

## AT TWILIGHT.

I stood at twilight by the shimmering lake,  
And watched the shadowy, autumn-tinted leaves,  
Inverted, swaying in the evening breeze,  
And the red tower and the pretty boat-house make  
A picture that no future years can take  
From out my memory; shadows such as these—  
The beautiful unreal—make oases  
In every earnest life; we dream and wake  
To nobler duties from such times of rest  
Earth seems a paradise reflecting heaven;  
Love floods the soul with colors richer far  
Than even nature in the glowing west.  
The hopes of youth come back; new strength is given,  
As through the twilight breaks the evening star.  
—[Sarah K. Bolton, in Cleveland Leader.]

## EPHRAIM'S PINCH.

BY REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

A little to one side of the track that leads to Widdowcombe in the Moor and that branches from the main artery of travel which runs from Tavistock to Moreton Hampstead, and thence to Exeter, is an ancient tenement in the midst of the waste, called Runnage.

Runnage lies in a very lonesome spot; the hills that fold about it to the back and west afford sufficient shelter for sycamores to have grown to a considerable size—sycamore, the one tree which will hold its own anywhere.

The tenants of these holdings enjoy great right by custom. The heir of each and every one, on the death of each and every tenant, has by custom the privilege of inclosing estate of the forest or waste ground, paying therefor one shilling annually to the Crown and this inclosure is called a new-take. No wonder that the Duke of Cornwall does all in its power to rid itself of these encroaching neighbors. The new-take walls have wrought the destruction of the rude stone monuments; avenues of upright stones, circles, cromlechs, kistvaens, have been ruthlessly pillaged, used as quarries which have been handy. In a great many cases the largest upright ones have been seized upon as gateposts, or thrown across lanes and rivers as bridges, or have been utilized to prep up linkways, and the lesser stones that perhaps commemorate some insignificant tradesman, have been left to rot while the great menhir set up in honor of his chief has disappeared. Sometimes the builders of the new-take walls throw down a great manolith with the intention of breaking it up, and then abandoned it because they found smaller stones more handy; sometimes they transported such big stones part way to the new wall, and cast it down, it being too heavy for their arms to convey any further. The marvel is that so much still remains after over a thousand years of wanton ravage.

Runnage tenement house is new. The ancient farm dwelling has been rebuilt in recent times, but at the time of our story the old dwelling was standing. It was a typical moor-house. A gateway in a high wall of rude granite blocks built up without mortar gave access to a courtyard paved, very small, into which all the windows of the house looked. Here also, were the outhouses, stables, pigsties, the well house, the peat store, the saddle and farm implement houses. All opened inward, all could be reached with very little exposure. The main door of the dwelling did not open into the kitchen, but into a sort of barn in which every sort of lumber was kept, with the fowls roosting on the lumber. This served as a workhouse for the men on rainy or foggy days; here they could repair damaged tools, hammer out nails and rivets, store potatoes, nurse the sheep in "rearing time," prepare the rushes for thatching. Here at the end were heaped up high to the roof vast masses of dry bracken to serve as bedding, and in this, in bad weather, the children played hide and seek, and constructed themselves nests. At Runnage at one time lived the substantial tenant, Quintin Creeber, paying to the Crown a slight acknowledgment, and thriving on the produce of his sheep and kine and horses. He filled little grain, grew no roots. There was always grass or hay for his beasts. If the snow lay on the ground deep, then only had he recourse to the hay-thresh; what little grain he grew was rye, and that was for the household bread.

Quintin Creeber had a daughter, Cecily, or, as she was always called, Syssy, a pretty girl with warm complexion, like a ripe apricot, very full soft brown eyes and the richest burn hair. She was little, strong, energetic; she was Quintin's only child; his three sons were dead. One had been killed in a mine, one had died of scarlet fever, and the third had fallen into the river in time of flood, and had acquired a chill which had carried him off.

