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THE EARLY FASHIONS

The Garments to Replace Heavy Winter Wraps.

A UNIQUE CLOAK BY FELIX

Hats Become Larger and Prettier at the Approach of Spring—Parted Hair is Coming in Fashion Again.

[For THE SUNDAY HERALD—Copyrighted.]

As it nears the time for the snows and winds of winter to give place to the balminess of spring, the thought of womankind turneth toward the costume which she will wear when she leaves off her fur ulster and puts on something lighter.

It isn't time to change yet. But it is time to begin to think of changing and to decide upon that most trying of all styles, the one that is to be worn between seasons.

The transition from winter to spring is such an uncertain thing. One day the air is keen and the winds so sharp that all thoughts of spring seem far removed from the mind of Mother Nature. The next day the sun shines balmily, and it seems as if spring might be close at hand.

It is never safe to change as long as the vicissitudes and uncertainties continue. It is far more the part of prudence to wait until the weather has become settled, and the serenity of the atmosphere makes it possible to go forth without the winter jacket and does not carry with it the threatening possibility of a heavy cold.

In the uncertain climate around New York many women exercise constant discretion regarding their clothes, using their own judgment

ABOUT CHANGING FOR LIGHTER OR HEAVIER WEAR.

If the day before Valentine's day be cold, they wear the heaviest cloak that they own. If the day after Valentine's day be warm, they sally forth with a cape girt round their shoulders.

A gown which may be recommended for weather which is neither below zero nor yet springlike is a garment composed of half cloth and half fur.

The best fur for this is the small, neat, close Persian lamb. The front of the bodice is made entirely of Persian lamb, and the back of it is of the fur put on in the form of a V. The sleeves are of Persian lamb, and there is a high collar of the same material.

The cloth is used for forming the under arm sleeve and also for the remainder of the gown, which is plain in front and supplied with a demi-train. Underneath the plain panel-like front there is a panel-like effect of Persian lamb and an apparent border of the lamb around the bottom of the skirt.

To produce this effect the fur is sewed upon a silk foundation skirt and the dress skirt is draped over it.

Felix is making some odd cloaks for spring wear. They are extremely unique and may be said to be unlike anything that the great modiste has ever turned out of his shop. Worth is following him closely in the matter of odd and voluminous spring wraps. And the object of both dressmakers seems to be to make the wraps as full and large as possible without seeming bulky.

CLOAK MADE BY FELIX.

A great deal of material is used, an almost incredible amount. It is a statement borne out by fact that into one of these beautiful, full-hanging, spring cloaks there was put twenty-five yards of ladies' cloth, single width.

The cloak in question was as long as a demi-trained dress, and the back was laid in accordion plaits from the shoulders to the end of the rounded train. The front is laid in accordion plaits, covering a panel about eight inches wide, which extends from the neck to the bottom of the cloak. Over the shoulders there are full, cape-like epaulets, hanging in large folds, and there is an embroidered yoke. Embroidery extends around the bottom of the cloak and also up to the sleeves. With this unique cloak there goes a hat quite as odd. It is of jet, fastened upon a wire framework, and it has a very broad, round-spreading brim. The brim is faced with a shirring of black lace, and directly in front

THERE ARE TWO LARGE BLUSH ROSES.

The cloak is of gray and the strings of the hat are of gray to correspond. There are also gray plumes on the back of the hat.

For those who have not yet guessed the name of the city in which the woman lives who is to wear this unique cloak, the information may be given that it is in Philadelphia, the city of pearl gray and Quaker drab. The cloak is to be worn by a certain sweet and pretty matron who is fair and fully forty, and who goes over to the other side every year to order her wardrobe. She visits frequently at the Philadelphia home of the postmaster-general, and her ways are as demure and her smile as sweet as one would fancy ought to accompany the gray tones and the blush roses of the costume described.

Have you ever noticed how odd it is that women who affect the demure and the staid in dress are nevertheless guilty of putting little finishing touches to their toilet that you would hardly expect or look for! For example, one sees the woman who is wearing a long gray gown or wrap of subdued make, and a hat far removed from giddiness, carrying, nevertheless, in her hand, a lorgnette with a very costly and handsome handle. One also notices that she wears musquetaire gloves with wrinkled tops and that, though her bonnet strings are tied in the primmest possible way, her hat is fastened on with a terribly fashionable dagger.

HALF OF FUR.

Perhaps her gloves have fancy stitching upon the backs of them, and she may even be guilty of pinning back the ribbon bows of her bonnet strings with heart-shaped stick pins. They are really hard to understand—these women!

