ELLEN OSBORN'S LETTER.

The Season Begins with the Marlborough Wedding Festivities.

Millionaire's Mentor Descants—How Men's Costume Is Affected by Women's Example—Green in Gowns and Neckties—Tea Gown Varieties.

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The season begins!

Not so many years ago the middle of September marked, in New York, the opening of the town gayeties. What a difference in 1895! It is now November. Cornelius Vanderbilt and his family have but just returned from theih colossal new castle in Newport, "The Breakers," to their Brobdingnagian new castle in New York. The Vanderbilt-Marlborough wedding next Wednesday is the great social event of the month, and may really be said to open the season, in the strictest sense. A dozen weddings are to follow it in quick succession, in St. Thomas' church. The pressure of a real duke's knee at the altar rail is a hint to fashionable bridegrooms expectant to kneel there also, and the clergy, sextons and other appendages of the church are counting their chickens before hatching, with more certainty than usually attends that delightful operation.

THE GOWNS WE SHOP IN.

A fashionable woman is nowadays so overwhelmed with invitations, responses, begging letters and other clerical business that she is quite satisfied not to get into harness much before snow flies. Society observances amount to a profession. Have we not all heard of late that a daughter of Julia Ward Howe is to train the daughter of a western millionaire in these observances, and that three years are reckoned none too long for the tuition?

"One first principle of society, my dear young lady"—so we may imagine the first lesson of this mentor to begin—"is the principle of extremes. In high society we breakfast like pigs and dine like Lucullus. Even this statement which I have just made is extreme, hence modish.

"Thus in fashions, again, we have the plainest of gowns for outdoor use, and, for no discoverable reason, glitter like butterflies after the clock has struck—well, ten, let us say. But whereas a woman may wear the plainest of gowns coaching or walking or golfing, let her shop—this year at least; the next it may be different—in a gown of gayer style, befitting the joyfulness of the occasion. For the theater, anywhere in the house, if abroad, or in a box if at home, evening dress by all means. If in the orchestra chairs in New York one may—in Boston should—wear a material as old as black satin, but enliven it with white satin and creamy lace, and a ruche of pink roses—like this—"

AN 1895 EVENING GOWN.

And at this point I can imagine the Mentor disclosing such a gown as I saw shown the other night, after the wrap had been thrown aside. And the wrap was a dainty trifle of velvet with lace, and beads and jet and paste buckles so compounded that it seemed to need straightway another cloak for its own protection.

The Mentor will descant upon the reign of velvets this year of grace, 1895. She will speak of blouses, and recommend in their construction the use of Dresden and Louis silks with their delicate China-like patterns. She will descant on the glories of stamped and embossed velvet. She will speak of tea gowns, not so long ago things all of soft and clinging silks and satins, but now built of stuff as heavy and substantial as velveteen or even velvet, so much do the times change and we in them. An olive green tea gown of velveteen with old twine colored lace at neck and cuffs, and bishop sleeves to the wrist, she will commend if her heiress is dark and well colored.

Let us drop the Mentor, who in real life might refuse to be disposed of so easily, and speak of a tea gown suitable for a particular type of warm blonde—a pale silver gray velvet or velveteen, made with a gathered and pointed yoke of amber chiffon in front, and decked with bands of silver embroidery. The black is in Watteau folds with a stole of yellow chiffon and the sleeves are all of the chiffon, in big puffs to the wrists, interrupted at the elbow with silvered bands of embroidery. Certain types of quiet, little mouse colored women wear such a gown with disquieting effect on the opposite sex. There is a tea gown, too, and this shows the wide divergence now possible in a garment whose type used to be fairly fixed—in white crepe de chene, with a short zouave jacket of old rose velvet bordered with pearls. The sleeves are velvet to the elbow and crepe thence to the wrists, and all the way roped with pearls. The colar is a combination of the velvet stock with stoles or Geneva bands in front and back.

Green is so much the season's color that even dull man covets a touch of it in his neckwear, in the enamel of his cuff links, and in the very material of his suit. He wears it, in all these cases, in combination with red, a thing less daring than it sounds, if there be a plenty of nonresisting buffer of brown or gray to reconcile the rival colors.

The mystic relation between men's wear and women's has often been observed. In tints and colors the sterner sex are shameless imitators, as who would not be who had seen the pretty street dress, which may have cost but a trifle, so simple was it, that I saw yesterday. The skirt material was a mixture of grayish green or greenish gray, cut perfectly plain. A zouave of the same cloth was edged with gray embroidery with a dash of red. There was a gathered stole collar and a plated vest front in pale-green silk with white dropped through it here and there like a plummet of light in a sunny sea. With such a gown a hat mainly of quite dark-green velvet can be worn, with huge curling black ostrich feathers, if one wishes; or the lighter greens and grays can be very sparingly used in combination with the darker and better shades.

