

ELLEN OSBORN'S LETTER.

Glimpses of Orna Costumes Worn at the Charity Ball.

The Word "Charity" Is One Often Heard at Present—Economy and the Saving for the Poor Are the Rule.

[COPYRIGHT, 1894.] The new word for the new year is charity.

Much to the surprise of the world of fashion—for it is a busy world, intent on the things near at hand and does not always probe the future keenly—it finds itself suddenly confronted, not with the usual amount of poverty we have always with us, but with pitiable destitution among tens of thousands usually self-supporting.

You can see the difference in the garb of women who are well dressed. They have not ceased ordering fashionable raiment—to do so would be merely to throw yet others out of work.

I think I see, too, that some fashionable women are doing their little to keep American mills at work by buying American cloths.

I think the word "imported" has lost for the present a little of its charm.

I think fashionable ladies are serious minded in their way. One of them said to me at the opera—she was a vision of sweetness and a pleasant savour of roses hung about her—"I'm so glad roses are grown in America. I should hate to give them up."

And the fruits of the things that are given up? Look in the tenements.

Not that there is any Lenten austerity in the social gatherings of the

of the looping marked with a big cherry red bow. About the waist is a little red edged puff of the yellow—for my lady is slender—and up the front and about the opening of the low cut bodice runs a border of cherry red.

One more only and a very beautiful one. The skirt is untrimmed from waist to hem, where a narrow frill or flounce of white lace sweeps the floor. The material is a lustrous white or cherry red.

The blouse has proved refractory. It was ordered to go but persistently refuses. It stays because it is pretty and convenient and always fits, or rather isn't expected to fit, and—because it is cheap.

It is of shot silk, wine color or pink or cherry red, or gray with green, or sage colored. The skirt is usually darker, and always, of course, cloth, and with the combination is worn any one of a considerable variety of jackets.

A glimpse at the colors of the new year confirms the vogue of red and brown and all the tints between, which have been so prominent in the winter shades.

Most in favor seem the lighter browns, shading off toward golden and saffron and chrysanthemum yellow, and Van Dyck brownish yellow and Giffre brown, a trifle darker.

HENRY WOODFORD'S WIFE.

A Chance Bit of Gossip That Changed Her Life.

"Well, tell me about Henry Woodford. How did that match turn out?" "Badly enough, thus far. He is the same delightful, good-natured fellow, always ready to do a kind thing.

"How? What is the trouble?" "The trouble is, she fancies herself an invalid; lies around, does nothing but read—has every foolish whim gratified; and, in fact, I don't see how she stands it."

"Did she have any property?" "Not a cent. It was an out-and-out love match. She has expensive tastes, and is indolent and extravagant.

"Perhaps she is really a sufferer." "Nonsense! She had that fall, you remember, at the skating rink. At first her spine was thought to be seriously injured.

Eleanor's energy did not stop there. She obtained pupils on the typewriter at five dollars each. She shipped a lot of old party dresses, crushed and out of style, to the costumer's, and saved the proceeds.

"Why doesn't he tell her? Has she no sense of feeling at all?" "None, except for herself; and he is so fond of her that he will indulge her to his very last cent."

"I thought he looked a little bit down as he passed us this morning." "Yes, he is beginning to realize that he has gone too far; and, poor fellow, it is tugging at him hard."

Did she hear right? Was it of her, Eleanor Woodford, that they were talking? Swiftly she sped out of the dark, heavily curtained parlour of the stylish boarding-house, and into her room, a gorgeous alcove apartment on the first floor.

Eleanor hastened her preparations and carefully counted her little hoard—the earnings of months. Early in the afternoon she came home with the proceeds of her last batch of typewriting, glowing with exercise and the happiness of contributing at least several hundreds to meet her husband's creditors.

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"You are talking in riddles, Harry." "No, Harry, my dearest, what is it? Tell me what it is that is killing you? I have a right to know."

"It is ruin, Eleanor. I have brought you to poverty—you whom I would have died to make happy!"

"You are talking in riddles, Harry." "No, Harry, my dearest, what is it? Tell me what it is that is killing you? I have a right to know."

"This? Why is it only your wife's selfishness and laziness in another form?"

"Then her story had to be told. Their combined efforts still fell short of the required sum, but she triumphantly produced the deed to the western land.

"My precious wife!" he fervently exclaimed, and he clasped her close. "What a treasure I have in you, if all the money in the world should fall!

"Not this time, Harry, dear, let's go to Mrs. Wickham's to board."

"Mrs. Wickham's?" he echoed; "why, you wouldn't stay in her dull little place a week?"

"Don't you like it here?" were his next words, as he glanced around the luxurious suite.

"Yes," she said, "except that there are too many people. It is so noisy."

"Very well, then, we will try it—anything to please my darling!" and he wrapped his arms around her as he would have lulled a restless child.

The move was made, and Eleanor found that she was not so much fagged as she had often felt after a day's lounging with a novel.

"A Self-Possessed Tragedian." A melodrama of the most stirring kind was being given at a theater in a small provincial town.

"How can I fit with 'em?" asks she, as to his neck she clings. "The way is plain to me," quoth he, "Have not thy riches wings?"

"How They Rent." Wibble—I wonder what it costs per day for a bed in the hospital? Potts—They don't rent 'em by the day. They are rented by the week.

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To make one, select two clothes pins that are perfectly smooth, and spread widely at the open end, and gild them all over or enamel them in any delicate tint.

It was hard to hide all this activity and cheerfulness from him, but she did. With her woman's enjoyment of a little mystery, and her high resolve to show herself worthy of him, she kept in the old rut as nearly as possible when he was at home.

"My little woman does not ride or read any more," he said one evening, in the indulgent tone he used toward her.

"Why, yes, I do read. Don't you see my little library there?" "Yes, but it seems to me I miss something."

"He missed the litter of trashy novels he had been wont to see. "I told you I was learning to walk," she added with a smile.

"That pleases me most of all," he said, in his cheering way; "but what will Dr. Baell think?"

"I don't care one bit. I have cut his acquaintance." The end of the year rolled round. Eleanor watched her husband's face with ever-increasing anxiety.

One evening he sat buried in thought, from which all her endeavors could not rouse him. He did not feel well, he said. All night he tossed and muttered. Calculations and figures were uppermost.

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DEBUTANTE AND DOWAGER.

changing year. Society went out of town for the New Year as usual and is to-day returning. There was lavish entertaining at country homes. There are to be brilliant fetes and festivals in town, and fancy dresses are being concocted for them.

New colors in green are capricious, a bright sea green; marocote and roseau, greens with a considerable whitish tinge, and a new Nile green with a faint tone of blue, not like the Nile green we know, and fougere green, with a decidedly yellow tone.

There are still muttered threats of crinoline. The modistes hate to be balked of their prey. The season in London will be less gay than heretofore. Hard times there, too.



PAGE HOLDER FOR A MUSIC BOOK.

neck of the pin, with a tightly drawn thread. For the arms, make little rolls of cambric, cover them with silk or lace baby-sleeves, and attach them, one at each side of the neck, with needle and thread and a drop of glue on the shoulder of the pin.



TWO PAGE HOLDERS.

frowning, spectacled student. It was designed for a fun-loving maiden whose fiancé was of a serious, literary turn. The other is a quaint little "old-fashioned girl" in a frilled cap and lace cape.

—The world annually manufactures \$3,200,000,000 worth of textile fabrics.