With approaching spring

THE HAT BECOMES LARGER.

The winds of February and early March carry with them a roughness to fair complexions, and many people freckle at the first thought or glimpse of spring sunshine. Hats, therefore, increase in size, and they go on increasing until summer comes and declares that it is time to wear little toques.

A very pretty large hat may be made by covering one of the flat-brimmed circular crowned hats which are now the latest style in Paris, with Irish lace.

If the lace is a floral design, it is daintily pretty if wrought out in gold or pale gray silk, so that the flowers set out upon the black background of the hat. If the hat is merely a framework, it should be covered first with blocked net and then the lace should be put on over it.

A very lovely gown, that was recently shown me as a sample of what a French dressmaker can do in achieving a beautiful calling costume, had a hat of this sort. Around the low, full crown there was twisted a band of velvet of greenish-yellow hue.

There was a puffing of the velvet around the edge of the hat brim, and feathers of the same color were bunched at the back.

The gown that went with this hat was of green Bedford cord, made in the long coat fashion. There was a vest of pink crepe de chene and the Bedford cord, which was of a deeper shade than the velvet on the hat, buttoned up snugly over the vest to within three inches of the neck.

The skirt was perfectly plain and demi-trained and around the bottom of it, as well as round the toque, there was a thick band of green feather trimming. Pink gloves stitched with green and a large feather fan with a still larger green bow tied in the ring, were among the finishing touches suggested by

THE TASTEFUL LITTLE FRENCH DRESSMAKER.

Rumor has it that it is coming in style to part the hair again, and to band it upon the forehead in waves. The fashion is such a trying one that it surely will not be generally followed. A bang is too becoming to be brushed aside in the form of a part.

A bang, properly cut and curled, will take anywhere from five to twenty-five years away from the age of the wearer. Hair parted in the middle and banded on the forehead will add from five to twenty-five years to her who is bold enough to wear it.

There are a few sweet-faced women who can wear this sort of hair becomingly and to advantage. And when this hair arrangement is possible, it is so very becoming to these few that all the world of women, homely or pretty, ugly or plain, snubbed nose or Grecian, launch into it without regard to their natural gifts.

One afternoon last week, a certain beautiful young girl who lives up in the quiet, secluded part of Madison avenue, took a walk down that thoroughfare with her hair parted and drawn down over her ears with scarcely a ripple to show where the hair had once been curled.

The girl's cheeks were so red, her complexion was so fair, her eyes were so bright and her countenance so sweet that all who saw her looked and marveled to see such simplicity upon so pretty a girl.

But, mark you! And listen to the moral of this tale! The next day there appeared at the same hour, upon the same avenue, a score of girls, particular friends of the sweet-faced ones, who had brushed aside their bangs and come out to walk with parted tresses over their foreheads, feeling sure that they were as beautiful as she whom they were imitating.

But alas! The first girl was pretty! The score that followed her example were very homely! And to see them

MAKING GUYS OF THEMSELVES

in this fashion was a warning to others not to go and do likewise.

The sweet-faced girl is still wearing her hair parted. But her Grecian-faced sister

AN EARLY GLIMPSE.

has discovered that when she parts her hair she makes her face look like a hatchet, and so she has given up the idea of discarding bangs. The other girls who looked respectively like walnut dolls, old maids and dowdies, have gone back to their crims and curls, and Madison avenue blooms again along the squares that were laid waste of beauty by the sudden change of hair dressing.

NOTES.

Have you noticed:

That cravats of the dress material are used to finish the necks of the newest dresses?

That it is the style to tie ribbon around the neck and let the ends hand down the back to the bottom of the skirt?

That it is going to be fashionable to dress all in one color?

That cotton Bedford cords are going to be very popular?

That an old dress may be coaxed into elegance by the addition of a large ribbon bow upon the front and another upon the back—with long ends?

That silk underwear is worn by those who formerly wore muslin, because silk is quite as cheap in the long run?

And finally, have you noticed that every woman carries a big bow of ribbon through the ring of her fan, and that the bow matches her hat, her gloves and the bow upon the back of her dress?

CONGRESS AND CHILI.

James H. Blount, Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs.

The committee of the House of Representatives having our relations with Chili under consideration, is that of foreign affairs, of which the eminent gentleman of whom we give a portrait is chairman. Mr. Blount, who is a member for the Sixth district of

JAMES H. BLOUNT.

