FANCIES FOR THE FAIR.

All Sorts of Gossip From Health and Beauty to Fashions and Fads — Good-Looking Women Take Life Easy—Kissing and the Teeth.

Try everything you read and hear about for improving the looks and general health and then try sleep. As Marie Jansen says in the "Merry Monarch," when she throws herself down on a bank of green tissue paper, "a sound sleep is as good as a dinner." It is health and beauty for the body and the very best preservative of youth, next to contentment.

The industrial giants of the family will scream laziness and declare that they would just as soon be dead as asleep. It is the fate of man to bear the burdens of life. He has neither need nor use for beauty, and so long as strength and endurance last it is immaterial whether the king of the hearth gets three or ten hours' sleep. Woman's mission is in a measure dependent on beauty, brightness and freshness. Her duty is largely that of the butterfly or the flower. It matters very much that she be worthy of the queen's crown, and to squander her delicate strength, to waste the perfume of her young womanhood, is a form of prodigality that she will rue. Brothers, fathers, husbands and sons do not like to think of their idols in a state of habitual inertia, but a wise woman does a great many things with her right hand about which her left knows nothing.

Sunday is well considered a day of rest, and if fair woman but knew it a sleep from Saturday night till Sunday noon will smooth out ever so many lines and cares of the week. She will miss her coffee, to be sure, and her church, too, but, says the New York *World*, there is more tonic in the rest, even with wakeful eyes, than there is in a whole coffee plantation. Not only do the eyes brighten, but the warmth of the flesh produces a free action of the glands, which acts as a sort of lubricator and imparts health and freshness to the skin.

Then there is the clearer mental vision and the brushing away of the cobwebs of the brain that nothing in all the pharmacopœia can approach. The fair sluggard may be persecuted by envious and ancient relatives and upbraided by spiritual teachers, but all this can be endured in beauty's name. A nap, superinduced by a steaming hot bath, an hour on horseback, or a brisk walk in the open air taken with the mouth tightly closed and in a very light costume, just before going to a party or a dinner, will give a woman a freshness of face and a sprightliness of manner that will be at once remarkable and captivating. Sleep is cheap. It is also an invaluable agent of physical health, which is after all approachable if perfect beauty is not.

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No girl can be really happy just now who is not the possessor of a turquoise ring.

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Who is going to give the first bal blanc? The cards, if of the proper sort, insist that gowns must be pure white, cream being absolutely inadmissible, and powdered hair insisted upon. The men want white knee breeches and white silk stockings, and with these coats of pale rose, blue, yellow, mauve, or gray, richly brocaded and glittering with steel buttons. The effect of such a party of dancers is more than picturesque, it is a picture.

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The gown shown here, says the New York *Sun*, is to be worn at a great dinner presently. Straight and sheathlike the breadths of

the slightly trained skirt encircle the slender figure, their rich silken sheen falling in unbroken lines to the floor. Bands of royal purple velvet add to her height, and form a robing on the side of the skirt. From some autumn garden trails of pompon chrysanthemums of softest yellow ecru, with curiously twisted and contorted petals, have been gathered to follow the ribbons and fall carelessly on the train. Brown butterflies, with golden-spotted velvet wings and jewel-set bodies, poise above the flowers, swaying on slender wire fastenings. The folds of the heavy silk net line the waist, with no seams to mark its contour, and drape the shoulders in a simulated sleeve, which is caught together at the bottom with a band hidden beneath. More of the velvety dusky butterflies which nestle against her white neck poise above the flowers on her bosom, and gleam out in the wavy masses of her simple coiffures.

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We are decidedly coming back to the beflounced skirt, many of the new French dresses having a flounce around the bottom, a thick rose ruche or band of plush, velvet or fur.

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A furry season is predicted by the knowing ones. The high fur shoulder cape has come to stay, at least for the cold season.

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We have fallen upon days when custom and fashion have decided spanking not to be good form, says the New York *World*. There was a time when all of us believed with the French philosopher that "a boy is the most savage of all beasts," but all that was very long ago and now we do not even allow the tiniest bit of corporal punishment in any of our schools, nor in our army or navy.

Of course, the writer, who has looked somewhat into the subject, does not mean to say that the habit of spanking has entirely disappeared, for the most casual observer who keeps his eyes open, not to speak of his ears, knows better. But, like highway robbery and dueling and painting the feminine face, it is diminishing in volume and frequency. It is difficult to gather statistics scientifically accurate upon the subject, but a little talk among your married friends, oh, reader of gentle disposition! will surprise you by revealing how many of them were spanked in their youth and how very few now spank their own offspring in turn. The old jokes about the efficacy of slipper-training have lost their point, and for many reasons.

In New York a few strongholds of this form of posterior punishment still hold out. They are the public institutions where orphan, incorrigible or destitute children are reared. That is one objection to being a poor orphan child in this town—one is almost sure to be spanked. In an investigation in court the other day the manager of one of the largest New York homes for children declared that the favorite form of correction employed was the old-fashioned spanking system. It left no marks upon the "spankee" and yielded favorable results.

Quite the reverse was the testimony of the mother of eight well-behaved and delightfully mannered children. "It is not becoming in me," she said, "to boast of my girls and boys, but they certainly are little ladies and gentlemen, and I have never laid a hand harshly upon one of them. There is a certain indignity about the form of punishment known as spanking that should never be put upon high-spirited children. It debases their natures." So much for the testimony of one good "homey" sort of woman, testimony that was borne out by many others. And the moral of it all, if there be a moral, is that it would be a good idea for children to cut this out and paste it in their mothers' hats.

