

FASHION LETTER.

Novelties in Evening or Other Toilet—
Outside Garments for Winter Wear.
[Special New York Correspondence.]

Importers who remained late in Paris in search of the latest autumn and early winter novelties have returned to their native shores, bringing with them many new suggestions in wool dresses of tailor cut, for the promenade, in corded silk and velvet for visiting and carriage costumes, and in striped Marie Antoinette brocades and fancy velvets and plushes for evening toilets. Few contrasts in color, and the use of fine pilot cloth and other faced wools, are the features of the most stylish tailor gowns; for instance, a moss-green cloth dress opens over a vest of pale almond cloth, with skirts of the same, bordered with dark-brown fur. The vest is covered with applique work of silk cord in arabesque designs. Next to the use of cloths and velvets come plush and fur in combination with cloth. The velvets and plushes this season are wonderfully varied in kind, appearing in changeable effects, or in "two-toned" patterns as they are called, and also in plaids both little and large, in stripes of every conceivable design, and width, in leaf designs, with *meined* stripes, and in imitation of leopard and tiger skins.

The designs for these tailor gowns give long straight lines in parts of the skirt, with plaited panels and swinging curves in other portions, and still others show short *retrogress* breadths with irregular draperies in Louis XIV. style, with odd three cornered revers on one side of the tunic. There are also very simple draperies on some of the most elegant costumes, such as a French polonaise deftly fitted at the sides above a skirt of velvet, plain striped or plaided. These polonaises are usually of finest camel's hair, and although not new in name, appear with odd touches and wove lines that give such model an original effect and a certain cachet not apparent on last winter's gowns.

The variety of outside garments this autumn surpasses any thing heretofore displayed. In previous years fashion has decreed a certain stated length for wraps. Thus far every thing is fashionable, from the natty pelerine with its panel front to the long Normandy cloak or the peasant's pelisse, as it is otherwise called. Rich fine light-weight broadcloths are in high vogue for tailor suits, with wraps to match; and these elegant and expensive wool costumes have reached such a rage in Paris that they are not infrequently worn as bridal costumes at fashionable church weddings. White broadcloth braided in gold formed a unique and elegant dress at St. Georges in Hanover square at an English wedding in high life recently.

At the show rooms of a leading fashion journal, this city, may be found a charming variety of novelties which act as inspirations to the fair through who frequent the place, illustrations of three of which are given herewith.

Word reaches us from abroad that the exaggerated tournures introduced by English women are rapidly being abandoned by them, and that by mid-winter there will be a return to more graceful flowing lines. Among the new jackets are those cut double-breasted, easy fitting in front with snug backs, the fronts finished with a single velvet revers. There are also improved Newmarket and raglans, and London made Boulanger coats fitting like a glove at the back, with fronts turning back with wide revers on both sides, which reach from shoulder to hem. A close velvet vest shows beneath this stylish wrap, closed with handsome buttons in bronze and gold. Scotch tweeds are made into entire costumes with jaunty Bob Roy caps to match.

The graceful and protective French Beau Brummel long coat, fashioned in Jersey style with pointed hood at the back and made of Melton and Londonderry suitings, has to correspond the Princess of Wales or jockey cap of the same cloth, with tiny visor in front covered with the same. Costumes of dark blue and dark green cloth, trimmed with pipings of real silver braid, have pretty cloth toques to match, also trimmed with beaded Bodices laced up the back will again prevail. Velvet corsages are out of square in the neck and V shaped at the back; for evening dress, sleeveless bodices with long gloves covering the arms to just below the shoulders will again prevail. Moire Francaise, and the regular old-fashioned moire antique, will be in high vogue as well as both for gowns and garnitures. There will also be a rage for trimmings of every description.

