



Many fashionable ladies prefer cloth mantles to velvet and plush ones, or else cloth mantles with velvet in combination. With cloth there is a greater call for rich garniture, but, on the other hand, you may attain more stylish effects by using this more useful material. Velvet has a dignity about it that fits pre-eminently for the dowager's wear; hence young people should not be too prone to muffle up in this material of pomp and state.

In the picture you will find represented a very becoming mantle in beige cloth. The pelrine is in tobacco brown plush. At the



bank there is a smoked effect. The pelrine is gathered at the shoulders, and is lined with silk of the same color. This mantle may be trimmed with black fur, or any long-haired fur.

Another very stylish cloth mantle had a feather plastron. The garment was adjusted to the figure at the back, the right side folding over the left, fastening them with a hook. It was designed to be worn as snug as the figure would permit. The revers reached quite to the waist line at the back, and were framed with broad, bertha-like volants, finished with silk gables. The edge of the right side of this garment below the point of the revers was trimmed with

feathers. It was lined with plaid surah, dark ground, with light cross stripes. A feather muff was to be worn with it.

Children's Fashions.

There is new material for children's coats, hats and bonnets. It is made of pure wool and camel's hair in Indian-red, egg-blue, fawn, brown and soft grays, which colors are particularly well suited to children. The Grecian gown is a novelty for indoor wear; it is suited to all ages, and is calculated to supersede the smock. Evening party frocks for little girls are made of amber-yellow and pure-white twilled silk, trimmed with gray velvet and feathers. A charming indoor gown for a little girl can be made in any soft brown stuff, with an underskirt and vest of brown corduroy. Make it with a Russian blouse, trimmed with Russian embroidery and a cord girdle. A pretty gown for dancing is made of pale-blue crepon, with full bodice and sleeves. The skirt is accordion-pleated, and lace ruffles finish the bodice and neck and sleeves. A lovely coat for a little maiden is a pelisse, with full sleeves and cape oversleeves of electric-blue serge, trimmed in gray astrachan. The big hat is of electric-blue felt, trimmed with gray velvet and feathers. A natty little coat for a boy is of dark-brown cloth, with deep collar and cuffs of gray fur, and a little cap to match.

Costume for a Box Party.

I do not commend the wearing of elaborate evening gowns in a box, writes Mrs. Mallon in a valuable article on "Dressing for the Theater," in the January Ladies Home Journal. At the same time, I think it quite proper that a somewhat more elaborate dress should be assumed. The pretty evening dresses with round English necks, and long, full, quaint sleeves, are admirable for box costumes, and they are, of course, perfectly proper for wear after the evening's amusement is done. One goes to partake of some further hospitality offered by one's generous host. In white cloths, in soft gray stuffs, in the rich, artistic bengalines, in the quaint brocades, indeed, in any rich material, these gowns may be very simply developed, for the designs are arranged in such a way that the special styles form the trimming, and are intended to bring out the richness and elegance of the fabric.

A Veritable Russian Blouse.

A sea-like Russian blouse, with high, full sleeves, is excessively pretty when worn by a young girl; it is belted in by a suede belt with a band of sea-like in the center, while about the throat is a cravat of pink, white or blue. In the January Ladies Home Journal. With this is worn a cloth coat decorated with mink heads and tails. It must be remembered, by the way, that the fullness of this coat makes it becoming only to a very slender figure.

Hints for the Ladies.

The short skirt line comes to stay—for a time. Wash leather should be washed in warm—not hot—water and yellow soap.

AMMONIA or borax added to the bath water will destroy the odor of perspiration. Laxative cathartics may be cleansed with a sponge dipped in warm water in which a little oxalic acid has been dissolved.

For cold days there are nice fleece lined dogskin gloves, with borders of beaver, fox, or mink. In the January Ladies Home Journal. As well as ladies, and are in dark browns, only two shades being shown.

The newest gloves are soft Quakerish gray and brown and are made of straw up to orange in all the intermediate shades. Red gloves are also shown, and I saw two boxes in one house, one full of gloves of an ornate purple, and the other filled with green ones.

DEWITT'S Little Early Risers. No griping no pain, no nausea; easy pill to take.

A FREAK OF FASHION

That Causes Frightful Suffering to Little Chinese Girls and HARDENS THE PARENTS' HEARTS.

Revolting Cruelty of the Practice of Crushing the Feet There.

