

PICTURESQUE DRESSING.

A SKIRT HEREOF DESCRIBED BY OLIVE HARPER.

How the Who Has Not a Beautiful Face... Happy Effect of the Use of Certain Vain Trifles.

New York, Nov. 21.—You wouldn't believe that was a real girl, and that she looked just as if you hadn't really seen her; but I assure you that I met this picturesque person the other day, and stared at her from behind a pile of dry goods until every detail of her costume was indelibly fixed upon my mind.



A PICTURESQUE PERSON.

The material was a seal brown plush, with the facing of moire of the same shade, and down the front of the skirt were three bands of mahogany plush, and this same shade was also used for facings to the revers of the director's collar.

Many very pretty and individual effects can be achieved by the understanding use of the vain little trifles in the illustration. The hair can be arranged in a becoming manner with some dainty little pins, and the style adopted and continued until the end of it is fixed in the mind of the wearer.

Some of these songs are largely recitative, with a weird, lonesome chorus; others breathe dance steps so plainly that only a few bars are finished before the singers are putting for some of their number, who are on the boards or sand shuffling, "cutting the pike," "the pigeon wing" and other popular steps.

With their naturally joyous temperament one might believe that allegro would be their favorite musical movement, but penseroso is more frequently voiced in their efforts.

With the advent of the Christmas holidays, which the darkey spends by investing in fireworks and bonfires, his fondness for sweetmeats, and his work performed on the farm, there is a round of gaiety.

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THE AMERICAN NEGROES.

Their Peculiar Capacity for Mirth, Merriment and Melody.

New York, Nov. 21.—Those brought intimately in contact with the negro are wont at times, when care or concern bears heavily on them, to envy him his capacity for enjoyment.

It is with the approach of the holidays, when, having received his money for his crops, and feeling that he can get advances from "the store" during the next summer, he is as improvident as the fabled grasshopper, and lives like a lord.

The nature of the negro makes him a charming factor in literature, when some student of history awakens an echo of the past, or a delicately attuned romance or lay treats tenderly of individual lives.

There, wending his way through cool, umbrageous lanes, carpeted with needles from the tall, sighing pines, or under the somber cypress, the traveler may meet a family of darkeys going calling or to the village to sell berries.

The singing and dancing of the darkey on the plantation is in striking contrast to that of the drawing room performance of the white folks.

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LUCKY BOSTON AUTHORS.

HOW "LOOKING BACKWARD" AND "THOU SHALT NOT" ARE SELLING.

Who the Writer of the Latter Book Really Is—His Answer to the Question "Does Novel Writing Pay?" with Advice to Aspirants to Literary Fame.

BOSTON, Nov. 21.—Seated at a table in a restaurant the other evening, the writer saw the man who wrote one of the two great literary successes of the year in American fiction.

"Well, how is 'Thou Shalt Not' selling?" I asked.

"First rate," was the answer; "the American News company tells me that my book and 'Looking Backward' are the only books that are selling to amount to anything."

The speaker was the man who, under the assumed name of "Albert Ross," wrote that much discussed book, "Thou Shalt Not," and a companion novel, "His Private Character."

During our talk, he became rather more communicative on personal matters than is his wont, and for the first time openly acknowledged that he was the author of "Thou Shalt Not."

"I wrote the story," he said, "nearly three years before it was published. In order to secure perfectly legible manuscript I dictated it to a typewriter, after which I laid it carefully away in a bureau drawer. I often took it out and read it over, and I never doubted that it would be a success if it once got on the market; but I could not muster sufficient courage to offer it to any publisher."

"Here is some manuscript that I would like to have him read," I said, laying down my little package. The clerk took it, informing me that it would probably be returned at my expense, which I did not doubt in the least.

It is not likely that any anonymous novel has ever had such a rapid rise to a great circulation in this country, for the first editions appeared, as stated above, without any signature whatever, and with no especial advertising or other means of attracting attention.

While thus talking over his success, Mr. "Ross," as he still prefers to be called, let out the fact that he is engaged on and has nearly finished a story which will bear the peculiar title "Speaking of Ellen."

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graph are sent from all over the country. The best of the whole matter, too, is that his head is not at all turned by his sudden elevation from comparative poverty as a newspaper man to affluence.

More widely known than he, because his personality has been less concealed, is the author of the other and greatest success of the year, Edward Bellamy, whose novel "Looking Backward" is now in the one hundred and seventy-fifth thousand. It will have reached and passed the two hundred thousand limit before the end of the year.

