ALL ABOUT THE WOMAN OF FASHION; HER CAPE AND MUFF. COLLARETTE

The winter girl is fairly ensconced upon her snowy throne, and as it is something of a cool seat, she has wrapped herself in warm furs—warmer than usual this year, for the rumor has got abroad that it is to be a cold winter. Besides half the world is shivering in sympathy with the poor, frozen creatures who may be starving in Alaskan gold fields. It may be that some of the discouraged gold-hunters took their guns and turned down into British America after the furry beasts, whose hides are as good as gold and easier to get. At any rate the market fairly teems with the warm coats of the beasts whom man has robbed for his idol, woman.

Aside from the mere question of warmth, fur is a great boon to woman. It softens the lines of the angular face in winter as lace does in warm weather. The fluffier the fur the better does it suit the average face. It requires a brave heart and a pretty face to wear ermine, for example. It is well named "royal" ermine, since none dare the risk of ugliness with so much hardihood as does a king. A few lovely maidens in the prime of their beauty can wear the smooth, white fur with safety, but the average woman needs a relieving feature in the shape of a bit of color or a fall of lace to tone down the dazzling whiteness of the ermine.

An evening cape which blazed forth from the front seat of a box at the opera the other night was worn by a young woman who, though sure of herself and her beauty, had yet taken the precaution to wear a couple of cerise rosettes on the edges of her ermine cape where it fastened under the chin. From the rosettes depended, on each side, a long cream lace stole, which, when not tied in a large bow, hung neatly to the bottom of the skirt.

The combination of lace with fur grows more popular, and lace as a trimming for fur is more generally worn than fur on lace—a device which makes a feeble attempt for its life every year as a decoration for evening gowns.

A mink cape which has become faded can be nicely renovated by trimming it with alternating flounces of satin ribbon and cream lace. Of course such a wrap would hardly serve any longer for street wear, but it makes a nice evening cape, and when mink is faded it is too unattractive to be worn anywhere without some sort of covering.

Lambs' wool collarettes are often made to look larger and—strange to say—warmer, by the addition of a wide chiffon of lace flounce, like the one shown on the figure at the extreme left of the illustration. The flounce is headed with a band of chinchilla. Chiffon and chinchilla form the collar, at the back of which is a bow of satin ribbon. This cape, it is readily seen, can be made of all sorts of odds and ends, and if one does not happen to have exactly the combination here suggested, it is easy to make substitutions, provided the various parts are kept in harmony with each other.

Very pretty velvet capes are made after the fashion just described. I saw beside one on the car yesterday which had for its foundation black velvet, and for trimming around the edge a flounce of white satin ribbon gathered between two flounces of black satin. It had a high storm collar trimmed at the edge with flounces of narrower satin ribbon.

The newest collar is the one known as "ripple," which really does not ripple any more than those of last year. It differs from the old collar in that it fits snugger to the neck and yet has the same effect of flaring which it had. If the collar flares too much it loses its warmth, and yet it is the flare which is becoming to most faces. An ingenious maker of fur garments has obviated this difficulty by making the collar slightly more flaring and then catching it in pleats about two inches wide at regular intervals. The pleat is not evident except upon close inspection, and yet the collar has the effect of being extremely full, at the same standing up snug and trim around the neck so as hardly to require fastening in front.

Velvet collars with a fur edge can be made in this manner. An elegant velvet wrap, which is also very warm, consists of a velvet blouse jacket and a fur-trimmed collarette to go with it. The velvet is a rich dark green, and the fur mouffion. It has a Medici collar, edged with mouffion and "rippled" in the manner described.

The fondness for the ripple seems to have spent itself itself in the design of the collar, for capes proper have acquired the old-time droop which was considered so objectionable a year ago. One does not require twenty feet of circumference at the outer edge of a wrap as one did last season and the one before. Indeed, one can almost make two capes out of one of the old style, and that may explain why so many of this year's wraps look like patch-work from the number of different materials that compose them. Dealers, of course, make over their old garments, and finding that one old cape will make almost, but not quite, two of this year's style, they make them up, and piece both out with some other kind of fur.

This has been quite artistically accomplished in the case of the cape on the extreme right of the illustration. It consists of star points of lamb's wool filled with ermine, and it makes a stunning evening cape. These furs are too expensive for the average purse, but astrakhan and Krimmer make a good substitute.

