

which is captivating to women of refinement. They are so fine, so soft, so dainty, so easily worn, so free from anything like display.

The tweed costumes need no trimming, but are sometimes mounted with satin in the form of collar, cuffs, plastron, and bands, or *pattes* upon the skirt.

The new cottons consist of Scotch zephyr gingham, cotton batiste, satines, and percales. The large plaids are selling in gingham, but the newest styles are in wide clustered stripes.

The momie cloths do not appear among the finer cotton goods, but the bordered cambrics are very charming, and show lovely designs in clustered leaves and wood berries in natural colors, upon the delicate ground tints in the borderings, which greatly enrich the pure, suggestive, and dainty flower and leaf patterns of the design in the body part of the goods. These are pretty enough for any purpose in summer; and much more suitable than light silk for hot weather.

There is no evidence of any waning in popularity of the short dress; on the contrary, it is more firmly established than it ever has been, because it is more sensible in its style, and more exact in its proportions.

When the short dress was introduced some years ago, it quickly ran into a semi-mountebank costume, which was half Swiss peasant, half "Dolly Varden," and wholly unseemly for ladies of character, position, and refinement. The short dress of to-day is not too short, and is every way a suitable and sensible street dress, and it is to be hoped that its comfort will insure its continuance.

The "poke" reappears in straw, and its quaintness makes it attractive to many. It is always tied down at the sides, and the brim is faced with a shirred lining of silk or satin.

Jackets and capes are largely used for out-door wear, made *en suite* with the dress; but there are a vast number of these made up as independent garments in cloth, plush, beaded lace, and various combinations. The black lace capes are very pretty, and will be in great demand when the warm weather approaches. The novelty is the lace cape with hood lined with a delicate color; a very welcome change from the rows of beaded lace or fringe, and one that adapts the light, dressy, and convenient little garment to summer lawns, muslins, and cambrics in delicate tints and patterns.

The new silk muslin is much used for evening dresses at watering-places, but it must be made over a slip, and is therefore less ready than the artistic India and Chinese silks, which make up most charmingly, are cool and fresh as muslins, and when wrinkled, easily ironed out; of course they should be simply made; a conventional style is wholly unsuited to them.

ONE of the most beautiful models in Paris is a young woman who comes from the blue-grass region of Kentucky. She was deserted by her husband abroad, and she now supports herself by posing.

"I suppose that you are very glad that your husband is entirely cured of his rheumatism?" said a doctor to a fashionable lady. "Yes, I suppose I ought to be, but from now on we will have to guess at the weather or by a barometer, if his bones quit aching before a damp spell."

Paletot Visite.

Gendarme blue and golden brown plaid camel's-hair cloth visite, in sacque shape, but having the outer parts of the sleeves cut in the same piece as the back. It is ornamented with a capuchin hood lined with *gendarme* blue satin on the sleeves. The front is closed under *brandebourgs* of satin *passementerie*, corresponding ornaments of *gendarme* blue satin are placed on the cuffs, and a tied *cordeliere* to match finishes the hood. Hat of yellow Tuscan and lace straw, a scarf of blue and golden-brown plaid Surah arranged carelessly around the crown, and a long golden-brown ostrich plume drooping over the side and falling on the hair at the back. Pattern of the "Paletot-Visite" in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

Scarborough Ulster.

This stylish ulster of *loutre* diagonal cloth, ornamented with a rolling collar and a capuchin hood lined with Vandyke red *satin marveilleux*, is worn over a traveling costume of dark-brown camel's-hair cloth. The design illustrated is the "Scarborough" ulster. Bonnet of old-gold rough-and-ready straw, with strings of *loutre* Surah and shaded brown and yellow ostrich tips. Patterns of ulster in two sizes, medium and large. Price, thirty cents each.

A Dinner in Java.

