

# THE REALM OF FASHION.

## SOME SEASONABLE NOVELTIES IN FEMINE GARMENTS.

Simple and Comfortable Nightgown for Wear in Summer Time—New Ideas in Dress—How the Economical Woman May Renovate Last Season's Straw.

Nothing is more truly luxurious than an ample sleeping robe. The design shown in the illustration has the



A COMFORTABLE NIGHTGOWN.

merit of adding simplicity to that first essential, and it is especially to be commended for summer wear. The material may be cambric, muslin, nainsook or long cloth. For the model the last-named material was chosen, trimmed with frills of linen lawn, lace-edged.

The pattern is cut in three pieces only—front, back and sleeve. Such fitting as is necessary is accomplished

ning gown trimmed with black lace insertion set in to show the white silk underneath.

One little accessory of dress which is very fetching is the necktie, of net silk, or mull, with lace ends, which folds narrowly around the lower edge of the collar band, and ties in front in a four-in-hand knot; again it appears as a short bow made of two accordion-plaited ends. Two shades of green taffeta silk cut bias and narrowly trimmed all around form the four-in-hand knot on a green and blue and white foulard silk gown, which has a lace yoke and a chiffon front. The fulness in the bodice is shirred over five fine cords an inch apart at the waist to form the belt, and the skirt has two tiny ruffles at the bottom, edged with half-inch black satin ribbon gathered in the middle. A special feature of this costume is the parasol of silk to match, trimmed with three white chiffon ruffles set on with a space of their own width between.—*New York Sun.*

### Hint for a Pretty Tea Gown.

A pretty tea gown has the skirt set in tucks from waist to hem, bodice crossing at one side with a large lawn collar filled with lace.

### A FURNITURE FREAK.

Living, Budding Table in the Parlor of an Oakland (Cal.) Residence.

There have been many curious callers at the McBrian home in Oakland, and all wanted to see that queer table in the parlor of the McBrian's from the legs of which are sprouting buds and leaves of living green. For a year or more this freak of a table has stood in the McBrian parlor giving forth no signs of life. It has been varnished and revarnished, until it is almost dead black. At the ends the legs are cut



LADIES' FANCY WAIST AND CIRCULAR SKIRT.

by the shoulder and under-arm seams. At the neck the fulness is carefully gauged and sewed to a band. The opening at the left side is finished with a hem in which buttonholes are worked that effect the closing by buttoning on to buttons sewed to the right side. The frill is rolled on the edge and whipped to the band strongly and neatly by hand. The full bishop sleeves are simply gathered at the shoulder, but are gauged and attached to a straight strip at the waist. The sleeve is then faced and the frill whipped on.

To make this nightgown for a woman of medium size will require seven yards of thirty-six inch material.

### New Ideas in Dress.

Among the latest ideas in dress is the gray skirt of barege, cashmere, cloth or taffeta silk, worn with various waists as a substitute for the black silk one which has done duty so long. Lace and chiffon bodices, in white, cream or very delicate tint, and made with transparent sleeves, are exceedingly pretty with the pale gray skirt. Gray is surely the color of the moment for wool gowns and many other features of dress, and the contrast between this Quaker shade and the brilliant reds which dominated dress earlier in the season is certainly very striking. A pale pink silk bodice trimmed with black velvet ribbon and steel beads makes a lovely combination with the gray skirt. A gray gown and a gray feather bon are two things to be desired if you would be in the latest fashion; yet there are compensations among other colorings which can be made to answer very nicely if the gray gown is an impossibility. Gray is a color which must be chosen very carefully or it will prove most unbecoming; but the fashion for color in the bodice does away with many of the objections to this trying shade. Shot gray and mauve silk makes a stun-

off clean and even. There has been no water near this remarkable piece of living furniture, and no more sunshine than is usually allowed to filter in through parlor windows.

Some of the wise men of Berkeley say that woods are apt to show signs of life when buds are concealed just beneath the bark, but where the wood has been coated and recoated with shell-lac and varnish, why that is one of the mysteries of nature they will not attempt to solve.

