

WOMAN and HER WORK.

A very stylish white alpaca is made perfectly plain, with a blouse bodice and a sort of soft white chiffon; a wide belt of gold colored satin is the only trimming. All sorts of charming little turn-over collars and cuffs of white batiste and lace, which give such a pretty finish to the dress, are worn, and the latest of these is a narrow band not more than an inch wide, made of linen batiste with a very narrow lace edge turned over a plain stock collar, it really is two bands, with the corners meeting in front and back. Wide white organdie collars trimmed with valenciennes lace, are much used as a finish for gingham dresses, and valenciennes lace and insertion is an important factor in the trimming of all thin dresses this season. The insertion is used to outline the seams of the skirt, with the muslin cut out beneath, set in around the bottom, in either straight lines or point, to head the ruffles, and oddly disposed on the full waist and sleeves, to form a plaid. The silk linings which are essential to the proper making up of so many of the summer materials, add greatly to the style of the dress, but unfortunately they also add to the expense. Silk canvas, which is very much like grenadine, is one of the most fashionable of the semi-transparent materials, and made up over silk, it is a very handsome costume. The special feature of the newest skirts consists of the tucking, and many of them show flat bands of silk or velvet, or else with lace insertion set in the seams, to frame the front breadth and around the bottom, above the hem. A dress of black canvas has three bands of velvet headed by a narrow ruche of black lace, all around the bottom. Ruches of all kinds are used for dress trimmings, and they are made of lace, chiffon, net, or silk, in various widths to suit their purpose. Fine ruches of silk or lace outline the skirt seams, and wider ruches trim the bottom, finish the sleeve epaulettes, and adorn the little cape which forms a finish for so many costumes. Another skirt trimming is an old fashion revived, and consists of a heavy cord set in rows and rows of tucks around the skirt. Still another skirt decoration shows battlement-shaped pieces cut out around the bottom and trimmed with narrow braid. A very pretty illustration of this fashion is a gown of lawn colored canvas with an underskirt of green glace silk, trimmed with a ruffle of ecru lace, which fills in between the open spaces of the upper skirt. The bodice of this gown is of the silk, and is close fitting with horizontal rows of the braid sewn on from the waist line to the

of these last, is in pale pink, striped and spotted with tiny rosebuds. A very odd gown of white alpaca shows the novel idea of a waist cuffs and epaulettes of grass lawn embroidered in Oriental colors and a wide fitted belt of white satin fastened with paste buckles. The neck and wrists are finished with bows of black and white striped ribbon.

The variety in bodice trimmings, is almost beyond description, and each week some new combination seems to appear. One model is tucked across back and front, form a yoke, and a frill of cream lace falls from the lowest tuck to meet a corset belt of black satin. A tabbed basque extends across the back, and the tops of the sleeves are tucked, to match the yoke. This is an especially pretty way of making a bodice, and so simple that anyone can make it. Inch wide tucks are prettiest.

Transparent yokes of yellow lace insertion alternated with puffs and ruffles of white chiffon, trimmed round with chiffon and lace frills, and finished with a chiffon collar are very dressy and much used in bodices of pale pink and white striped silk. A blouse waist of embroidered grass lawn, made over pale green silk is trimmed with openwork insertion, and shows the new close sleeves beneath a short, frill of embroidery.

CORSETS AND HYSTERIA.

Fainting no Longer a Fad with Up-To-Date Women.

They were a pretty jolly quartet as they sat around the restaurant table. There was one old man who seemed to be a doctor, a well-groomed, middle-aged matron, a young fellow who looked as if he were just out of college, and a young woman who said every ten minutes, "The year I graduated." They talked about everything and they laughed at everybody, and even the waiter smiled, or at least his fixed expression relaxed perceptibly at some of their remarks about the people at the other tables. It wasn't a Fifth Avenue restaurant. It was one of those little holes in the wall where everybody declares he goes to study everybody else who goes there. And they do it rather audibly, too.

The old man, whose friends addressed him from time to time as "Doc," was telling them about a broken-down actress who was slowly sipping that concoction dignified by the name of "red wine" in cheap table d'hôte places. He chuckled as he recalled this, that, or the other great time spent in the company of this woman in her

The quartet settled themselves once more. "That was a fake faint, pure and simple," asserted the young woman.

"Certainly," replied the matron, "and I haven't seen one before in several years. Women don't faint nowadays as they used to. Perhaps the poor little thing is an actress and fainting is one of her strong cards."

"Nonsense," ejaculated the doctor, "the woman really did lose consciousness. She evidently has some heart trouble. What good would it do her to faint in this joint? Besides, as you say, fainting has entirely gone out of fashion among your sex, and I'm heartily glad of it."

