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The Tribune (Scranton, Pennsylvania) · 11 Oct 1894, Thu · Page 6

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RARE LACES.

SOME OF THE SPLENDID COLLECTIONS

Owned By New York Women — Mrs. Jesse Seligman the Greatest Lace Connoisseur in This Country—Mrs. Pierpont Morgan and Mrs. Levi Morton Own Priceless Sets of Point de Venise.

Prices for The Bauchles.

The fashionable women of Newport are all greatly interested in old lace at present.

It seems that the Countess de Brazza—Savorgnan—the Cora Slocomb of New Orleans, whose present abode is Rome—has been visiting at Newport this summer and inadvertently trying to interest women in the lace industry of Venice, which is the lace workers of Italy; she succeeded too admirably and every one is collecting lace bertha and lace flounces galore.

New York boys earn lace than any other city in the world. It has at least

Portion of lace flounce belonging to Mrs. Astor.

score of women whose laces exceed $50,000 in value and probably a hundred whose collections would net $20,000 apiece if sold at auction. Mrs. Astor's court and a $5,000 lace flounce, the most legendary in the wardrobes of the women of millionaires.

Brussels is a pillow lace, Indeed Barbara Frietchie's famous piece of pillow lace, fruit and floral lace.

The pattern, drawn upon parchment, is lined firmly to the pillow, pins are stuck along the outlines, and is then the work of the lace maker, who, with twelve threads, each of which acts as a bobbin. Lace, two inches wide, requires about twenty-four hours' work. A pillow lace has sometimes as many as a thousand. The thread is handspun, from the best Drabant flax, in deep dark colors, whose one ray of light falls on the lace maker's face.

As the lace is never washed before it is sold, the most exquisite neatness is everything connected with it. Still so mundane are commerce and trading, so very heathen are the ways of the world, that even the lace workers' hard labor, by decades of time, it is sometimes dashed with water and a powder, and lace dealt in contact with gin or cognac, in a way to exasperate the lace maker.

Point d'Alençon is universally acknowledged the finest and most beautiful of all laces. It is a needle point lace (point ornament), the outlines or sewing of the outlines is made by a bobbinlet within the window pattern is after its gets strength and substance.

The lace maker, Madame de Venise, sees, tragic through out of mind and cobwebs, alone out of sorrow, the following poem figured in oil:

In the islands of the Lagoons, a sailor lad, Lorenzo, a lad of Venice, was sent to his betrothed, a lace maker, a beauty of Adriatic sensitive, telling her it was time for the wedding festivals were in the coral caves under the transparent waves of the Indian Ocean.

"Fancy as it is," said the young lace worker, "I will make something with the sailor lad's message." My bridal veil shall be of mermaid's lace.

The sailor lover sailed away and was gone for months.

Day by day, the young girl worked and wrought, and the sailor lad's ships and their crews, and nothing there by ever

Brussels lace belonging to Mrs. Marshall Roberts, Utica.

saw "Bridal" sent so exquisite long scarf of lace was produced, so marvelously beautiful that when she wove it for the bridal veil, it became the admiration of all the women of Venice, and the envy of the envious of the young worker in mermaids' lace, and so lost the fine, patterns, and so lost the fine, patterns, order in Venice, became the fashion of all Europe.

Mrs. Pierpont Morgan and Mrs. Morton have many charming examples of this point de Venise lace. Mrs. Seligman has a fan of point de Venise lace, mounted on ivory sticks. Mrs. Seligman too has a flounce of point de Venise, in fact it is the choice of every woman, to possess one lace, and point de Venise is strongly competing. Many colonies.

Honiton is the English novel lace; it is a pillow lace, and Queen Victoria, her wife, commissioning the excellent of the lacemakers of Devonshire, ordered her wedding dress to be made at Honiton.

The dress cost five thousand dollars; it was made of Honiton lace, the sprigs, connected on the pillow by a variety of open-work stitches; the patterns were immediately destroyed, so that the dress could not be reproduced.

The bridal dresses of the Princess Louise, the Princess Elizabeth the Princess of Wales, the Princess Beatrice, all consisting of the national flower, the princess' feathers intermixed with fleurs, the lace maker's work, Honiton lace.

In making Honiton lace, the sprigs are first worked in with the pillow, afterward sprigged or sewn on the ground, which is very beautiful and regular and also very durable, as it is made of the finest thread.

The lace-workers' gains were very small, compared with the time and labor consumed in such an elaborate dwelling's yard for the workmanship, alone of a piece of this elaborate yet, measuring years two inches in width.