Although having known him for over a year and meeting him many times, I could not help being struck when at a dinner, a short time ago, at which he, W. D. Howells and several other authors and newspaper men were present, by the difference between him and Porter.

He has often told the writer that he had never read any book on social questions before he wrote "Looking Backward," and believed that he never would have written it if he had read them, for his mind would have been confused.

Like Porter, he has served in newspaper work, having been for eight years actively engaged on Springfield and New York papers. He, in addition, has been admitted to the bar, but has done but little practicing.

Such is a hasty pen picture of the two most talked about authors of the day, and the men who, with but one or two notable exceptions, are making the most money out of fiction.

"Does novel writing pay?" With Bellamy making \$30,000 a year and Porter \$9,000, what is your answer? CYRUS FIELD WILLARD.

Couldn't Part with That.

A few of us had arrived early at Sun day evening services in a church in an Ohio town, when the minister was taken with a tickling in the throat.

Thomas fished up a lozenge with some red letters on it, started to hand it to the minister, but changed his mind and dropped it back into his pocket.

Crusty—Be careful, waiter, your thumb is in the soup. Waiter—I don't mind it, sir; I'm used to it.—Epoch.

RELICS OF COLUMBUS.

THEY ARE SCARCE, BUT WASHINGTON HAS A FEW.

The Ideal Bust of the Discoverer—A Bolt from His Prison—The Ring to Which He Was Chained—The Bronze Doors of the Capitol.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—In the great rotunda of the Capitol is a plaster medallion portrait of a man who will be much talked about during the next three years. It is an imaginary portrait, for the subject has been dead nearly four centuries, and no authentic picture of him is in existence.



COLUMBUS RELICS.

The name of Christopher Columbus is to be intimately associated with a great public event in the chief nation of the world which he discovered.

This plaster head is one of the saddest things I have seen in the Capitol. Sad because it is a bogus Columbus. Pity that the head of the real Columbus—of the Columbus who lived in a land of painting and sculpture—should have been lost in the mists of the past.

There is much that is pathetic in the career of Columbus, and of one of the saddest incidents of his life we find a peculiar souvenir in the National museum.

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TRANSOM PANEL OF THE GREAT BRONZE DOOR.

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Not far away stands a cross which appeals strongly to the imagination of the average American. It is a shrapnel piece of wood which flashes history before him like a flash of fire, which carries the mind instantly back to the most dramatic moment of the career of a continent.

It doesn't take an American long to catch on to any sort of situation. A Detroit goes to Germany, remains two weeks, and returns to report that there will be no war in Europe for the next five years.

ment till further light may be had upon its pedigree.

Should the Columbus quadri-centennial exposition be held in the capital city, visitors will here find the career of the discoverer epitomized in a most curious, most admirable and most enduring form. It is a bronze door—the great bronze door which hangs at the eastern entrance to the rotunda—the door through which a score of presidents have passed on their way to take the oath of office.

It is a work of art, which must be not only seen but studied to be appreciated. There are nine panels, four in each leaf of the door and one in the transom, representing in alto relievo the leading events in the career of Columbus.



THE PICTURE IN THE ROTUNDA.

boa, discoverer of the Pacific ocean; Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico; Pizarro, conqueror of Peru, and Amerigo Vespucci, the voyager from whom our continent derives its name.

Just outside the bronze door, on the eastern portico of the Capitol, is the only statue of Columbus in the United States. It is a semi-colossal group, representing the discovery of America.

But these are by no means all the Columbus memorials of which the rotunda boasts. Conspicuous among the eight huge paintings adorning the walls is the "Landing of Columbus at San Salvador," Oct. 12, 1492.

The chains which bound Columbus, the armor worn by him, the signature which he made, still exist. How unfortunate it is that no likeness of his face has survived may be judged by a look at these figures in bronze, plaster, marble and canvas.



THE ONLY COLUMBUS STATUE.

on our shores in bronze has a beardless face, while the Columbus of the painting is bearded like a patriarch. The Columbus of the statue on the east portico bears small resemblance to the Columbus of the medallion within the rotunda.

WALTER WELLMAN.

They Catch Right on.

It doesn't take an American long to catch on to any sort of situation. A Detroit goes to Germany, remains two weeks, and returns to report that there will be no war in Europe for the next five years.