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SOLIDIFIED DEWDROPS.

French Pearl Fisheries in the Pacific Ocean—Perils and Precautions of the Native Divers.

Says a Paris letter to *The Boston Herald*:
The other day I had quite an interesting conversation with M. Bouchon-Brandy, who was sent out to Oceania by the government to study what is the best means of preventing the exhaustion of the beds of pearl-bearing oysters in the French possessions. His opinion now is that these oysters can be cultivated in parks and by artificial fecundation by the same system that is now applied to the edible bivalves. The pearl and mother-of-pearl bearing oysters are also unisexual, and they can be replenished artificially in water from two to four feet deep; afterward they can be put in beds, where they are to develop to maturity.

Pearls have been classified into several divisions, all of which depends on the place of origin, on their brilliancy, on the color, on their form, on their weight, and on their dimensions. There are white, gray, black, lilac, pink, blue, and yellow pearls. As to form, they are called "barroques," or irregularly shaped; "pears," or pear-shaped; "brillants," or flattened at one end, and "virgins," or paragons, the perfectly round and most highly esteemed of all. Few intrinsic things have a market value more variable than pearls, as the price depends largely on fashion and the prevailing taste of the day. When pearls are small and ordinary in other particulars, they are sold by the trade by weight; but if they are of unusual size and beauty, they are sold separately, according to their estimated value. France owns in the archipelago of the Pacific ocean, the greatest pearl-fishing grounds that exist in the world, there being only eight islands out of the eighty which compose the group on which the pearl-bearing oysters do not exist. Nevertheless, these fisheries are very far from yielding the revenue which England gets out of her Indian possessions. Not only are the French islands less productive, but an entirely different system is observed. England either works hers herself or farms them out at heavy rental, while France permits anybody to fish for pearls and makes no attempt to collect tolls or other charges. The Tuamotu group of islands have only been a French possession since 1880, and perhaps the home government has not yet had time to study the question and regulate it properly. As the islands already yield more than 600 tons of mother of pearl annually, it is assumed, judging by a similar fishery elsewhere, that the pearls found each year ought to be worth at least \$12,000, whereas the estimated production is only about \$50,000. The beds have been so badly worked that it is indeed rare to find them, in any large quantities, such magnificent pearls as those with which Queen Pomare used to adorn her royal person, and which, by the way, was often not adorned with anything else in the shape of covering. Most of the pearls now found at Tahiti go to England, Germany and the United States, to the detriment of French jewelers, who employ by far the largest number of the pearls that are sold in the European markets, the importation alone in this country in 1884 being over 94,000 grammes.

Natives of the French islands have no industry that I am aware of other than that of diving for pearls and hae, and they are said to show remarkable skill in their calling. All of them, men, women and children, swim like fishes, and they have acquired the faculty of remaining several minutes under water. There are three women who are famous throughout the archipelago as pearl-divers; they will go down to the bottom in twenty-five fathoms of water and remain under as long as three minutes before coming to the surface again.

The pursuit is very dangerous by reason of sharks, which swarm thereabouts. Divers generally rely on their skill and agility as swimmers to escape them, but when unable to do so, they do not hesitate to fight, although the conflict is unequal, and they rarely escape unscathed. M. Bouchon-Brandy told me of a woman whom he saw who had lost an arm and one of her breasts in just such an encounter only a fortnight before his departure. When these accidents happen, a panic seizes the divers, and work is suspended during several days. Not only is the diving dangerous on this account, but it is also one of the severest trades which mankind follows. At the opening of the season divers are forced to take precautions of all sorts, the first and most important being not to go down too often during the same day. A neglect of this rule produces hemorrhages and congestion of the lungs; but as he gets more and more used to the work he can do so often as he likes without any immediate evil results, though, if the occupation is followed for too many years, it is apt to cause paralysis. Very few natives follow the business on their own account. Most of them are in the employ of contractors, who pay wages of 5 francs per day and not infrequently cheat the poor fellows outrageously. Diving begins at daybreak. Before commencing the males and females gather into one of the boats, and the oldest or most respected person in

the boat says a prayer, in which all the others join fervently. This done, they row to the fishing ground—I mean diving water—where their preparations do not last long. The only dress of the native is a garment called a "pareo," and the only implement used is a telescope with which to examine the sea bottom. This telescope is composed of four boards, each 18 to 20 inches long and 10 to 12 inches wide, which are nailed together so as to form a chamber, one end of which is covered with a piece of ordinary glass. This end is placed on the surface of the water, in order to efface the ripples, and as the lagoons of the archipelago are of wonderful limpidity and transparency, this rude apparatus enables them to see the oysters at a great depth.