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The Medici muff is the latest addition to muff shapes. It is flaring at the ends and small in the center, and is usually made of cloth to match the costume, and trimmed with fur, or of fancy material to match the bonnet or hat.

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House jackets show little change from the styles employed through last winter and summer, the sleeveless Toreador and all the modifications thereof remaining in the richest colors and materials which may be found for them.

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A warmth of crimson, a glory of gold, a shadow of brown gleam in the coarse mesh of the shaggy, jaunty gown which a striking lady wore on the promenade these sunny days, yet so curiously interwoven are the threads of the cloth, so softened by the dark, rough hairy stripes which appear upon it, that its effect is rich and elegant, rather than brilliant, says the New York *Sun*. The skirt fits closely about the hips, where the pleats which form the slight fulness at the hem are stitched flat. The bodice and sleeves are loosely folded, save about the waist line, where the corsage effect is given, and at the wrists. Passementerie, expressing in its convolutions the colors of the cloth and brightened by a single thread of gold, is revealed at the front of the skirt, covers the deep cuffs, encircles the collar, and forms a girdle about the waist. Because the woman is slender and graceful the sunny little dress is charming and effective.

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On an east-bound Erie train, says the New York *Tribune*, there was a baby that made the lives of all the fellow-passengers miserable. It was one of those small, unassuming babies, with weak eyes and freckles, and lungs as powerful as a yacht's mainsail.

In vain the fond mother dawdled and kneaded her melodious, it settled down into a steady weep that seemed to be measured by the mile. The passengers glared and scowled and—all who could moved away. When Port Jervis was reached there was a temporary lull, and an exhausted old lady, who sat just behind the source of trouble and was too burdened with boxes and bundles to move, seized the opportunity to fall asleep. Again the train started; a few miles were passed in peace, and then the infant terror of the car leaned its little speckled countenance far back over its mother's shoulder and almost in the ears of the old lady shrieked again.

There was an expression of despair on the old woman's face. She extracted a capacious box from the many boxes and bundles about her, opened it and took out a slab of sponge cake three inches square. The weeping infant's eyes followed this proceeding with some interest, though not enough to reduce its lament, and just as its mouth was open widest to get the best purchase on sound, in went the sponge cake as far and as firmly as a moderate push of the old lady's hand permitted.

Sound ceased in an instant, and with eyes popping with horror, the baby seemed buried in sponge cake and silence. Its alarmed mother looked around in surprise.

"How old is your child?" inquired the old woman, with a benevolent but significant look.

"Eleven months, ma'am."

"Dear little thing, I've just given it a piece of cake. Children love cake so dearly."

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French gowns, English hats and jackets, Japanese boudoirs, Russian novels, Spanish dancers, Hungarian bands, German operas and an American papa. Oh, to be a New York belle.

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Helen Silberstein is the proprietor of a large New York suspender factory. For a long time she has been trying to perfect an everlasting suspender out of finely spun asbestos.

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Belts and long mediæval girdles, composed of galloon like a ribbon, or pleated or jeweled, are worn both with dresses and long cloaks. They are extremely wide, with massive buckles.

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Basques are coming to the fore and all kinds of corselets, from that worn by the Swiss milkmaid to the more ornate one seen in the pictures of Breton peasant women and Spanish dancing girls.

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One of the big Broadway retail drygoods firms had its fall opening the other day, says the New York *Tribune*, and a large crowd of women filled the store. One of the visitors was sitting before a "dummy" figure which was clad in an exceedingly rich and handsome gown, and was writing rapidly, pausing occasionally to look at the garment. One of the male "floorwalkers" walked up and said something to her in a low but apparently firm tone. The woman snapped a reply, crumpled up her paper and shoved it into her pocket, and then walked hurriedly out of the building, with a look of mingled mortification and indignation on her face. The little incident created a deal of excitement, and whispered comment among the shoppers who observed it. The general idea was that the woman was a "shoplifter," and many were the expressions of surprise that so well dressed and respectable a looking woman should be a criminal. These inferences were entirely at fault, however, as an inquiry put to the "floorwalker" showed. Said he:

"The woman was merely a dressmaker who was stealing the design of the dress. The dressmakers and milliners who do business on a small scale, many of them, watch carefully the announcements of the semi-annual openings of big houses and never miss one of them. They can thus get ideas free which cost the firms a lot of money. We don't object to their coming and looking, but we think it is going too far when they sit down and write descriptions of and sketch our most striking novelties."

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Mme. Blavatsky, the Buddhist priestess, is reported as extremely fascinating in manner, yet very dirty in person. Her hands are said to be beautiful, yet filthy, and her face is not past the refining influence that soap and water might exert upon it. Truly the day for unwashed geniuses is not yet over.

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Never has jewelry been more the fashion than at present in London. A rich woman now has diamonds for morning, diamonds for afternoon and diamonds for evening wear.

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That caries is a contagious disease is so well recognized by the leading men in the profession that they will not use instruments a second time without resorting to germicidal methods of cleansing, says a physician in the New York *Herald*. If this is true it is obvious that the easiest way to transmit the disease is by kissing. I might almost advise "kissing your enemy" as a means of vengeance. That this is no mere chimera is exemplified by the relation of a case, which could be duplicated a hundred times.

A young lady who by inheritance possessed a marvelously perfect set of teeth was herself robust and of extremely cleanly habits. She would come to me to have her teeth cleaned when only the closest scrutiny would detect the stains which she wished removed. Up to the age of 19 she had never needed a filling. About that time she brought to my office a young man whom she introduced as her fiance. He wished my professional services, and I gave him an appointment. An examination disclosed a filthy mouth. It was necessary to use corrective agents before I could tolerate the odor which was emitted.