"Gone out of fashion!" exclaimed the girl. "Was it ever the fashion for women to faint?"

"Certainly, my dear," chorused the doctor and the matron, and the doctor continued: "It was as distinct a fad among women as the—I was about to say the bicycle, but it wasn't that bad. Any way, it was just as fashionable for women to faint as it is for them to wear flower gardens on their hats to-day."

"Why, could a woman faint whenever she wanted to, and how did she do it?" persisted the girl. "I never fainted in my life. I wouldn't know how to go about it."

"What's your waist measure," asked the old man abruptly.

"Twenty-six inches and still growing, was the proud reply."

"You'll never know what it is to faint," put in the up-to-the-time silent young man as he eyed her waist with an admiring look.

"Yes, there was a time when a woman could faint whenever she took the notion," resumed the doctor. "It was a form of hysteria and was largely due to tight lacing. There seemed to be something fascinating to the average woman in losing consciousness at certain times. She never dreamed of fainting in the quiet of her own room. No, indeed. She waited until she got to the theatre or church, or at a ball or reception, and she would walk off as far as she could and pull and tug. Of course the corset would come together and was literally running over. Next she would tie the strings in place, and this 187-pounder boasted of having a sixteen-inch waist. Faint? Why, she was one most experienced fainter I ever knew."

"Corsets were evidently built stronger then than they are now," remarked the young woman, "and I'm sure none of these fainters were educated at my college."

"Yes, to both questions, but it was before physical culture and athletics came into vogue for women. The corsets used to be perfect armors. They were exceedingly heavy, and almost as stiff as steel."

"Not many women wear stays nowadays I believe," modestly ventured the young man.

"Oh, yes," spoke up the young woman. "That is altogether a mistaken idea. There are very women who do not wear stays, and indeed there are very few who could leave them off with any degree of comfort or grace. For a while women rushed madly after health waists, but the corset makers and dealers report that far fewer substitutes for corsets are sold today than formerly. A garment like that becomes a fad, but soon goes out of vogue. Women aren't going to stop wearing the corset. They discard stays when exercising in a gymnasium or when playing in field games, and many of them leave them off when wheeling, but as for giving them up when 'dressed up,' few women are emancipated to that extent. True, the corsets of today are not so straight, stiff, or heavy as formerly, and they are not worn so tight, but all the same they are still a very important part of a woman's wardrobe, and there is nothing in a well constructed, loose, light corset that could possibly make any one faint."

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed the doctor, impatiently. "I told you that fainting was out of style long ago. My opinion is that in twenty years, yes, even in ten, very few women will be wearing stays. Bicycling and basketball and hurdling and running and broad and high jumping will drive out whalebone and steel."

"I for one hope they will," said the college girl, as she drained her small cup of coffee.

"They won't, all the same, and if we live we shall see," remarked the matron, with equal earnestness.

His Fatal Fault.

"What do you want to haul me up for?" protested the cyclist who had been lurching himself along the boulevard. "Why didn't you grab some of those chaps that were scooting past me? They were going at the rate of twenty miles an hour?"

"You were the only one I could catch," responded the perspiring policeman, gripping him tighter.

"What is the average number now?" asked the college boy with as much interest as a girl would display.

"Number twenty-five," was the reply. "Twenty and twenty-two are considered small, and she has one customer who boasts a waist that is an even yard, and her figure is magnificent, too. She carries herself like a queen. Corsets used to be straighter in line than now, and you men should be thankful that you never knew the agony of being bound up in one. They are now cut with curves so as to give room for the lungs, heart, and liver, if they are laced a little tight at the waist the wearer doesn't feel any discomfort. The stomach also has absolute freedom in a properly constructed corset, and there is no pressure across the kidneys as formerly. Nothing will cause a woman to faint quicker than having a steady pressure on the stomach. Why, I've known women who



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couldn't keep their corsets on more than three hours at a time in the old days, and I once knew a girl who had her maid fasten her corset for her, a most painful and tedious operation, and then she would make the maid tie the strings to the bedpost, and she would walk off as far as she could and pull and tug. Of course the corset would come together and was literally running over. Next she would tie the strings in place, and this 187-pounder boasted of having a sixteen-inch waist. Faint? Why, she was one most experienced fainter I ever knew."

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THE LAST CAPTURED SLAVER.

Her Captain Said to Have Been Hanged on Bedlow's Island.

The only Captain of a slave vessel who suffered the death penalty in America was captured by a crew of which one of the members is now a citizen of Cleveland, the engineer of the People's Gaslight and Coke Company.

