

FASHION'S DECREES.

Dresses Just Too Lovely for Anything and Others that are Lovely Enough.

New Spring Bonnets Made to Match Particular Costumes - Fancies and Caprices.

Jennie June writes on the 31st., from New York, as follows:

It is said by social philosophers that we travel from the homogeneous through to the heterogeneous and from the heterogeneous up to the homogeneous again, only it is first the homogeneous in its crude forms, and lastly the homogeneous in its highest, most refined and cultivated mode of expression. Accepting this statement, it does not take much study of sociology to discover that we are in the heterogeneous stage of development so far as our clothing is concerned, and that progress must be made by individuals towards the higher plane and not expected from the aggregate mass, which can never give more than the mean average result; and is composed largely of elements directly interested in stimulating the production of a thousand unnecessary accessories to what we call our civilization. The spring bonnet. No better illustration could be formed of the condition of fashion as it exists to-day than the grotesque, many-colored, hydra-shaped and strangely contracted spring bonnets. Manufacturers of original "straws" are at their wit's end for a novelty. The historic past has been exhausted—that is, as far as ignorant imitations can exhaust original ideas—and there is no one who dares, or who has intelligent knowledge enough to come out and give us an American shape—an original and picturesque mode, whose distinction and fitness would win for it respect and acceptance. At present those who pay their money can truly take their choice. We have the "scoop" and the "pointed" poke, the "Gypsy" and the "capote," the "Scotch bonnet," and the "Khedive cap," the "Gainesborough" and the "Denby," the "Marie Stuart" and the "turban," and a thousand shades and gradations between these. We have straws in every color to match the latest shades in costume, and we have all black or all white which are popularly supposed to be suited to any costume, though the authorities discredit the assertion. We have what are musically called "symphonies" in color, but which are merely a confused jumble of color sounds, without clearly defined purpose, and therefore without harmony.

In the meantime there are ladies who do not depart from the small bonnet known as the capote, who find it best suited to all purposes, and who change it only for a shade hat in the country, or for a modest and moderate scoop-shaped poke or small gypsy in traveling, both of which shade the face and are better adapted to emergencies than the quiet and refined, yet dressy little capote, which frames a delicate face most charmingly, and is no obstacle at theatre or concert, but does little for protection against sun or wind. But it was as "costume" bonnets, that is, as bonnets to match visiting and reception costumes, that these pretty head-dresses were first introduced several years ago, and that they have held their own, and gained rather than lost prestige, says much in their favor. In fact, they have established a position. They are "dress" bonnets—they are the only kind now admitted for widows' mourning, and they have created a standard which, even if it is only temporary, is still useful for the time being. But with its form its value as a standard ceases; it is the most "mixed" in material, color and trimmings of any of the shapes known. The pointed poke which appeared in Paris two years ago, and to a limited extent here last summer, is now numerous, but, excepting the form, quite simple in its details; but the capote makes up for its gentleness and severe propriety of shape, by massing upon its small surface the richest materials, and the most highly contrasting colors and devices. Embroidered or elaborately beaded crowns are combined with exquisite embroidered or beaded lace, which is pleated over a soft foundation of silk, and covers the brim, while the ornamenting is obtained from shaded satin or velvet foliage, in which all the tints of the bonnet and its trimming are introduced. But the majority do not follow the laws of design or harmony; they are a medley of high colors and ill assorted shades, and bear no relation whatever to any possible combination in any sane woman's dress.

These strictures apply of course to the bonnets as exhibited at the average opening, and which are of the kind most frequently seen upon the street. They may be copied from patterns sent from abroad, for there are bonnets and bonnets every where—that is in all modern and civilized communities—but they

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are not of the best class, and they are not sent from the best houses in Paris, or copied by the best houses here. The best and finest bonnets are always made to match, or with special references to particular costumes, and some modistes scarcely make a dress that is not an indoor, morning or evening dress, without sending its bonnet with it. With a bronze costume the other day, a bronze satin bonnet was sent home; both trimmed with a beaded passementerie in which amber and ruby were introduced with fine effect; the crown of the bonnet was embroidered to match, and a group of amber, bronze and ruby ostrich feathers were placed so as to form a sort of aigrette. Another was of the new art green in plush and satin sarah, with beaded and embroidered trimmings, and containing all the shades, from French bronze to Nile green. The bonnet was faced with shrimp pink satin, covered with sluted lace, and the garniture consisted of a tuft of shrimp pink feathers and embroidered lace, the embroidery executed with shaded green floss and fastened with small gold pins.

Lady Florence Dixie admits that her bangs and her black hair were comparatively unimpaired. This is well. Ladies who go out walking in wild countries should always wear corsets and be accompanied by a St. Bernard dog with a brass collar. [Atlanta Constitution.

A CANYON DUEL

In the Drifting Snow With Rifles at Ten Paces.

Jonquin Miller in the New York Sun.

