

## GORGEOUS COSTUMES.

HOW THE FASHIONABLE BRIDE OF TO-DAY IS ARRAYED.

The Awful Ordeal of Getting Married—The Fashionably Arrayed Bride Calculated to Cause a Weak-Nerved Groom to Yell for Help.

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]



FANCY there are hardly more than three rules which may be laid down as imperative for a bridal costume. One is that the gown shall be white. The next is that arms and neck shall be closely covered. The third is that a veil shall be worn. Orange blossoms obtain—to use the popular word—and have obtained since Eve, denied the fabric of a loom, wrought her, so says the legend, a gown of the orange blossom petals, and therewith charmed Adam afresh. Yet, Eve to the contrary even, a nineteenth century union is legal, and all that, though the blossoms be omitted or a substitute found. Simplicity should reign, but it doesn't—Eve to the contrary, too. Instead of a trembling, shy bit of girlhood coming veiled and shrinking unto her eager groom, instead of a maid in simple

wardness of the private performance of asking is all his—the entire weight of the public performance of getting smoothly, gracefully, and elegantly married seems to rest upon us. He does his asking with no one to criticize him but us. He may be limp, knock-kneed, and nervous—his hands may shake and his voice quake, but it must be confessed that we are inclined to make allowances. Besides, we can, if necessary, help him along if he gets so tangled that he stops. But at church every eye is on us. If he gets tangled you can't do anything but whisper darkly that, if he doesn't brace up, you won't marry him at all, and that is as likely to reduce him to a condition of complete incompetency as it is to inspire him to go on. If here he sticks, it is disastrous. Oh! the sense of double responsibility is awful for the bride.

Then, too, comes the moment of your own panic. When book and priest are actually before you; when train and dress and people and lover even fade for the instant, and you only remember that you are about to sort of put your foot into it without quite knowing how deep it is—then you get the kind of panic which at the theater would be called stage fright. In one swift moment you see yourself scurrying down the aisle and away and away—anywhere—and that imagined self you feel has the best of it.

Then you wonder if you are saying

ing, half-crying little bride of thirty years back—but why draw comparisons? It is all the same thing, whether done in satin and shine in a big fashionable cathedral with all "the world" to look at you and your dress, or in



A LITTLE MAID OF HONOR.

meekness and muslin in a little village church, or in a hack and a hurry, with a bonnet, old gloves and a hastily secured license to add dignity to the ceremony—it's all the same; and whether or not content and happiness go out of the church to follow the pair will—dear old chestnut that it is—of course depend not on the dress but the girl in the dress.

It is a curious thing that brides so seldom look as well in their bridal gown as all their friends have seen them look dozens of times. I suppose it is because bridal gowns are usually ugly and unbecoming. White silk or satin is bound to be trying when worn close up to the throat. Yet white satin seems to be the popular fabric. Of course you can hardly suit your lover in your bridal dress. He is sure to recall to your mind some little blue serge or gray cashmere or pink gingham in which he caught you such a morning and in which you looked lovelier to him than any fine dress—bridal gown included—has ever been able to make you look since. White velvet is softer looking than the satin, but it is heavy, especially if one be married in warm weather, or if one is a wee-slight thing.

I think it would be a good idea if a set fashion were adopted as the proper thing for brides—just as the color has been settled upon. A Gretchen dress, for instance, with yoke softly gathered about the throat and made of lace or tulle—satin upper skirt drawn up through a silver or pearl chain to show an embroidered underskirt—surely such a gown in its pretty simplicity would seem to suit better the service and the occasion than does the latest invention of a modiste and manufacturer.

Old-fashioned things have a charm. Love is very old-fashioned, and marriages, too. Will they not gather added sweetness if they be set as much as possible in the same simplicity worn before flirtation and divorce were so popular?

All of which is old-fashioned talk, is it not? But somehow the sight of that train with its "ruche of Nil" and of that shrubbery of orange blossoms has made my soul rebel against the invasion of conventionality and fashion and stiffness and style upon this ceremony of marriage.

Have a dress parade, if necessary, before or just after the wedding, but let us have the wedding stripped of the pride and pomp of fabric and frills, say I; and every bridegroom of late weddings shouts with me, I know it!—*Daisy Dart, in Chicago Ledger.*

### Fashion Small Talk.

LARGE hats have aureole brims. PRINCESSE gowns are worn in the house.

SCARFS are being made to match summer dresses.

ACCORDION-PLAIED pelisses are worn by little girls.