In millinery are hats and bonnets, both large and small, with plenty of military inspirations in the matter of garniture. Bed and gold are lavished without stint, and birds of every species are massed upon hats and bonnets alike. The Boulanger hat, turning up high on both sides, is a popular, stylish, but not comfortable model. It is loaded with gracefully drooping plumes. The French and English turbans, one high the other low in the crown have each their hearty admirers.



A DRUMMER'S DOINGS.

How a St. Louis Traveling Man Advertised His Business.

Sometimes drummers play the most amusing and original tricks. Not long ago a drummer for a St. Louis hardware house started out. He was a giant in strength. He had two strong grips made, and in them he put up iron samples weighing about 185 pounds each. He would alight from a train with his two innocent-looking grips, and the hotel porter would make a rush for him.

"Right this way for the Hardware House. Carry your grips up to the hotel, boss?"

"Yes," Smith would say. The drummer was really named Smith. He would then hand the two grips to that porter, and let go as soon as he saw the unsuspecting victim had hold of them. There would be a wild flourish of feet, a loud crash, and the porter would go down like he had been shot.

"What in thunder are you throwing my grips around in that manner for?" Smith would yell, as if mad. The porter would jump up, thinking he had stumbled, apologize, and make a grab at the grips. Then he would pull away, and his eyes would loll out, and he would strain until his suspender straps would break, and then he would say:

"B-b-boss! What are these things? I can't lift them."

Smith would take hold of them lightly, gently lift them up, and say:

"O, well, if you don't want to carry them, I'll go to the other hotel. Then calling the other porter he would give them to him. Of course, the other fellow would take hold of them with a smile and firm grip, only to go down on the platform in defeat with a thump. Then he would rise, look at the grip, gaze at Smith awhile, then, leave, muttering something about voodooism. Smith would then throw them into a wagon, and go on up to a hotel. At the door he would call a bell boy, and as he pushed his way through the crowd, he would hand them to the poor, overworked boy, and the crowd would be astonished to see him go down with those grips, the fall making a noise that sounded like a freight train wreck, and shook the house. Smith would pick them up himself, and remark to the landlord that it was a shame to overwork his help in any such manner, and then he would walk towards the register, and the landlord would rush up to him and say:

"Why, them boys are lazy. Here, give me your grips, sir," and he would take them. Of course, Smith's remarks attracted all eyes, and as the landlord got a good hold of the handles, Smith would let go suddenly. The spectators would be astonished to see the landlord's back suddenly hump itself like a cat on the back fence, his eyes bulge out like marbles on a mud wall, and then see him fall full length between those grips, with a crash that brought people out across the way. He would get up slowly, rub his back, walk around the grips, and then go off and swear, as Smith would take them up and put them on the counter. Then the fun would begin. The clerk grabbed one of them to set it off the counter and it wouldn't move. He looked astonished, and then spit on his hands and tried to lift it, as his face turned red, and knots swelled upon his forehead. But that grip wouldn't move. Then all the crowd would try their hand, and finally all swore it was some trick. Smith would then lift it off gently, and ask them what ailed them. This would make the crowd feel of his arms, and they found out they had muscles like coconuts for size and rooks for hardness. Then it dawned on them that Smith had heavy grips for a sell, and they were correct. That was the way Smith advertised his house. It was a success, too. He would put a grip on an empty seat in front of him in a car, and be tickled almost to death at the efforts of people to lift it off when the car was crowded. But no one ever succeeded. Ladies would take hold of it, and only let go when things began to snap around their clothing with a noise that attracted the attention of the car. A big passenger would think to make an impression on a pretty girl, and rush over to remove that grip, and fall over the seat trying to move it, and would be mad as thunder when Smith would move it easily and gently, and remark:

"Must have had a long spell of sickness, to make you so weak, sir."

Conductors have gone almost crazy at the spectacle they have made of themselves in trying to move one of those grips for ladies, and at being unable to do so except with the help of the brakeman and porter, and to see Smith lift both of them, and guy them for being too young to trust away from home. Smith doesn't travel now, as he made enough while thus advertising that house to go in business for himself, and has married. He weighs over three hundred, is tall, and strong as an oak. But he created a sensation while he did travel. And no drummer has ever imitated his style of advertising, either.—*The Colonel.*

RUSSIAN DESPOTISM.