But the buds and leaves of green are there, growing greener and larger day



THE BUDDING PARLOR TABLE OF OAK-LAND.

by day, attracting crowds of the curious to the home of the McBrians, and so far no one has been found who can explain the cause of the wonderful growth.—*Sau Francisco Examiner.*

# RIDE IN SEDAN CHAIRS.

## ANTIQUE METHOD OF CONVEYANCE BECOMES SOCIETY'S NEW FAD.

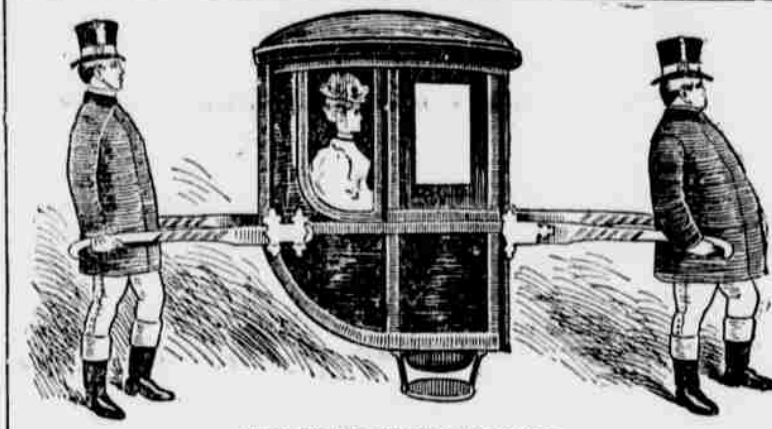
Primitive Vehicle Again to be Used in London and New York—Men Employed to Carry Them—Appearance of the Modern Sedan—Rich Interior Finish.

The ultra fashionable set of Chicago will soon startle the pedestrians of Lake Shore drive and Michigan boulevard by a new fad, says the Chicago Times-Herald. They are about to adopt the antique and aristocratic sedan chair as a means for conveyance over short distances.

This new traveling fad has already become quite common in London, where the more fashionable people have begun to indulge in the practice to an alarming extent. They use the sedan chair for all functions in their immediate neighborhood, and only hesitate on veritable State occasions to abandon it for the brougham.

The fad soon reached New York, where swiftness is now trying to recustom itself to the primitive novelty of the horseless carriage. A corporation has been formed and hundreds of sedan chairs have been made to be let out at a nominal price per hour on much the same system as that of the hansom cabs. The promoters of the scheme are already reaping a harvest from the use of the new vehicles for evening parties. Small dances, receptions, dinners and all functions of a purely private and exclusive nature.

Between the conspiracies of the fashionable world and the wheeling world the poor horse seems to be in the decline of his popularity. All the universe seems to be contriving to push him out of usefulness. For the sedan chairs are to be carried by grooms, footmen or equerries, whichever term the society woman chooses to apply to her servants of the chair. Each will be propelled by the strength of four men. It seems like the revival of a barbaric, mediæval habit, when human beings assume again the duties of a pack horse.



THE SEDAN CHAIR AS REVIVED.

But the sedan is extremely light in weight, and the burden, divided between four, is said to be not so trying as one would presume. The men change their positions from one side to the other, so that the muscles of one shoulder and arm are not overtaxed to the neglect of the muscles of the other.

When my lady appears on the boulevard in her sedan she will not attract so much attention as one would fancy. For there is nothing showy, extravagant or ill-bred about the new fad. It is not redolent with cheap gilt, pink satin and panels daubed with high impressionism. The new sedan is, in fact, a characteristic modern vehicle, similar to the body of any closed carriage, and differing only in the absence of wheels. In place of the latter two long highly-polished poles are fastened to the underside of the vehicle, extending two feet to the front and two to the rear. By means of these poles the sedan is lifted from the ground and borne by the equerries.

The more popular style of modern sedan looks then like a correct brougham. It is constructed, however, on a much smaller scale, it is vastly lighter in weight and will accommodate only one person. The frame work is very slender and delicately fashioned, though durable. It is made of pine, ash or oak. Over this breast plates, so to speak, of mahogany or rosewood. Others are covered with less expensive woods and painted black, dark green, blue or maroon, with yellow and red for trimmings. Still others are covered with leather in dark hues or canvas painted in the dark somber colors mentioned. Thus only the colors popular in the decoration of ordinary vehicles are utilized exclusively.

