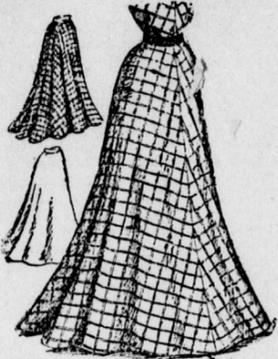


NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—Large checks or fancy plaid skirts in this style are among the smartest worn this season. The skirt may be made



WOMAN'S CIRCULAR SKIRT.

with or without a centre front seam, and close fit around the hips is accomplished by three small darts taken up at the waist line. The stylish flare at the foot (where it measures nearly four yards) is produced by its circular shaping, and the fulness at the back is disposed in backward-turning pleats that meet over the placket finished at the top of the centre back seam. Buttons are placed on the edges of the pleats that close with loops of cord over the placket.

Camel's hair, serge and fancy plaids, Scotch clan tartans and those in French colorings are all very fashionable, being worn with jackets or basques of a plain color that correspond to the darkest or most prominent

mond drops, and on one side a tiny chain of diamonds. Another corsage ornament is a large shamrock composed of three huge white pearls, set in the finest brilliants; a smaller shamrock shows a black, white and pink pearl, each encircled by brilliants, and connected in the centre by one single fine stone. A novel ornament is a ribbon of diamonds tied into a succession of true-lover's knots in graduated sizes, each bow forming a separate brooch.

The New Skirt Panels.

The newest trimming for skirts—especially those of evening gowns—is in irregular panel. By an "irregular" panel, a straight panel from waist to hem is not meant, neither is a broad insertion outlining an apron included in this term. The new panel may be of any shape or size, but it must cross the skirt in some manner that is graceful and not conventional.

The Newest Ties.

Sailor-knot ties of pique have loose ends, which, when spread out, look like butterfly wings. French cravats of Valenciennes lace insertion and muslin are tied in loose knots with pointed ends like handkerchief corners. Scarfs of crepe-de-chine with knotted fringes are among the newest ties, and lend themselves to varied adjustment.

Pretty Garden Hats.

Garden hats are prettier than ever this year. Black velvet bows and pink roses seem to be the inevitable selection for adornment.

Sensible Jewel Pockets.

Very sensible jewel pockets to be fastened to the waist band underneath the dress skirt are now provided. The



MISSIE'S YOKE WAIST.

shade in the plaid. Plain cloths, mixed fabrics and fancy stripes are all available, and foot trimming of frills, ruching, braid or passementerie may be added if desired.

To make this skirt for a woman of medium size will require five yards of material forty-four inches wide.

Graceful and Comfortable.

The prevailing style of waist for misses is that with a contrasting guipure. It is graceful and comfortable, and can easily be remodelled. The model shown in the large engraving, while illustrated in white muslin with the guimpe of tucked and shirred material, is suited to many other stuffs. Thin silks, such as India and foulard, make attractive guimpe in contrast to a dark wool waist, and innumerable similar combinations can be devised.

The foundation for the waist is a fitted lining that closes at the centre back. On it are arranged both the yoke and the full portion, but if a more dressy effect is desired for dancing school or party wear, both yoke and sleeves can be left unlined, allowing the skin to peep through. Round the neck, outlining the yoke and finishing the wrists, are ruchings of the muslin, edged with tiny lace. The collar is high and of the tucked material, but has a frill of lace, and upon each shoulder is arranged a bow of white ribbon.

To make this waist for a miss of fourteen years one and five-eighths yards of material thirty inches wide will be required.

Some of the Colors in Vogue.

There have been blues and blues of many shades, and now green is coming in, and yellow combined in its many different tones is the color of colors. With the yellow is combined in some cases turquoise blue. Many of the blues used are quite dark, and shades of brown are being welcomed. Brown is a useful and always ladylike color, and the ecru which is seen in hats is also a color that wears.

Novel Corsage Ornaments.

