

FROM BOY TO MAN.

EDLER HART'S ON INCIDENTS OF THIS MARVELOUS CHANGE.

LIKE TADPOLES TURNED TO FROGS.

How We Act When an Earthquake Occurs—Brave After It Is Over—What Our Women Do in Market—What It Is They Don't Know!

The transformation of the tadpole into the frog is not more wonderful in my opinion than is that metamorphosis whereby a boy is changed into a man. Both processes are truly remarkable and both involve changes which are almost incredible. The tadpole, though rather careless in his habits as a youth, assumes his respectability at one jump as it were—or, rather, as soon as he and his tail bid each other adieu—whereas, the boy dies hard and is loath to part with those characteristics which mark him as the most cursed creature on earth. It is the boy's mother who first notes the blessed transition. As the years roll on and her hair assumes the pepper and salt appearance, she observes, with a sigh of relief that there are fewer holes to be mended in the puerile trousers and that the juvenile footgear is surviving longer than has been its wont. Just about this time the imp of her household exhibits occasional interest in his personal appearance, and at times may even be discovered brushing his hair. This is a sure sign of the gradual change that is to follow. Next—and most remarkable of all—the youth will sometimes (very occasionally) decline a second slice of pie or refuse a third help to the table pudding. This symptom is always alarming to mothers and is invariably misconstrued by them. At first the good woman (every mother is good woman, for they are all purged of sin in the fiery furnace of maternal care) apprehends the approach of fever or the germ of some disease, for this is truly an unusual freak. It is months, aye, years, before she can see her boy "turn down" pie and pudding without feelings of the utmost trepidation. Long after the lad has grown into a great, strong man she has these irresistible impulses to sweeten his life with her best preserves or to stuff him with the cakes that he never refused as a child. Perhaps she can never learn to realize that the youngster on whom she built so many hopes is now a thing of the past—the dead past, that after all, was sweet.

Thank Heaven that the boy's appetite is the last thing to go. He does not yield it up without resistance. It first quietly escorts him to the very gates of maturity before it retreats at the approach of dyspepsia and indigestion. His features are well covered with face foliage and bristling with the lip-hedge ere he turns his back entirely on the relic of childhood and even then it has spasmodic returns. If evil results follow from this returns the boy's wife is blamed for it.

It is a long time, too, before the human tadpole will abandon his antipathy to cats. As an urchin he has such an evil reputation with these mezzo-soprano quadrupeds that they will not allow him to approach within 40 feet of their presence. But what he fails to do for them by actual contact is accomplished through the medium of a stone. At least that is the way with Cary-street boys, and these urchins are well covered with face foliage and bristling with the lip-hedge ere he turns his back entirely on the relic of childhood and even then it has spasmodic returns. If evil results follow from this returns the boy's wife is blamed for it.

When the puerile imp commences to brush his hair and polish the toe of his boots, you can set it down that he's interested in some girl—some hoidenish lass who is not allowed to receive company, and who therefore meets her admirers at the front gate. This girl—who squeals and giggles—is a source of great attraction to him, and in her rude way gives him his first lessons as a beau. When he gets over his bashfulness (this is about the time he wouldn't walk 50 yards to the hat at a cat), he complains to his mother because his shirts aren't well laundered and because his pocket-money is so limited. The good lady is secretly amused, and says she wants him to be a ladies' man. As the months roll on, however, she begins to resent his attentions to her sex, and when the other women tell her he is engaged to the squealing girl who used to receive at the gate, she feels a secret dislike for faces.

A particularly fetching costume is made of green and white foulard, with a plain skirt displaying a gathered flounce, piped and set into Vandykes. The bodice, which is, perhaps, its most charming feature, has a boero of plain green satin, cut into points across the bust and traced with cream embroidery, threaded with gold. The loose fronts of the foulard are tied with careless ends to show a vest of white chiffon filled down one side with lace. The sleeves are quality suggestive of the Tudor period, with very short puffs at the top and edgewise, made of foulard, plain satin being rucked between these. The hat that that is to be the finishing touch to this dainty gown is of green straw, its brim trimmed with Iceland poppies, in shaded pink. There is a white crepe at the back with a lace bow outstretched below it. A rather striking peculiarity of the season is the very general use of vivid colors, especially noticed in hats of the "picture" variety, which are seen everywhere, even on young girls, barely out of school. These hats are mostly of poppy-red straw, trimmed with the same shade, sometimes, though rarely, relieved by a touch of black. They are rather daring, but quite effective with fresh, young faces.

