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NEW YORK FASHIONS

TWO ELABORATE AMERICAN MADE COSTUMES DESCRIBED.

Something About Appropriate Church Attire—Early Spring Novelty Wools—Stores Which Supply Ready Made Garments for Girls of All Ages.

[Copyright, 1893, by American Press Association.] Lent is so near that society is rushing with almost feverish haste from one thing to another, and many ladies have kept their most expensive gowns until now. Many dresses that came across the ocean and paid their duty were worn at the great Madison square charity ball, but none among them



RECEPTION DRESSES.

was handsomer than two that were made in New York for two young married ladies. One was of superb heliotrope brocade and pearl de soie of the same shade. The front of the princess dress was of brocade, the back of the pearl de soie, and neither had any trimming. Around the bust there was gathered and tied in a bowknot a scarf of old point lace, which reached nearly to the bottom of the skirt. The sleeves were puffed, and cream colored gloves covered the arms.

In the hair was a pompon of purple feathers. Pearls were the only jewels worn with this. The other dress was of figured faille, a new silk. The color was blue, with apple blossoms scattered over the surface, and it was made princess style, with waist and train and a fall of lace at the side after reaching around the shoulders in the form of a berthe, looped with tufts of blue ostrich feathers. There were four of these on the corsage and one in the hair, while around the bottom was a band of the same feather. The front of the corsage had a pointed jabot of lace almost covered with a stonacher of diamonds.

In all the churches now no stranger is turned away, but every pew door is open to him or her, and the higher up in the social scale the owner of the pew the more anxious is he to extend the hospitality, which is a fashion of recent growth, but one worth recording.

During Lent the young girls who are devotionally inclined rather affect extreme severity in attire, and it makes them appear lovelier to see the blind reaching out toward sacrifice as a part of woman's life that they accept willingly without knowing why.

There is a special church attire for almost every Sunday in the year except Easter, when women wear their brightest and best. The rest of the time they make a point of wearing black, or at least their darkest dresses. Black grosgrain silk, black faille, cashmere and silk warp henriette, or some of the elegant woolen brocades, are all suitable and fashionable gowns for church wear. The wraps are rich without being conspicuous, and the bonnets are usually of black velvet and jet or lace. No veils should have place in church, and no lady who understands the niceties wears one.

One lovely young girl of my acquaintance had a dress made to wear during Lent of course cheviot in ash color, the nearest approach she could make to sack-



HOME GOWN AND VISITING DRESS.

cloth and ashes, and in it she looks such a sweet little nun that it is no wonder that her father surrendered his pocketbook unconditionally before her demand for coal for the poor.

She has another dress that is very taking, though not quite so ascetic, and that is a skirt of striped Scotch flannel quite plain and of indistinct colors, where green, gray, pink and brown seem mingled. With this she wears a Spencer waist of black surah, made without ornamentation. It is quaintly pretty. Her dearest friend wears a novelty wool in tan and seal brown pattern, with seal brown velvet garniture, with a toque of brown. The outfit was pretty, but reminded me of a speckled brown hen.

I have noticed a number of styles of novelty wools for early spring wear, some having satin stripes; others with lines of dots and checks of chenille of contrasting color or different shade.

There are numberless varieties of plaids and almost as many styles of spring woollens. Among the very prettiest are the exquisite mousseline delaines, which are sheer and soft, with dark background, with beautiful flowers printed upon them. The flowers are usually very small, but perfect in coloring, as if painted by a microscopic artist. There are several styles of black and white stripes, and I have noticed in a few houses that the skirts made of these striped silks are plaited so that only the black shows until the wearer moves. Many very striking effects can be obtained with black and white striped silk or organdy, but they are not really refined or elegant.

Speaking of elegance reminds me that I was told that all black lace gowns were certain to have another and deserved period of popularity. All kinds of black lace will be worn, but those of Chantilly or Spanish lace will be considered the finest.

There are several spring fabrics that approach mohair and crystallette in body and finish, and these are in all the latest colors and will be almost invariably made with accordion platings. This has always been liked, but all goods do not look well accordion plaited. Silk and grenadine and the glossy mohairs look the best.

In New York there are two or three places where a specialty is made of children's outfits, from a baby's first clothes to those for girls and boys of fifteen, and I wandered into one of these and was delighted with the styles, which are handsome and useful, strong and really adapted exactly to the purposes and ages of the wearers. Those for the youngest are the strongest and darkest, and it is only the girl and boy who know how to take care of their clothes who get the light and more delicate colors and fabrics. It really costs less to take one's children to an outfitter of this kind and get everything ready made than to buy the materials and make them. We buy all our boys' clothing made because it is cheaper and better than we could make at home, and why not those for the girls?

