

FASHION



The Wind and the Snow.

Seemingly the snowiest scurries
Away on its maddest frolic
The whirlwind's power and force.

And yet in these airy sculptures,
That change as it flies across,
Are shown all the burly whirlwind's
Capricious and dainty grace.

—New York Herald.

RETURN TO PAST STYLES

Dame Fashion Conducts Her
Voyages Again to Box-Plait Backs
and Flounce Skirts—Whims.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—We have reached a certain stage in the progress of the season now, whereat whimsical fashion serves us with fresh surprises. Sudden reversions to lately ostracized notions of dress appear, and unexpected revisions from styles which at first promised to monopolize the season's favor are also discerned. No sooner do we begin to congratulate ourselves upon mastering the intricacies of the winter models, when, lo! a change appears. We rub our eyes, and wonder if we see aright, and if the bewildering array of advance styles was merely capricious experiments.

Perhaps the most conspicuous of these caprices of fashion are the latest skirts. After all the blarney and talk about the revolution in skirts; after the new models showing inverted pleats and gathers in the back have been duly wondered over, admitted and adopted, Paris, with beguiling inconsistency, is sending over the most charming confections in gowns, the skirts of which almost invariably show a reversion to the box-plait back, and when this style is not in evidence, the old flounce skirt, after two years of strict seclusion and absence from view, is again to be seen! Skirts which were utterly impossible for smart folk a year and a half ago have come back to mock us for having given them away or cut them up and made them over.

Individuality of Style.
But, after all, these tricks of fashion upset us very little. It only means that there is more laxity and leniency toward individuality of style than ever before, and that while the glittering changes of fashion are placed before us with ever increasing rapidity, the old cycle of seven years to bring us back again to the revival of fashion is shortening to one or two years, and the world spins around as merrily and more swiftly than ever.

New York, too, is showing some spirit of its own as to styles, and is not so much under the dictation of Paris as formerly. Parisian fashions enjoy reverence and respect and are accepted without question, but they are not followed with that wholesale, blind love which once was theirs.

In the matter of taking up the box-plait back again, since its first appearance and disappearance last Spring, New York is a trifle reluctant, and so we may wear what best pleases us, knowing that fashion's sanction is upon many different forms. The skirt, with shaped circular flounce graduating from a shallow front to half the length of the skirt in the back, seems to find more favor than the revival of the more recent box-plait back. Some of our very latest gowns show this skirt. It is a graceful, convenient and becoming style, and one to which women of taste too truly attached to give up for many seasons.

An Example.
A velvet gown, the waist of which was the new Russian blouse, the sleeves cut in the latest approved manner, and in every way, showing the marks of perfect modernity, appeared in a Fifth avenue window this week, in company with other dazzling modern creations. The skirt of this charming gown was exactly in the style of the flounce skirts of three years ago, save that where it was joined to the main skirt, the extra fullness was held in by small box pleats which were graduated into points a few inches below the joining seam.

Another point which Paris is making and which New York refuses to take up is the color brown. Brown and the dull shades of green, dubbed Exposition green, are colors which Paris insists upon giving us, while in New York these somewhat lifeless colors fall to call forth the admiration they should. The Exposition green, however, is worn considerably on hats, where the necessary vividness can be added by gay foliage and flowers.

Styles in hats are taking a very decided turn as the season grows older. The flat mushroom effect, early predicted, but so strongly in evidence toward the first of the season, as showing up very decidedly.

Almost all of the hats are flat, lifted slightly from the head and trimmed upon the very brim. Extreme airiness and lightness is given to even the most demure models this season. Tulle, lace, gold and silver tissues, flowers, feathers, and fur all combine in the fashioning of bewitching headgear this season.

The newest notion in millinery is a clus-

ter of flowers held on the brink of the pancake shaped hat where it is lifted from the head. The effect of this little bouquet of roses or other blossoms is very winning, looking, as it does, as if the blossoms had but accidentally fallen on the hat and were momentarily to continue their flight to the ground.

Gold roses, made of pale gold tissue and grouped in small clusters of themselves, or mingled with other roses of contrasting color, are the latest things in the millinery world and are tremendously popular. The cost of these little trimmings is something quite shocking, but nevertheless they are very generally in evidence. Autumn leaves, in every conceivable shade of red, from brilliant scarlet to maroon, and in tones of golden brown, old gold, tan and yellow are one of the latest Parisian caprices in millinery.