Accorded pleating is very much in favor, and appears in almost endless variety in the matter of the arrangements of the pleats. Perhaps the most fashionable at present is the sun-ray, kilt skirt, which is, however, seen in its turn overlaid with lace flouncings. Very many of the latest blouses are either tucked or kilted, some suggestion of this style appearing on the sleeves, if not elsewhere. Even the parasols, which this year are so much trimmed as to be actually fussy, are covered with accordion-pleating, and have frillings at the edge of lace and silk. The latest thing in handkerchiefs for these additions to the toilette is the semblance of a horse-chestnut bursting from its prickly sheath.

We are going to wear barge again, and it is really a very desirable material in many ways, although the sort we used to have was noted for its unpleasant tendency to split horizontally on the very slightest provocation, or none at all. The modern variety, however, is better woven, and many of the newest dresses are being made of it. The most fashionable color in which the new barge is seen is that very light shade of pearl-gray of which our grandmothers were so fond, and which has not been in favor for a very long time.

Some of the ordinary kiltings are broken by festooned scallops of the material, and give the aspect of a single or double row of flouncings. Fashionable capes are much trimmed with kilt-pleated lace, and some, for evening and carriage wear, are covered with lace, kilted and in its turn overlaid with lace flouncings. Very many of the latest blouses are either tucked or kilted, some suggestion of this style appearing on the sleeves, if not elsewhere. Even the parasols, which this year are so much trimmed as to be actually fussy, are covered with accordion-pleating, and have frillings at the edge of lace and silk. The latest thing in handkerchiefs for these additions to the toilette is the semblance of a horse-chestnut bursting from its prickly sheath.

The new "TRANSFORMED" COIFFURE. This new movable strip fringe is a boon to wheelwomen and dwellers by the sea. It is an English idea not yet seen here. It is fixed to a single strand easily concealed among the front locks and does not heat the hair.



THE VICTORIAN GILL. A Composite of 1877 and 1897. American Women are Adopting This Style.

FROM HEM TO WAIST.

A SKIRT THAT MAKES EXTREMISTS OF FASHION OPEN THEIR EYES.

THE LATEST BODICE IS ALL LACE.

Printed Silk Muslin in Great Demand—New Racing Costume—Up-to-Date Styles in Accordance with Fashion—Lace Again in Favor.

(Correspondence of the Dispatch). NEW YORK, June 12.—The people who think there is nothing new under the sun should look at the very latest skirt. It is a wonder and a glory at the same time, especially for the tall, slender woman, for it is flounces from top to bottom—nothing but flounces. It is made in black lace silk, the whole thing.

The dressmaker whom I talked to about it said, however, that if the greatest care was not taken when cutting these flounces, the skirt would be utterly ruined. One little slip of the shears and say goodbye to the skirt. From the foot to the belt of the skirt each flounce is shaped without any fulcrum, and is cut with white and edged with lace. Really, though, the new skirt is pretty enough. In fact it may be called elegant without exaggeration.

I am told that the early Victorian period is responsible for this newest creation, and that the grande dames of that date used to wear very nearly the same sort of skirt. The more I investigate the question, however, the more I learn that this is not true. There may have been some occasional skirt of this sort, but it was never general. We may be imitating, but in this one instance what we have imitated is something that was always exceedingly fashionable although very rare.