Krimmer is extremely fashionable and as it is comparatively cheap it finds favor with the woman of slim purse. A very handsome Krimmer collarette, edged with mouffion and having the ripple collar, sells for twenty-four dollars. The muff to go with it is six dollars, making the suit cost thirty dollars.

Very respectable Krimmer capes sell for eighteen dollars, and one can buy them with the old-style collar for twelve. Krimmer, as everybody knows, is gray astrakhan.

Muffs are pretty generally made with cuffs or gauntlets. A velvet one edged with fur answers the purpose very nicely. The gauntlets are narrower at the top than at the bottom, and whether they be of velvet or fur, they are always lined with some contrasting tint of silk brocade.

ANNIE LAURA WOODS.

A GIFT A MAN WILL LIKE.

Collar and Cuff Cases Which Masculine Hands Can Utilize Without Profanity.

IT IS MADE OF SOFT LEATHER.

Easily Stowed Away in Valise or Bureau Without Danger of Crushing—A Combination Traveling and Home Case.

Collar and cuff holders so simple that a man does not object to using them, and so snug that they can be put in a small valise, are here given wth suggestions for simplifying their construction, if necessary, for travelling.

The back of the collar holder is of thin, soft, embossed brown leather, cut 22 inches long, and 7 1-2 inches wide. One inch is turned in all round, and rather large eyelet holes are worked in coarse silk, on the right side, half an inch from the outer edge, at a regular distance from one another, all along both sides and ends. There is about an inch and a half space between the holes, and it is better to mark all before piercing any, to insure regular placing.

The inside is of rather fine brown linen in two pieces; the first piece is cut 22 inches long by 7 1-2 inches wde, the second, cut 18 nches leng by 7 1-2 inches wide. Each end of the second piece is curved in a little and faced. It is then laid on the first piece of linen, leaving the same amount of space at each end, and tacked all around so that the two pieces can be handled as if they were one. A trifle over an inch is then turned under all round so that the lining may just fit inside the edge of the leather back Eyelets are made on the right side to correspond with those in the back.

To complete, the two are laid together, and well twisted, fine, brown silk cord is used to lace them together. The cord is taken around twice; the first round begins in the middle of a side or anywhere else convenient, and is run in and out one way, till it has been taken all around once; it is then carried in and out all around again, so that in the second round the alternate spaces left vacant in the first round are covered. The two ends are simply tied so that they will be secure, and cut off. If found more convenient the cord can be used in two pieces, or from both ends of the one piece, each end being brought alternately from the upper and under side, crossing in the eyelet holes as each space is filled.

A yard of plain three-quarter-inch ribbon is fastened to the back by a small strap of leather sewn over it. The object of the length of ribbon is that the man can twist it around and keep the roll together without the trouble of tying. The word "collars" may be printed in gold on the back.

THE CUFF HOLDER.

This is made in precisely the same way, the size being the only difference from the collar holder. The leather for the back is cut 17 inches long by 8 1-2 inches wide, the first piece of linen 17 inches long by 8 1-2 inches wide, exactly the same size as the back; the second piece of linen is cut 13 inches long by 8 1-2 inches wide. The completed article is 15 inches long by 6 1-2 inches wide. The ends of the second piece of linen are well hollowed out before facing, so

that the cuffs can be easily got at. The turnings, eyelets, and method o fmaking is exactly on the order described for the collar holder; the yard of three quarter-inch wide ribbon is put on in the same manner, but the word "Cuffs" appears on the back instead of "Collars."

In both cases the initials (not monogram) of the owner can be added if desired, also velvet, silk, or brocade can be used instead of leather for the back.

Where room in a valise or drawer is an object the linen alone may be used, the edges bound, the words "Collars" and "Cuffs" being neatly embroidered in silks. Whatever the material, the long ribbon for twisting around is imperative to prevent the whole thing spilling at the wrong time.

A combination travelling and stay-at-home case is made by finishing the back in velvet or silk, and the front in linen perfectly separate from one another, back and front being complete with their own twisting ribbons. Then having a series of flat, but good sized buttons on the outside of the linen and a series of buttonholes in the fancy back to correspond all that is needed is to unbutton the linen case from the back, and the slim, but perfectly complete holder of linen is available for travelling, can be laundried after the journey and then returned to its ornamental back in a state of pristine freshness.

ROSINAH H. TONGE.

Rebellion of Lucinda Bowers.

BY JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON.

Lucinda Bowers looked at the little invitation card, and rebellion arose in her heart.

"I don't care," she said, "I'm going."

