

CALLED "PADS"

A New Name for the Old "Bustle"

TO BE WORN AT HIP AND BACK

NOT THOSE EXTRAVAGANT AFFAIRS OF YEARS AGO

Shirred Ribbon is to Be Worn Lavishly—Violet and Black in Style

PARIS, Dec. 16.—(Special Correspondence to The Herald.) Such ideal November and December weather Paris seldom boasts. Day after day of bright sunshine, until people are beginning to hint that a few snowflakes would be acceptable.

The brisk little winds that come flying up the Champs Elysees carry along the brown leaves with which winds of dust. The black velvet and the violet velvet gowns that one sees so often are powdered with this fine light dust, but the fair pedestrians congratulate themselves that it is only dust, and not rain drops, that they must guard against.

Dame Fashion must have consulted the clerk of the weather before she issued her decree favoring velvet, for the usual rainy winter weather of Paris would have made it rather impractical to invest in a velvet walking gown.

It is just at this season that one gets the best glimpse at the "grande dames" of Paris. The summer deserters are all back from the "Nice goers" have not begun their pilgrimages. The elderly dames depend on their carriages for their outings, but the smart pedestrians that stroll along the Champs Elysees in their ravishing promenade gowns are a treat to see.

VIOLET FOR STREET

A rich promenade gown that I noticed had a plain skirt of violet ladies' cloth made close fitting over the hips, with the fullness laid in two narrow box plaits at the back. Of course, the box plaits did not lie flat, for in all the smart gowns there is a tiny cushion of hair sewed at the back of the skirt that adds a wonderful touch of chic to a costume.

A FUR DRESS

A most original street gown was made of soft green Astrakhan cloth. Around the bottom it was trimmed with two

rows of scallops. These scallops were cut to show an underskirt of bright tartan under a network of heavy green silk cord that held the edges of the scallops in place. The corsage was a blouse of the cloth, that opened over a narrow bed of the tartan. It was made with short, pointed basques that were faced with the tartan and edged with a fold of dark green velvet. Two broad, round collars of the cloth edged with velvet, gave the effect of revers at the front. Round the neck there was a high frill of batiste, worked and edged with silk in the same colors as the plaid taffeta. This frill formed a sort of jabot at the front of the vest.

The sleeves were long and had very little fullness at the tops. They were finished with small, flaring cuffs, and at the top were trimmed with three bands of the velvet. An attractive promenade gown worn by a young American girl at the chrysanthemum show was made of light tan corkscrew. The skirt was gored so that it fitted closely over the hips, and the little fullness there was in the back, laid in four tiny overlapping plaits. Eight narrow panels of white moire,

They reached nearly to the waistband. The corsage was of white moire braided with the soutache. Over it was draped the cloth in "bib" fashion, back and front. The moire was cut away at the neck to show a "V" of the cloth tucked across in fine tucks. The sleeves of the cloth were mounted with short high puffs. Just below the puffs the cloth was laid in a series of narrow tucks that reached nearly to the elbows. The narrow cincture was of white moire. A rich promenade gown worn by a matron in her forties was made of elephant's gray ladies' cloth.

A NEAT SKIRT The skirt was cut with very little flare at the bottom, and the fullness at the back was laid in two narrow box plaits. Around the bottom it was trimmed with a narrow band of black astrakhan, headed with narrow black soutache sewed in a "zig-zag" line. The corsage was of gray velvet in a deeper shade than the skirt. It was braided closely with the black soutache. The corsage was cut with rounded basques that gave the effect of a jacket opening over a vest of accordion plaited white mousseline de soie.

falling over them. A narrow band of the astrakhan trimmed the edges of the revers and bordered the entire corsage. The high collar of white moire had to be bordered with the astrakhan. A belt of cut steel was worn with this corsage. It was slipped under the fur that edged the front of the corsage and fastened with curious old cut-steel clasps. Around the bottom of the plain sleeves was a band of the fur.

Some of the couturieres have assured me that in three months the women of fashion will be wearing good-sized bustles. The little cushions that they set at the back of skirts they now allude to as pads or cushions for the very word bustle has grown distasteful to women who used to wear extravagant great affairs not ten years ago.

Another new feature of this year's street gowns is the lavish use of puckered ribbon. The skirts are trimmed around repeatedly with ribbon ruches, and revers and Medici collars are covered with narrow bands of the puckered ribbon.

A PLAID DRESS A very neat walking dress was of tiny plaid goods, with a pale-green pointed panel set in between the breadths. The skirt was quite close-fitting around the hips, and in the back it had the bustle effect. The waist was a blouse, with the green cloth set in to form a side trimming and also a vest effect. It was made very warm by padding, so as to be worn without a coat.