Syssy would be the heir to Quintin—inheriting Runnage, his savings and the right, on her father's death, of inclosing another eight acres of moor. On the loss of his sons, Quintin had taken into his service one Ephraim Weekes, a young man, broad-shouldered, strongly built, noted as a constructor of new-take walls. Ephraim had a marvelous skill in moving masses of granite which could not be stirred by three ordinary men. It was all knack, he said, all done by pinching, that is to say, by leverage. But he used more than a lever—he employed rollers as well. Without other than a ready wit, and a keen estimation of weights and forces drawn from experience, Ephraim was able to move and get into place blocks which two and even three other men would avoid touching. He was not a tall man, but was admirably set and proportioned. He had fair hair and blue-gray eyes, a grave, unobtrusive manner, and a resolute mouth.

Instead of wearing hair about his face, it was Ephraim's custom to shave lip and cheek and chin; the hair of his head he wore somewhat long, except only on two occasions when he had his hair mown by the blacksmith at Widdowcombe; one of these was Christmas, the other midsummer. Then for a while he was short-cropped; but his hair grew rapidly again.

He was a quiet man who did not speak much, reserved with the farmer, and not seeking companionship at the nearest hamlet of Post Bridge, where was the tavern, the social heart of the region. Ephraim was the youngest son of a small farmer at Walna, a house with a bit of land that had been parted off from Runnage tenement at some time in the tenth century. Walna could not maintain four men, beside the farmer and his wife, consequently the youngest, Ephraim, was obliged to seek work away from the parental house; and he had been employed repairing fallen walls and constructing new ones, till Quintin Creeber had engaged him as a laborer on his farm. Not for one moment had it occurred to the owner of Runnage that this might lead to results other than those of business between master and man—that it was possible Ephraim might aspire to Syssy, and his daughter stoop to love the laboring man.

It was quite true that in the matter of blood the Creebers and the Weekeses were equal, but a moor-man is too practical a man to consider blood; he looks to position, to money. The husband he had in his eye for his daughter was a man who had capital wherewith to develop the resources of the farm, to enlarge the new-takes, to break up fresh soil, to buy well bred horses, and double the number of oxen, and quadruple that of sheep kept on the farm and the moor over which he had free right of common. Quintin would have hesitated to take into his employ Kill-eas, that is to say, Archelaus Weekes, the eldest son of his neighbor at Walna, a handsome fellow, with a song or a joke always in his mouth, who loved to romp with the girls, who looked his glass at the tern; but Ephraim was different. What girl would care for him, plain, silent, without wickedness (i. e., mischief) in him, who never made an under-statement a joke?

Syssy was aged seventeen when Ephraim, a man of twenty-three, came into the service of Quintin Creeber. He served faithfully for seven years, and never gave the farmer cause to reproach him for inactivity, was ever docile, obliging and industrious. Such a man was not to be found elsewhere; such a combination of great strength, skill and sobriety, Creeber esteemed himself most lucky in having such a servant. Ephraim did more than two other men, and never asked for increase of wage, never grumbled at the tasks imposed upon him.

When seven years were over, then Syssy was thirty, and Ephraim was thirty. There had come suitors for the girl—among them the eldest son of the farmer Weekes, the light-hearted, handsome Kill-eas. She had refused him. The young farmer of Hexworthy had sued for her, and had been rejected, greatly to the wonder of Quintin. Now, when the seven years were over, then Ephraim, in his wonted quiet, composed manner, said to the owner of Runnage: "Maister, me and your Syssy likes one another, and we reckon us'll make one. What sez you to that, Maister?"

Quintin stared, fell back in astonishment, did not answer for three minutes, while he gave himself time for consideration. He did not want to lose a valuable servant. He had no thought of giving his daughter, so he said: "Pshaw! you're both too young. Wait another seven years, and if you be in the mind then, you and she, speak of it again." Ephraim took Quintin at his word, without a remonstrance, without an attempt to persuade him to be more yielding.

He remained on another seven years. Then Syssy was aged thirty-one, and he—thirty-seven. On the very day fourteen years on which he had entered the house at Runnage, exactly when the seven years were concluded, at the end of which farmer Quintin had bid him speak of the matter again, then Ephraim went in quest of him, with the intent of again asking for Syssy. He had not wavered in his devotion to her. She had refused every suitor—for him. He found the old man in the outer barn or entrance to the house; he was filling a sack with rye.

