

ELLEN OSBORN'S LETTER.

Some of Fashion's Fancies as Seen in Paris.

Parisian Dresses Prepared for the Trousseau of a Young Princess of Italy—Unique Empire Costume—Ball Dresses.

[Copyright, 1897.]

Paris. — In a famous atelier I saw this morning some very pretty dresses in preparation for a wedding to take place after Easter in a noble family in Italy. The trousseau differs from that which would be provided for a rich American girl chiefly in the quantity of old and valuable lace drawn from the family treasures and used for the adornment of evening wraps and gowns.

For spring wear at Sorrento, where the bridegroom has a villa, is a dress of glazed tulle of clear opalescent tones, blue, gold or green as the light glances. On the material are scattered designs of small flowers in blue and gold. The skirt is cut after the most original of the new spring patterns, with a front shaped like an apron, narrow at the top, and widening slowly to the bottom. It is quite full on the sides and is laid in deep godets behind. The skirt is trimmed with a wide band of embroidery set on in broad, shallow scallops about 18 inches from the bottom. The design of the embroidery is white and gold marguerites on a deep blue silk ground. The blouse bodice of the dress is made of the same silk as the skirt. It is draped across in loose folds from shoulder to shoulder and is confined at the waist by a broad corset belt of blue silk embroidered like the skirt band. Another piece of the same embroidery makes the upper part of the bodice, showing within the drooping curve of the swathing silk folds. There is a standing neckband of the silk with a lace collar above it at the back and on the sides. The sleeves are made each of a single piece, with the seam on the inner side. They

Small square-cornered epaulets finish the shoulders. An extremely pretty hat belongs to this gown. It is of fine blue straw turned up on the left side with a huge bow of blue satin ribbon. It is trimmed with white and gray narcissus blossoms and black plumes.

I have seen quite a number of evening gowns in readiness for the spring season. A very pretty and simple one for a young girl is of pink mousseline de soie, spotted with pink and blue. The petticoat of this dress is of pink tulle, round at the bottom and just touching the floor. The mousseline de soie is draped over this quite simply, but with a deep pouce a third of the width of the skirt set on under a garland of the fine pink and blue flowers of the forget-me-not, which runs quite around. The bodice of tulle is tight-fitting. It is low and square in front and parts in the middle, a deep V running to the waist line. The décolletage is edged with forget-me-not sprays, and opens upon an under bodice of the pink mousseline de soie gathered in fine plaits across the bosom and rising a couple of inches higher than the bodice of tulle. There is a wide-draped belt of pink tulle ribbon. The sleeves are short, full puffs of mousseline, tied across with forget-me-nots.

Another graceful gown for evening wear is of white tulle over white satin. The satin is cut as a close-fitting princess slip, low in the neck and round at the skirt hem. The tulle is laid over this in fine sun plaits from shoulder to ground, carrying out the princess design to the smallest detail. The waist is confined by a pointed belt of gold colored velvet and is further shaped by bands of the same velvet which start from the middle of the décolletage in front and pass on either side below the bust, losing themselves under the arms. The skirt is trimmed with three circles of gold-colored velvet ribbon that start from rosettes on the right side above the middle and are carried loosely around. The sleeves are short puffs of tulle with velvet bows on the shoulders and gathered to velvet ribbons about the upper part of the arm.



PARIS COSTUMES FOR THE SPRING SEASON.

are a little draped from the shoulder to the elbow but fit well from that point to the wrist. At the hand they expand again and little manchettes of lace show under them. Three small capelike epaulets finish them on the shoulder.

The hat which has been prepared to accompany this gown is in shape more or less like an English walking hat but with a prettier and softer curve to the brim. It is of green chip with trimmings of blue ribbon and daisies.

