

Chat of the Boudoir.

The autumn girl this year promises to be faddy in an intellectual way. A virulent wave of fads has spread over the summer resorts this season and not even the mountain farmhouse piazza has been exempt from conversation quite at variance with the usual fancy work, servants and health topics of the past. Even the summer girls talked of the various cults, occult sciences, and the wars. One reason for this spread of knowledge is that many readers and lecturers have found a profitable field in making tours of the hotels and summer places and giving talks and lectures in parlors on interesting topics. One woman who talks entertainingly on India and its mystic sciences of the mind has transformed one part of the Catskills into a settlement of summer theosophists, while physical culture has a vast army of followers who are taking up the exercises with wild enthusiasm.

The knowledge thus acquired while necessarily somewhat superficial has had a tendency to give an alarmingly intellectual tone to much of the chat that one hears at the ice cream soda counters, in the cars and at the matinees where home returning women congregate. Dress is no longer the main feminine subject; in fact it has become an unwritten law that the subject of clothes must be avoided in social gatherings. This excellent idea has emanated from the colleges where there has been a marked tendency for some time to abjure the eternal subject of chignons. When two women meet at their tailor's or milliner's the ban is removed and they may discourse to their heart's content on good fits, new skirt models and trimmings. But the dinner man of the coming winter will be amazed to find that the girl he takes in will be up on subjects the names of which he may be acquainted with only in a far-off way.

The summer fashion of going gloveless sent any number of women back to the city with brown hands, upon which the rings most modern women delight in show up with odd effect. Few of the younger women show a disposition to resume the glove of civilization, apparently delighting in unfettered finger and wrists as men generally do. The brown hands are not the sort that poets love to sing of, as nothing shows the effects of exposure or use of any sort more than the hand. The skin grows rough, the fingers thicken at the tips and the nails take months to get back to their normal daintiness. Still, a white, delicate looking hand is not up to date this autumn and a manish distaste for covering the hand threatens to injure the sale of women's gloves until well on toward the winter.

While the home coming girl of autumn has thrown over her gloves she has added an extra veil to her equipment. The inventor of the two veil fad, or the reason for its prevalence, is not known, but it has become the custom to wear one closely drawn veil of dotted gauze over the face to the chin while an additional veil of chiffon usually of the brown variety flutters loosely from the hat brim. The two veils give the effect of mystery and strangeness enough even the very prettiest girls swathe their faces in the double covering and peer out from the gauze like Turkish women, piquing the curiosity of the beholder.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Still another use for the dress suit case has been found. Tiny cases, often not more than eighteen inches square, are made for the small boy's benefit, and in them he carries his school books.

The large loose waves so essential to the low, fluffy, half-parted pompadour style of dressing can be made by wetting the hair and tying broad bands of tape around it.

One of the most stylish gloves for wear with light gowns is old-fashioned looking, and of soft thin kid, with no stitching on the back and only one pearl button.

Dealers say that women are buying only the thinnest silk and lisle hose and that even when cold weather comes, the heavier hose will go begging. Extravagant foot dressing has become a mania and no little thing like health or comfort can interfere with it. The stockings are more and more beautiful, and one house is showing an exclusive line of black gauze silk hose, with a web like tracing of gold thread above the slipper, and caught in the gold meshes on the instep a small inserted butterfly of point lace.

Real laces are being used to a remarkable extent, Cluny, Arabian, point d'Alencon, Irish point, point de Flandres and Renaissance taking the lead. Batiste laces

are also much worn as trimming for cloth or silk, designs copied from rare old laces being embroidered on ecru batiste.

Silk applique on net, and velvet applique on net or silk, are trimmings as popular as lace, and stunning little coats are made of black velvet applique on coarse net and lined with white.

Another popular trimming is made by laying silk, with an irregular outline, upon cloth, and embroidering it to the goods in self shades.

A new gray which the French have poetically dubbed winter sky is the most hopeless of the new and fashionable shades. It hasn't even a hint of pink or lilac or cream in it, but is as uncompromisingly hard and dreary as the once popular zinc gray. No complexion can stand it; but it will doubtless be worn, since it is fashionable. Rouge, another of the new tints can refute all charges of dreariness. It is the most brilliant and beautiful of all the reds we have had, and will unquestionably win favor.