The Princess of Wales was somewhat Provincial, something one of Queen Victoria's best bargain. The lace ground was spread out on the counter, and the worker herself desired to cover it with shell-work, and the lace maker, pleased with her work, she received scarcely as the fruit of her labor.

Lace is said to be forgotten in this country than the lace royal lady, the son of the Duke and Duchess of York, were wholly for his baptismal robe, a dress made almost wholly of Honiton lace and presented to the child by the lace manufacturer, the Prince of Wales, upon a similar occasion.

The Princess of Wales says she is fond of old lace, but she can't afford to buy it. Her husband, the Prince of Wales, is rich, however, but probably her collection is not as valuable as that of many New York women. Mrs. Roberts, the wife of the late Mr. R. L. Roberts would easily sell for several hundred thousand dollars. Mrs. W. C. Whitney says laces worth from fifty to seventy thousand dollars, are in her mother's possession.

Mrs. Gerard, Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. A. T. Stewart were the most thorough connoisseurs of lace lace in the United States.

Mrs. Astor possesses the lady who has made the collection of lace mentionably, is Mrs. Jesse Seligman. She has many rare and valuable specimens of Irish point, point de Gene, Brussels lace and point de Venise.

A lovely specimen of old Brussels lace, is that which Lady Goldsmid recently presented to her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Seligman, the infanta has some remarkably fine specimens of lace for a piece of old point, sufficient perhaps for the front of an evening dress, she paid nearly $500 for the material alone.

Mrs. Astor's gift, was the lace on the wedding dress of Mrs. Germaine Ostrom (nee Thomas Pell.)

Almost the entire dress in fact was of lace over satin. The garment itself was

Honiton lace belonging to Mrs. Herman Oelrichs.

made in Paris and cost in lace, satin, and embroidery, nearly three dozen, about ten thousand dollars.

The Seligman laces are almost priceless. Mrs. Robert Goelet's taste in lace turns to handkerchiefs and she has a small collection of them, some of them exceedingly fine, some of which she has paid as much as $500 each—rather a costly trifle!

FINGER JEWELS

Some Rare and Beautiful Rings Owned by Well Known Women.

Mrs. William Astor's collection of rings is the most famous of any in this country. It includes the famous ring given her by the Emperor Napoleon. One is the famed "Napoleon ring," which represents a little Napoleon, in profile, in a setting of diamonds. The drawings are peculiar and the jewels are diamonds.

Mrs. Astor has also a ring made of turquoise fashioned into finger-rings, another is a snake ring which was presented to her by the Duke of Sutherland, which wind-lines and serpent of it, also, such some of the snakes back is a clay wrou and the head is a diamond, and an emerald. The effect is marvelous.

Mrs. Burke-Roche is fond of rings and has a number of them. She wears a diamond ring on her right hand all every day, besides the wedding ring and a diamond ring on her left hand, which is a good, finely a gold ring on the left hand and two on the third finger one with a diamond and the other set with a sapphire. Sapphire, the other set with a sapphire.

Mrs. Parsons Sherman dresses her hands with rings, and she has a collection of rings also some of her wedding rings, one narrow band of the old fashioned type and another a plain band, a marriage, the gold ring, a ring which is a marriage, the gold Turkish origin, which is certainly a marriage ring. It is a narrow band of gold, of fine gold, set in a narrow band of a circle of diamonds. In the band is a circle, and the band is formed the circle of the band opens to disclose the interior of the ring which is set with a rubies and the diamonds.

Mrs. Hodge Sands has among her collection a "gimmel ring" which is a family heirloom of the Sands family. It parts into two rings, the inside edge of the inner hoop forms an outer edge of the outer ring, with two hearts in it, which, a heart engraved in such a way that when the hoops are joined the two hearts, the hoop hearts, and the two hearts.

Mrs. Sherman has ornaments are those, right, but that ornaments are those, right, Mrs. Wheeler Wilson has one which is a ring, which is in the form on the thumb of her right hand. It is a family ring, one for a long time. A member of Sherman has, one, been in the Spanish ring.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has a collection of rings, which, every kind and description of precious stones represented. Her wedding ring is a plain band of gold, a diamond, an emerald, or a Greek cameo, set gold ring with the rest of her jewels is a diamond.

Mrs. Cornelius Van Cortlandt Cowenhoven has fourteen or jewels, she never wears a ring on her wedding finger, she has her wedding and engagement rings, the wedding ring is a plain band.

Mrs. William Cowenhoven has some beautiful rings and usually wears several, among the number, the particularly noticeable one is a Turkish ring. It is a Turkish ring of Turkish character.

SEASONABLE GARDENING

Bulbs That Should Be Planted the Present Week in October or Secure a Fine Display of Spring Flowers.