OPEN-DOTTED Chantilly is in favor for lace dresses.

METAL still keeps a prominent place in ornaments and embroideries.

WHITE and gold parasols are shown to accompany dressy white toilets.

TUFTS and rosettes of the narrowest ribbon are much used on spring millinery.

THE principal spring wraps are the Directoire cape, the jacket, and the pelisse.

DRAPED skirts now represent a long overskirt in many plaits, lifted on the left side only.

MANY new gowns have a feather-stitched shirt-waist beneath a bodice fastened only at the waist.

A POPULAR wrap is called a visette-jacket, and is exactly what its name indicates, a compound of jacket and visite.

ARMURE silks are still in fashion, particularly those which are figured on a surface that looks like repped satin de Lyon.

ROSES are the favorite flower for the table at ladies' luncheons, and are placed in rose-bowls at different parts of the board.

OSTRICH plumes adorn hats in all the Directoire shapes, while those belonging to the Empire period are nearly covered with flowers.

A NEW style of costume, with fchu draperies, pointed corsage, and plaited skirt, covered in front with a fringed apron, is known as the Marie Antoinette dress.

## INDIANA HAPPENINGS.

EVENTS AND INCIDENTS THAT HAVE LATELY OCCURRED.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Neighbors—Weddings and Deaths—Crime, Casualties and General News Notes.

### White Caps Acquitted.

The Leavenworth White Cap trials resulted in the acquittal of all the defendants, the jury returning a verdict of not guilty after being out but three minutes. The trial was a long and tedious one, lasting a week, and the expense to the county will be great. There were 130 witnesses, mostly poor people, and it was a great hardship upon them to be compelled to remain in Leavenworth and pay hotel bills during the time. They were not permitted to go home at any time because night sessions of court were held. There was some direct evidence against the defendants, and a great deal of strong circumstantial evidence against a few of them, but they proved alibis by their families, and, as there was a reasonable doubt as to their guilt, were acquitted. There is practically no sentiment in Crawford County against White Cap methods, and it is not only impossible to get a jury to convict, but witnesses cannot be made to swear to what they know.

### Pardons to Prisoners.

Three pardons have been issued by Gov. Hovey to convicts in the State Prison South. One of them, Charles M. Davis, of Posey County, who was sentenced to two years for assault and battery, had but three months to serve, and is dying of consumption. Another, Robert Clark, of Vigo County, has served all but one month of a sentence of twenty-one years for manslaughter, and has a first-class prison record. The third, Marion August Hardy, of Evansville, who was sentenced to seven years for highway robbery, was shown by affidavits filed a year ago to have been innocent of the offense with which he was charged, Martin Barnett, another convict, testifying that he committed the robbery unaided, and that Hardy, who had been in his company, was helplessly drunk and knew nothing of it. In all these cases the judge, prosecuting attorney, and citizens of the several counties joined in the petitions for the release of the prisoners.

### Joker Killed by an Officer.

Charles Culver, a night-watchman at Dunkirk, ten miles east of Hartford City, struck Alonzo C. Stewart over the head with a club, from the effects of which Stewart died. As a joke on the night-watchman several men agreed to feign a row in a saloon and call in the official. They supposed he was cowardly, and Stewart was select to do the scaring. The officer was called in and asked to arrest Stewart, and at once laid hands on him. Stewart jerked loose, and grabbed a chair and drew it back, simulating great anger, and getting ready to strike. The officer struck him with his mace, and the joker is now dead. The deceased was highly connected. A preliminary examination was held, and Culver was bound over to court. He gave bond.

### Minor State Items.

—The town of St. Marys of experiencing a boom.

—Greencastle is to be lighted with electricity at a cost of \$72 a light per annum.

—Tippecanoe farmers are arranging for a systematic boycott of the binding-twine trust.

—Dogs are being killed by the dozens in Orange County to prevent the spread of hydrophobia.

—As a result of a revival at Westfield, nearly two hundred persons have joined the church within a few weeks past.

—The shortage of John E. Sullivan, the defaulting Clerk at Indianapolis, as shown by experts, amounts to \$47,000.

—Augustus Johnson, while under the influence of liquor, fell through a basement window, at Chesterton, and was killed.

—Two masked men entered the house of William Huntzinger, near Muncie, and robbed him of a gold watch and \$200 in money.

—A number of molds and dies and a quantity of counterfeit money were found in a sand-hill near Winamac, a few days ago.