Georgia, resides at Macon; while in Washington he makes his home at Willard's hotel. He is a Georgian by birth, and is in his fifty-fifth year. Mr. Blount is a veteran Congressman, having served as member without break since the beginning of the Forty-third Congress. He has expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with Chili's answer to the ultimatum sent her by the United States. It is almost needless to add that Mr. Blount sits on the Democratic side of the House.

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The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. C. Smith & Company.

IN A WATCH FACTORY

Nye's Experience With a Man of Genius.

HIS OWN LITTLE TICKER

The Sad Sounds That Caused Nye's Heart to Move With Pity, and the Sequel.

[For THE SUNDAY HERALD. By special arrangement with the author.]

THOMASTON, Conn., February.—This is where the Seth Thomas clocks are made. It is a city of 4,000 people, most of whom are engaged in making the above clocks and the Seth Thomas watches. They are an industrious, painstaking people, one of whom remarked as he came out of the theatre after our unrivaled aggregation had just closed. "That is a —— of a show!" This shows that the people of Thomaston are not only keenly discriminating in a literary and dramatic way, but have a terse and virile command of language which indicates the eager and untiring student of profanity.

I bought a new watch just before going to Thomaston, and so I was interested in the works of the watch generally. I bought my watch in New York, but left it to be engraved. I had an inscription put on it stating that it was from admirers of mine who desired thereby to express their generous appreciation of what I had done for my race. (N. B.—It is a stop watch.)

I buy all my testimonials now. They are cheaper, because I know where to get them at 40 off, and avoid having cake and ice cream trodden of men into the carpet. I am getting together my tin wedding presents this winter, and you would be surprised to see how low I am getting them. Testimonials really come higher than anything else unless you buy them yourself.

I once received a lovely gold-headed cane from a man who loved me as a brother. I am now engaged in paying a joint note for him, and there is verdigris on the cane.

We should learn from this to say, "No, thank you. I have one," when people approach us with gifts. Gifts should be exchanged only between old friends, say 70 or 170 years of age, or members of one's family.

"WHERE DID YOU GET THIS WATCH?"

When I got my watch from the dealer I did not know how to set it. I had never sat a watch of that kind before. It was a Waltham watch with a Crescent street move on it; nickle, with fifteen ruby jewels in gold settings; ball bearings, compensation balance to side couple, adjusted to temperature, Isochronism and position, patent regulator, mud valve, with platinum dewflicker for the whing whang to rest on, Bregnet hair medicated hairspring, fine glass enamel and double sunk dial, with open Dr. Talmage face and dimpled hands.

It was a good watch, with a snap to it that will wake up a icture audience like the shrill cry of fire in a hotel where foxy old gentlemen do not register. But I could not set it, and I hated to wait till the planets got around to the time it indicated whet I got it.

My former watch—the one I owned before I received this testimonial—was set by throwing it out of gear and then prying the hands into position by means of a hose-coupler. So I took the new watch to a large jeweler on Broadway. He immersed his eye into a long rubber thing and looked a long time at the price mark, which was still on the watch. Then he looked up at me with this keen, searching rubber thing and through his clinched teeth he hissed:

"Where did you get this watch?"

Some men would have had presence of mind and told him it was none of his one thing or another business, but I did not. When Providence was making presence of mind my name was not called out. So I said I got it of Mr. So-and-so.

"Well, you will have to get another in a few weeks. Here's the watch you ought to have, if you don't want to look like jay."

Then I took my poor little timepiece from his hand and stole out to another place, a larger place, and hung around there timidly till I noticed the diamond detective pointing me out to the sapphire detective.

I now decided to ask the owner about my watch. He looked quickly at a printed list of valuable watches that have been recently stolen in New York city, and compared the numbers with mine.

"Where did you get this watch?" he said coldly, shaking it as if to make it go. Instead of saying that I received it from friends as a testimonial, I forgot and told him where I got it, for I feared he thought I had got it dishonestly.

"Well, you had better take it back there and get them to give you lessons in how to run a watch. This is no kindergarten here, especially for owners of that class of watch. Here's the watch you want if you don't want to depend on the 12 o'clock whistle every day."

Just as he was reading the inscription I snatched my watch away from him and went out.

"I will go up to Mr. Tiffany's place," I said. "He knows me. I buy all my jewelry there. He will not insult me."

"Mr. Tiffany," I said, as I went in and handed him my wet umbrella while I unbuttoned my coat and got out my watch, "Do you mind looking at a watch I did not buy of you? I will be honest with you. It was one that I bought with the money that my wife earned teaching school this winter, and I have had an inscription put on it stating that it is from admiring friends, but as a matterr of fact I have no admiring friends. Most of them are onto me.

