



Smart Autumn Clothes.

SHOP WINDOWS ARE IMPRESSIVE AND SUPERB WITH NOVELTIES FOR THE ADVANCING SEASON—TRIMMINGS FOR WINTER GOWNS ARE ALL AGLITTER WITH THE NEW CABOCHON BEADS THAT HAVE ENTIRELY REPLACED SPANGLES.

New York, Sept. 30, 1900.—It is a joy without canker or cark to investigate the autumn scenery of the retail dry goods district. The windows are impressive and superb with novelties that range in variety from the tiniest bow knots of spangled lace for evening slippers to gorgeous opera robes that flutter with ostrich plumes, chiffon frills and knots of silk muslin flowers.

These evening comfortables take the shape of capes no bigger than broad tur boas, capes falling to the waist, or they are all enveloping cloaks of lace encrusted satin dropping their rich fullness as far as the hem of the happy



Dinner Dress of Black Chiffron, Trimmed with Pierced Embroidery.

wearer's gown. A suggestion of the cape character is given in a very luminous sketch of a charming novelty, made up for that new leader of New York society, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. Smoke blue panne is the body or framework of the wrap, and upon this silky surface is applied with the aid of tiny cabochon jet beads, a layer of heavy ecru lace. Below the panne shoulder covering falls a shower of cream white chiffron bouffees, and the edge of every flounce is finished with a line of blue panne. Rucked chiffron completes the edge of the tall collar and pointed revers, and from the base of these revers falls a couple of chiffron scarf ends, to wave their velvet piped ruffles nearly at the knees.

Cabochon Beads. Since allusion in the foregoing paragraph has been made to cabochon beads, it is as well to drop the hint that in place of spangles these points of light and color will be liberally distributed upon many of the autumn and winter evening dresses. They have brought forth already truly wonderful species of opalescent glass beads that in response to a touch of artificial light, Venetian beads, in which gold and silver dust is melted, and rainbow and fountain spray beads, as they are



A Cape of Smoke Blue Panna With Rich Lace and Cream Colored Chiffron.

called, will glitter delightfully on many rarely lovely gowns.

Every evening toilet must now show its décolletage out square, to display as broad an expanse of white chest as possible. While elbow sleeves promise to be very much the mode, the art of the dressmaker is strained to push the top of the arm covering far out on the shoulder's tip. Let the reader of this new mandate bear in mind that this out of evening gown does not imply the least immodesty, for the whole object is to attain that most gracious effect in the feminine figure, a wide chest and well sprung shoulders, in contrast with a long and tapering waist. The tendency is directly toward the mode of 1860 and thereabouts, when, from arm top to arm top, the shoulders were exposed quite bare of covering.

Possessors of particularly nice necks, chests and shoulder lines have their dinner gowns so artfully arranged that in the course of every natural movement or sedulous one strap or sleeve top slides from its moorings and a width of alabaster flesh is successfully displayed. Those who are not

so blissfully confident of the perfection of their shoulder lines, and yet take no secondary place in the progress of the mode, have adopted the Queen Louise scarf, in liberty gauze and chiffon.

Debutante's Dancing Dress. Just how the scarf can be used is skillfully displayed in the portrait of a debutante's dancing costume. The whole composition here is in palest yellow Florentine silk, upon a yellow silk foundation, with the decoration done in mauve chiffon draperies, edged with violet ribbon. The chiffon scarf is made with a ruche to stand as a collar like a Medicol collar at the back, and a big bow of violet tinted panne ribbon is fastened on the left breast.

When a scarf is not worn a tuile collar, with a very big wired bow of the same cobwebby fabric at the back or to one side, takes its place and duties, while for a very slim white neck the receipt is a single string of pearls at the base, and as high up as possible, close under the chin, encircle a black bebe velvet ribbon tied at one side.