Had it not been that he was to marry a girl whom I knew to be ideally hygienic I would never have given the cleansing of his teeth the amount of attention which I did, because I recognized in him a man careless of his teeth and breath, who would be unappreciative of my efforts. It required four sittings to get his teeth into a semblance of cleanness, and then he refused to have the gaping caverns filled. I could do no more. A year later I was obliged to insert seven or eight fillings for the young lady. I have always attributed the decay of her teeth to her association with this man. Fortunately she did not marry him. Something prevented. Perhaps it was her sense of smell. Her teeth have not decayed since.

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Some women look as if they had been born clothed, some as if they had achieved clothing, namely, bought it ready-made, and others as if they had had their clothes thrust upon them.

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Large pots of Scottish heather are shown in many of our florists' windows, and announce the coming popularity of the dainty blossom of the Scottish moors.

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Why is it, we wonder, that stout women almost invariably wear tightly fitting gowns? It is really a fatal mistake. However sweet and lovely is the face, if one sees a portly bust and large arms and—to say the least—rounded hips, all sheathed in a perfectly fitting, glove-tight dress, one's attention in spite of one's self is instantly attracted by the smooth surface, and the wonder arises which is the vulnerable spot in the armor? And if a burst occurs, what would be the result? Whereas, if the same beautiful and gracious face surmounted soft drapings of material artistically arranged, the embonpoint would become at once unnoticeable, and would on the contrary add dignity to a tall figure.

The thin woman certainly has her advantages, for she can pad and model the figure to any required standard. Still, there is the inevitable law of compensation, and her stouter rival has generally the sweeter face. Therefore, dear sisters, exclaims the New York *Tribune*, who grieve over increased weight, remember your advantages, and do not spoil your beauty by tight squeezing and smooth fitting. The fat beauties of the East who were so renowned would not have been beauties if they had discarded the flowing Eastern draperies and donned a tailor-made gown.

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Indigestion among children can be cured by carefully watching them and vigilantly preaching the wholesome doctrine of mastication. Teach the child that every morsel he swallows without chewing it thoroughly, is so much poison to his health.

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Diamond engagement rings of one stone in a simple setting are very much used, and can be bought at the present time from $50 to $1,000. Diamonds are considerably higher than they were.

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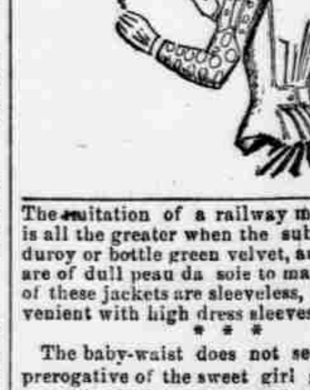
The porter's vest is the latest thing, says the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*. It is drawn in across the back with tabs and a buckle and has pockets in the fronts, which, however, hang straight instead of being tight, as in a porter's vest.



The imitation of a railway man's covering is all the greater when the substance is corduroy or bottle green velvet, and the sleeves are of dull peau de soie to match, but some of these jackets are sleeveless, which is convenient with high dress sleeves.

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The baby-waist does not seem alone the prerogative of the sweet girl graduate, but is ruthlessly donned by athletic-looking females whom age has robbed of their pristine bloom.

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Ouida is going to write a tragedy for Sara Bernhardt.

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It is sad to think that when he sang
Beneath the peaceful stars,
And the wildwood with the echoes rang
From his entrancing bars,
That papa was the one who heard
The lover's midnight call,
While she, his love, caught not a word,
But slept on through it all.

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The old picture galleries have been ransacked to provide new ideas for the costumers. Some of the models produced from a study of the gowns worn by moyen-age beauties have been extremely successful.

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An example of nineteenth century vengeance has been offered by such a distinguished a person as Mrs. William Astor, says the New York *World*. It is related that a young woman at Newport, two or three seasons ago, manuvred very ingeniously and energetically to make a matrimonial catch of young John Jacob Astor. Although Mrs. William Astor signified her displeasure in no unmistakable way the young woman did not withdraw. Thereupon Mrs. Astor refused to go to any house where the young woman was received, and very shortly the latter found all the doors in Newport closed to her.

WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

Shirley Dare's Chat About the Coming Winter Fashions.

DRESSES FOR VARYING USES.

Costliness of Trying to Purchase Elegance Too Cheaply.

SHAWLS WORKED UP INTO COSTUMES

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The pretty capote of the day is one which declares the taste of a lady in every fold and outline. It suits the head and the shapely features which wear it. Let the aquiline woman beware of essaying it, however, unless she is willing that her most prominent features should soar in parrot-like relief. The bonnet is better for her, as the trimming is massed outside the line of the crown and projects almost as much as the tip of the nose itself.

In choosing hat or bonnet for a woman with prominent features hold a ruler straight against the tip of the nose and have the brim or trimming come at least as far forward. This trimming should be light—feathers, gauze or lace—with simple, effective knot of velvet loops with pleatings of muslin de soie or thin crepe each side. The feather border laid in tufts also sets out from the head and makes it look smaller. For theater a charming piece has Greek pattern border of velvet, shaped by wire and buckram, laid over crepe lisse fluting, the bow of feather tufted "snow" gauze and black velvet ribbon with "snow" aigrette being of that simple, inimitable elegance which enchants the masculine mind and distracts the feminine.

HOUSE AND WALKING DRESSES.