My French friend tells me that the divers in the Pacific ocean are far more skillful and expert than the Indians employed in the Persian gulf and at Ceylon. These latter facilitate their descent by means of a weight of twenty-five or thirty-five pounds fastened to their feet, and carry seven or eight pounds of ballast around their waists; they stuff cotton soaked in oil into their ears and tie a bandage over their eyes.

Then they dive to the bottom in forty feet of water, remain under 55 to 90 seconds, and ad themselves to rise by means of a rope. Natives of Oceania observe none of these precautions. Before diving they inflate their lungs to the utmost, first filling and emptying them several times in quick succession, then they take a good long breath, go down entirely naked, quickly get hold of the largest oysters they can find, and then rise to the surface with incredible rapidity. As a rule, they remain under a minute and a half, when the water is very deep; two minutes is rare, and three minutes is an exceptional length of time, to which few are ever able to attain. The contractors and Europeans have in vain tried to introduce the diving armor, the natives declaring that it causes quick paralysis of their lower limbs. There are three European divers in the islands who use scaphandles, and who, with this assistance in the work, make a profitable thing of their diving trips. They believe that their armor frightens off dangerous fishes, Frank Stockton's receipt, "black stockings for sharks," not yet having come to their knowledge.

A diver's first precaution when he gets down is to squeeze together the lips of the shell tightly lest the oyster, in feeling itself torn away from the rock, should open its bivalve and by the spasmodic movement of its organs expel the pearl which it may chance to contain, for it is all a matter of chance whether the shell has pearls inside of it or not, there being no exterior signs whatever to indicate the presence of precious gems. It is true that divers have certain rules by which they are guided in making their pick white at the bottom of the sea, preferring oysters the shells of which present certain peculiarities as to size, shape, and color; but M. Bouchon-Brandy says that, as far as his experience went, it was only occasionally that these outward indications were verified. After the people have finished their day's diving they open the oysters that they have collected, handling for that purpose a large knife with great dexterity. Each shell and its contents are carefully examined, so that no pearl, however small it may be, shall be lost. The employers are always present during the operation, for, though the natives are as naked as on the day when they were born, they sometimes have a trick of swallowing pearls. I wonder if it ever occurred to any of my fair readers who string precious dewdrops about their lovely necks by the scores that perchance their gems may have passed through the interior of a human being before performing a similar journey through the Boston custom-house.

The shells belong to the divers, who bury them in damp sand, so that there may be no loss of weight in the drying before being sold. The price for mother-of-pearl is constantly increasing. This is not what bears will tell you, but it is true. Twelve years ago the price was from 6 to 12 cents a kilogramme; now the same sort is worth from 35 cents to half a dollar. Diving is carried on all the year round, but November, December, January and February are the principal months, that being the season when, in that latitude, the water is at its warmest temperature.

Like edible oysters, the pearl kind has numerous enemies. The worst are certain species of fish, one of which can with its mouth crush the largest shell as I would an almond. There are also several sorts of worms that bore into the shells, and sometimes the mother of pearl is as full of galleries as any old worm-eaten stick of timber. There is also a little sponge parasite that produces similar damage, and even common crabs will attack the oysters and eat them out of their shells while the latter are still too young and weak to crush their powerful mandibles. Then there is a species of crab which deliberately takes up its residence inside the shell and lives at the expense of the oyster.

John Russell Young is quoted as saying that he would like to have all professional incomes cut down to \$20,000 a year. The reduction of incomes does not worry us. We would much rather see all professional incomes advanced to \$20,000 a year.—*Norritown Herald*.

WEARING OUT THE CARPET.

Among the guests at a small summer hotel were a little boy and his mother. The boy's fullness of life and richness of prankish resource kept the timid, shrinking mother in a constant state of alarm, and the servants noticing that she was afraid that her son might give offense, took pains to increase her anxiety by telling the child, in those soft but forced tones of kindness which burn worse than harshness, not to make so much noise and not to scatter bread crumbs on the steps. The proprietor's wife, an old woman whom every one said was motherly, unconsciously took a cue from the servants; and, forgetting that her own sons and daughters were once noisy children, began to oppress the boy.

"Sh-sh—don't make a fuss," she said, meeting him in the hall. "Little boys must be seen and not heard. Go and put that ball away. You might break something. Never mind that cat. Get out of my way. I wonder what your mother can be thinking about."