A striking and fundamental difference exists between the modern sedan and the European one of two centuries ago. The latter opened in front by a double door like the modern hansom cab. The modern sedan, however, opens only at the side by a single door, constructed precisely like that of a brougham.

Although the single-seated sedan now holds the popular sway there is another double-seated style, which will probably supersede it. This sedan for two persons is much more bulky and heavy than the single sedan, and requires, or should require, eight equerries. In outline it has the graceful curves of the English state carriages, with a suspicion of rococo ornamentation about the moldings. The seats are vis-a-vis like the old English "sociable," and there is a single door on both sides like the modern closed carriage.

The severe and correct exterior of the sedan will be left unmarred by any attempt at elaborate decoration. However, the panels of the door will be finished with the crest, heraldic arms or simple monogram of the family. The equerries, too, will be costumed simply. There will be little or no display

of brass buttons, gilt braid or knee breeches. The equerries will be costumed as grooms, in blue, green or maroon, with high top boots and the coachmen's cape and high hat. So that the equery will be a cross between the footman and the man on the box.

It is upon the interior of the sedan that the greatest attempt at luxury is made. The richest tapestries, rare old brocades, velvets and satins will be utilized to tuft and feather the society queen's nest. Not only dull gold, silver and old blues will be put in, but even brocades of pale, delicate tints like my lady's own dainty satin toilet. For she will not call out her equerries and her sedan except when she is about to go abroad in evening dress. The hired sedans in New York are not fitted out on such an elaborate scale, of course, but, nevertheless, the use of them is reserved by the month for fashionable women who are sure that no one else is allowed to travel in them. The interior of the chairs are thus kept perfectly clean and dustless. Consequently the long, marvelous evening wraps of shimmering white are not contaminated and soiled by contact with the vehicle.

The private sedan chair is going to be an expensive luxury, for the original cost, not to speak of that of the maintenance of the vehicle and the servants, is by no means small. The body or frame of the sedan costs but little. Several hundred cheap sedans were made by a local carriage manufacturer for use on the Midway during the fair at \$30 apiece. But they were covered only with canvas and lined with chintz. The new sedan, with its elaborate interior trimmings and exterior appointments, will cost from \$500 to \$1500, a tidy sum for a mere whim.

Unfortunately for those women who possess elaborate gilt sedans, they cannot put them to this practical use. Some beautiful relics of the olden time have been used, however, for decorative purposes, and maintained their usefulness well as bric-a-brac cabinets for little antiques in porcelain, brass and silver. Or they have served as chests for old linen,

laces and brocades. Nearly all of the sedan chair made in 1893 for the Midway are scattered throughout the city in the homes of curio collectors. Several society women succeeded in getting the unlovely things, rather soiled after contact with the rabble of the Midway, and then having them recovered and decorated, they exhibit them with pardonable pride and vainly as the real Eastern palanquin. One woman is now using her sedan chair as a decoration for her lawn, after having filled it with a profusion of rare trailing vines and beautiful blossoms.

### How America Was Named.

Vespucci himself must not be held responsible for the usurpation. The unconscious criminal was a certain Martin Waldseemuller, of Fribourg, an eminent cosmographer patronized by Rene, Duke of Lorraine. The Duke probably showed a letter of Vespucci's to his geographical friend, who incorporated its contents with the assumed name of "Hylocymias," and, as these publications had a wide circulation, the use of the name America thus became propagated throughout the world.

### A Famous Tablecloth.

A famous restaurant in Vienna possesses a remarkable tablecloth, on which are inscribed the signatures of the majority of the reigning sovereigns of Europe, the members of the house of Hapsburg, and of a great number of celebrities in art, music and letters. The names were written on the cloth in pencil, the proprietress of the establishment afterward carefully embroidering them.

### The Philosophy of Marriage.



Miss Hunter—"Don't you think, my lord, a man should marry a girl of entirely opposite characteristics?"  
Lord de Busted—"Yaas, I certainly do. That's why I'm looking for a girl with money."

# Children's Column.



Some Keeps.