Out-door flowers are never so attractive, so charming, so full of life, as a little bit of green or glimpse of a pleasant outdoor out-door-starved eyes. There is something so fresh, inviting and pregnant of summer glories to come in the first tender green shoots of the bulbs, the early days of the young year. But it is not for their bareblood alone that we love them, but for their beauty, and for the joy they bring to us, some more progress than the bulbs, some delicate than the green leaves and the lily-of-the-valley. In clouds of rose, azure, crimson, or white, or golden, they come to us in the early spring flowers, appear, filling the air with their fragrance.

The queer thing about them is that every one who sees a row full of spring flowers, or even a few, wants to have some more like it and if he or she could procure them at that time, would well-nigh be willing to pay any price for the bulbs to secure. Yet when planting time comes again—and all the world knows, or ought to know that they can only be obtained two or three months in the year—the bulbs are left out of sight, the bulbs that are to furnish such spring's beauty.

If you are one of those forgetful mortals, come yourself at once and attend to the matter of bulbs. Now is the time, advertisements of the bulb dealers are to be found in every magazine and newspaper. Get the catalogue, select your bulbs and have the bulbs in the ground as soon as possible. Bulbs can be planted out of doors as late as December, but the sooner they are set after September, the better and finer flowers you will have in the spring.

If you can afford it, choose liberally from the florist's list—you can scarcely go amiss. But if every penny must count, if the bulbs must be chosen, and ordered single bulbs, find you be purchased at 25 cents a dozen, or $2.00 per hundred. They make a perfect blaze of color in the class spring sunshine, pink, orange, scarlet, and yellow, and the price is only a hundred and hundred as only a fifty cent lot. Have masses of them by all means, if you can afford them, and the flower that are the grave for a little time.

The double and later tulips, crocus, jonquils, and quite a number of the narcissus family, are also showy and quite easy to grow. The tulips are showy, the drops, with attention, and great profusion, grow, when grown in clumps as they should always be, and as they are the earliest of all flowers to bloom, and our gardens are so bare of color at that time almost any one can afford a few. In fact, nearly all the spring bulbs increase so rapidly, that in some instances they can be given away to friends, and thus, the brightest in price, are the cheapest, that but for this would lend all the rest. Hyacinths are the most showy and the most beautiful. Their lovely spikes of superb warm flowers, in rainbow tints, are simply magnificent, and their fragrance is almost cloyingly sweet.

The bulbs of the hyacinth should be made shallow and deep. See that a few inches apart, the larger bulbs as the hyacinth and lilly, with the tops of the bulbs so large three inches below the ground. The smaller bulbs, the crocus, jonquils, and scilla, but deep planting is best for all. The rows should not be more than six or eight inches apart, so spring flowers look well when massed, and the ground, underneath the beds will be kept shaded and moist, taking the crowns off when the flowers are gone, and thus, allowing the fine particles to harden the ground and furnish nutriment that can be carried by the rain to the greedy roots below. All these bulbs are called hardy, and are so, but they are improved by being covered up in frost, starting up too prematurely in the delusive warm days of late winter.

Lena S. La Marsh.

[illegible]

A rather vexatious Detroit newspaper man was once visited by a member of the bar notorious for his treatment of witnesses. He would never allow them one word in reply to his questions, but would shout: "Not another word. Yes sir no sir, nothing more." Don't speak another syllable till I ask you."

He had a grievance against the newspaper man, but his best complaints were met with quiet as noisy and disagreeable comments and replies. At last, out of all patience, he shouted out:

"A man comes to town, and you wear at him so one can't get in a word."

"I prove to remind you of those occasions by a witness," said the editor.

The lawyer was nonplussed and finally drew off, silenced, neither having issued another a word the other said.—Detroit Free Press.

Satisfaction in the Seventeenth Century.

Satisfaction in the seventeenth century, whatever meaning it had, only when applying for and continued the common usage in England for a hundred years later Royal satisfactions in France required extraordinary ceremonies, the principal being entering the royal bedchamber, and in approaching the apartments of the king all had swearing, the small leg of pewter to conceal, had to be removed. In satisfaction of the king's conscience, the king's, of the wife.—Continental Commercial Gazette.

A Wise Woman.

Mr. Snaggle (sympathetic)—Don't be concerned about your husband, Mrs. Jones. He has taken the course, won't you.

Mrs. Snaggle (laying aside the struggle-and-strife-and-worry-and-fret-and-fume) I don't mind him any more, and I am such a husband as I'm glad if I can prevent it.—Detroit Free Press.

Death by Failing to Agreeable.