The day after a little tilt between the parties, the two Californians walked up and down before the quiet and unpretentious camp, only a few steps from their own, for we were all huddled in together there, and talked very loud and behaved in a very insulting manner. The canyon was all on tip-toe. The men began to forget their misery in the all-absorbing topic of the coming fight. Cautious old men held aloof and tried to keep peace. They kept most of the men out on the windy plain freezing there with the half-starved and freezing mules, horses and ponies that pawed pitifully and helplessly in the snow, which was now almost to their breasts. This, it was hoped, would give the men something better to do and keep them from battle.

But the dreadful situation, the cold, the hunger, the possibility of all perishing there together, seemed only to madden the men. That night a duel was arranged to take place at daylight, on the plain above. The Californian and the Oregonian were to fight with rifles, at 10 paces. Both had their friends and backers. The whole canyon seemed to be drawn into the fight. Some of the men

were not very hungry. All were cold, cross, desperate. A general battle was imminent. The moon hung high and calm and cold right overhead. The stars stood out and sparkled in frost-like fire. The keen, cold wind swept the plain above and threatened to fill the canyon with drifting snow. Wolves, that had eaten only the dead horses up to this time now began to attack the weak and dying. One of the thousands that hovered about had even that night laid hold of a man. But still the fight must go on. The deadly hatred must find some expression. Fortunately if it should end with this duel just before us.

Fleecy clouds began to drive over the moon at midnight, and drift away towards Idaho. The stars went out as though the fierce wind had blown out the myriad lights of heaven. Then the snow began to fall thick and fast, as the men sat about their feeble fires and talked about the coming duel. These groups grew as white as huddled flocks of sheep. Now and then a man would get up and shake himself, and the snow would slide off in little avalanches thicker than your palm. The fires began to perish under this incessant, unceasing dripping of snow. The wind ceased, and the snow then simply possessed the world. The fires all died out. It was a weird, death-like darkness. The men could not see each other's faces. When they spoke it was as though some one called from deep down in a well. They grouped about, feeling for each other as they tried to creep under their blankets in the snow. Now and then a blanketed Oregonian would find his outstretched hand twisted in the snowy beard of a red-shirted Californian. But there was no swearing at each other now.

Snow above and snow below! The wolves howling from the hills. Show that buried you, that lay over your shoulders like a blanket, that loaded you down, that fastened upon you as it had life and sense, and like a ghost of your injured dead, would never go away.

With morning there came a sense of change. But it was not light. There was only a dim ghastly something in the air—the ghost of a dead day. And snow, snow, snow—nothing but snow and snow. The men came down from the hills and left the wolves to have their own way. They came down clinging to each other, Oregonian and Californian together, as best they could. They could see each other's faces. Their very heads and shoulders were bowed by loads of snow. Many of the men in the canyon did not attempt to rise all day. They were covered by the snow many feet deep. In this strange, new land these gold hunters had come to fear that most dreadful things might overtake them. They whispered among themselves that the canyons would be swept full of snow if the wind should rise again, and then surely all would perish. Under a lodge of rocks that leaned over the canyon many men grouped together as the day wore by, hungry, starving, desperate and dying. But the force of the falling snow was spent. As night came on we could see each other's face; we could see the world once more. But what was it? A world of snow. Strangely enough a little white-tailed rabbit came timidly among the men out of the snow and hopped helplessly over human legs. They looked at each other in turn at this, and then out on the world of snow.

The two duellists by chance looked in each other's faces. There was a long pause; an awkward one. Neither spoke. They looked at each other steadily. The men grouped about them and held their breath, and all were silent, as if the snow was indeed their shroud, as one young Californian, with a practical turn of mind and temporary religious tendencies, had suggested.

While the two men stood looking steadily and still at each other, there was a movement under the blanket of the Oregonian. He evidently was about to do something, and that soon. With eyes firmly fixed on the eyes of his enemy, he threw back his blanket, threw out and extended his hand. The Californian grasped it and shook it, and shook again and again, ashamed and beaten, ashamed that he had not the courage to do what his enemy had done before him. The shout of wild delight that went up from the group showed that there was life in the savage canyon still. It seemed to settle the storm. It certainly awakened many sleepers, and they crept out of the snow all about, none the worse for their long night's rest.

Iah-Someness. Of all the insidious Temptations invidious, Contrived by the devil for pulling men down, There's none more delusive, Seductive, abusive, Than the snare to a man with a wife out of town. He feels such a delightfulness, Stay-out-all-night-fulness, Shut-I-get-right-to-fulness—I own it with pain! A forcible rakishness, What-will-we-take-to-fulness, Next-day's-headache-fulness None can explain! While his wife, trusting lady, Is mourning, it may be, His lonely condition, so mournfully dull, He feels thrill energetic, Toward places magnetic, Lacks peripatetic, Joys far from assetic, With many excuses his conscience to lull, With a take-every-trick-fulness, Full-as-a-buck-fulness, Full-buck-trick-fulness Though conscience frowning, With a forth-let-us-eat-fulness, Kick-up-our-head-fulness, There's a wife of the de'il-someness In a wife out of town.