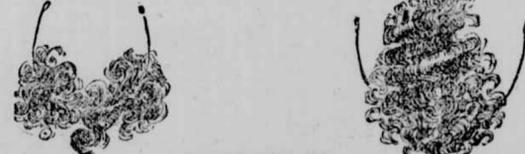
The woman who numbers among her possessions some rare old lace is fortunate indeed. To be sure that is one of the few things from whose value time does not detract, and which is always desirable. This particular summer lace is used so universally that it is more valuable than ever. Beside the usual frilling and flouncings and edgings and insertings, we are wearing borders of lace—some on cotton gowns, while a summer dress can hardly be said to be complete without one. And now the very latest thing is to have entire bodices made of this dainty fabric. They are usually seen in color, and are made in the favorite patch fashion, fastening at the side. They have simply a high band and ruffled sleeves. These are made to wear over detached bodices of any desired color, and are thus as economical as they are pretty—which is saying a great deal.

The demand for printed silk muslin of a fine texture is hardly equal to the supply. It comes in so many beautiful colors and falls in such soft and becoming folds that it is extremely popular for dressy costumes. Nothing could be more suitable for the warm, balmy days, the soft, green tones being especially attractive and cool looking.

Green and white are greatly in favor, and I saw one such combination that was really delightful. The gown itself was of white canvas, trimmed with the lightest green, inch-wide gauze with a satin edge. This was applied in the form of braiding to the skirt in a very intricate pattern, and also on the sleeves and bodice, and also on the bodice. The epaulettes form long cape-like trimmings above the arms and the sleeves fall over the hand. The effect of the whole was very satisfactory. Here is an appropriate costume for those of us who sometimes go to the races. The material is the ever-popular foulard, in a soft pearl grey. The skirt is of the fashionable sun-ray pleated variety, edged with a ruche of black silk muslin, made very full, and striped down the sides with treble rows of heavy black lace insertion, connected together for several inches at the top so as to well mould the hips. The blouse and sleeves are both tucked, and trimmed with insertions of the black lace, to correspond with that on the skirt. The square, flat epaulettes are of silver gauze, scalloped with tiny pleatings of black lace, the belt and straight collar being also of the gauze. The hat to wear with this gown is of fine, gray straw, with heret crumpled crown, edged with bows and draperies in pearl-grey chiffon. It has an aigrette of black ostrich tips at the side. The parasol is of Pekin silk, edged with a silk muslin flounce.

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A JUNE POEM. Showing the New Jabet Drapery at the Back of the Skirt.

about the time the boy declines the third help of tapioca pudding. Later on, when the youth has a good, tearing-down row with the girl in question, the fond parent is greatly relieved. At this juncture the boy declines pie altogether. But a few weeks later the sore, and another nail being found, the mother discovers a second loss to dislike. This lass also rejects the youth, whose hands and feet are as disproportionate to his figure as are the paws of a puppy to the body of the impatient canine. Now the ex-boy begins to realize the heavy taxes and the expenses of married life. A few years later his stomach cannot stand pie at all, and his wondrous why his dear old mother still persists in giving it at him. By and by the good lady, who has been getting sicker and sicker every year, finds herself recompensed by the advent of other little tadpoles—tadpoles that are the offspring of the boy who used to torment the cats. Then it is time for the new generation of fellows to look out.

The only times when I wish I were up in a balloon are those occasions when I feel the approach of earthquakes, and realize that all the corner-lots from Richmond to Atlanta are shaking beneath my feet. The helmsman—or, rather, the helmswoman—who guides our ship over the troublous matrimonial seas, has a supreme contempt for my courage, and on ordinary occasions she would spurn any suggestion of my bravery, but when an earthquake drops in on the family she clings to me as if I were a dime-novel hero. At such times I feel myself utterly incompetent to meet the exigencies of the case, but in reality it is a comfort to me, in my hour of terror, to have some one equally as much frightened as myself. A man thinks that it is his duty to be brave in the presence of his wife, and on momentous occasions to rush into suicide with the same pompanance with which he would leap into a bath-tub, but when this diabolical trembling of the earth occurs 'tis hard to tell whether to rush. You know that if you placidly invite your wife into the street you are liable to be swallowed up, whereas, if you remain in the house the chances are that a thousand of loose bricks will come in contact with your head, and possibly get chipped in their transit. It is very hard to be witty in the face of such possible emergencies, or even to make a remark which does not afterwards turn out to be as having been positively insane. You generally get out of your difficulty by swearing that it is only the children shaking the house, and that women have so many absurd fears. You discreetly kept quiet about your own apprehensions, however, for silence is often a valuable cloak in cases of emergency.

