

## Gourner des Dames.

### FALL CAPS AND BONNETS.

Fig. 1. A black tulle cap trimmed with artificial flowers. It is made of black figured tulle and lace 2½ inches deep arranged on a foundation of stiff lace, 2½ inch black moiré ribbon, yellow blossoms and a spray of brown leaves. A bow of moiré ribbon and lace at the back.

Fig. 2. This cap is made of plain white Swiss muslin edged 1 in. Insertion and 1 in. lace, and trimmed with bows of brown and yellow silk ribbon. A bow of muslin and lace at the back.

Fig. 3. A figured Swiss muslin and grosgrain ribbon cap, furnished with a plain muslin ruffling, turned outwards and edged with 1 in. lace insertion and lace edging of the same width; and on the outer edge with a ruche of white muslin.

Fig. 4. White Swiss muslin cap edged with lace 1½ in. deep, the setting on being hidden by a twisted brown moiré ribbon. The rest of the trimming consists of loops and ends of light and dark brown moiré ribbon, and a bow of crimson velvet.

Fig. 5. Figured black tulle is the material for this cap, laid over figured white tulle, and arranged with black and white blonde and 3 in. blue rep ribbon.

Fig. 6. This bonnet is of puffed lilac crape and 2½ in. blonde arranged on a foundation of stiff lace and trimmed with lilac grosgrain ribbon and a spray of flowers. A small veil of figured white tulle and blonde hangs behind.

Fig. 7. Figured black tulle and lace bonnet, trimmed with black grosgrain bows. A jet brooch in front and a rose on the right side.

Fig. 8. This is made of figured white tulle, 1½ in. and 3 in. white blonde, and 2 in. black lace. The trimming consists of 3 in. violet grosgrain ribbon and 1½ in. velvet ribbon to match.

### THE PERMANENT EVENING DRESS.

Why not take for the permanent form of evening dress, writes "Jenny June" to *The Daily Graphic*, a suggestion from the old masters of art, and make it square bodied, with antique sleeves. This form has always been a favourite one with painters; it is the one that is best adapted for the display of a really fine figure, and by the addition of puffings of laces or tulle affords the readiest, most becoming, and appropriate means of concealment to a poor one. It can be almost infinitely varied by cutting high square or low square, high back and low front, or a *Rap-hael* front and back. Laces can be adapted to it in a great variety of ways, and many changes effected or differences in taste satisfied without impairing the general design or affecting the permanent character of the dress. For example, fluted tulle or muslin could be arranged upon a high or low square as an open ruche, or fan-shaped, as it sometimes is now; or it could be surrounded by an inside ruffle as it has been in the past, or a broad lace could be laid flat outlining the square. Since the first introduction of the "square" neck, as it is popularly called—otherwise "Pompadour" and "Raphael," and other historic names—it has always been a favourite, and has been revived times without number. In fact, it has never gone entirely out; there are always cultivated and charming women who will wear no other style for "dress," and who realize fully the artistic beauty and picturesqueness of the design. The antique sleeve is a compromise between the long and the short sleeve. It can be made extremely dressy, and so as to display the most beautiful part of the arm; and can be worn by all ages. By lengthening or shortening the upper part of the sleeve, or the ruffles, it could be brought nearly to the wrist, or only just above the bend of the arm, according to taste, and thus adapted to every requirement. Were this style adopted and adhered to, it would set aside the vexed question of "correct" evening dress, and give to costly fabrics a permanent value which they do not now possess, because everything is sacrificed to newness of form.

### A New Thing in Boots.

"Cavalier boots" are about to be introduced for ladies. They are turned over with leather just above the ankle, or as far as may be respectfully the *point de mire*, so as to give a faint imitation of the old cavalier boot; an edging of lace falls over this.

### A Royal Bûche-cake.

The bridecake which is to grace the royal breakfast table on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with the only daughter of the Emperor of Russia, is described as a *chef-d'œuvre* of the confectioner's art. It towers to a height of 7½ ft. 6 in., and weighs upwards of 230 pounds. It is in six tiers, and resembles the famous porcelain tower at Nankin. The cake is covered with a network of flowers and shells of snow white purity, while gracefully depending from a vase of exquisite design at the summit is a profusion of orange blossoms.

