

# THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

## Some Lenten Reflection on Pretty Lenten Gowns.

The Quiet Grays and Fawns—Simple Dresses for the Sober Season—Stat-ing Costumes and the Revival of the Figure.

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We become gay to order; and we sad- den in similar fashion. Our religious mentors tell us that upon a certain day, at a certain hour, willy-nilly, we must change our demeanor, must be- come sober and thoughtful. Gay sup- pers, charming receptions, delightful dances, must be dispensed with for a season, and fair maidens' thoughts must turn to better things. It seems all the harder this year, because the season has been so short. We have



A TURQUOSE AND VELVET TOQUE.

lightly and daintily about, at their own sweet will. The little points are of pure white chiffon.

Another attractive gown for the coming season is a black trimmed with three narrow folds of heliotrope velvet, put on above the plain edge of the skirt. A black cape is worn over the bodice beneath. A little heliotrope toque blends with the skirt trimming. Jack Frost has been coy and con- quetish as a popular belle, this winter long, and has hid his face so often that he has had no opportunity to furnish that glossy surface where youth and maid slide swiftly on, bury- ing their youthful sorrows most effectively in their glad, mad races. In spite of it, however, there has been greater interest than ever taken in the skating gown. The velvet and fur skirts are most popular, although a plain, heavy cloth is almost as desir- able. The single skirt, if it be of the fur or velvet, is all that is suffi- cient, if a close, warm union garment is worn beneath. The brightness, and brightness there should be, is added in the long coat basque. For instance, a skirt of dark black velours, dotted with green, is combined with a coat of terra-cotta cloth. It turns back in re- vers that reach from shoulder to waist, and that fall in large godets over each

scarce gotten well into winter be- fore the Lenten spring steps in and interferes. The cold weather has been so coquetish that our heavy cloaks and furs have seen but little of the light; and Lent already comes with whispers of gentler and balmer winds. Perhaps it is because of this early appearing that so little change will take place in gowning. There is but little preparation for church and street gowns. Of course, the black that pre- vails so generally is partly to blame as well; for gowns will need but slight toning down to make them perfectly correct for the Lenten days. The corse, the petunia, the yellow, that brightens the black gown, will be removed; and the gown will be suitable for the solemnest of church occa- sions.

Where a new gown is made, the earlier spring designs that have made their appearance are suitable for Lent and spring alike; for they are in the softest and prettiest of fawns and grays—in the mixed tints that blend so unobtrusively. The favorites are spotted with great ovals in the gayer oriental shades. A charming costume just completed is of a rather dark fawn, in a fine cloth. The skirt is per- fectly plain, does not flare in the front



TRIM SKATING COSTUMES.

and falls in soft organ plaits at the back. The coat is a long basque, fit- ting without a wrinkle, and with the regulation full back and full sleeves. Not a speck of trimming anywhere, not a line or fold out of place; severe- ly plain, it is the ideal Lenten gown.

The black, too, are bright enough to allay any thought of gloom we may associate with the color. All of the spring patterns have a silk design run- ning over or through them. The raised silk dots, in squares or dashes, are seen on the molairs, the all-over silk design on the finer woods; the basket weav- ing is run with silk. The newest

sleeve. The revers, and the plain front between, are all of palest terra- cotta silk.

A stunning black and white skating dress has the skirt of white cloth, with side panels of black velvet. The panels narrow toward the bottom, and end in a point. The edge of the skirt is a simple fur band. The jacket is rather an elaborate affair, with its sleeves and side pieces of black velvet, and with its fronts, broad at the shoulder, tapering in at the waist, and widening again at the hips, of white cloth. Little sleeve ruffles of the white cloth are edged with the fur.

EVA A. SCRIBNER.

# MRS. BODDLE'S AILMENTS.

## She Was Speedily Cured Without the Aid of Doctors.



UNCLE BILLY BODDLE was a quiet, easy-go- ing, elderly man, who was much respected by his neigh- bors in a pity- ing, patronizing sort of way. If he had any special failings, they rested largely upon the consideration that he was too unenergetic to possess himself of pronounced vices, and was thought to be- lieve that his wife was the most perfect and patient of women.

