

Chat of the Boudoir.

A special feature of stylish and consequently good dressing this season is noticeable in the different types of dressy gowns, each of which is distinctive in style and made for a special purpose. It rather complicates the question of a fashionable outfit inasmuch as it necessitates many gowns if you are a society woman in full swing, for there must be a gown for each function. But the result is very satisfactory and quite after the Parisian idea of perfection in the art of good dressing. The house gown is especially demonstrated as one of the needed variations in dress, and seems to be one or two removes from a tea gown. You see it in princess form rather more than any other, and white or tinted cloth is the favorite material. A white cloth princess is a dream on the right woman if it is properly fitted and made, with chiffon pleatings at the hem peeping out beneath the slashed cloth skirt. Tucks of white cloth sewn on a white tulle skirt overlapping each other, enough for a finish, are the foundations for one pretty model, the skirt of which is slashed nearly to the waist line, the edges being finished with rows of stitching. Some of these gowns are princess shape in the back only, the front opening over a lace or tucked chiffon tablier, and being caught back at each side with a rosette and long scarf ends of chiffon. Long ends of lace are sometimes fastened at the throat with gold buckles.

Empire gowns are particularly suited to the house variety, and in striking contrast are one of black panne velours with yoke of black chantilly embroidered with gold, and a white lace gown made over plaited crepe. The lace robe opens in front, where it is cut across with narrow white velvet ribbon dotted with gold. The transparent lace sleeves are in puffs arranged on a chiffon lining to droop slightly over the velvet bands between. The black panne gown is plaited in the back and plain in front, where it shapes in to the figure somewhat, like all the modern empire gowns, and the lace yoke extends into a sort of bolero which gives a pretty finish. A yoke of lace with long stole ends is another pretty fancy for the house gown.

Lace jackets and waists of various kinds are part of the house gown outfit, which after all is merely a name for a gown too light in color and possibly delicate in texture for street wear. A lace waist, with a pale gray crepe de chine skirt also trimmed with lace is charming. Some of the lace jackets have a basque attachment much longer in front than at the back.

Something unusual in the way of a house gown is seen in a combination of pale blue cloth and black and white striped silk. The skirt of cloth has a wide undulating band of cream lace set in well above the hem with a piping of black satin at either edge. The bodice of the striped silk is a coat, short to the waist line in front, but extending into coat tails nearly half the length of the skirt at the back. Applique bands of lace are set in across this appendage and twice around the body and sleeves which are finished with a cavalier cuff of lace piped with black and an undersleeve of chiffon. The revers collar is also of lace turning back from a surplice vest of black satin which terminates in long sash ends. This cavalier cuff is one of the latest features in the much varied sleeve and the cavalier wrist ruffles of lace are the approved finish.

Apropos of house jackets is the little bolero with long tails made of pink panne, with a dainty waistcoat of gold brocade over a soft blouse of white lace. This sort of confection is worn over a plaited skirt of mousseline matching the jacket in color and trimmed with very narrow bands of sable. Satin is used for the foundation dress, and if more warmth is required it may be lined with albatross.

In street gowns there is something quite new for the elegant matron in a coat and skirt of black pean-de-soie, made perfectly plain, with a fitted flounce striped around with cord width tucks an inch apart, or finished with stitching. The coat is of half or three quarter length, whichever is most becoming, and shirred or plaited across the back. The fronts are double breasted in saque shape and turn back at the neck with a close collar and revers of black velvet. One good authority on dress suggests the coat without any fur trimmings as the latest and most desirable fashion, as it can be worn with fur boas and collarettes, which are easily thrown off when you enter a warm room where it is not always convenient to remove the coat. Any sort of pretty silk blouse may be worn with this black silk two-piece costume, and for women who are no longer young there is an air of elegance about

this kind of a street gown which nothing can surpass. Sable is the most elegant of all furs with the silk gown, and we see it in the form of flat shawl collar fastened midway between the neck and wrist with a large gold clasp, where there are two long ends. Some of these fur novelties are finished with a plaiting of chiffon to match, which closely shirred, forms the lining.

Other styles show some very stunning evening gowns, the first one of which is made of gold tissue, cream lace and embroidery supplemented by a black tulle scarf. Velvet dotted black net trimmed with black velvet ribbon forms another gown, but the daintiest of all is made of white chiffon, plaited and trimmed elaborately with bands and tabs of cream lace. A pretty girlish gown is made of white crepe de chine, tucked and trimmed with lace insertions and tiny ruchings of chiffon. White mousseline de soie striped with black velvet ribbon, in the next gown, is one of the popular combinations which is also used for high-necked costumes, and still another model is daintily carried out in point d'esprit and lace with tucks and ruchings for the finish. Jackets and collars in Bruges guipure lace are among the novelties in lace, which can be purchased in the shops all ready for use, and a few of them are shown in the cuts.