—Oliver Price, colored, while assisting in tearing down a brick house at Michigan City, was crushed to death by a falling wall.

—William Robertson, a well-known citizen of Hamilton Township, Jackson County, was probably fatally injured in a runaway accident.

—H. Griffith, of Columbus, will erect a grain elevator of 70,000 bushels capacity, this summer. It will be located in the yards of the "Jeff" railway.

—George R. Gavin, 18 years of age, an employe at the Nickel Plate freight yard, at Fort Wayne, accidentally shot himself. He died almost instantly.

—Myron Mills, an 8-year-old son of John Mills, of Zionsville, Boone County, was struck by the fast mail train on the Big Four Railroad and instantly killed.

—Jane Linwell, of LaGro, Wabash County, is anxious to learn the address of any member of Company M., Ninth Indiana Cavalry, who was acquainted with George Linwell, a member of that company.

—The election to decide whether or not Bloomfield should incorporate, resulted in a majority of fifty-eight in favor of incorporation. There were 241 votes cast.

—Halterbaum, charged with shooting Herod, at Deputy, Jefferson County, during a political parade last fall, was acquitted by a jury in the Circuit Court at Madison.

—Postmaster Burnet, of Madison, reports the business of the postoffice for the year just ended as over \$10,000, which insures the free-delivery system at that place.

—The natural-gas well at Hartsville, Bartholomew County, is proving a good one, and now Columbus is talking about forming a company to put down a pipeline to that city.

—Dr. James Ford, of Wabash County, has exhumed the remains of an Indian on his farm who was buried over eighty years ago. The bones were found in compact clay soil.

—While Frank Risley was loading cars with corn at Keystone, his boy was instantly killed by his head being caught between the bumpers of the cars. He was 10 years old.

—Mollie Carmin, of Shelbyville, seven times married, has filed suit for divorce against her sixth husband from whom she was divorced at the last term of court and remarried soon after.

—The new library building at the State University promises to be the finest structure of the kind in the West. The library-room proper will have a capacity for eighty thousand volumes.

—The young wife of Mark Deming, a merchant at Franklin, experienced a smothering sensation, the other night, and although previously in excellent health she died in half an hour.

—Five hundred people secured one little red fox in a drive near Vincennes recently. Speaker Niblack, of the State Legislature, was bitten while trying to capture the animal with his hands.

—The new officers of the Evansville Business Men's Association are: W. J. Wood, President; Samuel Vickery and W. J. Wartman, Vice Presidents; S. S. Scantlin, Treasurer; W. S. French, Secretary.

—At Jeffersonville, Joseph Paxton was found guilty of the murder of Spencer Bryant at a church fair on Christmas night, 1888, and sentenced to the Southern penitentiary for life. Both were colored.

—While felling a tree a few miles south of Washington, Joseph Colbert, a farmer aged 40 years, was instantly killed. When the tree fell a portion of it flew from the stump and literally tore Colbert to pieces.

—James Riley, 16 years of age, lost an arm while at work in a saw-mill near Greensburg. He was putting a belt on a pulley, when his hand slipped, and his arm was crushed on the shaft, rendering amputation necessary.

—John Snyder, a mechanic employed at Houghtonville, was struck by an I. & St. L. freight train, near Elevator B, and instantly killed. His body was fearfully mangled. He was about forty years of age, and leaves a family.

—The annual catalogue of Indiana University shows an attendance of 293 students in the college classes, divided as follows: Post-graduates, 6; seniors, 42; juniors, 49; sophomores, 66; freshmen, 113; special students, 14.

—C. C. White, of Clark County, has presented to the State a powder-horn which was carried by Capt. Charles Matthias in the battle of Tippecanoe, in 1811. The horn was manufactured by Mr. White's father in the year 1808.

—A pouch of old coins was found in a field near Goshen. The find was made by the agency of Edgar Vescoy, who claims to be a clairvoyant. He says he located the spot by a tingling sensation in his fingers when he approached it.

—William Wheeler, of Delaware, aged 92 years, had a stroke of paralysis a few days ago and is not expected to recover. He is very wealthy and was recently married to a young lady, to whom he paid \$5,000 as an ante-nuptial contract.

—Almond Higgins, a brakeman on the Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis and Chicago Railway, was killed four miles west of Lafayette. The train broke in two. He stepped off the front section and was ground to pieces by the rear section. He was 23 years old.

The remains of a mastodon have been discovered on the farm of Thomas Reynard, near Winchester. The tusks each measure nine and one-half feet in length, and twenty-eight inches in circumference two feet from the base, and each weighs over three hundred pounds. It is the intention to exhumate the entire skeleton and place it on exhibition.