A new corsage pin is a diamond cherry leaf, with a gold stem and single turquoise for fruit. A pink pearl of great beauty, and enormous value, is rimmed with diamonds and supported by two large white pearls; and all these are set among acrolis and leaves of diamonds, with single dia-

mond drops, and on one side a tiny chain of diamonds. Another corsage ornament is a large shamrock composed of three huge white pearls, set in the finest brilliants; a smaller shamrock shows a black, white and pink pearl, each encircled by brilliants, and connected in the centre by one single fine stone. A novel ornament is a ribbon of diamonds tied into a succession of true-lover's knots in graduated sizes, each bow forming a separate brooch.

flat pocket or bag of soft leather has an ample and convenient opening for the hand and an inner purse with metal frame which closes securely.



WOMAN'S WRAPPER.

eye. At the neck is a turnover collar, and at the wrists are worn frills of lace.

To make this wrapper for a woman in the medium size will require six and one-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Funder-Man and Rain-Man.

"I know what makes the rain," said Bess to little brother Will, "I'll tell you all about it, if you'll let me keep awful still."

"You see, 'way up above us—oh, so awful far 'n' high, hard, The Funder-Man 'n' Rain-Man lives; They lives up in the sky."

"They's got their houses in the clouds— I st hid away somewhere, Y' can't go up to see 'em, cause They ain't got any stairs."

"The Rain-Man thinks he owns the clouds, 'N' fuses every day, With Funder-Man because he can't Have everything his way."

"But Funder-Man ist points at 'im 'N' shames 'im awful hard, The Rain-Man's sorry—'vites 'im to Play over in his yard."

"Although they's friends, 'n' gets along Like all good neighbors should, Sometimes the Funder-Man gets mad 'N' whips the Rain-Man good."

"Grows at 'im—'Rumble-bumble!' (you Can hear it ist as plain), Then the Rain-Man cries, 'n' cries, 'n' cries! 'N' that's what makes the rain.'"
—James Courtney Chailis, in Chicago Record.

The Home of the Wood Elves.

Have you ever seen in the depths of the forest a small clearing covered with the softest, greenest and most velvety of moss? Around this clearing are ferns whose fronds, bending over and touching at the top, let filter through only the softest of green light. Under these ferns, directly in the centre of the clearing, is a large toadstool, yellow on top and rose-colored on the bottom, and around it are six smaller ones, white, dotted with black.

Such a clearing there was in the woods away up in Shawano, Wis., and the children had a story that whenever such a clearing and toadstools were to be found there was also to be found a family of wood elves. Many a time have the children scoured over the woods hunting for a place of this description just to get a glimpse at the friendly elves who lived therein.

Very old the father elf was supposed to be, with a long gray beard that, as he sat upon the top of the largest toadstool, touched the ground beneath him. The six smaller toadstools were the seats of the six sons of the old elf, and it was supposed that as their beards grew the toadstools grew larger, so that the tips of the beards always just touched the ground. So alike were these elf sons to the father elf that the length of the beards was the only thing that distinguished them from him.

When this wonderful place was found you were to look into the ferns and say, "Father Elf, by the tree toad's croak and the foxglove's bite, answer my question." Then if the old elf was in a good humor he would send one of his sons away immediately before the question was asked him to get the answer, for the old elf knew what you were thinking. And then, quick as a flash, back would come his son, jump upon his toadstool, wag his gray beard at the old elf, and your question, no matter what it was, would be answered.

In your rambles through the woods be sure to look for such a clearing, with its ferns and velvety moss and toadstools. If you don't see the elves it is great fun looking for them, and you know that fairies are never afraid of children.—Buffalo Times.

Polliteness of Spanish Children.

I was much taken aback one day, writes Katharine Lee Bates, in the New York Times, by a rosy youngster twenty months of age. Not in the least expecting the infant to understand, I said to his young aunt, who was exhibiting him with pretty pride: "What a fine little fellow!" Whereupon that precocious roly-poly ducked his head in my direction and gravely enunciated: "Es favor que Usted me hace."—"It is a compliment you pay me." I could hardly recover from the shock in time to make the stereotyped rejoinder: "No es favor, es justicia."—"No compliment, but the truth." Yot his Don Chubyskins sweetly returned: "Mil gracias."—"A thousand thanks"—and I echoed this uncanny dialogue with the due response: "No las merece"—"it does not merit them."