An American Tourist's Impressions of the Czar's Government.

It can not be denied that in some respects Russia is the greatest and most powerful nation in the world, its territory and its population being greater than that of any other on the globe. It occupies more than one-half the area of Europe, and its vast possessions in Asia are three times greater than in Europe. It is a gigantic wonder among nations with its 8,000,000 square miles of territory, its 100,000,000 of inhabitants and its grand army of 3,000,000 men. But about and around all this glory and greatness hangs rather the barbaric splendor of the Oriental than the culture and progress of the European. The whole country is an armed camp, and at every step and every turn is a soldier in his long gray coat and broad crowned cap, and in this connection it may be mentioned that the cap is the usual head covering in Russia, and hats are seldom seen. Traveling in Russia has many unpleasant features, and one has the feeling, always, that he is not wanted and that he is constantly being watched in all his movements, and the chances strongly are, that he is right in both these suppositions. The Government is very strict in all its dealings with foreigners, and no one is admitted to the country without a passport which has been vised by some Russian Consul. And whenever the traveler arrives in any city or stopping place his passport must be immediately surrendered to the authorities. It is not returned until his departure, and he is not allowed to leave the country without a permit written on the back of his passport. Mine was taken from me so frequently, examined and duly stamped, and a fee always charged for it, that I regard it as about the most expensive document I ever possessed. You never know in Russia likewise who reads your letters before you get them or after you mail them, and no foreign newspapers are delivered until after the authorities have read them and blotted out the objectionable passages with heavy black ink so that they can not be read. There is no liberty of speech or freedom of action. The Czar is absolute, and tyranny and oppression reign everywhere. In such a country it is not strange that Nihilism flourishes, and if there is any excuse for the Nihilist anywhere, it is here in Russia, and I can well comprehend that a man might be a Nihilist here, who in any other country would be a constitutional agitator and advocate. The policy of the Government practically prohibits any middle-ground, and drives many men finally into Nihilism, who would otherwise be patriots, working out the salvation of their country by peaceable methods. Scarcely any one in Russia speaks English, and the Englishman is viewed with great disfavor, all realizing that it is only a question of a few years when the two countries will be at war with each other. I always took especial pains to let it be known that I was an American, and not an Englishman; French is spoken almost entirely in the houses of the aristocracy, and is usually the language of the home among them, rather than the harsh and irregular Russian, but the masses are more familiar with German than any other foreign language, a natural result of the proximity of the two countries. As Russia is different in every thing, so her coinage and measures of distances do not correspond with those of other European governments. Distances are measured by "versts" (two-thirds of a mile), and "arshins" (twenty inches), and the coinage is divided into "roubles" and "kopecks." The kopeck is about one-half a cent of our money, while the present paper rouble equals fifty cents. The silver rouble is worth more, but coin is practically driven out of circulation now, as the country is in a terrible financial condition, and is suffering all the evils of a badly-depreciated and inflated paper currency.—*Cor. Indianapolis Sentinel.*

Expansion of Bridges.

A good deal had been said about the effects of expansion and contraction in connection with the North Bridge, due to changes of temperature. Mr. Baker, one of the engineers, recently remarked before the British Association that a large amount of consideration had been given to the question, and a great many observations had been taken on the subject. Pockets were formed in the structure, and these were made to contain water in which thermometers were placed. It was really surprising how great an effect the different conditions had in this respect. That the two sides of the large twelve feet tubes should be materially affected when one was in the sun and the other shaded was to be anticipated, but one would hardly expect that one tube would shelter another one hundred and twenty feet distant so as to materially affect it, but such was the case.—*Boston Budget.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

Onions may be prepared without the usual accompaniment of tears by peeling them with the hands under water.