—Patents have been issued for Indiana inventors as follows: Deeds, John B., assignor to R. H. Catlin, Terre Haute, asbestos packing and treating asbestos; Kehler, Amos, Warsaw, split-band pulley; Emmle, David, Fort Wayne, brick kiln; Raab, Peter, near Indianapolis, road-scraper; Russel, Allen A., Indianapolis, assignor to Russell & Co., Massillon, O., straw-stacker.

—Joseph Lavefer, a young man employed at Walton & Whistler's flouring mill at Atlanta, Tipton County, was caught in the machinery and thrown into a large wheel, turning at the rate of seventy-eight revolutions per minute. Every garment, with the exception of two shirt-sleeves were torn from his body. His arm, leg, and six ribs were broken, and the soles of his feet were mashed into a jelly.



A BRIDE AND A BRIDESMAID.

robes of virgin white shrouded closely in a jealous veil, a creature so wrapped in shrinking maidenhood that her bold lover feels a new impulse to care for and protect her forever—instead of this, the bride of to-day bears down upon her immaculately shirt-fronted lord, a shimmering billow of self-assertive satin. She is crowned, not hidden, by a veil that surges all over and waterfalls everywhere, except over her face. Her arms are full of a big tree of orange blossoms tied with yards of ribbon. Thus, I say, she swoops upon him, and, so it has been confided to me, scares the life nearly out of him. Oh! it is all changed now. He is the shrinker, and no wonder.

Isn't a bride, arrayed in as formidable a lot of elegance as the young lady of my picture, enough to cause a weak-minded groom to yell for help? How is he ever going to get all that to the altar? Probably when he "asked her," she drooped and sighed, and was as sweet and dependent and shrinking as any lovely woman is liable to be under such circumstances; but now! a man might be excused for bolting right out of the back door of the church when he realizes he has got to run the risk of being swamped in his lady's train before he and the train are one. Grooms, these days, are inclined to weak-mindedness. The entire situation is the woman's. Isn't conscious power written all over this bride's dress? No matter how big and handsome a groom might be, he could not, as he knelt beside such a gown, look much more important than might a stick of licorice in an avalanche. Ivory ottoman silk; front draped in rich embroidered lisse; sash tied at side with a bunch of orange blossoms, the ends caught with silver oars; collar, cuffs and revers of bodice of same silver embroidery; a long court train with a ruche of Nil—think of getting married in all that! Think of a groom peeping through the vestry door and seeing a court train with a ruche of Nil shoveling his bride toward the altar!

Even for the bride, I am told, getting married is an awful ordeal. While the responsibility, anguish, and awk-

the answers right, and how Algernon is coming through, and during the choked pauses he makes you decide he isn't coming through at all, and that you are glad of it. Getting married is, I am sure, as dreadful as what actresses call a "first night."

To go back to the bridal array presented by the wedding which is illustrated in this article. Matching the court-trained bride herself, the bridesmaids are most elaborate. They, too, are done up in ivory silk, but it is ivory silk relieved with green revers and sashes of moire. The bodices have a Directoire sort of ruching down the front, that the prevailing fashion may be deferred to. Their hats are turned up with green and trimmed with ivory. They carry each a great bunch of lilies of the valley tied about with sash ribbon, and they wear besides gold chain bangles, gifts of the bridegroom.

Fine, fine, fine, is it not—the great church, the blare of the organ, the crowds, the gorgeous dresses! It sets an old-fashioned body to remembering a dark little church whose stained windows are shadowed with ivy, a low, throbbing organ, a few closely gathered friends and neighbors, an old preacher whose hands baptized, a few years back, the girl that now stands to be married. She wears a white frock that drags a little at the back and buttons simply to the throat; over her face a veil that is held on her drooped head by a wreath of orange blossoms. A bunch of the same flowers she holds in her trembling hands beneath her veil. Some tears are dripping quietly under the veil, too. She is very happy and very, very much frightened, and for a moment wishes she were one of her simply gowned bridesmaids, no one of whom, however, could be mistaken for her, for their straight frocks are in some soft color and they carry bright flowers. The groom is nervous, too, of course, but, dear me, he does not look or feel a bit more like a piece of licorice than does his little bride like an avalanche. Old-fashioned folks, looking at pictures like the one given here, and reading of grand weddings like our portraiture, wonder a little if the droop-