FILLS OF FASHION.

If fashion reports are to be credited, the latest style of hair dressing is low, with the knot well down at the nape of the neck or just above, if that is more becoming. This is said to be the prevailing mode in Paris, for both day and evening dress, and the hair is usually parted in the middle, or at one side, some parting being a necessary accompaniment.

For evening dress a rose is worn either well forward in front or just back of the ear, and the gold roses are especially pretty for this purpose. In hair ornaments there is no limit, but flowers have the preference just at the moment. Roses are made more showy by dotting them here and there with rhinestones. The very latest idea in flowers is a bunch of geranium blossoms arranged with leaves of their own kind. They came in a variety of bright colors very true to nature and are certainly very decorative. Gardenias are another fancy in flowers and are both large and small, and the lily of the valley is also worn. A velvet anemone with a bunch of leaves is also very effective or you may wear the satin bow spotted with rhinestones. Daintier than all the rest is a bunch of black thistle down with shadowy tulle leaves also black. In blonde hair this is charming.

One of the prettiest novelties in purses is of plain gray suede leather simply stitched around the edges and fastened with a button hole, and jewelled buttons which vary in elegance and price.

New muff chains have leaves of tinted gold or enamel instead of jewels.

The latest novelty in veiling has a dot of gold beside each cherille dot. Nothing escapes this universal craze for gold, it seems; but it is hardly a becoming addition in this particular instance. There are no end of pretty novelties among the veils, however, and white veils are very much worn. Fancy designs in mesh add to the diversity, and then there are all sorts of variations in the arrangement of the dots, one of which is in two little squares, one overlapping the other, and each in dots of a different size, which form simply the lines and not the solid squares. One of the latest veils is the mesh in either black or white with very small dots which seem to be the preference this season.

The latest skirt model shows only two seams, one in front and one in the centre of the back.

The raglan overcoat, so fashionable for men, appears among the tailor garments for women, but only the fair ones with sporting proclivities venture to don one of these most unbecoming of all outside garments possible to women.

Dainty waists of India mull in pale tints are worn with the tailor-made skirts and coats. They are finely tucked and finished with a lace yoke, belt and cuffs.

THE DAUGHTER OF A HIGHLANDER

Reply of Miss McDonald, a New York Nurse, to Gen. Roberts After Being Wounded.

The alumnae of the New York City Training School for Nurses, formerly known as the Charity Hospital Training School, have been reading the reports from the seat of war in South Africa with especial interest because one of their fellow graduates has achieved distinction there not only for her work as a nurse but also for her bravery on the field of battle.

She is Miss Margaret C. McDonald of Pictou, Nova Scotia. The cable reported early in the fall that she had been wounded and that she had conducted herself with heroism worthy of a trained soldier. Further details of the accident to Miss McDonald have reached New York in letters from Cape Town, but even these reports are somewhat incomplete. Fragmentary as they are, they have added to the satisfaction of the Alumnae Association of the Charity Hospital nurses, who are anxiously awaiting Miss McDonald's return to this country to give her a reception and to proclaim their pride in her achievements.

What has made the graduate nurses especially proud of Miss McDonald was her quick reply to Lord Roberts, who complimented her upon her fortitude. She said: "Oh, that's nothing. I am the daughter of a Highlander."

Miss McDonald's friends do not know in what engagement she was wounded or the exact date. The cable simply said that she had been wounded. The letters received since say that she was on the firing line, or close to it. It is also known that she offered to assist in surgery work near the line of battle. The surgeons protested for a time, but she said that she was not afraid. She was wounded in the shoulder by a piece of shell. It is thought that there was a change in the line of battle and that it was impossible to move the surgeons' headquarters, where the wounded men were taken for immediate treatment. Miss McDonald refused to leave her work, and it is said did not flinch in the least. Her own wound was painful, but a delicate operation was being performed upon a wounded soldier and she felt that her presence was necessary until it was finished. After the soldier had been cared for fully she allowed the surgeon to look after her and she retired for a time.

Miss McDonald was graduated from the Charity Hospital Training School in the class of 1895. She had three years' experience in general nursing before the South African war started. She was elected recording secretary of the Alumnae Association of the nurses that were graduated from the Blackwell's Island school, but resigned about a year ago to go to her home in Nova Scotia, where she expected to get a place as a trained nurse with the army. As soon as the war started her spirit of loyalty to Canada and the mother country prompted her to volunteer as a nurse. She had nursed some of the returned soldiers from Cuba at Montauk Point during the war with Spain and she was all eagerness to go with the Canadian contingent to South Africa. Her people have social prominence in Nova Scotia and she was one of the five first nurses selected to go with the Canadian soldiers. There were hundreds of applications for these places.