One of the best models for house dress is the glossy black silk now worn, with front of velvet striped and figured damask net. The shaping of the corsage gives a charming slender figure, delightfully the opposite to the deformity of the Spanish jacket which widened the waist. The sleeve will be better without the bell cuff, which is really the only point to criticise about this interesting toilet, admirable for an amateur concert dress.

A caprice of the mode is a walking dress, half cloth, half velvet, which, if the materials are both in the same shade, or in rare harmony, may pass with taste. The trimming with Angora fringe is one of the newest ideas, and the drift of it across the breast is warm and protecting to the sensitive line of the chest.

Many of the winter styles are suggestions from the fifteenth century dress, revived by the Tudor exhibition, which was the delight of the London world last season. Veritable state dresses were unearthed from wardrobe rooms and coffers; gloves tarnished and sewn with pearls; corselets of woven metal, studded with carbuncle turquoise, garnet and seed pearls; bodices stiff with embroidery in gold thread and furred; moth-eaten mantles which had stirred with the unrest of the proudest, uneasiest hearts in the world.

OLD-TIME PETTICOATS.

Not only the Maries and Elizabeths, of whom history is full, sent their last finery to the exhibition, but those forgotten Maries, Annes and Isabellas whose destiny was so high and so unhappy in that they were less account living than they seem to be dead—women without force, daring or worth enough to win what was theirs by desire and right, who coveted, envied, moped, and left themselves nothing but their pedigree and their petticoats. Well, these last were often graceful enough to be remembered and admired.

The cheap velvet sleeves, wrought in attempt to mimic Venetian richness from shoulder to waist, hang on the show line above the counters marked only $5 50 the pair. Oh, for sumptuary laws again, or rather that women would be laws unto themselves, for then, and then only, shall we see noble and enduring fashions, the sumptuous demanding the finest, richest productions of the loom to carry out its royal ideas; woven to last, enhanced by the handiwork of the weavers, of a design worthy to last, and common folk to clean, bright, cheery stuffs that would cleanse year after year like new and be worth the dollars put into them.

CHEAP GOODS THE DEAREST.

As it is, you may go from counter to counter and find little worth the trouble of making up. Certainly it does not pay to give a month's salary of an ordinary professional woman for a simple dress, to wait the pleasure of a dressmaker for days and hours to have it refitted, get it after two weeks' waiting to have the binding altered and the seams taken in under the arms, and then in six weeks' wear have it turn rusty, with the verdict from those who should know that "it won't pay to dye it, for the threads are giving way already."

That is a specimen of what women buy for stylish dresses. They pay for style, and nothing else, and style won't wear or keep its gloss. Women begin the matter of dress reform at the wrong end. If they were to demand better fabrics, and model them in a certain compromise of good taste, they would be gainers, rather than to pay three prices for reform garments when common ones are already dear. Let us look at the Venetian bodice and the "hygienic" extravagances and beware of either.

THIS AUTUMN'S COLORS.

The colors for the autumn include a number of shadowy browns, which will be useful, notably the richly soft tan shade called Hindoo, after the hue of native bodies. This is combined with pale Egyptian greens, like verdigris; cocoa, walnut, camel and umber shades describe themselves. The reds are delightful. Moorish red, Indian red, Boulanger, the clear, carnation scarlet and a rich cherry red, long in disuse. Turquoise is the trimming color for bows and offsets to dress, much seen with black, especially in made trimmings.

The old passementerie and gimp bands have their patterns picked out in the bosses of imitation turquoise, and the effect of color is pretty, though it revolts the taste in material.

Other trimmings are varied with coral, mock amber and pearls, as well as turquoise, but these things lose their richness with their rarity. A woman dressed in such filigree, even to whole fronts of it, moves with the air of an educated squaw. Imitations have reached their limit.

SLEEVELESS JACKETS.

The embroidery fashion brings out some pretty sleeveless jackets, wrought all over in the finest silk cord, which looks like hemstitch, as if it were whipped over and over by hand. This makes fabric very durable, and we may congratulate ourselves that the shape is so good, since it is likely to last. Jackets and sacques are much longer, have straight fronts and are straight on the lower edges, with no buttons visible. Plain soft beaver, with pearled finish of narrow braid on the very edge of the front, is well worn. Diagonal goods wear shiny soon.

Shawls of every sort are made into dresses for exclusive wearers by private modistes. White chuddah shawls, with narrow border broches in white wool, are made into house dresses with lovely effect; dark, handsome cashmeres and the fine paisleys are made into combination dresses. Velvet crossed with India camel's hair shawling ought to be elegant enough for any carriage dress. A dark from Paisley blends well with a cocoa, camel or umber shade of plain serge. Plaid wool shawls, when a good tartan can be found, make most satisfactory and enduring winter dresses and cloaks. Two shawls make a full suit, one draped for the skirt, the other cut into a mantle, effectively draped.

MOURNING GRADATIONS.

A correspondent asks whether she shall wear her mourning at a wedding to which she is invited. The best usage is to lay aside black for any festival, appearing in subdued colors, resuming it immediately after. A bride whose mother has recently died lays aside her mourning for white on the wedding day, but resumes it the next, to be worn till the proper period elapses.