### A Novel Advertisement.

A San Francisco milliner recently hit upon a novel expedient to advertise her store. She had among her assistants one remarkably handsome young woman, and having attired this damsel in the choicest garments of the establishment she placed her in the window of the store. The girl stood in a half reclining attitude, perfectly still, and very soon an immense crowd of people had assembled to see the beautiful sign of the milliner. The crowd soon grew to a perfect mob, quite blocking the street, until the curtains were lowered, and the living model relieved from her position.

### The Consequences of an Auriferous Wash.

A correspondent writes: "Blondes are going out of fashion, and I have seen many this summer who are allowing their dark hair to grow in again as it will or if it will, and whose head-coverings present a combination of tints not beautiful even now, when startling combinations of colour are in vogue. Evidently when the brown hair went out two or three years ago it said to its discards, 'Keep my memory green,' and the prayer, whether intentionally or not, has been heeded, for as the blonde wash wears off it leaves a most decided greenish tinge. There are other unpleasant consequences of the blonde reign visible. You see young ladies whose faces twitch and features work convulsively at times, and these are they to whom cosmetics for hair and face have given diseases of the nerves. I know one young lady who is lame, stammerer as she speaks, and has partially lost the use of half her body from paralysis caused by cosmetics. There is no joke about this. It is painfully true."

### Glass Bonnets Once More.

We have already spoken of the glass bonnets shown at Vienna. A contemporary says: "Glass bonnets are to be worn. The flat is gone forth, and is, of course, irrevocable. Otherwise, we might make some objections. How is the glass of fashion to be fitted to the mould of form, or, in other words, how is this unbending material to adapt itself to the shape of the head? The misgiving is perhaps groundless; we have been too much impressed by the precedent of the glass slipper, that unyielding *chamaille*, which would adapt itself only to the matchless proportions of Cinderella's foot. On reflection, we acknowledge having seen and handled tissues formed of glass that fell in folds like those woven of the softest silk. But there was always about them a suspicion of possible *spicules* lurking in the fabric which

garments, which, even in that dim light, looked shabby-genteel.

"What do you want?" he asked, not too graciously.

A voice answered him in tones so low, that Sylvia, who was straining her ears to catch the reply, heard only a vague murmur.

But if she heard nothing definite, she saw enough to alarm her in the manner of her father. He gave a start, drew back into the room with a smothered exclamation, then bent forward again, as if to peer into the face of the untimely visitor.

"Wait a minute," he muttered, and then looking back at his daughter, said hurriedly, "Go up stairs to your room, Sylvia, and stay there till I call you. I want a little quiet talk with this person."

Sylvia looked at him as if inclined to ask questions.

"Go, I say. I'll call you when I want you."

Sylvia obeyed, without a word. She took one of the candles with her, leaving the room dimly lighted by the other.

Into this dim light Mr. Carew ushered the stranger—but not with that air which bespeaks heartiness of welcome. Reluctantly, rather, as a man might admit the sheriff's officer who came to deprive him of liberty.

(To be continued.)

### THE NEWSBOY.

To Miss Hattie R. H.—these lines are most respectfully inscribed, as a token of the author's regard.

'Neath the cool shady porch, secured from the scorch,  
Of the hot sun's meridian blaze,  
I sit idly dreaming, and watch without seeming,  
The newsboy hawking papers and daisies.

Hung safe to a strap, that is slung o'er his back,  
His rude box, brush and blacking displayed is;  
While under his arm he shields from all harm,  
His papers and beautiful daisies.

Want gleams from his eyes, as with faint voice he cries,  
"Eres the 'Scousin or Sent'nel," and gazes  
Into each careless face, of the in-human race,  
Or plaintively sings, "Buy my daisies."

Not within plenty's horn, was this wee gamin born,  
Or knows aught but misery's phases,  
By an old oak's dim shade, his first bed was made,  
In the grass, 'mid the sweet smelling daisies.

On weary and lorn, thro' the heat, cold or storm,  
While gaunt hunger his dimming eye glazes,  
At last down he lies his wan face to the skies,  
And a pillow of papers and daisies.