Tucked Chiffon Toilets. Countess almost will be the tribe of black evening toilets, made of chiffon,



A Debutante's Dress, Showing Use of Queen Louise Scarf.

tucked one way or another, and then, in a prodigality of needlework, overlaid with lace or pierced embroidered applications. The wonder of these suits is that they are founded only on chiffron linings, for otherwise, say the purveyors of rich raiment, it would be impossible to obtain the air of dusky, cloud-like beauty that the well made black dress must show, as well as the clinging quality of its vaporous folds. In examining one of these gowns in hand is to have revealed the results of the most delicate mechanism known to the high art seamstress. Three layers of black, lustrous chiffron form the foundations for skirt and waist of the dinner toilet in the accompanying illustration. Upon this drops the dress proper, wrought all of black silk muslin, tucked perpendicularly from shoulder to foot, and every tucked done by hand. These puckers are so arranged that instead of being created flat, like the blade of a knife, they stand straight out, in hundreds of wavy flutes, with rounding tops, and then upon this buoyant surface is laid a stange ornamental pattern of black silk rennaissance lace, its edges completed with narrow bands of taffeta. A gown of this type, without its whalebones, weighs only two pounds.

A Cashmere Flannel Blouse. Sweet, upon the lissom figure of the average American girl, is the flannel shirt waist of this season. It is either an acutely plain blouse, fastened with front with gilt buttons, on which a thistle is embossed, or it is elaborated with intricate and embroidered bands—a thing of intrinsic beauty as well as



A Cashmere Flannel Blouse.

comfort. There is a suggestion for any slender figure in the shirt set forth in a drawing that elucidates the above remarks. A soft Watou blue cashmere flannel is what the sketcher's original was made of, and in the bands of ecru silk black, lustrous chiffron blended, in Parisian pattern, threads of yellow, dull red and agreeable green. The tucks were stitched with green silk, and the soft silk tie under the stiff turnover collar of flannel was of green with broad bands of dull red forming a border.

In the shopping district women are gathered in groups before windows where taffeta and tannel blouses are displayed to criticize or admire the groups of bias tucks and chains of tiny gilt or crystal buttons that ornament the fronts of these ever comfortable garments. There is a great deal

of interest in the blouses made of flannel and tannel. These are the direct inspiration of the China silk and foulard handkerchief blouses and very nearly as pretty. The wool squares are harmoniously bordered in stripes, or at least three soft, harmonious tones, which, in the cutting of the garment, are introduced on the cuff, collar, yoke and down the front.

The M. F. H.'s Coat. All the neck finishings for these autumn waists take the form of high corded bands of silk, completed with a turnover top of the same goods, and a narrow foldage, and at the base, which band draws into a four-in-hand knot, while the ends extend half way to the waist line.

For all save sporting costume, the stock has been wholly ignored in the past summer. There are golfing and riding women who cling to it, as the most comfortable and tidy, and, in fact, this autumn the graceful, conservative form of riding habit; that is, say the fashioning young skirted coat will be worn again. Women stout and women slim appear to far greater advantage will the full coat skirts extending nearly to their small revers turning back to reveal a soft snowy linen stock. This is the M. F. H., or Master of the Fox Hounds' coat, and demands a top hat, in place of the dump brown or black Derby that has been so much and often so inappropriately worn. MARY DEAN.

A KING'S YANKEE WIFE.

Although American women, with their millions, have appropriated a goodly share of European titles, only one woman is a princess in her own right, and only one of Uncle Sam's daughters ever wedded a king.

The Princess Waldessee, the power behind the throne of Germany, is at present much to the liking of the Kaiser, and more properly speaking, her husband, Field Marshal Count von Waldessee, who is just assuming supreme command of the allied forces in China.

Princess Waldessee had intended visiting her American friends and her old home this autumn for the first time since before her marriage, and political affairs not changed her plans.