Arriving in South Africa Miss McDonald was attached to the column that went to the relief of Kimberly and she was the first woman to enter the city after it was relieved. After that she became attached immediately to Lord Roberts's staff and was with him in all his fighting to Pretoria. Gen. Roberts himself came to see her when she was wounded and told her that she was a brave woman. She had too much tact directly to disparage anything that the Commander-in-Chief might say to her, but she turned it off neatly by remarking:

"I am the daughter of a Highlander."

Grandmother's Recipes.

Grandma is one of those who can mix and flavor and bake to perfection without the aid of a cook-book. She was born to her profession, not made for it by practice and discipline. But alas for her who hopes to copy grandma's recipes, for they do not exist, save in her own brain, and they could never be transferred to paper.

Not so long ago one of the granddaughters went over to the old house with pencil and paper to take down some of the most valuable rules, to make a cook-book of her own, and present copies to all the nieces.

Grandma was delighted to be asked. She sat down, smoothed her apron, folded her plump hands and said:

"Yes, dear, yes. I should admire to give you my receipts, every one of 'em"

"We'll begin with the simplest," said Dora, in a businesslike tone. "Apple sauce, now. Yours is better than anybody's. How do you make it?"

"Well," said grandma, genially, "I peel my apples nice, and quarter 'em and put 'em on the stove with a little water."

"How many apples?" inquired Dora. "How much water?"

"That was a poser. Grandma looked at her in real distress.

"Dear me, child," said she, "I can't tell you that to save my life! Why, just take 'em to the pump and pump a mite on 'em."

"Well," said Dora, trying to approach the subject by a different road, "sugar,

now. How much of that to a quart sauce-pan full of apples?"

Grandma looked at her benignantly.

"I just take the sugar-box over to the stove," said she, "and put on—well, what's required. Yes, dear, with my little scoop!"

The apple sauce was given up for graver matters; but there, also, lurked defeat. When it came to buns, grandma put in currants, but—how many?

"Oh, I don't know, dear," said she, easily. "Not many. Here and there a traveller."

Lamb broth she simmered 'till it was done.

"When the goodness is all out o' the meat, child," said she, somewhat pityingly. "Dear me, you can tell that!"

Sour milk gingerbread is one of her masterpieces. Yet how much soda does she use to a cup of milk?

"Enough to sweeten it, dear," says grandma, "and make it rise real good. You'll know when you try it."

The interview was given up. Dora sat with idle pencil and useless paper, while grandma, quite unconscious of proving a disappointment, beamed through her glasses and discoursed on the ease of cooking properly, if one only gave one's mind to it. Then the dear old lady rose and went out to 'get supper,' a meal calculated to fill any inexperienced cook with envy to the brim.

Grandma could do it to perfection, but she could not tell how.

Gastritis.

Inflammation of stomach, gastric catarrh or gastritis, this unpleasant affection is variously called, may, like most inflammatory diseases, be acute or chronic in its course. The chronic condition often results from a succession of acute attacks, or it may come on gradually, without being preceded by acute symptoms.

The signs of an acute attack are pain and soreness over the region of the stomach, nausea and vomiting, a loathing for food, usually a coated tongue, a bad breath, headache, dizziness and sometimes a blurring of the sight, especially after stooping. The stomach is often distended with gas, and belching, sometimes accompanied by very sour eructations, is a troublesome symptom.

There may be more or less fever; the pulse is weak, and may be rapid or slower than in health. Sometimes, while there is no appetite, there is a craving for pickles or highly seasoned dishes, but indulgence in this craving soon turns it to loathing. The symptoms of chronic gastritis are similar to those of the acute form, but less pronounced. The tongue is coated, the breath is foul, and often the sufferer has a bad taste in the mouth. The head aches dully, the wits are blunted and the temper apt to be irritable. There is a sensation of weight or distress in the stomach eructations are frequent, and occasionally a recently eaten meal is vomited.

A not uncommon symptom is a slight cough with raising of mucus. Sometimes, especially if the patient is losing flesh, this cough causes unnecessary alarm, being taken as an indication of consumption.

Gastritis, whether acute or chronic, is caused by some irritant acting upon the mucous membrane of the stomach. This may be poison, such as arsenic, which has been swallowed; or it may be alcohol, or acid or highly spiced food; or the irritant may be formed in the stomach by the fermentation of indigestible food, or of food taken in too great quantity. Finally, it may result from the secretion into the stomach of poisons circulating in the blood.

The treatment of acute gastritis consists in the removal of the irritating material by copious drinking of warm water followed by vomiting, and then giving the stomach a complete rest, allowing only a little diluted milk occasionally. The cure of the chronic form is a less simple matter, and often calls for the use of drugs, careful dieting, and the institution of a hygienic regime under the physician's direction.