A very unique dress in this collection is after a modified Empire design and is meant for quite informal evening wear. The short body is of blue velvet and is cut loose and almost straight like the waist of a child's gown. The neck is cut out like a child's dress also, with a simple collar of blue and gold silk, and under this cord is gathered the skirt, of yellow Mechin tulle over pale yellow silk. The skirt is round at the bottom and the tulle is gathered all around the waist, though the plaits are closer in the back, where they widen into godets. The sleeves are composed of puffs of tulle at the shoulders, gathered into close, short sleeves of blue velvet. These are edged with cord like the dress body and are finished at the elbows with deep frills of lace falling about to the hand. The neck finish is a band of white silk with a lace collar above.

Almost as unique in conception is a dress of light grayish blue silk for driving or afternoon wear. The skirt is round at the bottom and close-fitting in front and at the sides. At the back it is laid in large plaits one over another, turning into deep godets. It is trimmed around the bottom with two rows of dark blue velvet ribbon four or five inches apart, the lower row being set quite on the edge. The bodice forms a tailor-made jacket, slashed in deep points just below the bust in front, the slashing running half way down the skirt under a narrow belt of blue silk buttoning across the waist with large cameo buttons. The length and the lace-like slenderness of the bodice points give a grace and an elegance to the costume not to be expected from the description. The body of the jacket opens upon a bodice front of pale blue satin brocaded with pink and gold. The neck band of the bodice is of this brocade with a small Medici collar of the jacket silk rising behind it and faced with dark blue velvet. The jacket turns over in small revers and is edged with blue velvet ribbon up, down and about. The sleeves have small, drooping puffs upon the shoulder and then diminish in size to the hand. They are slashed at the wrist and cuffs of lace are set in.

A handsome visiting costume is of blue green silk richly brocaded in the same shades. The skirt is very close-fitting in front and over the hips. All the fullness is in the back, which is laid in deep plaits forming godets. The skirt is slashed around the bottom in front to allow dark blue satin bows to appear between the slashes. The bodice is close-fitting and swathed. Wide bretelles of blue satin jut out in square epaulets on the shoulders and taper gradually to the waist line. These are edged with a delicate tulle embroidered in green and gold. The sleeves are slightly full at the shoulder and taper to the hand. Above the neckband is a collar of the embroidered satin.

ELLEN OSBORN

THE EARTH'S FIRES.

Edison Thinks Man Will Learn How to Utilize Them.

Edison says that before the world's supply of coal is exhausted we shall surely not be dependent upon it for fuel; in fact, fuel of any kind will be superfluous. It is said that he believes that the fires of the interior of the earth will be utilized in the future for the carrying on of every industry requiring steam power. Volcanoes, geysers, natural fountains of boiling water in Iceland, as well as earthquake shocks, are all proof that fierce subterranean fires are raging miles beneath our feet. Edison's belief is that immense pipes may be forced through the earth's crust, which would allow a great volume of steam compressed below us to force its way to the surface. This would furnish power to huge electromotors, which would, in turn, generate electricity to be used in storage batteries. All vehicles for travel could be supplied with these, and little recharging stations, with feed wires, could be erected in the streets. The power would be so cheap that it would do away with the use of horses.

Furthermore, the farmer could have rows of pipes beneath the ground and cause it to produce rare exotic plants and finer fruits than the hot-house system. Machines would be worked without coal and the atmosphere, consequently, be purified from its gas and smoke. The homes of the poor would be automatically heated and lighted, with little expense.

How It Could Be Done.

"I want a good likeness," she told the photographer. "Of course," he said. "But at the same time," she continued, "I naturally want the most attractive features given special prominence." "Yes, yes," he returned. "Under those circumstances we'd better make it a full-length portrait so as to get in all of your gown."—Chicago Post.

YOUR TIME WILL COME.

'Tis not the hopeless that achieve, The faltering foot that reaches goals; No web of gain can fortune weave From fiber of receding souls. Endure, Repel fear's icy clutch That fain would pluck your heart away; See barriers crumble at your touch, And know your time will come some day. Yes, "all things come to him who waits," But meanwhile you must labor too; Barred shall remain possession's gates "Till your strong hands be raised, Armed with most steadfast purpose, learn Beyond the clouds of chilliest gray The certain sunlight to discern, And feel your time will come some day. Oh, timeless spirit! Hall elate All harrowing trials, whips and stings That come, because their chastening weight The soul to higher stature brings! And strength redoubled shall replace The blood that trickles as they fly; The way is long, but yours the race; Surely your time will come some day!—John Talman, in Chicago Times-Herald.