"Will you, as a friend, do me the honor to look into my poor little timepiece and tell me what to do with it?"

He took up his little screwdriver as a society lady picks up an oyster fork when she has a solitaire on her little finger that she wants to exhibit to the throng, then he adjusted the do-good to his eye, which gave him a choked look on one side, and said, as he filled his lap full of cog-wheels:

"Why, there's nothing the matter with this watch. When you want to set it you just pull the stem out an eighth of an inch and turn the hands, that's all. Twenty minutes to 10 now; there you are.

GOOD WATCH; SPLENDID WATCH.

No charge. Not at all; you're quite welcome. Come again after your season is over and buy out our diamond counter."

Everybody who goes to Mr. Tiffany gets good treatment. He is above hopping on a watch that he did not sell. It is so with great men in every line.

Seth says—meaning Mr. Thomas, of course—that in winding a watch one should hold it in one hand and wind it with the other. This will strike home to thousands of careless people who have been for years holding the watch in the teeth and winding it by means of the toes.

"If the watch runs too fast, turn the regulator toward S., which means slow; if too slow, turn toward F, which means fast." It it better, however, if you do not know how to read, to take it to the watchmaker, who will move the regulator at $2 per move.

Never drive fence posts or kill insects with the watch. It injures it. Never expose the works while in a state of intoxication.

Have a regular time for winding the watch and do not go over that time. Do not wind the watch during the sermon at church if it be a Waterbury watch, for you might lose the nub of the sermon.

Seth says you should have your watch cleaned once a year. I am sorry if his watches require cleaning once a year.

If is not a good plan, he says, to put the watch under the pillow. Possibly it should be put out of the window on a clothesline. "If worn in the vest," Seth says, "you can hang up the garment at night." So also you can hang up the watch too. I have done that.

Should your watch stop, do not shake it violently or pry the wheels with a car starter, but take it to a watch maker, who will look into it and tell you to leave it with him a year or two.

The watch has in the past centuries grown from the clepsydra, or water clock, up to its present perfection. Look at your watch and see what a luxury you have.

A good watch contains at least 150 pieces outside of the chain. Some of the small screws look like steel filings, and yet they are complete in thread, head and slit. The slit on the head is two one-thousandths of an inch in length. It takes 308,000 of these screws to weigh a pound. A pound of them is worth $1,500. I state this so that those who may wish to order a few pounds of these screws for household purposes will know what they are worth.

The hairspring is twenty-seven ten-thousandths inches think, and the process of tempering these delicate little things is only known by a few very eminent people.

WALKING THE FLOOR.

A ton of gold is worth $602,792.31. A ton of steel made up into hair springs is worth $7,360,000, so you see that a man who will invent a restorative that will grow hairsprings—but let us pass on.

It is estimated that a balance wheel makes about 196,850,000 revolutions per year, but that is neither here nor there.

The pivot on which the balance wheel works is twice the size of a human hair—so I am told. The bearings are delicate jewels, made of ruby or sapphire, and are worth $44,800 per pound.

Some time ago I went to a big music box establishment on Broadway, New York, to get some music box oil, because the Swiss gentleman who made my instrument—the only one play—said that it should have, once a year, a drop of music box oil on each bearing.

The music box store on Broadway was very sorry, but I did not buy my music box there—I bought it in Chicago—so it would be eternally thrown into bankruptcy before it would sell me any music box oil.

It is sad to be sat down on that way by a music box house. It took me two days to get haughty again. Then a friend said that all I wanted was watch oil. It was the same thing. So I went to a big dealer where I had bought a watch once for my wife and I got a little phial of watch oil—no charge. But say, fellow citizens, did you ever put a little watch oil on your handkerchief by mistake and then go to church and get put out?

Watch oil comes from the jaw of the porpoise. It is prepared by a special process, and men who are deaf do the work so that they cannot hear it think.

You do not need much of it. A quart will lubricate 58,000,000 journals. Think of that, and then remember how much fat it will take to lubricate the journals of New York city alone next fall.

But I have drifted into statistics and incidentally into politics.

* * * * *

Some sad stories indeed might be told of the ravages of the grip in New York if we could know them all and tell them to the world.

One evening I had rooms—it was really a room—one of those portable rooms which is attached to a suite and used then as a cloakroom, but let separately sometimes to jayish travelers and furnished with a flexible trundle bed—but I refer to it as rooms because I do not care very much how I live if I can make the public believe that I loll in the lap of luxury till it causes adverse criticism.

