

Chat of the Boudoir.

Everything in the line of picturesque gowning turned out by English makers is being credited to Romney, and it that great and good man could rise and meet, face to face, a group of up-to-date Romney gowns he would sigh for oblivion. Still, many of the gowns are picturesque and graceful, and it they owe more to the dress-maker's fertile brain than to Romney, the simplicity of the painter's period at least finds an echo in the mode. The Romney gown reproduced in the cut is of a very deep cream nun's veiling, dotted irregularly with black, and trimmed with black velvet. The full cream chiffon vest is shirred to a yoke of heavy cream lace over bleu ciel, and the under sleeves are of chiffon and lace. Nothing could be more simple, and yet, on a tall, slender figure, the model is eminently effective.

The tall and slender girl is having things rather her own way this season, in some respects. For her are the flapping picture hats that make a short round girl look like a plump mushroom. She wears the Empire coats with grace, and can allow any of the three quarter length coats to cut her skirt length, without suffering tortures of artistic misgivings. The Directoire modes and the Louis XVI. coats are all right for her. The short girl must keep the Etons, no matter how her heart may yearn over three quarter length coats, and she must affect small hats, even if her fancy does run riot in regard to broad drooping brims and sweeping plumes—and then she has her Empire frocks, so there is balm Gilead. Length is all very well with Empire modes, but the plump small woman, provided the plumpness hasn't assumed exaggerated proportions, can look very well in an Empire frock, if it is well made.

It is in the realm of tea gowns that the Empire impulse is most strongly indicated, and the adaptability of this fashion to this use may account for the unusual number of beautiful tea gowns shown even this early in the season. A few charming models are shown in the large cut, but it is hard to choose, from among the display of gown, almost all of which, in their endless variety, still hint at an Empire source. The simplest of the gowns given is perhaps the loose robe of pale blue wool crepe with a hair line of black. It falls straight from the yoke, and would suggest the despised Mother Hubbard, were it not for the curved sides and back. A broad collar of black velvet is edged with an applique of ecru lace and the forked ends of the long velvet scarf are finished with lace applique, while the entire sleeve is of lace.

A second gown of primrose crepe has a closed bolero of guipure, threaded on the collar and across the front with soft straps of black chiffon. The flowing crepe sleeve has an accordion-pleated lining of chiffon and the long tight fitting sleeve is of lace. Another gown, more elaborate, is of a rose and white brocade over a full under petticoat of cream chiffon. The loose front and the flowing sleeve are of chiffon and a jewelled girdle confines the back and sides of the gown, but ends in a clasp, at either side of the loose front. The fourth cut shows a draped bodice and under robe of cream crepe, over which is a long flowing Empire tunic of ecru lace threaded with narrow black velvet and trimmed with choux of black velvet ribbon.

A robe of pale lilac cashmere has a bolero and flowing sleeves of brocade in shades of lilac and purple, and two broad bands of lace over purple panne velvet cross on the bust and define the bolero, while similar bands of lace edge the sleeves. The black tea gown is of net over satin and has a bolero and front panel of ecru lace, while the seventh cut shows an inexpensive Empire robe of ice green cashmere with bolero of guipure and choux of black velvet ribbon. The octopus ends that flutter from the choux are tipped with tiny gold balls which prevent any curling and twisting of the ribbon.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

The Russian blouse is once more in evidence, much more Russian and much more chic than its namesake of earlier seasons. In velvet it is particularly effective, and is trimmed with bands of embroidery on cloth or silk. Russian coats, made of heavy cloth, blouse slightly at the back and very distinctly in front, and are elaborately braided and fur trimmed. Handsome girdles, in Russian enamel are worn with some of these coats, but more frequently the girdle is of braiding or embroidery and fastens with a dull gold clasp.

The bishop sleeve has made its way to definite favor, and with its fulness at the top, is a most comfortable fashion. It

would have been hard to jump abruptly from the long tight mitten sleeve to the bishop, but the flowing upper sleeves and soft undersleeves gathered into a plain wristband paved the way for the bishop sleeve with its fulness shirred into a tight wristband, and now it is perhaps the most popular model for autumn street gowns and cloaks.

Autumn neckwear shows but little that is new. Invention seems to have been squeezed dry for summer purposes, and the stocks and cravats worn with summer frocks will be adapted to winter use. Stocks of tucked silk, chiffon or velvet, lace barbes, scarfs of all kinds, are correct, but the clever girl will not trust a piece of ribbon around her throat and consider her neck dressed. The cravat must be made and finished daintily and must show it.