The prettiest little tilted hat was worn with this dress, with pudding-bag crown of green, and a green rosette under the side of the crown. These pudding-bag hats are much worn, and are made of every material in every color. They are very soft upon the face and are becoming to every woman, tall or short.

NINA GOODWIN.

A PIONEER WOMAN

(Written for The Herald.)

On the January morning in 1848, when the camp at Sutter's mill was excitedly discussing the lump of shining mineral Mrs. Wimmer had taken from her soap kettle, another pioneer woman was doing her daily round of homely duties in a log cabin at Campo de las Franceses, or French Camp.

Though she was but twenty-three years old her life had been a series of stirring events since she left her home on the Western reserve of Ohio four years previous, a bride of nineteen, to make a home with her husband on the prairies of Western Illinois.

On October 1st, 1846, Dr. I. C. and Mrs. Olive M. Isbell reached Johnson's ranch in the company of emigrants commanded by Captain John Aram, after a journey of six months over desert and mountain, blazing their way as they went, for but few had ventured before them. So limited was their knowledge of the geography of the country, the first question they asked after arriving at Johnson's was, "How much farther must we travel to reach California?" and they were agreeably surprised to learn that they were already there.

Under the personal escort of General Fremont they were taken to Sutter's Fort and after a week's rest, to Santa Clara mission. The able-bodied men joined Fremont's army, setting out for Southern California, while the women and children, and those not able, remained at the mission to endure a winter of indescribable hardship. Olive Isbell had nursed the sick, ministered to the dying, and in her husband's absence she had to defend the mission against the attacks of the Mexicans, watched the battle of Santa Clara from the mission walls, dressed the wounds of the two men who were shot and then assisted in preparing dinner for the weary soldiers.

In December she gathered up the children in the mission to relieve overtaxed mothers, and with a few text-books of various grades and two slates, opened the first American school in California. The little school continued until spring when the teacher and her husband with five other families went to Monterey on mules; the men to assist Captain Chas. M. Weber in throwing up fortifications, for the defense of the city.

The teacher was induced to teach another school there and, the war being practically over, Dr. and Mrs. Isbell opened the first American tavern in that quaint old town and entertained within its walls all the noted military and rural officers from Yerba Buena to San Diego, as well as Kit Carson, Fremont's Indian scout.

In August 1847 Captain Weber laid out the town of Stockton, on the site of which Joseph Bussell built the first log house. Dr. Isbell obtained of Captain Weber three square leagues of land, eight miles above the embryo city, and built a log house with a punched floor and a large porch across the front, into which they moved in October. The doctor had gone extensively into stock raising, was practicing his profession in the sparsely-settled country and incidentally furthering Captain Weber's efforts in attracting settlers to French Camp when Marshall tried the soft-soap test on the historic nugget.

It will be remembered by students of state history, that Mrs. Wimmer went to the camp on American river to board the men while they were building the mill and her husband to act as overseer of the work. She was a Georgian by birth and familiar with gold mining in that state. From their first settling at the camp she had observed particles of mineral glittering in the water used in the house and repeatedly called the attention of the men to it, insisting that it was gold. At first she was laughed at, with the superior wisdom of the stronger sex; then some of the men espoused her cause and heated discussions on the subject became of daily occurrence during meals. Her little son George had found small pieces of mineral in the gravel and this confirmed the mother in her opinion.

When Marshall picked up his shining bit in the mill race, at her suggestion, it was put in the kettle in which she had been boiling soap and when found the next morning untarnished her judgment concerning gold was triumphantly sustained, but, to the regret of Mrs. Wimmer's old friend and neighbor, the monument in the excitement that followed.

Much of the gold belonging to the company was taken to the Isbell ranch in sacks for security, a bank being an institution then unknown in the country. The mistress of the household walked over gold hidden under her

punchon floor, slipped over it concealed under the bed, disguised the bags beneath piles of rags, made nests and set the hens on it and resorted to every device conceivable in a woman's brain to keep its existence secret from those

Newest New Woman's Fur Bicycle Suit DESIGNED BY MME. SARAH GRAND FOR HERSELF



LONDON, Dec. 5.—(Special Correspondence to The Herald.) By a judicious combination of ideas based on Shakespeare and common sense, Madame Sarah Grand, the world famous authoress of "The Heavenly Twins," has evolved a bicycle costume for women that is a stunner. She calls her new bicycle dress for women her "Christmas bicycle costume," and considers that in devising it she has given additional cause for rejoicing among women during the coming holiday season.

