PROGRESS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16. 1899.

...................... Frills of Fashion. One Woman's Chat.

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The few autumn hats and bonnets shown in the milliners are very picturesque, and while some are not very different from those of last autumn the slight changes made for beauty and "becomingness." The velvet toque of immense siz ; is seen among trees heralds of the season, but its tendency is to dip over the eyes, while the chief charm of last season's toque was that it was a frame for the face and displayed the pompadour to its last fluffy h.ir.

A rather pretty new style in toques has a low crown, a rolling brim, and while coming further over the forehead than last year's variety, is dented directly in the centre of the front, making place for a big bow of panne or satin, or for a breast of grebe and s soft osprey. A great chou of bright-tinted velvet, with a barrette of pearls or steel, is also very effective, and looks wonderfully pretty when the color of the hair is carefully considered in choosing the velvet. The poke bonnet, with tiny crown, flaring brim and long strings of tulle or velvet, is quaint and becoming to the woman who has a picturesque face. But as one milliner says, "It the wearer does not look like a flower the hat will make her look like a tright."

Some of the bonnets are made of ribbon velvet, gathered slightly and placed row upon row like those petals; the brims are faced with rows of velvet pipings over satin or lace. Choux of lace, flowers and velvet Mrs. Townsend's collection there is a leaves add to the old-time air of these bonnets, and jeweled brooches are used to fasten the tulle strings which are intended | to have come from Narra, and to be 200 to be twisted around the neck twice and years old.

to which she has been accustomed. For that reason the articles of diet upon which she was brought up seem better than they really are. But that one's taste can wander into liking 'store' food better than the home-made original is true, too. One young married woman went to much trouble to provide a home-made cake for her husband, after his long years of board. ding house lite. It was a success, that cake, and the pleased man wanted to praise it. 'One wouldn't know it from

The woman who cares for the details of her toilet is ever on the watch for new ideas. One of her latest fads is said to be in regard to the handkerchief. It may be colored nowidays, but must be governed by the gown with which it appears. A gown that shows pale blue as a contrasting shade may also show pale blue in the accompanying hankerchief. It it isn't in sympathy with the costume, the handkerchief of color becomes a siimple bit of gaudiness and deserves instant suppression.

bake 's cake,' he said.

Her Lese Maj ste.

In the apartment of Mrs W. R. Townsend, an American woman who has recently returned from an extended visit to Japan there were exhibited a few days ago certain Japanese art treasures that for their extreme rarity and varity and value are probably not surpassed in any private collection. The majority of people have for some time been made increasingly familiar with the exquisite embroidery of the Japanese, but of Japanese tapestry, except in small and unimportant pieces, little has been brought to the United States. In Buddhist priest's robe of silken tapestry, seven feet long by four feet wide, reputed

when the fox comes to them, events may take the course they did on the Denton farm at East Somerset, New York. The owner of the farm brought a large dead fox to town, says the World, and offered to 'treat' if any one could tell in twenty guesses how the fox had met his death.

O. course everybody gave it up, and then Mr. Denton reminded them that he is a sheep-raiser, and has a large flock of Dorsets, of which he is especially proud. With their large horns these sheep make a formitable showing, and they are so cross that it is as much as a stranger's lite is worth to venture across a field in which they are pastured. Last summer a tramp was overtaken by a Dorset. and would have been killed but for Mr. Denton's intervention.

In the last fortnight a score of lambs had been born, and the bucks were more belligerent than ever. Thursday night Denton was about retiring when he heard loud bleating in the fold near the house, and believing that dogs were around and perhaps attacking the lambs, hastened outdoors to investigate.

For a time the bucks refused to allow him to enter the fold, but presently they calmed down, and he went in. There lay a tox, recently killed and bleeding from numerous wounds. A horn of one of the sheep had entered reynard's body back of the shoulder-blade, and then his life had been trampled out. The fox's hide showed more than forty holes made by the sharp hoofs and horns.

SAM JENKIN'S LAST HOUR.

He Killed Six Men and was Hanged While the Train Waited.