"The slave ship was the Erie, and it was the last American slaver captured," said Mr. Matthews in talking about the historical event. "She was taken off the mouth of the Congo in the spring of 1861 by the United States sloop-of-war Mohican. I was captain of the foretop and of the starboard watch. The capture was accidental. The vessels dealing in slaves would slip out in the intervals between the patrol boats of the men-of-war, and they knew pretty well our habit. But this time the Mohican was delayed two days in waiting for mail, and going from the island of Fernando we sighted a vessel making from the mouth of the Congo. We were flying a French flag, and the stranger floated an American flag. We signalled for her to heave to, but this request not being regarded, a shot was fired. Then she hove to without offering resistance, and a party being sent aboard found every one dressed alike. It was thus some days before we discovered who was the Captain. She was manned by fifteen men, and had on board 890 slaves and three slave agents. The slaves were landed, and the slave agents and five Spaniards, who did not wish to claim American citizenship, were sent away in a trade boat. Eight of the slaver's crew were shipped on the Mohican, and the officers and two of the crew were brought to America. The slave ship was taken to Liberia."

"The Captain of the slaver was Nathaniel Gordon, and a year after his capture he was swung on Bedlow's Island, where the Statue of Liberty now stands. The first mate was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, the second mate received a five years' sentence, and the two men were each given a year."

"The severe dealing with the officers was due to the intense feeling on the slaver question, as the war had just broken out. The second mate and the two men volunteered to enter the army and were allowed to go free. One Lieutenant, Dunnington, went into the Confederate navy after bringing Gordon back."

"About three months before the experience with the Erie a slaver escaped us by being disguised as a whaler. The simulation was very perfect, and on the decks we could see even the boiling vats. The Captain showed papers which disarmed suspicion, and when the 'whaler' put up for the night at the mouth of the Congo, our Captain informed him that next morning he would come around on a visit."

"In the morning he was gone, having taken 1,300 slaves aboard. We sighted a vessel in the distance, which we pursued, and found to be an English man-of-war also trying to catch the 'whaler.'"

How to Live to Great Age.

The latest fad in England is to insure longevity through the use of a special diet. The promise is held out to those who implicitly follow out the prescribed regimen that they may attain to the age of 110 years. This, among the most melancholy people of the globe, and to whom one would fancy that life were the less worth living, has aroused considerable enthusiasm. Cooks and kitchen are to be abolished, meat, bread and vegetables are forbidden; existence is to be maintained exclusively upon nuts and bananas. If we compare this with the dietary system of Dickens, which represents that of his period, his comparatively early decease will excite no surprise. According to English standards, he was an accomplished gastronome. Beefsteak pudding was his meal, a horrible concoction

only fit for a crude or debased palate. His highest conception of a dinner was a baked leg of mutton with the bone removed and the cavity filled with a stuffing of oysters and veal. This was accompanied with gin punch, in the making of which Dickens took especial pride. It was made as follows: A brass kettle of water was heated over a spirit lamp. When the water came to a boil it was poured into a jug, with a bottle of old gin, lumps of sugar, and chips of lemon peel. The mouth of the jug was then closed with a napkin, and the mixture allowed to brew for a certain number of minutes.

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Prolapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.



"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."

This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.

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BLUE AND WHITE SERGE AND YELLOW CHINESE SILK.

shoulders, which are covered with a cape-like collar of canvas, cut out in the same squares at edge, and trimmed around with braid to match the skirt. The sleeves are of silk, close fitting, novel skirt trimming is the introduction of gusset around the bottom to widen the skirt, trimmed around with tiny ruches of silk or lace. This is such a convenient fashion that it is certain to recommend itself to everyone who wants to remodel an old fashioned dress.

Foulard silk will take the place of china silk this summer; it is thin, cool and serviceable, now that everything resembling taffeta silk is so fashionable. It comes in large showy patterns of white on a dark blue ground, and in all the Dresden effects on a light ground which make such charming summer dresses. One of the prettiest

palmy days, and his party was much interested. They looked from him to her as he related some especially spicy incident. Presently a gasping sound came from another corner, and the happy four turned to look. A little woman leaned back in her chair unconscious. Her face and lips were colorless, and her escort in his excitement dashed a glass of water, ice and all, into her face. It brought her to. Slowly the muscles of the body and face relaxed and the eyes opened. The little woman got up, shook the ice from her lap, wiped her face with a napkin, and remarked as she resumed eating where she left off.

"That's nothing. I often keel over that way. No, I don't feel sick. My appetite has gone, that's all," and she began to talk of something else.