

NEW SPRING FASHIONS

AS CONNED DEVOUTLY BY FAIR LENTEN DEVOTEES.

Prayer Book in Hand We Gaze at the Bright Shop Windows, Where Flowery Hats and Airy Gingham Blooms Under Glass and Are Not Frost-Bitten.

NEW YORK, February 13.—In Lent we say our prayers and buy our cotton gowns. Sometimes, reversing the proceeding, we buy our gowns and pray—the dressmaker to be good to us and them. If you are with us on our quiet little shopping expeditions you would see that we are laying in store of:

Rough wools, very hairy of surface;
Very light-colored peach and apricot
clothes, smooth, unpatterned, supple and fine;
White or mignonette wools, sheer enough



SPRING COAT AND WALKING GOWN.

to pull through finger rings, strewn with tulips or crocuses;
Fine twilled wools plaided in grey and violet.
White India silks, gay with buttercups and violets.

Lavender India silks dainty with pink cyclamens;
Polka dotted India silks, thousands and hundreds of thousands of them;
Black India silks, with small brilliant Pompadour garlands;

Pale blue India pongees, patterned with straggling stems of clover;
White pongees with jonquils starting up from the hem as if one walked in a garden of Spring posies;

Cream colored pongees all adroop with hanging sprays of yellow cæcia bloom;
Crimpled crepes vividly alive with the flowers, birds, bees or butterflies of Japan;
Silvery or white challoes over which creep vines of purple-blossomed wisteria;

Scotch gingham with mist-like, dusky grounds, out of which peer deep-colored flowers in low tones as if seen at twilight;
Tartan gingham and big fancy plaids in pale heliotrope and pink, or pale blue and cream;

Quaint and pretty silk-striped gingham, at all silk prices;
Jaccard gingham in old rose or China blue with Marie Antoinette flower patterns;
Sheer white batistes with deep borders of briar roses, hand-worked above hem-stitched hems;

Pale gold batistes with borders of valley lilies in white and shaded greens;
Black batistes powdered with scarlet maple keys shading into pinkish green;
Black batistes with broad inserted stripes of open work embroidery in wheels and flower designs in black and purple.

We are going to catch our summer clouts of drapery with lengths of broad velvet ribbons.

We are going to wear a vast deal of the brilliant dome blue out of doors.

We are going to wear our street skirts long enough to cover up all but the merest suggestion of toe in front, and as much longer than that as our common sense, or lack of it, will allow on the fan breadths behind.

We are going, those of us who dare, to wear jackets of glowing, glorious yellow to greet the spring sun in kind.

We are going to wear other jackets of white velvet and polish coats of Roman red and "Moorish tailor coats" and French and Spanish jackets of grey ladies' cloth with many congeries of silver buttons and red or blue silk linings.

We are going to wear cavalier capes, full end straight, with immense collars and high shoulders, these in heliotrope cashmere lined with silk, and with gold and silver cords hanging from the tops of the armholes down over the shoulders.

We are going to put upon our heads toys



A PANIERED MODEL.

toques that are nothing but handfuls of bright flowers.

We are going to plait ruches of lace about the flat hats for brims, and sometimes when we take three crimson roses for a crown we are going to hide them as we did two years ago under a puff of gauze.

We are going to trim from behind, use long fluttering streamers and leave the front of a hat bare, except for a single bud or a poised dragonfly.

We are going, I hope to use our wits, for this precious little wit some of the so-called fashion periodicals use for us. Enjoy with me this bit cut from a widely circulated magazine. It would seem that a

position might open for somebody who could translate its "Paris letter" passably:

The vest of that shape—meaning the very long vest—opened in front at a waistcoat is certainly very graceful, but it is not the same behind, unless being worn by very tall person. Suppose that long "baquet" cutting the skirt in two, it is not artistic, especially if the lady is rather small and fat!

I shall never recommend too much to well choose the cut of your costume after your shape.

We notice in the first rank most original novelties such as a brown cotton wrap with stripes of fire colored velvet. It is difficult not to be noticed with such a cloak. It is said that our epoch is depraved that such a great luxury is a proof of decadency; it would be amusing to prove that such a glaring luxury is a proof of virtue! I give that to analyze to philosophers: In fact the wall colored wraps made to protect the suspicious acts are no more admitted by fashion.

This morning I saw two or three pretty bits of spring millinery. Here they are for you. One was a little fluff of black gauze held partly in shape by two separate wreaths of fine yellow cinque-foil. At the back was a big careless bow of black velvet ribbon tying a standing sprig of yellow bloom.