"Aida" wants to know what to get for a strikingly stylish outfit for Washington this next winter, expense not so much consideration as good appearance. White will be the highest fashion for the season, as it is worn abroad; white wool damassee and twills for house dress in the cream satin habit shirts, cherry and turquoise surah to change, white mouttonee wools for cloakings and white velvety beaver and Astrakhan jackets with rich damasse or embroidered vests for walking. You may vary this, with utility and appearance both in question, by adopting the pale whitish gray worn by English women of good style; the long ulsters of white-gray cheviot, soft as camel's hair, pearl-gray plaids, strengthened by bars of indefinite pencil gray, or heather brown trimmed by Angora fringe, or shawl fringe, nearly white. White fleece jacket, with rose-crimson satin lining, for linings tell very much in these colorless outfits, the fronts faced with damassee rose, cream and silver; very little of the light shades, however.

A SPANISH INNOVATION.

Bonnet of pale velvet, with trimming of broad, curling ostrich tips, and black and silver embroidery on crepe lisse mixed with the velvet loops. Hat of pale felt, with open work edge, and plumes, crimson velvet rose attached to the elastic band just back of the left ear. This Spanish touch is one of the newest points in millinery, not in the shops as yet. A black velvet rosette is substituted by blonde wearers. A cross-over costume in black damask velvet and ash gray, miscalled slate gray, with border of fleece fringe headed by black chenille, would be very nice with rose red China crepe tie at the throat just showing under the collarette. A Vandyke collar and cuffs en suite in white and gold passementerie of fine pattern may be worn with different dresses or a suit in velvet cut-work with gray pearl beading, which looks so quietly elegant and forgives the imitation for once—if one must imitate.

For evening dress choose white damasks, with Japanese crape, or white Indian shawl dress, with white satin, big white, soft satin sash draped over it; a black lace, embroidered with nasturtiums, shaded from orange to deep red, with ribbon knots of the shades blended; a thin wool cape, with narrow stripes of either white or black velvet, white satin ribbon an inch and a quarter wide run on in bayadere stripes from foot to waist. This is for a tall girl only.

SHIRLEY DARE.

AMERICA IS FAR AHEAD.

Mrs. Werner's Conclusions From a European Trip — Cleveland, Tolstoi and Bellamy Very Popular—Pittsburg Like a Madhouse as Compared With the Quiet Old World.

Mrs. M. Werner, the popular librarian of the German Library on Wood street, returned last week from a four-months' trip to Germany, the land of her birth. It is now more than 30 years since she left that country, and the many changes which have taken place in the meantime have removed nearly all the old familiar features by which she remembered her old home.

During the course of a conversation she said: "When I took the trip it was not with the intention of making a lengthy tour of it, but merely a visit to the cities and towns along the Rhine, which were so well known to me in my early life. I found the change was even greater than I expected. Few of the many places I visited still retained anything familiar to me. Germany can, in no sense, be compared with this country, as far as progressiveness is concerned, but everywhere a change has taken place, that change has been for the better. Thirty years ago, it was considered high treason to utter a single word of protest against the methods of royalty, but now the Emperor, his family and their actions politically and socially, can be and are freely discussed.

"They take the liveliest interest in American politics over there, and follow every move made by our several parties. I must say, the greatest American in German eyes is Grover Cleveland. This, no doubt, arises from his views on the tariff question. By the way, you would be surprised at the manner in which Bellamy's book, 'Looking Backward,' has taken hold over there. It sells for about 15 cents of our money and everybody has it or has read it. Not a single house which I visited but contained one or more copies. And speaking of books reminds me that Tolstoi, whose 'Kreutzer Sonata' has excited so much unfavorable comment here, is looked upon in Germany as one of the greatest men of the time, and his opinions are freely accepted as those of one of the most deep and logical thinkers of the age.

"In mechanical improvements the Germans are not nearly so far advanced as the Americans. They have several electric street car lines in Berlin and one in Strasburg; also a cable line in the first named city. That is, I believe, all they have in the way of rapid transit except the electric cabs which I have not seen.

"In one particular this country could well take pattern after the old and that is the appreciation of the beautiful. I have been in many of the most famous parks in the United States and have never yet seen anything to compare with those on the other side of the sea. It would be simply impossible to describe the wonderful beauty of the Palmer Garten in Frankfort. Even the railroad depots are literally set in a mass of flowers and plants. In everything the Old Country betokens what it really is 'a land of poesy.'

"Its business is conducted so quietly that one imagines in visiting the various towns that he has traveled in a continuous series of Sundays. Why, the change was so great when I arrived in busy Pittsburg, after my four months' sojourn in those quiet places, that I could hardly keep from thinking I was in a madhouse."

PRICE OF A WIFE.

Good Ones Quoted at 10,000 Cocoanuts in the Solomon Islands.

In the Solomon Islands the market quotation on a "good quality" wife is 10,000 cocoanuts. The money of the islanders, says *All the Year Round*, consists of strings of shell beads about the size of shirt buttons, well made, and strung in fathom lengths of two kinds, "red" and "white" money. This is the base of the currency, above which come dogs' teeth, which are the gold of their coinage. Only two teeth from a dog's jaw are legal tender. A hole is drilled in each, and when a native has accumulated a sufficient number he strings them together and wears them as a collar. Such a collar may be worth as much as £20. Porpoises' teeth are one-fifth the value of dogs' teeth, and rings of a marble-like stone are also current coin.

The following is the basis of Solomon Island money and exchange: Ten cocoanuts, 1 string of white money or one stick of tobacco; 10 strings white money, 1 string of red money or 1 dog's tooth; 10 strings red money, 1 "isa" or 50 porpoise teeth; 10 isas, 1 good quality wife; 1 bahika (or marble ring), 1 human head; 1 bahika, 1 very good pig; 1 bahika, 1 medium young man.

GLADSTONE'S FINGER NAILS.

