HEARTH AND BOUDOIR.

FRENCH CHATEAU LIFE.

AUTUMN WARDROBES SEEN AT THE COUNTRY HOUSE PARTIES.

OPENING OF THE SHOOTING SEASON—EVERY WOMAN HAS EITHER A RED DRESS OR A RED JACKET.

En Villegiature, September 8, 1897.

It would be interesting if that great mass of Parisians—the so-called "middle class," which in France is divided into the "bourgeois" and the "petit bourgeois"—whose dislike and contempt for the English and everything Anglaise is proverbial, should become aware how closely a certain class of French society is modelled on that of England. To be "smart," especially at this time of the year, is to be English; and if, like most importations, the character of this one is somewhat changed in the transplanting, there remains sufficient of the original flavor to make one feel at times slightly out of France.

A charming French dame of the old school complains that the quiet month or two which she is accustomed to pass every autumn either at her own lovely chateau or visiting the country homes of her friends, has of late years been entirely spoiled for her by this innovation of new customs and manners. "And new manners, my dear," she continues, "mean a new set of people and social favorites. In the old days, on a round of country visits, one expected to meet one's friends, one's particular circle; and the appearance of a new face was apt to mean a fortunate acquaintance, accepted as a social equal or superior; we might occasionally invite a nouveau riche to our balls, but never to the intimacy of our country homes. It is not the social attempts of money that we have to expect now; we have to accept the fact that the devotees of 'le sport' have stormed and taken our most precious citadel. The women we are expected to meet now ride bicycles, play golf, shoot with the men in a costume more vulgar than even the most extreme bicycle suit, and in place of the simple evening dance, where one might introduce the young daughters from the convent, we see now a game of billiards."

Any one who has seen something of French chateau life will sympathize with this lament. We have undoubtedly in America modelled our country life on that of the English, and an invitation for a part of the shooting season in France is, to either an American or English woman, apt to be associated with two distinct impressions, the first of pleasure at finding everything so easily homelike, and the second of disappointment at experiencing so little of the romantic novelty expected. A French woman might remark with justice that the present craze for "sports" explains the number of foreigners invited to country houses; to be English is to be "chic," and to have English guests at this particular time of the year is to suppose that the establishment is conducted in the most approved manner.

A SMART SHOOTING COSTUME OF HEATHER TWEED, WITH A BORDERING OF TAN LEATHER.

FREEDOM OF DEPORTMENT.

Perhaps the most startling effect that this Anglicized manner of living presents to us is the astonishing freedom of deportment that it has suddenly allowed the unmarried woman. If to be smart is to be athletic, then certainly the race in France is to the young, and it is in the country that the future belle makes the first step toward social distinction. But tradition in France does not accept "belleship" as a desirable factor in a maiden's life. The little French girl, in her short skirt, with a cap on her flying hair, strikes one as a pleasant and healthful innovation in customs when she is riding down a country road between her father and big brother; but she is far less charming a few years later in the strictly English and, to her, unbecoming habit, riding after hounds, attended by an English groom. One is tempted to wonder if the groom has not usurped the post of English governess; not that she always speaks the language badly; more often she speaks it too well, for it is dangerous to know too glibly the slang and emphatic vocabulary of a foreign tongue. One might like to intimate to her that there is a certain word in the Saxon tongue that is generally represented in literature by a dash and only used in public by "stage villains," and even supposing that the utterance of the word might be reported as piquant and original in the mouth of her English prototype, the three-times repetition of it in a five-minutes' conversation with groom and horse produces only an effect of sadness. After such a conversation as we overheard the other day it did not require great wisdom on the part of a well-bred American girl to emphatically declare: "I will never use a French word that I can not find in my French dictionary."

THE NEW COLOR, "ABBESS."

As might be expected, the "tailor-made" is conspicuous in these autumn wardrobes, and it is in the country that one first sees worn the cloth and wool suits that the Paris dressmakers have been busy designing for weeks. Among the new colors there is a pretty shade between a blue and a violet, called the "Abbess." It seems to be new in the world of fashions, but it is the exact color of the serge worn by a religious body. The manufacturers have presented it in various materials, but it is perhaps at its best in a heavy serge.

