WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE FASHIONS.

[New York Evening Post.]

Flounces and frills are arranged upon the skirts of the latest French gowns to simulate overskirts, long, short, medium, pointed, square, and slashed.

For autumn wear are very handsome models in black silk of the new highly repped weave, made with a round waist, trimmed with black velvet ribbon in rows, and a yoke of white lace appliqué in rich guipure designs. The skirt is in the latest three-piece bell shape, which has a bias seam down the back.

Like the skirts and sleeves, the neck-bands and bows which have been a prominent feature of fashion for so many seasons are considerably reduced in size on bodices made by "exclusive" dress-makers who exclude a detail of dress the moment it becomes general. The new models have narrower folded bands with very modest frills of lace or chiffon above, or else two Vandykes of moiré velvet or silk.

Vandykes in both large and small points, bands of black guipure insertion, silk cord appliques resembling either braidwork or embroidery in their patterns, slight draperies, narrow velvet ribbon, accordion-pleated frills, tiny ruches in one or many rows, milliners' folds, gimps, galloons, and stitched bands, will each and all appear as trimmings on the fronts, sides, or around the hems of new dress-skirts, for the autumn season.

A smart little gown copied from a French design modelled as a costume to wear early next season is made of dark laurel green Saxony cloth. It has the new three-piece skirt and a dainty little coat bodice, each lined with a deep rich shade of currant red taffeta silk. The coat has tiny jabbed fronts, and the vest is of checked jacquard silk on red and green, crossed with hair lines of gold-colored satin. The drooping fulness of the silk is drawn down slightly below the waist under a belt of dark red leather fastened with a gold buckle.

Regarding dress trimmings, it is positive that however much the skirts of toilets of ceremony and handsome house gowns may be decorated, these puffs, frills, pleats, and flounces will be kept from all tailor gowns that make any pretensions to elegance and simple artistic effect. The French tailor, however, unlike his English compeer, makes many rapid concessions in the way of smart and effective little additions to the bodices of his stylish tailor gowns, with also fanciful touches on the sleeves, these seeming to create more interest and dispute than any other portion of the gown.

Surplice effects reappear on models for autumn gowns for either day or evening wear. On the shoulders some of the bodices have the fulness shirred with heavy silk threads; again it is tucked in yoke form with handsome lace or silk cord insertions between, and again it is gathered to form quarter-inch standing frills, the fulness below these gatherings carried in a graceful sweep to the belt on the left side, terminating in long, slender scarf ends that are tightly knotted.

Odd arrangements of pleated frilling or lace are very much used on bodices fastened at the left side, and a very dressy appearance is imparted to otherwise simple costumes by the addition of a frilling or jabot of tinted silk joined to the edge of the overlapping side of the bodice. Geranium-colored taffeta or cerise, for instance, is used for the purpose on gowns of soft gray etamine; the collar and folded girdle made of the same.

A novel idea is to face the lapels of dark-cloth jackets or vests with finger-wide frillings of taffeta, for which stem and laurel green or currant red are among the chosen colors. The frillings are put on closely together, so that they lap each other slightly, in horizontal rows, usually, and this decoration, as a rule, extends to the inside of the standing collar.

A pretty boating costume worn this season, and still in fine preservation for autumn use, is made of Russian blue honeycomb serge, the five-gored skirt having the very deep hem and the over lapping front breadth machine-stitched. The blouse is slashed, showing russet cloth insertions between the interstices, nearly covered with dark-blue soutache braidework. The sleeve puffs are of the serge, the close forearm of the cloth. A smart little gold mounted russet leather belt, with a small gold and russet aumonière at the side, finishes the waist. The shoes, gloves and melon-shaped cap are also of russet leather. A folded stock of geranium-red velvet imparts a touch of order to the gown.

Stylish-looking Russian blouses fastening at the left side will be very fashionable this fall; these made variously of cloth, silk-warp serge, Vigogne, or any of the new autumn fabrics. Very many of these blouses will match the skirt, but the most elegant styles will be formed of green, black, dark currant-red, pansy-colored, or golden-brown velvet, silk-lined, and but very slightly trimmed. These small garments impart a rich effect to an entire costume, and they will be worn over skirts of brocade, satin, corded silk, fine silk, and wool materials, cloth, or, indeed, any stylish skirt of handsome fabric cut in fashionable shape and gacefully hung.

A very pretty tint prevails among fashionable colors that is much like the pink and rosy purple mixture of the sweet-pea blossoms. "Lilac de Perse" is its name, but it is quite different from the metalic purple of the ordinary lilacs. Its range extends from the tulles and exquisite dress gauzes, chiffons, silk muslins, organdies, summer satins, foulards, crepe de Chine, sheer wool textiles and zephyr ginghams on to garnitures on summer hats and bonnets, as well as to the very straw itself, for straw this season has been dyed in a variety of very beautiful tints, the present style of fancy braids showing off the delicate coloring to great advantage. All the fashionable shades of green appear among plain and fancy straws—the deeper and lighter hues of this dainty Persian lilac, rose-petal, geranium pink, silver gray, fawn, the entire list of browns, and yellow from cream to deepest écru.

