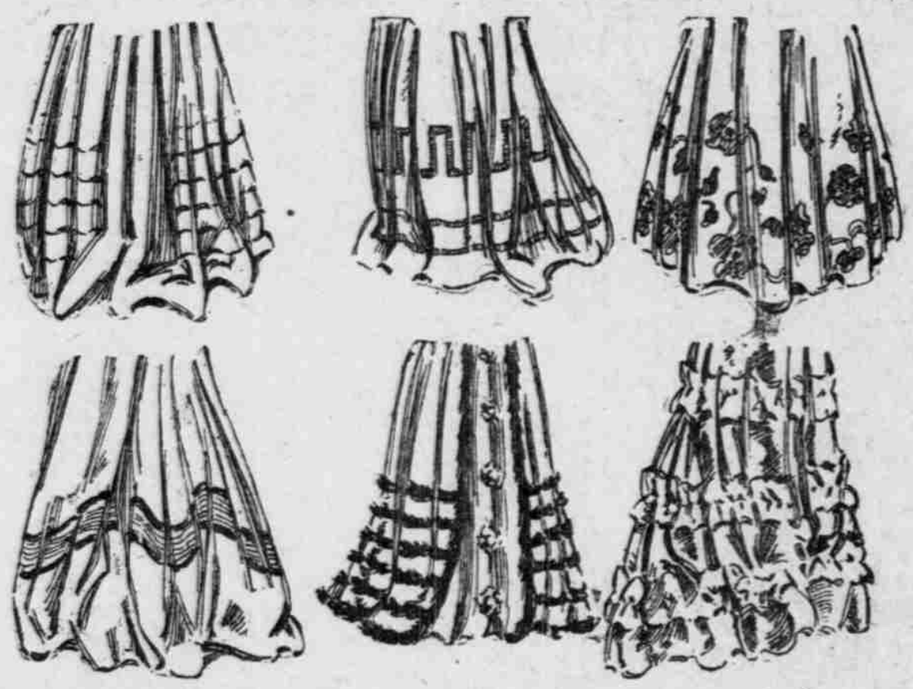
HINTS FROM PARIS ON EARLY FALL STYLES

Foreign Mode-Makers Have Already Settled the Question of Fabric, Lines and Trimmings.



TRIMMING AND CORRECT FALL OF SKIRTS.

NEW COAT SUITS.

IN all the big workrooms of fashionable dressmaking establishments the silence of mid-Summer still reigns. It will be quite the middle of September before coutourieres begin work in earnest, and then the Fall styles, which are as yet in the germ, will be fully developed. Meanwhile the heads of the more pretentious houses are seeking ideas in the fashion marts of Europe. Paris draws as ever, the larger number of these chasers of the butterfly of la mode, but English and Viennese styles have their adherents, so London and Vienna are also ransacked.

According to a smart dressmaker of long experience, Viennese fashions, which are thought very dashing here, are merely exaggerations of the French. Paris decrees short coats—then the Viennese coat is under the arms; long coats, and the one from the city of dandy military is down to the heels. So it happens that often some little unknown coutouriere in Paris looks upon the two, strikes a medium and devises a model which starts her on the road to fortune. This model, made in correct material and by the best sewers she can afford, she at once offers to the man dressmaker of fame, and if it deserves immortality he buys it for a good price and offers the designer an honorable place in his establishment. Many a brilliant dressmaker in Paris has been started in business in this way, and even a "hand" is sometimes seized with an idea which promotes her to enviable heights.

From several of these houses, which have been built up by unflagging vigilance and excellence, come most interesting premonitions of future styles. The great milliners of fashion are likely to put forth many an eccentricity, but it is the person who has toiled from the bottom rung of the ladder who will tell you now the thing which will go. So from a mass of colors called by new and old names, dead leaf and seal and sable brown, gull gray and Autumn red, these prescient ones declare that the gray and duller shades of brown are likely to have a vogue. But black in all probability will be revived as the most elegant day thing and be enormously exploited in rough-weave textures by the smart makers. The gamut of time allowed a style in materials has about run for smooth, shining ones, so the next thing cannot help but be their exact opposite. In fact, the wool mills are occupied to a great degree with materials of extraordinary roughness, so much so that the silk manufacturers are becoming alarmed. At Lyons, which is the headquarters of the world for silk, manufacturers have drawn up a petition imploring French women not to be induced into any pronounced neglect of silk. "The material of your mothers," was one sentimental phrase, which is likely to bring about some result, if not all that is desired.