Certain little taffeta and satin stocks have appeared, whose ends are brought back to the front and are just long enough to tie in a tiny bow without loops, the ends being drawn up and finished with a small gold tassel or ball. Velvet cravats, gold embroidered, are also shown in the shops.

More variety and elegance are displayed in black goods than in colors so far this season, despite the prophecy that black is to be less worn than last year, save by elderly women. Peau de soie is the favorite black silk, but in the crepes and crepons and French novelties there is infinite variety. Soft clinging black wools embroidered with white, in dots or small scattered figures, are particularly effective without being conspicuous and should be beloved alike of maids and dowagers.

Panne velvet in all over Moorish and Persian designs is being much used for blouses, but the handsome blouses yet seen are in white satin, silk or cloth, heavily embroidered. The flannel shirt waist is coming to the front in solid battalions and confronts one wherever one turns. Many of the models, braided, embroidered, &c., seem to have lost their own charm of comfortable simplicity and to have gained nothing that takes its place. A shirt waist is a shirt waist, and a blouse is a blouse; and the two should go their several ways without interfering with each other. By far the most effective flannel shirt waists are those trimmed merely with stitched bands of the goods and depending upon cravat and girdles for their touch of novelty and style.

The long, narrow purse, with chain and finger ring, seems to be the popular favorite, and is brought out in the most elaborate designs as well as in simple styles. One can pay \$25 or \$50 for it mounted in gold and jewelled, or one can pay \$1.60 for an ordinary specimen at a department store, but every woman carries such a purse at some price. The latest novelty in this line has been brought out by the firm that introduced the little purses of soft suede or castor, fastened with worked buttonholes and jewelled buttons. The new bag purse is only a larger edition of the soft, small purse, and its flap fastens with three buttons of opal, turquoise or some other semi-precious stone. A thin gold rod runs through the top of the bag to keep the soft leather from doubling into shapelessness.

The prevailing fancy for gold shows in millinery as well as in dressmaking. Stiff bows are bordered with flat gold braid, gold lace insertion or fine gold galloon is applied to chiffon, net, or velvet, for the soft folded toques. Fine gold cord is taken, in innumerable strands, and knotted into choux as one would knot baby ribbon. The same gold cord, in quantity sufficient to make a twist of considerable thickness, is wound about hat crowns and twisted through bows, much as one might use flower stems or grasses. As for the gold buckles, they are legion.

Some of the most exclusive shops are showing collars and boleros of cloth of gold, bordered and appliqued with heavy ecru lace; and also lace collars and boleros, with gold cloth or tissue laid under the large open spaces of the design, while the rest of the lace is left transparent.

The hair is worn lower, and only those women who do not object to being out of fashion cling to the monumental pompadour. The part is the thing; on right side left side, in the middle, anywhere so long as it is becoming and is not pronounced. The straight-haired girl is more than ever to be pitied, for soft fluffiness is an absolute requisite in the up-to-date coiffure, and the delicious fluffy curls around the nape of the neck that are now in vogue are not to be attained through curling tongs; or, at least, if attained, the achievement is a fugitive one, and the last state of that young woman is lamentable.

His Wife Cost her Weight in Gold.

There is an old lady living in southern

California, at the patriotic little mountain settlement known as American Flag, who is an object of much interest to strangers from the fact that she is probably the only woman on earth the valuation of whose person ever was literally appraised at her weight in gold," said Major H. Gardner, late of the Census Bureau.

She is 68 years old now, and the widow of one Jesus Castro, a Mexican. This Mexican was one of the first miners who struck a fortune in gold in the pioneer days of California. He lived in the Santa Catalina Mountains and returned home more than loaded down with gold dust. He fell passionately in love with his brother's daughter, a handsome girl of 17. She returned her uncle's love and consented to marry him. The priest to whom they applied, learning of their close blood relationship, refused to marry them. Castro offered as high as \$5,000 to the church as an inducement for the priest to perform the marriage ceremony, but the offer was refused. Then, as the old widow's story goes, Castro asked what amount of wealth would induce him to marry them. The priest, with the intention and expectation of impressing Castro with the hopelessness of his appeal replied:

"The girl's weight in gold."

"Now the Mexican maiden, while not being over-buxom, was well-to-do in figure for one of her age, but Castro did not even pause long enough to ascertain what her weight might be. He exclaimed:

"Good, holy father."