"REPLY PAID."

BY FRANCES FORBES-ROBERTSON.



HE had received a letter in the morning begging her to somehow procure him a little money. Things were going badly, and he had been ill. She thought of it all day long, having dispatched the little she had, and, for the thinking, things looked no better. Her brother had not enough to live upon, and there was an end of it. Fate was niggardly with them all. During the afternoon the girls came in, and Mrs. Hamlin, Mrs. Hamlin was always delightful and cheery. Her lovely dresses and sweet face and fragrant elegance reminded Maisie that at least she was the right person in the right place—with fitting surroundings, and the beautiful things of life that all women instinctively claim as their right, hers.

"Maisie, you look preposterously dejected. What is it? Are you in love with an anarchist, or is it only general aspirations towards the impossible?" "No, I am not in love; but I am thinking of proposing to some one."

"Why?"

"Because I am in a hurry. Fred, you know, is frightfully hard up."

"But why don't you accept Mr. Howard, when he's so devoted, poor man?"

"That wouldn't be fair, because, you see, he is devoted, and I—no, I think a fat man with beard and glasses is the sort of thing—in the abstract."

"O, excellent in the abstract. Protects you, is kind to you, and gives you checks. In the concrete he—"

"Dear Mrs. Hamlin, don't! The matter is not discussible in the concrete."

"Fancy Maisie proposing!" said one of the girls.

"You don't know what I am capable of," returned Maisie.

"I'll dare you, Maisie!" Mrs. Hamlin twinkled. "£20 on, and I'll give you a month."

"Twenty pounds!" repeated Maisie, and there was an odd sound in her voice.

"Twenty pounds."

"Done!" she said, to the astonishment of the room. "It's a bet!" Everyone sat up and bristled with delighted curiosity. Maisie, of all people, who invariably treated her swains with a good-tempered scorn that was the envy of her friends.

"I will do it now!" she went on, excitedly. "Mabel, give me those telegram forms. Of course, I won't undertake to carry out the contract if anyone accepts," she added.

"No, no; but a bona-fide proposal!"

She then sat down and addressed seven telegrams and dispatched them by the maid. "Reply paid," she said.

"And now we'll have tea!"

"What have you done?" questioned Mr. Hamlin.

"I have asked seven men to marry me!"

"Maisie!"

"Well, seven gentlemen will hardly be able to think that I am pining for them all; and they'll exchange notes."

"Men never do that."

"Ah, what men never do, that surely man always does," she laughed. "Honor with them is a collective virtue that has no application in the singular. You shall read the answers."

In due course of time the answers came. One by one the girl opened them before her expectant friends, who refused to go till all had come. "Regrets," quoted Maisie, holding up one with mock gravity. "Next, please. Ah! thank you, Susan! Sorry, previous engagement—'Alas! impossible!'"

"Circumstances over which I have no control!"—"I would if I could, but I can't!"—"No!"—"That's rather impolite, and he really—well, one mustn't be kissed and tell. 'Twas so long ago, too. You see, ladies, how devoted my lovers all are; but I have won my bet. Ah! here is another one more polite refusal. No! 'Of course I am honored,'" she read. A crimson flush of shame spread over the girl's laughing face. "That's chivalrous of him," she said, trying to hide her embarrassment. "And now to invent a polite refusal to my own proposal!"

Horace Sands was in chambers when Miss Maisie's telegram—reply paid—arrived. He was smoking a cigarette with Max Welby. They generally smoked together after lunch, in a kind of sympathetic silence. He read it slowly, and then said unrecorded words. After which, for him, unusual ejaculations, he went out of the room.

