

THE REALM OF FASHION.

A Necessity For Winter.
A necessity for the winter's wardrobe is the shirt waist of fine French flannel, the choice of patterns in this serviceable fabric being large and varied.
As here illustrated, by May Manton,



LADIES' SHIRT WAIST.

brown and mode shades formed a fancy bayadere stripe, and the fronts are closed with smooth shining brass buttons almost as large as ten cent pieces. At each side of the narrow box plait in centre front are five backward turning side plaits that overlap each other at the neck, and cause pretty fulness across the bust. Overlapping plaits at the waist line arrange the fronts in a becoming pouch that is decidedly up to date. The back is

plete the close adjustment. The fronts have easy fulness gathered at the neck and close in centre front with buttons and buttonholes, the ribbon girdle inserted at the under-arm seams confining the fulness at waist line. The standing collar that finishes the neck is topped with a circular turn over portion that ripples becomingly. The two seamed sleeves meet the requirements of size as decreed by fashion for this season, the trimming of velvet at the top being arranged to meet that on front of waist. The wrists are completed with pointed cuffs that flare over the hands.
The lower edge of gown is shaped low and round in front while short in centre back. The graduated lower portion of flounce being quite narrow in front and extending to half the length of skirt in back. The flounce is made with a narrow heading and the foot is trimmed with three evenly spaced rows of black satin ribbon.

Graceful and Generally Becoming.

This style of skirt is exceedingly graceful and very generally becoming to stout as well as slim figures. As here illustrated, gray poplin was the material used, gathered satin ribbon in the same shade edging the flounce and foot of front, while jet passementerie forms the attractive decoration.

The skirt has a narrow front gore and two wide circular portions that meet in a seam at the centre back. The placket may be finished in centre back or be made at the left front seam under the flounce. Short darts fit the top closely over the hips and the fulness in back is laid in backward turning plaits at each side of the



LADIES' HOME GOWN.

arranged at the top in seven small evenly spaced box plaits that are graduated to taper perceptibly at the waist line, where they are grouped closely together.

The top is joined to the lower edge of a pointed yoke which can be made with or without a centre seam as preferred. Shoulder seams join the yoke to the fronts and single under-arm seams join the fronts to the back. A collar band finishes the neck over which may be worn a stock or white linen collar with bow tied as here shown. The shirt sleeves have becoming fulness gathered at the top and the small openings at the wrists are edged with a plaiting of silk or ribbon.

The straight cuffs have rounded ends in latest style and a belt of ribbon with fancy metal clasp is worn around the waist.

To make the waist in the medium size will require four yards of twenty-seven-inch material.

A Simple But Stylish Gown.

A very simple but stylish gown is illustrated in the large engraving in figured French flannel, showing wavy black lines on a very blue gray ground. Narrow black satin ribbon is used in decorating and a half girdle of wider ribbon is tied in a graceful bow with ends at the front. The graduated gathered flounce that forms the lower part of skirt is one of the most popular modes introduced this season. The gown has a Princess back correctly fitted with curved centre seam, side-back and under-arm gores, that com-

centre seam, where passementerie loops and olives unite them according to the prevailing mode. The skirt is of fashionable length and measures about four yards at the foot. The circular flounce is applied over the lower edge and ripples slightly at the front edges, where it is graduated to very narrow width at the top. The front gore presents a panel effect that is exceedingly stylish. The skirt may be suitably made of any reasonable material in silk or wool, and a charming effect is produced when the front



LADIES' SKIRT WITH CIRCULAR FLOUNCE EXTENDING TO WAIST IN FRONT.

gore is of a contrasting fabric in harmonious coloring. The decoration may be as plain or as elaborate as desired, the variety of trimming this season being almost unlimited.

BILL ARP'S WEEKLY LETTER.

BARTOW MAN APPROVES JUBILATING JUST NOW.

IS GLAD THAT PEACE IS ASSURED.

Christmas Approaches and William's Household Are Busily Preparing Therefor.

