

Fashion's Cry Is for Velvets, Velvets and Still More Velvets.

Coloring, Weaving, Printing and Embroidery Are All Seen to Perfection in the New Season's Velvets.

Is an Open Secret that Plain Color Gowns Will Have Shaded Velvet Effects.

No Chance for Monotony in This Season's Pile Fabrics.

VELVETS, velvets, and still more velvets! is what the leading couturiers say when asked the reason as to what will lead in the late autumn and early winter styles. And furthermore they add that when the wools of cloth—and some of the new silks are sheer and fine as chiffon—it simply must be trimmed with velvet.

Quite in consonance with the richness of the fabric does Dame Fashion decide that the styles are to call for the extremes of fulness. Softly hanging folds are for all the skirts, even those that are intended to clear the ground all around; those which Paris distinguishes as the rascars (the title is self-interpreting) being not less than eight or ten yards at the hem. While as for the dressy skirts, they may have a dozen yards of fulness, and even more, provided that the fulness is adequately supported, either with a princess haircloth or some of its substitutes inserted in the drop skirt or petticoat.

Crushed Velvets.

The variety in both weave and coloring is so wide that every possible taste can be gratified and the seasons of style complied with at the same time. Perhaps the leading novelty will be the crushed velvets. Although they have been but a short time on view, already they command a very distinct place in the affections of the fashionables. One will see them not only for the utility walking costume, but for carriage tolets and evening gowns as well.

The fitted models are especially attractive in these crushed velvets, for the seams have a way of disappearing in the pattern, so that the smart coat of the Louis or the Directoire fashions looks as though moulded to the swathe of the body. Several shades of one color are to be preferred to two or more colorings blended together, and assuredly this feature goes better with a one-color gown than would a harmony of several colorings.

Thus, a soft mouse-gray dinner gown has a corsage which might almost be described as a berth and a belt. The latter takes on the corsage lines and

Shaded Effects.

And speaking of shaded effects, it is an open secret that the plain color gowns are to have shaded velvet effects. Such a clever and even stunning result can be attained with a deft adjustment of this important little item that it is a wonder nobody ever thought of it before. Several shades of one color are to be preferred to two or more colorings blended together, and assuredly this feature goes better with a one-color gown than would a harmony of several colorings.

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comes half-way up under the arms, being smartly pointed, both back and front. The shades run from a pearl-gray at the top to that rich, deep that known as elephant's breath, and which, incidentally, is very much like the color of a London fog; a deep gray with perhaps a soupçon of yellow in its make-up.

Sleeves and Gloves.

For outdoor gowns, both those for utility purposes and the dressier creations that fare forth in Minkia's carriage for the afternoon drive and call, the three-piece suit—coat, skirt and fancy blouse—remains an overwhelming favorite. A Parisian whim now has the entire costume, blouse and all, in the pile fabric, and when this is the case the blouse is merely a background for intrications of lace, the embroidery and the like.

And, by the way, the short or half-sleeve is the one preferred for those smart and fascinating little separate blouses, for then it may be used for the somewhat formal luncheons with very dressy effect.

The correct gloves are this season in shades rather than solids; and if you have any old-time handkerchiefs or brackets bring them out and wear them with your half-sleeves and velvet costume. The very smartest jewelers are copying all of the old-time effects.

Invisible Plaids.

But to return to our velvets. For outdoor wear there are some new (so called) invisible plaids that are really very pretty, and as a novelty will be sure of a following. These are in the fashionable peacock tones, dull, blurred patterns in blue and green, soft tones in brown, light and dark, with here and there a fleck of pale blue or scarlet. They are very appropriately made up in the more severe of the tailored styles.

Of course, plain and solid colorings are to be used; and this season the range of shades is greater than ever before. All of the new colorings, the terra cotta tints, the maroon browns, some exquisite sapphire blues, all of the new and leather shades, with black and some new grays, will be greatly favored by the younger set, while for the elders there are the anachronistic and aubergine (egg plant) tones, all of the dahlia shades, which with their rich tints, and several purples, which, however, shades markedly this year upon the blue.

And these will be trimmed with fur; for fur is recently restored with fervor to trimming and edging and braids of every character. Oriental embroideries, Persian, Chinese, Japanese, Bulgarian and others and some of the heaviest laces

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Novel Chapeau.
Quite a novelty is offered in this hat, in which a black silk gurgure is posed over moire antique. The crown is odd, being long and narrow, and a cleft in the top adds to its quaintness. The brim is broad and curling, bound with velvet edge, and the sole trimming effect is in the two shaded plumes, black shading through lilac to white, and the stiff white aigrette that soars up at the left side.