Keep firm in view the final end.  
Keep strong in hope, no scandal send.  
Keep free from every sin and stain.  
Keep true thy word if friends you'd gain.  
Keep to the right as law directs.  
And hate of malice be your text.  
Keep firm thy feet, by justice stand.  
Keep all thy passions at command.  
Keep up thy head, love God and truth.  
Keep bright thy honor in thy youth.  
Keep right thy aim and good thy will.  
Keep helping others up the hill.  
Keep right, defeating sin and wrong.  
Keep firm thy courage and be strong.  
Keep all thy thoughts on purest themes.  
Keep walking down by sunny streams.  
Keep bridled tongue and head keep cool.  
When you are talking with a fool.  
—*Ellen Ring in Weekly Bouquet.*

### A Wonderful Fish.

The Bohemians have a proverb, "Every fish has another for prey," the wels (Silurus) has them all. This is the largest fresh-water fish found in the rivers of Europe, except the sturgeon; it often reaches five or six feet in length. It destroys many aquatic birds, and we are assured that it does not spare the human species. On the 3d of July, 1700, a peasant took one near Thorn that had an infant bit in its stomach. They tell in Hungary of children and young girls being devoured on going to draw water; and they even relate that on the frontiers of Turkey a poor fisherman took one that had in its stomach the body of a woman, her purse full of gold and a ring. The fish is even reputed to have been taken sixteen feet long.—*Harp-er's Round Table.*

### How Jumbo Saved a Life.

Animals are funny things, especially elephants; you never know when you are sure of them. Some are kind all their lives, as old Jumbo was, and some are kind part of the time, but break out at last, and some are just born ugly. That little fellow that Jumbo died to save from the train was just a natural-born comedian, and when he was about four feet high he attracted more crowds to see him raise Cain than all the others with their learned tricks. Poor old Jumbo! How the children did love him, and how he loved them. There is no doubt about it; he did just love them.  
"I remember one day—I forget if it was in Chicago or St. Louis—the children were riding him," says an old showman, talking for the Philadelphia Times, "and he was carrying them up and down along a sort of road with the crowd on either side to see him do it. With his load on his back he was coming swinging at a good, round pace up to where he discharged his cargo, when a tiny tot of about four years, a pretty little girl, wriggled away from her mother's hand and started to run across in front of the advancing Jumbo to join a little friend opposite. Her foot tripped and down she went, right under the elephant's feet. Well, the crowd turned faint in a moment, expecting to see the child mangled; but quick as a wink that noble old beast, going full tilt, whipped his trunk around that child and lauded her, safe and sound, up to the mahout on his head. Say, I can hear the cheering yet. There is many an old showman who takes half a day in New York to go and have a look at Jumbo's skeleton up in the park."

### Jocks.

I was stationed on one of the school ships in our navy, which had been on its summer cruise to the tropics, among the many pets which had been collected by the ship's company was a monkey so intelligent and brimful of pranks that he supplied amusement for every day and hour. He was especially fond of the surgeon, and followed him on his rounds at the hospital, and was frequently with him in his office.

One day an officer, in a friendly bout with a brother officer, rolled up a newspaper he was reading and threw it at him. He missed aim, and the ball of paper hit a drum, which sent forth a "boom" very loud and startling. The monkey was standing near the drum, but not in contact with it. The ball of paper had not come near him, but he was very much frightened at the boom and thought he had been hit.

He began, in an agitated, trembling manner, to examine himself—felt of his arms and legs, muttered, and blinked his eyes, took up his tail and scanned it, passing his hands about his shoulders, across his neck, over his head; then he passed each toe under inspection, and again beginning at his arm, finally settled on his left elbow as the seat of the injury.

As soon as he convinced himself, by sundry jabberings and arguments with himself, that he had located the mischief done him, he took the elbow in his right hand, and hurrying to the doctor he began chattering in mournful tones, rocking himself to and fro, tending his elbow as if it were a greatly afflicted member, and telling the doctor a long and earnest tale about his misfortune. The doctor leaned over and felt of the elbow, patting it and expressing great pity. But that would not do Jocko. He went forward to the doctor's office, looking back and chattering for him to follow. Finally the doctor followed and having rubbed the elbow with some pre-

paration Jocko became very comfortable and jabbered his thanks as plainly as if it had been in the queen's English.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### The Proud Sky Rocket.

