

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

IT is foolish to talk about fashions in house furnishing. The best bred people, the most artistic and the most real are those who never consent to adopt a thing on its merit of fashion. They put into their homes what they love and desire. They buy nothing because their neighbors have done so and nothing for its price or vogue. Those ladies who buy white and gold chairs because they are all the fashion, who are crazy this year for sixteen century furniture and the next year for Sheareton—why, such ladies are hardly worth considering, and their home rooms have no character at all. A woman also is in an unhappy fix who is constantly comparing her possessions with those of her neighbors to the disparagement of her own belongings and who desires to cast them aside for new things. A real housewife grows to love her chairs and sofas and her carpets. They are the dear, familiar face of her home, and she should not any more desire its flippant change than she should desire to give up the tranquil monotony of her life for the adventure and constant change of a Romany Rye.

One hears a good deal about feminine extravagance in dress and its deterrent effect upon the marriageable young men, who shrink back in terror from the altar when they consider what it costs to dress a girl according to the dictates of modern fashion. Therefore it is interesting to read of a certain Miss Fraser's new gown, made in the year 1676, which cost \$1,676, and of which it is recorded, "It frights Sir Carr Scroope, who is much in love with her, from marrying her, saying his estate will scarce maintain her in clothes."

Verily there is nothing new under the sun. Not in centuries has there been made a gown so resplendent as that worn by the Medici's queen, whereon were embroidered 3,200 pearls and 3,000 diamonds. And what belle in the last cycle has been arrayed so resplendently as that Mme. de Montespan, who wore at a great court festival a gown of gold on gold, bordered in gold, bordered with gold and over that gold frieze stiched with a gold mixed with a certain gold which makes the most divine stuff that has ever been imagined."

An old tome credits Queen Elizabeth with being the first woman to wear silk stockings. Here is the story:

In the second year of Queen Elizabeth, 1560, her silk woman, Mistress Montague, presented her majesty as a New Year's gift with a pair of black silk stockings, the which, after a few days wearing, pleased her highness so well that she sent

for Mistress Montague and asked her where she could help her to any more. Mistress Montague answered, "I made them very carefully on purpose only for your majesty, and seeing these please you so well I will presently set more in hand." "Do so," quoth the queen, "for indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings."

The desire to dress well is natural to any young lady who mingles in general society. One cannot appear well without being dressed well. Whatever her attractions, mental or physical, she must be dressed to some extent, at least, in the prevailing mode to render her an acquisition to the circles in which she moves. A person of great genius, of distinguished reputation, and acknowledged social standing, may dress eccentrically without detriment, perhaps, to herself individually, but for another in a less pretentious position to effect the same style is to excite the severest criticism, if not downright denunciation, of her compeers. To dress well is an art which is not understood or practiced by everybody, for everybody does not know or appreciate the combination of colors which renders the wearers well dressed in the eyes of the critical beholder. To say of a lady that "she is always well dressed" is to pay her a great compliment, for it implies that whatever may be the occasion—whether arrayed for the parlor, the opera, the theater, or the street—she has the requisite taste to dress in accordance with the style of the company she anticipates mingling with. We therefore advise young ladies to dress well; not showily or ostentatiously, but neatly and becomingly, and, of course, within their means, for no young lady should allow her apparel to cost more than her circumstances warrant.

It takes hot weather to bring out a woman's, or for that matter a man's real character, but more especially a woman's. You may pick up a certain amount of gossip and dainty bits of scandal in a drawing room, but if you want to get at a woman's soul observe her in warm weather, when she isn't swathed, wound and bandaged in a heavy gown and wrap, to say nothing of tight walking boots, close veil, thick gloves and fur collar. She is in no mood for confidences in winter garb. Her very smile is artificial, her voice unnatural, her gestures cramped, her glances without expression, but when like the butterfly she sheds this dull, heavy coverture and emerges into the sunshine a thing of gauzy, filmy, cobwebby textures, which leave her moments free and let the air come to her in an intoxicating flood, then if she has any

"psyche" it will manifest itself. Her smile will infect you, her laugh thrill you, her touch magnetise you, her words fascinate you, her glances spell-bind you, her breath intoxicate you, her sighs hypnotize you, her caresses fill you with soft and dreamy languor, such as steal over the lotos-eaters.

Given a garden, a girl and the month of August, and a man of course, and an engagement will follow as hard upon Hamlet's mother's wedding upon his father's death. In tightening up our pores winter gives a vicious tug at the running strings of our imagination. Thought is very much like the sap in trees—it takes warmth and sunshine to set it flowing. I'm told that an Eskimo maiden who, when the mercury is forty below is as silent as the Aurora, babbles like any of the rest of us upon entering her snow hut and finding the thermometer coquetting with the freezing point.

Mary Anderson, in her book, will explain why she left the stage at the zenith of her fame.

Lady Margaret Scott is again the English golf champion. She retained the place she won last year by defeating Miss Pearson.

Mrs. Rider Haggard is always beautifully gowned. At the recent "drawing room" she attracted much attention by her beautiful dress.

Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, wife of the inventor, it devoted to bowling and has some high scores to her credit. Riding and driving are, however, her favorite diversions.

A woman bicyclist, Signora Maria Forzani, recently rode from Turin to Milan a distance of 150 kilometers, in 8½ hours with one hour's rest included.

Miss Kate Field affects very pronounced colors, red being her favorite shade. She has a reception dress in which this color abounds, with very becoming effect to the wearer.

Miss Virginia Fair has a rather penetrating voice, which she uses with some skill as a ballad singer, and is very small in stature, with dark brown hair and eyes and a very pretty little turn up nose.

Miss Willard, president of the W. O. T. U., is not a person to strike at trifles. She is 54 years old, but in spite of this she has taken to riding a bicycle—an art which cannot be mastered without considerable trouble.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord, that much discussed dowager, rejoices in the possession of five

diamond necklace among the finest at a quarter of a million in it is

Mrs. Ballou, a full woman, is a question propounding witness to the

THEY were a her and Oliver. quavers. His host. St. friends and three and two the great coal Oliver.

"Well, Ol out of me point at once dinner."

"Oh, han Don't be

Diplomacy You want so you haven't and are

"Oh, it is the young fe it is a sentiment some one I t speak to you

"Oh, little the done

self and want "It isn't Oliver.

"Quavers ctedly, "I her. I—I—

very ground bouquets an sat in the sa run of that r every night

some sort at (quavers, she -until last enough to p

flowers, and in a register pushes my fl

You dea very badly, i isn't the sort

body, but b of chap, an do mean bor

The young outstretched "I'm sorr

kindly. "y night, and

Siren' will b