

Heaven, that at least he could put out of the power of posterity.

The house was still as death. In the dim light of the studio, the positions of the white marble and clay figures could barely be distinguished. Over where the chef d'oeuvre lay, heavy draperies cast a deeper shade. Pygmalion groped his way in, his brain aflame with his jealous, unreasoning madness. His accustomed hands soon found chisel and heavy steel mallet, and in a moment he stood over the prostrate white figure, which his eyes could but dimly outline. For one instant he hesitated. Through his madness rose a momentary regret that so beautiful a thing should be destroyed. But the sense of his own dishonour rushed in upon him, and drove down the feeble regret. It nerved him, and gave him double strength. He raised his mallet and dealt the accursed thing a swinging blow. Great God! what was that that stayed his hand as he held it high for repetition? Surely the steel had not met with the resistance of marble which he knew so well! And, great heavens, what was that, that chilled his heart, that sent the blood whirling through his brain, and threw him, gnashing his teeth, foaming at the mouth, into the paroxysms of convulsions on the floor? It was a scream, a groan, a ghastly mortal yell, then a long-drawn sob right under his murderous hand. And then Pygmalion knew in one startled moment of lucid thought that in his madness he had blundered—that he had mistaken the reality for its counterfeit, and that he had killed his wife.

Sir Pygmalion and Lady Smith are now so well known in London—indeed in all European Society—that probably the only thing not generally understood about them is that their crest—a cat couchant with rouge wound in its back—takes its origin from the snow-white Persian tom, which had made a couch of the cool bosom of Pygmalion's great work, to its own destruction, on that sultry summer night long years ago.

FASHIONS.

I have just seen a bonnet of cork—yes, positively made of a thin layer of that material adapted to the crown and front and also to the large bow, placed in the front; it was trimmed with gold cord and ornamental pins, and a row of roses without foliage united the hair, and the bonnet at the back—petunia roses, by the bye, not very natural, but contrasting well with the cork. Straw, accordion pleated, is also used for the front bird-like bows, without which no bonnet would now be complete.

Short waists make belts a necessity, and the newest are of expanding wire, orná-

mented with jet spots about the size of a four-penny piece, fashioned like a Swiss belt in front, with a buckle in the centre.

A very large bow of either green or violet velvet or satin ribbon, with two sections to each side centered by a tight crossing torsade, is placed on the front of dresses, whether of silk or cloth, and so adjusted as to decorate the top of the bust, being on the exact middle of the front of the bodice, midway between the belt and throat. This very effective bow is so wide that it reaches almost to the armhole on each side. There are no pendent loops or ends, and the effect is excellent. In black velvet ribbon or toulard, showing a pattern of wild roses a bow of this kind is extremely picturesque. (This effect is taken from the time of Louis Quinze, similar bows of a smaller size being seen on the skirt in rows of six or eight running upon the right and left, and having rows of lace between them.)

We illustrate a lovely gown of glace foulard, shot with fawn colour, pale green, and pale heliotrope. The skirt is arranged with a double flounce, the upper one, which is also the shorter of the two, being edged with cream-coloured lace. The hat has a wide brim of fine Leghorn, and a crown of short green, and fawn velvet, trimmed with shaded roses in four colours, tiny rosebuds, and a large glistening dragon-fly.



RECIPES.

Rumbled Eggs.—Beat three eggs with two ounces of butter and a teaspoonful of cream; put into a saucepan and keep stirring on the fire nearly five minutes, until it has risen up like little waffles. Serve hot on buttered toast.

Chocolate Custard.—Add a teaspoon evenly full of grated chocolate, to a quart of fresh milk, not skimmed. Boil together, then set aside to cool. Beat well four eggs, reserving three of the whites, however, for a meringue. Sweeten with a teaspoonful of sugar and season with a teaspoonful of extract of vanilla. Mix chocolate and eggs together. Bake in a pudding dish slowly, and only until set like custard. Put the meringue on when the custard is cold.

Spanish Cream.—One quart of milk, one-half box of gelatine four eggs, beaten separately, four level teaspoonfuls of vanilla, one cup of sugar. Soak the gelatine in the milk for half an hour. Then put it on the fire in a double boiler; beat the yolks of the eggs and the sugar together, and when the milk is boiling, stir the eggs in and cook until it begins to thicken. Beat the whites of the eggs very light, and stir into the mixture, when it is taken off the fire; flavor and pour into the mould to cook. Beat the whites well into the custard.