"Tommy," his mother called from a neighboring room.
"Mama."
"Come here."
"I ain't down nothin'."
"Oh, let him alone, I pray you," said the proprietor's wife, inclining her head and smiling at the mother, who appeared at the doorway. "I was a slyly afraid that he might break something with his ball, but do let him enjoy himself, I beseech you. Children will be children, you know."
"I do hope he won't cause you any trouble," the mother replied. "But the very best I can with him, but—I—come here, son."

She reached out, took the boy by the hand and drew him into the room.
"What makes you cry, mamma?"
"Because you are so bad, darlin'."
She replied, taking him into her arms.
"I didn't know I was bad."
"But you are. You seem to make everybody miserable."
"What's miserable?"
"Unhappy."
"What's unhappy?"
"Go, sit down over there."

He climbed upon a trunk, twisted himself around, tore his clothes, got down, killed a fly on the windowpane, picked up a feather which he found in the corner, threw it up and blew his breath on it, turned over a work-basket, climbed upon the bed where his mother had lain down, put his hands on her face, gazed with mischievous tenderness into her eyes, and said:
"I love you."
She clasped him to her bosom.
"You'll be a good boy, won't you?"
"Yessum, an' when that nigger makes a face at me, I won't say anything."
"Well, you must not."
"An' musn't I grab hold of the calf's tail when he shoves it through the fence?"
"No."
"Wh?"
"Oh, because it will hurt him. Let mamma go to sleep now, but don't you go out."
"None."
The woman sank to sleep. The boy got off his bed and went to the window. He looked at a fly that was buzzing at the top, went back to the bed, gently kissed his mother and stole out into the hall. Exuberant with freedom, he began to gallop in imitation of a horse.

He was confronted by the proprietor's wife. "What are you racing around here like a mule for, say? Don't you know you are wearing out the carpet? Why don't you go somewhere and sit down and behave like a human being? Think I bought this carpet to have it skuffed out this way? Stop raking your foot on the floor that way."
He held up his hands as if, in begging for forgiveness, he would kiss her.
"Don't put your greasy hands on me. Go on, now, and don't rake your feet on this carpet. I don't know what mothers these days can be thinking about."
"Tommy," his mother called.
"Yessum."
"Come here."
"Oh, I don't know what to do with you," she said when she had drawn him into the room. "What makes you so bad?"
"I dunno, but it must be the bad man."
"Yes, and he'll get you, too, if you don't behave yourself."
"And will he hurt me?"
"Yes, he will."
"How?"
"Burn you."
"Ho, I'd shoot him."
"You couldn't."
"Why couldn't I?"
"Oh, I don't know."
"Then how do you know he would burn me?"
"Oh, I don't know that he would."
"Then what made you say that he would?"
"For gracious sake, give me a little peace."
"A little piece of bread?" he asked, while his eyes twinkled with mischief.
"Hush, sir; hush. Not another word out of you. Take your dirty hands away from my face."
"I want to hug you."
"Well, hug me, then, and sit down."
"You love me, don't you?"
"Yes, little angel," she said, pressing him to her bosom.
"More than all the houses an' railroads an' steamboats put together?"
"Yes."
To the mother the days were dragged over the field of time, like the dead body of an animal. In misery lest her son should cause offense, she watched him, and, at table, flushed him. The proprietor's wife scolded him, and at last the little fellow's spirit was cowed. He crept through the hall, and, on tiptoe, to keep from wearing out the carpets, he moved through the house. He would shrink when he saw the proprietor's wife, and in his sleep he muttered apologies and declared that he would be good. One morning he awoke with a burning fever.

"I wish you would come in and see my little boy," said the mother, addressing the proprietor's wife. She went in. The little fellow looked at her, and, as a deeply-troubled expression crossed his face, said:
"I won't wear out the carpet."
"Why, no, you won't hurt the carpet. Get up and run on it all you want to."
"I can't, now."
"But you can after awhile."
Days of suffering; nights of dread. Everything had been done and the doctor had gone home. A heart-broken woman buried her face in the bedclothes. The proprietor's wife, with tears streaming down her face, stood looking upon a wasted face which had only a short time before, beamed with mischief.

"Little boy," she said, "dear little fellow, you are going to leave us. You are going to heaven."
"No," he faintly replied, "I will be in the way, and they won't let me laugh there."
A long silence followed and then the old woman whispered:
"He is gone."
A man with heavy boots walked on the carpet in the hall.—*Optic P. Read, in Arkansas Traveler*.