"I say—Ephraim," he spoke, as Weekes entered: "there's the horse gone lame, and we be out of flour. What is to be done? Syssy tells me there ain't a crumb of flour more in the mill, and her wants to bake to once."

"Maister," said Ephraim, "I've waited as you said this second seven years. The time be up to-day. Me and Syssy, us ain't changed our minds, not one bit. Just the same, only us likes one another a thousand times dearer nor ever us did afore. Will'y now give her to me?"

"Look'y here, Ephraim. Carry this sack o' rye on your back to Widdowcombe mill, and bring it home full of flour—and I will."

He had set the man an impossible task. It was five miles to the mill, and the road a mountainous one. But he had put him off—that was all he cared for.

In the room was Syssy. She had heard all. She came out, she saw Ephraim tying up the neck of the sack. "Help her up on my back, Syssy," said he.

"Eph!—you do not mean it! You can't do it. It's too much."

He said: "Carry this sack to Widdowcombe mill, and bring'n back full of flour, and you shall have her."

"It was a joke."

"I don't understand a joke. He said it. He's a man of his word, straight up and down."

Syssy held the sack up. But her heart misgave her.

"Eph," she said; "my father only said that because he knew you couldn't do it."

"I can do it—when I see you before me."

"How do'y mean, Eph?"

"Bring back the sack o' flour, and you shall have her. Sys, I'd arr the world on my back for that."

He was strong, broad-shouldered, and he started with his burden. Syssy watched him with doubt and unrest.

Was it possible that he could reach Widdowcombe with such a burden? If he reached the mill, could he carry back the sack of flour? She watched him down the hill, and across the Wallbrook that gives its name to Walna (now corrupted into Warner) to his father's farm. Then ensued an ascent, and she saw him toiling up the hill of Sossoun's Moor with the sack on his back. Was there any avail in his undertaking this tremendous exertion? Surely her father, if he had intended to give his consent, would not have made it conditional on the discharge of such a task! Surely, if he had designed to make Ephraim his son-in-law, he would not have subjected him to such a strain! Was it not probable that Ephraim would do himself an injury in attempting this impossible task?

Syssy knew the resolution, the love of the silent, strong-hearted man; she felt assured that he would labor on under his burden, toil up the steep slopes—struggle, with perspiration streaming, with panting lungs and quivering muscles, up the great ridge of Hamledon—that he would pursue his purpose till nature gave way. And for what? She did not share his confidence in the good faith of her father. She watched Ephraim till the tears so clouded her eyes that she could see the patient, faithful man no longer.

Hers passed. The evening came on; and Quintin Creeber returned to the house.

"Where is Ephraim?" he asked. "I want to have the mare blistered—she can't put a foot to the ground."

"Ephraim is gone to Widdowcombe," answered Syssy.

"To Widdowcombe? Who gave him leave?"

Old Creeber stood aghast. "To carry the sack o' rye!" "You told him he was to take that to the mill, and bring back flour."

"It was nonsense. I never meant it. It was a put-off. He can't do it. No man can. He'll chuck the sack down on the way and come back without it."

"He'll never do that, Father."

Quintin Creeber was much astonished. The man had taken him at his word. The more fool he. He had attempted the impossible. Well, there was this advantage. When Weekes returned without the flour or rye, he, Quintin, would be able to laugh at him and say: "You have not fulfilled the condition, therefore—no Syssy for you."

Quintin Creeber walked out of his farm buildings and went to the Widdowcombe road.

"Pshaw," said he, "the man is an ass. He couldn't do it. He should have known that, and not have attempted it."

As he said these words to himself he discerned in the evening glow over Sossoun's Moor a figure descending the path or road.

"By gum!" said the farmer, "it is Ephraim. He's never done it. He has come back beat—turned back! How the chap staggers! By crock! he's down, he's fallen over a stone. The weight is too much for him descending. I swear, if I didn't know he was as temperate as—as—no one else on the moor, I'd say he were drunk, he reels so. There he is now at the bridge. Ha! he has set the sack down, and is leaning—his head on it. I reckon he's just about dead beat. The more fool he! He should have known I never meant it. What! he's coming on again. Up hill! That'll try him. Gum! a snail goes faster. He has a halt every three steps. He daresn't even down the sack; he'd never get her up on his back again. There he is, down on one knee; kneeling to his prayers, be he? or taking his breath? He's up again and crawling on. Well, I reckon this is a pretty bit of a strain for Ephraim, up this steep ascent w' a sack o' flour on his back, and four to five miles behind him."