To accommodate, these textures—many of which will be in the softest weaves, though with shaggy surfaces—fur trimmings will be much used later on. Sleeves of walking gowns will be smaller (doubtless in gigot form), and prevailing styles in coats knee and three-quarter length. Many of the models in the Louis coats, worn late in the Summer, will also be carried over, with modifications, the length which reaches almost to the bottom of the skirt, being the one likely to be most worn.

The changes rung on short fancy coats will be unlimited, for many will be designed especially for the wearer. A charming model in these, already exploited, is a mantel coat with "bat" tails, made at present of silk, worn with lace skirts. The back of this coat is shirred to a yoke, covered by a small lace and silk collar, and shirred again into the figure at the waist line, from which it falls with a box-plaited basque tail and deep hip points suggestive of the open wings of the night bird. The sleeves are either full puffs with flouncing bottoms, reaching a little below the elbow, or else in loose cape form, cut shot enough to display the elaborate lace, embroidery and mull undersleeves of the gown bodice. The front of the coat is loose and slightly drawn in to the waist with a draw ribbon, the garment suggesting a little matinee of the most elegant description.

A coat of this sort with an evening skirt of white lace was of butter white taffeta, with gilt tassels at the wing points of the tail. It was very stunning on the thin, dark girl who exploited it, and who wore a hat of white tulle, trimmed with a black paradise feather, enormously long, and an under propping of red camelias.

There seems no weakening of the sentimental hold these stiff and yet beautiful flowers have upon women of elegance. "The Fall crop of blossoms will be full of them, doubtless," writes a French correspondent, "for man milliners are toiling for effects which will have a romantic significance." Gardenias, the same writer declares, will also be used in the same way as under-deckings for elegant street hats, and in wreaths and pompador ornaments for evening coiffures. These last are liable to increase in size, until at the end of the Winter uncovered heads will have some of the cushioned artificial effect of the long ago.

But to return to street gowns and fur trimmings. The outlook for fur is encouraging to the trappers of wild creatures, and to the manufacturers and brokers in pelts. The pieces which are being designed are immense, some of the flat and round muffs telling of splendors the rich alone may possess. Sable is to be the favorite skin, but in all probability sets of the smooth skins will be made up as usual in many small and fancy ways.

Advices from Paris also predict a very early wearing of fur. Frenchwomen having caught the trick of the London belle, which is to sport a fur boa and carry a fur muff with the first cool moment. Summer gowns in pale colors, and often the most diaphanous materials are thus carried over far into the Autumn and made charming.

For first Fall wear, the gowns made late in August are likely to show quite long coat effects. Some of these, however, will not be coats in substance, but only in suggestion, for detachable skirts are in project, the coat ending really at the waist, and the long separate tail going on with the girdle. This permits the gown to be worn in the evening without the coat-tail, and it is a compromise for the overskirt which is more threatening than ever. Numerous early designs shown under the rose display draped skirts of soft materials, ominously reminiscent of the double jupe.

Apropos of this particular portion of the present talk, the drawings show some special Autumn designs in costumes and skirt trimmings, the lines of the skirts depicting the modish fall for these.

The question of the corset is agitating exclusive manufacturers tremendously, for there has been an enormous drop in the prices of these indispensable accessories. Women who once paid from $5 to $10 for boned armor now find dainty corsets in the shops for the most trifling sum, fitting with delightful nicety and lasting quite as long as a corset should last. These follow the newest cuts, the last of which is chest high, though the front is more curved, and, to obviate the discomfort of these, a number of the longest models are almost entirely elastic. Such corsets are delightful to wear, as they admit the utmost freedom, while holding the body within stylish bounds. But, of course, only slim and medium figures should attempt them, for the fate of the too stout must always be the regulation coutil corset, made to order.

