

THE FASHIONS.

The female form divine has appreciably altered in some of its outlines during the twelvemonth just gone by. When 1892 began the close-fitting skirts, with their invisible "tie-backs," caused some wit to remark that women appeared to be a one-legged race, and some other wit soon afterwards discovered that they were also practically one-handed, so invariably did the up-holding of the long skirt then in favor rob the wearer of the use of five of her fingers. That is all changed now. The little train is gone, and much that was disagreeable went with it. Those who held it up looked all askew, and those who let it trail earned the positive dislike of the imaginative, for if "things seen are mightier than things heard," and we all know they are, things imagined are more abominable than things seen. The bell skirt now reigns. Fashion must have novelty. Without it there would be no fashion, for it is the essence of this latter to keep in touch with the new things she devises for her own purposes. The bell skirt is no improvement upon the sheath-like variety of last spring. It is heavier because it is wider, and the hem is often stuffed with a roll of something stiff in order to make it stand out in the orthodox wavy line about the feet.

In smaller details much is changed, but these appeal rather to the initiated. The single band round the border of the skirt has disappeared in favor of three narrow ones. The width of the sleeve upon the shoulder is much the same as it was a year ago so far as volume is concerned, but whereas it then pointed upward to the ears, it now stretches outward in a horizontal line. This width is out of all proportion to the rest of the figure, but women with their illogical minds (we refer to fashionable women of course) rather like the lack of symmetry, since it serves to make the waist look smaller. Her waist is the idol of the fashionable female. As the carefully cultivated moustache of a man is to him, so is the rigidly-trained waist of a nineteenth century lady to her a treasure indeed.

Another important change is that which deals with the arrangement of the hair. The new coiffure is alarmingly suggestive of the days of the chignon, the more so that the "teacake" at the back is often supported by an internal and invisible circle of slender wire covered over with hair of the tint of that with which it is to be worn. But why should all this hirsute wealth or natural adorning be devoted to the erection of the hideous and inartistic chignon? Yet things seem tending that way, and there are cassandra's who assert that 1893 is bringing the crinoline skirt along with other things that as yet we know not of.

Another question that 1893 will settle



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for us is whether women are to garb themselves in the short waist of the Empire period, or in the quaint and not particularly pretty styles of 1830. There is no accompaniment of the dress of the latter date which will probably be never revived—viz, the boots with indiarubber gussets let in at the sides, the whole reaching only about an inch above the ankle. One would be sorry to see these reappear.

Our illustrations this week show a handsome evening gown in emerald-green velvet, adorned with Irish lace and jet embroidery in brilliant shades. Front of skirt in brocade, edged with velvet ruching. This dress could also be made in yellow velvet, trimmed with black lace.

The second is a lovely evening cape in Satin de Lyon, wrought with old-gold and silver, intermingled with jet studs. Bands of mink fur edge the cape.

A DISCERNING FATHER.

Charley Penceless, fondly—"You are my treasure."

Maude Munny—"Yes and the only one you're ever likely to have, papa says."

"What is the matter with Bedloe? He seems all upset." "Well, the fact is his plans have miscarried and he is troubled with nervous frustration."

When a man is generous to a fault it is never one of his wife's.

AN AGREEABLE COMMISSION.

Mayer," says the principal on the 29th of December to his assistant, whose services are very unsatisfactory, "I have a very poor memory, and forget most everything. Remind me on the 1st that I'll discharge you."

A SPRINKLE OF SPICE.

Lipper—wasn't you surprised to hear of Tippler's mysterious disappearance?

Chipper—Not in the least.

Lipper—Had you any reason to expect it?

Chipper—Certainly. What more natural than that a man of his convivial habits should be spirited away?

A DOZEN IN A DOZEN YEARS.

Within less than a dozen years the literary world has lost Carlyle (1881) George Eliot (1881), Longfellow (1882), Emerson (1882), Matthew Arnold (1888), Browning (1888), Kinglake (1891), Lowell (1891), Walt Whitman (1892), George William Curtis (1892), Whittier (1892), and Tennyson (1892).

"Did you ever see a ghost?"

"Once."

"Were you scared?"

"Was I scared? Was I? My false teeth were in a glass on a table three feet away from the bed and they actually rattled so loud they woke the neighbors."