This meal is served in Continental style, and cooked in a French manner as a good Malay cook, under the leadership of a lady knowing all about it, can do it. Coconut oil is liberally used in the preparation of numerous dishes, as butter is too expensive for all cooking purposes. Some things I noticed that can be mentioned here. Never do the host and hostess take the top and bottom of the table. The latter assumes the place sacred to the father of an English family, the former sitting at the side. I, however, saw this arrangement exactly reversed in one or two households. Never have I seen saltspoons or fish-knives on a Dutch Batavian table. One helps one's self to salt with the point of one's knife. Finger glasses are not brought on at dessert, but are before you all dinner time. A dinner party is neither a stiff nor a solemn affair (though I have been at one that was rather silent), and I only found it differ from the every day meal in there being a finer display of flowers on the table, a great number of dishes (far too many), and in our having escorts to and from the dining-room.

The ladies were not in "dinner-dress," but wore comfortable visiting or driving toilet; gentlemen, their cool white suits. The host did not ask particular male guests to lead in certain ladies. He himself walked away with the oldest friend, perhaps, or chief lady guest, and the gentleman who thought himself entitled to do so took the hostess. The rest followed as they thought proper. At table our places were indicated by cards on our plates, and care was shown by the hostess in placing sympathizing partners together. The married guests occupied seats near the host and hostess at one end of the table, and the other was devoted to bachelors and maidens. *Cassel's Magazine.*

THE Empress of the French gave \$250,000 for Mr. Longman's villa, which is to be her future home. The house is a good one, and stands in very pretty picturesque grounds, but there is only a small quantity of land attached to it.

When the twenty-four hours of each day and night are numbered from 1 up to 24, as proposed for the benefit of clockmakers, and to do away with P. M. and A. M. of time tables, 21 o'clock will be considered as the shank of the evening, and 17 o'clock will be considered as the proper time for dinner.

A Lady of Lyons.

Jules Gerard is dead, ignobly drowned in an African river, but Bombonell lives, and the lions of the dark continent have long trembled at his name. A sister of Viscount Mandeville, Louisa, countess of Gosford, now divides with Bombonell the laurels of Africa. The International Yacht Club, which started from Lisbon on a yachting tour and included Algiers in the list of its stations, procured its members the long looked-for opportunity of having a shot at lion under Bombonell's guidance. The most enthusiastic members of the expedition were ladies, among them the countess of Gosford. Bombonell received the members of the yachting clubs as old acquaintances. Almost the first question put to him was: "Shall we go lion hunting?" Now it must be borne in mind that Algeria is no longer the hunting-ground par excellence it used to be, and one has to travel a good distance nowadays to reach some Arab tribe in whose neighborhood lions are to be met with. Bombonell knew of two tribes to whom he had addressed himself in anticipation of his expected visitors' clamoring. Vainly did he try to dissuade the ladies from taking part in the sport. Nothing was left for him but to take the greatest possible precaution against any accidents that might befall the fair portion of the party, all of whom, after an early start, reached the promised land in safety. Without much loss of time the beaters set to work and promptly succeeded in rousing first a lion and next a lioness. Unfortunately the lion after being wounded began to make in mighty leaps straight for the vehicle occupied by the ladies. The driver seeing him approach, jumped off his seat and disappeared in the bushes; the horses became uneasy by the firing, and instinctively frightened by the lurking enemy, dashed off, but were soon brought to a fatal end for them—a fortunate one for the ladies, as it turned out. The lion came up with the horses in a few leaps, struck his claws and teeth into one of them, throwing it to the ground, thereby not only causing the other one to fall, but upsetting the wagon at the same time. Quick as lightning Lady Gosford was on her feet again and, almost touching the lion, fired at and wounded him so badly that the animal was unable to renew the attack. Bombonell came to the rescue, and with a couple of shots from his revolver gave the lion the *coup de grace*. It is needless to say that the hunt was brought to an end, and that Lady Gosford is now the heroine of a lion hunt, envied not only by many a sporting lady, but by all the tourists now inundating Africa.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

MANY a man saves his life by not fearing to lose it, and many a man loses his life by being over-anxious to save it.

