FEWER ROBBERIES NOW.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE.)

got back to his own State, organized a band, and for some years terrorized a large extent of country. He was killed by rangers in a running fight in the eastern part of the state. From Sam Bass to Rube Burrows stretched a long line of knights of the road, some of them showing great ability and others not. In general they were reasonably successful, making much more money than they could have earned in legitimate pursuits and, so long as they kept clear of murder, there was nothing worse ahead of them than a sentence to the penitentiary, provided always that they did not resist posses attempting their arrest. In such cases they were invariably killed.

One of the most celebrated of them was Brack Cornett, also of Texas, better known as 'Captain Dick' The Southern Pacific railway was his special prey. He robbed its trains five times in a year, always obtaining a respectable booty. On one occasion he cut off the ears of an express messenger who had resisted him and subsequently mailed them to his victim. After holding up a train east of Del Rio, he kept in duress for an hour an aged maiden school teacher and compelled her to dance upon the prairie to lewd cowboy ditties, accompanying himself on a guitar. Captain Dick' was killed across a camp fire by Alfred Allee, who shot him through the heart for a reward of $2 500. Rube Burrows affected the Texas and Pacific road, but occasionally switched to Illinois Central. On a train of this railway in 1868 he killed Chester Hughes, a passenger who resisted and therefore fled fast from the gallows. He was captured finally in Alabama and killed while endeavoring to escape.

Of all the bloody men on the road, indubitably the shrewdest and one of the boldest, was John Sontag, of California. He was trapped and shot in Sierra Nevada but not till he had sent four detectives to their long account. He seemed to have a genius for detecting detectives and liked to kill them. His passing left but one band of organized train robbers in the country. This gang was composed mostly of the famous Dalton brothers, a family of dead shots, which had the peculiarity of shooting rifles always with the rifle below the hip. Holding a gun in this way, Bill Dalton would account for three men in ten seconds at a distance of two hundred yards. He was nothing less than phenomenal, and only a shade better than his kinsmen.

The Daltons began their career near Tulare, Cal., where they held up an express train and forced the engineer to break open the safe for them. They got $10,000. Their most noted exploit was stopping and robbing a train which carried an armed guard of twenty men. This was done near Adair, Indian Territory. The robbers kept such a fusilade that the guards did not dare to show a head until the express car had been gutted. One passenger was killed and several wounded by the flying bullets. After their celebrated raid upon the bank in Coffeyville Kan., when they fought an entire town, Bill Dalton was the only one of the brothers left alive, the other two having fallen them. He was killed in the southern part of Indian territory not a great while afterwards in single combat by a man much his inferior in quickness and accuracy.

It was ten years after train robbery became a common enough crime before the lone robber made his appearance. The first instance of the kind was the raining of Express Messenger Nichols on a Rock Island and Pacific train near Joliet, Ill. His assailant was captured, but for some reason was not hanged. He is now doing time in the penitentiary. Sometime afterwards, near Pacific, Mo., one man bound and gagged an express messenger named Fotheringham and took from the safe $100 000. This individual's name was Wittrock, but he was much better known as 'Jim Cummings,' under which alias he wrote many letters to the newspapers while evading arrest. He was finally captured and served a term in the penitentiary. Almost all of the money was recovered, Wittrock having been kept too busy dodging to spend much of it. Equally daring was the exploit of Oliver Curtis Perry, who gained entrance to a New York Central express car at Syracuse intimidated the messenger, abstracted $26,000 from the safe, pulled the bell cord and, when the trained slowed, jumped off into the darkness.

The first successful attempt with dynamite was made in 1889 near Glendale, Mo. Four masked men blew opened an armoured car and got $50,000. Two of them, Hedgepeth and Slye, were arrested and convicted. So effective was the use of the explosive upon this occasion that it may be said to be the parent of all subsequent dynamite robberies. In two years a stick of it became as much a part of the robber's outfit as his pistol.