Another was a toque made by taking a bunch of pink apple bloom and tying it up in a cloud of black net, quite as if cat-carpillars were about, except that the net was embroidered with golden butterflies and bees, which suggested of course a baffled hunt for honey and was much more poetical. With this crown went a jetted brim of ruched ribbon that seemed rather bizarre, and more apple blossoms free to the insect creation were nestled behind.

There are many extraordinary shapes in straw that are like shells and flower petals and curled leaves and other things suitable to one woman in ten thousand. A rather large, white straw is wreathed heavily with arbutus. Between the hat and the hair behind is a little gold velvet laudau from which depends a quaint golden net caught up again presently and letting the hair shine through its meshes.

A dainty silver grey straw has pendant clusters of pale lavender wisteria falling on the hair. For Spring concerts is a head-dress that one takes to be a long thorny rose stem twisted three times about the head and then allowed to fasten itself under a cluster of creamy yellow rosebuds.

The quietest and most attractive demaison bonnets are in mignonette, hyacinth, peach color or pearl to match walking costumes. These are of straw or they are cloth toques, and their garnitures are ribbons and peach blossoms, hyacinths or valley lilies.

A foulard frock privately shown as a Spring model is of pinkish heliotrope with simple green polka dots. It is a head-dress that one takes to be a long thorny rose stem twisted three times about the head and then allowed to fasten itself under a cluster of creamy yellow rosebuds.

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AMMUNITION FOR CUPID.

NEW THINGS IN MEMORY OF THE GOOD SAINT VALENTINE.

Appropriate Gifts for Love Lorn Maids and Gallant Swains—Cards, Glove Holders, Handkerchief Cases, Thermometers, and Other Useful Things Made to Convey Tender Sentiments.

The memory of good Saint Valentine, patron of all true lovers, is honored this year as never before, if the preparations that have been made for his feast-day are any indication. For months past the designers have been outdoing one another in their efforts to get up something particularly novel and striking, something that would coax the dollars out of the pockets of love-lorn swains with more than ordinary facility, and the result is a most be-



wildering array of dainty creations, some of which in point of price are calculated to make the average young man gasp.

One of the prettiest of these is a "valentine" that combines the useful with the poetic and ornamental—a court plaster pocket. The covers are of heavy pasteboard, hinged with pink ribbon. A good supply of court plaster is fastened between, while a tiny pair of scissors are attached to the pocket by means of a long silk ribbon.

On the top cover, framed in green silk, is a pretty group of dancing cupids printed on celluloid, and on the other side, which is covered with silk, is this appropriate verse hinting strongly at a spurned love:

This will be a cut
Or soothe a smart,
But it will not cure
A broken heart.

A satin folding card inscribed "To My Valentine," contains a declaration that even the most obtuse maiden could not fail to understand. On the outside an arrow of celluloid, tipped with gold, sticks quivering in the heart of a large pany. Under this is the inscription:

The face of my love,
Within you'll see;
Would I could mirror
My love for thee.

On opening the card the recipient will be considerably startled to find herself looking into the depths of a bevelled mirror, which has been set into the card in a white velvet frame.

Another valentine, less elaborate, but on the same lines, is a pink silk mat, the ends of which are folded to represent a square envelope. A spray of lilies of the valley, handpainted, is thrown across the centre, and underneath in quaint characters in this inscription:

"Open the envelope and see the dearest face on earth."

On complying with these directions a mirror is found embedded in a web of



white satin, which reflects the "dearest face on earth" mantled with the prettiest bluish imaginable, provided the suspected sender is her "best true love."

Glove boxes and handkerchief cases, specially designed for valentine offerings, were comparatively unknown until the present year, but the manufacturers found that these pretty trifles admitted of such dainty work that they were put on the market this season in every conceivable shape. A

celluloid box is a square flat shaped affair of glass, and has, indeed, huge ribbon bows on each corner. Wherever a bit of ribbon could possibly be attached it has been put on, the effect being extremely pretty. On the glass lid a small flock of blue finches are painted, perched on the branch of a tree, and on each of the four sides a spray of flowers almost hides the glass. Inside the box the bottom is lined with puffed satin which rests on a cushion of cotton wadding. On this satin pretty valentine sentiments are worked in gold thread. These cases are for handkerchiefs, and another glove and handkerchief set, intended for a "valentine," is made up of very thin wood, covered in blue silk, with trimmings of moire ribbons in bows and rosettes. These boxes are lined throughout with quilted white satin. On the lid is a celluloid panel, in bright colors, showing a half dozen snow birds, resting on a withered limb that is heavy with frost. The sides are adorned with hand painted sprays of golden rod, and on the inner side of the cover is the inscription, generally selected, but very much to the point. Some of the

more numerous are: "With Sweet Thoughts of Thee," "From a Fond Heart," "Loving Thoughts," etc. All of these boxes are highly perfumed with sachet. They range in price from four to eight dollars.