Finally, when the old ball of mud and water ceases her prouetting, your courage returns, and you scold at your spouse and ridicule her timidity. You sneak down stairs to your front porch to see what your neighbors are doing, and you light your pipe as if all the world were asleep. Not for gold would you say "earthquake" to a human being, for you know that if there has been a false alarm you would make a fool of yourself, and, moreover, it is always well to be indifferent about such things.

Finally, when the fellow from across the street whoops over and asks if you observed the trembling, you admit that you were aware of the fact that the man on the southeast corner is selling great peas 3 cents lower than his competitors. They likewise know—although he thinks they don't—that he is evening things up by a jump on eggs and cabbage. Ah! what is it they don't know, these women. Compared to their knowledge, man's wisdom is but a wayward daisy pitted against the grandeur of Solomon's court. L. B. REPORTER.

It is not the economical woman alone who goes to market, nor is the saving of dollars and cents the only motive which prompts her to hire herself hither. Verily, there are other incentives which urge her in that direction, for nowadays the market-place is a sort of Bialto, where not only early York cabbages and new potatoes are sold, but gossip of the freshest sort is dispensed. The day may be hot, the flies ferocious, and spring chicken at a premium of 10 cents, but these unpropitious circumstances do not check the interchange of news. Conversations are held hourly at the butcher's stall, and from this place are disseminated the little sparks of information that are soon ablaze throughout the city. So, too, the butcher's stall is another rendezvous, where the quacking of sacrificial ducks is drowned in feminine cackle. The old woman who sells eggs and small chickens covered with a calcareous substance known as shell, by 10 o'clock A. M. finds herself encircled by a school for scandal, which so attracts her attention that she can hardly attend to business. If she listens she will hear all sorts of tales—especially from the married dames, who, through the medium of their husbands, have the means for gathering information—and possibly, if her conscience had not become numbed by the tricks (or, rather, chinks) of her trade, she would even blush. The man who sells omelette, and is always willing to make affidavit that it is butter, likewise finds himself the centre of an excited petticoated throng, who all claim the privileges of the floor at once. He, too, hears many strange revelations, and possibly would hear more, were it not for the fact that he is a man, and that much of the news is communicated in awed whispers. The whispered part of the news, by the way, is the very part he feels that he would enjoy the most. And then he knows, instinctively, too, that his own wife would frown upon it.

Showing the whole mouse-fearing rapscallion, besides knowing that Mrs. Hardluck has "two beautiful twins," become aware of the fact that the man on the southeast corner is selling great peas 3 cents lower than his competitors. They likewise know—although he thinks they don't—that he is evening things up by a jump on eggs and cabbage. Ah! what is it they don't know, these women. Compared to their knowledge, man's wisdom is but a wayward daisy pitted against the grandeur of Solomon's court. L. B. REPORTER.

THE ONLY WHITE BUFFALO.

Seen and Chased by Indians and Hunters, But Never Caught.

(Forest and Stream). During the summer of 1851 bands of Indians returning from a hunt far out on the plains brought in stories of having seen at different times and in different places, and always in the same locality, a white buffalo. They had used their best horses in the effort to overtake it, to no purpose, never being able to get anywhere near the animal. At first we did not pay much attention to these stories, but still it kept cropping up from different camps, and at last, in the fall of 1851, I myself had a chance to verify the truth of the report. I had been sent on duty north along the Red Deer river, and was camped near a large band of blackfeet, who were hunting south of that river. The buffalo had moved north in vast numbers, and the prairie was black with them.

I had gone out one morning with a party of blackfeet to see one of their hunts, and also to try and kill for myself. My horse was a good one, and much faster than any belonging to the Indians. I had a white buffalo, and was hunting for it, becoming tired of the slaughter, and must have been at least twenty miles from camp, when I made for a small large herd, and was camped near a large band of blackfeet, who were hunting south of that river. The buffalo had moved north in vast numbers, and the prairie was black with them.

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