AWFUL AGONY OF THE SUFFERERS

An English paper quotes from a writer in the Japan Mail, who appears to have special knowledge of the well-known Chinese custom of compressing the feet of female children of the better classes in China. He hopes that few of his readers have been so unfortunate as to see the naked feet of an orthodox Chinese lady. But many have looked at photographs of this terribly twisted and distorted member, and the sight must have suggested thoughts of barbarous suffering inflicted on a particularly sensitive part of the human body.

Year by year hundreds of thousands of little girls throughout the wide Empire of China are subjected to the ruthless process which crushes the bones and wrenches the sinews of their tender feet, until at last a revolting deformity is produced, and the foot, crumpled into a shocking monstrosity, becomes almost valueless as a means of locomotion. The wretched girl emerges from her period of feverish torture a mutilated cripple, condemned to hobble through life on feet which preserve no semblance of nature's beautiful mechanism, having become as hideous as they are useless.

No Help for the Sufferers.

At intervals the missionary cries out, the traveler writes and the charitable agitator; but the poor little children never benefit. For them there remains always the same ruthless bending process. Such agonizing application of tight ligatures, the same long months of bitter pain and unavailing tears. Perhaps, he suggests, it is to this singular contrast between general refinement and civilization, on the one hand, and this callous cruelty, on the other, that we must attribute the periodical appearance of apologists for the appalling custom. Some people say that, though the foot is ultimately deformed, though the woman is indeed condemned to be little better than a cripple, yet the process is not so very painful after all. The bones are soft, they say, in early years, and the feet are easily crushed, and the process is not so very painful. Yet a mother was the deliberate torturer of the poor baby, and a father callously listened to his best girl's shrieks, and the shrieks of a child absolutely wild with suffering. When the ligatures were loosened and the shocking succession of breathless convulsions ended in death, the walls of exhaustion and misery, the listener turned almost sick with horror and sympathy. Yet a mother was the deliberate torturer of the poor baby, and a father callously listened to his best girl's shrieks, and the shrieks of a child absolutely wild with suffering. When the ligatures were loosened and the shocking succession of breathless convulsions ended in death, the walls of exhaustion and misery, the listener turned almost sick with horror and sympathy. Yet a mother was the deliberate torturer of the poor baby, and a father callously listened to his best girl's shrieks, and the shrieks of a child absolutely wild with suffering.

worst kind of demoralization. How much can survive of the moral beauty of the paternal relation when fathers and mothers, in deference to a mere freak of fashion, consent to inflict on their daughters day by day, torture that will not only madden the baby brain and wrings shrieks of excruciating agony from the little lips? This is one of those facts that make us marvel when we hear a great destiny predicted for the Chinese nation.

CHRISTMAS BOXES GONE.

A Railroad Wreck Causes Much Disappointment in New York.

A telegram from New York last evening said the mail from the West via Pittsburgh, which was due at the postoffice at 3:30 p. m. Friday, was not received until near midnight of that day, and a large quantity of it was found to be badly damaged by fire and water, the result of the wreck which occurred near Altoona, Pa.

The contents of seven bags of this mail, consisting mainly of "Christmas boxes" for delivery in that city, were thoroughly saturated by water, a portion being completely destroyed. Such of this matter as may be saved will be dried and delivered as promptly as possible.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gelatinization and soothing effect of syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

Advertisement for Dusky Diamond Tar Soap. Features illustrations of people and the text: 'At Present We're on Top.' 'but for real value we're not in it with KIRK'S' 'Dusky Diamond Tar Soap' 'A valuable soap for the face, hands and bath.' 'White Russian soap; best for the laundry and household.'

Advertisement for Johann Hoff's Malt Extract. Text: 'ONE DOZEN BOTTLES OF THE GENUINE JOHANN HOFF'S Malt Extract EQUALS In Nutritive and TONIC Properties one Cask of ALE, without being Intoxicating.'

Advertisement for Jackson's Fur Caps. Text: 'A MERRY XMAS AND COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.' 'CLOTHIERS, TAILORS, HATTERS AND FURNISHERS.' '954 AND 956 LIBERTY ST.'

Advertisement for The Christmas Rush is Over. Text: 'THE CHRISTMAS RUSH IS OVER' 'AND STOCK TAKING BEGINS NEXT WEEK.' 'Therefore we have marked down prices on goods in every department. The last week of '02 will be made memorable by some of the grandest bargains ever offered in these popular stores. We can mention only a few in this limited space.'