A CHARMING GOWN OF MAROON VELVET.

In stuffs we have some silk and wool mixtures that are attractive. A decided novelty has somewhat the appearance of Indian cashmere, with perhaps even more brilliancy, for in this case the irregular tufts are produced by silk threads. The effect is obtained by throwing small pieces of silk thread into the wool while it is being woven. Another wool that we often see among the novelties has a silky, glossy surface. It is lovely in Huntsman's green and in dark red. There are some velvets, corded, with a line of colored silk showing faintly below the nap, and in velvets with a plain surface quadrille patterns are marked out in the same indefinite way. Fancy velvets have never been so pretty as they are now, and promise to be excessively popular. For the winter we shall see velvet jackets, and now velvet sleeves are appearing on some of the autumn gowns intended to be worn without a wrap.

At a house party last week that marked the opening of the shooting season—for the social season in the country begins on the first day that one may shoot—I took note of some gowns that seemed to me prettier than anything the dressmakers had to show. One smart walking suit was made of heavy serge of the "Abbess" color, the skirt being formed of three flounces—indeed, they were almost too scant to be called flounces—each scalloped and finished by a cording of white silk. The bodice was cut to show no seams and arranged with a little fullness in front and back. It was partly covered by a double collar, the first part of the cloth scalloped and edged with white, and the second of white silk incrusted with guipure. The same idea was carried out in the sleeves by double turn-over cuffs of silk, lace and cloth.

The possibilities of a Princess gown were shown in a creation of cloth, in a color a trifle too warm or a bit too yellow to be properly termed écru, and yet not to be characterized by any other term. The gown fitted, of course, with the smoothness generally ascribed to wallpaper, and fastened on one side, the waist part being drawn over in soft folds, and the skirt slightly raised and draped on the side. There was a bolero and a panel down one side of the skirt, of black lace, and some large jet buttons were used on both the skirt and bodice. The skirt dragged just the wee bit in the back that is fashionable now.

THE POPULAR RED.

Every member of the party seemed to possess either a red dress or a red jacket, and how effective this color is in the country now, when the landscape is growing a little sombre! One was especially attractive, with a trimming of narrow, dark-green velvet ribbon, used as if it were braid. Another showed an elaborate pattern, done in tiny black and white ribbon, and covering a large part of both the skirt and bodice.

Frenchwomen are really wearing more jewelry in the daytime than was considered good form a year ago. In the country now we do not see the many strings of pearls that were considered a proper accessory to the summer laces and muslins, for at this time of the year one is rarely in grande tenue, but there is a deal of the glitter of gold about the most sportsmanlike costumes. The long gold neckchain is universally worn, and to it one hangs any trifle of which there may be a possible need—purse, watchkeys or pencil-case, in gold or silver gilt. We also see one or two loose bracelets worn over gloves, and quite commonly displayed with a jacket suit and shirtwaist.

We do have informal balls still in the country, our French critic to the contrary notwithstanding, and extremely "chic" gowns appear on these occasions. The majority of these are built of thin fabrics, real dancing gowns, but in point of color they are gay, almost bizarre. If our summer ballrooms were, as some one expressed it, "an animated cloud," the autumn spectacle suggests the wildest and most brilliantly colored dance of the almost forgotten "La Lole." The French seem to have gone color mad at the moment, perhaps as a reaction after the universal whiteness of the summer. Perhaps, too, the Frenchwoman has discovered that white does not become her. It certainly does not, and she is too clever to carry on a fashion that seemed particularly devised to set off the bloom of an English complexion.

RUFFLES OF GAUZE.

Nasturtium-red is most effective in gauze, and, made up with a lot of ruffles and emphasized by a belt of deep green, was a piquant setting to a young French beauty the other night. A frock of white crêpe, embroidered with blazing poppies, made a delightful impression, as did a white gauze striped with gold thread and trimmed with turquoise-blue feathers. Apropos of this last gown, we shall undoubtedly use the plumes of many ostriches on our winter ball finery.