Every celebrated atelier in Paris and London and every high-class modiste in America will next season make great use of the new, extremely elegant drapery nets, employing them not alone for fancy bodices and garnitures, but for dress toilets entire. Very lovely French dresses of fancy silk net or fancy grenadine over satin, taffeta or moiré have already been worn at fashionable summer resorts. The trimmings for these handsome gowns consist of ruches and pleatings of silk, muslin, and the richest of black laces and beaded ornaments in points, rows, and *in appliqué*. All styles of Venice laces with nets and insertions, jacket and sleeve pieces to correspond, in Plauen or St. Galle-made varieties will be used to decorate sheer beautiful textiles draped over satin, and to garnish repped and taffeta silks and many other elegant evening fabrics. In black laces, among choice Calais productions, are tempting patterns in English embroidery and the beautiful designs in point appliqué.

New jacket models from Paris are from twenty-two to twenty-four inches long—an effective length—a trifle shorter than those made by London tailors. They show both single and double-breasted fronts and closely fitted backs. The newest shapes omit the centre seam, throwing two forms into one, and this single form, after tapering to the waist line, expands below it, and is folded into a little box pleat pressed to be very flat. A single side form reaches far forward under the arms. The revers are rather short, and the points not excessively deep. A stylish feature is that of introducing a square or oblong piece of very rich heavy guipure lace on the jacket just under the chin; this laid over velvet or some deep warm color. In this case the revers that frame this piece and the standing color are likewise made of velvet.

There is now every reason to believe that, notwithstanding the continued vogue of repped goods, basket effects, honeycomb serges, shaggy tweeds, etc., some of the smartest autumn gowns will be made of plain smooth cloths. Drap d'été ladies' cloth, and double-faced cashmere have been used during the summer season, and these are even more suitable for fall wear. All the soft wood colors will be worn, gray in a number of tones; blues will likewise prevail, and a rich, peculiar shade of Italian or currant red. The smooth-finished silks shown on the importers' sample cards are remarkarkably handsome in weave and texture, and the choice as to color almost unlimited.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A cooking teacher insists that it is not a notion, but a fact, that the cream should be poured first into the cup and the coffee added, to insure the most satisfactory blending of the two. As perfect coffee is a matter of several carefully followed small processes, it is reasonable that this precedence of the cream may be one of them. While on the subject, a housekeeper's experiment may be mentioned. She finds that the use of the coffee extract is a considerable economy. A bottle of the best extract, costing about forty cents, goes much further than a pound of the best coffee at about the same price. A chief part of the economy of the former lies in its entire use. Not a bit is wasted, which is never true of the dry berry. To make coffee-jelly, cake, or ices, the extract is, of course, much cheaper and more convenient.

A delicate dish offered at French tables, not those of hotels and pensions, but at those presided over by the gracious châtelaines of the old aristocracy, is fried locust blossoms. A whole bunch, heavy with its weight of fragrant bloom, is dipped in the yellow of eggs, as they say over there, then in granulated sugar, and fried quickly in clarified lard. They are served as a course at the second breakfast instead of the sweet omelet. They have a crisp, delicately aromatic taste that is delicious.

Those who are now afield should lay in a stock of sweet clover for sachets for wardrobes and linen-closets. It has a recommendation besides its daintily fresh, clean fragrance, that lasts as long as that of lavender, in the moth-preventive qualities which are attributed to it.

An approved receipt for one cup of white sauce is two level tablespoonfuls of butter, the same of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, one cup of hot milk.

For a variety in late summer table decoration the somewhat unusual one of geraniums is suggested. As a rule, these flowers are considered to have too strong a perfume to be acceptable on the table, effective as is their beauty of coloring. The rich pink variety is peculiarly decorative, and in silver or crystal bowls arranged with its own leaves is very pleasing. A drop of liquid glue brushed on each leaf will preserve them fresh-looking for a number of days.

It is the "eternal littles" that are the despair of the painstaking housekeeper. How many women who read this paragraph can walk down to their kitchens, lift the lid of the hot-water kettle, and find its interior smooth and clean, or inspect the dishcloths of the place and find them above reproach? Yet these two "littles" alone mean much to the comfort and health of the household. Stale hot water, boiled over and over again, in a scaly kettle, spoils everything that is cooked in it, or with it, and so good an authority as Mrs. Ellen Richards, of the Boston Cooking School, says that the greasy dishcloth furnishes the most favorable field for the growth of all germs. Hung, while damp and greasy, in a warm, dark place, it is a thing to flee from.

