

WOMAN'S WORLD.

LOVELY COSTUMES AT THE QUEEN'S LATE DRAWING ROOM.

Inventor of the Hoopskirt—Two Interesting Princesses—Earning Money For a Church Fair—A Woman's Defense—The Lavender Girl.

The queen had a perfect weekly spring day for her drawing room on Thursday, and the showing of toilets was all that the greatest lover of gowns in the world could have asked for.

The colors which seemed to find most favor were delicate pinks, soft shades of green and dull gold—except for debutantes, who of course wore white or cream. Myrtle green and violet prevailed everywhere. Had all the ladies pledged themselves not to wear reds and blues, and to combine in having gowns of delicate tints, they could not have been more successful in the dainty "impressionist" effect produced. Green and violet, violet and green—these were the colors one saw on every side, displayed by matrons and maids from St. James' palace to Grosvenor place.

Turquoise seemed to be the favorite stone in jewels and to find as much favor as did the emerald and the sapphire formerly.

Light, ethereal fabrics—like chiffon gauze, lace and crape—were much used to trim dresses. Satin was certainly the favorite stuff, and in many instances it was shot with another hue than its own, producing a fine effect.

Lace lappets were worn in some instances instead of white tulle veils and accorded well with court costumes in light colors.

Very few short skirts were seen, and unfettered looseness were the principal form of trimming for dresses, especially for those of the younger ladies. The balloon-like arrangements of chiffon, gathered in at intervals, and especially around the hem, were not again observed, as they were found to be rather ungraceful at the first drawing room.

Almost the only American present was the bride, Lady Grey Egerton, who only a few weeks ago was Miss Cnyler of Baltimore. She has been going everywhere since her marriage and promises to make rather a stir in the social world.

She wore a magnificent gown of creamy satin, made empire style and trimmed with a quantity of lace, ostrich plumes and pearl embroidery. The train was of satin, draped inside with figured gauze and bordered with ostrich plumes.

The dowager Lady Egerton, who presented her daughter-in-law, wore a black satin gown, quite veiled on the skirt and bodice with an embroidery of cut jet in curved lines. The train of mirror velvet was shaded in tones of deep violet and hyacinth and was lined with satin of a paler hue.

In all the frocks there was a suggestion of greater fullness and evidence of crimoline that perhaps may still come.

More unpleasant to record even than this is the fact that there seemed to be a general revival of the chignon. Not only was it very much in evidence among those in the drawing room, but at various social functions of the past few months there has been a tendency toward the propagation of this unsightly bulb on the head. With it of course has come the untidy net, for all this building up of the hair needs a net to confine it. From a purely masculine standpoint, and speaking as one without authority, the effect is certainly not pleasant.

The general impression left after the drawing room is that the chignon and fuller skirts are what the immediate future has in store in the way of fashion. —London Cor. New York World.

The Inventor of the Hoopskirt.

If the hoopskirt is to be a fact, Brooklyn will be ready for it, as the head dress-maker of one of the large houses has been experimenting with a dress skirt six yards round the bottom. One woman walking round its extent of fullness declares that "she will never, no never, wear anything as hideous, even if she should be the only woman in the city to stand out against it." "But you must keep in the fashion," says the next, and the third suggests that after all it is "dreadfully stylish," which meets with a murmur of applause from those who have hardly dared express their opinions. If neither one's own good taste nor common sense can reconcile a fashion any other way, then it must be dreadfully stylish, and that settles it.

The woman who invented the hoopskirt in the first place was a bright woman, so bright, in fact, that she invented it for some one else to wear, and then stood aghast at the rapidity with which it was taken up. It does not matter that the fashion may have been devised to cover the deformity of some titled or conspicuous person; hitherto there have been plenty eager to copy.

Mrs. Solby died in January, 1717, but she lived to see the article she devised for reasons other than beautifying the rage of the fashionable world. The mysterious origin of many other ridiculous fashions might be traced in the same way. Yet once encouraged by the elegantes, few ask the how or why. But this is not the first time within recent years that there has been an attempt to bring in the crinoline again. During the winter of 1890 fashionable modistes tried to pave the way for its reappearance by seeking their customers if they knew the hoopskirt was coming back again.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Two Interesting Princesses.

