BATHS FOR GOLDEN YOUTH

Luxuries Never Dreamed of in the Days When Crœsus Was on Earth.

Some Bath Robes for the Four Hundred That Cost Four Hundred Each.

Chinese Curios That Come High—For Christmas Dances—Wraps of the Season—Headgear.

[Written for THE HELENA INDEPENDENT.]

Have you seen the bath-room fin de siecle? There are two favorite forms of it. That most effected by the golden youth of to-day is big enough for a parlor, with a pool big enough to swim half a dozen at once. Marble steps lead down to it; the floor is of plain white tiles. The walls are likewise tiled, but blush with the classic contours of nymph and goddess. There are shower and needle baths also at one side. A wide, low, marble divan runs along two sides of the room. Heaped with rich rugs and soft cushions, it becomes an ideally luxurious lounge for the half hour after the bath—especially if the lounger has a good cigar, a good book or a good comrade to keep him in countenance. Fifteen minutes in the pool, with coffee and pipe after it, give a silver lining to the darkest cloud. It is for such delightful quarter hours that the big shops are showing bath robes of either wadded silk on the smoking jacket plan or else the softest, silkiest woolens, like velvet to the touch. The robes are long and loose—the Roman toga could not hold a candle to their ample majesty. They come quite to the instep and are furnished with either a waist cord or a soft folded sash. The man who can wear one well, with no suggestion of his grandmothers may hug himself in the belief that he can be a hero to his own valet.

The golden youth's feminine counterpart does not take nearly so much space for her bath. What it lacks in room, though, it gains in gorgeousness. Fancy a floor of mosaic wall paneled with mirrors gleaning and flashing betwixt slabs of onyx or pink or green marble. Fancy a bath carved from a solid marble block in shape of a lotus petal, a sea shell, a calla lily, or a white full-breasted swan. Fancy the water in it milky with perfume and just the tempered warmth of May-morning sunshine. Beauty rises from it all one tender glow, gives her sweet flesh the delicious feeling of fine, cold needle spray, wraps herself dry in swarthing of embroidered damask, then slips into a silk robe that touches her only at neck and waist that trails yards behind her in shimmering folds and is overlaid with a smother of lace cascades. For two such garments meant for holiday gifts the moderate sum of four hundred dollars each has been paid. Needless to add their prospective wearers belong to the four hundred and are merely types of their class. Indeed, the shops just now enlarge one's ideas of luxurious possibilities. To-day I sauntered through a big establishment filled with nothing but lamps, candlesticks, chandeliers and shades for them. Don't ask me to describe them. Multiply a riot color by geometry run mad, fling in silk and lace and bronze and gilt, add China and crystal wrought in all conceivable shapes, and if your imagination is vivid enough, you may get a faint idea of the gorgeous array. There were short lamps and tall lamps, on standards, pedestals, vases, lamps in clusters, fairy lamps, goblin lamps—but never a one whose cost was less than twenty dollars, above which it ran into the hundreds. In a general way it was deducable that yellow is a long favorite for shades. At least two-thirds of them were of yellow silk shirred, smocked, festooned over big pagoda frames, and finished with pleated frills over which fell yellow lace. A few of the very handsomest had big pink, crepey peony petals intermixed with white silk muslin, but shades of massed flowers—roses, lilies, sun-flowers, tulips, and so forth—that were so fashionable last year are this season in a welcome minority. For sconce-candles bunches of chrysanthemums make new and pretty shades. The clasp fits round the socket, so the upright flowers tempers the light without danger of burning.