Professor Ziem, of Zurich, says that the most agreeable death is by falling. He has talked with a great many people who have escaped death by falling in a bathtubbath, and they all say it was very agreeable. The professor's conclusion, moreover, is that the most agreeable death is by falling.

One peculiarity of extremely beautiful or handsome persons is that they are not attracted by surrounding corrupt their looks. Whatever kinds of beauty of feature or look of it, in connection with Washington or Lincoln?

found in all the novels of a circulating library" and a man who had passed his life in confidential relations with royalty.

"Apropos of the Prince of Wales' friend of the Duke of York's secret marriage at Malta" continued this gossipy lady, "have the true story of Prince George's marriage to Princess Mary.

"No one here in America can imagine how completely Queen Victoria rules its family. Her word is law, and they do as they are told. But would you believe that the child of her own kinship who rebels, is a Prince of Wales, who rebels against the Queen? Yes, I know how it sounds, but it is true. Prince George is only the handsomest, shrewd and best young prince in Europe, and Princess May has her superior attributes, royal or otherwise, in all the world. Prince George is a sailor, he has been near of an age, and were playmates and companion from childhood. In course of time Queen Victoria began to bracket their names, and all their friends knew how it was intended should.

But after the fashion of sensible, practical, and sensible young people, the young lovers' mass with complaints, lovers-making or young folks' fashion, she considered May a lovely, sensible young person well suited for dignities and responsibilities of a royal life, and would like the lady to make an English marriage, and she thought it high time Clarence noticed them and gave up his old Dutch flirtation with the Princess Victoria Maria Louise of Teck, and the Catholic princess to whom would certainly never be accepted by Parliament for Prince of Wales's consort.

Nobody dared whisper to the great grandmama says certain things are to be, so one of the family pressure even family to interest.

You know quite well that Helena and he could never marry. May did not dare refuse the offer of its future king of England. Write as for George, he made no comments at all, but asked for dinner and a quiet talk afterwards, and then he slip during all the gaieties and rejoicings in honor of Clarence's marriage.

Suddenly late into a hunt he was missing and he's even too to be gathered when royal grandmama's The Duke of Clarence, who had seemed moody and distraught, was found in a state of mind, the finding the bride and groom of the historical period—suddenly succumbed to a plight cold, and was his bedroom for the first time through the carriage of the wedding guests, and the bridal party were engaged for the party French and low for manner had gone between them before the dinner was done for his marriage with May. After a sadly and sorrowful, and sorrowful, and sorrowful, found the obstacle to their happiness removed beyond the reach of all earthly disappointment and hope, and they who had resigned themselves to life-long sorrow and separation, crowded again upon a throne!

Of all the romantic happenings among the royal families of Europe, there is none in this the love story of the Duke and Duchess of York, and those who see this fashion into about the secret marriage in Malta, have small conception of what it cost the young Prince George, who was only 22 to prepare English, have found in their longed-for union. So devoted are they that Prince George can not bear to let his wife be separated from him for a day, and when he goes to shoot, Princess May begs even the dearly-loved new baby behind and follows the sailor-prince wherever he goes—remembering how nearly their separation was once.

This same gossipy correspondent, speaking of the much admiration shown by Queen Victoria for her son's wife, said: "When the question of marriage is doubtful for them by their elders, said the Princess Alice of Hesse, Queen Victoria's great daughter, is said to be desperately resentful. Yet, as a rule, the marriage of princes is the most brilliant royal part in the world.

Her reluctance is probably the fruit of her sister—the Grand Duchess Serge—who married, in the face of the opposition of Alice into wonderland, was easily the most beautiful women in Europe, and it was considered a great match for the poor, penny princess, into the intrigues of the Russian court. Alice is the head of the royal family of Hesse—a much which she cared nothing to be proud of, and the family tree, "Sorrow for it?" said the gossipy narrator, "Sorrow is the typical Hessian, who requires very little stimulating indeed to show the Tartar. He has all the savage instincts of a Tartar, and he has learned to hide it very slightly in deeds by the opinions of a more civilized modern world.

Some years ago, before Prince George was married, he was visiting in Athens, and the Greek royal family, who were very pleased to see again her kind, prince and English cousin. At a ball at the palace, the Princess Victoria Maria Louise, together, and anything were extraordinary beautiful than she looked, it would be hard to imagine. One would have expected that any husband would have been proud of such a wife, and yet, poor Alice has the lady conquered scarcely more than only to Jealously jealous of her artistic happiness, and devices behind her child which she set beside Prince George was the Grand Duke Serge. Alice of the charming, has pointed her here seen and the blood nearly spurted from the skin, and the Grand Duke Serge,