Mistakes of Orchardists.
One of the most common mistakes made by some of the best orchardists is in having too many varieties, making more work in harvesting and not so desirable. In some cases a number of varieties have been placed in one tree. This is one of the worst mistakes. Different locations require different varieties to get the best results. Big mistakes in the selection of varieties have been made. One of the great questions with the orchardist is, what is the most profitable variety to grow and meet the wants of the present and future market? Mistakes are quite common in the distance of planting out trees. The question is largely one of circumstances. If one has more land than money, it may be best not to set so near. Where land is more costly, trees may be set twice as thick as needed, and when the trees cover the land one-half of them may be removed.

One of the saddest of mistakes is where one puts trees in old worn-out grass fields and wholly neglects them and expects to raise an orchard. All such cases end in miserable failure. Another mistake is in placing mulch so near the trunk of a tree and in such quantity that it will heat and kill the tree. The writer can testify to the loss of fifty valuable trees killed in this way.

Losses may occur from mice and the hares. Some have had whole orchards destroyed by one or both of these enemies. Careful pruning is necessary, but some have made bad mistakes in this direction; the leaves are to the tree what the lungs are to the body. Extreme cutting should be avoided.

In grafting, orchards in some cases have been nearly ruined by sawing too large limbs or hubs, setting poor scions, grafting limbs in the centre of the tree, using poor wax, neglecting to look after the scions after the work has been performed. These have been the cause of much damage. Turning sheep and lambs into a young orchard without taking the precaution to coat the trunks of the trees with manure has caused a big loss in some cases. Oxen and large cattle have proved very fatal to young trees when turned into the orchard. Allowing trees to overbear and break themselves down is a mistake. Thin the fruit but do not strip the limb.

If one has dwarf pears, as the quince root is fibrous, do not let the ground remain in grass. If you do you will make a mistake. Paying big prices for new varieties has in some cases proved a mistake.—*D. P. True, before Maine Pomological Society*.

Poisonous Wounds.
For the treatment of poisonous bites or wounds made by insects, an eminent physician and lecturer advises as follows:
Apply hartshorn, cologne water or vinegar direct to the wound. A poultice of ipecac has been recommended for the same purpose.
This is all the treatment that is needed for bites of wasps and bees. Sometimes a person may be stung by a great many bees or wasps at once. In such cases fainting may be produced, and the patient will need internal stimulants, as hartshorn, wine, brandy, or some liquor.
Poisonous wounds made by spiders, centipedes and scorpions are treated in the same way as those made by insects, that is, by the direct application of hartshorn to the wound, and when necessary, internal stimulants.
For snake bites, says another eminent physician, various internal remedies may be recommended, of which the best is carbonate of ammonia in doses of ten or twenty grains every half-hour. Friction to the surface of the body with pieces of flannel dipped in hot alcohol is also beneficial. These remedies cannot be applied too soon.
Sweet oil is also a good remedy. The patient must take a spoonful of it internally, and bathe the wound for a cure. To cure a horse, it requires eight times as much as for a man.
Dr. Weir of Philadelphia states that the application of carbolic acid immediately on receipt of the wound prevents both local and general poisoning. The pure acid, however, if applied in too great a quantity, is liable to produce a sloughing, and even dangerous symptoms, hence it is best used in the proportion of two parts of acid and one part of alcohol. Given internally, or applied to the wound at a late period, it produces no effect. It is believed to act by causing contraction of the small vessels, and thus preventing absorption of the poison.
Poison by ivy may be relieved by tea-spoonful of copperas in two-thirds of a teacup of boiling water, and when cold apply with a cloth to the poisoned place.

The supposition that Americans spend \$75,000,000 a year abroad is probably correct. Most of it goes for tips.—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