She was the beautiful Miss Lea-Mary Esther Lea, daughter of a wealthy and rich New York grocer, and one of three very lovely sisters, all of whom married into titled families. Count von Waldessee is her second husband. She is the Princess Freytag von Noer, the title being conferred upon her by the Emperor of Austria after the death of her first husband, who relinquished the title of prince of Schleswig-Holstein to contract a marriage with her.

He was a prince of the royal line, and on this account offered Miss Lea a magnificent marriage, for in marrying her otherwise he would have to relinquish his title. She refused other than a regular marriage, and the prince gallantly abandoned his high station and wedded her. Six months later he died, leaving her a fortune of \$1,000,000.

Count von Waldessee is of an old Prussian family, and was a favorite of the Emperor. The princess' influence in the present German court, where she is called the power behind the throne, came about through the marriage of the Kaiser, then Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, which she is credited with having brought about. The princess' grand niece by her first marriage, the Princess Augusta Victoria, to whom she gave her name, is the Kaiser's daughter. The princess is a beautiful woman with snow-white hair and queenly bearing.

The husband of the king was the Countess of Edla. The only woman who ever reached such a lofty and royal eminence. She married King Ferdinand of Portugal, who died in 1882. The countess was originally Edla Hensche of Bonn, a girl of noble birth, who was made on the night of the birthday of the king, and she was married to the king's son, and immediately after the king's death she was crowned queen. King Ferdinand's son, King Louis, was then the actual ruler of Portugal, and he was married to the countess. King Ferdinand's son, King Louis, was then the actual ruler of Portugal, and he was married to the countess.

WINDOW GARDENING. Nine-tenths of the windows used for window gardening are too crowded for the plants to look well or do well. Turn a new leaf right now by throwing away every poor or languid plant, and get a better to buy new stocks in the spring than to turn your precious window space into a hospital ward for sickly plants.

Keep the foliage immaculately clean. Wash the leaves once or twice every week. A plant's lungs are its leaves. Showering the foliage washes the dust out of the pores, refreshes the plant and imparts vigor. Besides this, clean plants do not harbor insects, the greatest foe of the indoor garden, and the hardest to fight.

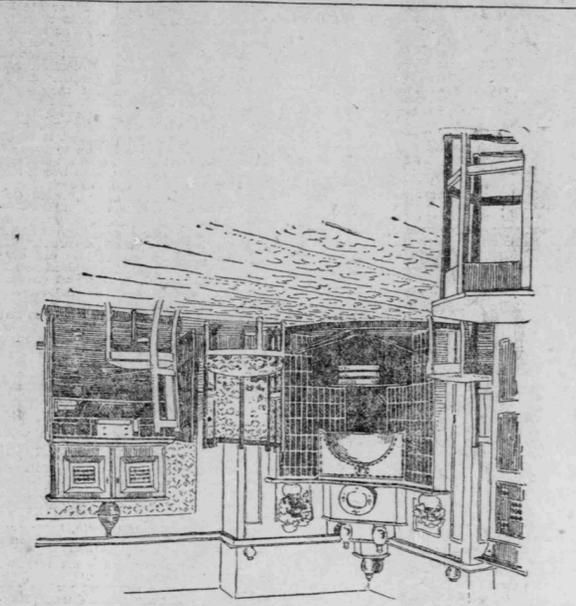
HANDSOME SAXON FIREPLACES.

The imposing hall fireplace has become almost an absolute essential in the new country houses, where from small inglenooks, the firegrate has pretty well developed into a room to itself with the hearth as its heart. What the possibilities of a really stately chimney piece

at one end by a lofty arch. Inside that arch is very luxuriant inglenook. The white marble fireplace is a beautiful work for the hearthstone, in which is laid in brasswork the motto and arms of the family. While all the hall is done in red, the inglenook furnishings repeat the color in richer tones, and its wall and floor space is furnished as a

season and followed this autumn in the country houses, where the scented hickory logs are just beginning to crackle, to dispense with andirons entirely, and build these chimneys, on which the chestnut broad hearth space and a good fire, for the logs are laid in a sort of pyramid shape, the huge black cavern, and when they ignite and fall together they all lie

grows bigger and bigger and the poker, tongs and shovel increase to the size of a crusader's lance, the bedroom hearth is sensibly limited to the least possible area and made more and more decorative. The prettiest of these cozy corners are tucked in an angle of the room and wrought entirely of tiles and pewter. The tiles are