The farmer watched the man as he toiled up the road, step by step; it seemed as if each must be the last, and he must collapse, go down in a heap at the next. Slowly, however, he forged on till he came up to Quintin. Then the yeoman saw his face. Ephraim was haggard, his eyes starting from his head; he breathed hoarsely, like one snoring, and there was froth on his lips.

Quintin Creeber put his hand under the sack. "By gum!" said he; "flour!"

It was even so. That man had carried the burden of rye to the mill, and had come back with it in the condition of flour.

Half-supporting the sack, the farmer attended his man as he stumbled forward, turned out of the road, and took the track to Runnage.

Ephraim could not speak. He looked out of his great, starting eyes at the master, and moved his lips; but foam, not words formed on them. They were purple, cracked and bleeding. So they went on till they reached the farm. Then, in the outer chamber, without a word, Ephraim dropped the sack and sank against it, and pointed to Syssy, who appeared at the door.

"Gammon!" said Quintin; "you weren't such a fool as to think to have her? Her's not for you—not tho' you've took the sack and brought'n back again. Syssy—yours—"

The man could not speak. He sank, slipped down, and fell before the sack, that partly held him up. His head dropped forward on his breast.

"Look up, Ephraim; don't be a fool!" said the yeoman.

He was past looking up. He was dead.

On the old ordnance map of 1809, I see that the steep ascent up which Weekes made his last climb, laden with the sack of rye flour, is marked as "Ephraim's Pinch."

As a moorman said: "That was a pinch for Ephraim—such a climb with such a weight after nine miles; but there was for him a worse pinch, when old Creeber said, 'It is all for naught. You shan't have her.' That pinched Ephraim's heart, and pinched the life out of he."

But I observe on the new ordnance of 1886 "Ephraim's Pinch" is omitted. Can it be that the surveyors

did not think the name worth preserving? Can it be that Ephraim and his pinch are forgotten on the moor? Alas! time with her waves washes out the writing on the sands. May my humble pen serve to preserve the memory of Ephraim and his Pinch.—[The Independent.]

## The World's Money.

It is interesting to know that while the United States is one of the richest countries in the world, its stock of gold and silver money is not by any means so large as that of France, which has more metallic money than any other nation.

The gold coins of the world are equal in value to \$3,582,605,000, and the silver coins to \$1,042,700,000, while the paper money has a face value of \$2,685,878,000.

Of this vast amount France has \$800,000,000 worth of gold and \$700,000,000 worth of silver; the United States \$504,000,000 worth of gold and \$615,000,000 worth of silver, and Great Britain \$550,000,000 of gold and \$100,000,000 of silver. Germany has \$600,000,000 worth of gold coin and \$211,000,000 worth of silver, while Russia, with a much larger population, has \$50,000,000 worth of gold and \$60,000,000 worth of silver coin. She has, however, \$500,000,000 worth of paper money, while South America keeps in circulation \$800,000,000 worth; the United States, \$412,000,000; Austria, \$260,000,000; Italy, \$163,000,000; Germany, \$107,000,000; France, \$81,000,000, and Great Britain, \$50,000,000.

If the gold coins of the United States were divided into equal shares each person would have about \$9. Following the same plan, every Englishman, woman and child would have about \$14.30, every German about \$12, every Russian about \$2.25, and every Frenchman about \$20.

The ratio for all kinds of money would still leave the Frenchman the richest man in the world, for if all the gold, silver and paper money in France were shared equally he would have \$40.50, while the citizen of the United States would have \$24.50, the residents of Austria, Belgium and Holland a little more, the Englishman \$18.50 and the Russian only \$7.16.—[Chicago Record.]