Fashion's new edict against flesh is peremptory. You must be thin to wear her Autumn and Winter fashions, even if you live on milk and fruit to do it. "The stylish French figure," says the aforementioned correspondent, "is what Parisians call mince, and what we would call racehorse. There is a lean, high-bred look, for waists are very tiny and the newest street sleeves (jogots) merely wrinkling a little more freely than gloves over the arms. With this dapper, thin-armed slimness the bigness of the coiffure and the perkiness and massed undertrimmings of hats make heads all out of proportion. They look grotesquely big sometimes."

As to the new headgear, authoritative predictions dwell with suggestive eloquence on high crowns and squarish English shapes for walking. These, however, will be trimmed softly with long, fluffy ostrich feathers and masses of underdecking, which in some instances will tilt them forward in the old way. Great square buckles covered with fabrics—silk, velvet, etc., shirred on in many ornamental ways—are also likely to be a modish feature of millinery, all of which will retain much of the present smallness of outline. There will be a great vogue for short, wide ostrich feathers—the sort that hang from the stem like fringe—and the longer of these will be put on walking hats to fall with something of an end behind. No brimless turbans, which in any way suggest the funny pill-boxes of the Summer, will be seen. Even now the polo turban is a ghost—a damaged Summer specter that only dares show itself out of town.

In new evening textiles the makers of modes are showing a preference for gauzes, tulles and nets embroidered with tinsel. A very novel applique trimming shown upon a white tulle gown was a slim wreath of green and red silk (the softest, most chiffon kind), which imitated the scarlet trumpet vine. Every flower, every leaf was pinched and patted into a close semblance of nature, and around each one was an outlining in gilt tinsel.

Many of the Winter embroideries, it is said, will be outlined in this very decorative way with a contrasting thread. The treatment is very decorative.

MARY DEAN.

"THEIR ARTICLES OF FAITH" BY ELLIOTT WALKER

OLD Miss Van Arnum peered cautiously from behind the heavy curtains of her north window, a favorite nook for observation of the goings and comings of Edith Carmayne.

Daily, for nearly five years, had the wealthy, white-haired spinster kept a keen eye on the movements of her pretty young neighbor, ever since that bright Summer afternoon when she had seen her nephew, the spoiled darling of an old ladys' heart, stumble unseemly down the Carmayne steps to disappear around the corner of Pinckney Square, his buoyant figure bent as with sudden age, his head dejectedly drooped, his cane trailing listlessly on the pavement.

She never had seen him since; neither had any one, so far as her knowledge extended; yet she knew him to be alive. Yes, that; and also she was assured of his health and steady occupation.

So much of the affairs of the absent one had her reticent, hard-headed brother told her of his vanished son. The rest Honora might guess. "Daniel will come back when he gets ready. He is minding his own business and desires to have others do the same," she had been told.

Lloyd Van Arnum was a man of sealed lips. His sister knew interrogation to be useless. The old widowered banker had grinned rather triumphantly. Evidently, he was neither alarmed nor displeased.

Of course, Honora could guess. She had been willing to give her boy up to Edith. Every one was sure it would be a match. The girl had flouted him after all her encouragement; had sent him away heartbroken to live down his disappointment; had deprived his adoring aunt of her one interest—and she would never forgive it.

Therefore, Honora Van Arnum watched vigilantly and hated remorselessly the fair young creature opposite.

Still a power in society, the old woman might thwart both love and ambition, did opportunity occur. Was there another suitor? Edith's admirers were legion, but no one seemed especially in favor. With wealth, beauty and position, popular and everywhere in evidence, the girl remained unchanged gradually wearying of the social round, turning to books and music, until now, after the flying years of early womanhood, she went less and less frequently among the gayer set, seeming to long for quiet, fewer friends, and rest.

Honora began to despair. The looked-for lover upon whose aspirations, welcomed by the object of her spite, she fondly hoped might come to grief through some discovery of his past, inspired by her revenge, did not materialize. This had been her dream, pleasant at first to her affronted soul, now an irritation, as in one who, waking from a joyful trance of sleep, tries again to pick up the thread of slumber and finds it useless. Few men, she argued, who have seen much of life—have not a past. Edith with 20 when Daniel disappeared. As time went on, older men came to her. "The older the worse," thought Miss Van Arnum, "and the better for me. The Carmaynes are rigid."