THE IDEAL INGLEWORK.

area is shown in the picture of the hallway of a new and very splendid country residence. The house itself is built after the style of architecture popular in the time of the second King George, and the hall is a great square room finished

complete tea room. A brass inlaid table, beautiful Benares ornaments and mahogany chairs decorated with brass give it all a very bold and imposing appearance, and forms an ideal winter tea room.

While the fireplace of the hallway flat upon the hearth just as an outdoor fire is made. There is usually an iron-work depending from the black throat of these chimneys, on which the chestnut roaster is hung, and the effect is antique and interesting.

very small and of cream or green, or brown with the hot, tongs and pewter. Sometimes quaint garlands of pewter or a motto in antique lettering are worked upon the surface of the tiles, while the coal basket or fire irons are made of steel that is polished like silver.

TRAGEDY OF TWO NEW YORK FAMILIES.

(From the New York Papers.) One of the most tragic events New York has ever known, which occurred Thursday of last week, involves a prominent and aristocratic family in New York, and that of a bishop of the Episcopal church. Young Henry G. Barbour, son of the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Barbour, rector of the Church of the Beloved Disciple in New York, had gone on Thursday night to the St. Charles hotel, Brooklyn, accompanied by a refined looking young woman. Shortly afterward the young woman left, and on Friday morning Barbour was found dead. He had been shot in the head. The revolver was still in the room. All marks on the clothing of the man had been obliterated as to prevent identification. No trace of the young woman could be found.

me. I was more than willing to die with me. "There had never been the slightest impropriety in our affections for each other. We loved each other and made no secret of it. Had either of us consented to wrongdoing it is probable that the thought of suicide would never have entered our minds.

"Having decided to die together, we hoped to let our identity, so as to bring no distress or disgrace upon our friends. We burned everything that we thought could give any clue concerning us, even destroying the laundry marks upon our linen. Harry burned his collar and then burned mine. "Harry begged me to forgive him for what he was about to do. I bared my breast, and he, placing the muzzle of the revolver over my heart, fired. "For a moment, perhaps, just for a few seconds, I must have lost consciousness. I felt a sharp, stinging sensation in my breast just over the heart, and it seemed to be dead. Then I heard another shot and I opened my eyes to see that Harry had made his promise good. I was terribly shocked, but closed my eyes, hoping that death would come to me immediately.

"Just how long I remained on the bed I cannot tell. Each second was a life time to me. I knew that Harry was dead, yet I did not dare to open my eyes and look at him. I was afraid to move. I wanted to get up, but yet I was afraid to move. Finally I arose from the bed and stumbled to the door and rang the bell, intending to tell the landlady what had happened. When I was afraid to say anything about the tragedy, and could only ask for the doctor.

"Even in my suffering and distress I noticed that my voice did not tremble, and I was astonished thereat. I could not recall what I had done, but I had happened earlier in the evening, and I guess I must have been insane, for I really thought that Helen Southgate, who had entered the room with Harry Barbour, was dead, and that I was someone else, who had taken her place. "The doctor who had responded to my call told me it was about 3 o'clock. After he had gone away I completed dressing myself, but was afraid to turn on the light, and did not dare go near the bed where Harry's body rested. I was in mortal terror.

"After I was dressed I slipped out into the street. It was not that I was afraid to tell of my share in the tragedy, but I was simply overpowered with horror at what had occurred, and with the thought that I had failed to make good my promise to die. I will never forget how refreshing that first breath of fresh air tasted. I went immediately to the house of my aunt, Mrs. Schell. As I started up to my room I told my aunt that I did not want to see grandpa that night, as I was not feeling well.