One is reminded of Watteau shepherdesses and Greuze milkmaids this season by a number of things; by the sweet little jackets and by the demure fichus and kerchiefs of spotless lace, and most of all, perhaps, by the very latest Paris fad, a demure little apron, so puffed and furbelowed and disguised as scarcely to be recognizable, appended to gowns of the most delicate and costly material. Such an ornament is seen to advantage on a Louis Seize gown in Pompadour brocade, with blue and pink flowers on a white ground.

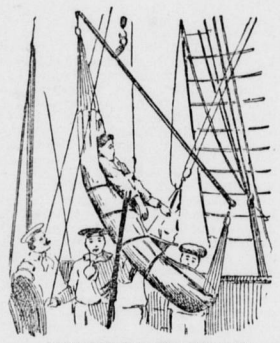
ELLEN OSBORN

CARE OF THE WOUNDED.

New Method of Transporting the Disabled on Board Ships.

The naval surgeons at Washington have perfected the rules which will govern the treatment and care of the disabled in time of action on board ship. The method of transporting those who are disabled is a matter of great importance and cannot always be easily and rapidly done in times of excitement. To facilitate the prompt attention which should be given to those who are injured, a structure bar has been perfected capable of being rigged for lowering from the main deck through a hatchway into the sick quarters.

This bar is seven feet long, and, made of one-inch wrought iron piping, with each end forged flat and fitted with a sharp hook, having play in a three-quarter-inch opening, is given the necessary obliquity by means of a suitable sliding binding strap held together by a bolt, which can be tightened by a thumbscrew, and attached to a ring into which the hook of the tackle is inserted. A guiding line is made fast to one end of the bar when required.



ELEVATOR FOR THE WOUNDED.

Hammocks are to be utilized for transportation along decks from which the sick or wounded are to be lowered. The hammock, unlashed and spread on the deck, contains a mattress upon which the wounded man is laid. The blanket spread over him is secured by three or four lashings. Instructions will be given the stewards and their assistants in lifting and placing the sick and wounded men so as to give them as little suffering in the transportation as possible.

To place the sick or wounded man in the hammock, two stretcher bearers take positions one and two, respectively; No. 1, standing astride the patient's chest, with toes close to the armpits, stoops and locks his hands under the shoulder blades, and the patient, should his arms be uninjured, clasps No. 1 around the neck. No. 2, with his right foot between the knees and his left alongside the hips of the man, bends his right knee and takes hold of the legs at the bend of the knees. At the signals, "ready," "lift," from No. 1, they raise the body in unison, and, keeping step, No. 1 counting one, two; one two, etc., they move forward and deposit the wounded person on the hammock.

After the lashing is complete, the man is temporarily put aside until some person or persons detailed for the purpose, such as the two divisional aids to wounded, can transport him by dragging the hammock along the deck to the hatch, where one of the stretcher bars is rigged. This is effected most readily by one person at each end, the hammock being moved longitudinally. Arriving at the hatch, the bearers snap the safety hooks at the ends of the bar into the hammock rings and lower. The angle at which this is done, depending on the size of the hatchway, should have been previously fixed by loosening the thumbscrew and shifting the point of attachment to the tackle nearer the head end of the bar. When the hammock is released the stretcher bar is hoisted, and is ready for another patient-laden hammock.

Machinery Brings Better Pay.

Since the extensive introduction of the sewing machines we do not hear of the distressed needle women, at one time so prevalent. Typewriters get double the wages they would get as penwriters, and they do six times as much work with comparative pleasure and great leisure. Steamships costing millions equipped with every known invention for safe and efficient service, in six days at a nominal cost, with every comfort, take weekly with almost unfailing regularity thousands of people across the Atlantic, where in 1790 it took Samuel Slater, the honored founder of the cotton trade, sixty-six days to cross, and no doubt with great discomfort and danger. Small newspapers cost at one time six, eight and twelve cents, and were loaded with a government revenue stamp. Now a better paper can be got for a cent, but the compositors and printers get much higher pay and have, like the newspapers, increased many thousandfold. So it runs all through, and the whole world gets benefited.

Some Queer Facts About Air.