It is still a trifle soon to describe exactly the evening toilettes for the winter, but these pretty dancing frocks are the several straws that denote the direction of the future current. In a general way, rich, brilliant colors, elaborate garniture and rich materials will be favored; and white, unless it have some particular richness or becomingness, will probably be relegated to its old place of uniform for the jeune fille. The dressmakers say they expect trains, trains of the most elaborate and regal sort, perhaps, if one may draw the bow so far, as a further compliment to "la Russie"; for everything is Russian now, from the latest bonnet to American imported popcorn, which is popped and sold on the street corners as a "vraie Kandie Russe."

Even dancing frocks of tulle and the various thin fabrics in use rest a few inches on the floor, but their weight is so slight that the skirt only flies about the feet in graceful waves, presenting little opportunity to the clumsy foot.

GOLDEN-YELLOW SATINS.

A lovely ball gown that remains in memory since my last visit to the Rue de la Paix is built of golden-yellow satin, with skirt trimmed by a flounce of lace, narrow on the front breadths and rising to half cover the skirt behind. Heading the lace is a line of artificial leaves and dull red roses; and above this, following the same lines, are two other rows slightly lighter. The top wreath reaches the waistline in the back and ends under a bunch of flowers that take the place of the usual sash bow. The décolletage of the bodice is finished by a quaint flat collar, with wings covering the short, close sleeves; and from under this collar, as if hanging from the shoulders, is a loose string of the flowers.

A gown of jade-green velvet, with a trimming of cut steel interspersed with emeralds, makes a truly dowager-like effect when set up with a sweeping train and bertha of point d'Alençon. Pink roses and plumes bunched with knots of lace ornament the corsage.

AN EVENING GOWN OF IVORY SATIN, EMBROIDERED WITH SPRAYS OF HEATHER AND FESTOONS OF RIBBONS. THE BODICE IS TRIMMED WITH IRISH LACE AND SLEEVES OF RUCHED CHIFFON.

WOMAN'S PAGE APPRECIATED.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: We all think the Sunshine Society is a great blessing. Sincerely yours,

MRS. HALLIE MATTHEWS.

Sanibel Island, Lake County, Fla., Sept. 12, 1897.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The courage and hope your Sunshine Society bring to many hearts is truly a blessing and a never-ending delight. Truly yours,

CATHARINE M. YOUNG.

The Chelsea, Twenty-third-st., New-York City, Sept. 15, 1897.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I take great pleasure in adding my testimony (with that of many others) to a thorough appreciation of the Woman's Page in your stanch and excellent paper. The Tribune has been a daily visitor in our home for over forty-eight years. Sincerely yours, MRS. F. C. BUCKBEE.

Owego, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1897.

WOMEN FAST HOP-PICKERS.

AN OUTDOOR WORK IN WHICH THEY EXCEL AND ARE IN DEMAND.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ACTIVE SCENES OF THE THREE WEEKS' SEASON ON A GREAT FARM—GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS AND FAIR PAY.

In Otsego County, near Cooperstown, is one of the great hop farms of Central New-York, where no less than one hundred and fifty men and women from New-York City are engaged for a three weeks' term picking hops, along with eight hundred other workers. The labor is one in which women excel.

At the beginning of the season the pickers are informed that the crop is ready, and, while many of them are employed from year to year, there are always new and strange faces among them. Trains are chartered for their transportation to the hop fields, and one-half fare is required in payment. When the season is over they are given free transportation back to their homes.

There are four boarding-houses on the place. The service is neat and the food is good. It takes thirty-five beeves, all fattened on the farm, to feed the pickers for three weeks. Thirty barrels of flour, sixteen barrels of potatoes and over a thousand pounds of butter per week is the average consumption.

WOMEN DO MOST OF THE PICKING.

About one hundred and fifty acres is the area devoted to hops. The picking proper is done mostly by women. Men are employed as section bosses. All are under strict regulations, copies of which are conspicuously placed on different buildings throughout the farm.