Servants, neighbors, passers-by, beggars, all prompt the children in these shibboleths of good manners, adorning the precept with example. "Would you like to go with us to the picture gallery this afternoon?" I asked a laddie of artistic tastes at a boarding house table. "Si senora," he replied, whereupon several of the boarders, greatly scandalized, hastened to remind him, but in the gentlest of tones, of the essential addition "con mucho gusto," to which we were bound to reply: "The pleasure will be ours." The girls, even more than the boys, are bred in these formal fashions of intercourse. Every morning they ask if you have rested well, and express grief or gratification according to your response. In the Gulick school, mere midgets of six and eight, returning from class, will not close the doors of their rooms if you are in sight, though perhaps seated at a reading table in the further end of the corridor, lest they should appear inhospitable. I have seen a thirly child of seven, heated to exhaustion with the sun and fun of an Andalusian picnic, refuse to touch the water which some good Samaritan had handed up to the dusty carriage until the glass had been offered to every one else, driver included, leaving, in the sequel, little enough for her. On our midnight return from the Feria, this same nina of gentle memory, staggering and half crving with sleepiness,

would nevertheless not precede any of her elders in entering the home door. "After you," she sobbed, with hardly voice enough to add: "And may you all rest well!" "The same to you," chorused the adults, trooping by, and her faint murmur followed: "Many thanks."

"Shall I give you this fan when I go away?" I asked her once, "or would you rather have it now to take to the party?"

She wanted it then and there, but what she answered was: "I shall be best pleased to take it, when you like best to give it."

You must beware of saying to a little Spanish maid: "What a beautiful rosebud in your hair!" Instantly the hand is busy with the pins. "It is at your disposal." You hastily protest: "A thousand thanks, but no, no, no, no!" It is very well played where it is. Off comes the flower, notwithstanding, and is fastened into your belt.

Saved Just in Time.

Hetty Raynor had not always lived in Sag Harbor, but since her grandfather had died he had left Hetty's mother sole heir, and so two years ago they had gone there to make it their home.

If Hetty had been the only child it would have been all right, but she had a sister, four years older than herself, and a teasing brother, two years younger. She liked to be let in on all their secrets and when Coralie would gently push her away, she would stroll off to the beach.

One day she stood in the doorway as Coralie and Bennie were talking. "Now, you listen, Bennie," said Coralie, "and I'll tell you a secret, but you mustn't tell Hetty, because she can't keep a thing to herself."

Hetty's eyes flashed as her sister spoke, and then when Bennie answered, "Yes, Cora, you and I can always keep secrets, but I suppose it's because she's so wild."

"Well!" thought Hetty, "I'll show her if I can keep a secret or not, and to hear that little 'snip say he can keep secrets. Oh, oh, it's dreadful and I'm two whole years older than he is. Anyhow, mamma and I have a secret that they don't know anything about, so there's some satisfaction in that. If mamma trusts me and don't tell them any secrets they needn't tell me theirs, because mamma's are the best."

All this time she had been walking on the beach, going further and further from home. "My!" she exclaimed. "The sun setting, isn't it beautiful! Why, I wonder who owns this boat. I never saw it here before; well, maybe it's the captain's."

Indeed, she had never seen it before. And she was not likely to see it again if she didn't hurry up, because the tide was coming in.

"Mamma, mamma," cried Coralie, "we can't find Hetty; we were down to the beach and she wasn't there." Coralie rushed in all excited.

"Can't find her?" exclaimed Mrs. Raynor, "well she'll be home to dinner." And she went on with her work. But still her thoughts were of Hetty. "Suppose she should go too near the water and fall in, and the tide carried her off to sea?" She thought of all the dreadful things that are imaginable. "Well," she said aloud, "I can't work until Hetty's found." She left the house with Coralie and Bennie, and started to find the lost child.