MY FRIEND'S VALISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY EDMUND DOWNEY.

As I stood at the bookstall at Euston terminus one September afternoon, waiting for my train, I was tapped from behind on the shoulder. Turning round I found myself face to face with a perfect stranger—a beautiful young woman, with a sad, white face, and piercing green eyes.

The young woman blushed; so did I. She made a hurried apology, stating that she had unaccountably mistaken me for a friend who was to meet her at the bookstall. I bowed and lifted my hat, as the lady, evidently overwhelmed with confusion, tripped lightly away.

I was a bachelor, at the wrong side of 30, and though I was by no means a gallant, I was not wholly unresponsive to feminine charms; and the lady who had addressed me was unquestionably a pretty and strangely attractive looking woman. What a pity I was not the friend for whom she had mistaken me!

As I turned again to the bookstall, uncertain what kind of good for the mind to provide myself with, I was again tapped on the shoulder; this time by a porter, who warned me that I should lose my train if I didn't look sharp. Picking up a book, and a few newspapers, and handing the price of my purchases to a bookstall clerk, I followed the porter, who conducted me to the door of my compartment—"second-class smoker."

I was no sooner seated comfortably in a corner than the train began to move out of the terminus. I had now an opportunity of examining my fellow travelers. Opposite to me sat a young man, about my own height, age and build. Beyond him sat a stout, middle-aged man with a thick mustache. I flattered myself the stranger bore no further resemblance to me. He was a pasty-faced young man, with restless, fidgety blue eyes, and his unconcealed hands were liberally jeweled. He was smoking a cigar. My weakness in a briar pipe. The other two corner seats were occupied by two elderly men, evidently friends, and I judged them, rightly or wrongly, to be commercial travelers.

When I had filled my pipe, I could not find my matches. My vis-a-vis, observing this, politely and silently offered me a match box. When my pipe was alight, and when I had handed him back the match box with a curt "thank you," the stranger, much to my surprise—for I took him to be a gruff and taciturn big game of low degree, a traveler in flashy jewelry, an agent provocateur in the book trade, a man who carried samples of boots or trade oil disguised in whisky, or anything deserving the reputation of peacefully disposed citizens—addressed me in a pleasant voice, and with a pleasant smile.

"He gave us a share of his tongue while you were doing."

"Yes, indeed," "You seemed particularly anxious to know if we were bound for Dublin. But we are only going as far as Stafford. Here he comes again."

The young man entered the compartment a few minutes later, and to my great relief settled himself off at once for a dose. At Stafford the other two gentlemen left the train, and as I was stiff and tired I went out on the platform to stretch my legs, leaving my sporting friend fast asleep.

"I'm going to have a cup of tea and a sandwich." "All right. I'll be off to the telegraph office, and pick you up in the refreshment room." And then he bounded out of the carriage.

"Ireland is a pleasant country," said he, "I take a run over there usually a couple of times a year. I was over for Punchton last June, and I had a grand time. Fine country for horses, too. Take any interest in horse flesh?"

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poor bagman in the haberdashery way—and cheap haberdashery, too. That value of mine contains a shirt and some collars and socks and samples—my whole stock in trade. Women are queer cattle. If I think this fare has been played long enough, now, I'll get my gruff companion standing up and advancing to the door of the room.

"So do I. Let me pass, sir," as he placed his back against the closed door and faced me.

"No you don't, Mr. Henry Platt," said the stranger, squaring himself.

"I was about to fling the man out of my path, when he electrified me by saying—"Look here, my felonious friend, this may be very fine acting, but it won't wash. Let us have the key of that valise with you. You may as well take it quietly. I have no wish to make a row or a scene—and come with me to Green street police station. Be sensible, Platt."

about to lie down on my narrow bed, when the door of my cabin was opened, and my gruff fellow traveler entered. I did not like the man nor his manners, and I thought it would be no harm to make "him feel a little uncomfortable."

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table, covered with a cloth which almost met the floor. "If you have no objection to letting me overhear your conversation with this person who wants to see you, I am willing to help you out as far as I ever can. But allow me to add that if you make any attempt to leave the room I'll not hesitate to impede your progress with this little article of furniture," taking a six-chambered revolver from the breast of his coat and pointing it at it with the forefinger of his left hand.

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