All the Ohio village of Valley City knew that afternoon that Lucinda Bowers was buying a new dress. Margaret Elton had seen her purchasing the organdie at Dorchester's that morning. Ben Sturgis met Ruth Ames, on his way home to dinner, and told her just what kind of paper pattern he had sold to Lucinda.

Mrs. Benson, who had issued cards for a lawn party on the following Thursday, could hardly have been expected to know who composed "society" in Valley City, and who was beyond the pale—though several well-disposed persons, when they heard that old Sam Bowers' daughter had been invited, would have put in a word in the right direction had the list been submitted to them.

"Mrs. Benson means well," remarked the widow Simpkins, "but she judges more by a pretty face and a lively tongue than by 'family.'"

"I should be very grateful," said young Mrs. Benson to Lucinda, "if you would help me with the ice cream and cake at the party next week."

Wherever Lucinda went, it was expected that she should look after the comestibles which Valley City called "refreshments." She dispensed the "layer" cake at the strawberry and ice cream sociable; she filled the candy bags at Christmas time; and attended to the commissary arrangements at the annual Sunday-school picnics. Indeed, Lucinda Bowers had been a burden bearer from her childhood. She paid the rent and clothed her brothers and sisters from the wages which she earned as a school teacher. She led the Christian Endeavor meetings when nobody else would do so. She fanned the faint spark which still remained in the Women's Missionary Society, and kept the sewing circle from disintegration.

It seemed as though Lucinda Bowers had always been old. As a matter of fact, she was hardly twenty-five. She might have been pretty if she had given more time to sleep and less to care and worry.

While the whole town was busy discussing the addition to Lucinda's wardrobe, the young woman was busy at work upon her first new dress in two years. The organdie was slipped over an old skirt of blue silk which had belonged to her grandmother. A few bits of lace, a few lines of tucks, a girdle of blue silk ribbon, and the dress was done.

"I suppose," remarked Lucinda on the evening of the party, as she looked at herself critically in the cracked mirror of the old walnut bureau, "that it's wicked for me to spend this money on dress when Johnny may need a new pair of shoes before long. I wish I wasn't so rebellious, but I can't help it."

The Benson lawn party is still famous in the social history of Valley City. The ambitious young matron who gave the entertainment was not content with the grass plot which surrounded her own pink cottage. She took the lawn belonging to her neighbor as well. Showers of wild flowers hung from the old cherry tree in the center of the lawn. Chinese lanterns shone from the fir tree, and a genuine "Rebecca's Well" gave forth the most wonderful lemonade—lemonade fortified with the flavor of pineapples and oranges.

"Yes," said Mrs. Benson in reply to the gentle inquiry of Widow Simpkins, "I got the receipt at my home in the east. It is very popular there."

She did not think it necessary to say that this marvellous sherbet was compounded by Lucinda Bowers. Neither did she consider it of any use to tell her guests that the arrangement of tables under the old cherry tree was suggested by the young woman in the blue organdie.

The fame of those "refreshments," which were served on the night on which Mrs. James Jerome Benson sprang into social prominence, still lives. The "angel food," a species of sponge cake, was really the best which had ever been served in Valley City. Even to the present day the matrons of that town are wont to say: "I'd like to entertain, too, if I could make such 'angel food' as Mrs. Benson had at her lawn party." Mrs. Benson has never explained that Lucinda made the ambrosial confection which was served at her tables on that memorable night.

The divinity who brought order out of the chaos of ice cream freezers and cake stands, was arrayed in blue organdie. Lucinda Bowers, principally because she was not aware of the fact, was positively pretty that night. Her cheeks were flushed, her eye sparkling. She directed the band of white clad young girls who carried about the ice cream laden saucers and handed the tiny coffee cups to the guests.

The attention of those who were there on that evening was divided between the "angel food" and a literary lion from New York. He had not been much of a lion when he went away from Valley City many years before. The Widow Simpkins remembered him as a red-headed, barefooted boy, who trudged over the hills with his bucket of blackberries to sell. Since those days, however, William Dorrance had traded bags of wool and sides of bacon for a college education. Subsequently he had wandered to strange lands, and in one of his pilgrimages had unearthed a long buried city.

It was not the city which was of so much importance, but a pavement, in a wonderful state of preservation, which showed that civilization was at least two thousand years older than any previous history revealed. So William Dorrance, returning from the dusty plains of the remote East, had written a book which caused all previous chronologists to hang their heads. Valley City cared little for antiquity, but here was a man who had not only written a book, but was talked about in the daily papers as a great Assyriologist and explorer.