I could hear the conversation in the next room. In fact, I could not avoid it. I cannot wear cotton in my ears all the time, as high as cotton is now, and so I was obliged to hear the pathetic words that came to me over the transom and through the walls.

There was a little, dry, hard cough and a sigh of pain after it; then a woman's broken voice:

"Her cough is tighter to-night, Charlie. It is dryer and her temperature is greater, dear. Oh, what shall we do? What shall we do?—poor darling!"

Somehow I thought of my own home and wondered if the little folks there were well to-night, so many cold, weary miles away in the old north state.

Then the old man's voice said in deep, rich tones:

"I think it is the crisis with her, dear." Then the little cough once more and a patient little moan that died away in a sigh. "If she can get through the night we may hope for an improvement to-morrow, Clara. See, she is going to sleep now."

Then there was a long hush, but afterward came the cough—that cough that

HURTS A PARENT'S HEART

worse that it could the child, it seems. Then a little wimper of pain and then the voice of the almost sobbing woman:

"What would we do without her, Charlie? What would we do without her? She is all we have. I could not go home again without her and leave her here. What would we do, Charlie? What would we do?"

I began to feel uncomfortable. I could not bear to hear this sort of talk. I cannot stand such things. I smoked a large brunette pipeful of the ablest tobacco I could get hold of and walked the floor. It was terrible. I could not read. I could not read. I could not write. When the dry, quick cough, and the sigh, and the woman's sob came I got so started and turned pale, and if it had not been too late at night I would have left the room altogether.

"You must give her the medicine now. It is 11 o'clock and she had it before at 10. Be brave, dear heart. Have courage. Others have passed through ever deeper sorrow, Clara," came the deep, earnest, comforting voice of the husband. "Life and death are not in our hands. We can only do our best and be ready for the worst."

I could not endure this. I am of too sympathetic a nature. I rang the bell, intending to order my room changed, but got ashamed of myself before the boy came and told him to have me called at 7:30 in the morning, and he went away with a bright new shilling which I had once owned.

"She is awake now, Charlie, and she knows me. See? Yes, indeed she does. She recognizes our voices, Charlie. But she is weaker; oh, so much weaker! She can hardly turn over or lift her head any more. Oh, my poor, poor darling! What can I do for you? What can I do?"

Then I could hear her mingled sobs and kisses. The husband paced the floor.

I could not bear this any more. I arose and dressed. It was no sorrow that I could relieve. I might as well go away from it. I folded and put away the rich nightrobe in my bag and dressed myself automatically. Then I went down stairs with my luggage, the little hollow cough still ringing in my ears. I told at the office that I would pay my bill and go. I could not bear the grief even of those whose faces I had never seen. It might be foolish, but I could not help it.

"Do not go, Mr. Nye," the night clerk said. "We will give you 32, on the parlor floor. It is a much better room, with steam heat in it. Here, Front! Show Mr. Nye to 32 and tell 89 that they will have to leave in the morning. You are the third man they have driven out with their wild grief and their croupy dog!"

If we only knew more sometimes we would grieve less.

Bill Nye

PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

W. W. Astor pays $25,000 a year rent for his London house.

One hundred and thirty years was the reputed age of Sukey Gillis, a colored woman who died near Demopolis, Ala., recently.

The King of Ashantee is allowed 3,333 wives. Many of them are the daughters of the chiefs of tributary tribes over which the King has jurisdiction, and are sent to him as hostages.

Mr. Maxwell Sommerville, whose collection of engraved gems is said to be the largest in the world, is the possessor of the rarest and costliest cameo known. It is a chrysoprase seven by five inches in size, having on it a head of Jupiter with the oak leaves and ægis.

Queen Victoria, having completed her seventy-second year, has exceeded in age all other English sovereigns except two—Georges II. and III.

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"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children." ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D., 1057 2d Ave., New York.

"From personal knowledge I can say that Castoria is a most excellent medicine for children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

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Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but permanently beautifies. It creates a soft, smooth, clear, velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sunburn and freckles, and blackheads will never come while you use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap and water, nourishes and builds up the skin tissues and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or old, ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It contains no acid, powder or alkali, and is as harmless as dew and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price $1.00. Ask your druggist for it. Sample bottle mailed free to any lady on receipt of 10 cents in stamps to pay for postage and packing. Lady Agents wanted.

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STEREOTYPING

At the Herald Office.