## In an Indian Canoe.

"What a wonderful creation is the Indian canoe! Light as foam, blown like a feather by the slightest breeze, responsive as a cork to the least ripple; yet this same fragile bark is adapted to the wildest waters. It leaps in safety from crest to crest of the cataract, or buoyantly surmounts the billows of the stormy lake. It was well for this morning that it was so, for we were heading toward a broad sheet of water that was thickly dotted with white caps. We were soon far enough out to feel the full force of the gale that stung our faces with wind and spray. To go against such a wind with a bark canoe would be an utter impossibility, but to run with it was great fun. Our safety depended upon the skill of the steersman in keeping her before the wind. Certainly the day had commenced auspiciously; we were making quick time. The complacent Irishman was taking to himself all the credit for this gale as though it were a part of his business. I was forbidden to paddle, but the tail of my rubber coat to the handles of the paddles and inserted the blades in the armholes. This extemporized sail greatly added to the speed of our flying craft. On we flew, outstripping the spray that leaped after us and fell short. This kind of sailing furnished sensations for which no analogy can be found in the whole range of navigation. Instead of plunging deeply and laboring heavily as a wooden boat would, our buoyant vessel scarcely seemed to plunge at all, but seemed to skim like a sea-gull on the very foam itself. So we crossed Lake Talon in a boat which a man could carry, doing eight miles of angry waves without slipping a thumbtack of water."—[Outing.]

## Ancient Lighthouses.

Beacon lights to guide the wavetossed mariner to a safe harbor must have been almost coeval with the earliest commerce. There is positive record that lighthouses were built in ancient times, though few evidences remain to us from old writers or in crumbled ruins. This is not strange, for light towers, never the most stable architectural form, were exposed to the storms of sea and war.

The Greeks attributed the first lighthouses to Hercules, and he was considered the protector of voyagers. It is claimed by some that Homer refers to lighthouses in the XIX. book of the Iliad.

Virgil mentions a light on a temple to Apollo, visible far out at sea, warned and guided mariners. The Colossus at Rhodes, erected about 300 B.C., is said to have shown a signal light from its uplifted hand.

The oldest towers known were built by the Libyans in Lower Egypt. They were temples also, and the lightkeeper priestes taught pilotage, hydrography and navigation. The famous tower on the Isle of Pharos, at Alexandria, built about 285 years B.C., is the first lighthouse of undoubted record. This tower, constructed by Sostratus, the architect, was square in plan, of great height and built in offsets. An open brazier at the top of the tower contained the fuel for the light. At Dover and Boulogne, on either side of the English Channel, were ancient lighthouses, built by the Romans. But the lighthouse at Corunna, Spain, built in the reign of Trajan and reconstructed in 1384, is believed to be the oldest existing lighthouse.—[Cassier's Magazine.]

## Apples for Coffee.

German papers report that apples cut into little pieces, well dried and pulverized, make an excellent coffee substitute. When this is mixed with equal parts of ground coffee, only an expert can tell it from genuine unmixed coffee. The apple flour alone mixed with a little chocolate is said to give a palatable "coffee."—[New York World.]

Ann Arbor, Mich., is to have mounted letter carriers.

## COZY-LOOKING COATS.

MANY NOVELTIES ARE PRESENTED THIS SEASON.

Frock Coats for Dress Occasions Come to the Knees, While the Ulster-Like Shapes Are Long Enough to Come Below a Walking Skirt.

Gotham Fashion Gossip.

New York Correspondence.

MONG the cozy looking coats that are now stylish there are many heavy ones that are of the long-neglected ulster sort. These are of chinchilla or pilot cloth, are lined with plaid wool or silk and fit snugly at the back, with box front and high collar. The favorite trimming or finish is black astrakhan in narrow bands and sometimes an extra cape-collar of the astrakhan is added. The usual color for such coats is black or very dark blue, though brown trimmed with black astrakhan is very stylish. Sometimes braiding and frogs are added, but the general tendency is toward plainness. Some coats are as short as pea jackets, and these are especially jaunty for young folks. Indeed, in the youthful fashions plainness of finish is not required, and much dainty trickery is exercised in adornment. A novelty in this line is seen in the initial picture, where is shown a coat of heavy black silk combined with velvet. The center seams of the back show an inserted piece of black silk velvet, narrow at the top and very wide at the bottom. Around the shoulders there is a berth of the velvet lined with silk and laid in box pleats on the shoulders, and at the center of back and front a large velvet bow appears. The seams are strapped and ornamented with buttons, and sufficient stuff must be allowed to make