"Then he ordered scales to be brought, and, begging the girl to stand on one side of them, he poured glittering gold dust into the other side until the precious stuff balanced the weight of his innamorata. The priest was dumb with amazement, and it was a long time before he recovered sufficiently to say the promised words that made the twain one. Castro had won his bride at the cost of 125 pounds of his hoarded gold. He had a snug lot left, however, and the story is that he lived long enough to see the time that he would have taken a great deal less than her weight in gold for the wife on which his youthful ardor placed so great a value."

The Queen's Pathetic Wish.

Prince Albert, when visiting Liverpool to open the large new dock bearing his name, wrote to the queen inclosing a flower and a programme of the procession, says "ome Notes.

The same day her majesty, in a letter to Stockmar, upon whom the queen and Prince Albert so greatly relied as a counselor and friend, said: "I feel very lonely without my master, and though I know that other people are separated for a few days, I feel habit could not make me get accustomed to it."

"Without him everything loses its interest. It may be a terrible pang for me to separate from him even for two days, and I pray God never to let me survive him. I glory in his being seen and loved."

To appease the anxiety of the queen, Prince Albert wrote when visiting Grimsby: "Your faithful husband agreeably to your wishes, reports:

"First.—That he is still alive."

"Second.—That he has arrived and received the address."

"Third.—That he subsequently rode out and got quite covered with snow and with icicles on his nose."

"Fourth.—That the messenger is waiting to carry off this letter, which you will have in Windsor by the morning."

"Fifth.—Last, not least, in the dinner speeches phrase, that he loves his wife and remains her devoted husband."

Of such was the happy wedded life of England's long widowed queen.

Wrote Her Name In Dust.

Apropos of housekeeping there is a story of the queen which is being told by the English papers which is interesting. It is of course understood that Victoria R. is a devout believer in housewifely qualities and in every woman her own housekeeper, though a queen. The queen looks well to the ways of her household, so, as the story goes, in passing through an unused suit of rooms at Windsor one day she found the place undusted and one table in particular white with dust.

The queen understands not only the big but the little practices of housekeeping, so in silent dignity, as a compelling reproof, she wrote in the dust with her finger, "Victoria R."

But, alas, this subtle rebuke was wasted and the following day when her majesty passed through the room she saw the dust a trifle thicker and her name as she had written it the day before. Persevering, the queen then asked the name of the untidy housemaid and learning it wrote that also below her own.

This last effort was rewarded with success, and the third day the dust and the names had both disappeared, "and," as the story goes, "the silent rebuke from her

sovereign was never forgotten by the neglectful maid."

The Use and Abuse of Health.

In matters of health, paradoxical as the statement is, the battle is not always to the strong. Indeed it is by no means rare to see cases where the direct cause of premature breakdown and death was an inherited good constitution. It is with health as with wealth—than which an ancestor has labored long to accumulate may be dissipated in a short time by a spendthrift heir; while, on the other hand, men are apt to be careful of that for which they have personally struggled.

It is an undoubted physiological fact that people who have inherited good constitutions, may if they choose, and barring accidents, live long lives; yet how often we see such people wasting this great gift in needless imprudences, priding themselves on the impunity with which they overtax nerve force on foolish pleasures, claiming that they "never take cold," and boasting of their recuperative powers, in the possession of which they continue to insult nature.

But sooner or later nature always resents insult, and the day of retribution inevitably comes to the man who uses his principal of health to gamble with, instead of contenting himself with the legitimate use of his interest.

It is, of course, does not alter the fact that one man may do things with impunity that would be suicidal in another. Our parable still holds good. His principal is larger, and consequently his income is larger; nevertheless, let him be satisfied with his comfortable six per cent., and not tempt fate with wildest schemes.

Still clinging to our metaphor, we may say that, as there are many Dick Washingtons, who come to town with a penny in the pocket, but with careful thrift end by being lord mayors, so it may be with many who are poor in physical health. Recognizing their limitations, and living wholesome sanitary lives, they may actually create a constitution enabling them to enjoy long years of health and happiness.

This end is not to be attained by a fussy over-occupation with questions of hygiene, but by a brave determination, daily exercised, to eat properly, sleep properly, breathe properly, and pay due heed to nature's admonitions.

In this fight we have the comfort of knowing that nature herself is with us, her tendency being ever away from disease and toward health.

Sheets of Bread.

If you wish to dine off a sheet of bread, you must go to the great American desert, and ask the women of the Moki Indians to bake it for you. But if you are wise, you will not inquire too closely into the details of the process.