Next door to the lamp man you find a curio collection from the land of the chrysanthemum, the mikado's empire. And such a collection. Really to walk through it is a liberal education in the wonders of Japanese art. Here are bronzes full of Japanese grotesquerie, yet exquisite in curve and proportion—so exquisite, so finely modeled that you do not wonder when the dealer names $12,000 as the price of each. A big gold lacquer cabinet, a famous shrine in fac-simile, with miraculous ivory carving all over the front, is valued at $15,000. A Japanese belle en route to the temple with her offering of flowers and her little dog in leash rendered to the life, perfect in the minutest detail, is to be had for one thousand—and cheap at that. For you see, though she stands some ten inches high

FOR CHRISTMAS DANCERS.

without her pedestal, she is all carved out of one solid piece of ivory—and is possibly the largest perfect carving of that precious stuff now existent. You look and look till the eye wearies—the brain reels—you see balls and fish and turtles cut from rock crystal, the seven gods of Japan, grotesque in old crackle, huge cases of gold lacquered objets d'art, tables of old Satsuma, rank upon rank of vases—marble, cloisonne, solid enamel; teapots by hundreds—in gold, in silver, in copper, bronze and iron, piles of brocades as gorgeous as if they came out of the Arabian Nights, embroideries that are really needle paintings, other bolder ones that need to flash and rustle in the temples of the unpronounceable gods. Altogether the collection, whose gathering must have been a labor of love, represents a money value of at least a quarter-million. The collector is a close friend and staunch partisan of Sir Edwin Arnold, whom I met in the rooms, and who assured me upon his honor as a light of Asia man illuming the barbarian west, that "nothing more beautiful ever came out of Japan," or, for that matter, remained there to make the collector unhappy.

This is what it means to live in New York. All these things here set down and very many more may be added unto you if your pockets are well-lined with that whose love is the root of all evil. To meet or use it seems that the lack of money is worse than the love of it. That there is a fortunate many who do not lack the fashions of the minute sufficiently attest. A bride of this week had in her trousseau just eighteen evening gems, not one of which came under a hundred dollars. One of them illustrated here was of the richest pink satin brocade veiled with pale blue embroidered chiffon caught up on waist and skirt with chrysanthemums formed of pink and blue baby ribbon. The neck ties draped modestly high with a mass of pink and blue forget-me-nots nestling at the right side. The companion gown which is laid away in the wardrobe of a beautiful dark eyed debutante, against the night of her first dance at Sherry's, is likewise of satin brocade—a rich ivory white. The skirt has a narrow frill at foot and a veiling of the finest white Brussels net, edged with a very full puff. Over that falls a second skirt of the same fine white net, embroidered with roses and leaves in vivid scarlet chenille and shaded green silk floss. It is edged with broad shallow chenille wrought scallops. A puff of the net hides the junction of waist and skirt, the neck is draped high and the sleeves end in a ruffle falling over the arm.

But if you happen to be scrawny instead of plump and dimpled, you need no longer be a figure of fun in evening dress.

It is reckoned rather swagger, indeed, to wear a high gown semi-occasionally. A good model had a skirt of rosy heliotrope brocade, plain, but exquisitely cut, and sweeping out in a moderate train. To wear with it there was a longish coat of the softest fine woolen cloth, exactly matching the brocade ground. It had long sleeves with deep cuffs and ruffles of cream lace, a roll-

WRAPS OF THE SEASON.

ing collar, a neck frill and very handsome jabot down the silk front, from which the cloth rolled back in double revers. Beyond question it was a mighty fetching combination, but one that would require for its successful wearing the temper of a cherub and the complexion of a seraph. For only a bodiless wearer could hope to escape spoiling its tricky tint—which has a further habit of making most wearers who put it on look paly purple or greeny yellow frights.

Having exhausted the odd, the bizarre, the impossible headgear gives signs of returning sanity. Witness these three heads. The bonnet is of soft fluted velvet with a high puffed crown and handsome heron feathers. Wide, very rich passamenterie is laid flat over the brim, and ribbon velvet strings come out from the back. The wide hat is of cloth laid smoothly over a shape and trimmed with lace plumes and a row of gold galoon. The third, a French felt, is very small and flat with a wreath of tips, a spotted black and white wing rolling back, and a cluster of velvet loops moderately high at the back.