A BRAND NEW SLEEVE.

black chiffon, but the collarette must be of the same material as the skirt. From such devices there is fashion news enough above the waist, but as to sleeves, changes have been few and not adopted generally. For months and months it has sufficed to announce that they were even bigger; but, while there is no sign of lessening size, there is little possibility for further increase. One or two novel cuts that at once gained some small degree of favor indicated that the puff was to slip off the shoulder toward the elbow, but as yet this sliding has absolutely refused to become an avalanche. It is plainly a case wherein the doctors of modes disagree. While the wise ones hesitate over the novelty, that has time to consider one novelty or another just put in its bid. It is to be seen in the next illustration, and consists of an inside sleeve made entirely of embroidered velvet, the satin puff being merely a cap that covers the sleeve's outside. This bodice is pointed back and front, fastens along the shoulder and under the arm, and is made entirely of velvet, with a satin yoke. The velvet bell skirt is trimmed in an unusual way with large satin bows with long ends.

Skirts of street gowns are mostly plain, but there are exceptions enough to prove rules by the dozen, and they are handsome enough to constitute the best sort of an excuse for their law-breaking. In one elegant example the skirt has at the foot an edge of astrakhan and openwork points or van-dykes of braiding set in, the points reaching upward and a rich lining of the skirt showing through the interstices. The bodice has an eton front that opens over a vest of cloth to match the lining of the gown, and is

A NO-SHAPE-AT-ALL CLOAK.

The high collar, which is shaped from deep funnel pleats with the opening at the top. The bows with long streaming ends constitute a sufficiently novel ornamentation to make the garment a very dressy one.

Frock coats for dress occasions come to the knees, the skirts being put on full to a tight-fitting upper part. The latter may be much enriched with jetting, braid, lace or fur, and the material may be anything from the richest fur, velvet or satin to the humble tweed or pilot cloth. Very large bone buttons are used on all the less ornate coats, but on the velvet garments the buttons cannot be too rich, miniatures set in rhinestones being a feature of some of the handsomest coats.

With the ulster-like shapes, elegance is permitted in direct ratio to the degree of departure from the democratic ulster of a few winters ago. All come to the edge of the skirt; indeed, many are long enough to come well below a short walking skirt. They are made full and loose, really shrouding a slim figure. The Russian idea of an over garment that literally bundles a person out of recognition seems to be coming in. The ideas being that a dainty girl looks all the daintier when she slips out of a big, clumsy, no-shape-at-all cloak. But with all trace of the ulster obliterated from the long wrap, dressy finish and handsome trimmings are allowable. To what lengths showiness is permitted to go, and with what elegant results, the second sketch depicts. Here is a black velvet wrap trimmed with jet passementerie and sable. Starting from the hem, the two passementerie tabs meet in the back, outlining a round yoke that is headed by fur. Beneath the left tab the garment fastens, and from them the cape

begins. The latter is fur-edged, its point of joining the passementerie is hidden by velvet ribbon rows, and similar bows show at intervals near the skirt's hem. Fur borders the high standing collar, which comes well down up about the chin, as is now correct.

From the days of late summer when women began to consider the coming fashions for cooler weather, the fancy bodice for indoor wear has had an important place, and one that has steadily increased in consequence. What may be considered as a reduction of it

FOR THE SLENDER ONLY.

Thieves entered the Hoboken postoffice and stole \$7,350 in stamps.

A PARDONABLE LAW BREAKER.

finished all over with the openwork points. Jet ornaments and trimmings are used in profusion on the last costume shown, and one long-current rule is defied, for ordinarily, when trimming is used like the slanting lines that show on this skirt, there is either some repetition of it on the bodice, or the latter does not have extensive adornment. But here there are showy jet ornaments hanging in straight lines from the bust. Boucle cloth and velvet are combined in this costume, the bodice being made entirely of velvet and fastened in the front. Its sleeves are of cloth, with passementerie finish at the wrists.