Apparently this is to be a season of buckles. They are growing larger and more popular and much more beautiful, from an artistic point of view, than ever before. Antique designs are first favorites particularly the Egyptian in dull metal and opaque stones. This fad for the odd and the antique extends through all the field of jewelry and the demand is bringing some work that is wonderfully beautiful and original.

Long chains are still popular, but they are hung with odd pendants and charms. Turquoise matrix is much used in this kind of jewelry, and an opaque stone of malachite green is also a favorite. Fresh water pearls in their irregular shapes lend themselves readily to odd and original designs and make particularly attractive pendants or drops on curiously wrought chains of gold.

Brocaded silks are less in demand here than buyers anticipated, probably because we have not accepted the Directoire and Louis XVI. fashions as readily as Paris has. Striped effects are the most popular things among the new silks and a phosphorized silk which has an odd quicksilver effect bids fair to be much used for waists.

Huge Directoire muffs are shown by the leading furriers and recall Mme. Le Brun's famous "Girl With the Muff." Coquettish little muffs of velvet chiffon and lace are to keep their vogue, however, and very elaborate ones are being made to match fall costumes. Gold lace appears in many of them, a note meant to harmonize with the ubiquitous gold trimming of coats and frocks.

Plaid waists are popular in Paris and are made plainly, with a box pleat in the middle of the front, and stock, wristbands and girdle of black satin. The bishop sleeve is decidedly the most stylish for the separate waists, and the backs of the shirt waists are still devoid of yokes, but made plain, instead of being tucked and pleated as they were in the spring.

THE DUTIES OF A MODEL.

A Line of Woman's Work That is Very Trying.

The wholesale cloak houses are having their busiest season just at present and are taking orders for the winter garments for the retail dealers. This calls for the services of an army of models, as the young woman are called who show the various garments to the buyers from all over the country. These models are selected on the grounds of their appearance, refinement and good carriage. Their proportions must not vary an inch from the established standard as to height, length of waist and limb, size of bust waist and hips.

They are obliged to wear black skirts and jersey waists, the old-fashioned woven bodice that was popular many seasons ago but is now only manufactured for the use of the professional cloak model, who can more readily take on and off the various garments she shows when wearing one of these clinging waists. The model must be at her place at 9 and she works steadily until 6 with an hour sometimes only half an hour for luncheon. She is not allowed to sit down during business hours and besides trying on dozens of gowns, wraps and coats she keeps stock in order and acquaints herself with prices and materials, so that she may know something about the details of the business. At the same time she is not supposed to speak except in answer to a question, and is prized for her automaton like immobility of face. In the Fifth avenue tailoring shops to smile would be a grievous infraction of rule.

A model receives about \$10 a week to begin with, but often becomes an invaluable aid to her employers through some mysterious knack of bringing out the best points of the garment displayed. Natural grace, dignity of carriage and tact all go toward making a successful model. Some-

of the high salaried saleswomen in the cloak department of the large dry goods stores began their work as models with the wholesale dealers. The cloak model, like the girl type writer, has been very much misrepresented by the tales of lurid writers, who tell of her subsistence on champagne and terrapin luncheons and her luxurious mode of life generally, but such stories are all imaginary. The cloak model works hard for little pay and she is not as, as a rule, particularly intelligent or interesting, except in her line of work. Her one idea is apt to be an overwhelming belief and conceit in her figure, which she guards carefully and laces tightly.

Another line of woman's work not so generally known of is that of shopper for the large retail dry goods houses. About every establishment has one, sometimes more than one, of these shoppers, who are really detectives in their way. The shopper is provided with handsome gowns and hats by the firm employing her, so that she may have the appearance of a customer who would be apt to buy largely. Her duties are to make a daily tour of rival establishments, ascertaining the novelties in stock and the prices, and especially to become cognizant of all bargain sales and reductions in the different departments. The danger in the work of the shopper lies in her probable detection. Once she becomes known clerks and floorwalkers are combined against her and her usefulness is done. She is treated with scant courtesy and the salespeople are instructed to deny her information and to refuse to show goods. She is frozen out and must seek other fields.