It is now generally conceded by the "persons who know" that the real love of the Duke of Clarence was not his pretty betrothed, but the Princess Helena of Orleans, and that the mysterious interview that took place between that young lady and the pope some months before the announcement of the duke's engagement was to obtain the papal sanction to her becoming a Protestant, as by the royal marriage act every member of the sovereign of England's family who marries a Catholic forfeits his or her right to the throne.

The pope expressed his willingness to grant her the desired permission, but he strongly advised her against changing her religion, and she took the holy father's advice. I wrote concerning this statement at the time of the prince's death, but I only received full confirmation of it from a source of undoubted authenticity a few days ago. Also I have been told that just before the duke breathed his last he uttered frequently and piteously in his delirium the name of "Helena," calling upon her with accents of such a fervent affection that poor Princess May, who was watching by his bedside, was seized with hysteria and was taken from the room. It is no wonder, therefore, that she is supposed to be not inconsolable for his loss. There is no doubt but that she is still the choice of the English nation for their future queen. She is a true born English girl; she is pretty, and she is not too nearly related to the Duke of York, a combination of qualities that no other royal damsel in Europe possesses.—Paris Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

Earning Money For a Church Fair.

By long experience women who engage in the trying task of soliciting articles for use at fairs and other schemes of churches adopted to raise funds have conquered much of their diffidence, and they go forth boldly to do any legitimate work that is given to them in that line. The Ladies' Aid society of a west Indianapolis church was getting up a fair not long ago, and in the rounds they were making two of the ladies who were soliciting approached John P. Frenzel, president of the Citizens' Street Railway company. One of them told him of their mission, described the unfortunate financial condition of the struggling little church, and ended her speech by asking, "Mr. Frenzel, will you give us a street car?"

It is said that Mr. Frenzel blushed at what appeared to him to be the monumental "nerve" of his petitioners. In a hesitating way he explained that that he did not quite understand them. They repeated their request and asked particularly for car No. 17 on the Kentucky avenue line. The president recovered himself sufficiently to ask what on earth they were going to do with a street car at a church fair. The ladies said that they had a way of making some money out of this car, although it was worn out and of little further use to the company.

Mr. Frenzel replied that he knew nothing of the car, but he would speak to the foreman about it and let the ladies hear from him later. The foreman reported that the car was somewhat dilapidated, but would make a good salt car, so the church did not get it. It transpired that a committee of west Indianapolis citizens had offered the ladies \$30 if they'd get the car off the line.—Indianapolis News.

A Woman's Defense.

Fashions are fanciful and whimsical and cannot be taken seriously. There are complaints at intervals about all the ridiculous things women do in order to appear well dressed, and visals of wrath and of severe satire are poured upon us by "grave and reverend signiors" who know rather less than nothing about the matter.

What on earth do they want us to do? They are forever fault finding. There is no end to it, and then the men and women, too, who are not "grave and reverend," like us, as we are, with all our glaring inconsistencies thick upon us, and as we are not foolish enough to emulate the venerable gentleman with his ass and risk all in trying to please two opposite parties, we are quite contented to secure the good opinion of those we like best.

First we were spurned because our skirts were long. Now we are scathed because they are wide. Our high shoulders were an offense, and now our wide sleeves are targets for criticism—first our high hats, then our wide hats, now our poke hats. Well, we do not mind, and what would they do if they had nothing to grumble at?—Cor. Chicago Herald.

The Lavender Girl.

Some time ago I wrote about the craze for violets. The craze has become even worse—or better, as you choose. For myself, I love the color and intend to become a "lavender girl" this summer.

A lavender girl, you know, is one who wears lavender underwear, gowns, hats and gloves, carries lavender parasols, eats lavender candies, whose favorite flowers are violets, lilacs, pansies, or some other lavender flower. Of course the "lavender girl" will vary the monotony by combining white or purple with her favorite color; then, too, she will wear different shades of lavender—pinkish lavender, or bluish lavender, or that with a reddish cast, and then the flowered organdies made over lavender silk, and the white dotted muslins, with row after row of lavender ribbon. Or, if she wishes a quiet gown, she will have a

black cloth, with a darker purplish shade of velvet. But whatever she wears will be lavender in some form or other. Do you like the idea?—Cor. Philadelphia Music and Drama.