The New Invisible Plaid Velvet.
These long and loose separate coats that are so much admired, and which when well chosen can be made becoming to any girl, the broad-tail velvets is a marked favorite. This imitates the markings of the broad-tail or baby lamb to such perfection that one almost imagines a furry look to the coat. The girl who knows how to be loved by you—did not defend, but for there is no resemblance whatsoever of a fit to them. The only thing is to get the sleeves big enough and

For a Tall and Slender Girl.
The skirt is pulled in double box plait, and shows the correct walking length.

Savoring of Directoire.
Quite a dressy production is this model in anemist velvet. The coat opens over a vest of white silk, ruffled with lace, and is cut away sharply in front, the hip basques being quite full and with a double box plait inverted in the back. The sleeve is very full, striped on the inner seam, and finished up standing cuffs of chiffon cloth braided in pastel tones. The skirt is in alternate shirring and panelled box plait, and is in the new all-around length, just barely touching the floor at the same depth all around.

For All-Around Wear.
The velveteens are being called upon for general wear, and this production is a good model for such use. The coat that comes to the curve of the hips, is fitted with the usual number of seams. A little vest effect in fancy Persian braid is introduced. Collar and cuff are in pastel-blue cloth, braided in black and gold, this harmonizing well with the maroon crown of the fabric. The

For a Slender Girl.
These long-fitted coats that reach almost to the knees are vastly becoming to the tall and slender figure, and the one illustrated is in dark green, braided in black. The coat is fully fitted, double-breasted, fastening with handsome buttons. The sleeve is a trifle full at the shoulder, and then follows the regulation tailor coat sleeve to the wrist. The skirt has inverted plaits inserted

Fascinating and Picturesque Designs for Dressy Toilets and Practical Ones for the Utility Gown.

Chiffon, Moire, Paon and Miroir Still in Good Standing.

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Some Novelties Seen in the Shops.

PERA-GLASS bags of lace made over evening shade silk and card cases to match are among the novelties.

The automobile collars made of fancy leather are meeting with favor this season.

One of the new velvets is made with a double circular effect—that is, there are two veils, one light and the other a dark tone fastened together over a circular wire. The darker one is on the top and the two veils cover the hat entirely with the long streamers tied in some sort of a loose bow.

Persian bands are still in vogue, but those used this season are somewhat wider than last. Sometimes they are to be had in two widths.

The hand-made Irish crochet is very popular this season especially with the better class of trade. It is expected that heavy laces will be very strong this season.

In children's coats, tweeds, shibubas and similar materials are employed. These are ornamented with wide Harpallus braid and of straps of contrasting cloth stitched.

Pretty house gowns constructed in the Empire mode of light-colored liberty silk, trimmed in the sleeves and at the neck with net lace and showing a double row of this extending down the front.

The display of spangled robes is something phenomenal. Window displays consist largely of the silver spangled robes interspersed with a few handsome black robes.

MUST BE GRAY-HEADED.
Vassar College has been in charge of a man for the past eighteen years. Paste this in your scrapbook.—Atlanta Journal.

The Sorceress The Great Sardou Romance The Sorceress

A Story by George Morehead, Based Upon the Play of "The Sorceress," in Which Mrs. Patrick Campbell is Now Appearing Successfully Here.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Zoraya, the sorceress, gathered her disciples in the moonlight, in a cavernous grotto, and having cut down and buried the body of the man who had been her lover, she prepared to die for loving a Christian maiden. Zoraya reads Enrique's palm, tells him he will have one more lover, and concludes by embracing him. In the midst of her driving love she is seen as a demon that has cast a spell upon him.

Enrique's love for Zoraya has now kept him for two months in her power. His chance for two days and two nights causes her to leave the cave, and she is seen watching her lover in the midst of her fears and indignation. Enrique suddenly appears.

CHAPTER IV.

A Farewell Tryst—Zoraya Tells of Her Love—When Shall We Meet Again!

ZORAYA kissed him again and again and held him strained to her bosom. Again she noticed the swift beating of his heart.

"Did some one pursue you?" she asked, apprehensive that the men who had been in the garden might have sought to do him harm.

"No."

"Did you see any one on the road?"

"No."

Zoraya breathed more freely, while Don Enrique now removed his hat, cloak and sword and placed them on a stool. She sat herself on the cushions on the floor. Then he explained to her.