PITH AND POINT.
A legal blank—the idiotic lawyer.—*Washington Hatchet*.
The sensation of the day—mosquito bites.—*Burlington Free Press*.
Lending money strengthens the memory; borrowing money ruins it.—*Newman Independent*.
People who tell big yarns ought to be compelled to take out a special license.—*Chicago Ledger*.
Plantation Philosophy:—De greatest truth is sometimes told by de biggest liar.—*Arkansas Traveler*.
A society girl wants to know on which finger a gold ring should be worn.—*New Orleans Picayune*.
Trying to roll down every slender lady like trying to pick up an eggskliver with your thumb and finger.—*Alta California*.
Keely expects to rival Methuselah in the longevity business. He says he will live to see his motor finished.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.
You can't build up a town out of newspaper falsehoods any more than you can run a bank on search warrants.—*Des Moines Leader*.
In ancient times kissing a pretty girl was a cure for a headache. It is difficult to improve upon some of those old-time remedies.—*Lancaster Examiner*.
Dog days are here. The dog that owns this one can have it, if he will only take it away with him, and no questions asked.—*Bangor Commercial*.
When a young man detects the first evidence of hair on his upper lip he feels elevated, when in reality it is sort of a coming down.—*Toledo Statesman*.
The person who has not concluded that the weather indications do not indicate much has given very little attention to the weather.—*Philadelphia Press*.
It was before the Grace Darlings and Ida Lewises were known that the government thought it must "man" a lifeboat in time of danger.—*New Orleans Picayune*.
Every man who has an opinion of character will have enemies, and the man who has no decision and no character can have no good friends.—*New Orleans Picayune*.
Some one says there is more trouble on foot with the Apaches. Trouble always goes on foot with them, and it keeps ahead of retaliation on horseback.—*San Francisco Alta*.
Say, you Chicago fellows! If you are getting too faint-hearted to hang those anarchists, just ship them up here, and we'll relieve you and do a good job.—*Granite Falls (Minn.) Tribune*.
If something is not done to retard the upward flight of tobacco, Mr. Gould will within a twelve month be the only man chewing and the Vanderbilts the only smokers.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.
Men are regarded in about the same light as music by the women. Minors are usually soft and melancholy, though frequently pleasing. Majors are by far the most popular, and if a major isn't handy, a lieutenant will do.—*Washington Critic*.
At a time of the year a Mississippi editor seems to divide his time between acknowledging the receipt of phenomenal watermelons from "old and valued" subscribers and getting killed by his hated rival's shotgun.—*Alta California*.
In fact it isn't safe to snub the American boy, whether he blacks your boots, runs your errands, or is met on his way to school. You can't tell whether you are not laying up an injury for some president of the United States to remember you by.—*Waterloo Times*.
There is a young lady at Saratoga this season who is only 17 and speaks seven languages. The trouble with most of our bright young ladies is that they learn all the modern languages except English. We want a little more corn-bread and a little less French can in our educational methods.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Weather Signs.
When the atmosphere is permeated with oak trees, wooden barns and mansard roofs, you may expect a cyclone.
An egg, when laid hard-boiled, is a sign of hot weather.
If your morning paper predicts showers, followed by cooler weather, you may leave off your winter clothing and pawn your umbrella.
Falling barometer is usually a sign of rain, but if it falls off the wall or the mantle-piece it betrays the presence of earthquakes.
Universal dampness, both of atmosphere and sidewalks, when accompanied by an eruption of umbrellas and waterproofs, may be regarded as indication of rain.
An Englishman abroad is usually the sign of a heavy blow.
Frozen water pipes indicates cold weather.
The earth is apt to be damp after a heavy rain.
A change in temperature, followed by Bostonians, indicates colder weather.—*New York Life*.

Always Tell Mother.
There is something that tags at one's heart in the last words of the young woman in Sacramento who shot Patterson and then committed suicide with morphine. After being long in a stupor she railed a moment and said to the attendant: "Please don't tell mother." It was the final illumination of a path that was ending in gloom and disgrace. Made the victim of heartless selfishness by the man she had killed, and going to her final account tarished and forlorn, she was, after all, the victim of not telling mother. There is no way of estimating the sorrow and sin and suffering that would be avoided if the confidence of children continued through life to run to their mothers. Over the grave of this girl, dead unthinkingly by her own hand, on which was the blood of another, might be inscribed the epitaph: "Died in her youth, heartbroken, dishonored, a slayer, self-hungry, because she would not tell mother."—*San Francisco Alta*.

FALL DRESSES.
The Prevailing Modes in Making Them.
Various Novelties for the Ladies.
The late season girl has generally adapted herself to the fall in the thermometer, and to the hope that she will have to endure no more intense heat. In this she may be disappointed, and by the time these words are read the temperature may be killing again. But for the present she has discarded to a considerable extent the gauziness of July. It may be that the thicker dresses are merely selections from the wardrobe, and not brand new and, again, she may have clapped heavier trappings on old garments. Our first specimen has had a wide, dark velvet edge made to her light India silk gown, and the velvet runs up the corsage in front.