The gossip about Swallowfork Flats said that:

"Uncle Billy was good—too all-fired good. In fact, so good that he hadn't gumption enough to be bad. When a man wallers contentedly through life believing that black is white just be- cause his wife tells him so, his friends can't help wishing he had something in his head more like brains than soft- bled eggs."

And yet Uncle Billy's intentions were always of the best. If he chose to make himself the slave of Mrs. Bod- dle and her ailments, it might be said to be a family rather than a public af- fair. But his neighbors naturally hated to see a man so angelically befogged. To any friendly remonstrance Uncle Billy would only shake his head.

"You don't know Malindy's constitu- tion like me and her does. Hit's a won- der that last attack 'o' dropsy on the liver didn't kill her dead. Dr. Sampson said it was a plump wonder the way he pulled her through."

Probably the doctor had his private opinion, but as Mrs. Boddle had been for years a most profitable patient, it was not to his interest to make light of the many complicated disorders with- which that astute woman declared her- self afflicted from time to time. Of course Uncle Billy's friends could only hint their opinions delicately. But Aunt Easter, the hired cook, and a rather privileged character, was wont to be more openly skeptical.

"Drapsy 'o' de liver!" she said, rather scornfully one morning, as she returned from Mrs. Boddle's room with an armful of empty breakfast dishes. "Hit's suttin' mo' 'ike drapsy ob do stumck. She's allays a drappin' vitles down her throat."

But Uncle Billy remained faithful to his domestic ideals, and month after month submitted to his wife's every whim with a patience and serenity both aggravating and admirable. One time Doctor Sampson would be sent for, post haste, to relieve an acute "misy- ery" about the heart. At another, Mrs. Boddle had a presentation that she was destined to die of nervous prostra- tion, superinduced by the exhaustion consequent upon several previous at- tacks, all equally severe and myster- ious.

Upon the last occasion Mrs. Boddle, lying propped up with pillows, insisted that Drs. Peppercill and Slambang be called in, to consult with Dr. Sampson.

"For somehow," said she feebly, "hit seems to me 'I'm bound to go this time, ob something extronnyery haint' done."

"All right, Malindy," said Uncle Bil- ly, feelingly. "I don't keer for the trouble where your wishes are con- cerned. But, as you sure them fried sausages ye ate last night didn't disa- gree with ye?"

Mrs. Boddle cast a look of piteous re- proach at her husband, then turned to Dr. Sampson, who, on the other side of the bed, was solicitously offering a sedative draught.

"I—'I'm jist too weak to swaller the stuff," she whispered, faintly, "and yet my own husband talks like that. I might as well die to once and leave such an onfeeling word."

"Good Lord, Malindy, no! I'll send for 'em right straight. Here, Easter, tell Jim, to fly around and saddle up, and



"FIRE!—HELP!—MURDER!" fetch Peppercill. I'll go for Slambang myself. Cheer up, Malindy. Dr. Samp- son, with Easter's help, will keep ye alive 'till we git back."

Mrs. Boddle looked the thanks she seemed too weak to express in words, as Uncle Billy hurried away. Dr. Sampson went below to smoke a pipe, leaving Aunt Easter with the sick woman.

"Easter," said Mrs. Boddle, after a long silence, "seems as if another plat- of that kraut I could hardly eat this mornin' would help me some. You needn't tell Sampson, doctors are so peculiar. But of three of 'em are go- ing to set over me, I'll surely need something strengthening."

Aunt Easter departed rather unwill- ingly, with her nose in the air. She under- stood that Mrs. Boddle's ailments were largely in the nature of humbugs. In a little while the smell of smoke began to permeate the room, and the sick woman, after snuffing suspiciously, be- gan to revive.

Dr. Sampson and Aunt Easter, be- low, heard a shrill cry over their heads. "Fire! Fire! Fire! It-i-i! Mur- der! F-i-r-e!"