William Dorrance seemed to have no very definite idea why he had come back to the little village. He had made himself believe that he wished to photograph some of the old places which he had known in his boyhood. He had gone with his camera to the old mill, to the little house where he was born, and to the cabin on the outskirts of the village which marks the spot where the first white man made his home in Bottole county. Yet William Dorrance was not satisfied. It seemed to him that he had missed something which he had unconsciously come to seek.

"Mrs. Benson," he asked, "who is that young woman over there, in the blue gown?"

"You seem to have been exploring among the 'layer' cakes," replied Mrs. Benson. "That is Miss Bowers, a young lady who has kindly consented to assist me this evening. By the way, Professor, have you met the Misses Fletcher? They're charming girls."

"And the girl in blue?" persisted the explorer.

Nobody knew exactly what happened, but a few minutes later another young woman was dispensing "angel food" and others directed the ice cream lingade.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated the Widow Simpkins.

"How little taste," remarked Margaret Elton, "these men of science have. Still, that blue organdie isn't so bad considering the fact that it's slipped over a blue skirt of about the year one."

Lucinda Bowers went home that night escorted by Professor William Dorrance. For the first time in her busy, work-a-day life, she had what the village young people called a "beau." The woman and the man who walked along the low hedge before the Mrs. Bowers' yard did not talk of "angel food," nor yet of buried cities. They spoke of a place way over beyond Kinney's hill, where the blackberries grew and the papaws flourished. They talked, too, of the days when the hand of the frost king was laid upon the persimmon, and a crystal sheen glistened upon corn and pumpkin—of the days when they trudged over the field with sacks of unhulled walnuts, speculating, as they walked, upon the length of time which would be required to rid their small fingers of the unsightly stains.

"Do you remember," asked the girl, "how you used to hunt arrow heads along the creek?"

"Yes," he replied, "and I remember that it was at your suggestion that I started to explore an Indian mound. I was just ten years old. I believe that it was then that I acquired my taste for archaeology."

"I think," replied the girl, "that we found a sheep's skull and a mussel shell. I am sure that you owe your career to me."

"I have often thought so," said the man.

Valley City was busy talking the next day. Then the young women began to act. They liked each other none too well, but all combined against a common foe. Here was one, not even recognized in the social register of the little town, who had presumed to attract the attention of a distinguished explorer.

This coalition of social powers at once began an active campaign. There were drives to the Rock House, and Lucinda was carefully excluded from the list of guests. Professor Dorrance, as the drives were arranged especially for his benefit, could not very well refuse the invitations. There was a dance at Dr. Hyde's, and the name of Lucinda Bowers appeared on no dancing card. The Professor was there, for Mrs. Benson, who was a remote relative of his by marriage, insisted that he must attend.

"I rather think," said Maragaret Elton to her mother one morning, "that the Professor has forgotten all about our young friend of her grandmother's skirt."

But the young women of Valley City who composed what was known as the "set" received invitations that afternoon which caused them to open their eyes in astonishment. Miss Lucinda Bowers was to give an afternoon tea. If the brass ball had suddenly fallen from the cupola of the Court House, Valley City would not have been more astonished.

"I didn't suppose," said the Widow Simpkins' daughter, "that the girl had three silver teaspoons in the house."