The very last changes of fashion are being made for the summer of 1887, which is going into history as a season dressers need not be ashamed of save in the one matter of bustles. Already the dimensions of that monstrosity are dwindling, and in the illustration here-with given the size of it is given as seen in the newest costumes.
The bustle begins to disappear. Where the back draperies are generally distended, as in the case of the seated girl of the second picture, the new aim is to suggest lightness rather than solidity. That is to say, the material of the tournure is kept up by an isolated wire, and not by an inner structure. The effect is pleasanter, because the outer fabric seems to be extended itself, and to cover a deformity. The algebraic sort of jacket worn by the other girl is an autumn fashion that will, likely, get into popular vogue.

Revamped dresses are sometimes trimmed now with dark ribbons horizontally, a style favorable to slim women, but not to short or fat ones. Gaiety dresses of striped or blue and white twilled cotton are in favor. They are made up with skirt waists and sashes of a solid color, and the skirt is very long drapery showing its selvage, or else bordered with velvet ribbons. A new trimming is made of six or seven rows of extremely narrow ribbon called baby ribbon—held together by links of gilt thread and edged with loops of this feather-edged ribbon, which is only a fourth of an inch wide. This is especially effective when of white and gold—the ribbons of white satin and the links of gilt thread. The most brilliant as well as the most delicate shades of color are worn this season, but no as ever. It is all a matter of taste or choice, and mere vividness or simple neutrality is not sufficient. The quality and quantity of a color and the manner in which one tint is to be used in conjunction with a contrasting hue, has so very much to do with the success of a gown that if its intended wearer is not positive as to her perfect taste in selection and combination, it is

advised that three breadths of silk are again used for the entire back of the skirt, drapery and lower skirt being thus combined. These breadths are cut half a yard longer than the foundation skirt, and set in many lapped pleats, meeting in the middle at the top, and are then turned over in two pointed ends in the tournure. The greatest latitude is allowed in arranging such draperies at the top, each modiste varying them to suit her fancy, or according to her cloth. The turnover folds dropping down from the belt, though no longer new, are still popular. The jabot back drapery, which was formerly made with two stiffly folded narrow jabots, one down each side, is now more gracefully arranged in a single large jabot of very easy, soft folds down the middle of the back, dropping from the belt to the floor. The apron draperies to be most popular as the season advances are those pleated to the belt, and thus leaving their fullness falling in lengthwise wrinkles made by many pleats on each side. To illustrate this take a breadth of cashmere and, letting one corner form the front, pleat it top to the belt in six pleats—hence each side, meeting in the middle—then catch up slightly the middle pleats on each side to break up its stiffness. A hem or facing three inches wide edges the apron and may be either stitched by machine or done in blind stitches, no matter how fine the wool fabric may be; indeed it is quite a feature this season to put raw after row of machine stitching on summer camel's hair and cashmere dresses in the way formerly confined to winter gowns of heavy cloth.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Excursionists.
These flowers are placed all along the crown of the hat, smaller blossoms of the same kind being arranged in front. The gown is white fougard, spotted with indigo and gold in a combination with plain indigo fougard. The long gloves are of pale chambray, matching exactly the color of the Tuscan straw hat. The plain indigo sunshade is lined with white inside. The second girl has a hat of pale blue straw lined underneath with white, and trimmed with stiff white feathers. The blouse is made of pleated white grenadine, with a pleated collar and cuffs of pale blue silk, and a belt of pale blue to correspond. The plainly pleated petticoat is of dark navy blue serge, with an applique trimming of white anchors, and a white bordering, with anchors of pale blue. This petticoat is also trimmed with dark navy blue silk stripes, and a band of dark blue covering the lower hem all around the skirt. New things are brought out in calling toilets. Amateur dressmakers are

by far the better plan to leave these matters to a trustworthy modiste, whose trained eye and experience can be relied on. A new cut is followed in a number of the French bodices, which consists in omitting the usual darts on the front. This manner of cutting the corsage is successful only in the use of certain elastic fabrics, being especially advantageous in making up stripes and checks, which often prove such failures at the seams, even when subject to the most careful manipulation. The under arm sleeves are set slightly forward and somewhat bias, and the edges of the fronts are curved in and out to fit the figure. This style of corsage is not at all becoming to forms over-bout, but it is highly advantageous to slender women, as it imparts a certain roundness to the form which the usual dart bones destroy. The corset bodies in a new to stout figures, as it gives additional length to the waist, produces a slender effect by its many seams, and is lined on each one of them, even to the double silk seams in the back. This bodice is cut extremely high under the arms, and in some cases measures but four inches on the shoulder seam.

Regarding millinery: The fall bon-