The tones were so shrill, strong and startling, that the two, utterly mysti- fied, ran upstairs to find Mrs. Boddle attempts to discover where the flames were located, and also shouting con- tinuously to the full extent of what

"Bring up water, Easter," she ex- claimed, rummaging in a closet near the chimney. "The house is afire under this upper floor. Hit's caught from a flue, I reckon. Doctor, you must help me down with the things. We can throw the beds out of the win- dows—Oh Lord!—that I should live to see this day!"

The doctor, though greatly startled, proceeded to lug down the furniture. Aunt Easter stood as if paralyzed at first, then she actually grinned as she hurried away. Meanwhile Mrs. Boddle was throwing bedding and clothing from the windows, and making frantic attempts to discover where the flames were located, and also shouting con- tinuously to the full extent of what



MRS. BODDLE WAS STANDING OVER THE GRIDDLE.

now seemed to be a vigorous pair of lungs. The fire was somewhere be- tween floor and ceiling. Smoke was bubbling up here and there through the chimneys, in increasing volumes.

The doctor and Aunt Easter also added their shouts, and soon the neigh- bors came running. Many willing hands were now removing the furni- ture and other household fixtures, while others tore open the floor and began to trench things generally with water from the well.

Amidst all this, up rode Uncle Billy, accompanied by Drs. Peppercill and Slambang, who had been easily found. The first sight that greeted the alarmed husband as he looked to see if his half- lying wife had been rescued, was that of her figure bent under a load of clothes, quilts and blankets that would have sorely taxed his own strength. She flung them down in the yard, turned back, and without stopping, called to the amazed Mr. Boddle:

"Come! Stir your stumps, old man. I'll get out the rest of the bedding while you help 'em with the furni- ture."

There was no time for comment then; and all hands worked with a will until the fire was subdued, though by that time most of their things lay helter skelter all round the house. Then did Mrs. Boddle bethink herself of her illness, and quietly withdrew to the shelter of some friendly currant bushes, where she found a featherbed and lay down with an appearance of utter exhaustion.

When at length Uncle Billy came up, panting from his own exertions, Mrs. Boddle very faintly asked when the doctors were going to begin their con- sultation.

"Peppercill and Slambang have done rid off—mad as Tucker!" said Uncle Billy, biting at a long straw and eyeing his wife in a way that made her turn her head aside. They said I was a fool—a plump fool, and I reckon I am. In fact, if there's a bigger fool than me, anywheres round, I'd give a nickel just to take one solid look at him."

"Can't I—see Sampson? I feel a mighty gonness a comin' all over me; like hit was—"

"I told Sampson to go home—that's what I done. If he ever dares to send in a bill—I'll go over thar and shoot the top of his head off with a bacon rne. If thar's a bigger humbug than you air, Malindy Boddle, hit's that same Doe Sampson."

"Mr. Boddle, I'm sartainly a-goin to faint. Send Easter—"

"Easter's goin' to leave, too. Ef thar's any more cookin' done about these premises, Malindy Jane Boddle, hit'll be done by you—"

"Now, Billy—did I ever—"

"No—nor you won't never ag'in. The folks are leavin', 'nd I'm goin' to kindle a fire in the kitchen. Then, while me 'nd Jim moves the things back in ag'in, I shall be lookin' for sassages 'nd buck- wheat cakes for supper. And I want ye to remember that I don't intend be- ing' disappointed."

With this Uncle Billy took a fresh bite at the straw, drove his hat more firmly upon his head, and walked away with an undeniable shade of blood in his eye. Mrs. Boddle lay still for a few moments, then she rose and disappeared in the direction of the kitchen.

An hour or two later, Uncle Billy and his hired man sat down to as good a meal as had ever been cooked upon the place before. Mrs. Boddle was standing over the griddle, erect and vigorous.

"I hope, Malindy," said the husband, as he finished his fifth plateful, "I hope ye don't feel any return of your symp- toms—yet?"

"Shet your mouth, unless ye haven't eat enough. If I am a bigger fool than you, you can take your look at me; but you've got to hold your tongue."

Uncle Billy's eyes twinkled. Evidently Mrs. Boddle was cured, and without the aid of doctors, too. Nor did her former ailments return; for something in Mr. Boddle's usually amia- ble eye told her that it would not do.—William Perry Brown, in Yankee Blade.