A perfect gem of a hat, flat in shape and built entirely of these beautiful leaves, shading from crimson to light scarlet, elicited sighs of admiration from a little crowd of women that had gathered before a Broadway window to take notes on the newest models. This one had no trimming at all and the red leaves were swathed in swirls of misty maline, which lent it an air of indistinctness and cloudiness that was altogether fascinating. No wonder women cannot resist these little works of art; they are an inspiration and a joy while their evanescent charm lasts.

Gold Craze.

Surely it looks as if the gold craze were running itself out of breath. The refined touch of gold that appeared early in the season but whetted the appetite for more, and now it is thickly applied in all directions with a lavish hand. Geometric, brilliant and overwhelming is the display of gold, silver, rhinestones and rich colors, and it promises to be many a long day before quiet steady tones and styles come in again.

COQUETRY OF THE FAN.

Weapon as Well as Ornament in Woman's Hands—Styles.

Some one has said that a woman's best weapon is her tongue. But that was certainly not as chivalrous a view as the one expressed by the gallant old courtier who declared woman's deadliest weapon to be her fan.

And when you come to think of it, says a writer in the New York Herald, what artifice carries war into the enemy's camp one-half so effectively as the curve of a pretty fan, just disclosing a pretty woman's rounded cheek or the cupid's bow of her lips? Just take one long, observant look about the next crowded ball-room you happen to be in, and you'll find as many fans as there are feminine personages. Are any of them permitted to swing in idle luxury? Aren't most, if indeed not all, doing valiant service in the same old warfare that has gone on since the first coquette started the fashion?

The fan is as irrevocably associated with the Spanish woman as is the lace mantilla with which she drapes her dusky hair. In her hands it is a weapon to be reckoned with. The Cuban women who made such a stir among our bravey colleagues last Summer were able to teach their American sisters a trick or two with the fan well worth knowing.

As to the style of fan to carry, it is simply a matter of choice, and the variety may be even greater than the number of gowns hanging up in your dressing-room. Fans are not often the object of personal selection, on the contrary, they usually represent the mark of affection

Old Style to New.



Here is a practical suggestion as to how to transform the old baquet coat into the ever-popular bolero. By cutting off the old-style jacket to above the line of the waist, rounding the lower part where the fringe and supplying a collar of velvet, the new bolero jacket begins to show itself. The next step is to replace the revers by double collars of cloth or velvet of a harmonizing tone. Then the sleeve is shortened, and a puffing of velvet is added to the wrist. The result is a smart little jacket of most modern appearance.

for us of our dear friends and dearer relatives. Where is the girl who doesn't own to having at least one priceless shell or ivory and gold or tortoise shell and flimsy lace tenderly swathed in cotton and carefully laid away with regretful sighs for the money so lavishly, yet kindly spent for such a useless gift?

There was a time when the fan was a necessary adjunct to the feminine toilet, and if small fans were in, large ones were out; and when the glossy ostrich feathers were the correct thing with which to create a gentle breeze, then the fan of shimmering gauze was banished to obscurity. Now a woman carries whatever fan happens to suit her fancy.

There is always something sumptuous about a gracefully waved plume of long curling ostrich feathers, even though the breeze it creates is far too gentle to be refreshing.

The real French fan is always in good taste, but it is not often carried. There is no

delicate material and exquisite workmanship make it too much of a treasure to run the risk of an accidental breakage.

CURIOUS ENGAGEMENT RINGS.

Fantastic and Bizarre Selections of the Symbolic Circlets.

In choosing engagement rings for their fiancées, lovers at times discard the conventional jeweled circlet in favor of the bizarre, fantastic and even gruesome.

Not long since, says Tit-Bits, out of a portion of a horseshoe that he had found, a young man had a ring made, which he gave to the lady of his choice on the day of their betrothal. The remainder of the horseshoe was utilized in the manufacture of a brooch and earrings.

Another iron ring, which a short while since was accepted by a young girl as a token of her lover's constancy was a section cut from the barrel of a pistol which many years back had played an unenviable part in a family tragedy.

The son of a wealthy family, whose fortunes owed their existence to extensive tobacco plantations, had a ring made out of the fragrant weed, hardened by some process to the consistency almost of metal, with which to encircle the finger of his innamorata. A single diamond gave relief to the amulet's sombre hue.

Opals, formerly considered so ill omened, are now not infrequently employed in the setting of engagement rings. One gentleman, a native of Manchester, England, went, indeed, to an almost extreme length in his reprobation of superstition, the ring which he gave to the lady he has now married being a hoop of 13 opals, the former possessor of each of which had met with some serious misfortune.

