



From Lonaen Queen.

## THE FASHIONS.

There is a flutter and a threatened revolution in the make of skirts and bodices. Paris decrees eight yards to be the suitable width for a skirt; in England, at present, five and a half are considered sufficient: but how great are the possibilities of the future, when everyone is on the quiver to know what is coming next. Fashion is, in fact, so insidious in her methods, that we scarcely notice the advance of a novelty until it is an established fact. The poor crinoline has been so badly treated; it has been flouted from east to west and north to south of the universe—the universe as represented by the press. But yet it is certain that the skirts will be wide and set outwards.

A pretty specimen of the out-spreading skirt, was made of chestnut brown cloth trimmed with black gimp, there was a blouse to go with it made of purple velvet overhanging a belt; the combination of colour was very successful.

A beautiful evening dress, had a skirt of brocade, and a full bodice drawn into a pleated belt of velvet, cut right off the shoulders, with a drapery of embroidered chiffon falling over the top portion of the arm, the sleeves being

made of double puffs, with a band of brocade between them. This fashion of cutting the bodices off the shoulders is extremely pretty, and grows, daily, or rather nightly, in popularity.

Capes are worn every minute of the time; even morning gowns have them and all street costumes need them. They are made triple, and either tail or finished or edged with fur.

A low princess robe, is made of white satin, veiled with a diaphanous tunic in starry white silk gauze or net. It is elaborately embroidered below the knee, and encircled at the foot with a thick garland of roses in keeping with those decorating the bodice. The centre tuft is intermingled with wide ribbon loops and long streamers drooping to the edge of the skirt. Narrow corselet, epaulettes, and frillings in variegated lace. Kerchief folds and short puffed sleeves in plain gauze or mousseline chiffon.

We illustrate a toilette de visite, made in Berlin for the trousseau of H. R. H. The Princess Marguerite of Prussia. The dress is in Nile green mirror velvet, trimmed with Venetian point lace of exquisite quality, given by the Queen of Italy. The skirt is bordered with lace, trimmed with white lace and jet sprays.

## Recipes.

An icing for cake that is popular among French and German cooks and that is economical because it calls for no eggs, is made from a half pound of powdered sugar, a tablespoonful of boiling water, the grated yellow rind of an orange, and enough orange juice to moisten it. Put the sugar in a bowl, then add the rind, next the water, and lastly the juice, and use at once.

Left-over egg yolks may be kept fresh if covered with ice cold water. Pour the water gently over them, that they may not be broken. By changing the water every day they may be preserved fresh and sweet for two or three days, even in hot weather.

Spider Cake.—One pint of sour cream, half a cup of butter, half a teaspoonful of soda, as much salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, and flour sufficient to make a soft dough. Mix lightly, roll very thin, cut into rounds, place them upon a hot spider, brown upon one side, turn, and brown the other. Serve hot with butter and syrup.

Maple Sugar Pie.—One cup of maple sugar broken and rolled fine, two cups of sweet milk, yolks of three eggs, well beaten together. Line a deep pie-tin with paste, fill it with maple cream and bake. When almost baked sufficiently, frost the top with the whisked whites, in which three tablespoonfuls of powdered maple sugar have been beaten. Brown slightly, and remove from the oven.



## THAT WICKED CONDUCTOR.

In the parlor car sat a richly dressed young woman tenderly holding a very small poodle. "Madame," said the conductor, as he punched her ticket, "I am very sorry, but you can't have your dog in this car."

"I shall hold him on my lap all the way," she replied, "and he will disturb no one."

"That makes no difference," said the conductor. "I couldn't allow my own dog here. Dogs must ride in the baggage car. I'll fasten him all right for you."

"Don't you touch my dog, sir," said the young woman, excitedly. "I will trust him to no one." And, with an indignant tread she marched to the baggage car, tied her dog and returned. About fifty miles further on, when the conductor came along again, she asked him: "Will you tell me if my dog is all right?"

"I am very sorry," said the conductor, politely, "but you tied him to a trunk and he was thrown off with it at the last station."