"You see, I did not come over the bridge this morning. I crossed the river in a boat and followed the path along the hill."

"In broad daylight! How foolish!" she exclaimed; then added, in slow, tender accents:

"Do you know how anxiously I watched for you last night?"

"Yes, I can imagine. But when I left here the day before yesterday I saw a man standing at the bridge, whose presence there at that hour excited my suspicion. I covered my face with my cloak and passed him quickly, but as he followed me at a distance I had to gain my judgments by some winding streets and put him off my track."

"Then he followed you? Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes, quite sure. It was to deceive him that I decided not to come

last night or the night before, and for the same reason, this morning I crossed the river in a boat below the "rador."

Zoraya rose and spoke in an absent-minded way as she said, slowly:

"Yes, it is quite clear now. I see it all. They were watching for you last night."

"Who?"

"Some men who were lying behind the fig trees."

Enrique started to the window to look out, but she stopped him by saying:

"No, no! They have gone away, thinking it useless to watch for you in the daytime."

"How many men?"

"Three; one seemed to be a leader."

"Was one of them a small man, with a gray beard?"

"Yes."

"Ah! It was he who was watching me yesterday. I thought I recognized him. It was Cardeno, one of my father's old soldiers, but now an agent of the Holy Office."

"Then he must have recognized you?"

"I don't think so," answered Enrique. "It was not very likely. Besides, if I were suspected they would be skulking around my house, and I have not seen them there. However, we must be on our guard."

"Yes, yes!" assented Zoraya.

"And it is prudent that we should not see each other for a time."

"Oh, yes—for a few weeks."

"Say, rather, for a few weeks."

"A few weeks!" she cried in surprise. "Yes, it is the only way to avert suspicion and get rid of these spies."

"A few weeks without seeing each other! Oh, Enrique, that cannot be! I should die!"

"My dear Zoraya, we must resign ourselves to it, when it is so necessary."

"Resign ourselves! Ah, Enrique! Resignation may be easy enough for you. You are a man and your love is not the sole aim of your life! You have other thoughts, other ideas; but for me, I enduce the solitude of your absence only by the thought that you will return when the first star twinkles in the heavens. When I can no longer dream of the divine joys of the coming day, or revive the memories of the day that has passed, I shall, indeed, feel unhappy in this house, in which the cool air of the evening, the sighing of the wind in the trees, the singing of the birds, the humming of the brooks, everything which used to charm and delight me, will, in your absence, become a source of sorrow. The last two days without you have seemed so very long—and now you speak of weeks! Weeks in which I shall say to myself, 'Who is he? What is he doing? Does he think of me? Will he ever return?'"

"At first I loved you from cowardice, my dear Enrique; to obtain my pardon and release, and when I had secured that, to fly from Toledo."

"This answer was not what Enrique had expected. It nettled him to learn that Zoraya did not love him for himself alone, that her love had been inspired by fear. With a flash of anger he repulsed her and exclaimed:

"Ungrateful and deceitful girl!"

Zoraya stopped back a few feet and, with flashing eyes and clenched hands, she cried:

"But afterward—afterward I loved

you through bravado, malice and revenge!"

"Revenge!" echoed Enrique, in wonderment.

"Yes, yes—revenge! It pleased me to humiliate in you the Spaniard, the Christian, the enemy and conqueror of my race, which you declared impure; and to make you renounce your faith like the hero of the story which you say me to read."

Tears came to her eyes; she turned away to hide them. But the tears quickly melted her anger, her passion for Enrique was again triumphant, and, turning to him, she continued, in a repentant mood:

"Forgive me, Enrique, for at last—yes, at last, I decided to be loved for the sake of love. Yes, dear Enrique, that is true. At our first meeting, when I leaned toward you, almost in your arms, with your cheek grazing my own, I felt the chaste indifference of my widowhood gradually melt away like snow before the combined warmth of your hands, and that fever of love, which I had thought forever dead, stirred quickly through my blood, intoxicated my reason; and when you said to me, 'Go away, you are free!' I carried away the fond hope that very soon you would follow me and demand my love. Ah, my beloved conqueror, you are well revealed. Zoraya, who wished to subdue you, is no more than a slave at your feet, as submissive and tender as some game."

The church bells in Toledo commenced to ring again. At sound of them Enrique quickly turned and observed his action and inquired:

"What is the matter?"

"Those bells."

"Well, let them ring. What does it matter to us?"

"They remind me that it is time to go," said Enrique.