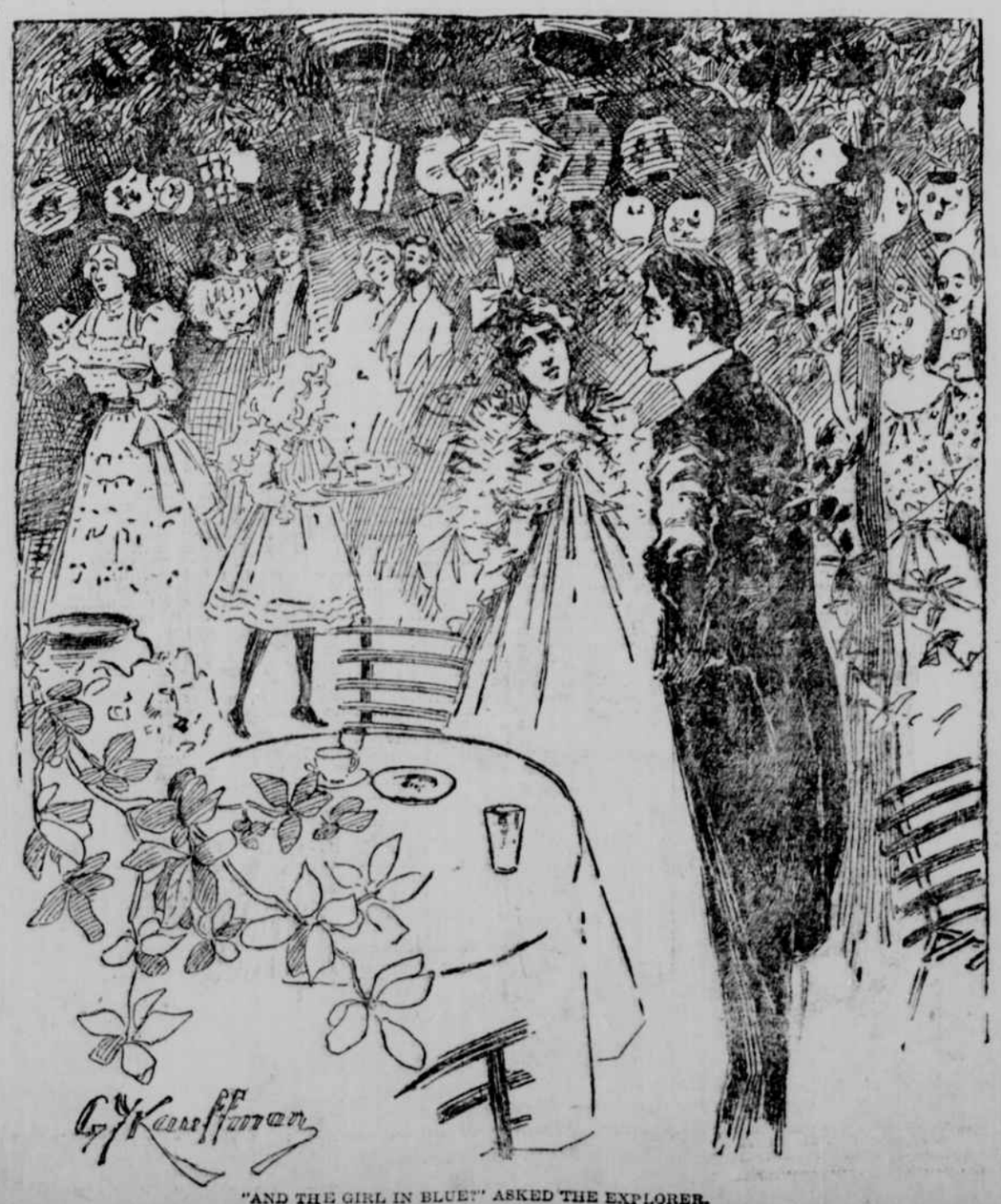
The young women of the "set" took counsel together over the matter, and decided to go to the tea. Of course none of them had ever invited Lucinda to a tea; but feminine curiosity is mighty, even in Valley City.

That Friday afternoon found fifteen modishly dressed young women in the little house in which dwelt Mrs. Bowers and her five children. There was no silver teapot, and the silver spoons were worn yellow in places; but the napkin on the little tea table was of snowy whiteness, the tea gave forth a grateful fragrance, and the "angel food" was of marvellous flakiness.

"I'm so glad," said Lucinda, as she toyed nervously, with the edge of a hemstitched napkin, "that you have all come to-day. I have known you girls since we were children. I have something to tell which I want you to know first of all. I am to be married next month to Professor Dorrance."

The young women crowded about her and congratulated her, loudness of tone making up for lack of sincerity.

"I suppose," said Lucinda to her mother, after the guests had departed, "that it wasn't Christian for me to exult over them that way; but somehow when things go so far I rebel, and I can't help it."



"AND THE GIRL IN BLUE?" ASKED THE EXPLORER.

ETIQUETTE.

A Metropolitan Society Expert Offers Some Original Suggestions.

Q. (1) I am to give my first dinner party a week from next Tuesday. Please tell me where I should be when the guests arrive. (2) Should I shake hands with the ladies, and what should I do with the gentlemen?

A. (1) You should make it a point to be somewhere in the same police precinct when the guests arrive. This is really imperative. (2) The parlor is considered by many hostesses of culture to be preferable to the fire escape. Receive the ladies calmly. Do not let them suspect that the last bout with your cook has gone against you. Practice at odd moments a rippling, light-hearted laugh. It may prevent your guests from realizing that your thoughts are imprisoned in the oven with the biscuits. You may shake hands with the guests from whom you have borrowed the oyster forks and the after-dinner coffee spoons. They are the only ones you really have to fear. Instead of the conventional phrase, "How do you do?" "So glad to see you," used in greeting the gentlemen you may substitute, "What's yours?" or "Say when." You will find that this method places your gentlemen guests at their ease speedily and sometimes permanently.