'Did you ever hear the story of how Sam Jenkins met his end ?' asked Ike Barnett, one of the pioneers of rail-roading in the West, but now settled down to spend the inder of his days in peace in Ohio. 'It is a remarkable story from the fact that Jenkins put up the fight of his life and finished the careers of six men before he himself was captured and finally strung up to a telegraph pole, and it all happened while our train was waiting for dinner. It was in the summer of '79 that I took train on the Santa Fe road on my way to Deming, New Mexico, which at that time was the southern terminus of the branch. In those days trains were few and divisions were long, so that the engineer would yank the train along as fast as he could and would generally pull into the town where we were to take dinner an hour ahead of time. This gave the passengers time not



fastened at one side.

We have heard little and seen less of 'pearl powder' since the advent of atbletics and cold showers to the land of steamheated complexions, but the cult of the powder-puff is still a large and devout one, and our Cuban sisters are said to be among its most faithful followers. Even when bread was scarce in Havana, facepowder was forthcoming, and every female, from the rosy cheeked school girl to the wrinkled old dame, had her supply of powder and her scrap of swansdown or chamois with which to apply it.

In the Cuban orphan asylums the little girls manage to possess themselves of face powder, and in the large tobacco factories where Lundreds of girls are at work making cigarettes every girl has her puff and her beauty-just tucked up in her sleeve, in her belt or in her pocket. The breakfast hour in the big factories is 10 a.m., and when the bell rings every girl stops work and reaches for her powder puff.

Powder plays an important part in the toilet of the Japanese woman, too, and the plantations of irises often seen on the roofs of Japanese country houses had their lotty origin in Miss Cherryblossom's anxiety for her personal appearance. Once there was a famine in the land, and it was forbidden to plant in the ground anything which could not be used for food. The frivolous irises only supply the powder with which Miss Cherryblossom whitens her olive face. She decided she would not look like a fright as well as die of hunger, so she planted a garden on the roof, and there does her face powder grow to this day.

Sleeves are being made with a band of three tucks around the armhole, so as to keep them quite flat, and yet give a little relief to the severe outlines which not every shoulder can do with.

A sloping shoulder line is once more the accepted standard of beauty. For this reason, apparently we are in love with filchus, and we are coming to scarts; the filchus are made in batiste, in organdy at d in net, and often in flowered muslin, but

discovered until they came to the tender, wire all concealed under the mats where is to say, exactly the same design as that with rich brocaded ends, blue and black of the Emperor. finding special favor, and many were accompanied by their wives and It is true that a chrysanthemum of 1 observer says: of the trucks. As soon as he saw he was scarls were worn at the beginning of the petals may occasionally be met with upon a children. They were amusing themselves discovered, he sprang out and made a rush century with embroidered ends, so, perby smoking and beating tom toms. piece of china even in a Japanese curlic for a pile of railroad ties near the track. A haps, we shall come to some of these. We store in New York, and perhaps offered The Samoans are a most amiable race of fusillade of shots followed him and it was are adopting transparent yokes, collars savages, and white poople are always for sale to the uninitiated as Japanese seen that he had been wounded. But he and collar bands, but the great art is to perfectly safe among them. Everywhere porcelain; but on close examination it will managed to gain the shelter of the ties, and make them as high and no higher than we were greeted with smiles and friendly nods and the salution 'Talofa,' which inches away from its egg.' be observed that there is some slight dif as the posse closed in on him, he arose, they are needed. ference in the design sufficient to escape used the top of the pile for s rest, and means, 'Love to you,' from men, women It is a great mistake to have them so temperature induced by animal heat, and the effect of the autocratic law of the fired five shots from his revolver. Every and children. that they turn down in wear. A novel the parent bird can afford to sit down and One instance of their friendly feeling oc-Orient; for either there will be fewer or shot took effect. A man named Cooper, sing over the excellence of the arrangecollar band emanating from Paris is a cured during the big battle. A white man, more petals, the interior circle will be the landlord of a hotel; a justice of the ment. who lived in the street where they were stitched plain band of ribbon, passing shaded instead of open or the outer rim peace whose name I have forgotten, and a fighting, saw that two of his horses had through a large dull gold buckle at the will be a complete circle instead of the litstrayed out between the hostile lines. He car painier in the employ of the railroad TO THE DEAF .- A rich laly, cured of hethroat and finished off in a pointed short tle curves which in this royal flower are did not want te lose them, and he did not all fell dead in their tracks, everyone of tab. It looks well for travelling and mornwant to venture out in the line of fire. So noticeable. them shot through the heart, and a saloonbe stuck a white flag out of his window. ing suits. ist and a miner fell mortally wounded. Upon seeing it, both chiefs ordered there A Fox in a Fold. Sheep do not often go fox-hunting, but The posse was unprepared for fancy shoot- men to stop fireing, and hostilities were stitute, 780, Eight Avenue, New York.