Never, never, never punish or inflict pain on a child because you are angry at what it has done, unless you really desire to assault Our Father Who art in Heaven.—*Pomeroy's Advance Thought.*

Fine manure for crops is more valuable than coarse. Hens can break up manure better perhaps than any of the machines invented for the purpose. Scatter some wheat over the pile and turn them on.—*St. Louis Republican.*

How to prevent stone from decaying: The decay of stone, either in buildings or monuments, may be arrested by heating and treating with paraffine mixed with a little creosote. A common "paint burner" may be used to heat the stone.

Cement floors are not rat proof unless pounded glass be mixed with the cement before the laying of the floor. The ordinary glass slag from glass factories is excellent for the purpose, and will cost but little, as it is usually thrown away as refuse.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

The practice of mixing the morning's and night's milk is detrimental, as it often causes rapid change. It would be better, if not too impracticable, to keep each cow's milk separate, but, as this is laborious, the milk of one milking should at least be kept from that of another.

Our orchards generally produce full crops only every other year. This is because the full crop of one year so exhausts the fruit producing qualities of the soil that it is not able to produce a full crop the next year. Give it a good supply of the proper kind of manure and thus made up for the loss of the fruit-producing qualities of the soil and you may expect good crops every year provided you treat your trees properly in other respects.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

Salmon Croquettes—Boil one-half pint of milk, thicken it with a tablespoonful of flour and let it become cold. Mince the meat of a one-pound can of salmon, or one pound of fresh salmon; when very fine add a salt-spoonful of white pepper. Moisten the salmon, mince with the thickened milk and work the whole to a paste, add very little of the bread crumbs if too thin, let it become amalgamated over the range and place it in the ice-box until wanted; then shape it into neat rolls or cones, dip them in egg and crumbs and fry in plenty of hot fat.—*Good Cheer.*

ALASKA'S ATMOSPHERE.

A Country Where the Air is Literally Burdened with Moisture.

Lieutenant Schwatka, in making the inland passage to Alaska, at one point went ashore, among the wilds of the Alexander Archipelago, and he describes the vegetation which he encountered as being most rank and luxuriant. At the feet of the evergreens clothing the land, grew a dense mass of tangled bushes and vines, and the roots of these was a solid carpeting of mosses, lichens and ferns, which often ran up the trees to a height greater than a man's reach. All this dense growth is as moist as a sponge. The thick carpeting of moss extends from the shore to the edges of the glaciers on the mountain summits, and the constant melting of ice through the warm summer keeps it saturated with water. The air is burdened with moisture, and every thing is, like Mr. Mantalini's proposed body, "moist and unpleasant."

It is almost impossible to realize the dampness of this region, without having experienced it. Water drips from overhead, like an April mist, and oozes up beneath the feet, as one walks. As an example of the luxuriance of the vegetation, take the Indian's "totem-poles," which, although they are dead timbers standing on end near the native houses, bear huge clumps of dripping moss and foliage at heights varying from ten to thirty feet from the ground. It will be well to explain in passing, that these totem-poles are covered with very curious carvings, and although no one is at all sure of their significance, it is probable that they represent genealogies or tribal histories of the Indians.

It often happens that the seed of a Sitka spruce becomes lodged in the tangle of moss resting upon a totem-pole, and there germinates. Its roots crawl down the pole, and, having reached the earth, find additional sustenance there, which they send to the branches flourishing above and which have thus far been nourished by the juices furnished by the moss.

Imagine a city boy tossing a walnut from his window, so that it lodges upon a telegraph-pole, sprouts there, sends down its roots to the earth, and waxes into such a tall tree that the boy can lean from his window, and pick walnuts from it every autumn! That idea is incredible, and yet its equivalent often happens in Southeastern Alaska.—*Youth's Companion.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Claus Spreckles, the sugar king, is said to be worth over \$30,000,000.