The celebrated chemist of the sixteenth century who argued that it would be impossible for us to live on the earth's surface if the atmosphere should suddenly increase to twice its present thickness could not have been far wrong after all; that is, if the experiments of Dr. Arnott are to be taken as conclusive. In his observations on atmospheric pressure at the bottoms of the deep mining shafts of Europe, Prof. Arnott has found that the change between the readings of a barometer at the bottom of a 4,000-foot shaft and one at the surface is great enough to warrant him in making the statement that air at the bottom of a shaft 20 miles deep would be as dense as water. Fguring on the same ratio, he finds that if a hole could be sunk 40 miles into the bowels of the earth the density of the air at the bottom would be as great as that of quick-silver.

Overdoing It.

"Dear one," he whispered, "do you think if I married you your father would ever forgive us?"

"I'm sure he would, dear," she asserted, softly.

"And would he give us a house of our own?"

"I know he would, dearest."

"And would he give us enough to live beautifully on?"

"I'm sure of it, Harry."

"And would he take me into the firm?"

"Certainly he would."

"And let me run the business to suit myself?"

"Of course he would, darling."

She snuggled to his bosom, but he put her aside, coldly.

"I cannot marry you," he said, hoarsely. "Your father is too willing to get you off his hands."—N. Y. Journal.

Quite Secure.

"I want to consult you on a certain point," said Miss Cash to her lawyer.

"I am at your service, Miss Cash."

"You know Mr. Squildig?"

"Very well, indeed."

"He has done me the honor of proposing marriage."

"Ah!"

"What I wish to ask is if you think my money would be safe in his hands if I were to marry him."

"It would be so secure you could not even get it yourself." — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

He Had Paid for This.

The amateur chicken farmer was balancing his accounts for the year and in the midst of his work he said to his wife: "My dear, how much a pound do you pay for beef?"

"For the best steak we pay eighteen cents."

"Thanks. Now I understand why they say one egg is equal to a pound of meat."—Judge.

Curative Value of Talk.

Mrs. Gray—Strange that you should consult Mr. Jalap when your husband is a physician.

Mrs. Black—I find it more helpful to consult Mr. Jalap. When I begin to tell him about my bad feelings he always asks me to hold out my tongue. But my husband only tells me to hold it.—Boston Transcript.

Fin de Siecle.

The outraged parent clapped his hand upon his sword.

"Draw and defend yourself!" he hissed.

But the profligate son preferred to wait until the old man had got back to the city. Then he made it a sight draft, with expenses of collection added.—Rockland Tribune.

Medical Item.

First Doctor—I had a very interesting case the other day. The diagnosis was all right, but the course of the disease was decidedly abnormal.

Second Doctor—What course did it take?

First Doctor—The patient recovered.—Texas Siftings.

Much in Little.

"What a bright, vivacious girl Miss Lovett is! She seems to have an unlimited capacity for enjoyment."

"She has, indeed. I myself have seen her consume six consecutive plates of ice cream and then accept an invitation to go for soda water."—Truth.

Easily Remedied.

Young Husband—My love, these biscuits are sour, horribly sour.

Young Wife (who took the chemistry prize at boarding school)—I forgot to add the soda, my dear; but never mind, after tea we can walk out and get some soda water.—Boston Transcript.

A Close Guesser.

"Button, button, who's got the button?'
We really do not know,
But the man with the contribution box
May be able to tell you, though.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

TABLE ETIQUETTE.

She—You shouldn't make a face, even when you have found a bad oyster. It shows very bad taste.

He—Yes, I think it does.—Leslie's Weekly.

Better by Far.

With due respect to the wise men,
When all is done and said,
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than to have loved and wed.
—Brooklyn Life.

Must Call on Her Husband.

First New Woman (at the club)—Have you finished your social duties for the day, dear?

Second New Woman—Horrors! no. I feel that I really must go home and call on my husband.—N. Y. Journal.

Generally Used.

She—You say your verses and other literary efforts have appeared in all the leading magazines?

He—Yes; every big advertiser uses my work.—Brooklyn Life.

Knew Its Dangers.

Lady of the House—Are you familiar with all kinds of work?

Weary Willy—Yes, mum; I'm onto it.—Puck.

Utterly Shameless.

"I admit some of the stories about me are true," said the cholera microbe, "but I didn't go into this business in pursuit of health."—Chicago Tribune.

VARINA ANNE DAVIS.

Known in the South as "Daughter of the Confederacy."

Her Experiences During the War in the Prison Cell of Her Father—Educated with Care in Europe—Success as a Writer.