The preparation of the bread, in sheets hardly thicker than a sheet of paper, is a real art among the Moki women. A corner in the principal room is set aside for the accommodation of a shallow trough, walled in with slabs of stone set on end. The trough is divided into three compartments, and in these the first process of bread making takes place.

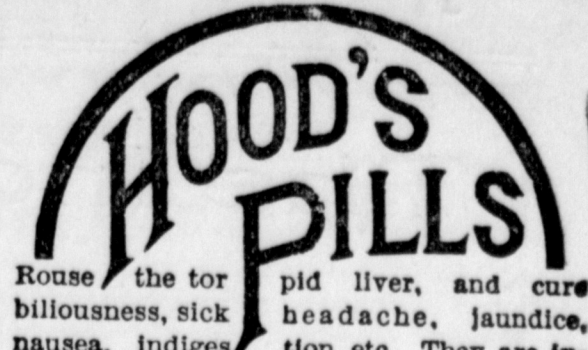
When bread is to be made, a girl kneels behind each compartment. Shelled corn is then put on the flat stone in the first compartment, and with a course, oblong stone the first girl proceeds to rub it. The coarse meal thus prepared is passed on to the next compartment. Here it is again rubbed with a stone less coarse, and passed on to the third stage. The result is decidedly floury meal.

With a brush which is made of dried grass bound together with a string of yucca, and with which the floor is swept between times, the meal is then gathered up, and mixed with water to a thick batter. Then comes in the art of the baker. She takes a single handful of the batter and spreads it over a long flat stone, under which a fire has been for some time burning. The batter is made to cover thinly the entire surface.

When one side is baked she takes the bread by a corner and pulls it off dexterously, turning it the other side up. When it is done, a long flat basket receives it, and the baker turns the edges up all round, so that the air can get at it. Sheet after sheet is baked until the basket is piled high with the blue bread, or "piki," which the baker pronounces "peka."

No salt is used in the batter, and the piki has a sweetish taste. It is usually blue, partaking of the color of the corn from which it is made. It is eaten dry or in a sort of soup. When the men go on a journey they take piki made into rolls, very much as one would roll up a sheet of wet paper, the bread being of about the same thickness as the paper.

The stones upon which the bread is baked are prepared by the old women of the tribe with great secrecy and much ceremony. They are very valuable, and



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are handed down as heirlooms from mother to daughter.

The first stage in the process, so says Popular Science News, is the smoothing and filling of the surface of the stone with hot pitch. It is then smoked and rubbed for many days, with an accompaniment of rude chanting. As far as a white man may know, the first rubbing is with a smooth stone, the next with pieces of wood, while the finishing work is done with the bare hands. The result is a jet black, smooth surface, to which the piki does not stick in baking.

Hunting Ostrich Nests.

Although the skin of an ostrich is worth from forty to one hundred dollars on the spot, the hunter of the desert usually prefers to search for the eggs when he has discovered an ostrich flight. An English traveller in the Sahara, Mr. H. B. Tristram, describes this search.

Once, and once only, I had the good fortune to take an ostrich's nest, although fresh eggs were not infrequently brought in by the Arabs. We observed with our telescopes two birds standing for some time in the same spot, and were induced to ride toward them. They rapidly scudded off, but on intersecting their track we turned back and retraced it instead of continuing a vain pursuit.

An ostrich's track is by no means easy either to follow or to retrace, for his stride measures, when he is at full speed, from twenty-two to twenty-eight feet; and the oblong impression of two toes at so wide intervals affords no very evident track to any eyes less expert than those of a Bedouin huntsman.

We retraced the impression to the spot where we had seen the birds standing together, and where the sand was well trodden down. Two Arabs at once dismounted and began to dig with their hands, and presently they brought up four fresh eggs from a depth of about a foot under the warm sand.

Ostrich egg omelet we always found a most welcome addition to our desert bill of fare, and a convenient and portable provision, for from the thickness of the shell and eggs kept perfectly sweet and fresh for a fortnight or three weeks.

Out of a Housewife's Diary.

I am completely disheartened.

To night I entered the parlor suddenly and found my husband lying on one of my lovely new sofa cushions.

How impossible it is for a woman to make a home in the true sense when she is married to such an insensate man!

Sometimes I feel that I should be glad to die.

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"No, thank you, I've got some money of my own," said little Tommy, politely as the contribution plate passed in front of him on the occasion of his first visit to church.

If you put two men in the same bedroom one of whom has the toothache and the other is in love, you will find that the person who has the toothache will go to sleep first.

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