Meantime Hetty stood by the boat, never dreaming that the tide was coming in, and if help didn't come soon there would be no hope, and she must soon enter her watery grave in a perilous sea.

"I wonder whose boat this is," thought Hetty. "Why!" she exclaimed, looking at the name, "it's Bachelor Gray's; he'll come for it soon."

It was getting dark and the sun had set. Hetty looked up at the clear sky above. "There's the evening star," she exclaimed; "it must be after seven. I must go." She turned to go, but where was her home? As she was going to climb in the boat that the tide was surrounding fast, a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder and she turned, only to see Bachelor Gray, "Why, Mr. Gray," she cried, startled by the heavy touch.

"Hetty," he asked, "do you know what time it is?"

"Why, no," answered Hetty, looking puzzled, "is it late?"

"Ten minutes of eight," answered Mr. Gray, and as he did so, Hetty started on a run, and cried: "Look out, Mr. Gray, the boat's moving!"

Mr. Gray quickly stepped from the moving boat just in time to see it go splash into the water and the tide carry it off.

They walked home side by side and Mrs. Raynor was just going in the gate as Mr. Gray and Hetty were.

After that Hetty knew all Coralie and Bennie's secrets and she never strayed away from home so far again.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Hand-Organ Profits.

As a result of a bantering conversation among a lot of clerks in the London bankruptcy court several weeks ago, two young men made a wager by the terms of which they were compelled to spend a day going about the streets of London playing a piano organ. They hired the organ for \$1.25 for the day, dressed up in their shabbiest clothes, put on as forlorn looks as possible, and started out one morning. They found the poor people of the tenements the most sympathetic and generous, and they reaped a good harvest of coppers, with an occasional shilling. At the end of the day, after paying for the rent of the organ, they found they had collected about \$10 for their eight hours work.



Mothers take more pride in the garments of the baby than in those of any other member of the household; dresses of sheer India linen, soft flannels, dainty woolen socks, cashmere shawls, afghans in bright colors, all are the most expensive that the family purse can afford. It is not necessary that they should be renewed frequently, as almost the only wear is in the washing.

Ordinary soaps should never be used; they will weaken the fibre of light materials, causing them to tear easily or to wear into holes.

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Spoil the President's Page.

During the President's visit to the Hot Springs of Virginia he drove with Mrs. McKinley to one of the little resorts in the vicinity, where he registered modestly as William McKinley and wife. Shortly after the President had entered his name on the register a young lady of fashionable mien approached the desk and wrote in a bold hand under it, "Miss Blank, Washington, D. C."

"What have you done? What have you done?" cried the clerk in a distressed tone as she laid down the pen.

"What do you mean?" asked the girl innocently; "I've done nothing but write my name."

"Yes," replied the clerk, "but you have written it directly under the President's signature, and we had intended to frame that page."

"Whither he goes I go," then, gayly quoted the young person from Washington, who was so merry and so pretty withal that she was readily forgiven for spoiling the page.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Soldiers in the Italian army are allowed two hours in the middle of the day for a nap.

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A powder for the feet. It cures hot, smarting, itching, sweating feet and ingrowing nails; kills the sting of corns and bunions; 30,000 testimonials; all drug and shoe stores sell it; 25c; sample mailed FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A savage can see one-tenth further than a white man.

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To quit tobacco easily and forever, be energetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take Dr. King's Great Peppermint Cure. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

English-speaking people are said to have the best foreheads and eyebrows.

Ever Have a Dog Bother You?

When riding a wheel, making you wonder for a few minutes whether or not you are to get a fall and a broken neck? Wouldn't you have given a small farm just then for some means of driving off the beast? A few drops of ammonia shot from a Liquid Pistol would do it effectually and still not permanently injure the animal. Such pistols sent postpaid for fifty cents in stamps by New York Union Supply Co., 125 Leonard St., New York City. Every bicyclist at times wishes he had one.

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