If anyone should ask Miss Varina Anne Jefferson Davis for the story of her life she would reply, in the language of the needy knife-grinder: "Story! Bless you, I've none to tell!" This would be quite true so far as her own recollection goes, but at the time of her life of which she knows nothing but by hearsay she had some thrilling experiences.

"Winnie Davis," as she is always called, was born in the executive mansion at Richmond, Va., at the close of the war—in June, 1864, I believe—and when she was in long clothes she was sharing her father's prison cell with him. She had her experiences of war before that, for she took part in the retreat from Richmond, jolting along for hundreds of miles in an ambulance. Even at that early stage of her career she showed that she was worthy to be a soldier's daughter; for, according to her mother, who ought to know, she never fretted or was cross, and if the ambulance gave a particularly hard bounce over the rough roads her baby cheeks would flush with pain, but she kept her tears back for more trying occasions.

Her father had been at Fortress Monroe for a year when Mrs. Davis and Winnie joined him. The other children, being older, were left in Canada with their grandmother. Winnie was still a babe in arms; all day long she would play contentedly in her father's prison room. She was much petted by the officers and their wives, but she preferred to be with her father in his cramped quarters rather than to enjoy the freedom that he could not share.

The first five years of the little Winnie's life were spent in England; then she was brought back to Memphis, Tenn. At an unusually early age she showed a taste for reading, and her parents directed her young mind through the fields where the best literature grew, says Harper's Bazar. Her father was particularly proud of her precocity, and loved to read aloud to her and listen to her wise comments on what he had read. The climate of the south did not agree with the child, so she was sent to a boarding-school at Carlsruhe, Germany, where she not only learned the language of the country, but became equally proficient in French, so that when she went to Paris, at the end of her German school days, she had only to put the finishing touches to her knowledge of that language. She also studied music and drawing, and though she never has done as much with those two arts as she should have, considering her talents, she occasionally charms her friends with a song or delights them with the gift of a painting by her hand.

MISS WINNIE DAVIS.

At the age of seventeen Miss Davis returned to her native land and continued her studies under her father's direction. She not only studied and read with him, but she shared his love of horses, and many were the long rides they took on their thoroughbreds through the woods at Beauvoir. Though a studious girl, and fond of reading, she is an out-of-door girl as well, and not having a horse in New York, where she spends the winters, or at Narragansett Pier, where her summers are passed, she mounts her wheel and flies over the roads in a manner that would astonish her favorite horse if he could see her.

Miss Davis made her social debut in New Orleans, just after her return from Paris, as queen of the carnival. Shortly after this she accompanied her father to Atlanta, Ga., where at a reception tendered to him she was introduced to the cheering crowd by Gen. John Gordon as "the daughter of the confederacy," and by that name she is known all through the south. That the confederate soldiers regard her in this light is proved by the number of regimental and brigade badges which they have presented her, and which she wears when she attends their reunions.

Miss Davis' debut as a writer may be said to have been made in a pamphlet she wrote for a New Orleans literary club, and which was published and passed through three editions. She has written for the North American Review and other periodicals, so that when she wrote "The Veiled Doctor" she was hardly a novice with the pen. That, however, was her first novel; but, judging by the way it has been received, it will not be her last. In fact, I believe that she was already engaged on another before "The Veiled Doctor" was published.

The death of her father, Jefferson Davis, which occurred during her second visit to Paris, was a severe blow to Miss Davis, and she was so prostrated by it that her life was despaired of. Youth and high health were on her side, however, and she recovered.

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Just a Guess.

One reason why the anarchist
Foams at the mouth, we fear,
Is because he cannot spare the time
To blow it off the beer.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A Home Thrust.

Mr. Fozzleton—You make a mess of everything.

Mrs. Fozzleton—You are mistaken; there is one thing I have never been able to make a mess of yet.

Mr. Fozzleton—What is that?

Mrs. Fozzleton—The fish you catch when you go fishing.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Not Prepared to Say.

Smith—I see that Jones was at that dinner the other night. What did he think of the speeches?

Brown—When I saw him he was just going to read them in a morning paper.—Brooklyn Life.

As to Politics.

Jones—Why doesn't Snaggs quit politics? He gets turned down all the time.

Brown—He can't. The habit has been formed and he can't break it off.—Detroit Free Press.

Hunter's Luck.

Hunter—Boy, did you see a rabbit run by here?

Boy—Yep.

Hunter—How long ago?

Boy—It'll be three years nex' Chris'mas.—Truth.