A luncheon course that is not often seen is ham en coquille. Mrs. Lincoln's directions for its service are to mix one cupful of finely chopped ham, half a cupful of soft bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one tablespoonful of butter, and one saltspoonful of made mustard, with enough hot milk to make a smooth, soft paste. Spread this mixture on some buttered scallop shells, and carefully break an egg into each shell. Sprinkle the eggs with very fine cracker crumbs, moistened in melted butter, set the shells in the oven and bake five minutes, or until the white of the egg is firm.

What is said to be an excellent furniture polish is made with equal quantities of vinegar, crude oil, and alcohol. It should be shaken well, and used with linen, old silk, or chamois. Its action is explained scientifically. The vinegar cuts the dirt in the woodwork, and the alcohol cuts the oil, forming an emulsion.

A decorator, who is evidently a man of science, advises that yellow tints should not predominate in a room where one works or reads. The color reflects light strongly and is restful to neither eye nor brain.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIX.]

THE IRISH HARPER.

The sun was setting behind the lovely hills of Morven, as two travellers appeared upon the brow of one of the Argyleshire hills, which led down to the sea-coast and which formed, as it were, the cape of that vast range of mountains, over which towered the shattered fork of Benermachan, now lighted up by the dying rays of the declining sun. The landscape which spread around was indeed worthy of being celebrated as the scene of Ossian's heroes; for seldom has pen or pencil pictured a more splendid assemblage of hill, rock, and sea, and island, all blended and harmonized together by the glowing halo of a summer evening. In the distance stood the hills of Morven, with their lofty peaks, while at their base many a long and shadowy promontory jutted out into the golden sea. In the mid-ground, on a projecting cape, rose the lofty towers of Dunstafriake, mellowed into a rich purple colour, and which flung their softened shadows into the transparent waters below. On the right, jutted out the bold fronts of many a rocky headland, in the warm relief of sunset; while, in the foreground, the gentle undulations of the sea broke in murmuring idleness on the gravelly beach. The travellers, however, lingered not on the mountain's top, although their horses, apparently quite exhausted, tottered and stumbled adown the rugged path, while their haggard looks and disordered dress betokened that they had journeyed far, and tarried not for rest. One, indeed, who from her dress was apparently a woman, seemed scarcely able to support herself in her saddle; for her companion, who was wrapped in a cloak, and displayed a green hat and feather on his head, rode close by her side, and seemed to support her with his arm, and encourage her with his words.

"Cheerily, cheerily, my beloved! see you not yonder, the bright waves dancing in the sun? Our task is almost over; we have reached the western coast; and once across the blue sea, the power, and the threats, and the rage of Breadalbane will be alike in vain. Look up, then, my beloved; let not your courage sink when within sight of the goal."

The object of his address did look up, but with such a pale and melancholy look, that the heart of the harper died within him.

"Alas, alas! our efforts will be in vain; the hand of Fate is upon me, and its dark shadow has encompassed my soul. See you not those two ravens? they have followed us the whole way, over moor and moss, over hill and vale, by day and by night; even now they are whirling over our heads and hoarsely croaking for their prey; they come not here for nothing. Again, last night, as we crossed over the base of the mountain, the owl peered into our eyes as he flitted past, and I heard the wailing cry of the banshee as we hurried by the solitary cairn."

"Pri'thee cheer up, my beloved, and let not these melancholy thoughts oppress thee; let us think of the future, not of the past; the ravens are but gathered together for such chance relics as the sea may cast upon the shore, and it was but the wailing of the wind that thou didst hear in our midnight ride. The cool breeze of the evening hath chilled thy gentle form; let me wrap my cloak around thee, and shield thee from the falling dew."

He undid his mantle, and proceeded to wrap it around her trembling frame; while he was busied in this operation he suddenly felt all her body cower together, as if with some violent convulsion, while a sharp scream burst from her lips.

"Ah! see there, see there! on the top of the hill a spear glanced in the setting sun."

