

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THE following concerning Dean Stanley's view of the coronation of Queen Victoria is taken from a recently published life of that remarkable man:

At 10:30, another gun announced that she was at the abbey door, and in about a quarter of an hour the procession appeared from under the organ, advancing up the purple approach to the chancel, every one leaning over, and in they came. First the great dukes, struggling with their enormous trains, then bishops, etc., and then the queen, with her vast crimson train outspread by eight ladies all in white, followed by the great ladies of her court in enormous crimson trains and the smaller ladies with delicate sky blue trains trailing along the dark floor. When she came within the full view of the gorgeous abbey, she paused, as if for breath, and clasped her hands. The orchestra broke out into the most tremendous crash of music I ever heard. "I was glad when they said unto me, 'Let us go into the house of the Lord'."

Every one literally gasped for breath from the intense interest, and the rails of the gallery visibly trembled in one's hands from the trembling of the spectators. I never saw anything like it. Tears would have been a relief. One felt that the queen must sink into the earth under the tremendous awe. But at last she moved on to her place by the altar, and, as I heard from my cousin who had a place close by, threw herself on her knees, buried her face in her hands and evidently prayed fervently. For the first part, the silence was so great that at my extreme point I could hear quite distinctly the tremulous but articulate voice of the Archbishop. Afterward it was quite inaudible. The great drawbacks were the feeble responses to the service and the feebleness of the acclamation—hardly any at all at the recognition and only tolerable at the coronation. That was the crisis of the ceremony, and the most striking part. The very moment the crown touched her head, the guns went off, the trumpets began and the shouts. She was perfectly immovable, like a statue. The Duchess of Kent burst into tears, and her lady had to put on her coronet for her. The anointing was very beautiful from the cloth of gold. The homage also from the magnificent cluster in the very centre.

It was a take off, though a necessary one, I suppose, that throughout her face was turned away from the spectators toward the altar. All the movements were beautiful. She was always accompanied by her eight ladies floating about her like a silvery cloud. It was over at 3:30—that is, she went out then with her crown, her orb and her sceptre. I walked home. The rest had to wait till

8 for their carriage, which was forced back by the length of the line to Kennington common. The crowd in the streets to see the return of the procession was stupendous. It was all more like a dream than reality—more beautiful than I could have conceived possible. I should wish almost never to see her again; that, as this was the first image I had ever seen of her, so it should be the last.

I took my worshipped one to see
"Camille"—the play that so attracts—
Intending, incidentally.

To breathe my love between the acts.

But from the moment Armand stepped
Upon the stage her earnest eyes
Their yearning gaze upon him kept
With furtive tears and stifled sighs.

And each time that the drop-scene dropped
Until it fell again her talk

Was all of him; she never stopped.
About his smile, his voice, his walk.

Camille, she thought, might prettier be,
But he was splendid, noble, great.
"Oh, I could love him!" This to me,
Who trembled for my own sad fate.

Strange! That the mimic lover, tried
And tortured, thus should give her pain,
While the real lover at her side,
Ignored and silent, chewed his cane.

The models popular this season for colored dresses are so simple that they are repeated in appropriate fabrics for mournings. Belted waists, large sleeves and well cut plain skirts are made of thin crepons, veilings, grenadine or claiette mounted on dull black silk. They are very simply trimmed, with a crushed collar and folded belt of English crape or of dull gros grain ribbon. If more crape is desired it is seen in a yoke with sleeve puffs, and the skirt is bordered with crape, or else draped slightly on the sides to show a band of crape on the silk foundation skirt. Sometimes an entire waist of crape is fitted smoothly over the lining, and the material is draped as a corselet, or arranged in two points back and front, each headed by a knot of crape.

Heavier fabrics—Henrietta cloth or Eudora—are made with a short basque of crape, and have jacket fronts opening on a gathered crape vest. A wide fold of crape trims the bottom of the skirt.

A gown of yellowish muslin with all-over embroidery of oval discs cut out, after the Hamburg manner, made up as a transparency over yellow. The skirt hanging free from the silk, has yellowish lace insertion on the edge and set in again at some distance above; the bodice is entirely of lace over yellow and the sleeves are a single balloon puff of muslin over yellow reaching half way to the elbow and met there by cream gloves. Yellow satin ribbon forms the belt, fastened behind with two bows set three inches apart, a long end hanging from each. The same ribbon forms the neck band, with two bows behind similarly placed. Above

this is posed a large yellow straw hat, the brim in three overlapping ruffles, trimmed with knotted rosettes of yellow and black.

Those flower lovers whose aesthetic ideas are wounded by the sight of the little cakes of earth in which potted plants are grown will rejoice to hear of a more decorative arrangement. Fill the pots with coarse moss in the same way with which it is usually filled with earth. Then plant the seeds or cutting in the usual manner. The effect is not only much prettier than that of garden mold, but the plants thrive better in the moss. The moss absorbs just enough moisture to insure nourishment for the root of the plant and no more—a state of things which is not always assured with earth.

If one is to be in the kitchen for some time among the steam of cooking, it is a good plan to wear a cook's cap. This is not the square cap worn by the male cook, but a full, white cap, such as is worn quite generally in the cooking schools. It is the best made of sheer white muslin, may have a full frill of the material, crimped to fit closely to the hair, or a very simple frill of lace. These caps are similar, we believe, to the caps worn by nurses. At all events, they give a neat and dainty appearance to the wearer, and are universally becoming.

In making shirt waists, tailors add five inches of fullness below the throat for slight figures and only three inches for those who are large. The pointed yoke set on the back has a bias seam down the middle and has two rows of stitching at the edges and down the middle seam. The fullness at the waist line is laid in small plaits and held down by a narrow belt stitched on the outside. Shirt sleeves ten inches wide at the top are tapered to be slightly gathered into straight cuffs three inches deep and wide enough for the hand to pass through when buttoned. The nearly straight collar, two inches and a half deep, is mounted on a high neck band that requires two buttons to fasten it. Both collar and cuffs are interlined and have a single row of stitching on the edge. An inch-wide box plait down the front is fastened with three or four pearl buttons, unless studs are worn, and in the latter case there are usually linked buttons for the sleeves. When laundered, only the collar and cuffs are stiffened with starch, the remainder being left soft to feel cool and look cool also.

Among the Arabs a curious custom prevails at all weddings. After various ceremonies, the bridegroom is led in the evening into a large, dimly lighted room. Here, huddled on the floor on one side, he finds the female relatives and friends