Says the "cop" on his beat, thro' the tremulous street,  
"Eres a corpus as surely as blazes,"  
Then away to the morgue, as you'd trundle a dog,—  
But his thin hand still clasps the wild daisies.

And on the next morning, without further warning,  
"The bag of bones," packed on a dray is,  
To the cemetery's shade, and carelessly laid  
'Neath the sod, gaily billowed with daisies.

So "under" he goes, but freed from life's woes,  
He dreams in ethereal mazes;  
The wee little toes, and pinched tip of his nose,  
Pointing up to the roots of the daisies.

E. P. BOWMAN, in the Milwaukee Magazine.

### THE LITTLE SHOES.

#### I.

On the 6th of January, 1776, Twelfth Day, a pleasant little scene took place on the quarter deck of the French vessel, *The Heron*. All the officers not actually on duty were promenading the boards, smoking and chatting, when suddenly a young midshipman, ascending the stairs from the Captain's room, appeared and exclaimed:

"Hats off, gentlemen, here is the queen!"

The royalty which the crew saluted was no other than the innocent and fugitive royalty of the bean. It had just fallen, by lot, to a pretty little Creole girl from Martinique, a relative of the Captain.

The young queen acquitted herself of her high and novel functions with a grace and a dignity which a Catherine II. or a Maria Theresa might have envied.

"On your knees, sweet page," said she to the midshipman, "don't you see that I have dropped my glove? Come forward, my Council of Ministers and laugh not, for the point now to be considered is grave. I love my people and I want my people to love me. The question to be decided is, whether, to draw their homage to my feet, a blue rosette on my shoes would not suit better than a white one."

And thus she went on with a thousand innocent sallies at which the sailors laughed very heartily.

But the one who seemed to rejoice most in the triumph of the amiable child was an old salt named Peter Hello—Marie Rose, for that was the girl's name, had long been interested in the wonderful stories of Peter. In his turn he loved her, served her, and watched over her. When she ascended the ladders and swung in the cordage, he stood under, ready to catch her in his large hands if she happened to slip upon the deck. He would sit for hours telling her his exploits or listening to her songs.

The day following Twelfth Night, and after her brief queenship, Rose appeared very sad and pensive. She could not help calling to mind what an old negress, who had passed for a sorceress, had told her when she was very young. The precise words came back to her thus:

"Good little mistress, . . . Me see in the cloud big condor mounting high, very high, with a rose in its beak. . . . You are Rose. . . . You very unhappy. . . . You queen, then great tempest and you die."

"I was queen yesterday," thought she, "and now I only await the tempest that is to carry me off."

"Fear nothing," said Peter, who was standing near by, and to whom she had communicated her thoughts, "if any accident happens to the *Heron*, you will seize my belt and by the help of God and of my patron (a great saint, for he walked on the waters without sinking,) you will come to land as surely as a schooner towed by a three master."

Mary Rose was comforted and resumed her play. A few days later, after dancing a farandole on the deck she tore the soles of her slippers to pieces. Unfortunately she had none to replace them and she was obliged to sit down in a corner, hiding her little feet under her dress and not daring to move. She looked like Daphne whose bust remained full of life and animation after her feet had taken root in the cleft of the tree. The little queen wept, of course, and like the captive in the enchanted tower, waited for a cavalier to pass and effect her delivery.

A cavalier passed; it was Peter Hello.

"Leave such pretty feet bare?" he said with indignation. "One would be heartless to do so."

Peter began to bustle about. He searched, he fumbled, his hand passed wherever a mouse could creep. Finally, he uttered a cry of joy. It was not a flower, not a treasure which Peter had discovered. It was something more precious—a boot! The boot of a sailor killed in a boarding fight. It had rolled in a corner of the hold. Peter, using his poignard, pierced and cut the boot in such style that in less than an hour he made something . . . not precisely boots, nor shoes, nor slippers, nor gaiters, nor cothurns, nor mocassins, but a work—original, fantastic, romantic, a thing without a name. But at least that thing could be interposed as a defensive armour between the epidermis of the human foot and the floor. Peter ran at once to the cabin of Marie Rose where after having, with great trouble and with much laughing on the part of the young girl, fixed the shoe on her naked feet, he arose, crossed his arms triumphantly upon his breast and exclaimed:

"There!"