The fact that her well-beloved nephew had not been noted for stalking always in a "rigid" path may or may not have entered into Miss Honora's calculations.

"Pooh!" she would say. "Only a boy fresh from college. They're all alike."

In him she had seen no flaw; her tall, slender, graceful "Dandy," so gay and spirited, the leader of his set. To have him blown away, as by an invisible wind, into Heaven alone knew what dangers and temptations, was outrageous, wicked. That girl should pay for it with equal suffering if only chance would throw weapons into the hands of Honora Van Arnum. Edith must marry some time. It would be like her with those aesthetic notions to fancy a romantic pramp. Honora was an adept at tracing careers. She would be busy for a while—and then?

A great deal may go on across the street, hidden from all eyes save two, and sometimes, four. Every Sunday morning, when in town, Edith sat at her writing desk, not to write, but to read a fast yellowing sheet, crumpled now by many foldings, blotted by many tears.

The words sprawled over the page, trembling here and there as if written in great agitation:

"I, Daniel Foss Van Arnum, do hereby solemnly swear, in return for the promise of Edith L. Carmayne to be my wedded wife, to present myself in five years from today, a man without fear and without reproach, to have and to hold until death do us part. And these are our articles of faith and our conditions."

"Poor, boyish, ill-considered vow. Five years! Poor, loving, exacting, apprehensive girl, fearful to trust her life in the keeping of one who had come to her for his answer, and had tripped a little on the threshold, a very little; but he had tripped with an exclamation of embarrassment and anger at his stumble. It was useless to deny. He did not. They had cried together and talked. He had written this thing, pathetic in its ill composition, terribly binding in its meaning. Then both had signed it and kissed the other's name. Five years, and tomorrow was the day of fulfillment.

Not a message had been exchanged in all this time. Lloyd Van Arnum knew of the pledge. Never had he spoken of it to Edith until yesterday, over the telephone.

"He will see you tomorrow. Understand?"

"Yes," the girl had answered, dully, then crept away, shivering in the warmth of the sun streaming through the room.

"We were nothing but children," she sobbed, breaking down utterly in her chamber. "Oh, I was afraid, but I couldn't give him up. It was to be a test, a noble test of his strength and—and of mine. He has kept the faith, while I—I—after all he must have struggled against, leaving me to enjoy everything, I— Oh! God help me!

"I've struggled, too," she went on half fiercely. "A year ago it would have been different. I held him close to my heart. I read our promise. I thought of him, imagined him, prayed for him, loved him, I supposed, and now—

"Oh! Dan," she mourned. "I must go back to you. I will! I'll force myself to be the same. You, so splendidly true, shall not find me false. I'll be a good wife. Yes, a happy one. There can be no other way for us. I am proud of you, and my word shall be kept to the end."

For something else had been going on across the street, a very simple, easy, natural, unsuspected matter, until an accidental touch and a quick, mutual glance had spun two souls toward heaven in a second's flash of understanding.

The man had gone at once, quietly as was his way, with a low good-night. Edith Carmayne was not for him, Wesley Garrett, a poor musician, hired to bring his violin one evening each week that Miss Carmayne might practice accompaniments.

It was very unfortunate that his hand should have rested on her as they were hunting among the music for something new; very foolish of him to have let her see his eyes devouring hungrily the sweet face so near his own.

She had looked up suddenly, and caught a secret that was to have been hidden forever; divined it before he could turn his head. The blood had leaped to her cheeks, the tears to her eyes, while he, poor fool, had stood dazed for a thrilling moment, trying to regain the senses so lamentably confused.

Ah! Miss Carmayne had known and pitied—that was all. Never again would she have opportunity to notice in his demeanor one trace of the passion which slumbered in his lonely heart, a love grown like a quick-budding flower in a few short months, a few short meetings. Now he must gash it to the very roots and let it bleed itself away a deserving death. He would go there as usual, self-contained and silent, play, and be gone.

Garrett smiled bitterly, striding on. Good antecedents, an empty pocket and a fiddle, 12 years of study, a soloist for three years more, perhaps; then a doubtful fame, a little income, an uncertain career. Think of that, man—and not of Edith Carmayne, he said to himself.