On returning his friend noticed an expression of most pathetic woe upon his placid features, and such a hang-dog look that he refrained from putting any questions from fear of intruding on private matters. Horace, however, after some fidgeting, said: "You know, after all, it's a dreadful thing, but what could a fellow do? She's a charming girl, of course—but I didn't think of

exactly—in fact, I am not a marrying man, you know—I never thought of marrying—don't know anything about it."

"If you'll explain what you are talking about I may be able to understand."

"Well, the fact is, Miss Maisie wired and asked me—(don't you know; and I, of course—"

"Asked you what?"

"Well, I suppose I oughtn't to say," he said, suddenly flushing crimson.

"Did she propose to you?" asked Welby, with an incredulous look of amusement. "Answer paid, too. The devil she did! And you have accepted?"

"What else would you have me do?" returned Sands, stolidly.

For the next few days Horace Sands experienced a general sense of bewildering depression. He was an engaged man—to a very lovely girl, it was true, but nevertheless he was engaged, tied up, as it were—somebody's property. He must buy presents and rings, and think of furniture. Never in his life had he thought about furniture. Even at college he had not, as many of the men did, troubled his diggings were arranged. He passed a man in the street carrying a kitchen safe. He tried to realize that a safe was meant for, and realized that they would certainly have to have a safe. Some perambulators in a great shop caught his eye, and he blushed and looked obstinately on the other side of the road. He had postponed calling—he had not dared yet. He would never summon courage to behave as a lover should to such a wonderful piece of femininity. He remembered now that her eyes were gray, and serious, and laughing all at once; that she had a delightful, petulant mouth. The thought of her was sweet. The reality at present was terrifying. He could not yet face his betrothed. He must have time to get used to himself under these new conditions. Another day passed. On the fourth he dressed himself in a frock coat, adorned his buttonhole with a bouquet, and started for her house. When he arrived as far as the street in which she lived he turned round and went to the club. There was a note from her—three days old. Again he flushed and thrust it into his pocket. He went out, and in the busy traffic of the streets read his first love letter from Maisie. "Dear Mr. Sands: How chivalrous and nice of you! It was a bet, you know." He did not read any more, but strode homeward. He had been a pretty kind of fool, anyhow—a vain ass, too. As for a beautiful girl like that—then he began to laugh. At any rate he was free again—free—but somehow he wasn't quite sure that he wanted to be so very free. The furniture had begun to interest him.

They met the next evening at Lady Vaughan's. She received him with a very bright smile, and they danced. They danced several times, and then he said at the end: "I suppose you couldn't care for me, could you?" And she colored all over, and said: "O, no, I couldn't, not anyhow in the world!"

Fate threw them together. They constantly met. She tried to avoid him, but he would not let her, and she ceased at last to try. At the end of three months he again asked her to be his wife, and she said: "You are very kind and chivalrous, and I am very grateful, but I can't, indeed I can't!" So that he went away conscious that there was a barrier between them he could not break down. He went abroad with Welby, and proved a preposterously dull companion.

"She will never have me!" he said one day, irrelevantly. "I believe it's all because of that confounded telegram!"

"Most likely."

"What shall I do?"

"Forget her."

"That's what I have been trying to

fully acquainted with her bent. Her friends knew that her years of reigning bellehood had been from her point of view most unprofitable, and that from them she had derived but moderate pleasure.

Her beauty had won many admirers and suitors quite as many, but so plainly did she show her preference for one of them that she had never been able to appear to even notice their desertion. She was in the zenith of her beauty then, tall, slender, supple, with delicate patrician features, brilliant black eyes and raven hair. Her complexion was olive, with a rich shifting crimson in her cheeks.

Then, as until extreme adversity overtook her, she was noted for the tasteful elegance of her dress. She lacked something of the softness of manner of most southern women. More in evidence was a certain self-assertiveness, tempered by good breeding.

She secured entrance into the law department with some difficulty, was graduated from it with honor, and then began the career which, so far as human insight goes, is nearly at an end. She made a few strong woman suffrage speeches—one at a Presbyterian Sunday school convention in Jefferson City, where she started her staid audience by asserting that "Paul's words to women amounted to nothing, for Paul was simply a crusty old bachelor, with no authority to lay commands upon woman-kind," and another at the banquet of the Mercantile Library association, where she was toasted as "our own Phoebe Cousins."

