



FIG. 26.—No. 4584.—LADIES' POLONAISE. PRICE 30 CENTS.

If made as illustrated, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 42-inch material, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of velvet, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of fringe for the vest will be required for each size.

This design cuts from 30 to 40 inches bust measure, and the quantity of material required for each size of

21-inch goods, 8 yards, or 42-inch goods, 4 yards; silk for sash, 2 1-4 yards.

Cashmere and velvet are illustrated in this polonaise, which is worn over a plain skirt. Velvet forms the sleeve-tops, collar, vest, and sash, with the princesse polonaise of the woolen goods. Garniture of tinsel braiding. Pattern, No. 4584. Price 30 cents.

Joan of Arc and the City of Rouen.

Historically, Rouen will ever be memorable as having been the scene of the imprisonment, trial, and execution of Joan of Arc, the heroine of France *par excellence*; who has furnished themes without number poets, novelists, and historians, and who is worthy of all their eloquence. After nearly five centuries of time the name of the Maid of Orleans still has power to thrill one with deep emotion, proving that what is great and good never dies.

It was in Rouen that she was examined, imprisoned, tortured, and put to death. It was here that the English and the French both eternally disgraced themselves. It is in vain that they have canonised her in vain that they have named streets after her, and erected statues to her memory; they cannot undo the deed. In vain that the wicked Bishop of Beauvais, her accuser and unjust judge, afterwards publicly confessed his wickedness; it could not bring her back to life. It is to the everlasting shame of the English that they put her to death but to the yet greater shame and disgrace of the French that her own countrymen betrayed her. The Bishop of Beauvais was French and the false priest, who was introduced into her cell under the guise of friendship, in order to learn her secrets, was French also. There seem to be no depths of wickedness of which human nature cannot at time be guilty; and, as in the days of old, men were possessed of devils, so possessed they must still be occasionally. The simplicity, the bravery, the purity, the high and successful mission of the Maid of Orleans only seemed to harden the hearts of her accusers. After a public trial—if that could be called a trial which tended all one way and of which the conclusion was fore-gone—she was burned as a witch in the year 1431 in the square which bears her name and on the spot now marked by a monument erected in the worst possible taste.

She was taken prisoner at Compiègne, but her own people made no attempt to rescue her, and Charles VII. seems to have been perfectly indifferent as to her fate. She had re-established his throne and saved his kingdom, but it was all forgotten, and Joan was abandoned to her fate. Four centuries have rolled away but the memory and fame of Joan of Arc are as vivid as ever, whilst ten times four centuries will not blot out

the shame of her enemies. After she was burned her ashes were collected by the public executioner and thrown into the Seine by order of the Cardinal of Winchester, one of the most vindictive of her pursuers. He and others witnessed her execution, and even gloried in her sufferings, interrupting the confessor who was supporting her by his presence, and bidding him conclude his office.

She was imprisoned in the Chateau Fort, a castle built by Philip Augustus in 1205, and destroyed by Henry IV. This castle was flanked by seven strong towers, of which only one remains. This one tower had fallen into the possession of les Dames Ursulines, a convent of nuns in Rouen, who were about to demolish it, when the town stepped in, bought it, and rescued it from destruction. In this tower, or one of the others, Joan of Arc, the maiden of Domremy, was imprisoned; and on the walls of this tower is a record of her famous reply to her accusers when before the tribunal, to the effect that though they drew untrue words from her under torture, and though they severed her soul from her body, yet truth and fact would ever remain. This tower is one of the remaining monuments of Rouen.

Tarnished Gold on Fair Throats.

Since gold-bead necklaces have again come into style and dealers have been placed frequently in a very delicate position when some lady has come in to complain that the necklace sold her was of inferior quality, as it croaked or blackened on her neck. Recent investigation and the experience of prominent store-keepers has disclosed the fact that this is due entirely to the contact of the beads with a neck upon which facepowder has been used. The smallest amount of powder, if the necklace be continually worn, is sufficient to cause this. To prove this let some jeweller make a jewel of purest gold, and write with it on a skin over which powder or fine dust has been strewn, and the result will be a distinct mark. It is a delicate thing to tell a lady that her fair neck is powdered, but the jeweller must either do this or admit the inferiority of his goods.