And she of whom he was thinking kneeled by the music-rack, in a strange despair tinged with a wild happiness.

Seven times since he had come and gone, saying little, hardly looking at her, playing delightfully, but himself, not to her. Miss Van Arnum heard, but did not suspect.

"A fiddler, and Wesley Garrett at that. Pooh! Nothing attractive about him. Takes after his mother, a very plain woman. Dead now; I recollect Wesley as a boy. Crazy over fiddles, then." Honora's nature was not artistic.

Nothing is more binding between sympathetic souls than silence. Words do not express the emanation of spirit. Love welds by the unspoken. With the two who could not speak, the invisible bands drew closer. Each, understanding, would not admit, nor swerve from the marked path.

Then came Lloyd Van Arnum's message. That evening came Wesley Garrett.

The hour was over and he stood fingering his violin.

"I'm afraid this must be our last; I mean that I'll be unable to give my time regularly after this," said Edith, hesitatingly. "I—I shall miss my music, but it will have to be neglected. If I need you—want you—to—to play, I mean, I'll send word, and—"

She swallowed, looking down at the keys, fast becoming a blur of black and white.

"I am to come, then, when you request it?" Garrett's tone was even.

"Yes. I'm sorry, very sorry. I—Oh, do play some little thing, Mr. Garrett," cried the girl, desperately. "Anything! Perhaps I can talk about arranging for you to practice with me—after a moment. I can't give it up entirely."

The violinist lifted his instrument and struck a chord. He smiled gently as Edith's face turned to him. Then his eyes closed.

The pathetic notes of the violin sobbed out his short farewell, a song of the street, the simple chorus of a popular air, "Good-bye, Little Girl, Good-bye."

He was gone when Miss Carmayne lifted her head. She lowered it again with a moan like a hurt child.

When Daniel Van Arnum was announced, Edith went slowly to meet him.

"Well, here I am!" exclaimed a gruff, hearty voice. "Time's up today. Just seen father. He's tickled to death with me. Edith, my dear girl, I declare you've hardly changed at all."

With her listless hands in his strong grip, the love of his earlier days stared at him with parted lips and paling cheeks.

Could this be Dan Van Arnum, wearing Kaiserville's small town hut as "Dandy Dan," the man she was to marry? Surely it must be, but Edith never would have recognized him.

The returned lover had greatly expanded in frame, especially about the waist. He stood heavily, his legs wide apart. His face was of a bronzed ruddiness. A deep, red scar stretched across his forehead, once so white and blue-veined. A stubby moustache bristled beneath his nose. On one cheek was a white patch as from a scald. And his clothes were not such as "Dandy" had ever worn.

Worst of all, where did he get such a voice? The girl laughed faintly, almost hysterically with consternation.

"Let's sit down," she quavered, feeling her knees tremble.

Van Arnum beamed upon her in jovial admiration, and planted himself in a solid chair.

"I weigh 210," he observed, placidly. "Not fat, but real hard meat. I tell you it pays to be good if a chap doesn't get killed in the act. I'm as hearty as a buck, Edith. Ten months ago, my dear, you wouldn't have known me, though.

"What happened, Dan?" asked Edith, apathetically. To her it made little difference what had occured, or what ever might happen now. She felt stony, and weary of all things, present and to come.

Van Arnum settled himself comfortably and spoke with briskness.

"You'll want to hear all about me, of course," he began. "First, I'll say that I came right to you from the station, after dropping in for a few minutes' talk with father, I heard a lot to our advantage in that quarter hour." He chuckled. "So I didn't dress up; fact is, this is my best suit. I don't know how I'll get along in fine togs again, but I suppose I'll have to wear 'em. I guessed you'd be waiting for the man, not his clothes, eh?"

Edith nodded, trying to smile.

"Well, my dear, when I left you—gracious! I can hardly remember it. Let's see. Oh, yes! One too many cocktails to brace me up for the momentous question. You wouldn't stand for it. Yes; it comes to me. I got a 'brace' from you that made me what I am today.

"All the way to father's office I kept saying over and over, 'Five years, five years. I'll stick. I'll show her.' I've kept my word, Edith, and you see me the man you wanted.