To begin to explain Madame Grand's costume, it is necessary to take the Rosalind of Act II, in "As You Like It," and, using her as a lay figure, to build the Madame Grand costume around her. Madame Grand is an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare, and the more she studied the free and easy grace of Rosalind of the russet doublet and hose, the more she became convinced that, had bicycles been in use during the Shakespearean era, the doublet and hose would have been the costume that level headed women would have adopted. It was actually an improvement on the male bicycling costume, argued Madame Grand, for even the emancipated man who discarded his voluminous trousers for wide knee breeches and stockings when he mounted the fascinating wheel occasionally complained that the revolving spoke caught in the "knicker" cloth and made trouble. But the hose of Rosalind would prevent even the possibility of a spill.

So Madame Grand proceeded to think out her Rosalind bicycle costume, discarding one by one the nineteenth century articles of dress that fettered the sex when wheeling. "No waist for me," said Madame Grand, at the beginning

of her studies. "A waist on a bicycle is absurd. I can never bear to ride in anything tight, especially corsets, and I like to feel free and comfortable."

And away went the corsets, and after them the waist, then the skirt and the bloomers, until Rosalind the lay figure was deprived of everything that pertained to modern costuming, and stood ready to be rehabilitated in the Shakespearean reform dress that Madame Grand had in mind.

The costume is made for winter wear, although it can be fashioned readily enough into an attractive summer rig for the athletic girl. It is made of white fur and follows the Rosalind idea very closely. Over the shoulders is thrown the natty cloak of the Rosalind era, which can be discarded at the option of the bicyclist, but certainly adds to the smartness of the wearer's appearance. The hose and doublet are modified into tight-fitting knickerbockers of white fur, and on a slender woman look extremely well.

Madame Grand does not believe that she is entitled to be roughly criticised on account of her new costume.

"Nothing is unfeminine for a woman," she said, when asked about this point, "unless she chooses to make it so. I think we are beginning to show nowadays that we can do many things which used to be thought 'unfeminine,' and be womanly nevertheless. Bicycling is one of them, and the wearing of a rational bicycle costume goes with it. The skirt is evidently not the thing. I have had two bad accidents from mine catching, and it was made by an excellent tailor. This is what led me to devote a good deal of thought to the subject, and made me come to the conclusion that an easy and pretty costume might be modeled from Rosalind's dress."

covered close with a running pattern in black soutache braid, were inserted.

It had square revers of white moire, with smaller revers of braided velvet

It had square revers of white moire, with smaller revers of braided velvet

"A very neat walking dress was of tiny plaid goods"



"It is at this season that one gets the best glimpse of the 'grand dames'"

Stockton and Sutter's Fort, and no hotels in the country, it became a stopping place for the stream of gold seekers going to the mines. The young man soon found himself in the midst of a thriving business, furnishing meals at \$1 each, which was then considered a moderate price. Eggs sold at \$3 a dozen, butter at \$3 per pound, and chickens at \$5 each.

On Christmas day, 1849, she sent a man to Stockton with two demijohns of cream, three of milk, some eggs, four dozen chickens and a few pounds of butter, and he returned with \$500 as the net proceeds of the sale.

In March after the discovery at Sutter's Mill, Captain Weber, Dr. Isbell, the Murphy brothers, Joseph Bussell and others set out on a search for gold but were unsuccessful, confessing on their return they would not have known gold had they seen it. In April they formed a trading company and hit upon the happy scheme of hiring Jose Jesus, a Mokelumne chief, and his Indians to dig the gold, for which the company traded them merchandise. They took all Mrs. Isbell's ribbons, laces and superfluous finery in her and others' wardrobes, and bought all the calico, beads, red bandana handkerchiefs, raisins and other things to tempt the Indian eye and appetite obtainable. The "store" was opened at "dry diggings" on the present site of Weaverville.

The Indians brought in the gold and traded pound for pound, a pound of gold for a pound of beads. The stock was exhausted but the gold kept coming, then they sold the clothes they wore, shirts and drawers excepted, boots and stockings included and sent to Yerba Buena for more goods. The residue of the ranch did a steady business in making short gowns and petticoats for the squaws, for which she received two ounces of gold each from the company.

One night in August, about 12 o'clock, Chief Jose Jesus and his band brought the news to the ranch that the Indians had found gold on the headwaters of the Stanislaus river. At 4 in the morning, Mrs. Isbell with a vaquero, was off on horseback to carry the news to the "diggings" of the new discovery, which was afterward called and is still known as Angel's Camp.

Bret Harte has immortalized Angel's Camp in song and story, wherever the English language is read.

The next day the company received tidings from the Indians of another rich strike at what was subsequently named Hangtown and is now Placerville. What wonder that men almost lost their reason in the excitement that followed.

