and they had, under the forest trees or

in the great pantry, talked over the matter of asking the folks about getting married

can't you imagine the young dreamer loating around the vicinity of the girl's house till it became dark, and then, with shaking limbs and beating heart, knocking at the

door? His summons brings the sturdy and matter-of-fact father to the door, who, seeing the youth standing there all trembling, smiles inwardly and then, desiring to help

he must have suffered no end of humiliation

devoid of any fussy drapes; her hair was tidy her garments all new and very serviceable and no doubt her flushed complexion added to her beauty and made her radiant when she smiled. "All these matters and incidents show

how honest and frank the people were. In the highest circles there was a great display of finery, because the rich were, by law, allowed to fix up, but the masses knew and kept their place.
"There, miss, I've told you in substance

all about the courtings and marriages of the Colonists, and you will observe that they were quite genuine, perhaps no more so than now; but to my way of thinking there was a greater sincerity in love matters in 1660 than there is in 1890. Don't you think

"Perhaps," said the maid. THE DELVER.

WHY CROKER STAYS AWAY.

any's Chieftain Has Been Smoking Too Much to Return to Politics. New York Sun.] The latest authentic information from

Weisbaden is to the effect that Richard Croker will not return to New York before and mother and Bill. After a silence of a half hour, Bill plucks up courage and says in a stammering and shaky voice, 'Er, Mr. Brandish, I—have a cold; is not the cold, cold?' Senior Brandish smiles and allows that 'the cold is cold.'

"Then Bill blurts right out and says, 'Can't I marry Rebekah?' The old lady