Too much asseveration gives a ground of suspicion. Truth and honesty have no need of loud protestations.

WHERE the mouth is sweet and the eyes intelligent, there is always the look of beauty and a right heart.—*Leigh Hunt.*

Few things are impracticable in themselves, and it is for want of application rather than means that men fail of success.

In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints, which, if properly applied, would remove the cause.

It is necessary sometimes to refrain from questioning our friends, that we may not draw from them what we ought not to know, and especially that we may not tempt them to deceive us.—*Madame Swetchine.*

A MAN with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart and good limbs, and good headpiece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold, tough muscles than silver, and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better than houses or lands.

ANTICIPATION.—Never anticipate misfortune. Troubles come soon enough without looking to them beforehand; and, moreover, by constantly expecting sorrow and disappointment, we destroy the happiness of the present, which it is our bounden duty to enjoy to the full extent; and troubles that come unexpected are often the least severe.

College Poetry.

Oh, she wears a sealskin sacque,
When it snows;
And her stunning suit is black
As a crow's;
Short; and thinks it is a pity,
Charming, jolly, wise and witty;
Has a retousse—so pretty—
Little nose.

In her basket phaeton,
When it blows,
With her striking glasses on,
Out she goes;
And she's just as sweet as stately;
And she sits there so sedately,
With her cheeks and lips so greatly
Like a rose.

She plays Chopin, Liszt and Spohr
For her beaux,
And she speaks of "Pinafore"—
Heaven knows!
With a naughty "D" and "Never!"
But she's awful nice and clever;
If she liked me, I'd endeavor
To propose.

Morpheus.

O spirit of the drowsy god, come soon,
And sink my being into No-Man's-Land;
Breathe over me the balmy breath of June,
And let my dreams by fairy hands be
planned.

Far, far from me the world's vague phantom
lies!

I seem to drift in an ethereal boat,
Which lightly swims between the earth and
skies,

And as though ether aimlessly I float,
I reign o'er all, am most triumphant king,
For all the peace this world can show is
mine!

My joy is full; I want not anything,
And all around me perfect glories shine.
This restless world can show no joy more
deep

Than that which comes to bless the just
man's sleep.

Imaginary Grievances.

A fretting, dependent woman is a most uncongenial companion—one whom a man can not really understand. There are countless wives who make their own and their husbands' lives a burden by brooding over imaginary grievances, which, when they come to be examined, have actually no existence save in the mind of the aggrieved one. A little word, perhaps, said in a fit heat of temper, which probably the speaker regretted as soon as uttered, or, what is far more likely, forgot as soon as said, is cherished in the heart and brooded over till the little sting becomes a festering sore that deranges the whole domestic system. The woe grows worse and worse with time, as more thought is expended upon it. It is a sad thing when once the habit of brooding over wrongs, imaginary or otherwise, takes possession of a woman. Thrown more upon her own thoughts and feelings, she is under greater temptations to indulge this habit than men, and by doing so she can very soon render herself and all within the circle of her influence miserable. Instead of the smiling face of welcome, the husband comes home to distant looks and unaccountable tears. His requests to know the cause are met by irritating silence that sinks a gulf of separation for the time being between them. They are at once thrown out of sympathy with each other, and till reconciliation takes place the family machine, that should work smoothly and noiselessly, is out of gearing, and harmony is destroyed. Such scenes, repeated often, soon wear a channel of indifference, and it will be well if this latter feeling does not eventually give place to contempt or hatred. The majority of men are so constituted that they shrink from tears and gloom, no matter what their cause.

A TORONTO husband has kept track the past year of the number of times his wife has threatened to leave him, and the figures are 121. She is there yet, however.

A BREACH of promise case in Detroit has been settled by the payment of \$5,000 to the woman. The man, as usual gets nothing.—*Free Press.* Gets nothing, eh? In the language of the worldly, he "gets stuck."