Sex Oligarchies.

On Monday the March town meetings were held in Maine, Vermont and Massachusetts. Men, simply because they were men, voted on every article in the town warrant. But women, who had the same stake in the result as the men, who understood the town questions and were involved in them, had no vote except for school committees, and that only in Massachusetts and Vermont.

In a town in Maine on one street were 14 widows, and the only other owner of a house on the street was an unmarried woman. But they had no vote for those who would levy taxes on their property and spend their money.

It is time this shameful discrimination should cease, not less for the credit of men than for the sake of justice to women.—Boston Woman's Journal.

A Rainbow Dress.

A recent order in this city was for a rainbow dress, which was exceedingly pretty. The ground was of soft gray, with the skirt trimmed with very wide bands of ribbon, following the colors of the rainbow. The very full puffed sleeves were also ribbon trimmed, and a large gray fan was shaded in the same way. The beauty of this dress was that the wearer did not try to overdo matters. There were no patchy effects, merely the long, wavy lines of color on the soft gray ground. The waist had a trimming of crystal beads and no color whatever. This rainbow effect was very good indeed and gave a dainty and artistic character to the whole outfit.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

All in the Manner of Dressing.

"It's all in knowing how to dress," said a woman's tailor, "and the possession of this happy faculty distinguishes one woman from another. Of course modistes and ladies' tailors help them out greatly, but the best dressed women are those who have ideas of their own. Take the plain girl with stylish tastes and ideas. A man forgets that she is not pretty, especially if she is bright and affable. Pretty women always receive attention, and you can't get around the fact that men want the pretty girl first, but the stylish plain girl runs her close second. Whether plain or pretty, women, so far as the adornment of their persons is concerned, have one central idea, which is to dress so well that our admiration is compelled and the jealousy of their own sex aroused."

She Stands Up For America.

An ardent advocate of home travel for Americans is Miss Jane Meade Welch, the student of and lecturer on American history. She has traveled a great deal, both in this country and in Europe, and she has a decided preference for America, particularly in the matter of natural scenery. Speaking the other day of a recent visit to Colorado, Miss Welch said that she saw nothing in Switzerland that equaled the scenic wonders and beauties of Colorado. While in Colorado Miss Welch made a brief but to her impressive exploration of a silver mine 1,000 feet under ground. She was informed that few women had the pluck to go where she did.—New York Times.

Mrs. Whitney's Estate.

The will of the late Flora Payne Whitney, wife of ex-Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney, leaves all her property, real and personal, to her husband and makes him sole executor. The personal estate is valued in the petition of Mr. Whitney at \$2,300,000 and the real estate at \$750,000.

A Violet Costume.

A violet girl was a pretty sight in a ballroom the other evening. Her white silk gown had sleeves of violet velvet, with the upper part of the corsage composed entirely of violets so cunningly scented with veritable violet odor that the illusion was very effective.—Buffalo News.

The accessories of the mural paintings by Lafarge in Cornelius Vanderbilt's New York house were done by young women students of the Academy of Design, and one of these girls did the same work in a New York church.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins is extremely fond of quaint ornaments and rare articles from far-off countries. Among her treasures is a triple necklace of South sea shells in which all the colors of the rainbow play at hide and seek.

For the throats of young girls who are restricted in their choice of jewelry the circle of turquoises with pearls are especially liked. Sometimes circle of enamelled flowers—white violets or margarites—are worn.

"Be shy of the young man who is waiting for a chance and is going to make millions," said the pastor to the young women of his congregation.

Mrs. Langtry and the Duchess of Montrose have joined John Strange Winter's No Crinoline league. The league now numbers over 11,000 members.

Mount Holyoke seminary has realized its ambition and become a full fledged college under a new charter, the seminary course being dropped.

PROFESSOR GRAY'S INVENTION.

The Telautograph in Many Respects More Wonderful Than the Telephone.

Professor Eliza Gray's new and wonderful invention, the telautograph, has been tested by experts in New York and Chicago, and they are full of enthusiasm over its possibilities, though conceding that it is not yet working perfectly. It would fill four columns like this to give the briefest possible description of the invention, and not one person in 10,000 could understand it, as that would require much technical knowledge of electricity.