The sleeping apartments of the pickers are fitted with bunks or berths. The rooms of the women are quite private, four berths in a room. The beds have straw ticks and are cleanly. Most of the women hop-pickers are Germans, though the "home-pickers," who belong to the neighboring villages, are Americans.

WORKING UNDER TENTS.

In the fields little tents are dotted here and there, under which the women stand while doing their work. In some of the fields screens are placed on the hop-poles, which form a protection from the glare of the sun, instead of tent-covers. Fifteen of the tents form a section, under the jurisdiction of the section or division boss. The poles are first pulled up and the vine levelled to the ground. This is done with an instrument for the purpose, known as a pole-puller, and the "box-tenders" are required by the rules to use great care, and are charged with any poles broken by carelessness. The picking-stand consists of boxes divided into four sections. The box-tender keeps four pickers busy. He cuts the stem of the vines and lays the pole over the boxes. The vine is cut into short lengths and thrown upon an apron, where it is quickly seized by the pickers. The hops wilt rapidly after they are cut.

The hops are transferred from the boxes to bags, each one of which holds the exact contents of a box, and are taken by wagonloads to the drying-rooms or kilns, where they are put through the process of bleaching which prepares them for the market. For shipment they are packed in bales of 185 pounds each.

Many of the women engaged in the work are very old. Some of them have hardened faces; others are kindly and intelligent. There are a few young girls among them. The wages of the box-tenders is $2 a day and their board. The pickers receive a fixed rate a box, with board.

A GROUP OF THE HOP PICKERS OF HOP CITY.

A ROYAL LOVE STORY.

The marriage of the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra of Denmark is generally believed to have been a love match, and this is the way it is said to have begun:

The Prince was travelling in Germany with his tutor, and went, among other places, to the old cathedral city of Worms—a city which every good Wagnerian makes a point of visiting for the sake of its cathedral, for was not the space in front of the building known as the scene of the quarrel between Brunnhilde and Chriemhilde recorded in the "Niebelungen Lied"? As the Prince and his tutor walked up the aisle of the cathedral they heard sounds of steps behind them. Turning, the Prince saw a young girl enter, beautiful as the princess of any fairy tale, with a delicate rose-pink complexion, and brown hair tinted with gold. When she spoke the voice was hushed and gentle. "Alexandra, Princess of Denmark!" murmured the tutor. This was, indeed, the first meeting of the Prince and Princess of Wales. And it is told that the impression made upon the Prince was an immediate one, and that the Princess, on her side, came to associate the English stranger with the Lohengrin of her girlish dreams.

The authors of the quotations sent by Mrs. Marian B. Smith and published in the Sunshine column of September 5 are thus given by Mrs. Smith: 1, George Morris; 2, Dryden; 3, Samuel Butler (Hudibras, part 2, canto 1, line 815) and Solomon (Proverbs xii, 24); 4, Napoleon (Providence is always on the side of the last reserve), Tacitus (iv, 17), and Mme. Sévigné; 5, author unknown (see Bartlett, page 26); 6, Fouché; 7, Cowper; 8, Cæsar, Julius; 9, Charles Dickens; 10, Tennyson; 11, R. W. Emerson; 12, S. F. Adams; 13, Edward Bulwer Lytton; 14, Bryant; 15, Emerson; 16, Tennyson; 17, Longfellow; 18, Moore; 19, Keats; 20, Patrick Henry; 21, Commodore Perry; 22, Lawrence; 23, Scott; 24, Leigh Hunt; 25, Irving; 26, Andrew Jackson; 27, Webster; 28, Clay; 29, Lincoln; 30, Napoleon; 31 Nelson; 32, Milton; 33, Congreve; 34, Franklin; 35, Young; 36, Shelley; 37, Dean Swift; 38, Thomas à Kempis; 39, Cowper; 40, Campbell; 41, Dryden; 42, Gray; 43, Shakespeare.

Complete sets of answers have also been received from Ellen McIlvaine Marshall and Elizabeth Hustis. Mrs. Marshall's answers differ from Mrs. Smith's in the following cases: 1, George P. Morris; 2, Matthew Prior; 3, William Ray and Samuel Butler; 4, Tacitus, Terrence, Bussy, Rabutin, Voltaire and Sévigné; 6, Shakespeare; 18, George Linley; 34, Franklin and Sidney.