They Are of Fine Color and Size and He Takes Good Care of Them.

A London manicure says Gladstone's nails are particularly good, of a fine color and size, and nicely kept. Handsome nails nearly always go with a well-shaped hand. Mr. Gladstone's hands are rather large and the fingers are large in proportion. The skin is very soft, and the lines, although numerous, are not remarkable.

Among the best-shaped hands of public men is that of Sir Frederic Leighton. He has a large, well-shaped and firm hand, and the nails are in proportion large and rounded and well-trimmed. Mr. Spurgeon, on the other hand, has flat, straight nails with a large and flabby hand. He doesn't patronize a manicure.

CLARA BELLE'S CHAT.

Actresses Who Enthuse So They Lose Their Individuality.

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA'S TACT.

Autumn Dinner Decorations Must be Symbolic of the Season.

WOMEN GROW OLD FASTER THAN MEN

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, October 11.

ACTRESSES are often asked whether or not they feel inwardly all that they express in their art, and there have been different opinions as to whether a performer made a better effect by losing herself in her part or by remaining continually master of her actions. I heard a most popular leading actor relate an interesting anecdote on this point. He is known as an actor of extreme nervous force and sincerity and to see him on a first night an audience is led to believe that he is thoroughly absorbed in his part and has no remembrance of the ordinary world tha studies him.

"I am not sure about myself," said this actor; "there are certainly moments when I am carried away entirely by the force and the reality of the situation I am trying to represent, but as a rule I believe I keep every part of the stage in my eyes and anticipate every word I am expected to utter. But let me tell you of an experience I had with a certain leading woman of great physical beauty and wide professional reputation. The rehearsals were gone through in the usual mild and perfunctory way, and it was not until the first night's performance that I discovered the peculiarity of the star's artistry.

AN ARTIST IN HEART.

Before that beautiful woman had bestowed upon me half the caresses that the play demanded she had made me believe she was in love with me. After getting into my street clothes I presumed to wait in the wings to say a goodnight word to her. She came out of her dressing room looking as pale and stately as a queen. I advanced and congratulated her, with some embarrassment of manner, upon her apparent success.

"'Well, I hope the house like me,' she said with perfect complacency. 'I feel indebted to you, for carrying several of the scenes so effectively. And now I am going to ask a favor of you. You wore a false beard to-night. Now, I can not abide such a thing. It was very painful indeed for me to perform the kissing business owing to that beard to-night, and if you will kindly leave it off I believe I shall be able to instill into my part far more naturalness. Please take no offense, sir; I only want to get everything as pleasant and real as possible.'

"She bowed a polite goodnight, and I knew instantly that the woman was an uncommon artist. Every time I played with her I was made the victim of ardent caresses but during my entire association with the actress I never got to know her except as my employer and professional coadjutor. I really think that she was an artist in heart as well as education.

A VISIT TO CARMEN SYLVA.

Pertinent to the subject of women's demeanor I have had a letter from the Queen of Roumania. Well, not directly from Her Majesty, you know, but from Emily Faithfull, who had just visited her. And it had a flavor of interested exploitation, too, for it was addressed to the President of the Sorosis, and it squinted toward a boom for the Queen in this country. She writes books, under the name of Carmen Sylva, and she would like to have them published and read in America. In her letter Emily Faithfull says:

"Before I had well crossed the threshold, the kindly nature and ready tact of the Queen was revealed. There were but six stairs between my sitting room and the

Carmen Sylva.

royal suite of apartments, but the hereditary asthma which too often transforms my expected seaside pleasures into days and nights of misery, rendered me almost speechless by the time I reached the door—a condition not conducive to the comfort of an interview with even one's own familiar friend. But the best chance of a quick recovery was given me by the readiness with which Her Majesty talked of her life and interests in Roumania before she would allow me to speak a word."

THE AUTUMN DINNER PARTY.

Coming back to home usages and my readers' own feminine usages, let me tell you that, if you intend to give a swell dinner this autumn, you must devise original effects. For instance, you must issue invitations for a diner d'automne and trim your dining room with autumn leaves of the brightest hues obtainable. Then in the center of your table you must place a huge epergne, which you must load down with fruit set off with leaves; and at each of the four corners of the table you must place a large silver or china candelabrum, about the arms of which trail white, black and purple grapes. Festoons of these grapes must reach to the cloth and end at the base of the epergne. No flowers must be visible; all leaves and vines in the rich tints so plentiful in October and November.

Your sorbets and ices must all simulate fruit of various kinds. For boutonniers make use of colored leaves, and for favors distribute pins of enameled leaves to the ladies and grains of yellow corn set in guise of scarf pins to the gentlemen. Dinner cards should have a spray of autumn leaves with some kind of fruit painted in the corner, and your guests should be requested to use vines and leaves in trimming their dinner toilets. A figure of the goddess Ceres should be prominent on the mantel and be appropriately hung with vines and festoons of tiny apples and nuts.

THE SEMI-ANNUAL MIGRATION.

We are all literally on the move now. October is only second to May in its processions of loaded vans, express wagons, one-horse trucks and hand wheelbarrows bearing our household goods to new temples. Twice a year the spirit of change holds sovereign sway, and this processional tribute goes through the streets in token of our loyalty to its commands. Only those who own their houses are exempt from the calls of this spirit, and even they are coming to town from summer quarters with huge caravans of luggage, thus fulfilling the law to the very letter. Everybody obeys it, in fact even the basement dwellers, who can move no further than the next block.

