



MUSLIN FROCK.

they need very little else. There are several new materials for millinery, amongst others *tulle* with all kinds of fancy patterns on it, and the shaded *tulle* which shows two colours in the width. Gauze and velvet are also used, and a good deal of *chiffon*, but this is twisted and wired in such a manner that it does not get out of shape very soon, and is more lasting. Paste ornaments add brightness to all our hats and bonnets, and black and white seem to me to be still the most favoured mixture. Roses are more worn than any other flower, but nasturtiums and carnations will, I think, be much employed later on. They are both the most beautiful imitations that can be imagined. Lilac and laburnum in mauve flowers are superseding violets, and I notice that the yellow poppies are produced in profusion, and will be used later on no doubt. The toque is as well loved as ever, and consequently bonnets have been less seen; but just at present there is an invasion of bonnets with strings in some of the best milliners' shops, and

so we may begin to wear them before long.

In many quarters I hear that we are to return to the wearing of white stockings this year, and that great preparations are made to supply this expected need. White cashmere stockings are embroidered with white silk, and are prepared for garden-parties, and all out-of-door dressy occasions. White silk and spun silk are also to be found, and the cashmere in white will be worn with the white, tan, green, and grey leather boots, which are so much to be seen in the shop windows. I do not believe, however, in any wholesale adoption of white stockings, for we have all proved the comfort of black ones for so long. Certainly we should have to change our white stockings in London every day, or at least every second day, and even then, with the protection of shoes, they would not be clean.

The Redingote has been lately much seen, but it is an expensive garment, and too cumbersome for walking-wear. Amongst our expenses this year we shall have the white and cream-coloured lace and muslin neckties, which every one is already wearing, and the increased amount of lace which decorates us so profusely. Though there are fewer veils to be seen, still I notice that white lace washing ones continue to be supplied by the fashionable milliners, to be worn with sailor hats; for bicycling specially. As regards all others, I hear they will not be worn if there should be hot weather.

No more large fans are to be used. Instead of them we are to have the very small fans of the Louis XIV. period; and there is no doubt that they will be easier to carry than the large ones. Any fan small enough to be bestowed in the pocket is a very distinct boon. Very pretty little Spanish ones are to be found, and also small Japanese importations, which are pretty enough to be used with evening attire.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

NEW boots and shoes should not be tried on in the early morning, but later in the day, when the feet have expanded with exercise.

HALF a pint of sweet oil taken immediately is an effectual antidote to most poisons.

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XIII.

ABOUT two months had elapsed since Dr. André's return to Paris, during which the fever epidemic raged without intermission, increasing in virulence as a hot August was succeeded by a stifling month of September.

One night about twelve o'clock Dr. André went into the *pasteur's* house. The door was opened to him by a very old woman who knew him well, the only one of Père Nicholas' household remaining with him.

"Come in, come in, monsieur, and sit down. The *pasteur* came in ten minutes ago, and is changing his coat. I have got an omelet and a bottle of wine for him. Sit down, and I will do the like for you."

Dr. André obeyed, and old Amélie went off muttering to herself, "*Dame*, those who work must eat."

Father Nicholas entered a few minutes later, refreshed by rapid ablutions.

"Well, André, do you want me?"

"I shall want you to-morrow morning—not to-night, my friend."

"Who for this time?"

"A terrible sinner, Antoinette Lacarte; she will go about sunrise, she is in a stupor now, so it would but waste your time to go sooner. Poor soul, she comes from the Landes, and talks and babbles of the fresh winds blowing over the wild open dunes."

"And have you done anything about Gaston the sweep's children? six little ones, the eldest ten years old, and the mother dead."

"Yes, they are all right. Sœur Eustacie is with them, two of the children are very ill; the baby died an hour ago. Sœur Eustacie could not leave the boy of three years old, he was choking so; that is the worst of these

deadful throats. The baby was weak and small, she made no fight for her life, but died here, in my arms. What a pretty thing a little baby is. The poor, little, sunshiny, pretty things—how could one bear to see that awful fight for breath, and cry of pain, if one did not know that the angels were waiting to carry them straight home."

"Ah, it is not the children who break one's heart," said Father Nicholas. "Tell me, my boy—this Antoinette."

"She is a great sinner, father, but listen. Do you know how she caught the fever? She was about to fly (as all who can do so must) out of this den of infection, when her maid was taken ill, and she stayed to nurse her. She could get no help, for the hospitals are full. The woman died; they are all dying now. God help us! and she was taken ill herself. It is her life, you see, her very life that she has given for another."