The engagement ring chosen by a well-known actress had once decked the finger of an Egyptian mummy. Disdaining the everyday gewgaw with its vulgar glint of gems, she set her fancy upon this strangely discolored stone, which had nothing to recommend it but its unenviable and age.

A wealthy bachelor lately compounded his third threatened breach of promise action by the payment of a sum running well into four figures. To each of the three ladies who, in turn, promised to be his wife, this gentleman presented an engagement ring made of a peculiar glass, in the sibilant character of which the eccentric giver placed such faith that the fracture presaged, in his judgment, some matrimonial disaster. Perhaps the ladies were careless, but three the vitreous hoop was broken, and thrice Mr. Taylor, sooner than venture on marriage, paid a handsome sum to keep the affair out of court.

CONCERNING COMPLEXION.

If You Would Have a Fair Skin, Then Chew Colored Butter.

Would you have a beautiful skin? Then you are to avoid saffron-colored butter. This advice comes from no less an authority than Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief of the division of chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture, and president of the Hundred Year Club, the object of which is to promote longevity.

Authentic ideas as to what food should look like must in a large measure be sacrificed, we are told, if our women would have beautiful complexions. There is little butter used in this country which does not contain artificial coloring matter. The butter which comes on the most pretentious as well as the humblest table is, as a rule, of a color totally unlike that of the dairy product when it comes direct from the churn. It is often of a deep saffron color.

The best natural dairy butter is of a delicate light yellow or cream tint. It is only in the Spring, when cows are first turned out to pasture, that natural butter is of a real yellow color. The saffron color of artificially colored butter will not ruin a complexion, but, the expert declares, in its constant use lies the menace to a fair, clear skin.

Dr. Wiley explains that dairymen formerly used tumeric for coloring purposes. The introduction of the coal tar dyes, however, provided a cheaper coloring matter, and one of the azo dyes, tropaeolin, which gives a bright yellow color, has almost entirely replaced the vegetable coloring matter. Tumeric has practically disappeared from the dairy, and the synthetic yellow has taken its place.

Coal tar, or aniline dyes, if constantly taken into the system, even in the small quantities that give food artificial color, will eventually give the complexion a sallowness. Stripped of its scientific verbiage, the new explanation is that the coloring matter accumulates in the system and that eventually its effects are shown at the surface.

The constant taking into the system of mineral salts, which are so largely used in food adulteration, tends to make the small arteries brittle. Were they not thus weakened they would often be able to withstand the sudden shocks and strains from unusual physical exertion or great excitement, which, in thousands of cases, causes hemorrhages and apoplexy. Many baking powders have a large percentage of these harmful salts, and so the members of the Hundred Year Club have been advised to avoid breads, cakes and pastries in which baking powders have been used.

MANTEL WORTH A FORTUNE.

Valued at \$50,000 and Possessed by a Mexican Woman.

Senora Dolores M. Arnold, of the City of Guadalajara, Mexico, has a \$50,000 mantle on exhibit in a Chicago shop. Senora Arnold is visiting in Chicago, and brought with her a variety of beautiful things to delight the soul of woman. Among them were the shawl and many pieces of drawn work, in making of which Mexican women are so skillful. The shawl is an antique piece of exquisite embroidery, and a friend who admired it asked for the privilege of putting it on exhibition. The mantle is interesting, aside from its beauty, for it has a romantic history.

It was presented about 150 years ago to the wife of Don Adalberto Cabeza de Vaca of Spain, in honor of a victory won by that doughty warrior. It was the work of one of the finest needle women of the age, who is said to have spent 12 years in its manufacture. Don Adalberto migrated to Mexico early in this century. The shawl came into the possession of Senora Arnold's great-grandfather more than 50 years ago, and was by him bequeathed to his granddaughter.

The shawl is made throughout of silk. The body is in ecru, and it is bordered by a long and glossy fringe of the same color. It is six feet square, exclusive of the fringe. The ecru surface is covered with beautiful birds, flowers and plants embroidered in every vibrant color. So artistically has the needlework been done that the embroidered figures look equally well on both sides.

Senora Arnold, who married an American, has worn the mantle in all the chief cities of Mexico, where it is a custom to award prizes for the prettiest costumes at masquerade balls, and her antique silk wrap has won her many triumphs. She has had tempting offers for her precious relic from rich foreigners visiting Mexico, but has declined them. There is no

"I Followed Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Now I am Well."



Doctors Mystified.

A woman is sick; some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story.