A cheaper line costing from one to three dollars, are made of pasteboard, hand painted or covered with silk. The designs in these are innumerable, and they are invariably as pretty as they are unique. Here the inscription is always on one corner of the lid in silver or gilt letters and

the sentiments include everything from the non-committal inscription "A Friend," to the amorous declaration "To Her Who Rules my Heart."

A valentine that is calculated to win any lady's heart is a combined handkerchief case and jewel box. It comes in the shape of a satin cushion, stuffed with eider down. The cushion is composed of two layers held together by a silk cord in the middle, and between these layers is the space for the handkerchiefs. On top, with a tufted lace cover is the jewel box, lined with quilted satin, of the same shade as the pillow. "With Best Wishes," "True Love," "My Queen," or some other sentiment in graduated degrees of warmth is daintily embroidered on one corner of the cushion almost hidden under a cluster of red roses or brilliant poppies.

Many of the more elaborate valentines take the shape of musical instruments this year, while hearts which were formerly the favorite pattern have been relegated to a back seat. A harp covered with silk and plush is one of the most striking of these musical designs. Under the silver strings clusters of daisies are painted on the silk, and shimmering through a covering of silk bolting cloth inside are groups of cupids engaged in shooting their fatal protestations of affection. The covers are no one but those for whom the words are intended may see them.

Fans, wall pockets, and cornicopias are also favorites with the valentine designers. The fans are generally intended merely for ornaments, and are made up in pretty patterns covered with silk, and trimmed with ribbon. The "valentine" is painted or embroidered on a broad ribbon that flutters from the handle bringing messages of respect, esteem or ardent love, according as the case between the sender and receiver has progressed.

Going back to the useful again, a pretty valentine comes in the shape of a writing tablet. The covers are of celluloid, hand painted or printed in bright colors. One of the best I saw was framed in green silk, and had a silver tipped pencil attached by means of a silver cord. On the cover was a gracefully draped figure crowned with pink, and holding clusters at the same flowers in her hand. The valentine was evidently intended for use by a gentleman with whom the course of true love had not been entirely smooth, for on the reverse side was painted:

Pens are but of dangerous things;
They're steel and wound the heart.
This offer, lady, he who brings,
Hush! for he's their smart.

Bookmarks are another one of the useful things that have been employed to do service for Cupid on St. Valentine's day. Of these there is one that is pretty certain to be a favorite with young gentlemen who have not yet arrived at an age when such things are taken seriously. This is the old device of bringing out the talismanic "Kiss me," by twirling the bookmark between the hands, a silk cord with tassels being attached to either end for the purpose. The bookmark itself is of pasteboard covered with white satin, and to give an appropriate flavor of the occasion the complete design that shows when the strings are twisted is "Kiss me, my Valentine."

Quite a complete little writing set has also been cleverly worked up as a Valentine gift. It embraces a blotter, pen and ink, a paper, combined in the time manner of two most dainty effect. Two horseshoe shaped layers of fine blotting paper, one of white and one of pink, slightly smaller, are laid one on top of the other. Then, mounted on these, is a heart made of celluloid pierced by an arrow in the time manner. Around the edge of this heart are sprays of violets and heliotrope, while fas-

tened in the center is a scallop shell, beautifully colored by nature. This shell works on a hinge made of gold cord, and underneath is a piece of chamois skin—the pen wiper. The pen is fastened to one corner of the valentine by silk ribbon.

It would be pretty hard for a layman to imagine a valentine sentiment worn about such a prosaic thing as a thermometer. But one genius at least has solved the problem. He has fastened a miniature

Fahrenheit to a celluloid scroll, about six inches high, on which is written:

May it tell you, how I love you,
When the Summers send it high;
May it tell you, how I love you,
When the Winters round it sigh.

The ordinary valentine cards hold their own even with all these novelties to contend against, though even in them new ideas have been introduced. Quite a number have handsomely printed leaflets mounted on the lace on satin card, in which are copious extracts from the lovers' favorite poets. One folding card that I saw contained sonnets from Shakespeare, Brainerd, Moore and Michael Angelo, all appropriately illustrated, and the whole was indited to "Ye Sweetest Mayed on Earth." Another folding card was trimmed with gold and silver cord and ornamented with a hand-painted group of snow birds.