One of the cleverest and most successful of these shoppers is absolutely unsuspected. She travels in a brougham and purchases largely, being to all intents and purposes a legitimate and desirable customer. She keeps rigid watch on the different stores and enables her own house to undersell the firm's rivals at all times. Having ingratiated herself with some of the salespeople she even receives information a week ahead, sometimes, of contemplated sales, and on the same day her firm will make a similar reduction.

While the majority of people returning from the vacations tell the same story of depleted pocketbooks, debts and pecuniary conditions for weeks to come, many persons take advantage of the two summer months to reduce their living expenses so that they have more ample means to meet requirements of the winter in town.

Paris was once the Mecca of the economical American in the summer, but now the various farmhouses and boarding cottages of the Catskills offer a better field. At any number of these places good board can be obtained for \$7 or \$8 a week, at many places the prices are even lower and where whole families arrange for a long stay the rates that can be made are surprising to the person accustomed to the extravagance of the most ordinary town life.

These mountain places offer few inducements for the expenditure on money and the appetites that are bred in the beautiful air atone for the poor quality of the food and the tinned vegetables, &c., that are part of the life at these boarding cottages. Various are the inconveniences, but great are the economies, and at the end of the summer the boarder has become accustomed to the life and the simpler and more healthful mode of living without elevators, steam heat, electric lighting, porcelain paths and up-to-date cooking.

The question of cheap living in Paris is one often disputed. One can live cheaply in Paris as he can live cheaply in New York, but the change in his mode of life will be commented upon and deductions drawn here, while in Paris he quietly takes up the new standard of living on the plea of picturesqueness or some other of the excuses usually made for cheapness and discomfort. The Parisian mode of life is undoubtedly more picturesque but the American laborer living in a tenement flat has more comfort and convenience than the camping-out American has in the French capital when he begins to live cheaply.

The Paris methods of purchasing food in small quantities sufficient for each meal has its advantage for the frugal buyer, but any one who wishes comfort in Paris must pay for it as elsewhere. An interesting experience was enjoyed by three American girls, two of them writers and the third an actress now in a London theatre, who was at the time of the experiment a reporter on a New York paper. These girls religiously saved up their money for a trip to Paris and return, and started with their travelling expenses and a small amount sufficient for a few weeks, stay in the city of their dreams. Within a week after arriving in Paris the woman reporter had changed her profession to that of the stage and obtained an engagement although she had not an idea

of such a proceeding when she left America. The two other girls emboldened by their friend's success, began to write for some of the London papers as well as for those of New York, and within a month the trio had a cosy apartment and were keeping house. They wrote home to the astonished relatives and friends that they found Paris full of business possibilities, and that they had concluded to remain there for the present. Their adventures would make an interesting book which some day, doubtless will be written.

One interesting chapter of the experience was a trip to London where they obtained veritable Dickens lodgings with a typical English landlady and a slavey who served them with shrimps and tea and other weird breakfasts. They rode on the tops of 'buses and enjoyed London far more than if they had lived in more conventional style. The girl actress made her contract with a great London manager before she sailed for home. They were away from New York about eighteen months and returned in triumph to tell of the possibilities of Paris to an American girl.

"Nick O' Time."

Where hundreds of men are 'prospecting' one of them is liable, of course, to stumble upon a ledge that 'pans out' in paying gold or silver. That 'lucky find' gives birth to a dozen stories about millionaires who have become rich 'beyond the dreams of avarice' by some fortunate accident. The following story, which the reader may believe or not, as it pleases him, of a miner's experience is original in that it permits a gunpowder to play the chief part in enriching the man.

A miner named John Quincy Adams was prospecting in the mountains. While trudging along, one hot day, through a gulch where the sun had a good chance at his back, he suddenly smelled smoke. He glanced quickly in every direction to ascertain the origin of the smoke; but seeing nothing, resumed his journey.

A moment later the smell returned, stronger than ever. A light wreath of vapor curled about his ears, and gave him to understand that his haversack was on fire. Like all miners, he carried a large lens for the purpose of examining the specimens and the sand in his pan, and the truth flashed upon him.