It was a sarcophagus maker who said it is never too late to end.

Fads of the Fair.

Rubber corsets sell at \$25 a pair and are worn by women with athletic propensities, who are willing to pay any price for the means of grace.

The swagger girl is advancing. There is nothing more certain than her arrival. She will come with chamois brown spots on her low shoes, a pork pie perched on the side of her head, a four-in-hand tied about her choker, and ornamented with a mastiff scarf pin and her thumbs in the pockets of a Summer blazer. Her success remains to be seen.

Through the Winter fashion was all neck. Now she is no neck, as any one will see who studies the styles in the reviews or the promenade. The medici collar is fighting its way up to the ear lobes of beauty, although with the warm days of June it will be neither comfortable nor enduring. The dress collar bands put on tailor-made suits are dudishly high, cut on the bias and stiffened with canvas to make them stand.

Somebody has invented a sweet rouge and named it Patti paste. This unctuous cream is the color of a poppy leaf, and, besides being curative, tints the lips a healthy, natural red. Like the albuminous cream that bakers frost their cakes and patties with, it has a satiny, shiny gloss on the lips, and is as firmly set when dry as the epithelium itself. With it a girl can do as much kissing, sipping, eating and lip-biting as though the crimson had been ingrained by nature.

The Princess of Wales uses a cosmetique the nature of which the ladies in her court would willingly pay dear for. Although nearly fifty years of age Her Highness has a complexion as smooth in texture and as delicate in tint as the beauty of a school girl. It will stand the closest scrutiny, the test of sunshine and the electric lantern, and is proof to handkerchief and lorgnette. Even the famous Patti has endeavored to penetrate the secret of the royal beauty box, but without success.

The study of partly peeled oranges on a velvet cloth, called "Still Life," and described in the catalogue of the Exhibition in Whitechapel as "unfinished," was painted by the Empress Frederick during her husband's illness, and as that great and brave man grew worse the devoted wife was compelled to lay aside her brush. Then, when the worst had happened, the associations were too painful to permit Her Majesty to resume work upon it, and so she presented it to Sir Morell Mackenzie in all the pathos of its incompleteness.

Among the many brilliant women who came as delegates to the Federation of Women's Clubs were Lady Brooke, President of the Bond Street Club in London and one of the noted beauties of English society; Dr. Emma Brainard Ryder, President of the Sorosis Club of Bombay, India; Mme. du Morsier, President of the Woman's French club of Paris, and Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, who came all the way from merry old England as foreign correspondent. The American delegates represent eighteen States and sixty-six clubs.

With the smart tailor-made skirt the swagger dudine will wear a silk shirt, spotted or embroidered in the Russian style and belted in with a silver chain or ribbon. Over this goes the cloth blouse, made of some fancy goods, lined with silk and faced with dust brown or jockey colored satin. These blouse jackets fit loosely and are made exactly like the blazers that brightened the tennis field a year ago. Another fad for the progressive young woman's trousseau is the cutaway coat, closed with two buttons, over a waistcoat of bird's-eye white or bise linen.

Plaid gowns call forth plaid parasols, and a great many are seen on the drive and promenade. Red tartans are not altogether charming, but the dark blue and bottle green with a pencil mark of red or yellow crossing the cheek are really tasteful. Other umbrellas are covered with peau de soir ornamented with black eiffel embroidery, the silk from which is cut away, leaving the points transparent. This is a pretty and quiet fancy. White and cream parasols are covered with accordion plaited tulle finished with a ruching of point d'esprit. Then there are rustic sun shades, with cherry and blackthorn handles and secured to the cover is a cluster of cherries, damson plumes, hazelnuts or wee apples. These fruits are made of stained bone and being new are certain of favor.

It is an excellent thing to chew Tutti Frutti gum after the meal and induce the secretion of more saliva. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners. 5 cents.

Silk Handkerchiefs.

In these days of exquisitely dainty silk handkerchiefs, many ladies will be glad to learn how they may be washed and retain their original softness. First it is well to remember that they should never be washed or put into a tub with other clothes. Wash them in lukewarm water, and rinse two or three times in clear, cold water, without blueing. Wring them out, fold, and roll tightly in a cloth, and do not let them get dry before ironing.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum undoubtedly promotes digestion by inducing the flow of saliva. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.