I saw a family yesterday in a procession all their own. The father carried a small cooking stove, which still bore the glow of the breakfast fire; the mother a basket of delf, with teapot and coffeepot on a string hanging at her side like a fine ladies' chatelaine; then followed six children, each with some article of furniture suited to its size. The eldest girl bore the baby on one arm and the coal scuttle on the other, and a jolly boy marched to the music of his own whistle with an inverted pail, which looked suspiciously like the family growler. All were smiling, conscious of being in fashion, and what did they care if the change was only from basement to basement.

IT'S FASHIONABLE TO MOVE.

Everybody, in fact, looks jolly. The lords and ladies of the fine houses are coming home eager for the round of winter pleasures; the dwellers in apartments who put their goods in storage last May and went into the country—some to the martyrdom of country relations—are now locating in a new part of the city; the stay-at-homes-all-summer are securing change of air and scene by moving from the East Side to the West and from the West Side to the East; so, through all the toil and turmoil, we are having a sort of carnival of high spirits and bright anticipations.

The old style of entering a house as a bride, having children born and married there, and leaving it only at the last great removal, is now wholly abandoned as too staid and unenterprising for this lively age. So from thousands of flat roofs come the thud, thud of the carpet beater, with clouds of dust ascending to settle down and filter through houses and clothing, and the tick-

A Family Engaged in Moving.

tock of the carpet hammer fills the air. But if you consider the dust as so much cloudy incense ascending to our household Lares and Penates, and the tick-tock the echo of dancing feet of invisible home fairies—why, you will be like all the rest of us, immensely jolly in this monstrous moving time.

MEN LAST THE LONGER.

Why, oh why, do our city fashionable women go to pieces so early in life, while our men, even if they do get fat and bald, still look neat and dapper, and have a style about them until overtaken by the seventies? Take a New York debutante of the McAllister set, dainty and delicate as a miniature on ivory, with teeth like pearls, skin like the petal of a rose, eyes full of warmth and feeling, figure ravishingly beautiful and her whole being breathing intelligence, sympathy and spirituality. Yet at 25 with a married life of two or three years, they begin to fade; at 30 the bloom is gone; at 35 they are passe; at 40 they are old women.

But not so the man about town. At 40 he is still erect as a fashion plate; at 50 his hair and teeth begin to go, but not so his sprightliness, his interest in things, his elbow touch with the spirit of the times. In a word, as he grows old in the flesh, he seems to brighten intellectually, and that, mind you, is the secret of his perennial bloom. His breezy, cheery way deceives you. He acts like a man of 30, and as his rotundity increases, he wraps his toga tightly around him and straightens up like a boy of 18. He is as constant to his bath tub as he is to his sweetheart, and speaks as affectionately to his tailor and barber as if they were his own brothers. He is careful what he eats, and when he eats it, drinks sparingly, sleeps nine hours daily, and is as neat with his hands as a girl. He is regularly manicured, pedicured, and massaged. All this costs him a heap of trouble, but egad! he gets his reward.

CLARA BELLE.

A TRAMP POSTAL CARD.

Its Record in Globe-Trotting From England East to California.

San Francisco Call.]

Via the steamship China, which arrived on Tuesday, came addressed to the postoffice in this city a postal card en route around the world. It was started at South Kensington, England, on July 2 last, and reached the several ports as follows: Gibraltar, July 8; Port Said, July 16; Suez, on the the following day; Aden, July 14; Calcutta, August 6; Hong-Kong, August 28; Shanghai, September 5; Yokohama, September 11, and San Francisco, September 30.

Assistant Postmaster John C. Quinn stated to a representative that the postal card had lost about 12 days by being addressed to Shanghai. It should, he said, have been sent from Hong-Kong to Yokohama direct. This would have made the entire trip around the world possible in about 90 days.

About one month ago the local office received a postal card from O. L. Schmidt, the sender asking as a special favor that this postal be forwarded across the United States. Perhaps he knew from the postmaster at South Kensington that some such communication is necessary, for the laws of the United States do not permit of the forwarding of such "tramp" letters without an American stamp on it.

This is only meant on the part of the Government to curb a useless and often foolish desire on the part of the senders to have something that had passed around the globe. Besides, as a business proposition, the custom of sending such missives is to be deprecated. The card in question was sent from South Kensington during the Jubilee Conversazione, and is for scientific purposes. It will be received next at Montreal, wither it was sent last night.

SPEAKER REED'S DOUBLE.

How Photographer Bell Was Asked to Favor a Congressman Once.

Speaker Reed has a queer double in Washington, says Frank G. Carpenter. This man is named Bell, and he has a photograph gallery on the avenue, not far from the Capitol. He was sitting in the theater one night at just about the close of the session, when a Western Congressman, who wanted to get a building bill up before the House, came to him, between the acts and whispered that he wanted him to recognize him on the morrow.

"Of course I'll recognize you," said Bell. "Come in and I'll take a look at you through the camera."

The man looked as though he thought the Speaker was crazy, and he hasn't to this day made out the reason why his bill was not brought up before the House.

She Knew the Slang.

Washington Post.]

"John," said the journalist's wife, as he came home with a black eye, a cut nose and a bandaged jaw, "where on earth did you get that display head.

CHIEF OF THE SACS.

Old Moses Keokuk Who Abandoned the Joys of Savage Life

AND BECAME A GOOD INDIAN

How He Got Rid of Three Red Wives and Took Up a White One.

A COUNCIL OF THE WISE RED MEN.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

SAC AND FOX AGENCY, I. T., October 1.