"Already? Why so soon, Enrique? You can remain here until the hour

of sleeta, when the streets will be deserted."

"No, no; it is impossible!"

"Impossible?"

"Yes, Zoraya; there is a great festa at the palace, and a grand ceremony at the Cathedral. All my men are under arms and I must be there to lead them. I have just time to return to the city by the way I came."

"Yes," said Enrique. He resumed his sword, hat and cloak, in preparation for his immediate departure. Enrique, who entered by the door, saw him go, and then she waved him a kiss.

"Adios, my loved one! Take good care of yourself!"

"Yes, yes! Have no fear," said Enrique, as he walked quickly to the door and departed.

Zoraya stood at the open door and watched him as he passed down the garden path.

Once he turned, and then she waved him a kiss.

"Oh, you will know. And whatever happens, my dear love, believe nothing—do you understand—nothing but my love for you?"

"Yes, I have heard the church bells ringing in the city."

Enrique released her from his arms and started to go, but she grasped his hand and said:

"Ah! those dreadful bells, which always tear me from your arms!"

"Adios," said Enrique, again kissing her.

"Adios, my loved one! Take good care of yourself!"

"Yes, yes! Have no fear," said Enrique, as he walked quickly to the door and departed.

Zoraya stood at the open door and watched him as he passed down the garden path.

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CHAPTER V.
The Fair Somnambulist—Zoraya's Power Invoked—Her Compact with Her Rival.

ZORAYA was still standing at the open door, with eyes steadfastly fixed upon the spot at which she had just seen her lover disappear—eyes which shed rays of mingled hope and fear—when Alisa entered the room by another door. First she looked cautiously about to see if Zoraya was alone, and observing that at the door Alisa approached and inquired:

"I forgot my handkerchief."

"Oh, I knew something would happen the way you rushed me off when I was not half ready!"

"But the 'Seeing New York' comes promptly at 8, you say? What is that to me, Mr. Nagg? Couldn't they wait?"

"That is to me, the way you always act with me. No one has any consideration for me. Nobody ever does anything for me. I am thoughtful of every one, and what thanks do I get?"

"I can't be selfish if I try, and in consequence I am always imposed upon."

"Put these gloves in your pocket. Put this veil in too. Oh, why didn't I bring my handbag? Lend me your pocket handkerchief!"

"Oh, I wouldn't be seen with that cotton rag. Is my nose shiny? I know I look dreadful! Stand in front of me till I powder my nose!"

"I don't care if everybody is gazing at me! I won't look ridiculous. There is a ruffian laughing! If you were a man, Mr. Nagg, you would smack him in the face! But you don't care who insults me!"

"There! I'm crying and my nose is all red again!"

"What are you going to do? Going to hit that loafer who is laughing at me?"

"That's right, Mr. Nagg! Make a scene, make me the centre of a disgraceful brawl upon the streets!"

"I will hold you back. If you had any respect for me you would not attempt to pick a quarrel with an inoffensive young man. He was not laughing at me at all. But then you hate any one who is light-hearted and gay."

"Ah, here is the Flatiron Building where the cough starts from. Do I have

to climb that ladder? Who are all those queer people sitting up there? I won't get up! I know how it would be, why did you bring me here?"

"Yes, I know I told you I wanted to see New York from the top of one of these automobiles, but why didn't you wait till some day when there wasn't such a crowd? They are always crowded, you say?"

"Of course they are. I hate crowds. Why is it when I want to go anywhere everybody else wants to go? It's just as for a moment."

"I can go some other time, you say? That's right, bring me down here when you know I have longed to go on one of these 'Seeing New York' trips, and then drag me away!"

"You never want me to go anywhere! No, I am down here now, and I will

that is why, young man, you do not know how to treat a lady!"

"Why don't you make that man move over and give me a seat, Mr. Nagg? I notice you got a good seat for yourself!"

"Tell the man not to go too fast through this crowded street! Never mind what he will say, you tell him not to go too fast!"

"What are you standing there gaping at me for? Have you brought me out to make a laughing stock of me? I won't stand it! Don't answer me! Don't speak to me! Oh, why am I treated like this, and spoken to like this. I who am so kind to every one?"

"You didn't say a word, you say? I didn't say anything, but I can read your thoughts, Mr. Nagg!"

"Don't you tell me to hurry, young man! I think you are impudent! If I am to be treated this way, I won't get up at all! Anyway, in my opinion, your coach is only patronized by riff-raff and

By Roy L. McCardell.