

rome, and there are also fancy shot and dotted neckerchiefs to match the tennis costume, which many choose. Paisley patterns and Oriental designs also figure conspicuously around fair throats. If preferred, the handkerchief is laid over the collar and loosely knotted in front. With the wide-brimmed sailor hat for very young girls, this is a very suitable and becoming mode of arrangement.

Gooseberries are said to make a delightful summer drink.

"Put a pint of the green berries in a preserving-kettle, add two quarts of water and a small piece of green ginger-root cut into slices. Cover and cook until the berries begin to burst, then stir thoroughly, set aside and pour through a jelly-bag. Sweeten with loaf sugar and serve with cracked ice."

Two ideal summer deserts are easily made from red raspberries, which are just now at their prime. For the first, whip a pint of sweet cream, and put it in a dish with alternate layers of berries. Set on the ice until ready to serve, and dust with powdered sugar the last thing. The other desert is a raspberry ice. To make it, boil three cups of water with five scant cups of sugar for twenty minutes. Add the juice of two lemons and three cupfuls of raspberry juice. Strain and then freeze.

One of the latest conceits for the dinner table is the serving of some cheese dish. This is usually in the form of ramequins or cheese straws, both of which are delicious dishes. Cheese straws are easily made and always successful. Mix one cupful of grated cheese with a cupful of flour, a half teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Add enough cold water to enable you to roll the paste thin; then cut it in strips seven inches long and one-half inch wide. Put them in tins and bake in a quick oven from five to ten minutes. They are often served tied with ribbons.

The deep rich Cleopatra colors will be in marked favor next season, the tawny golden browns, russets, and the chardon or copper dyes. Also many of the dahlia and fruit and leaf shades, and particularly the superb dark velvety reds and yellows of the wallflower and the nasturtium.

A very handsome Venetian openwork embroidery in shaded silk of dark color and bronze-gold or copper metal cords will be used in the autumn for trimming cloth, cashmere and wigogne dresses. On rich cream yellow or gray gowns of drap d'ete or Venetian cloth

for elegant tea gowns and evening toilets, this openwork trimming in gold, with delicate tints of lilac, rose, or green, is peculiarly effective and beautiful.

Some of the very sheer or semi-transparent toilets of the season are unlined and worn simply over petticoats of daintily tinted taffeta or surah silk. This gives a prettily "two-toned" or shadow effect, and greatly improves the general appearance of the dress, as the color of the silk shows delicately through the airy fabric. A rose-pink silk petticoat is exceedingly effective under a toilet of pale silver-gray batiste.

At a clover lawn party, where the guests hunted four-leaf clovers for half an hour, the finder of the greatest number being rewarded by a cold clover, the decoration was a white wicker wheelbarrow of clover, with a small rake leaning against it. The favors for the fete were small watering-pots filled with bon-bons for the ladies, and wheelbarrows for the men. The ices served were of pistachio cream in clover-leaf form.

#### ONE OF THE SENSIBLE SORT.

She can peel and boil potatoes,  
Make a salad of tomatoes,  
But she don't know a Latin noun from  
Greek;  
And so well she cooks a chicken  
That your appetite 'twould quicken,  
But she cannot tell what's modern from  
antique.

She knows how to set a table,  
And make order out of Babel,  
But she doesn't know Euripides from Kaat  
Once at making pies I caught her,  
A real expert must have taught her,  
But she can't tell true eloquence from rant.

She has quite a firm conviction  
She ought only to read fiction,  
And she doesn't care for science, not a bit;  
She likes a plot that thickens,  
And she's very fond of Dickens,  
From Copperfield to Martin Chuzzlewit.

She can make her hats and dresses,  
Till a fellow fair confesses  
That there's not another maiden half so  
sweet;  
She's immersed in home completely,  
Where she keeps all things so neatly,  
But from frowning not a line can she re-  
peat. (Thank goodness!)

Well, in fact, she's just a maiden,  
That whatever she's arrayed in,  
Makes her look just like the heroine of a  
play;  
'Twould be foolish to have tarried,  
So to-morrow we'll be married,  
And I'm certain I shall ne'er regret the  
day.

—(Yankee Blade.)

#### A Night in a Barcelona Hotel.

The first night in Barcelona, guided by a Spanish priest, I went to a sort of posada in one of the by-streets, and managed to get a room by paying in advance one peseta, which was rung on the table with an evident suspicion of its genuineness. Having two days' rail-

road grime upon me, I thought it comparatively small favor to be allowed to wash my hands. On timidly inquiring of one of the servants, I was led to a little toy tin affair containing water, and was furnished with a towel about large enough to dry the hands of a medium-sized clock. But when I asked for soap, I was stared at in a manner made me very uncomfortable. I have not asked for soap since in Spain, for I do not wish to lose my life by violence, having voted for slow death by starvation in the cause of American art.

The bill of fare at this hotel was enclosed in a thick frame of wood that weighed about ten pounds, and it was dropped upon the table like a load of bricks in a way that made my teeth rattle. After his Herculean feat the waiter calmly stared at me with a cigarette between his lips, waiting for me to recover myself. Why should lodgers wish to steal the bill of fare? I give it up: I leave the question to philosophers; I have puzzled my brains long enough on this subject.

The supper ended, I went to bed. I have not yet forgot the odor that hung about that bedroom. It made me miserable, suspicious too, of dread things to come. So I put a six-shooter under my pillow. There was a gas jet in room. Aha! thought I, here is at least some sign of progress. But in the small hours of the night, arising to investigate something, I put a match to the burner and turned the cock in all directions. The gas had left the premises. And I left them, too, next morning by the early dawn.—Correspondence Boston Transcript.

#### TWO VENTURES.

BY HURKARU.

##### CHAPTER VI.—IN NEW YORK.

"Glad to see you Mr. Dugdale," said Van Higgin, as the former walked into the latter's office in Wall Street one bright day in the early part of December. "How did you leave Guy?"

"Oh very well, over head and ears you know."

"Ha! ha! completely caught by the little French girl, eh? He was sweet upon Madeline once I think, but Madge did not seem to see it, although she always liked the boy. Pity Miss Chartreuse has not a cent, but I suppose that won't stop Master Guy now."

"Not permanently I think," said Dugdale smiling. "I hope Miss Van Higgin is quite well?"

"Perfectly, thanks. You must come and see her, No. 600 Fifth Avenue remember. Where are you stopping?"

"At the Brunswick," replied Dugdale.