

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

EVERY woman delights in her house gowns, and a new idea for their designing is always welcome. Soft tints in coloring, light easily draped material, and the suggestion at least of a negligee effect should be considered in planning an at-home gown. An effective creation in this line is fashioned of old rose bengaline, the new material which shows the colored effect. The foundation of the gown is of Princess design, the plain straight effect being broken by the suggestion of a long jacket made of heliotrope silk embroidered in gold. Below the arms and crossing the bust is a scarf of soft heliotrope crepe fastened by graceful loops of the crepe in the centre. The sleeves reach to the elbow, are plaited high on the shoulder and fall in narrow way folds. About the bottom of the gown is a kind of heliotrope feather trimming. Another house gown recently seen was more stately in its effect, being made of changeable poulte de soi. The gown was tight fitting. The square neck was cut low, and out-lined with a band of jewelled trimming. Below this was a loose arrangement of pale green crepe held in place at either side by brilliant ornaments of gold. A high puff reaching from shoulder to elbow forms the sleeve, which was finished with a band of jewelled trimming and a deep frill of plaited pale green crepe.

Several attempts have been made in the direction of women's dress uniform, but hitherto without much effect. M. Worth prescribes the fashion, and over the whole civilized world his innumerable clients render implicit obedience. They decline to reason—which, indeed, is not an unusual habit; it is sufficient for them that the ukase has gone forth, and they proceed as expeditiously as possible to array their persons in accordance with the latest design. The thing may be artistic, or it may be—as it very often is—a marvel of ugliness; it may be comfortable or produce a modified form of torture; it may be set off or spoil the figure—the feminine mind succumbs all the same, and appears to rejoice in the sacrifice. But there is one phase of this tyranny against which at least a few of the sex have decided to offer a practical protest. A number of

young ladies in Nottingham, Eng., have resolved not to wear long skirts during the muddy or snowy weather of the coming winter. They have agreed by resolution that the reformed skirt shall at its extremity be at least five inches above the ground. The ordinary members of the sterner sex have but the vaguest notions of the almost inscrutable mystery of women's attire. If the Nottingham young ladies think a minimum of five inches from the ground will suffice no questions will be raised. But they have a trying ordeal awaiting them. The spirit of charity does not prevail amongst their sisters when they come upon a violation of the sacred canons of fashion. What will the sanitary authorities think of the innovation? Long skirts have hitherto done some service in gathering up the mud from the thoroughfares, whereas those now proposed will leave it where it lies.

The engagement ring is worn upon the same finger as the wedding ring, and after marriage is worn as a guard to it. The solitaire diamond is always a favorite, but the range of styles and prices is wide, and the girl's fancy may combine to make any ring proper. As to wedding rings, the "square" and "round" ones each have their admirers. A wedding ring with sharp-cut edges fits snugly, but being worn constantly will in time make a callous spot at the base of the finger, which is anything but beautiful. A ring with all round edges renders this impossible, and is more comfortable to wear, giving with every motion to the finger. In this country, there is a pleasant freedom allowed the engaged lovers, says the *Boston Post*. They ride, drive or walk together unquestioned. Her engagement is one of the most charming experiences of a girl's life, and she is wise who will not let it be cut too short. The length of an engagement must depend mostly upon outward circumstances. It is only a journey, of which the end must come sooner or later. A month or six weeks is not too short if such a time is found best, and there are couples who have waited seven years to see their hopes realized.

Perhaps in no industry has there been more rapid advancement than in the manufacture of muslin underwear.

Only a few years ago undergarments for women were made at home or by seamstresses working at day's pay in private families. A prospective bride, the morning after she had graciously accepted the engagement ring, was very likely to be seen at the dry goods store, favored with her custom, purchasing a bolt of muslin and examining Swiss embroideries. She not unfrequently wrecked her health by a too close application to her needlework, fashioning her dainty undergarments for the wedding trousseau, half ruined her eyes and wholly dissipated her lover's patience, who found her each evening worn out with fatigue and anxiety. To-day, she merely gives an order to a large retail store, like the Stanley House, and an outfit of more or less value is delivered to her in due season. She has only her costumes and millinery to consider when shopping, while her evenings are devoted to the enjoyment of the company of her fascinating and fascinated lover.

Women who are the proud possessors of silk petticoats covered with embroidered autographs will hide their diminished heads when they read about Mrs. Eduard Sacher's tablecloth. Mrs. Sacher is the wife of a well known Vienna restaurateur, and her tablecloth is covered with the signatures of distinguished guests who have dined in the Sacher rooms. Archdukes, prince of foreign houses, men and women of the Austrian nobility, artists, writers and musicians are represented. The autographs were originally written in pencil and afterwards embroidered by Mme. Sacher. It is said that no one has ever refused to sign his name.

The greatest feat in riding ever performed by a woman has recently been accomplished by an English girl, Miss Thomasson, who rode on an untrained horse over 251 miles in 62½ hours through the mountains of the Tyrol. On the first day, she went from Innsbruck over the Brenner Pass to Bozen, 77½ miles; on the second from Bozen by Meran, Vintschgau, and the Malser Heide to St. Valantin, 56 miles; on the third by Hochfinstermunz and Landeck back to Innsbruck, this being 88 miles. Rider and horse are in perfect health, though the tour was a novel experience to both.

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