The other set of answers, sent in by Elizabeth Hustis, differs as follows:

1, Morris; 2, Prior; 5, Jefferson; 6, Fournier; 18, George Linley; 22, Perry; 35, Thomson.

Does any one want to try to straighten out these disputed points? The quotations are as follows:

1. Woodman, spare that tree.
2. Virtue is its own reward.
3. Spare the rod, and spoil the child.
4. God always favors the heaviest battalions.
5. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.
6. Beginning of the end.
7. God made the country,
   And man made the town.
8. I came, I saw, I conquered.
9. When found, make a note of.
10. Theirs not to make reply,
    Theirs not to reason why,
    Theirs but to do and die.
11. All mankind loves a lover.
12. Nearer, my God, to Thee.
13. Curses are like young chickens,
    And still come home to roost.
14. Truth crushed to earth shall rise again.
15. He builded better than he knew.
16. Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
    And the sound of a voice that is still.
17. Standing with reluctant feet,
    Where the brook and river meet,
    Womanhood and childhood fleet.
18. Though lost to sight, to memory dear.
19. A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
20. If that be treason, make the most of it.
21. We have met the enemy, and they are ours.
22. Don't give up the ship.
23. Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
    Who never to himself hath said,
    This is my own, my native land?
24. Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.
25. The almighty dollar.
26. By the Eternal.
27. Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable.
28. I would rather be right than be President.
29. Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish forever from the earth.
30. I fear the newspapers more than an hundred bayonets.
31. Thank God, I have done my duty.
32. They also serve who only stand and wait.
33. Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast.
34. God helps them that help themselves.
35. Who does the best his circumstance allows,
    Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
36. Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought.
37. Bread is the staff of life.
38. Man proposes and God disposes.
39. Variety's the very spice of life.
40. 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.
41. None but the brave deserve the fair.
42. Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.
43. My cake is dough.

Pins have been mailed to those who sent answers.

Mrs. A. Davis, of No. 556 Greene-ave., Brooklyn, writes that the poem, "I Shall Be Satisfied," was published anonymously in a little book called "Lyra Americana" about thirty years ago, and that Mary Cecil Hay used it in "Arundel Motto," but did not know who wrote it. The poem has also been published in "The Shadow of the Rock." Mrs. Davis's authority is an old newspaper clipping. Any one wishing to have the poem can obtain it by writing to her.

THE SABBATH.

'Tis Sabbath in the village,
And Sabbath o'er the lea,
And the breeze, with a benediction,
Is rippling o'er the sea.

The Orient sun illumines
The dell as an altar of God,
While the worshippers join in matins
O'er the verdant woodland sod.

The note the sweet lark raises
Thrills the azure blue;
Anon the incense of wild flowers
Is wafted with it, too.

As I gaze upon the landscape,
Unworthy to join the theme,
I but ask for a ray of His sunshine
To guide my soul to Him.

Sent by Mary Lennox.

President-General of the T. S. S.: I wish to say through the T. S. S. column that failing strength has prevented my writing in answer to letters received from Mrs. Leibert, of Nazareth, Penn.; Mrs. Frances Williams, of Westchester, Conn.; Mrs. M. S. Curtiss, of Newark; Mrs. Cheek, of Weaverville, N. C., and Miss Mary Farr, of Hightstown, N. J. They sent very kind and sympathizing letters, comforting and helpful, and my heart goes out to them. I pray God to bless the writers and all the members of the T. S. S. I thank the Lord for permitting me to become a member and for the many rays of sunshine that have come to my lonely room. Surely, the Master's work is being carried on as never before, and the dear Tribune (always first in the cause for good) Fresh Air work, so far-reaching and helpful to suffering humanity, I think merits the love and goodwill and a vote of thanks from all. God bless The Tribune and all its staff of workers. Is the prayer of one who has been comforted. Truly yours,

MRS. M. H. DANIELS.

