THE LATEST FASHIONS.

Suggestions for Charming and Inexpensive Fancy Dress.

Pretty Aprons for Sociables—The New Morning Attire That Is Considered Proper—Hints on Cheap Evening Dress.

Before long we will welcome good old Saint Valentine again, with merry games. And those of us who have reached the dignified age of 18 or thereabouts, and are naturally too old to romp, will gather at some fancy dress party, where the gayety is quite as boisterous.

A NEW YORK MOURNING GOWN.

Many of these dignified maids are worrying over costumes, longing for something new, but finding little but those things which are quite beyond a modest purse.

Here's an idea for a girl who doesn't wish to spend much money, yet does want a striking gown. It is called "A vineyard."

For a skirt go through the wardrobes of your relatives. Among them you will be sure to find a plaited skirt of cashmere such as were worn about ten years ago. Get it in some grape coloring, if possible. The waist, which is low, may be of some cheap material figured in the grape colorings, loosely draped. It should have paniers falling from the sides.

Wear over the bodice a low-necked bolero made of green cloth grape leaves, which you can easily make—two for the back and two for the front. They should be veined with a lighter shade of silk. Take fine green wire, a number of cloth leaves—made rather smaller than those in the bolero—and a number of artificial grapes, and weave them into a garland to adorn the front of the skirt and outline the bottom of the paniers. A long spray should hang loosely from the waist at the back.

The hair should be curled and allowed to hang, a headdress of grape leaves and fruit covering it.

Another gown, equally inexpensive, may be made of yellow cheese cloth in a garment gathered full at the low neck. It is covered with white percaline reaching to within five inches of the bottom, fitted to the figure at the back. In front it is cut away in a V, in which the cheese cloth forms a full vest.

A slashed front, edged with fringe of white and yellow silk, knotted in, embroidered in gilt spangles, stolls falling from the shoulders, and yellow tulle veils, caught to the hair on each side with yellow blossoms, are some of the unique features of this gown.

If you are a black-haired girl, with flashing black eyes, you cannot do better than copy the picture for your St. Valentine's day party.

Church sociables are in full swing just now, with special teas for Lincoln's day and Martha Washington in prospect. Endless committees have been formed, and work shared off—oftimes to the disgust of those girls who have been relegated to the "kitchen." For such new gowns need not be planned, and the prettiest apron which can be worn is an old-fashioned gingham all-over, covering waist and skirt.

But to the girl who will wait upon the guests come many opportunities in the way of dress. Naturally she embraces them, especially if her admirers are many, eager to take from her pretty hands some dainty morsel.

Of course, her gown is new, and charming in color and texture. It is well chosen, particularly with a view to its "lighting-up" qualities.

Yet much more important is the apron which she wears—that dainty bit of femininity which is so utterly bewitching to the man who is smitten by the charms of its wearer.

FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The shops are offering new aprons—gorgeous aprons, made of silk, and much lace. They are embroidered and wonderful creations; but quite beyond the average purse, and, therefore, not worth much consideration.

If you want a really charming apron let me tell you of one made and worn by a brown-haired girl, clad in a russet-brown gown.

She bought fine white mull, and made of it a very tiny apron. This apron was cut in a rather obtuse point at the bottom, and finished all around with two rows of white insertion, very fine. The bottom was edged with a flounce of fine white lace.

Then came the artistic touches. Inch wide pink ribbon was bought, of a shade which brought out the color in her cheeks. Two straps of the ribbon crossed each shoulder, looped in a full bow on top. On the right side, in front, the ribbon was concealed by a full jabot of white lace, that crossed to the left side of the waist, falling to the bottom of the apron. This jabot added a decorative touch to an otherwise plain gown, and seemed to weld into one general effect gown and apron. Further ribbon loops fell from the waist with reins to a large bow half way down the left side of the apron, from which another short jabot fell.

Broad mull strings, lace trimmed, added adornment at the back.

The vagaries of the evening gown this season are beyond control. Gowns of net and tulle hold first place, but because a girl cannot afford them she need not worry

The market has been flooded with silks. Some are in delicate dainty colorings, with insignificant designs thrown over them. They are remarkably inexpensive—indeed can be bought for about 40 cents a yard. And these silks make most delightful evening gowns.