For want of room he had hung the glass on the outside, and the rays of the sun had been concentrated on his haversack, which was thus set on fire. As among its contents were twelve or fifteen pounds of powder, he lost no time in dropping the burden and getting as far away as possible.

The haversack fell between two huge stones, out of sight. Adams reached a safe distance, and watched the smoke rising from his worldly possessions. Suddenly there was a deafening report. The ground trembled, and Adams dodged behind a huge stone.

Rising, he went to the spot to gather up what he could find, when his eyes almost started out of his head at seeing the quartz that had been blown up fairly glittering with gold. His powder had done better on its own account than it had ever done on his, and had literally blown open a gold mine for his benefit. He was made a rich man, and named his mine the 'Nick o' Time.'

A HUMOROUS SPIRIT.

The late Miss Mary Kingsley, one of the most intrepid of recent African explorers, and a writer whose books are not only vivid, but brightened by many touches of humor, has been described as "the very cut of an old maid." She used to be seen in a little black bonnet, of by no means the newest shape; and even in wading streams or pushing through the West African bush, she never abandoned skirts. Thus hampered, it is a mystery why she was not drowned in the capsize to which her West African river crews were continually treating her. One narrow escape, with unusually frightful accessories drawn from her wealth of adventurous experiences was given by Miss Kingsley to the Westminster Gazette.

On a certain voyage, circumstances over which she had no control placed her in a canoe with a white trader on a river in the south. The two travellers were talking about rubber—it seems that everybody talks rubber in that country—when they saw in the river ahead a herd of hippopotami, and Miss Kingsley, being nervous, said:

"Can you tell me if hippos are dangerous in this country?"

"Sometimes they are, ma'am, and sometimes they're not. You can't tell till you are past them," said the trader, and he discoursed again on rubber.

They went on, and just as Miss Kingsley thought, 'Saved! a hippo came under the boat, and they were in the water.'

Miss Kingsley always went conscientiously to the bottom when upset, and when she returned to the surface she saw their

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crew making for the bank, and heard a voice, with a rich Manchester accent, saying:

"Do you appear to survive, ma'am?"
"Temporarily," said Miss Kingsley.
"Then hang on to the canoe."
"I am hanging," she said. "Hang on yourself."

And he hung. Miss Kingsley then suggested the bank.

"No," said the trader. "Wait till the canoe carries us past the land. If they can get a foothold they'll stamp you down. They can't do much in deep water."

They floated along in silence for a while. Then the trader said:

"The worst of floating along like this is, the chances are a jockey [crocodile] will come along and sample your legs."

As may be imagined, it was not all plain sailing for Miss Kingsley after that! No such direful thing happened, however, and in due course the voyagers proceeded on their way in a righted canoe.

Primitive Time-Keeping.

In Madagascar, before the people had clocks and watches, the passing of the night and the day was marked by various observations of nature and of domestic duties.

Frog-croaking was the earliest intimation of coming day. This was at about two o'clock, and was followed in an hour by cock-croaking. Crow-croaking came at five o'clock and half an hour later the colors of cattle were to be made out. At that time diligent people would awake.

Within the topics, sunrise would vary little from six o'clock, and fifteen minutes later was the time for cattle to go to pasture. The drying of the dew marked another period at about half past six.

As the houses were built with their length running north and south, these furnished a sort of dial. The door was always on the west side. Day was said to be taking hold of the threshold at about half past twelve. At one o'clock was the peeping in of the day. An hour later the sun had reached the rice-pounding place. At three o'clock it was at the place of tying the calf.

In the course of another hour it had reached the poultry pen. At half past five the cattle came home, and at six the sun was dead. From seven to eight people were cooking and eating their rice, and at nine they went to sleep.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson Artificial Ear Drums, has sent £1,000 to the Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Mocking Birds in War.

During the siege of Ladysmith a mocking-bird in the British camp learned to imitate the warning whistle given by the sentries whenever the flash of a big Boer gun announced a coming shell. Not only that but, according to the account of a British correspondent in the besieged town, the bird also imitated the 'scream and buzz' of the shell passing through the air.

Another Record.

Popperton made a remarkable trip of seventeen and one half miles in his automobile yesterday.

Is that so? What was his time?
I don't know, but he told me he didn't run over anybody, and never hit so much even as a dog.

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