A friend of mine who has two pretty young daughters was there, and bought for the younger one a coat of snowflake cloth, gray and white, with a braided yoke and dark gray velvet sleeves, and a hat to match. For the elder she got a dainty light blue camel's hair, trimmed with bands made of silk of the same shade striped and dotted with chenille in dark blue. There was an Eton jacket, with a collar, the outside of dark blue velvet and faced with plain blue silk. The hat was of blue felt and pale blue velvet bows and plume. Nothing could be prettier or daintier.

There were other garments in the latest designs which were peculiarly suited to girls of that age which is so difficult to dress gracefully. One costume was of old rose camel's hair, which, by the way, is an excellent material for young folks. The dress was a plain princess and had leg o' mutton sleeves of chestnut brown velvet. Around neck, wrists, bust and skirt was a band of drab cotton down. The front had five rows of embroidery in silk shaded from pale green to russet brown. The hat was of light brown felt, with feathers of old rose.



SPRING OUTDOOR COSTUMES FOR GIRLS.

The next was a cloak, empire style, for a girl of fifteen. It was made of rough prune cloth, with the sleeves slashed with velvet, and an imitation Figaro of velvet, fur bordered. There was a capeline of the cloth embroidered in outline with gold thread, and this also was bordered with fur. The sleeves had fur placed lengthwise on the puffs. A plaiting fell from the yoke front and back. Poke hat of velvet with shaded feathers, all of green.

That reminds me that there is a large number of such combinations seen now—royal purple and maize, purple and green, and—worse of all—purple and pink. Yet these combinations are generally so well managed that they do not seem so very bad when seen, even for the first time.

Another plainer but very pretty and girlish suit was a diagonal pearl gray cheviot, with a plain front cut all in one piece, without darts, and with full plaits in the back. There was a border of gray fur at the bottom of the skirt and across the bust and on the bottom of the sleeves. The upper sleeves and yoke were of tartan plaid velvet, in blue green and red on a gray ground. The hat was of gray felt trimmed with a close bunch of tartan ribbon bearing the same colors as the yoke.

It is surprising how many diamonds are worn in New York society. Mrs. Astor has the largest number, it is said, while Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt's are the finest, and it is said, and I believe it to be true, that her finest necklace of diamonds has all the stones pierced so as to hang them on a string without setting. Mrs. Frank Leslie has the third finest lot of diamonds, but there are many women in society who also have large numbers of fine diamonds, and the effect of so much dazzling splendor at one of the grand social gatherings is very fine and certainly interesting.

During Lent few if any jewels are worn, even at the few small gatherings of friends for dancing class, or any of the very mild amusements that are provided during that season. Many ladies refrain from going to the theaters at that time, and frequent the



SPRINGTIME CLOAKS AND GOWNS.

churches more than they usually do, though the women in the best society are generally regular in their attendance at church. It is the women who uphold the church in New York at least.

MATE LEROY. A New Caribbean Port. The government of Honduras, in organizing the territory called Mosquitia, has made the city of Iroca, on the Caribbean sea, a port of entry, open to the commerce of the world.

A HANGING GARDEN.

It was an empty robins' nest Left over from last year! And yet it held a tender guest That wept a dewdrop tear. It turned its eye upon the sky— What would the robin do next? And when the sun came out on high Its elfin cap 'twould doff. The guest—'twas but a chickweed flower, The modest ever seen. Made of the robin's nest a bower And kept their memory green. Who knows how there the seedling grew, With leaves and flowering stem? So long ago the robin sang, You cannot ask of them! —Edith M. Thomas in St. Nicholas.

JIM LANE, HERO.

Nestled down in an intervening nick between the barren and wind swept sand dunes of the far eastern end of Long Island, nearly under the shadow of the tall tower from which the light of Montauk point nightly affords the voyagers of the sea a beacon by which they may steer into a safe haven, with the Atlantic's mighty billows rolling up almost to its door, stands the home which has sheltered four generations of the Lane family. It is a modest structure of wood, and the paint which has been placed upon it annually in the springtime is now almost worn off by the fierce easterly gales that have beat upon it since September brought in the season of storm.

But there has been great rejoicing in that little homestead since Jim Lane came back to the father, brothers and sisters from whom he had been separated for fifteen years. It was a story worth the telling that Jim had to give them, and in testimony of the truth of which he displayed his medals and his papers. A reporter was introduced to him by a mutual friend, and while Jim was modestly loath to speak about himself, the friend supplied the missing links in the narrative of his heroism and his honors.