A most charming gown is of pink silk, striped in green and mauve. The front of the skirt is plain, but the back breadth, in itself quite full, is covered with a series of tiny flounces, from hem to waist. These flounces end at the side seams and are finished with tiny rosettes of mauve velvet.

The waist has a round decolletage, is very full, and is draped with white tulle. The sleeves are puffed, and caught in the center with mauve velvet rosettes, matching the skirt. There is a sash of plain pink silk, banded at the end with mauve velvet.

A smart gown of pale blue silk is worthy of description. The skirt is full and slightly trained, and finishes at the bottom with three flounces. Above these flounces, at the center of the skirt, and again towards the top, are rows of tiny choux of the silk, making most unique ornamentation.

THE CHURCH SOCIABLE APRON.

The bodice is draped with white tulle, the decolletage finished with white lace. This lace is brought down across the front to give a surplice effect, and is outlined with reddish purple velvet. A huge rosette of the silk, edged with velvet, is fastened in front of the right arm, and the waist is encircled by a crush of belt velvet.

With both of these gowns separate gimps were made, that they may do service at the theater and for dinners.

Mourning gowns no longer have the distinctive air which made them so repulsive to the average woman. They do not suggest something apart, a thing in the world but not of it. They do not parade the grief of the stricken before the eyes of an unsympathizing public. Dame Fashion no longer countenances such garb.

She says wear black if you wish, but do not wear it to announce your grief. Wear it rather because bright colors are incongruous with your sorrow and jar upon it.

Therefore, it is that the mourning dress of to-day has few distinctive features, but it is made much on the same plan as a black gown for anyone. Lusterless materials are still selected, but they are not loaded down with a crushing weight of crepe, that material which strikes a chill to one's very heart.

Here's a gown which is worn by one of Gotham's daughters, who, while mourning a dearly beloved mother, knows that an extreme in somber attire is quite as ill-bred as an undue display of gaudiness.

The material selected is drap d'ete, which drapes and clings so delightfully. The skirt is adorned with a braided design, starting at the waist in a single line, and branching out toward the bottom in most graceful scrolls.

The bodice back is of the material, and so is the broad vest. At each side of the vest, below the arms, is a puffing of black mousseline. The same puffing appears on the sleeves, which are finished at the wrist with pointed and braided cuffs of the material, and at the shoulder with short, scant braided flounces.

With the gown a crush toque of dull silk with soft paradise plumes in black and a dull jet buckle is worn.

Nothing more tasteful than this outfit can be imagined. THE LATEST.

You Can Take Your Choice.

If you don't like the word kinetoscope you can call it phantoscope, criterioscope, vitascope, cinematograph, biograph, kinematograph, wonderscope, animatoscope, vitagraph, panoramograph, cosmoscope, anarithmoscope, katoptikum, magniscope, zoeoptrotrope, phantasmagoria, projectoscope, variscope, cinograph, cinnomonograph, hypnoscope, centograph, X-ograph, electroscope, cinagraphoscope, craboscope, vitaletiscope, cinematoscope, mutoscope, cinoscope, animaloscope, theatograph, chronophotographoscope, motograph, kinetograph, rayoscope, motorscope, kinotiphone, thromotrope, phenakistoscope, venetrope, vitrescope, zinematograph, vitopicon, stinnetiscope, vivrescope, diaramiscope, lobsterscope, corminograph, kineoptoscope, or any other old scope.

Safe Speculation.

Father—My boy here just swallowed a five-dollar gold piece.

Pownbroker—The doctor's office is just across the street.

Father—Yes—but—can't you let me have $2.50 on him?—Fliegende Blaetter.

English Opinion of Scotch.

The London Standard says the Scottish race is the most clannish, the most ubiquitous, the most pertinacious, and the most instinctively coherent in the world.

SOME TREASURY NOTES.

How Greenbacks Are Made and Handled by Uncle Sam.