He looked up, and beheld indeed what his worst fears had foreboded; on the brow of the hill he saw a horseman stand in the dark relief against the sky; he appeared to be scanning the horizon round and round. For a moment the harper indulged the hope that he might escape the keen of his searching eye; but suddenly the horseman appeared to gaze steadfastly into the valley below, then making a sign, as if to some one behind, he dashed down the side of the mountain, and was presently lost to sight. With a vain hope, the harper dashed the spurs into his steed, and seizing his companion's by the bridle, urged the horses to one more effort. The faithful creatures responded to his call; they seemed as if they almost knew that life or death depended on their speed, and for some few paces they appeared to have recovered all their pristine vigour. But this preternatural exertion could not last: in galloping along the rugged path, a loose stone rolled from beneath the foot of the lady's palfrey: the poor animal stumbled, made a vain effort to recover his footing, and failing, fell with his exhausted burden to the ground. In the agony of his despair, the harper jumped from his horse, threw his arms around the Lady Alice, for such she was, and entreated her by all the endearing names that a lover could devise to make but one more effort. The Lady Alice slowly opened her eyes; she was but slightly stunned by the fall, and the harper taking her in his arms, and folding her to his breast, hurried with all the speed and strength he could exert, towards the seashore. He saw a solitary fishing boat lying on the sand, and if he could but reach that, all might yet be well. But, alas! his enemies were now closing upon him; other horsemen had appeared upon the hill, and the one who had first dashed down the mountain's side now emerged upon the heath, and was but a short distance in their rear. The red plume streaming in the wind told but too plainly that their bitterest foe was foremost in the chase. Escape appeared impossible; every moment brought his enemy nearer, and with a look of despair, the harper placed his lovely burden on the ground, and drawing his sword, prepared to defend his charge to the last moment of his existence.

In a few moments the foremost horseman reached the fugitives; he dismounted, cast his steed loose, drew his sword, and crying out "Ha, traitor! have I caught thee?" rushed upon the unfortunate harper. The tall, slender and graceful form of the latter was but ill fitted to contend in mortal strife with the stern, iron-armed, and iron-hearted chief of Breadalbane. But at the first clash of their swords Lady Alice started from her trance, and seeing her lover engaged in a deadly fight, without a moment's thought or hesitation rushed between the combatants. For a moment the strife was stayed, for even the iron-heart of Breadalbane was softened, as he saw his beautiful kinswoman throw herself across the body of the harper, exclaiming "Now, then, strike!" But his fury soon returned, and seizing her by the waist, with the assistance of his attendants, who were now come up, he tore her from the arms of her despairing lover.

The rest may be quickly told; the harper soon fell beneath the blows of his assailants, and in the fury of the moment his body was literally but to pieces. In the agony of her despair the Lady Alice had fainted; but when the pulse of life again returned, and she saw the miserable remnants of what had once been her lover, the light of her mind fled for ever, and she sank into a state of hopeless idiotcy.

In this state she was carried back to the castle. Breadalbane, when the fury of his passion was over, and his vengeance satisfied, lamented the wreck he had made; for with all his sternness and fierceness, he had really loved the Lady Alice. Every means were tried to restore her to health; every indulgence granted, every fancy gratified; but the only thing in which she appeared to take delight was to wander about alone in the garden of the castle, to linger in those spots where she first met the harper, and to sit, as the sun set and the moon rose, under that fatal bower where the first avowal of love burst from his burning lips.

In this condition she lingered a few months, gradually wasting away, like a perishing flower, till one evening, as the attendants of the castle were seeking for her in order to lead her home, the hour growing late, they found her lying cold and lifeless in her favorite spot.

The fate of the harper was not forgotten by his countrymen. Many years afterwards, when the Irish auxiliaries came over to Scotland to assist Montrose in his chivalrous but unfortunate enterprise, a small band detached themselves from his standard during one of his irruptions through Perthshire. They marched under a chief of their own, and making for Breadalbane's country, they arrived at nightfall before the Castle of Lawers. Not expecting any attack, the chieftain was absent; the small garrison was taken by surprise, and every soul put to the sword. The castle itself was fired and its walls razed to the ground; and the desolate ruins remain to this day a lasting memorial of Breadalbane's fury and of Irish revenge.

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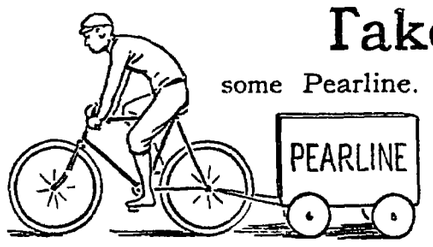

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 2224.
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT.
Matlo Pilnik, of the City and District of Montreal, wife, separated as to property, of Sacchno Numiznisky, formerly of the said City of Montreal, and now of parts unknown, duly authorized to *ester en justice*, Plaintiff; vs. Sacchno Numiznisky, formerly of the City and District of Montreal, and now of parts unknown, Defendant. The Defendant is ordered to appear within two months.
Montreal, 27th July, 1897.
L. A. BEDARD,
2-2 Deputy Prothonotary.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF RICHELIEU.
SUPERIOR COURT.
Dame Elise Vincent, of Vercheres, wife of Philibert Dalphé, hotel-keeper, of the same place, Plaintiff; vs. Philibert Dalphé, hotel-keeper, of the same place.
An action *en separation de biens* has been instituted in this case on the twenty-third of July inst.
Montreal, 27th July, 1897.
VICTOR CUSSON,
3-5 Attorney for Plaintiff.

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