Much of the gold belonging to the company was taken to the Isbell ranch in sacks for security, a bank being an institution then unknown in the country. The mistress of the household walked over gold hidden under her punchon floor, slipped over it concealed under the bed, disguised the bags beneath piles of rags, made nests and set the hens on it and resorted to every device conceivable in a woman's brain to keep its existence secret from those

who stopped for meals, in the herds of men now flocking to the mines. In October, 1848, a launch arrived at the barometer at Stockton loaded with goods for the new mines on the Stanislaus, but no men could be found to receive them and Mrs. Isbell was sent for to perform that service.

Previous to this time life and property had been safe in California, without bar or bolt, but when the world outside learned of the golden treasure in its heart, "Sidney ducks" from Australia and the riff-raff of the earth who poured in with the thousands of better men, put to flight forever the halcyon days of the past. Not long after this occurred the first murder in the mining regions, that of a German and a lad of 12 years, who had earned \$2000 in the mines and was on his way to Stockton to send it to his grandmother in New Jersey. The murder occurred within sixteen miles of the ranch by a "Sidney duck" named Lynch, who had camped near the house and taken his meals there.

Lynch escaped, and falling in with three other roughs, went south and murdered the Reed family at San Miguel and stole \$3000, the proceeds of the sale of a band of sheep.

Their ill-gotten gains were of no benefit, for when pursued they threw the gold into the sea above Ventura, jumped in after it and were shot by soldiers. For many years afterward it was a customary thing after storms for the native Californians to be seen searching the beach in hope of finding the treasure.

The woman whose years span the American occupation of the state is now a resident of Santa Paula, Ventura county, where she is nearing the sunset of a helpful, useful life. The subsequent events in her history are deeply interesting and some historic, but none, she will tell you, were so stirring, so thrilling, so almost unreal to look back upon, as:

"The days of old,
The days of gold,
The days of '49,"

MARY M. BOWMAN.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Richard Strauss, the German composer and conductor of the opera at Munich, has been conducting some of his own orchestral compositions at the Colonne concerts in Paris. His wife, Mrs. Strauss de Aha, sang some of his songs at the same concert.

A Conan Doyle's detective stories have been recommended to the police by a prison society of England. Mr. Doyle said recently that after the publication of his stories he was almost deluged with letters telling family mysteries and asking his aid in solving them.

W. H. Trabue of Kokomo, Ind., many years ago and when a mere boy, disappeared from home and all traces of him were completely lost. On Tuesday last W. H. Tribelt of Terry, Mass., died, and his will reveals the fact that he was the boy who ran away from home. He

went to Mississippi and during the late war commanded a regiment in the confederate army. He leaves an estate of \$2,000,000 to his relatives in Indiana, but the reason of his changing his name remains unknown.

Aaron Jones of South Bend, Ind., who has just been elected president of the National grange, is a native of Indiana and owns one of the finest farms in the United States. It includes 600 acres, is in a perfect state of cultivation, and Mr. Jones has made a comfortable fortune on it.

Francis Conway Mason, the newly-elected speaker of the parliament of Victoria, has climbed to his present height from very humble beginnings. Twenty-five years ago he was a young and unknown schoolmaster on board the reformatory ship Nelson, in the harbor of Melbourne.

Washington Remington, the last of the famous Remingtons, died at his home in North Smithfield, R. I., the other day of acute bronchitis, aged 81 years. He had been ill but a few days. He was the son of Henry Remington, and, with his brothers, Jefferson and Monroe, now both dead, was born on the same day in the year 1816. At that time three presidents, Washington, Jefferson and Monroe, had served their terms, and the proud father named his three sons after the presidents of the United States.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE

I found it in my pocket, this card where figures show; I know I made the figures, but when I do not know.

'Twas some time in the summer, three months ago, or four, I noted coming pay-days down and figured up the score.

Here's "board" and "rent" and "laundry," at very modest rates, And also "incidentals" at careful estimates.

And here the figures showing the weekly sum I'd save— Ah, what a cheery total this latter column gave.

The calculation ended November 1st, you see, With 'steep and empty dollars all hoarded up by me;

And here's a memorandum, "suit, hat and overcoat, Gloves, underwear and hosiery." What pleasing visions float.

Across the mind of him who seeks in summer's golden prime To plan the things he means to do before it's autumn time!

How easy 'tis to whittle down expenses yet to be, And make your trial balance show a surplus fraught with glee;

But, oh, alas! how time destroys these visions sweet and rash, I still retain the figures but I haven't got the cash.

—T. S. Varnum in Chicago Journal.