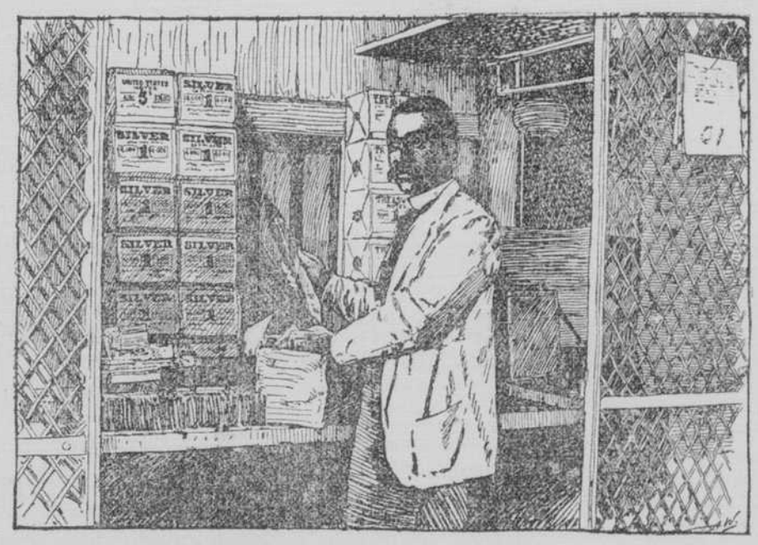
New Notes Lie in the Vaults for a Year Before Being Issued—Work and Opportunities of John R. Brown.

[Copyright, 1898.]

Washington, Jan. 17.—No doubt it will surprise a good many persons who have read in the telegraphic dispatches about the new notes which Secretary Gage is planning, to learn that these notes will not get into public circulation for a year or more. In fact, as the law forbids the publication of a facsimile of a treasury note in a newspaper, it will be a year or more before the new designs will become public property except as they are described in the news columns of the papers. The reason for this lies in the fact that the new notes must season before they are put in circulation. After the designs have been drawn and approved; after the engravings have been made and transformed to the rollers and thence to the plates; after the sheets of special paper have been printed and numbered and adorned with the seal, and cut into four pieces, each an individual bill—after all this slow process, the notes must still be in the treasury vault for a year before they will be fit to circulate.

One of the most serious criticisms of the last notes of new design issued from the treasury was that the ink on them spread—that they smudged after being handled for a time. This defect was due to haste in getting out the notes. The treasury department was so proud of the new designs that it wanted to get them quickly into the hands of the people. So they were taken out before they were seasoned and before the ink on them had set. The same mistake will not be made with Secretary Gage's new notes, though the commericial world is in a great hurry to get them and to substitute them for the unsatisfactory notes now in circulation.

A measure of precaution which the government takes in the making of its currency is to have part of the printing of the notes done in the basement of the treasury. The iron-clad wagon with armed guards which travels between the bureau of engraving and printing and the treasury every day brings from the bureau notes lacking the red seal which you will find in the right hand corner of every government bill you are fortunate enough to possess. These notes are in sheets of four. The work of affixing the seal and separating the notes is done in a gloomy room in the basement of the treasury building. A force of men and women is employed, working the presses which print the seal and the separating machines whose knives cut the bills apart and trim them to a uniform width.



HE LOSES A FORTUNE EVERY DAY.

The individual sheets of notes are brought to the treasury in packages of 100. The counting of the notes in each package occurs 52 times in the course of their handling at the bureau of engraving; and, though the packages are delivered at the treasury with seals unbroken, they are opened immediately and the sheets are counted again. This counting is done by women, who are much more expert at it than men. Their fingers fly between the sheets as though they were making scales on a piano, and Paderewski's digits move very little faster. An expert will count 1,000 sheets in about 2½ minutes. Assistant Treasurer Moline tells me 56 packages are delivered at the treasury every day now; so each counting takes up what is equivalent to two hours' work of one woman.

The sheets are counted before they go to the printing press and after they return, and they have their final count before they enter the separating machines. Then the individual notes are counted and made into bundles of 100 and these bundles are counted again for verification before they are passed on to the vaults. Each bundle has a paper stamp about it, marked with the denomination of the notes and the initials of the counter.