As a matter of course nearly all the valentines produced are designed with especial reference to the fair sex, but the male end of creation has been by no means forgotten. The favorite device for them that has been adopted to do valentine duty is a necktie case. Of these there are varieties in every shape and form. The prevailing color seems somehow to run to blue. They are made of two long narrow pieces of extra heavy pasteboard, covered with silk or satin on the outside and lined with white silk. The hinges are of satin cord, and for decoration there are hand-painted sprays of flowers, generally golden rod, on both curves. Very few of them have in the idea being to permit the fair sender to have any sentiment she may desire to express.

HOW AMERICAN WOMEN DRESS.

A Parisian Correspondent's Talks About American Ladies and Their Styles.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—There is but one fault to be found with the dressing of American women, and that is its too great magnificence, and unsuitability for the purpose. A gown which would never be worn except in a carriage abroad is, in this country, flaunted about the dirty streets just as carelessly as it is something simple and cheap.

It must be conceded that the American woman on the whole has but scanty appreciation of the eternal fitness of things, and

surpass any previous event of the encouragement offered valuable dogs includes so inducements that the honor prizes are not the only inducements considered. Many of the dogs from distant States, and the rarely paid the expenses of honor of a prize taken in New Square Garden this year notable assemblages of can than was ever seen before. The dogs to be procured in England and Germany will be on the side with the pride of American and may find themselves in contest, for the enterprise American breeders have given is possible, and at the New there will be specimens surpassed.

Whether a skirt just dips or lays on the ground three inches, is immaterial, either style materially, reducing the labor of a scavenger. It really does require a vast amount of resolution to refuse to obey the mandates of a momentary fashion. Most of the gowns are so tight or strapped that one's feet are always in evidence, and therefore should be treated with distinguished consideration. The flounce, the bias fold, or the velvet band, are all a protection to the street-sweeping skirt, which becomes soiled and ragged out in an incredibly short space of time.

The continual replacing of the skirt braid is a vexation and a cross to women bereft of a hand-maiden. A common-sense woman of my acquaintance says that she has solved the problem of facing her skirt up on the under side to avoid the dirt of three inches of velvet or corduroy, allowing a tiny row to appear on the right; my economical friend declares that this does not wear out like skirt braid, and is a great saving of time and trouble.

The abominable and utterly stupid fashion of wearing gowns in the street which are long enough to sweep the dust and refuse is unfortunately on the increase, women not having enough strength of mind to resist the relentless decrees of the dress maker. It is not surprising that the trades-people are advocates of this style, as dresses necessarily wear out much sooner and must be frequently replaced.

The sweetest thing to put in the scent bottle is lavender salts, whose fragrant odor is very grateful in a crowded theatre or ball-room.

Handkerchief-holders have been revived. This is a sensible innovation, as when a woman carries her handkerchief in her pocket, it is a question as to whether it will tuck it away in our bosom or hang it to our belt. The tailor utterly refuses us the pocket, and there seems to be no place for it either in the umbrella case skirt or in the bodice with its mysterious fastenings. Our bodice with its mysterious fastenings, our sleeves are not like those of the Japanese belle, adapted for the purpose, and held in the hand, it invariably finds its way to the floor in some unaccountable manner. A dropped kerchief affords an excuse for flirtation, and we should keep in mind these lines of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Mind your kerchief most of all,
Fingers touch when kerchiefs fall!"

Landlady.—Let's see, Mr. Impecunio owes me for three weeks' board. You needn't mind dusting Mr. Impecunio's room this morning, Jane.

Jane.—No mum; the gentleman's done it himself.

Landlady.—Done what?

Jane.—Dusted!—Ez

Her Parting Words.

"So your wife has left you? "She has," "What were her last words on leaving you?" "Is my hat on straight?"—Cape Cod Item.

At the Academy of Design in New York, under a "sketchy little thing," exhibited by James, there hangs a printed card which bears the words: "Do not touch with hands or umbrellas." An Appreciative small boy added the following: "Take A. A."—Boston Post.

Some of the coats show a tendency towards a slight fullness, being shaped to the hips by a few gathers, and in some instances flat plaits. Many of them are formed by having the skirts set on to pointed waists, and are occasionally in vogue during the Second Empire.

Flounces are daily growing in favor, and will be much used upon the spring gowns, particularly on those of India silk and light weight woolen. The flounce is a graceful finish to a dress, the fluffy fullness, making the foot look as if it were on clouds. Most of the gowns are so tight or strapped that one's feet are always in evidence, and therefore should be treated with distinguished consideration. The flounce, the bias fold, or the velvet band, are all a protection to the street-sweeping skirt, which becomes soiled and ragged out in an incredibly short space of time.

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