"Father said when I told him. Try railroading, boy. Start at the bottom and work up. I'll get a job for you,' and he grabbed his hat and me, and down we went to the superintendent's.

"First I knew, I was a brakeman yelling out stations on a way train, then I moved up, peg by peg—fireman on a local; this was west of Buffalo. Next I fired on a fast express, and, to cut it short, I've been an engineer for over two years, a mile-a-minute man who knows his business.

"Do I know the business? Do I? It was a passion with me. I studied everything, from oil cans to men, from bolts to boilers. Never mind the rough life, the discomforts, the associations. Never mind the things I've seen, the life I've led. It's been straight. And what did I get for it? You, and the vice-presidency of the K. P. & C., at $8000 a year. Father told me so not an hour ago. There!"

He leaned back, exultant, his features aglow, a strong man, his countenance suddenly stern and triumphant, his rough hand slapping his stout leg.

"I'm glad for you, Dan."

"A-ah!" The keen eyes melted. "Edith," he said, "there's something I suppose I ought to tell you. This scratch"—he touched his brow—"a broken rail, old 98 in the ditch, 20 people hurt, and when they picked me up I wasn't pretty! No one killed but the engineer. You know how it goes.

"Luckily, I was slowing down. We were nearing Kaiserville, a small town but an important there for water. Close call for me, Edith. I guess I looked dead enough. They took me up to the Braytons', along with some of the others. Nearest house, and nice, kind people. Little Rose Brayton pulled me through. Yes, sir, that child insisted that I was alive—actually forced the doctors to examine me again.

"After that she owned me. I was her patient, her engineer. With her own soft fingers she did all the bandaging, all the feeling, and was so proud of herself and me.

"One afternoon her arm was under my head, lifting it, and I opened my eyes and looked into her big gray ones, and I—oh, Lord! poor little Rose, and poor me! I was so weak—that was it—but every nerve in my body thrilled up to the look in her eyes. It was like a shock, a pain and a joy. I was so feeble, so grateful; it was so unexpected, you know."

The dainty society woman drew nearer to him. "I know," she said, softly.

"Of course, I had to tell her, Edith, about you and me, I mean, and she knelt by the bed, saying: 'I am glad for you, Dan.' Just your words a minute ago. It took me back. I felt I must tell you."

He was gazing at the ceiling, a strange light in his scarred face. Unconsciously he sighed and his lips moved.

"Dan?"

"Eh? Oh, yes—I was thinking."

"Go back to her."

"What?"

"We both will be happier, and she—Rose."

"But you, Edith, after these years of waiting?" His voice was thick with emotion. He bent forward.

"Dan, dear Dan, I, too, have looked in a man's eyes, and I know I never can look so in yours, dear friend, nor you in mine."

"Where is our written promise?"

"In my pocket."

"Will you tear it with me?"

"Yes, Dan."

Together they tore the paper in half, and crumpled it in their hands, both breathing quickly.

The man arose slowly. "I'm going over to see my aunt, Edith," he said, in a natural voice. "I'll call on you tonight, and thank you for seeing and understanding."

"Not tonight, please, Dan."

"Oh!" He smiled in her joyous face, and went out.

Edith ran to the telephone in the library. "He will be at the conservatory," she whispered. "Yes, I can catch him there."

A few anxious moments of suspense, then a low spoken message. Her cheeks were roses as she hung up the receiver.

"He will come," she murmured, "and when he goes—ah! it will not be like our last good-by."

Old Miss Van Arnum never is weary of relating how her stalwart nephew preferred the pretty Western girl to Edith Carmayne.

Pretty Bead Trimmings for Porch Work

FORERUNNERS of Fall and Winter fashions announce that Paris and its mode-makers have decreed the reign of the spangle and bead. Lace and net patterns shown by importers are lavishly decked with bead work, and the most striking of evening fabrics are net-mesh heavily encrusted with mother of pearl or opalescent spangles or sequins.