At this point the government is confronted by a condition which is present in every business. However perfect a system of checks may be devised for the protection of property, there is always a point where individual responsibility begins. There are many places in the treasury scheme where individual honesty is the government's only safeguard; but the most serious of them is at the door of the reserve vault. In this vault are kept hundreds of millions of dollars in United States notes, all perfect and ready to go into circulation. Access to the vault is guarded as carefully as access to any other vault in the treasury building—and, by the way, it is the system of guards, not the construction of the vaults, which protects Uncle Sam's coin, currency and bonds. It would be difficult to steal money from the vault, but in the last stage of its journey to the vault it would be comparatively easy to steal it. At the door of the vault sits John R. Brown. It is his duty to operate a press which makes of the 100 notes in each bundle a compact package. This press operates like the old style cotton compress, which makes of the ungainly mass a uniform bale. John R. Brown puts the bundle of 100 notes into the machine and sets in motion the machinery which presses the bills together. He fastens around them a strap of paper, and then, releasing them from the press, he wraps them neatly in a heavy brown paper on which is printed the denomination of the notes. This wrapping he seals with wax, and then he turns the package over to the vault keeper to be stored away.

In this way there pass through the hands of John R. Brown each day 224 packages, ranging in value from $1,000 to $20,000 each and aggregating $988,000. This aggregate increases as bills of larger denominations are used, until a package of 10,000 notes is worth $1,000,000. The largest amount which has ever gone into the reserve vault in a single day is $25,000,000.

There is no count of the notes after they pass through the hands of John R. Brown. If a note was taken anywhere else, its loss would be detected within a very short time—a few minutes or at the most a few hours. Between the hands of John R. Brown and the next man who touches the individual notes there would be, in the ordinary course of business, a lapse of fully a year. Let us suppose that not John R. Brown but Bill the Burglar sits at the press in front of the reserve vault. It would not be by any means a difficult matter for Bill to conceal $1,000,000 worth of notes under his coat, substituting for them a wad of paper which he had brought to the treasury for that purpose. The press would pack the wad of paper with the remaining notes and the wrapper that went around the package would say that there were 100 notes of a certain denomination inside. After the wax seals had gone on the end of that package, Bill the Burglar would have nothing to fear for a year, unless something occurred to arouse suspicion. He could resign his place in the treasury and go to some country which has no extradition treaty with the United States at his leisure. Twelve months or more after his departure, the treasurer's office making requisition on the reserve vault for some currency, would receive Bill's package. Some day it would be broken and then—there would be a sensation. Bill the Burglar would be enjoying a life of luxury in Cathay and the bondsmen of the treasurer of the United States would be going to congress for a law to relieve them of their responsibility.

John R. Brown, in whom the government reposes its trust for the safety of nearly $1,000,000 a day, is a clerk at a salary of $1,200 a year. He has held the position since November 1, 1894. The government does not regulate salaries by the amount of an employe's responsibility but assumes that its clerks are going to be honest without being paid for it. John R. Brown's father was a trusted employe of the treasurer for ten years prior to his death in 1871, and the son has been employed by the treasury since 1872. The predecessor of John R. Brown was John T. Barnes. He began the work of packing and sealing bundles of paper currency in 1862. He died October 17, 1894, and during the long period of his faithful service he made up and sealed all the packages of United States paper currency which were printed, except when he was absent on leave or from illness.

John T. Barnes was a delegate to the convention which nominated Lincoln. He was made a treasury clerk August 10, 1861, at the request of Hon. Montgomery Blair and he drew the same salary—$1,400—continuously until the day of his death.

In that time he handled probably $6,500,000,000.

His aggregate salary during the period was a little more than $46,000.

Yet when the last of the bills packed by John T. Barnes was taken from the reserve vaults not a dollar was chargable to his account for error or dishonesty. John T. Barnes was not only faithful to his trust but proud of it. He knew that every man or woman or child who handled the government's currency had that privilege second to him. He knew that no other man in the United States handled so much money as he every day. He knew that he was trusted as few men are.

He felt the responsibility of his position so much that after many years of service he dreaded to be absent from his post even for a day, for fear something would be wrong.

For the honesty of John T. Barnes, the treasurer of the United States gave bond. For the honesty of his successor, John R. Brown, Treasurer Roberts has given a bond to the government. The bond of the treasurer is for $400,000 and his sureties are held by it perpetually. If anyone in the office of the treasurer should be dishonest and should steal the government's money, Mr. Roberts and his bondsmen would have to make good the amount unless congress was willing to relieve them of the responsibility. Probably John R. Brown and Treasurer Roberts have never met; but Mr. Roberts is Brown's guarantor to the government in the amount which he handles for the treasury—$1,000,000 a day.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

EELS STOPPED THE MILL.