"I remained in my room until about 11 o'clock, when I went down stairs, fully determined to tell my relatives what had happened. Again my courage failed me and I returned to my room, but finally my suffering was so great that I was forced to call for assistance. I then told them that I had shot myself accidentally. My relatives at first accepted my story and had me taken to the Seneca hospital. No one can ever know what my mental torture has been since coming here. I can now see that I was wrong not to try to die with him, for my purpose, but notwithstanding this, I can only say that I am sorry that I failed to die with him. I am told that my still have hope that God will be good to me, and that I will be able to tell the world the truth.

Southgate is carrying as she lies upon the white cot near the east window of the Seneca hospital, which commands a view of Prospect park, where she was with Henry Grosvenor Barbour while contemplating the double suicide.

Her greatest sufferings are mental rather than physical, and unless she can be brought to a more placid state of mind her physicians fear that her recovery will be greatly retarded, and possibly may bring about the result which she sought with Barbour in the St. Charles hotel.

(From a Later New York Paper.) In the black habit of a nun, behind cloister walls, Helen Southgate, the adopted daughter of an Episcopalian bishop, will expiate the part she played in the St. Charles hotel tragedy.

Her aunt, Mrs. S. V. Schell, is authority for the statement that the unfortunate girl will seek the cloister. She had been contemplating this step before she visited Good Ground and formed the attachment that ended in her agreement with young Barbour to do away with themselves together.

The late Bishop Horatio Southgate was for many years one of the most distinguished members of the Protestant Episcopal church in America. At one time he was a missionary in Turkey, and as a writer on Oriental subjects he had few equals. Bishop Southgate made a study of Mohammedanism while in Turkey, and was, perhaps, as a result of that, one of the most tolerant of modern church men. He died in 1884, while living on his family estate in Astoria, La. L. Bishop Southgate left four sons, Richard, Henry, Hutchinson and William, and a daughter, Marianna.

Bishop Southgate's death was a deep blow to Helen. He was her best friend and she felt his loss, for reasons which soon became apparent, even more deeply than did his own children.

Bravery. (Detroit Journal.) Here the young girl revealed her red skirt, waved it above her head and brought the train to a stop. "All the world wondered. "How brave of you," cried the world, "to have worn a red skirt, when red is obviously not your color!"

The heroic maiden shrank timorously away from their praise, like a startled fawn, for she had attended boarding school and knew exactly how to do this.

Another Soul Miseducated. (Chicago Times-Herald.) "So that old miser uncle of yours is dead? Well, I suppose you feel better now that he isn't here to scandalize your family by his big game way of living?" "No, confounded him! He didn't leave anything behind to show that he was a miser after all."

THE SERPENT FIGURE.



LA CASILLERE.

Cleo de Merode, so long the idol of the beauty loving Parisians, has found a rival of the first magnitude in ninety-five pounds of mysterious loveliness. This is La Casillere, who presented herself before the managers of the French theaters a few years ago and was accepted, first, because of her beauty alone. Later she became a rather skillful dancer and actress, but without her delicate and ethereal loveliness she could hardly maintain her pre-eminence by means of her dramatic or operatic accomplishments alone.

She is moderately tall and exquisitely slender. Her waist measures barely eighteen inches without her stays, and when she went to a famous corset maker of the Place Vendome the vision of her supple body laced in a case of corsetry inspired this manufacturer to hold a conference with the dressmakers and force upon her a new mode on helpless womanhood. In

short, La Casillere set the fashion in favor of abnormally long waists, "La taille serpent," or serpent figure, and the fashioning young skirted coat will be worn again. Women stout and women slim appear to far greater advantage will the full coat skirts extending nearly to their small revers turning back to reveal a soft snowy linen stock. This is the M. F. H., or Master of the Fox Hounds' coat, and demands a top hat, in place of the dump brown or black Derby that has been so much and often so inappropriately worn. MARY DEAN.