It was a fitting time to jubilate for peace. The nearer to Christmas the better, for next Sunday all the Christian world will celebrate the day and the event when a multitude of the heavenly host sang "Peace on earth and good will to man." Christmas is near at hand, and the usual signs are in almost every household. My folks are slipping around and picking up little things and hiding them from the children and me. They keep all secrets from me for fear I'll tell or let the cat out of the bag some way. My wife has said for fifty years that I can't keep a secret and I reckon it's so. I never have any secrets myself and I don't see much good in them. They are selfish. My female folks are making a lot of rag dolls—great big ones—and they are fine and made from first-class patterns and stuffed with cotton and their faces painted. Every yearling grandchild and two years and three or four years has got to have one and some of them have got to go to Texas and Florida by express. But they are indestructible and have on all the garments of sure enough babies—except some.

It looks like that girls never get too old for dolls until they get married. The little grandchild who lives with us is now ten years old and has a beautiful Paris doll that her Uncle Tom Brumby gave her, and since he has made such a good name at Manila under Dewey she is prouder than ever of her doll and had to have finer dresses made for it and I had to put a canopy top on her cradle. These children have been saving every copper they get to buy little presents for each other and seem to realize that there is as much pleasure in giving as receiving.

Christmas seems like a rest from a year's work—a time when everybody tries to lay aside the cares and anxieties of life and give pleasure to those around him. Peace and good will and good things to eat prevail and always have ever since Christmas began to be observed. Three hundred years ago an English poet, who was a farmer named Tom Tusser, wrote a Christmas poem beginning—

And now let's play and have good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

Later on in the centuries the couplet was changed in old Virginia to—

Apple jack and simmon beer,
Christmas comes but once a year.

And away down south in Dixie the darkies made another change—

Christmas comes but once a year,
And every nigger must have his sheer.

And they did have it in old antebellum days. The household servants were always remembered with shawls, handkerchiefs, store stockings, pipes, tobacco, pocket knives, scissors, etc. The old time darkies haven't forgotten it, and are proud to retaliate when they can. Old Uncle Sam killed his three hogs yesterday and sent us up a big pan full of spareribs and backbones as a Christmas gift. Of course we will have to remember him when the day comes, and he knows it.

But our people have for years made too big a frolic of Christmas. Christians ought to observe the day with solemn, grateful thoughts and feelings. There is no excuse for frolic and levity.

For centuries the shepherds of the mountains in Germany, Italy and Switzerland have religiously observed the day by marching down into the valleys with music and song, and their Christmas carols are heard echoing from cliff to cliff for miles around them. I wish that our boys would quit shooting guns and firecrackers on that day. It looks heathenish. Away down in Mexico they celebrate Judas Iscariot's day about like our boys observe Christmas. They make pasteboard images of Judas and fasten them on the trees and lamp posts and telegraph poles and stuff them with firecrackers and set the fuses all on fire at once and burst the figures into a thousand fragments. This day is the next after Easter and belongs to the boys and the rabble. But Christmas day should be observed as seriously as Easter day, and all this noisy racket with firecrackers should be postponed until Christmas is over. There is an old English superstition that even the cattle kneel down in prayer on Christmas day because the Savior was born in a stable where oxen were used to be kept, but the cattle didn't consent to the change from old Christmas to new Christmas, and still go to prayer on the 6th of January—that was Christmas day until the clock of time was set back.

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FASHION'S FANCIES.

Pheasants' wings are being used just as a momentary fancy upon velvet toques.

From Vienna, whence, by the bye, some admirable European fashions emanate, comes a gown of crepe de chine of a vivid green, with lace trimmings; the bodice, cream leather, embroidered in white and gold, and opens over cream chiffon; the basque is slashed to the belt and a cerise velvet collar gives just a touch of color.

The fichu of silk muslin, fastened with pale blue muslin and pink roses, is figuring now at many dinner tables, as well as at country garden parties, and this mode will be emphasized later on by headgear that resembles the Charlotte Corday cap, closely allied to the turban toques, that have suited so many pretty people this year.

Embroideries will be introduced on the fronts of gowns in endless variety. The narrow fronts over which the dress seems to open assert themselves in many new styles, but now the embroideries are fitting to the side panels, which are to divide the front from the sides. This style will be repeated on the bodice either for revers or for braces.