It would seem that, as a rule, the priests' robes of Japan are made in pieces stitched together, the number of pieces denoted the priestly rank, but this particular robe has the particularity of being woven entire, thus strangely resembling the ancient Gobelin tspestry of Europe, the rark of the weaver being denoted by cords introduced to give the same effect as if the robe were made up of the usual separate squares.

To the robe there is also attached a stule 5x12 in breadth, a part of the garment that is usually missing. Of the general design and coloring of this ancient piece of tapestry one can scarcely find words to express sufficient admiration. only to eat dinner but to take in the town,

The action expressed in the flight of the birds, the running water, and in the clouds, at once arrests the attention, while the harmonious blending of the various shades of green, blue, pink, and brown, subdued by age, could not fail to appeal to the everest modern art critic.

As all the designs executed by the Japanese are supposed to be symbolical, the one of this robe may possibly represent a lover's contest, the two Ho Ho birds fighting in the air for the favor of the lady bird, who watches from a rock in the foreground. By an expert this robe has been priced at \$2000, but as probably its match is not to be found its real value is considerably greater.

Almost equally interesting in this collection are the pieces of imperial Japanese porcelain, procured by Mrs. Townsend with the greatest difficulty, as it is an of fence of lese majeste to possess the same without permission, far more to offer any for sale.

This imperial porcelain, a delicate blue and white were of extremely hard substance, yet taking on the softest of enamel finish, is manufactured in the Arita dis trict, near Negasaka, under the direction, of an official, whose duty is to examine each piece as it comes from the kiln with a msgnifying glass, so that no imperfect specimens may be sent to disgrace the table of the Emperor. All rejected pieces are then smashed, in order that none may find their way into the market.

to the train which had just pulled in. the scarfs are mostly white. In Paris they bears the imperial crest, a 16-petaled the isavages were resting after the battle 'A posse was organized at once and surare often made in silk, with tringed ends. chrysanthemum, which is a high crime for and making preparations for the next fight. rounded the train. Every car was carefully Here they are generally muslin. them with a song. any subject to make use of in Japan, that It was a very peaceful scene, for their arms searched, but no trace of the fugitive was Our grandmothers wore soft surah silk,

and was greatly appreciated. 'Well, the town we stopped at that day was Raton, just south of the Colorado State line, and, at that time, one of the toughest towns in the west, made up of the usual collection of saloons, dance-houses, gambling-hells and shanties. It was about five o'clock in the evening when we got into Raton and we were just getting off the train when we heard three pistol shots fired in an adjacent saloon. In these days a pistol shot mean't a probable murder, and we were not surprised a moment later to perceive a man, with a smoking revolver in his hand, rush from the saloon and run toward our train. No one inter. fered with him, and he climbed up on the platform of the train and disappeared.

'The fugutive was Sim Jenkins, a wellknown desperado and card sharper. He had reached Raton that morning, but had not been recognized. He had finally enticed one of the miners into a game of cards, and won heavily. The miner finally accused him of cheating and in the row that followed, Jenkins was recognized. He had his revolver out in a minute and springing back fired at his opponent. A bystander stuck up his arm and the bullet shattered the big plats glass mirror behind the bar. Jenkins wheeled around and aim. Both shots took effect and the man fell to the floor dead. Jenkins took ad vantage of the excitement to rush out of the saloon, and made his way unmolested

