



From London Queen.

THE FASHIONS.

In silks for evening wear the colourings are very delicate in hue, the beauty being enhanced by the combination of tints. Pink is the prevailing colour, in many shades—from shrimp to the faintest blush, but of course the wearer should choose what best suits her complexion and style. Yellow, both light and dark, is also in great demand, and peach fainter and more delicate than any heliotrope, also blue with a dash of turquoise in it, together with pearl grey, and the lightest lettuce green.

Brocaded satins will be much worn with amalgamations of colours. The lightest tones of pink and grey can be blended in the satin covered with laurel leaves which give an artistic effect. Green and cream may be united on a satin ground, with large straw and tilleul tinted silk leaves. Quite a number of beautiful gowns are being made of brocaded Pompadour satin with either shot or the new Merveilleux velvet, the latter being well suited to the "Josephine" dinner gowns of the resuscitated fashion.

Our illustrations represent three charming tailor made costumes as follows:—

No. 1. Tweed Dress in brown, checked with red lines. Full red silk vest.

No. 2. Costume in waterproof covert coating. The skirt is gored and lap seamed. Pale blue waistcoat.

No. 3. Dress in heliotrope diagonal serge, braided in black, and trimmed with Astrakan.

Mr. Henry Clews has been pushing the claim of another ancient mariner to be immortalized with Columbus. But for the skilful navigation of Noah, Mr. Clews argues, Columbus would never have had a chance to discover America.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Helen Keller, Alabama's gifted blind girl, who is fast becoming as celebrated as the famous Laura Bridgeman, is writing a story for St. Nicholas, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the children's building at the exposition.

Miss Mary B. Toles, a recent graduate of the Indianapolis High School, has been appointed one of the microscopic examiners of the Indiana branch of the Governmental Bureau of Animal Industry. Her salary is \$600 per year.

Miss Katherine Sharp, of Chicago, was awarded the prize of \$100 for the best essay on "The Relation of University Extension to Local Libraries," at the Regents' Convocation of the University of the State of New York, recently held at Albany.

Mrs. Peary, the wife of Lieutenant Peary, accompanied her husband, who has just returned to Newfoundland after being engaged in successful Arctic exploration. She is only twenty-three years of age, and has been nearer the North Pole than any other of her sex and culture.

Amelie Rives (Mrs. Chanler) hopes to go to Europe next spring with a view to writing a novel in collaboration with Catulle Mendes, the French poet and novelist. She made his acquaintance when she was last in Paris, and he asked her to write an American-French novel with him.

Lord Tennyson's new volume of poems will be called "Akbar's Dream," and will be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., who also announce the new volume of George Meredith's poems.

Organist (to grumpy next-door neighbour).—I am sorry you're been ill! What have you been suffering from?

Un-musical Neighbour (acidly).—Organic disturbances, sir!

A FAMOUS RIDE.

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER I.

"See those two riding past?" asked Datchit, as he and his friend Grimes were standing, one evening, at the door of an hotel in Orange, New South Wales.

"Yes," replied Grimes, "a good looking couple; and what a splendid horse the lady has. Who are they?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Dunham of Eulalong," said Datchit, "and the horse, which takes your fancy, is old Melbourne."

"What, the horse that Nellie Tucker rode eighty miles in one stretch?" exclaimed Grimes.

"The same, and Nellie Tucker is now Mrs. Dunham," returned Datchit smiling.

"Do you mean to say that Bob Dunham actually married the daughter of old Tucker the saloon keeper?" cried Grimes in a kind of holy horror.

"I do; and what is more I believe you or I would have done the same under similar circumstances. Have you never heard the story? Then fill another pipe and I will tell it you."

Saying which, Datchit related the following narrative to his friend.

It was some five years ago when Bob Dunham first became acquainted with Nellie Tucker, and at that time he was not the staid respectable farmer he is today, but rather a wild fellow fond of a jamboree. John Tucker's saloon was a well known resort for gamblers and turf men, and Miss Nellie, as you may imagine from her surroundings, was very different from the quiet Mrs. Dunham you observed riding by her husband's side a few minutes since. I do not suppose that Bob had any ideas beyond mere flirtation, for he came of a good English family, and would have been as horror stricken, as you yourself were, at the thought of a matrimonial alliance with one in Mrs. Tucker's position. Still he found life on his sheep run pretty lonely, and Nellie's black eyes and handsome face no doubt had their attractions for him, though I do not believe anything serious would have happened but for what I am going to tell you.

It was one evening in winter, about the middle of June in fact, when Bob Dunham found himself at Tucker's where Jake King and Bill Norris, two lovely scoundrels, were also. Old Tucker was, as you know, a peculiar fellow who never cared who came to his diggings provided they paid their shot—took their money and asked no questions.

Bob was feeling good, having completed a big deal in sheep and had arranged to carry back the funds next day to Eulalong. And Nellie looked so uncommonly pretty, as she prepared his supper, that he paid her one or two pointed compliments, and ended by attempting to kiss