Probably the most unsuccessful attempt at train robbing in all the annals of the craft occurred at a water tank five miles southeast of El Paso, Tex in 1888. The east-bound Southern Pacific passenger train stopped there one night to fill the boiler. The large door of the express car stood wide open and inside was a messenger known to associates as 'Windy' Smith. His lamp was unlighted. To the door came two men, evidently new to the business, who stood on the prairie, peered into the dark interior and called upon whom ever might be there to throw up his hands. Smith, being totally invisible to them, picked up a shot gun, poked it within three feet of them and calmly killed them both.

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Frills of Fashion.

The Autumn crop of brides-elect has already begun to get its fine plumage in order, and for an early fall wedding the most chic and lovely wedding-dress is compiled wholly of white silk muslin, woven or broidered over with tiny dots of minute lily-of-the valey blossoms. From Paris, for a young woman who is to plight her troth the first week of September, there has been imported a marriage robe, one delicate froth to the knees, of small silk muslin flounces that run out on the train and break forth again on the bodice. The remainder of the costume is done in very heavy white crepe de chine needle work in clusters of small lilies. This is just the type of gown calculated to adorn a young and stately bride to perfection, and it is noticeable that the costumes designed for these important functions, whether imported or made by domestic talent, are all extensive as to train, and, in a number of cases, show elbow sleeves and rather open throated bodices.

There is not even a solitary exception in bridal finery to prove the ruling against brocaded satin. This goods, once typical of wedding splendor, is entirely superseded by plain chine, and row as ever lace seems the most important garniture for these important toilets. Duchess satin and oyster white crepe de Antique lace is naturally the standard of elegance, but if you can's have that, the prettiest and most popular modern substitute is Louis Quinze lace that is more stable than blonde but possesses much of its fairy like fragility of charm. It is an interesting and commendable feature in bridal fashions that the strict mode of the hour can be quite dispensed with in the designing of a marriage dress, and the object of every bride and her dressmaker is to work out some scheme of cut and drapery that will be highly becoming, no matter what the prevailing regulations may be. For this reason, save in a large general way, it is futile to lay down a cut-and dried rule for a wedding costume. It may be a scant-skirted, short-waisted relapse into the mode of 1812 a flat-throated, pouched body with bolero jackets of lace, or an eel skirt and high cut body with choker collar. Nobody will ever rise up to say that the dress is not fashionable provided it becomes its wearer and that is the first, last and at all times duty of a wedding gown.

There is coming in a strong feeling against leaving the white gown and misty veil to serve in the great ceremony without the aid of jewels, and unless all signs fail there is good reason to believe that the bridal jewels at the forthcoming marriages will be one of the most interesting features of the tableau. Curiously enough, however, the jewels are being used at the expense of the traditonal orange blossoms that have drifted almost out of sight. The blossoms play a small part in the decoration of the costume, and when wore at all appear in a tiny breast knot or inconspicuous tuft on the shoulder, and only at the demands of a lingering sentiment among women that it is unlucky to be married without them.

Tulle veils are resting on their traditional laurels, while the brides of the day wear lace ones, if they are procurable, and, lacking these, lovely veils of the finest silk Brussels net with large lace figures and wreaths set into the mesh and forming the border are preferred. They are one and all draped off the face and fall from a coronet-shaped decoration in the hair straight out to the tip of the extensive train. A Parisian bride recently was married in a tulle veil into which fleur-de lis with silver threads were woven. The effect was pronounced by all spectators so satisfactory that it will not be a surprise to see these silvery veils next winter in New York where every good fashion gets a trial on its merits.

As time goes on, the unmistakable evidence of fur as a fashionable dress trimming is given and in fine lines, like heavy cordings, the strips of richly tinted skin will be used. On the costumes designed for carriage and house wear the fur strappings have an inclination to follow the seam lines of the smart Princesse tunics that clip the figure so closely, and if fur is not used for this purpose, deep piled velvet is the thing, since there is some sort of indefinite fashion code that commands the strapping of every possible seam. Another use for fur, and this for short-haired felts, is as a facing for dress revers and from narrow vests of embroidered white satin, lace encrusted chiffon, or painted ribbon, broad collars and lapels of black or foxy brown broad tail, roll black and end an indescribable richness to the gown's facade.