Underground Champagne.

Visitors to France may go out of their way to gaze upon the quaint architecture and crumbling houses of Epernay, or the Roman antiquities and grand old cathedral of Rheims, but the real towns of Champagne are to be looked for underground. These are the bustling, busy places where the business of Champagne is carried on. They are of vast extent.

American and British workmen would probably not trouble themselves to obtain employment in underground Champagne. Day after day the work-people leave the outer world for eleven and twelve hours at a time to discharge duties which, if not particularly arduous, must be wearisome by reason of their monotony.

An intelligent Frenchman assured a writer in the Royal Magazine that he had worked below ground for nearly forty-five years. His duties consisted in shaking bottles to dislodge the sediment. He said that he had shaken fifty-five bottles a minute during each working day of twelve hours

for these forty-five years, and then asked the writer to calculate how many bottles he had shaken. It is no great wonder that after a moment's consideration the visitor took to his heels.

Underground Champagne has a reputation for producing good wines, but according to the writer the business tends so sour the dispositions of the workers. He found most of them taciturn, not to say misanthropical. In one cellar at Epernay he came across an old man who assured him that the place was filled with ghosts and goblins.

It is hard to realize that underneath the primitive villages where the vineyards grow there are springing up subterranean cities of great importance, but this is the case. Men must search below, and not above, ground if they would understand the life of the people of Champagne.

First performer—Isn't it about time for your committee to begin its campaign against vice?

Second reformer—Oh, my, no. Why, they haven't had all our pictures in the paper yet.

Mrs. Jones—What's the matter with your husband?

Mrs. Malaprop—The doctor doesn't know, exactly; but he says he thinks it's conjuncture of the lungs.



Women Are Like Flowers.

Poets have been fond of likening woman to a flower. Her fairness is flowerlike. Her sweetness suggests the flower fragrance. Her very fragility finds its type again

in the frail flower, which languishes when neglected, and is so easily destroyed. It is a pretty simile and almost as perfect as pretty.

All women love flowers, and every woman who grows them knows that their health depends on daily care. Not alone are water and sunshine necessary to the health of the plant. Their leaves and roots must be guarded from the parasites which soon destroy the flower's beauty and undermine its life.

If a woman would care for herself as she does for her plants she would preserve her beauty and retain her strength far beyond the period when the average woman looks old and feels older than she looks.

THE GREAT SECRET

Of woman's preservation of her beauty lies in the intelligent care of the womanly health. So close is the relation between the health of the delicate womanly organs and the health of the whole body, that whenever the feminine functions are deranged or disturbed the consequences are felt by every nerve in the body. Severe headache, backache, pain in the side, and bearing-down pains are borne with by so many thousands of women that one who is in sound health is a rare exception. Most women would give anything to know how to be cured. The way is very plain. Follow the path made by more than a half a million women who have been perfectly cured of womanly ills and weakness.

"I believe I owe my life to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Pleasant Pellets,'" says Mrs. Maria G. Hayzel, writing from Brookland, D. C. "Six years ago, after the birth of one of my children, I was left in a weak, run-down condition. My health seemed utterly gone. I suffered from nervousness, female weakness and rheumatism, and I suffered everything one could suffer from these complaints. Life was a burden. I doctored with three different physicians and got no relief. I tried several patent medicines, all with the same result. I began to get worse, and to add to the complications I suffered terribly from constipation. I chanced to see one of your advertisements and concluded to try the above remedies. I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Pleasant Pellets' and began to improve right away, and continued improving and gaining in strength. I cannot express the relief, it was so great. Seven months later my little daughter was born without much trouble. I feel that I would never have been able to endure my confinement had it not been for the help I received from Dr. Pierce's medicines. My baby was a fine, healthy child, and the only one I have ever been able to nurse. She is now two years old and I have never had to take any medicine since, so I feel that your medicine has made a lasting cure with me. I owe so much in thanks, it would be impossible for me to express by word or pen how thankful I am to God and Dr. Pierce."

NOTHING IS SURER

Than the effect of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong, sick women well. It regulates the periods, stops disagreeable drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It prepares the wife for motherhood, gives her vigor and physical strength, so that the birth hour is practically painless. It is the best of tonics, because it contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. For working women in the home, store or schoolroom it is an invaluable medicine. It quiets the nerves, increases the appetite, and causes restful and refreshing sleep. Nursing mothers will find no tonic so beneficial to mother and child as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

That question is often on a woman's lips, for of her it is expected that she shall be ready to do something in any emergency in the home. When that question refers to health, sickness or disease, the answer will be found in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This great work contains 1008 large pages, and is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of stamps and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book bound in paper or 50 stamps for the volume in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.