One hour later the Bayadere danced upon the deck to the great delight of the sailors.

Finally, after many weeks, land was sighted and the voyage was brought to a close. The parting was a touching scene between the old sailor and the young Creole.

"I will always think of you, and I will keep your shoes as a relic," said Marie Rose.

"Oh! you are going to Paris where new friends will make you lose the remembrance of poor Hello," was the reply of the honest tar. "He will henceforth be nothing to you."

"I will always remember him!"

She departed. He followed her on shore with his eyes. She turned often, and waving her handkerchief, repeated, "Always, Hello, always."

#### II.

Peter Hello never knew whether the girl kept her word. He seldom came to shore and was killed in the American war. As to Marie Rose . . .

But here, across my story, passes the great torrent of the French revolution; a strange and nameless torrent. Pactolus with golden sands, Simois tinged with blood, Eurotas bordered with laurel trees. Alas!

Then came the Empire and we hie to Malmaison, the retreat of the noble and unfortunate Josephine, the widow of Napoleon who still lived, but always Empress and always adored by the French.

Seated in her parlour, with her elbow on the piano, she listened with smiles to a deputation of young ladies attached to her person, who asked permission to play a game of *pro-verbs*.

"With pleasure, my children," answered the good Josephine. "I will even take charge of the costumes. Thanks to the generosity of the Emperor, I am still able to furnish them in abundance. Here, this is a bundle which I have just received."

And she touched with her foot a furred robe which lay on the carpet. It was so beautiful that one of the young ladies in waiting tapped her white hands together and exclaimed:—

"How happy is your Majesty!"

"Happy," murmured Josephine, "happy!"

She seemed to dream for a moment and her fingers wandering over the keys of the piano, gave out a few notes of the beautiful romance:

The flower would die where the flower  
Is born,  
And thy heart is my only bower,  
Forever!

Then shaking from her these oppressive memories, she arose and said:

"Follow me, ladies. Come and choose your costumes."

And followed by the beautiful procession, she went into her wardrobe. All the girls opened their eyes with wonder, as the woodman's son when he penetrated for the first time in the cavern of Ali Baba. There were gauzes so light that they would have flown away as gossamer, but for the precious stones by which they were bordered; Spanish mantillas, Italian mezzaros, morning robes of odalisks, still impregnated with the perfumes of the harem and the powders of Aboukir, and madonna dresses so beautiful that the Virgin of Loretto would have worn them only on the day of her Assumption into heaven.

"Take these, my children," said the good Empress, "and amuse yourselves. I give them all to you except one which is too precious to me and too sacred to be touched."

Seeing their curiosity, she added:

"But I will allow you, however, to see my treasure."

Josephine searched in a corner of the Imperial wardrobe and produced . . .

It was neither a present of Napoleon, nor a work of genius. It was the gift of the Breton sailor, Peter Hello—the little shoes of Marie Rose.

You have guessed it—the Empress Josephine and the dancing girl with naked feet were one and the same person. When the sword of Bonaparte began to carve Europe like a plum cake, Josephine—*Marie Rose* Tascher de La Pagerie, had won the bean and reigned. She reigned a long time. But one day a great tempest arose in Europe; the snows of Russia spread like a pall over French fortunes; the four winds of heaven blew in avalanches of enemies and there came to France, amid the lightnings of sabre and cannon, earth shocks as terrible as those of the Antilles. When at length the sky brightened, the prophecy of the negress was entirely fulfilled. The great condor had dropped the rose from his beak and the Creole of the Trois-Islets, twice a queen, had died in the tempest.

A novel, very interesting, and useful application of chloroform has just been made in London. A lady was subjected to an operation under chloroform. The husband of the patient wished to move her as soon as possible to her home at Norwood, but in her then condition of pain and exhaustion a journey was out of the question. The advisability of her return being strongly urged by her friends, it was proposed to perform the journey under chloroform, and this was actually accomplished on the 13th. The patient was anaesthetised on her bed in George street, Hanover-square, having no knowledge of her impending journey. She was then carried down stairs and placed in an invalid carriage, driven to her home at Norwood, and taken out and carried upstairs to her own bed without at any time actually recognizing that she was on her way home. The journey occupied an hour and a half, and the patient was under chloroform about two hours.