She holds something back, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and thus completely mystifies the doctor.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still, we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to her family physician. It was for this reason that years ago Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., determined to step in and help her sex. Having had considerable experience in treating female ills with her Vegetable Compound, she encouraged the women of America to write to her for advice in regard to their complaints, and being a woman, it was easy for her ailing sisters to pour into her ears every detail of their suffering.

In this way she was able to do for them what the physicians were unable to do, simply because she had the proper information to work upon, and from the little group of women who sought her advice years ago, a great army of her fellow-beings are to-day constantly applying for advice and relief, and the fact that more than one hundred thousand of them have been successfully treated by Mrs. Pinkham during the last year is indicative of the grand results which are produced by her unequalled experience and training.

No physician in the world has had such a training, or has such an amount of information at hand to assist in the treatment of all kinds of female ills, from the simplest local irritation to the most complicated diseases of the womb.

This, therefore, is the reason why Mrs. Pinkham, in her laboratory at Lynn, Mass., is able to do more for the ailing women of America than the family physician. Any woman, therefore, is responsible for her own suffering who will not take the trouble to write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women establish beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

\$5000 REWARD

Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonials we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank, of Lynn, Mass., \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who will show that the above testimonials are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writers' special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.

exact method of determining the value of her handsome piece of silk, but collectors have estimated it to be worth \$5000 or more.

French Styles in Dress Shoes.
In Paris dress boots and shoes are worn in the extreme of Louis XV style, with very high heels and bulging insteps. They

are in sharp contrast to the common-sense walking boot. There is an effort to introduce brocade kid both for boots and slippers. Colored cloth tops are also fashionable, and among the colors chosen for this purpose are bright green and red. Boots of black velvet, with extravagant heels and a trifle of gold embroidery on the toes, are

Grateful Letters from Cured Women.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was a sufferer from female weakness for about a year and a half. I have tried doctors and patent medicines, but nothing helped me. I underwent the horrors of local treatment, but received no benefit. My ailment was pronounced ulceration of the womb. I suffered from intense pains in the womb and ovaries, and the backache was dreadful. I had leucorrhoea in its worst form. Finally I grew so weak I had to keep to my bed. The pains were so hard as to almost cause spasms. When I could endure the pains no longer, I was given morphine. My memory grew short and I gave up all hope of getting well. Thus I dragged along. To please my sister I wrote to you for advice. Your answer came, but meantime I was taken worse, and was under the doctor's care for a while.

"After reading your letter, I concluded to try your medicine. After taking two bottles I felt much better; but after using six bottles I was cured. All of my friends think my cure almost miraculous. I thank you very much for your timely advice and wish you prosperity in your noble work, for surely it is a blessing to broken-down women. I have full and complete faith in the Lydia E. Pinkham Vegetable Compound."—GRACE B. STANSBURY, Herington, Kansas.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been thankful a thousand times since I wrote to you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I followed your advice carefully and now I feel like a different person.

"My troubles were backache, headache, nervous tired feeling, painful menstruation, and leucorrhoea. I took four bottles of Vegetable Compound, one box of Liver Pills, and used one package of Sanative Wash, and am now well.

"I thank you again for the good you have done me."—ELLA E. BRENNER, East Rochester, Ohio.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I want to tell you what your medicine has done for me. I believe it saved my life. I had womb trouble and inflammation of the ovaries, and was troubled with flowing too much. I had two doctors, but they did me no good. After writing to you, I began the use of your remedies, and to-day I am well. I cannot say enough in your favor and shall always praise your Vegetable Compound."—MRS. FRED. LEO, Box 520, Skowhegan, Maine.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel that it is my duty to write and tell you of the benefit I have derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I wrote to you last June and described my sufferings.

"I took seven bottles of your medicine and was cured of my troubles. Last September I was taken with a very bad kidney trouble. I was away from home and was obliged to return. I started to take your medicine again and was soon well.

"When I wrote to you last summer I weighed only one hundred and five. I now weigh one hundred and thirteen. I am very grateful to you for the good advice you gave me, and would recommend your medicine to all who suffer from female weakness."—MRS. B. CUNNINGHAM, Oakland, Ill.

December 23, 1899.

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among the season's extravaganzas. Judging from what the Parisian bootmakers show, the French woman is tired of her brief experiences of English styles in foot gear, and is returning to her own coquettish tastes in this direction.

Very modish millinery comes in bewitching combinations of white fur, white lace and white feathers. A bit of gold

ribbon may be added to this, or a very tiny gold bird. Far fewer birds are worn than was the custom last year, and more ostrich tips. The small baby tips are especially in demand.

The proof of the pudding is the cheating. Look before you put.