Suffice it to say that by this machine any figure drawn on a piece of paper with a pen is reproduced at the other end of the line just as the voice is in a telephone. Thus a written message is reproduced in the exact handwriting of the sender, and a diagram or pen portrait is equally well reproduced, so Professor Gray claims, and so the experts testify. They add, however, that a double circuit is required and very delicately adjusted points and electrical machines for long distances, all of which will be produced, of course, now that the main point is assured.

It is claimed that the telephone was really invented by Professor Gray, though Alexander Graham Bell obtained priority of patent. Professor Gray has therefore taken the precaution to patent each successive discovery in his progress, and beginning early in 1888 he has taken out nine patents. The Cassell autographic telegraph was invented many years ago, and the so-called "ticker" of the Stock Exchange long before that, but none of these employ the methods adopted by Professor Gray.

The Gray National Telautograph company, at 80 Broadway, New York, is now conducting a remarkable series of experiments on the lines of Professor Gray's invention, and signatures are reproduced with a fidelity which skillful forgers could not surpass. If one-half they say be true, the world is soon to be surprised indeed.

The Grief of Alaskan Widows.

The native women of Alaska are said to think a great deal of their husbands, and if appearances go for anything they think a great deal more of them after they are dead than they ever did while the dear fellows were in the flesh. At the death of a husband a widow's grief is almost pitiable. She shows the tenderest devotion to the dear departed and has the sympathy, assistance and affection of all her neighbors. At the funeral the widow is a sight to behold. So severe is her grief and so much afraid is she that her neighbors will think that she has not shown a sufficient amount of sorrow that she paints the upper portion of her face a deep black. This particular badge of mourning she wears for several days and sometimes weeks after the funeral, and then again she is very apt to marry some other fellow within a week or a month of the death of her first lord and master. Then she throws aside all evidences of grief. But while she's grieving she grieves hard.

Where Columbian Stamps Don't Go.

Ten miles from Asheville, N. C., is a post-office known as Candler. Mr. J. S. Henry says the Charlotteville Observer sends a good many letters there and lately has been using Columbian stamps. Recently he received a letter from his correspondent there saying that the postmaster at Candler had made him pay regular letter postage on every letter Mr. Henry had sent with the Columbian stamp on it and compelled him to state who it was sending letters "with them pictures on them for stamps" so he could "have the man indicted." In vain did Mr. Henry's correspondent explain and remonstrate. The letters with the Columbian stamps on them were not forthcoming until, as the postmaster said, "the postage was paid."

Large Price For a Cup of Water.

In May, 1888, an old gentleman who was in a crowd watching the arrival of people to be presented at the queen's drawing room at Buckingham palace was overcome by faintness. Some of the crowd thought he was drunk, but Miss Mary Burch of Ashford, Kent, saw that he was ill and helped him to a bench in the park. She sent a boy for a cup of water, which quickly revived the old man, who asked for her card. Miss Burch heard nothing more of the occurrence until recently, when a London solicitor informed her that the old gentleman had died and left £150,000 to the lady who had given him her aid and sympathy nearly five years before.

A Hint as to Theater Hats.

Men become bald. Why? Because they wear close hats and caps. Women are never bald except by disease, and they do not wear close headgear. Men never lose a hair below where the hat touches the head, not if they have been bald 20 years. The close hat holds the heat and perspiration; thereby the hair glands become weak, and the hair falls out. This should serve as a slight inducement to the woman who indulges in the exasperating theater hat to remove it during the play.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Ring For Each Month.

To have a case of 12 different rings is the fashionable girl's present ambition. Each ring must be set with the stone particularly significant of the respective month and is worn individually for luck. The idea is old, not so old as the hills nor even as the valleys between them, but only so old as Elizabeth's time.

An Epiurean Cannibal.

The London Graphic has a portrait and sketch of Potara, a Maori cannibal, who is 85 years old and still has a good set of natural teeth. He has not eaten a white man since 1816. He speaks well of white folks, but for a steady diet prefers a Maori, as the whites, or "pak-chas," have "a salty and bitter flavor." Potara must have a retentive memory of his tastes.