Then she spread her ambitious wings and flew away to Washington.

There she was entertained by prominent families and lectured before various audiences on the cause she had espoused. She became a protégée of Susan B. Anthony, and the little circle of agitators hoped much from this promising addition to their number.

She has not walked for a year. Time and care have deeply scathed her face and robbed her cheeks of their color. Her hands are gnarled and her limbs drawn almost out of human semblance. There are streaks of gray in her black hair. Her eyes retain a little of their old fire. She is still a close student of affairs as mirrored forth in newspapers. The disease which fetters her is articulate rheumatism.

Cremation and Burial.

The Sanitary Burial association of London is trying to introduce a system of cremation and burial combined. Chemicals are placed in the lining of a casket which rapidly cause a body to return to its constituent elements. In case of poisoning the poison would be turned into an insoluble precipitate, which would be detected long after interment.

MISS PHOEBE COUSINS.

Few Careers Have Been More Romantic Than Hers.

She Was the First Woman Lawyer in the United States—Thinks Now That Her Life Has Been a Vast Mistake.

Phoebe Cousins, the first woman lawyer of America, the first woman to become a United States marshal, and for many years known over the length and breadth of the country as an ardent, uncompromising public advocate of woman's rights, is now seriously ill at St. Louis. Disease has laid low the woman whose stalwart will carried her through a successful career in the face of opposition and obstacles of every sort.

Few careers have been more romantic, says the New York Herald. A beautiful girl she was beset with admirers, and might have made many brilliant marriages. At one time a vice president of the United States and two United States senators sought her hand. But she disdainful all offers. She had her mission to fulfill, and inexorably pursued it until misfortune and illness finally showed her the fallacy of her course.

For Phoebe Cousins now believes that she has been mistaken all her life, and that the true aim of woman-kind is not civil equality with man, but home and motherhood.

Her parents were originally from the east. Her father was among the most prominent unionists of St. Louis, received the appointment of chief of police and provost marshal of the city during the war. Her mother was the head of the St. Louis branch of the sanitary commission and had charge of the city hospitals.

As a girl Phoebe Cousins was as brilliant as she was beautiful. She very early showed her disinclination, or rather her contempt, for social life. For several years she was the belle of St. Louis. But none of her admirers could make headway with her. It was her favorite theme that women had a higher mission in life than marriage.

When it was known that Phoebe Cousins had entered the law department of Washington university there was no surprise. St. Louis had become



MISS PHOEBE COUSINS.

fully acquainted with her bent. Her friends knew that her years of reigning bellehood had been from her point of view most unprofitable, and that from them she had derived but moderate pleasure.

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BLOOD POISONING.

GIVEN UP TO DIE!

Remarkable Recovery of Mrs. Thomas Stockton, of

LAFAYETTE, PA.

Mrs. Thomas Stockton, of Lafayette, Pa., relates the following remarkable recovery: "When first taken ill, Dr. Ward, of Mt. Alto, said that I had dropsy of the bowels; I kept growing worse and he advised me to go to the Bradford Hospital, where he operated upon me. I had been out of the hospital but a short while, when blood poisoning set in. A physician from Mt. Jewett attended me for three weeks and then said he could do no more for me and gave me up to die. My husband then took me to Dr. Freeman, at Smithport, who wanted to operate upon me, but as I had already gone through one awful experience of that kind, I refused to again. After arriving back home, I made up my mind to try

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

As I had heard of finding others so much good, so my husband went to Thompson & Wood's Drug Store, in Bradford, and purchased a bottle and it certainly was a God-send to me. From the very first it seemed to help me, the pain I had endured constantly began to leave me, my appetite improved, and before long I was around the house doing considerable work. In short, had it not been for Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, I believe I should have been in my grave today. I hope every one suffering from disease, especially women, will try this valuable medicine. I know of many here who are using Favorite Remedy since it helped me so much, and in every case it has proved its great value."



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