# "BELLS ON HER TOES."

## And Malindy Makes Music Where- ever She Goes.

A New Fad Affected by Gotham's Society Girls—Sweet, Silvery Chimes on Ball Slippers—Sleighbells on the Instep.

The latest fashion, which enables a woman to make a noise in the world, is the wearing of bells.

At a recent dance of the younger set, given at Sherry's, New York, one of the mazy debutantes attracted more



TINY CHIMES.

than her share of attention, for, in the promenade, and more noticeably in the whirl of the dance, a faint musical tinkling of bells marked her move- ments, and beat time to the rhythm of her step.

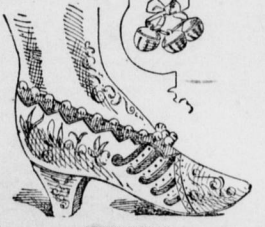
None of the many male admirers that flocked around her could discover the source of the mysterious chimes, till a twinkle of her white kid slipper explained the puzzle. A tiny gold bell was fastened to her instep, and its tongue kept up a continual prattle, calling attention to its fair owner.

At one of the large Broadway Jewe- lry stores a New York Journal re- porter learned that bells for ball slippers have been worn abroad, especially in France, for years. Here, however, they are such a decidedly novel im- portation that they are very hard to find. This difficulty will, of course, exist only for a very short time, as the im- mediate demand will create a rapid supply.

There is room for a variety of tastes and a variety of expenditures, in pur- chasing these miniature tintinnabula- tions. It is possible to get them in tin and cheap metals as low as eight cents a dozen. These come in many colors, green, red, gold, blue and white, and can be adapted to any costume.

But, of course, it will never do for swagger people to wear anything so cheap, and nothing but sterling silver or eighteen-carat gold will find its way to the instep of society.

At present the silver or gold bells of the more expensive grades will have to be made to order, but this will only



SLEIGHBELLS.

add a new charm to them, and the additional cost will be trifling. Cheaper grades of bells can be secured at the large drygoods stores, at agencies for theatrical properties and at novelty stores in general.

The miniature church bell is prefer- able, though very pretty effects may be gained by strings of tiny sleigh bells. If only one bell is used, it is sewed securely to the instep of the slipper. Clusters of bells should be strung on silk cord or small ribbons. The above illustrations will suggest many ways of fastening the bells to the slippers so as to secure sufficient sound and enough artistic effect.

Now it can once more be said of the society princess that:

With rings on her fingers, And bells on her toes, She shall make music Wherever she goes.

# HINTS FOR THE COOK.

In beating the whites of eggs for meringue or frosting, do not add the sugar until the egg is stiff.

WHEN there is not time to ice a cake, remember that its appearance may be greatly improved by dredging the top with a little powdered sugar.

ALWAYS keep a jar of cracker dust on hand for breaking, or else save up all pieces of bread, and once a month dry them in an open oven, then place them in a bag and pound until fine.

For rabbit pie the rabbit should be cooked as for stew, the gravy thick- ened, and the whole put into a deep dish and baked with a top crust and strips around the sides, as beefsteak pie is made.

HERE is the correct way to stone rais- ins: Free the raisins from the stems and then put them in a bowl. Cover them with boiling water and let them stand for two minutes. Pour off the water, open the raisins, and the seeds can be removed quickly and easily without the usual stickiness.

RABBIT may be steved in the same manner as chicken in fricassee. It should always be cooked in stock and have a strip of salt pork cut into dice to flavor it properly. The English add spices in which mace is the predominat- ing flavor, but care must be exercised in the use of this, for it is objectionable to many.

RABBITS may be prepared for roast- ing in much the same manner as poultry. Then stuff it with sausage meat and a dressing made of parsley, bread crumbs, or whatever you would pre- pare for a turkey or chicken. Sew the rabbit together, place strips of bacon over the back and bake in a moderate oven, basting frequently. It should be served with red currant jelly and a nice- ly browned gravy.

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