Miss Mary D. Fell is the strong and brilliant literary reviewer of the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

O. C. Cabot, a brother of Sebastian Cabot, had only to spell his name backwards and the result was, tobacco.

George Westinghouse, inventor of the air-brake, is worth \$9,000,000. This is believed to be the largest fortune ever made out of wind.

The London Gazette, the earliest English newspaper, was commenced at Oxford November 7, 1665, where the court was then residing on account of the plague.

It is rumored that the valuable collection of manuscripts and autographs of the late Ben: Perley Poore are to be sold. The collection is valued at fifty thousand dollars, and includes many documents of historical and political importance.—*Public Opinion.*

Mrs. Eliza Archard Conner, second in command to Gertrude Garrison on the American Press Association, New York, says that she received but ten dollars for her first six months' newspaper work, but that a woman who has a nose for news and newspaper instincts can succeed, if she perseveres and makes a place for herself.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg says that all amateurs of music should keep their eye on Mlle. Adiny, who is now singing under a three years' engagement at the Grand Opera-house, Paris. Mlle. Adiny is about twenty-nine years of age, large, and of an Italian type of beauty. She is, however, an American girl, her real name being Chapman, and her birthplace Boston.—*Harper's Bazar.*

J. M. Bailey, once famous as the wit of the Danbury News, has faded from the humorous world and is now an actor in a daily repeated domestic tragedy. His wife is insane and demands his entire attention. He must dress her and arrange her hair and attend to all her wants. She is like a child, and he gives her all his affection, time and attention. His devotion is described as something heroic.

Journalism is making rapid progress in Japan, although the largest daily has not more than 20,000 subscribers. In Tokio there are five leading dailies, besides over a dozen of less importance. The (Jiji Shimpo) Times is undoubtedly the best-edited newspaper in this country, and next to it comes the Tokio Daily News, a semi-official organ. Among the papers of the central and southern provinces the Osaka Morning Sun deserves mention as having the largest circulation of any journal in Japan.

HUMOROUS.

Reversed—Young Planty—"I did order them with collars, Biles, but these are weally too beastly high, y'know." Biles—"My dear sir, you've got the shirt on upside down."—*Tid-Bits.*

An article on the education of the blind is attracting great attention. If the article tells how a blind may be taught not to slam and creak on a windy night, it is a masterpiece.—*Life.*

Lays Claim to No Finery.—Tassels and silk has the cornstalk tail, While the wheat a beard can claim; The broomstalk wears no clothes at all, But it's a business just the same.—*Duluth Paragapher.*

"How do you spell 'resort'?" asked the teacher. "R-o-s-o-u-r-g-h-t," replied the little girl at the foot of the class. And the teacher patted her on the head and predicted that she would make a first-class calligraph operator if she practiced hard.—*Washington Critic.*

Fricad—"Don't cry so, dear. Charley was a real good husband." Widow—"I kn-ow it. I don't believe I'll ever get any one like him again. Every body knows he was so good to me that in common decency I can't try again for ever so long. Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"—*Town Topics.*

Robinson stood on the corner, his attitude expressive of pain. "What's the matter, Robinson?" inquired Dumley, who chanced to be passing. "Rheumatism again? You look sort o' twisted." "No," responded Robinson, "my wife has just made me half a dozen new shirts, and I've got one of 'em on."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Mrs. Gewgaw must be a woman who suffers great distress," remarked Mr. Pert as he observed the lady in question exhibiting a very profuse array of jewelry. "She hasn't that reputation, sir," replied Mr. Oracle; "why do you infer so?" "Merely from the way she rings her hands," was the response.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"Mary, dear, will you tell me what that object hanging on a chair is?" "Why, that's a shirt I made for you. I did it all myself. Isn't it delightful?" "O, yes. So it's a shirt, is it?" "Certainly. But why are you so pale and trembling?" "O, I'm all right now, dear. I thought at first that I had 'em again."—*Nebraska State Journal.*