



FASHIONS

The most popular pattern in face veiling for the moment is a fine black silk net, with tiny black velvet dots scattered over its surface. This is worn in imitation of the black patches worn by fashionable women in the days of powdered hair, hoops and paniers.

A lovely gown made for a wealthy matron in New York society is of pale tea-rose pink crepe de chine, figured with deeper rose silk dots. The waist and long overdress are made of this material, laid in fine accordion plaitings, the overdress finished with a graceful clinging silk fringe the exact shade of the dots.

Some of the newest street boleros of velvet or velours du nord are finished with revers and a Robespierre hood of seal, mink or otter fur.

The useful little supper jacket of velvet is likely to remain in fashion all winter. Worn above a low necked evening dress it transforms it into a demi-tout. Some of the models have turned down collars, velvet edged or handsomely embroidered; but when it is becoming the high, ruffled, Medici shape is a more elegant addition.

The new stitched box plaited and side-plaited skirts are bid by many to be better than any of the ontine riding habit models that have so lately and universally prevailed. For extremely slender figures there are also sent some French styles, in which the flat effect of the machine stitching is omitted, and the ruffles are pointed to the edges of a tucked, shirred, velvet striped, dotted or brocaded hip yoke.

Formerly a pretty separate waist of plain or fancy silk or satin, worn with a black skirt of some rich description, was considered very dressy. This season the effect is greatly enhanced by cutting away the tops of these waists, and introducing a glimpse of some rich or dainty fabric of contrasting pattern and color.

Lace, net, fur, chiffon, and silk cord passermenterie en applique are all variously used on the new winter gowns and color. This style, which in its beginning was limited to a few very costly and picturesque gowns and evening

waists, has extended to every sort of bodice, princess dress, tea-gown, etc.; besides many gowns effects on evening wraps and even costly French underwear.

Many little French capotes are made on dark velvet, with a rich crown of Cairo gold, with matching velvet strings. There is a new pink, which combines advantageously with brown, green, or violet velvet and the gold-work referred to. Sprays of violets, yellow-centered hartsenue and mistletoe aregettes are set upon toques and capotes of dark-purple velvet and pale-yellow laburnum, and shaded velvet nasturtiums are also used.

A DAUGHTER OF THE WEST.

(Written for the Record-Union by Len.)

"Unto us a child is born, and she shall be called Sierra Nevada," shouted a miner gleefully, as he stood in the doorway of the dining room at Miner's Rest.

Congratulations and drinks all around were in order before the men went to work in the mines. In a little shack covered cabin on a side hill the small girl with the above name blinked drowsily at the sunlight that came in golden streams through the open door, a bright welcome to the new comer at Sierra Nevada.

"She's grown so turbid fast; she must have schoolin'," declared Mrs. Wharton, "because many times that day did Silas drop pick and shovel to stride up hill to the cabin to inspect his 'new pugget,' her name till she was large enough to carry the first one.

"I use ter be a regular maniac for reading novels and sich like books of fiction," said Silas, heaving a sigh. "But if I was in circumstances Sierra Nevada should be a livin' professor; and I'd be a regular maniac for a destrict school, look as if she was high it."

"Gosh, maw, ain't you a planner for one of these yere jack mules Bill Nevins sells fur five dollars," said Mrs. Wharton, as if she had thought of this for a long time.

"The month of June was perfect, blue yokes and pleasant days. Fragrant breezes stirred the leaves of the trees, and birds twittering softly as they nested 'neath their shade undisturbed. The rippling gurgle of the fume tide the only sound in the still evenings, their lullabies. Sierra loved this time for her walk to the office. And one evening she met Dick Camdon, who had turned about and walked with her.

"In the distance could be seen a sixteen-horse bell team with their driver on the wheeler cracking his whip and swearing at each horse in turn as he aimed his blows and named the horse."

"I'm glad to meet you this lovely evening," he said, "I've something to tell you if you will listen."

"Oh! she gave a little gasp. 'Are you in earnest?'" he said seriously. "I love you very dearly. And want you to be my dear little wife. That is if you love me and think I could make you happy. Oh say you do—say you will be."

"Yes, a lovely evening," Sierra said as she blushed and nodded to the man. Dick spoke but not so cordially, man like he was impatient of interruptions just then.

"How ever the team soon passed on, and the old man, the leader, jingling his collar bells in merry chimes as they sniffed with open nostrils suspiciously at the couple; then as if satisfied, drew a long breath and pulled hard enough to display muscles like cords on steaming flanks and glossy shoulders.

"Dick Camdon had met Sierra a number of times and their pleasure at meeting was mutual. He called several times and made appointments to pass her home at least once a day."

"By these signs ye shall know," replied Silas, whittling at a stick and trying to spit exactly in the center of the porch post at the same time.

"Well, I'm with yer maw on that preposh. Better be a native of God's country than way back East where the cold contracts their necks, and they have to wait for them to thaw 'fore they kin eat."

"Yes, they do," she insisted; "but does it's poor head ache so he can't remember them?"

"No! no! You have had forty already," said his sweetheart. And she broke from his detaining arm and sped away quickly down the hillside trail to her home. And Dick, after watching the last wave of her hand to him, turned down the road to the mines, saying softly: "My darling girl, God bless her. I have really no business making her lose this evening, above all others."

"The owners of the Goldbug mine had bonded an old mine next to theirs—a mine where water had vanquished the workers. Now they were going to tap it through a tunnel built between the mines. Dick had made the survey, and that night's work would show whether he was correct in his surmise as to the location of the pent up water. It was an anxious time. The last blast was put in at 11:30, and already the way out of danger was lit by rows of scattered candles. The men hurriedly collected their tools, while Dick and the foreman lit the long fuse that would give them plenty of time to run. Dick's curiosity led him to wait a second too long. A terrific blast shook the earth.

"My God!" yelled the men. "Camdon is gone."

"He hurried down the side of the stream, snatching up the pine torches they had lit to celebrate the opening of the shaft. By their flickering glare they discerned his body, and strong arms reached out for him, and saved him not a moment too soon, as the force of the water had just loosened the tree, roots and all, and it balanced over with a crash as the men bore Dick away."

"My parents are, but I am a native son of Honolulu," said Dick.

"Jerusalem!" muttered Silas, "and I told you it was your native son of heraboots. Cause you talked it all through your sickness."

"I'm blamed sorry we differ, Mr. Camdon," said Silas, "but you know she is all we have."

"Dick never answered. He put on his cap, pulled it well over his eyes, and went out of the house to meet Sierra on her way home. They met at the corner of the trail, she calling out blithely, 'Is that you?'"

"Yes, what is left of me, after being refused you," he said, sadly. "Now, if you say me nay, I might as well get out. I can't stay any more every day, loving you as I do. Tell me quickly; put me out of my misery. Will you marry me without their consent, darling?'"

"A moment of silence—it seemed an hour to Dick—when she said: 'Oh, don't ask me. I cannot, I cannot. They love me so it would break their hearts.'"

"Then you don't love me," said Dick, in tense tones.

"You know I do," she said, giving his arm an affectionate little squeeze, but he did not heed it. He bent swiftly over her, kissed her cheek, her lips twice, then turned away without another word.

"Four years had passed, bringing many changes even to the small mining center of Owl Gulch.

"Dick Camdon had left after that good-bye kiss. Sierra Nevada, broken hearted, had again returned to the Normal, had graduated, and was now teaching school near home, so as to be with the old folks."

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