The Little Boy and the Little Girl had been down town with the Grown Person, buying flags and fire crackers, and rockets, and I don't know what all, for the Fourth of July, and they had been so many places and had seen so many things that they were quite ready for bed as soon as supper was eaten. Only there were so many things to talk about, and so many plans to make that the Little Boy and the Little Girl both thought it would be very nice to stay up just a little, tiny bit longer. But the Grown Person looked at the clock and didn't say anything, and the Little Boy and the Little Girl looked at the clock and then very solemnly at each other, and began to gather together the many parcels that they had brought home with them.

While they were putting the packages away in one corner the Grown Person began:

"Once upon a time there was a great big sky rocket."

Two little faces brightened, and the little people ran across the porch and smuggled down in the Grown Person's lap.

"A story's part of getting ready for bed, isn't it?" said the Little Boy.

"Once upon a time," repeated the Grown Person, smiling, "there was a great big sky rocket in a great big box, in a little bit of a store kept by a Chinaman."

"Was it a great big Chinaman or a little bit of a Chinaman?" asked the Little Girl.

"Well," said the Grown Person, "when the rocket looked at the Chinaman it thought he was a wonderfully big person, but beside some of the high boxes in his store, he wasn't very big at all. The rocket was a proud sort of a rocket; it had come all the way across the ocean, and thought that it must be a very superior sort indeed, to be carried so far, at such expense. It disliked very much to hear its neighbors on the shelf—"

"Why, I thought you said it was in a box!" interrupted the Little Boy.

"I guess the box must have been on a shelf," said the Little Girl.

But the Grown Person went on: "It disliked to hear its neighbors talking about what they would do on the Fourth of July. 'I tell you what it is,' said a big cannon cracker one day, 'when I go off, I'm going to make a noise that can be heard all around the world. My brothers and sisters in China are listening for it, and when they hear it, they'll know I'm gone. The man that buys me will be glad.'

"I'm going to be bought by a woman with a little boy," said a bunch of small fire crackers, "and if that little boy tries to tie me to a dog's tail, like I saw a little boy do once, do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going right off in his hands, and I'm just going to burn him as much as I can."  
"That would be right," said the Little Girl. "Willie Jones tried to do that last year, and his papa saw him and took his fire crackers away from him, and didn't let him come out at night to see the fireworks."

"When the rocket heard all the fire crackers talking he said, 'That's right, make all the noise you can now, and all the noise you can when you go off! That's all you are good for anyway! But just look at me, when I go off, I'll shoot away up into the air, away up where the clouds are, and I'll make a beautiful light with thousands of little stars and big ones, and all the people will look up and say "oh-h!" and "ah-h!" and little girls will clap their hands, and I'll go on and on forever, and then some day, when I grow bigger and bigger, I'll come sweeping back through the sky and people will think I'm a comet, and will write about me in their books and I'll be famous forever. That's what I'm going to do. You talk about doing anything! Why, what's a fire cracker good for anyway, only to frighten horses, and hurt children and burn holes in clothes. I'm going to be great, I am. I would not be at all surprised if all this Fourth of July that they talk about, was just made so they could show me off."

"The crackers didn't say anything for they knew they didn't make much of a show in the world and they knew they do frighten horses sometimes."  
"And little girls, too," said the Little Boy.  
"Oh, I ain't afraid," cried the Little Girl, "last year I almost shot off a little one in my fingers."  
"Just as the rocket finished its big speech," said the Grown Person, "a big man came in the door, and said, 'Sam, where's that box of spoiled fireworks? That's it, is it? No good, are they? Well I might as well take them down and throw them in the river,' and then the man picked up the very box in which was the rocket that had talked so much and the cannon cracker that was going to be heard around the world—the man picked them up just this way," and the Grown Person got up out of the chair still holding the Little Boy and the Little Girl.

"And he walked down the street," said the Grown Person, walking into the house and toward the bedroom, "and then up another street until he came to the river, and then—heave, ho!—he drew them in, and that was all." And with that the Grown Person dropped the two little people in their bed, and mamma came in with long white gowns in her hand, and before you would think the rocket and cracker had time to sink to the bottom of the river the Little Girl and the Little Boy were sound asleep.