The scene and the time shift from New York in the closing days of 1892 to Apia, the chief town of the Samoan islands, in March, 1893, a week after the fierce Pacific hurricane had wrecked two United States and three German warships upon the coral reefs. Toward the end of the week Jim Lane, captain of the foretop and coxswain of the captain's gig of the United States sloop-of-war Nipsic, sat astraddle of the low fence surrounding the trader's store at Apia, waved his hand defiantly at the bullets of the marine guard of his ship, then sprang over to the outer side of the palings and was soon swimming off to his vessel with a necklace of bottles of gin hanging upon his sturdy shoulders.

During the hurricane a gigantic wave had swept the Nipsic upon the beach, and its recession had flung her free again, and she was the only vessel of the international fleet there assembled, except the British corvette Calliope, that ever plowed the seas again. Lane and a squad of his shipmates had been granted a day's shore leave by Captain Mullen, the commander of the Nipsic, and when they did not return at the appointed hour a detachment of the marine guard, with a lieutenant in charge, was sent ashore to look them up. They were found in the trader's bar, all carrying heavy cargoes of liquor. To the summons of arrest every man except Lane surrendered. He ran for the fence, jumped astride of it, coolly sat there for several moments, while the marines, under instructions from the lieutenant, were firing at him, safely escaped all their shots, and in the quick gathering darkness of the tropics made his way to the ship.

The lieutenant followed with his prisoners. He was furious at the contempt which Lane had manifested, and demanded that Captain Mullen should report the fractious sailor man for court martial to Admiral Kimberly, who was present at Samoa and in command of the Pacific squadron. But Mullen refused to do so. He had a vivid and lasting remembrance of Lane's services on the day of the fateful hurricane, when Lane hung stoop at the wheel of the Nipsic for eight long hours, he having been selected for that important duty by the captain because he was the strongest seaman and the best helmsman of the ship's company. Through that tremendous storm, when vessel after vessel was pounding upon the reefs or sinking, Lane had remained steadfast at his post, and Captain Mullen decided that his faithfulness then should condone his later dereliction.

But the lieutenant was firmly resolved upon vindicating his outraged dignity and the discipline of the naval service. He caused to be conveyed to Admiral Kimberly, without Captain Mullen's knowledge, information of the affair on shore, and the admiral summoned a court martial. That judicial body promptly found Lane guilty, and their sentence was that he be deprived of all the medals that he had won by gallant service in the past; that he should forfeit the pay due him, and that he be conveyed to the nearest port in the United States and there be dishonorably dismissed from the ranks of the navy. This harsh sentence was promptly carried into effect. The convicted man was sent to San Francisco, and at the Mare island navy yard his medals were stripped from his breast and his uniform from his body, and in a suit of civilian's clothes he was drummed out to the gate of the yard, the drummers and fliers playing the "Rogues' March," and he was turned loose upon the world without a dollar in his pockets.

But the disgraced sailor was too plucky to fear to face fortune's buffets. Struggling up the streets of San Francisco, he entered the office of the California Navigation company, which runs a line of steamships down the Pacific coast to Mexican and South American ports. He was at once accepted as an able seaman, and when the next of the company's ships left port he stood upon her deck. Another opportunity of distinguishing himself gallantly was not long in coming. The next day the vessel was pitching and rolling in a stormy sea. A woman passenger was standing at the rail near the stern when an unusually heavy lurch of the steamer into the trough of the sea sent her overboard. Lane was over after her in a second, without waiting even to grasp a life preserver.

The ship was running at the speed of fifteen knots an hour, and before a boat could be lowered she was five miles away from the scene of disaster. It was nearly night, and in the gloom the boat's crew could see nothing of Lane and the woman. Still they rowed steadily in their supposed direction, sending up rockets and burning signal lights in the hope that they might be guided by them. Meanwhile the steamer lay to and also burned signals.

Two hours had passed and the men in the boat were about to give up the search and head for the ship, when a feeble voice came out of the night and waves and on the crest of a billow a dark object was seen. "Give way, men; that's him," shouted the boatwain, and in a moment more Lane and the rescued woman were hailed over the gunwale. She was unconscious—nearly dead—and Lane was exhausted that he could only mutter: "It's all right, boys," before

he was stretched out in a faint on the thwarts of the boat. For 120 minutes he had fought the waves with the woman in his arms, and only his splendid strength and his powers as a swimmer had kept him alive to buoy her up. They were taken back to the ship, and the next morning Lane reported for duty again, but the woman had not entirely recovered when she was landed at Mazatlan, whither she was bound.

The intrepid sailor's next exploit occurred in connection with the same ship on her second succeeding voyage southward and off the same port of Mazatlan. In the teeth of a terrific gale the captain attempted to enter the harbor, but the vessel ran upon the rocks 300 yards from shore. Her pounding soon opened a hole in her bottom and she began settling fast. There were over 300 people on board, and as there is no life saving service on the Mexican coast and the sea was running too high to permit boats being launched the captain and his officers abandoned themselves to despair.