The Sac and Fox Indians originally called Sanks, are preparing to take their land in severalty or by allotment. They have just concluded a treaty with the Government which gives to each Sank Indian 160 acres of land and $1,000 in cash. The cash that the Indians receive is the proceeds of the sale of their surplus land and amounts to $435,000.

The Sanks in the Territory number probably 450 or 500. There are 400 in Iowa, and 80 but recently moved from Kansas. In the old Bible times the Hebrews, from which the Indians seem to have descended, had their names changed for some act of valor or persistency or defiance. Not so with the Sanks. It seems that during the Black Hawk War, in 1832, some of the Sanks refused to fight, and sneaked off like foxes; and for abbreviation Sank was changed to Sac, hence their present name, Sacs and Foxes.

ARISTOCRATIC SAVAGES.

They are an aristocratic tribe of Indians. They feel that a white man is not their equal. They have adopted a constitution for the government of their people, and its preamble is similar to the Constitution of the United States, excepting that it acknowledges the Supreme Being. They council often and at length. They have as much trouble getting a quorum as their brothers of paler hue. They talk much about nothing, and talk nothing about much, filling in the time by chewing and spitting.

I attended their council in the interest of the education of their children. They had weightier matters to discuss, but they kindly voted that I might speak first. There they sat, their keen, black eyes and dark, swarthy faces showing no signs of either appreciation or contempt. They listened and showed respect for me and they kindly told me that I was at liberty to remain while they discussed the demands of the 80 Kansas Sanks who at one time withdrew from the tribe in the Territory, but now come in for their share of land and money.

A BIT OF INDIAN ORATORY.

The discussion was in their own language and I understood but two words, one in English and the other Indian. Everyone who spoke commenced his speech by "Mr. Chairman," which made me remember that I had forgotten to address that august body in the same manner.

Moses Keokuk, son of Chief Keokuk, after whom Keokuk in Iowa is named, made the ablest speech of all, as he is the most notable old man in his tribe. He introduced all his sentences with "ahah," which means "now." He is a remarkable man, one of the best Indians in existence. He is a full-blooded Sac and Fox, is 65 years of age, and 15 years ago was a blanket Indian, with a shaved head, pompadour style, painted face and three wives. To-day he is a Christian, a clean, thrifty Christian. He wears citizen's clothes, is proprietor of the Traders' store, employing three clerks, keeps a hotel, owns a ranch and has a white wife. Fifteen years ago he was converted.

DISPOSAL OF HIS WIVES.

The first question he asked after his conversion was, "What will I do with my wives?" This was a hard question to answer. He finally concluded himself to provide for two of them and live with but one. One of the two that was discarded poisoned the favored wife, it was thought; and so all were thrown aside and a neat, sensible white lady, legally married now, presides over his household.

Mr. "K.," as he is called here, is a regular attendant at the little White Mission Church right across the road and often exhorts the people to turn to the right while in health and strength. It is interesting and impressive to hear him ask a blessing in the Indian language at his table filled with Indian and white guests. In his sitting-room hangs a very valuable picture of old Chief Keokuk in native costume. His son, the present head Chief of the Sac and Fox Indians, then about 12 years of age, is seated at his feet in the picture. It was lithographed in Philadelphia in 1838. Opposite this unique picture hangs his marriage certificate, a plain, neat engraving, with the clasped hands and the other embellishments, uniting for life Moses Keokuk, Chief of the Sacs and Foxes, and Mrs. Phoebe King, of the Ottawa reservation.

QUITE A GOOD INDIAN.

A few years ago, during a reunion of the old settlers of Keokuk, Ia., they sent for Chief Keokuk. He took with him his wife and an interpreter and his family. Their expenses were all paid and they were treated royally while there. Old Chief Keokuk, who was famous with Black Hawk and others during the Black Hawk War, was buried at Franklyn, Kan. At the request of the people of Keokuk, Ia., his body was taken up and now rests in the city that bears his name. They have erected a fine monument over his grave, and a statue of the old brave, seated on his horse with his war bonnet on, graces one of the public squares.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

The 'Frisco Railroad has crept as far as Sepulpa, about 30 miles away from the agency. Right here will be a town. Old Chief Keokuk realizes this. He is building a fine large store, and superintending all the work himself.

The Indians say that I have come too soon for their children. Almost all of the tribe, with a few visiting Iowas and Osages, are feasting, dancing and praying about 30 miles away on the road to Guthrie. They are expecting to resurrect two dead Indians. They claim that one has arisen. The people of Guthrie are taking great interest in the dance and are making many visits. The Indians don't like intruders and threaten to charge an admission fee.

E. H. D.

INSURANCE OF WOMEN.

Not a Very Desirable Risk in England, Though Some Are Accepted.

The number of women who insure their lives, says Miss Mantilini, in the *Pall Mall Budget*, scarcely averages 1 per cent, an insurance agent told me the other day. Few of the agencies, strange to say, care about enrolling them. "Women are not breadwinners," said the agent, "so their lives have no monetary value. Under some circumstances we should be suspicious of a woman who wanted to be insured. We should imagine she expected to die soon, or her husband would have insured instead. No, it's our business to look up the men. Nevertheless, we have a few women on the books. The rates are a little heavier for women, on account of their health being so precarious. We charge unmarried women 1 per cent extra for the first year on each 100 of insurance. Women of sound health with children are often put on equality with men, and these, of course, escape the additional tax."

"Do you find women anxious to insure?"

"No, they are rather averse to it, we think. An agent would have a thankless time of it if he canvassed for women alone, granting, that is, that we wanted them, which we don't. We find that weak men often put off being insured because they fancy such an act would shorten their lives."