'Jenkins saw his chance and waving his revolver over his head, he darted from his cover and ran toward the Raton mountains about a mile and a half away. Two of the cowboys, however, jumped on their horses. with Winchesters in their hands, and soon headed off the fugitive. They covered him as soon as they got within good rifle shot and ordered Jerkins to throw up his hands. He saw that it was no use to hold out any longer, as his pursuers could pick him off and remain well out of the range of | by ten feet in size. bis revolver, so he stopped and surrender-

'The cowboys rode up to him, took away his wespons and threw a lariat around his neck. They told him to hold on to it with his bands it he didn't want to be hanged a few minutes before his time, and brought him back to the depot at a gallop. Jenkins was nearly exhausted from the effects of his wounds and the rough usage he had received, but thore was no delay in the execution. The end of the lariat was thrown over the cross-arm of a telegraph pole, and in less time than it takes to tell it, J nkins was dangling in the air. Just as he was kicking his last, a woman rushed from the crowd and emptied a revolver into the desperado's body. She was the widow of one of his victims.

'Well, the train crew had been much interested in the event as anybody, and had obligingly held the train until it had been concluded in this satisfactory manner. Then the engineer rang the bell and we all clambered on board again. As we rattled out of the town, I reflected on the astonishing series of events of the past hour. Six men had been killed, three widows were weeping over the bodies of their husbands, halt a dozen children hid been left fatherless, and as I glanced backward I saw through the gathering dusk the body of the author of all this mischiet swinging lazily in the breeze near the station. I lived a long time in the West and in some very tough localities, but I never saw anything that beat the record made by Sam Jenkins in the last hour of his life.

Gentleness in War,

War is savage in its very nature, and one looks for war among savages to be peculiarly barbarous. That such is not always the case among the people of Samoa is attestfired twice at the man who had spoiled his ed by a letter sent from Samoa by an American gentleman who recently visited Alpia, and who gives a description of Mataata's army in camp after a battle be tween the rival claimants to the throne.

Every cup and bowl of this porcelain We went all about among the huts where

Then the combatan's went at it again. Livi g in a Sun-Box.

In two Australian towns, away up in the mountains, there are institutions for the treatment of consumption by hhe "new method." which calls for the little beside fresh air and food. The "sun box," which the Australian doctors consider essential, is described by the Melbourne Argus as a frame structure, open at the top, about six

"Why, I lived in a sun-box for years when I first come to the country, but we used to call it a hut in those days!' some readers will be ready to exclaim.

There is this difference, however, between a but and a sun-box, that the former is a fixture, unless a bush fire or a hurricane comes along, whereas a sun-box should be constructed on a p'vot, or failing that, on wheels, so that its front may be really turned away fron the wind. The reason is that fresh, pure air and sunlight mean renewed health to the consumptive patient, the wind is injurious

It you have no sun-bexes, the patient must be taken indoors whenever the wind blows, but given your sun box to present its back to the wind, no matter what quarter it comes from, and the patent may remain in it all day.

In each of these boxes two or three patients are placed on mattresses, and there they lie all day long and drink in the pure mountain air. If they are weak their tood is taken to them, otherwise they get it in the home.

Photographs show the treatment being carried out right up among the gleaming mountain snows-with the convalescent patients engaged in snowbailing !

Singing to the Eggs.

The stormy Petrel builds her nest just above the Atlantic billows, on the islets near Iona and the Hebrides. There, beyond the rocks, says the Spectator, is a black, buttery soil, in which the birds burrow like little winged mice, and on nests of sea-pink lay one egg.

There is, in the Outer Hebrides. a very pretty popular belief as to the way in which the eggs are hatched. The birds, say the people, hatch their eggs, not by sitting on them, but near them, at a distance of six inches. There the petrels turn their heads toward the opening of the burrow, and coo at the eggs, day and night, and so hatch

This sounds like a fable made out of folk where Jenkin's was found crouched on one the men sat, and many of the soldiers lore, but it has really a basis in fact. An 'The account is very correct. Although I never heard the cooing noise by day, I often did in the evening. It is rather a purring sound. When its nest is opened, the bird is usually found cowering a few Perhaps the truth is that the burrows are so warm that there is no need of a higher Desiness and Noises the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent £1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The In-

One likes, usually, the sort of cookery