Q. Is it proper for a gentleman guest to lean over the table on his elbows

A. It is not considered quite good form; yet it is more desirable to have the gentleman guest lean over the table on his elbows than slip under it on his spinal column. A hostess' intuition should tell her whether the guest is leaning on the table from purely ill-bred carelessness or from a laudable ambition to take observations and corral his thoughts.

Q. I am expecting to attend a large formal function next month, and I should like to be informed on the correct methods of announcing guests.

A. If you are a Tammany Alderman, a megaphone should be used in announcing you. Plain, common citizens are announced usually by a truck driver, disguised as King George III.

Q. I desire to become a housemaid in a private family. What are the duties, and how should I dress?

A. Your duties will consist principally of destroying the bric-a-brac, dainty bits of Dresden, and all valuable souvenirs which you may have reason to suspect your mistress especially prizes. Your afternoon should be devoted to the grocer's boy, and your evenings to the policeman. For the house you should wear a pink crepe de chine, with blue moire yoke, covered with duchesse lace and jabbots of the same lace from yoke to hem. For the street a black broadcloth skirt, or even a tailor-made gown, provided it is offset with a double-breasted sealskin sacque, is appropriate and stylish. Avoid diamonds before breakfast.

(1) How should Saratoga chips be eaten? Is it proper to use your hands in conveying them to the mouth? (2) How should a hot baked potato be handled?

A. The Saratoga chip should be conveyed to the mouth with a monkey-wrench; the one from your bicycle tool-bag may suffice. Once landed, it is eaten by opening and closing your mouth to the music of a Hungarian orchestra. (2) The hot baked potato should be handled with boxing gloves.

Q. How should a gentleman help a lady into the cable car?

A. If the lady is stout a derrick can be used successfully. In ordinary cases he should hurl her down the aisle and then speed for his life.

"Hick'ry Farm."

The Jefferson Dramatic Club, who so successfully performed for two seasons the realistic comedy drama "Hick'ry Farm," are now rehearsing with a new cast, which bids fair to make even greater success in this neat comedy drama. This play will be presented at Belvidere Hall and Corcoran Hall during Christmas week for the benefit of the U. O. A. M., and at Leader Hall, Manchester, on New Year's night for the benefit of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the B. of L. E.

Elsevierian Type.

The beautiful type that has always been called "Elsevierian" was really made by a Dutch engraver, Christopher Van Dyck. Concerning his life we have very little information but we know that he died about 1659. After much search it has been discovered that Christopher Van Dyck manufactured the type not only for the Amsterdam Elseviers, but also for those of Leyden. Of this type nothing remains at the prezent day, for after the Elsevier auctions in 1681 and 1713, the Van Dyck type passed from hand to hand, until the last piece was melted. Only after these relics had been destroyed was it discovered that the Van Dyck type had aided in immortalizing the name of Elsevier.

Atlantic Coast Line R. and P. R. R.—Important Change in Schedule.

Train No. 29, leaving Richmond heretofore at 11:30 P. M., will, commencing Sunday, December 8th, leave Richmond at 10.45 P. M.

This train connects at Petersburg with the Norfolk and Western railroad, westbound.

C. S. CAMPBELL,
Division Passenger Agent.

New Raisins, 5c.; New Currants, 7c.; New Citron, 12c., at S. Ullman's Son.

Increase in Regular Baggage Allowance.

On and after December 5, 1897, and until further notice the Seaboard Air Line will allow free three hundred (300) pounds of baggage for each passenger holding full ticket and one hundred and fifty (150) pounds for each half ticket between stations on its line.

H. M. BOYKIN,
General Agent.

Two large cans Tomatoes for 15c.; Best Sugar Corn, 6c. a can, at S. Ullman's Son.

Times Canvassers.

Messrs. R. S. Packard, George H. B. Martin, F. D. Lawrence and R. Johnston are authorized to canvass for subscribers to The Times in Richmond, Manchester and the suburbs of both cities and to collect and receipt for three months' subscription in advance. The Times guarantees the prompt and careful delivery of the papers.

The Throat.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat.

Large Irish Potatoes, 30c. a peck, at S. Ullman's Son.