Hundreds of Them Clogged in a Water Wheel at Youngstown, Ohio.

[Copyright, 1898.]

Many a curious prank is credited to the eel, but one of the oddest of which he has truly been guilty is just reported from Youngstown, O., where he had actually succeeded in forcing a flour mill to cease operation.

The mill is known as the Baldwin mill, and is situated on the bank of the Mahoning river. Its power is furnished by five water wheels, with an engine to be used in times of low water and when there is backwater to contend against. It is the custom of the miller, Homer Baldwin, to start up Monday morning and run steadily until Saturday night without a stop. One Monday morning not long ago, the mill started as usual with three water wheels in operation, the number ordinarily sufficient to furnish all the power required.

Presently, however, the miller found that strangely enough the power was lacking, and he put on the fourth wheel. The following morning the power had grown even less than with three wheels running, and the fifth wheel was put into operation. Still the power was insufficient and at last the engine was started up in order to obtain the necessary degree of power.

It was suspected that something must be wrong with the wheels, but owing to the high water it was impossible to make an examination before the following Sunday—when to Mr. Baldwin's surprise—he found that the water-wheels were clogged up with dozens of eels, varying from three to four feet in length, weighing in the mass several hundred pounds.

After the eels had been cleared away the mill was run at full power with but three wheels in operation. This is the second time in the memory of the traditional oldest inhabitant that eels have been evidenced in the Mahoning river. Some eight years ago, it is said, Game Warden Samuel Lever placed a number of young silver eels in the river. At first it was supposed that the mill eels must be those little ones grown up, but examination disclosed the fact that the big fellows that stopped the mill wheels were not silver eels at all—and there lies the mystery.

The eel is one of the queerest of the finny tribe. For a long time nobody could guess how he happened to come into existence in the strange places where he is apt to be found. He is a most mysterious fellow, and the mystery about him is by no means cleared away, though the fish experts have studied him in many ways.

A curious fact, and one which makes the Mahoning incident harder to explain, is that eels do not spawn in fresh water, but in brakish and salt water. It is known that many eels descend the rivers in the fall and winter and enter the salt water, and it is supposed that spawning takes place at that time. In the spring and summer young eels from three to five inches long ascend rivers in incredible numbers, overcoming obstacles, ascending vertical walls or floodgates, entering the smallest tributaries, and even making their way over dry land to ponds and lakes shut off from all communication with springs. Perhaps this is how the eels came to be in the wheels of the Baldwin mill.

A PARIS WATER PALACE.

A Wonderfully Beautiful Structure for the 1900 Show.

To Paris and its visitors from all the world the name of the Chateau d'Eau has long been familiar. But the superb project of Prof. Jan Zawiejski, architect of that grand theater at Cracow, by which it is proposed to enhance the splendors of the intended Universal exhibition of 1900, surpasses most other designs of decorative architecture contrived for the mere spectacle of a magnificent festivity. It is to be constructed of iron, and to be clothed with rushing water; indeed, the water is to form its inner walls, descending in vast sheets of unbroken liquid surface which are completely to inclose the halls and chambers of the interior, and to form a majestic dome crowing the whole edifice. The total height will be 100 meters, rivaling the loftiest buildings. This is divided horizontally into three stories, the solid framework of which exhibits different architectural orders—the Tuscan, the Renaissance, and the Ionic styles, one above the other. Visitors will have entrances quite free from danger of a wetting, and may ramble securely about the palace, take their seats in the theater as spectators of the "Varieties," or avail themselves of the restaurant, or ride on bicycles, or join the dance at a ball. By the aid of lifts and staircases they can go anywhere, protected in some places by glass screens and roofs, where needful, from even a drop of water blown aside by disturbance of the air. The surrounding waters, however, illuminated with electric light in various changing colors, will probably be the chief attraction of this wonderful palace. Further details may be expected in the course of its erection.—Illustrated London News.

Oddity in Names.

Durham Bull is the odd name of a Greenwood county (Mo.) farmer. His mother's name was Ann Durham and his father's name was Jonathan Bull.