In this direful emergency Lane again came to the front with his indomitable courage and resource. He offered to try to swim ashore with a line, and the captain accepted the desperate chance. Fastening a light coil of rope to his body Lane plunged into the mighty breakers, and in half an hour the tautening of the line convinced those who held it on the ship that he had reached land and had made it fast.

A stout hawser was rigged to the slender line; that, too, was drawn ashore. A life car was improvised, and before the morning dawned the passengers and crew were safely landed upon the Mexican shore.

Nearly a year later the Massachusetts Society for the Preservation of Life voted him a gold medal. The navy department was informed of his heroism, and the facts being brought to the attention of Secretary Tracy he ordered that Lane's sentence of disgraceful discharge from the navy be revoked, that he be restored to his rank, pay and honors, and that he be allowed to honorably retire from the service if he should so elect.

It was a proud moment for Lane when, on July 26, 1890, on the scene of his disgrace at Mare island navy yard, he was again equipped with his uniform; his medals replaced upon his breast, and he heard the order of the secretary of the navy read in the presence of the whole staff of the yard and his shipmates of all the war vessels then lying there. He chose to accept his retirement from the navy with honor, and is now a trusted officer in the employ of the California Navigation company.

Jim Lane walked into his old home on Wednesday afternoon. He had been granted a furlough of a month by his California employers, and he had determined to spend it among his relatives in the east, whom he had not seen since 1877, when he ran away, then not much more than a boy, to enlist in the navy. When he stepped up to the Lane house and knocked at the door he met a buxom, rosy faced lass, who asked him what he wanted there.

"I want to see Michael Lane, if he is alive," Jim responded.

He was invited in, and in the parlor he was brought face to face with a very old man, who raised himself feebly erect from the chair to greet the visitor.

"Father, don't you know me? I'm Jim!" the traveler cried out, but old Michael Lane could not remember the features of his son. At that moment Mrs. Mullen, Jim's sister and mother of the girl who had opened the door for him, came into the room. She took one look at the stranger, and then exclaiming, "It's Jim, sure," fell into his arms.—New York Press.

Plays and Novels.

Most people have a very clear conception of what a good play ought to be and of the precise extent to which realism can be effective without being offensive. But it is strange, and it is a bad sign of the times that persons who would not tolerate a course play read novels little, if at all, short of indecent. An answer suggests itself which may be comprehensive as an explanation, but is insufficient as an excuse. In our Anglo-saxon social system the young girl is everywhere, and if the shade of Sterns will allow me to say so we temper the wind of our realism to the sensitive innocence of the ubiquitous lass. Once admit that the young girl is to have the freedom of our theater, and it follows, and ought to follow, and very generally does follow, that our plays must be suited to maiden ears and eyes. It is a good thing that this should be so, but the effect is rather strange.

The men who hear plays in English are not, perhaps, much more moral than their contemporaries of Paris, Vienna and Berlin. We like to believe that our women are better than those of foreign nations. We owe it to them to put more faith in them because they are our own—our dear mothers and wives and sisters and daughters, for whom, if we be men, we mean to do all that men can do. But we are all men and women nevertheless, and human, and we have the thoughts and the understanding of men and women and not of schoolgirls. Yet the schoolgirl practically decides what we are to hear at the theater, and so far as our own language is concerned, determines to a great extent what we are to read.—F. Marion Crawford in Forum.

Not an Earthly Eden.

Wedlock is not Eden any more than men and women are angels while wearing the garment of mortality. The united pair, turning from the altar, albeit one in name, and for the time in heart, are no more made perfect in patience and wisdom than in holiness and happiness. How they fare in the novel state, entered upon with unquestioned eagerness, will depend as much upon the discipline of temper and will and the practice of the everyday graces of mercy, goodness and truth as if each had continued to lead an existence detached from the other and been compelled to defer to the whims of blood relatives and to consult the wishes of chance associates.

The serious mistake that lies at the root of this form of wedded wretchedness is the fatuous belief in one another's perfection, without which ballad makers and romance writers tell us marriage is a mockery. Nobody can live up to a standard as false as it is mischievous. Husbands and wives are as fallible as if they had never been in love, and hoped through love to find a terrestrial heaven.—Marion Harland in Harper's Bazar.

Engraving on Opal.

On account of the thousand fissures of the stone engraving upon opals is always difficult and often impossible. A head of Sappho engraved upon a "presumable opal"—an antique—has been highly valued and carefully studied by experts in gem lore. It is catalogued, so we read, among the treasures of a princely home.—Exchange.

The Removal of Tumors.

Some surgeons, at home and abroad, have favored, and do now favor, early extirpation even in the case of benign tumors, but many advise noninterference so long as tumors are small, painless, stationary or of slow growth.—Popular Science Monthly.

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