However inconvenient, we must accept the inevitable. The gowns of the immediate future for day wear will fasten, many of them, at the back. Some of the princess gowns owe most of their charms to this arrangement, but demand a beautiful figure, and the shirts with broad lace insertion, set horizontally for the collars and cuffs and perpendicularly down the front, would lose half their charm if they were united any other way.

Many of the most lovely lace fans have gauze let in and are tenderly painted, while the chicken-skin fans, with tortoise-shell mounts, form the background for the most beautiful paintings. Others, again, such as black silk with ivory mounts, are not only painted, but inlaid with gold, and some of the gauze fans have quaint floral patterns in spangles. Ostrich feather fans have not gone out, but they are for the moment subsidiary to the painted ones.

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Christmas is the most notable day in the world's history. Every event, every birth and death and the rising of every sun is dated Anno Domini—the year of our Lord. Every letter head and the date of every issue of every newspaper in all Christendom proves the truth of the birth of Christ 1898 years ago. 1898! There is a solemn meaning in those figures—a meaning that all the business world acknowledges, for it governs courts and commerce, and both Jew and Gentile conform to it, whether it be their faith or not. It is an argument, an evidence of the truth of Christianity that strengthens with every year that comes. If I was an infidel or an agnostic I wouldn't date my letters 1898. I would date them from some other great man's birth—Julius Caesar or Cromwell or Napoleon or the declaration of independence.

Now is a fitting time for every man and woman to stop and think and take account of stock like the merchants do once a year. Let us all foot up the good we have done and the bad, if any, during the year that has gone—the pleasure and the pain we have given to others, the blessings we have had from a kind Providence. The passing of a whole year is a serious reflection. Even a day concerns us, for it will never return. It is gone forever, and we should be careful how we spend it. The poet says:

Count that day lost if the descending sun
Sees from thy hand no generous action done.

Alas! how many days have we lost! Now, let us all do all the good we can during these Christmas holidays. Let us make every member of the family happy and as many outside as we can. It is a miserable prayer to say, "Lord bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife—us four and no more. But rather let us say with the sweet poetess:

Oh, Lord, be pitiful this day,
Let none unchristianized go,
Let not the poor for help in vain implore,
Let none from any door,
Unarmed, unfed,
No kind word said,
Helpless be turned away.

—BILL ARP, in Atlanta Constitution.

GREATEST BELLE IN MACHIAS.

Pretty Polly McIntosh and Her Many Accomplishments.

The most accomplished parrot in this part of the world is owned by Henry McIntosh, of Machias, Me., who wouldn't swap her for a trotting horse. Poll is a blue-headed Amazon parrot, and was captured 2,000 miles up the broad South American river two years ago last fall by George Woodruff, a sailor, who brought her home to live in Maine. Poll is a beauty. She has a blue hood and other garments of golden brown, green and scarlet; but it is not her beauty, which is only feather deep, that is her chief charm. She is more knowing than a terrier dog and is extremely polite, and furthermore, she has a great ear for music. Miss Julia Flannery, who lives next door to the McIntoshes, has taught Poll to sing and often now, with an admiring audience of friends and neighbors, the bird will sing a popular concert, the like of which cannot be heard in any theater. The other day Poll sang "At the Cross, at the Cross, Where I First Saw the Light," "Throw Out the Life Line," and other gospel hymns, accompanying Miss Flannery with distinct words, fair time and nearly correct tone. Then she sang "After the Ball," keeping step with a sort of schottische up and down the cage. She can rapidly distinguish airs played by Mr. McIntosh upon his violin, and when she feels like it will sing "Annie Rooney," "After the Ball," "Home, Sweet Home," and other songs, without request or prompting further than the sound of the violin. When asked to kiss visitors, Poll will put her beak close against their faces and give a genuine smack. When visitors are ready to depart, she will say without prompting, "Well, good day—come again some time." Sometimes she is a little balky, and, like many a human singer, has to be coaxed and flattered before she will sing, offering excuses such as "Bad cold," "Polly is hoarse today," and "Nobody plays since father took sick." No person is more prominent in Machias society than Polly McIntosh.—Bangor News.

Anthony Trollope Advocated Union.

It is interesting to recall the fact that Anthony Trollope, the novelist, was one of the first Englishmen to speak up in favor of the United States annexing Cuba. This he did thirty-eight years ago.