No. 165 Orange Road, Montclair, N. J.

Mrs. S. M. Welch, No. 69 East Jersey-st., Elizabeth, N. J., writes to thank the sender of the Art Interchange.

One little copy of the "Bonnie Briar Bush" sent by a member to the Sunshine office is contriving to scatter much sunshine. Mrs. M. T. Hudson had it first, and she sent it to Miss Eleanor B. Chester, of Washington, who wrote to Mrs. Hudson after she received it that a "ray of sunshine had come in with her morning mail." Miss Chester will pass it on.

EMPLOYED AT THE HOP-PICKING STANDS.

CHOICE RECEIPTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

CHILI SAUCE.

One peck green tomatoes, one dozen onions, two tablespoonfuls of salt; press juice out of tomatoes; two tablespoonfuls sugar, one-half cup of mustard seed, one quart of good vinegar. Boil one hour.

PRESERVED QUINCES.

Here is a good recipe for preserved quinces: Peel, core and cut the fruit in half, putting it in a vessel—usually a saucepan—and covering with boiling water. Cook for ten minutes, and then remove from the water and make the syrup. To four quarts of the quinces add four pounds of sugar and one quart of the water in which the fruit was boiled. Let the sugar and water boil, and then drop in the quinces, allowing them to cook until a straw will pierce them easily. Put the fruit in jars, and pour the syrup over it, filling the jars to the top. Seal securely and set them in a cool place.

GRAPE JELLY.

The following is a reliable recipe for making grape jelly: Pick the grapes carefully from their stems, wash them, and let them cook slowly in a kettle until they are soft. Let them cool, then strain through a cheesecloth bag, catching the juice in the kettle. Put it back over the fire and boil for twenty minutes. Measure it, and add one pound of sugar to every pint of juice. Dissolve the sugar by stirring thoroughly, then boil the sweetened juice for five minutes. Pour into jars, glasses or moulds.

TOMATO CATSUP—NO. 1.

Boil a half-bushel of tomatoes; strain through a sieve; boil the pulp for one hour, skimming it well, then add four pints of good cider vinegar, four cups white sugar, three tablespoonfuls of salt, one of black pepper, one of ground cloves, two of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of red pepper. Put all the spices in a thin cloth; boil down to the half; add celery seed, with salt.

TOMATO CATSUP—NO. 2.

One basket of skimmed tomatoes, one quart of cider vinegar, one pound fine salt, half-pound ground yellow mustard, two ounces ground black pepper, half-ounce cayenne pepper, two pounds brown sugar, twenty cloves of garlic, cut fine; six good onions, one-quarter pound whole allspice, one ounce whole cloves, one handful of green peach leaves (clean); boil three hours; strain, and boil two or three hours longer.

TOMATO CATSUP—NO. 3.

One gallon tomatoes, one pound sugar, one quart vinegar, one teaspoonful cayenne pepper, four teaspoonfuls black pepper, four teaspoonfuls cloves, four teaspoonfuls salt, four teaspoonfuls ground mustard; boil down one-quarter, then add four teaspoonfuls cinnamon; bottle and seal. After the tomatoes have boiled a few minutes press them through a colander, which removes the skins, then press them through a wire sieve, which removes the seeds. Tie each spice separately in a small muslin bag and put in the tomatoes when boiling; this prevents the sediment of the spice from getting in the catsup.

CURE FOR BURNS.

The following recipe for burns is most highly recommended: Roll flour and lard together as you would for making pie-crust. Then wet it into a soft dough with cold water. Completely cover the parts burned and keep them covered for two or three days. When the dough loosens—which will be in two or three days—the burned skin will peel off with it. Make a fresh dough and cover the afflicted parts again. Let the dough remain until it becomes loose. It is said that burns treated in this way will never leave scars.

WHEN WALNUTS ARE RIGHT FOR PICKLING

Pickled walnuts are excellent, and only the medium-sized nuts are sufficiently tender for the making of good pickles. If a coarse needle can be easily pushed to the heart of the nuts, they are "just right" for pickling.

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