Muffs will have an inning at great popularity this winter. Fur is all right and either an ordinary size may be carried or one big enough to rival our grandmother's own. It is said that a little hand looks all the smaller and prettier coming from a great bear of a muff, besides, it is sometimes as well to have a muff big enough to accommodate his hand. Fancy muffs to match the hat, collarette or coat, or all three, are quite the thing, and the more fanciful they are the better. Such affairs may be stylish, but they always look like a bundle of odds and ends, used together because no one piece was big enough by itself. Velvet muffs are really like a pair of cut ruffles sewed together, one ruffle going each way. Lace frills are then put inside and a lace of ribbon with lace set in is tied about the round of the muff. A lot of fur is arranged on either side of this band, with a little family of fur bands for ornaments, and sometimes a few tails hang about in a fringe-like way. The whole depends from the neck by a gold or silver chain, either very small or very big, and set at intervals with pierced stones.

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is the liking for fancy collarettes for outdoors, by which women adorn their upper halves as handsomely, in many cases, as for the drawing-room. Such a cape collarette is the most conspicuous item in the next pictured costume. Although, as has been said above, the fancy bodice has been reigning since summer with as little friction as a fairy book princess, the end is not yet, and every week brings some new notion or development. A little while ago and the more completely contrasted to the skirt the bodice was the better, but now the collarette must match the skirt. That is one may wear a black satin skirt and a fancy bodice of rose brocade heavily trimmed with pale green velvet and pale gray lace, but the band about the neck must be of black satin. Again, the skirt may be of the bodice pale yellow draped in

the lining of the skirt the bodice must be of the same material as the skirt. From such devices there is fashion news enough above the waist, but as to sleeves, changes have been few and not adopted generally. For months and months it has sufficed to announce that they were even bigger; but, while there is no sign of lessening size, there is little possibility for further increase. One or two novel cuts that at once gained some small degree of favor indicated that the puff was to slip off the shoulder toward the elbow, but as yet this sliding has absolutely refused to become an avalanche. It is plainly a case wherein the doctors of modes disagree. While the wise ones hesitate over the novelty, that has time to consider one novelty or another just put in its bid. It is to be seen in the next illustration, and consists of an inside sleeve made entirely of embroidered velvet, the satin puff being merely a cap that covers the sleeve's outside. This bodice is pointed back and front, fastens along the shoulder and under the arm, and is made entirely of velvet, with a satin yoke. The velvet bell skirt is trimmed in an unusual way with large satin bows with long ends.

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A NO-SHAPE-AT-ALL CLOAK.

The high collar, which is shaped from deep funnel pleats with the opening at the top. The bows with long streaming ends constitute a sufficiently novel ornamentation to make the garment a very dressy one.

Frock coats for dress occasions come to the knees, the skirts being put on full to a tight-fitting upper part. The latter may be much enriched with jetting, braid, lace or fur, and the material may be anything from the richest fur, velvet or satin to the humble tweed or pilot cloth. Very large bone buttons are used on all the less ornate coats, but on the velvet garments the buttons cannot be too rich, miniatures set in rhinestones being a feature of some of the handsomest coats.

With the ulster-like shapes, elegance is permitted in direct ratio to the degree of departure from the democratic ulster of a few winters ago. All come to the edge of the skirt; indeed, many are long enough to come well below a short walking skirt. They are made full and loose, really shrouding a slim figure. The Russian idea of an over garment that literally bundles a person out of recognition seems to be coming in. The ideas being that a dainty girl looks all the daintier when she slips out of a big, clumsy, no-shape-at-all cloak. But with all trace of the ulster obliterated from the long wrap, dressy finish and handsome trimmings are allowable. To what lengths showiness is permitted to go, and with what elegant results, the second sketch depicts. Here is a black velvet wrap trimmed with jet passementerie and sable. Starting from the hem, the two passementerie tabs meet in the back, outlining a round yoke that is headed by fur. Beneath the left tab the garment fastens, and from them the cape

begins. The latter is fur-edged, its point of joining the passementerie is hidden by velvet ribbon rows, and similar bows show at intervals near the skirt's hem. Fur borders the high standing collar, which comes well down up about the chin, as is now correct.

From the days of late summer when women began to consider the coming fashions for cooler weather, the fancy bodice for