A decided whimsicality in the employment of these furs is the application of rich cream Spanish Convent, Malta or Guipure lace to the shining fur surface. A lace figure is cut out and, by great and confessedly a mysterious art, it is sunk into the fur pile. Of course, this is the very dearest trimming procurable, but what matters it to the modern dressmaker who can feel confident of selling the most extravagant accessories of dress, provided her device is pretty and becoming. In substantiation of the belief that the modern rich woman thinks nothing too good for her apparel, it will only be necessary to mention the exquisite ribbons of liberty satin painted by hand, and the expedient for keeping lace overdresses in fashion by embroidering on the fine webs in colored silks. The ribbons have come over for the adornment of dress waistcoats, the facing of lapels and enhancement of bonnets, and are charming enough, but the embroidered laces affect one, for the scheme is to cast sprays of roses, tulips, &c., on a surface of Valenciennes, Mechlen or Irish point lace. To describe the result very truthfully, it appears, to the casual observer and possible wearer, as quite too much of a good thing.

Not at all in this critical light should we regard the new silks for fancy waists, for they deserve special and continual homage of admiration, not to say patronage, if you can afford to purchase a new and beautiful fabric worthy of transmission to an appreciative posterity. A quality of very pure Lyons taffeta is the foundation of this goods, and its dyes range through all the liquid tones of porcelain and pastel blue, magnolia white, corn yellow, &c., and on this advantageous surface will be worked, by the most perfect device seen for machine embroidery, a lace pattern in black or white, a cluster of tiny dots in four bright harmonious colors between ridges of white, a polka dot design in a variety of sizes and tints, else a pattern showing wee rose petals, pink, red, white and yellow scattered as if blown this way and that. A technical effort would be required to make the beauty and exceeding orb of these new silks clear in print, but it suffices here to say that they need no aid of lace, ribbons, tucks or flutes to make up into the most delectable theatre, afternoon carraige and calling waists possible, and that they are as sure as spring to be extravagantly popular.

Already in addition to the doubtfully eligible box coat and Josephine long cloak and the Raglan ulster style of wrap we are getting the first indications of a coat that promises to be the noblest Roman of them all, and that is the Princesse 'Tis the legitimate offspring of the reigning tunic, the long tight fitting overdress and dress waist in one, that has no rival in our admiration and allegiance. The Princesse coat takes the body from the shoulders to the knee, with a glove-like snugness, flares and ripples in a flounce around the bottom and is always conspicuously buttoned a trifle to one side and with a series of large wedge shape flaps in which the buttonhole is worked. It is also characterized by a lofty Kaiserin collar, or irregular revers faced back with some velvet with a very cordial tone. An inclination is apparent from foreign sources to top off the Autumn's coats, whether short or long skirted, with a series of little shoulder capes, and with the box shaped wraps, this is almost essential in order that the wrap possess any symmetry at all.

Another phase of the slowly crystallizing coat fashions is that of lending color and importance to even the most modest little short jacket by fitting in the neck of it a small detachable extra revers collar like the very serviceable and beautifying admiral collars that won their place this summer. Any woman who understands dress economics will buy a smart Kersey, broadcloth, or satin faced Melton coat of black or dark brown, and add to it on occasions a rich red velvet, a slate blue silk, or cream white satin revers, as her needs and her complexion counsel, and she will be sure to have her revers collar stitched. There is nothing smarter than machine stitching and plenty of it and these revers noted, whether of ruby velvet or white satin, are made timely and pretty when they shine with rows upon rows of those mechanically—even lines of silk needlework.

Even the hats, that is those made of dress goods or silk, are stitched, and there is a sort of artistic justice in the wholesale adoption of grape-garnished hats for use with the light wool September toilets. Already there have been shipped to the fashionable autumn resorts airy bonnets of green, or grey, or mauve tulle-girded, or garnished upon one side with the prettiest of grapes with the proper foliage, and from some of these smart country settlements are coming a few of the minor fashions that we will all be adopting a few weeks later under the complacent impression that we have a new mode from France. For example, the women of our beau monde no longer wear extensive jewelled chains. Around the fair necks run yokes in the form of thread-like gold links, interspersed with enamelled extensions, but the chain itself is only long enough to hang half way to the waist line. Upon this is slung the wearer's watch, and a small locket-like affair it is, enamelled and jewelled on the back, and the face turned to its owner's breast.