And the prices! They make the provident woman shiver, while the Summer girl who has leisure either in town or out, betakes herself to making bead appliques. Vests, chemisettes, stocks, cuffs, half sleeves, girdles, yokes, panels and berthas, all are agleam with beads and all come under the possibilities of Summer porch work. For wear with a quaint full frock of black crepe de chine, one girl is making a fichu of black net, finished with a stiff godet flounce, whose scalloped edges are set off by triple rows of tiny jet beads, while in each scallop is set a star of beads.

Another deft-fingered girl is designing a yoke, half sleeves and girdle of white net embroidered with mother-of-pearl sequins, for wear with a house gown of white messaline. A silk net was chosen for the foundation with rather a fine mesh, and this is set off by crescents done in solid sequins. The collar and cuffs are finished at the edge with rows of the sequins overlapping each other like work seen on armor. Lace patterns are outlined in beads and spangles for the same uses.

For wear with a black cloth, velvet or crepe de chine gown, the jet bead dog collar is coming in. For this, the foundation is either black silk or velvet cut to fit the neck perfectly. Running around the collar are closely set rows of tiny round jet beads strung on linen thread, waxed. At intervals, rows of jet, nail-heads, three-eighths of an inch in diameter are set in imitation of the rhinestones seen in connection with near-pearl dog collars. These give the effect of a bar running up and down.

If the collar is to be worn with a low-necked gown, it may be finished round the lower edge with a bead fringe made from the fine beads, with the strands graduated, very long in the front and shorter toward the back. This style is particularly becoming to full, plump faces. Or the fringe may be studded at intervals with larger beads, and each strand finished with a large bead, at least a quarter of an inch in diameter.

Very stunning for the girl who is making over her evening coat are the bands of heavy white satin embroidered in tiny gold beads. The simplest pattern is the old-fashioned key or wall of Troy design, but the girl who is deft with transfer paper can stamp the satin band with a vine or spreading floral pattern, using a sharply pointed pencil.

A striking girdle to be worn with a gray broadcloth suit shows velvet of the same shade, embroidered in cut steel beads. Here the pattern is very ornate, and almost covers the velvet, but an equally striking effect could be secured if only the back and front of the girdle were ornamented with rosettes or buckles.

Another combination which pleases the woman who wears much black and white in combination is the jet buckle on a girdle or white silk, cloth or velvet. In planning this girdle, bear in mind that Dame Fashion promises a return to the narrow girdle effect in the front at least. The long-waisted girl may retain the high cut in the back, but pointed effects are promised once more in the front.

The new jet set offered in shops show a two or three-inch buckle for the front and eight or ten-inch slide for the back. They cost anywhere from $5 to $25 a set. To imitate them in home work, cut the foundation in pliable pasteboard, and cover first with thin cotton wadding sewed on firmly. Next sew on your black foundation, firm taffeta silk being the best of all. Cover this solidly with the bead work, sewing them on crosswise, as thus it is easier to keep your lines straight.

Before lining the buckle insert featherbone, the exact length of the beaded strips, so that the buckle will bend to the figure and not break. Cover this with silk, and your buckle is ready for the girdle, to which it should be sewed tight. A buckle ten inches deep should be not more than two inches wide, and the effect is better if it is even narrower.

David's Perplexity.

"I wonder why," said David Brown,
"Apples should not hang up, but down;
And why should leaves be green instead
Of being purple, blue or red?

"Why should boys only have two feet,
When four would make them much more neat;
And why should morning come just when
We want to go to sleep again?"

Toolchest Compliments.

"You're a bore," the hammer said
To the gimlet, spruce and neat.
Said the gimlet with a bow:
"You, sir, are an awful beat."

Married Women

Every woman covets a shapely, pretty figure, and many of them deplore the loss of their girlish forms after marriage. The bearing of children is often destructive to the mother's shapeliness. All of this can be avoided, however, by the use of **Mother's Friend** before baby comes, as this great liniment always prepares the body for the strain upon it, and preserves the symmetry of her form. **Mother's Friend** overcomes all the danger of child-birth, and carries the expectant mother safely through this critical period without pain. It is woman's greatest blessing. Thousands gratefully tell of the benefit and relief derived from the use of this wonderful remedy. Sold by all druggists at $1.00 per bottle. Our little book, telling all about this liniment, will be sent free.

The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Mother's Friend