I have left myself no space to tell of gloves and fichus and heaps of more small things which are really the great points of the toilet. As a last word, take the assurance that the sable boa crushed up beneath this young woman's chin is the very moral

PARIS HEADGEAR.

and pattern of at least a hundred that habitually promenade on Fifth avenue every fine day. When we have "a nipping and an eager air," you see sealskin galore. This close sitting sacque is much affected by girls well in the twenties. Buds wear the jauntier and more youthful looking cape. Combinations of seal and sable are popular—also seal and Persian lamb. Mink has gone up so in price and in fashion that to wear it is well nigh a patent of gentility. The girl who must be "striking" or nobody gets her a much beplumed hat and a "whole-back" coat with big carved buttons and collar and cuffs of Alaska sable—which is a polite name for the integrement of the malodorous skunk.

Hats and bonnets both are fur-trimmed. I saw a girl to-day in a gown of creamy-tan Bedford cord, cut princess and edged with three-inch wide bands of sable above a four-inch band of velvet slightly darker than the cloth. With it she wore a cape of sable fringed with sable tails and a hat of fine felt just the color of the cloth. It had an edging of sable with a second row betwixt brim and crown and the third row around the brim. In front all three come together under a group of three small fiery heads, whose eyes were real diamonds. Wide loops of velvet came from the back, and a single long string was wound twice around the throat, then pinned with another diamond to the golden hair.

ELLEN OSBORN.

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It seems to us that there has never been a time in the history of Montana when such a sale would meet the wants of the people more than this year, as there seems to be such a great depression in everything, making it difficult for the PEOPLE IN ORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCES to raise the necessary money to buy presents for their friends.

In order to make it just as easy for THOSE WHO HAVE LIMITED MEANS to purchase goods, as those who have wealth, we have concluded to start our SPECIAL BARGAIN SALE ON SATURDAY AND MONDAY, and everything in the line of HOLIDAY GOODS will be REDUCED FROM 20 PER CENT TO 33 1-3 PER CENT. from the regular price.

Our stock is so large and the assortment so great it will be impossible to make a list of the different lines.

If you will come in and look over the stock and get prices, you will readily see we mean what we say.

There is nothing misleading about this sale, as all our goods are MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES, and the reduction will be made from these prices which you have been paying.

If any of you were fortunate enough to get some of our bargains last year, you will understand what this sale means to you.

In view of the reduction in prices, we have to ask that you PAY CASH FOR THE GOODS you buy and TAKE ALL SMALL PACKAGES WITH YOU.

We have an extra force of salesmen and will give you as prompt attention as possible.

If convenient for you to come in the morning, or early part of the afternoon, you will avoid the rush.

Do not forget that the sale will be for TWO DAYS, SATURDAY AND MONDAY.

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JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—IN THE DISTRICT court of the First Judicial district of the state of Montana, in and for Lewis and Clarke county.

In the matter of the estate of Patrick A. Bennott, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of Patrick A. Bennott, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix, at room 35, in the court house of Lewis and Clarke county, in the city of Helena, Montana, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the county of Lewis and Clarke.

ANNIE DILLON,
Administratrix of the estate of Patrick A. Bennott, deceased.
Dated Dec. 2, 1891.

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING—THE REGULAR annual meeting of the stockholders of the Helena National bank for the election of thirteen directors for the ensuing year will be held at the banking house of the bank on the second Tuesday in January 1892.

FRANK BAIRD,
Cashier.

A. K. PRESCOTT,
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DISSOLUTION NOTICE—NOTICE IS HEREby given that the firm of Jos. W. Wallisch & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Jos. W. Wallisch retiring, John Beuschlein assuming all liabilities and who alone is authorized to collect all debts due the firm.

JOS. W. WALLISCH,
J. A. BEUSCHLEIN.
Dated Dec. 14, 1891.

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