Rings, even to the first finger, are the announcement for the autumn and after a summer of ringless comfort the women will undoubtedly follow the lead of Mrs. Mackay, who is responsible for making this revival of the light fetters popular. She was one of the first to introduce the fringed ring, now the most conspicuous jewel in Paris. It is a big circlet of gold bearing a high setting of dark clear cameo stone in which brilliants appear to be sunk. Then, from the bottom of the setting, fall out upon the knuckles a sort of tassel formed of pearls or a flexible loop of gold on which bead emeralds or topaz are strung. On the fourth finger a finely cut intaglio surrounded by jewels is the proper circle and the index finger should bear but one stone while the second and third fingers wear as many as four rings at a time. The time for wearing rings, however, [must be chosen and the more exquisitely fashionable a woman is the more carefully she confines her rings to use at home and in the evening.

One small adjunct of the complete autumnal toilet, however, is for hard use by day and already purchaseable in the shops. This is the small, red leather hand bag. It is only about as large as a very large purse, is not to be attached to the belt and is adopted by all the shoppers, for it holds a minute stationary ink bottle, a gold telescope pen, a pencil, small sheets of note paper and stamps and also a bottle of perfumed toilet vinegar, a powder puff and a comb and it is considered almost as useful as money when a long hard day of autumn shopping is to be got through with.

MODES MADE IN ADVANCE.

Styles Hurried to Meet the Early Autumn Demand.

Sun burned women swarm in the corridors of the large hotels and spend their other time in the large shops. Says the New York Sun. This is the period of the year in which the trade of Western and Southern visitors sweep through New York on its way home. But these days of transition are important for the women with only a few hours in town. They want New York fashions to take home with them. New York frocks and hats that will remain through the winter months, surviving monuments of their eastern journey.

Paris models for the ensuing winter are not yet in the hands of the New York dealers. Importations of the best styles to New York are not made until these travellers are comfortably settled in their distant homes. That is no reason, however, for disappointing those prospective buyers who want their Paris styles via New York. The tradesmen do not allow them to return empty-handed when they have money to spend, and are so anxious to spend it. The dealers provide them with fashions that serve the purpose just as well as if they were what the Parisian would call the last cry of smartness. With such regularity is the early crop of hats and gowns prepared for the winter that they have come to be known regularly in the trade as "Western styles." They are usual reproductions of what has been worn the season before, varied with any changes that seem likely to the prophetic eye of the designer. They are quite as expensive as the models which will come later from abroad, are made in the same materials, and are inferior to the real fashions of the season only in the knowledge of persons who happen to be familiar with the details of such matters. This is a time of rather strange fashions in some of the hotels. Faded finery that has done its service at watering places is on view for the last time during the period of waiting for the fall styles that the dressmakers are preparing. Millinery that has lost its bloom is seen in places where usually only the spickest and smartest headgear is worn. Occasionally a brand new winter hat appears obtrusively. Between seasons, informality is everywhere observed, however, and women for this brief period really can trive to look indifferent to what they wear.

'Europe is all very well in its way,' she said to the group on the piazza, as she leaned her golf bag against the railing, 'but give me America in the summer time. I suppose one educational trip is all right for a girl, and I enjoyed mine when I took it. Probably it did me some good, too, but this thing of going over every summer is quite a different affair. It means that a girl is to satisfy herself with the society of her mother and father, possibly meet an occasional man she knows, but spend the rest of her time in hotels and art galleries, or else in watching scenery which she would enjoy a good deal more if she had some of her friends along with her. Of course, if she's a great beauty or a howling swell, and goes to Homburg or spends the season in London she'll have a good time. But those things don't come to the average American girl who goes to Europe. She has to content herself with the social life to be found in hotels and pensions. That's all very well for the parents. They enjoy it immensely, and wonder why in the world their children don't take to it, too. The second time I went abroad for the summer I spoke to only three men of my own age from the time I left New York until I got back, and I met them just as we were starting in one direction and they were about to go in another. At home I never would have cared how short a time I saw them, but in Europe I enjoyed them. I saw lots of nice-looking Englishmen and Americans in Switzerland, but I don't know them and neither did anybody I know. So I talked to father and mother and a few of their friends all the time. If I had been absorbed in art or history I might have studied either of them, but I got enough for any ordinary girl, on my first visit. I'm not the only one that doesn't like Europe for a summer vacation. The things a girl enjoys most are just what she doesn't find there. I'm willing to spend all the time necessary in the hotels and pensions after I have enjoyed what America has in the summers and I outgrow that and reach the age for European travel. But I want the summers at home now, and nine girls out of every ten will agree with me about that.'