Making Good Roads.

The movement which has been well begun in many parts of the country to reform the wagon roads, which have to a great extent fallen into a sad state of neglect, is likely to be forwarded by the action taken by several agricultural colleges, and particularly by Cornell university, in giving courses of instruction in roadmaking.

Very often bad roads exist because no one in their vicinity knows how to construct a road. The people often do the best they can, but roadmaking is a science in itself, belonging properly to the civil engineer's profession.

In Cornell university the professor of civil engineering, the professor of agriculture and the professor of horticulture have been directed to prepare a plan for putting the roads of the university property into the best possible condition; and when the road has been completed an inscription is to be put upon it, stating how much it cost, what materials were used, and what methods were employed in its construction.

In several agricultural colleges, courses of lectures are given by practical men upon roadmaking. Farmers institutes are taking the matter up, and the people everywhere are learning that much better methods of roadmaking exist than the old one of heaping up dirt in the middle of the driveway, to be worked into ruts and washed into the ditches again in the course of a year.—Youth's Companion.

Gold Chain in a Lump of Coal.

A curious find has been brought to light by Mrs. S. W. Culp. As she was breaking a lump of coal preparatory to putting it in the scuttle she discovered, as the lump fell apart, imbedded in a circular shape, a small gold chain about ten inches in length of antique and quaint workmanship. At first Mrs. Culp thought the chain had been dropped accidentally in the coal, but as she undertook to lift the chain up the idea of its having been recently dropped was at once made fallacious, for as the lump of coal broke it separated almost in the middle, and the circular position of the chain placed the two ends near to each other. As the lump separated the middle of the chain became loosened, while each end remained fastened to the coal.

This is a study for the students of archeology who love to puzzle their brains over the geological construction of the earth, from whose depths the curious is always cropping out. The lump of coal from which this chain was taken is supposed to come from the Taylorville or Panama mines, and it almost hushes one's breath with mystery when it is thought for how many long ages the earth has been forming strata after strata which hid the golden links from view. The chain was of eight carat gold and weighed eight pennyweights.—Morrisville (Ill.) Times.

A Landlady's Bill.

In the house of a lady in the Kurfirstenstrasse, Berlin, an Englishman took a furnished room and agreed to pay thirty-three marks a month for it. At the end of that time he asked for the bill, when to his surprise he found the thirty-three marks had risen to eighty for his apartment. Among other peculiar items in the bill were: "For using the carpet, four marks; for use of knife and fork, four marks; for putting the room in order, ten marks; for use of a chair on the occasion of a visit from your brother, four marks." The lodger considered this reckoning preposterous, and refused to pay, so the lady detained his box, which contained a large sum of money. The Englishman has sought the aid of the law in revising the bill of the speculative hostess.—London News.

Norway's Foremost Woman.

Mme. Camille Collet, the well known advocate of the emancipation of women in Norway, recently celebrated the eightieth anniversary of her birth. A festival was given in Christiania in honor of the day and was attended by Ibsen and many other famous writers. Professor Lormy Dieckmann made the address. Mme. Collet is the author of "The Official Daughter" and other books. She still enjoys splendid health despite her great age.

An Enormous Toad Stool.

A huge toadstool has appeared every fall for the last ten years on a low branch of an elm tree, near Woldec park, Berlin. It stands about twenty-five inches high and has a cap almost two feet in diameter. Two years ago a policeman picked it, cooked it, and ate, and suffered no bad results from the meal. On Sept. 3 the big toadstool sprouted for the eleventh time.—Paris Letter.

No Obstacle.

Objectionable Woor (offensively)—I assure you that if you are not kinder I shall take the next steamer and visit friends in Germany.

Fair One (calmly)—Do; there is now no reason why you shouldn't.

O. W.—What do you mean?

F. O.—There are no longer restrictions upon American pork.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Letter That Came at Last.

Dory Coal, a farmer of Saunders county, came to the city Wednesday after his mail, and one of the letters handed him was from his former sweetheart, Miss Harris, written at Port Bryan, Ill., May 8, 1878. It was sixteen years, four months and thirteen days reaching its destination.—Nebraska State Journal.