The women who talked about the stage at the recent congress in England said very little that was interesting or valuable. They theorized vaguely or dwelt on facts that are apparent or known to all who take any interest in the theatre. This style of discussion had its climax in the address of the French delegate. She talked about such practical needs as a theatre controlled wholly directed by women, who should put the sex before the public in a more just light than mere man uses in his plays. The only really interesting information about the actualities of theatrical life for women came from the German delegate, who told of the discouraging conditions that exist in her country, and described the remedies proposed for them. Doubtless, the other speakers who talked in a large way about vague subjects, considered themselves more impressive than this woman who kept down to actual details. But it was of her talk alone that the audience carried away any vivid memory. Talking shop, so long as one talks it intelligently, is more interesting than any other kind of conversation. A woman realized this the other day when she had to lecture before a club, and decided to select a subject connected with her own profession. She is an actress and decided that her experience and opinions were not the most appropriate subjects for her talk before this particular assembly, although she was anxious to confine herself to a subject connected with her profession. What she eventually selected was an unknown field to most of the women who listened to her. A brief period of study supplied her with some unfamiliar and interesting facts concerning the first women who appeared as actresses on the English stage. Most people know in a general sort of a way that the first Juliet and the original Ophelia were beardless youths, because women were not allowed on the stage when the English drama was in its first years. But none of her hearers had ever known before who the women were that took these boy's places on the stage and were predecessors of that great line which has since included in its latest phases Mrs. Kendal Olga Nethersole and Rose Coghlan. Her hearers learned that at some irregular time previous to 1660 women had appeared on the stage in London but rarely. Women of the court had appeared in private theatricals before the sovereigns, but the difference between those and public appearances was great enough to make the first actual paid appearance of an English actress that of Mrs. Coleman, wife of a professional actor. She was seen in a production of 'The Siege of Rhodes,' made in 1656. She played Ianthe, and was described on the programme as the wife of the leading actor. That practice soon died out. This is the first word of any Englishwomen's appearance for emolument. Actresses had occasionally, during the days in which all dramatic performances were forbidden, appeared in the private homes of the nobility. Twenty-seven years before the time of her appearance a French troupe came to the old Blackfriars theatre, and probably from their visit dates the conventional ideas of the English that the French are a people abdicted to irregularies of conduct. Just as piquant singers came in later centuries from Paris, this troup brought along its women actresses. The attempt was a complete failure. The women were described as monsters, and driven from the stage. A local account of them says: 'Those women did attempt, thereby giving just offense to all virtuous and well disposed persons in this town, to set a certain lascivious and unchaste comedye, in the French tonge at the Blackfryers. Glad I am to saye they were hissed hooted and pippinpelted from the stage, so as I do not thinke they will soon be ready to trye the same againe.' They did try again, however, but without making any more favorable impression. In 1660, four years after Mrs. Coleman had appeared at Rutland House, 'Othello' was given at a public theatre with two women in the cast. They were Anne Marshall and Margaret Hughes. No account exist as to which of these played Desdemona. Two more actresses were to be seen on the stage of a London theatre during the next year. Soon after that, Pepys in his diary refers scornfully to a theatre in which there was a play given by 'nothing but women.' The first woman to earn her livelihood as an actress was Mrs. Coleman who acted with her husband in the homes of the wealthy. The first ever to appear on the stage of a public theatre were Anne Marshall and Margaret Hughes—names almost forgotten, but representing a great deal, when we remember the relation in which they stand in the army of women, who have followed in their paths.

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