

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

The face at the window once bright and fair. Was anxious and pale, and furrowed with care.

The moon rose out of the darkened sky. And seemed to say, "let us go, you and I."

She found him at last where the "wine flows red."

Oh, the wages of sin—there she found him dead!

—Richmond Enterprise.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

When Saturday was over and Mr. and Mrs. Vranklin were alone by themselves in the clean kitchen, sitting beside the stove, Mrs. Vranklin arose, went into her bedroom and brought out a bundle of clothes.

"I want you to look at these things, Jeremiah?" she said, mildly.

"What are they?" said he.

She spread them out on the floor.

"That is my best dress," she said.

"Those are my best shoes. That is the only bonnet I've got in the world but my calico-sun-bonnet, and that is my Sunday shawl."

She uttered the words quietly and waited.

"Well," said Mr. Vranklin, still smoking.

He said nothing. She gathered up the garments with a look of disdain and piled them on a chair.

"You're a rich man," she said.

"Rich for a farmer. You are sixty and I fifty years old. Our boys are married. I haven't had any money to spend for five years. I'm a sight to behold. If I were a servant I should get wages and not have to beg. No, I don't beg, Jeremiah. Since you don't offer it yourself, I'm going to tell you that I want money. I want a hundred dollars to buy some new clothes to feel decent and comfortable in."

"I'm destitute, I'm really destitute. Why, I'm out of flannel! My calico gowns are patched at the elbow. My shoe heels are twisted. I can't go to church anymore, for I've turned my black silk twice and the back breaths upside down. I've washed my bonnet ribbons. Well, I've done all I could rather than ask for what you didn't offer, and there's no need. You're well-to-do. I want to be decent and take a little comfort while I can. I must. There's no other way."

She had spoken her mind, and Mr. Vranklin had felt that a climax had arrived. He had "laid by" a large sum. He was growing old and had no need to pinch, but the awful demand for a hundred dollars all in a lump was too much for him.

He had become used to Eva Maria's quiet way of mending her old clothes and asking for no money, and it had never occurred to him that she would come down on him like this at some time.

He stared silently and puffed across the stove the smoke of the cheap tobacco he burnt in a common corn-cob pipe. The old rag carpet was clean. The old chairs were mended with carpet-bottoms. It was all tidy, but nothing was new. Nothing pretty, but the scarlet geraniums in their big pots on the window sill. He had given his wife very little in their thirty years of married life; for all the trinitrate was his mother's and she had helped him make his fortune, selling butter and eggs and pot-herbs and flower roots, feeding the hens chickens, and well, weeding vegetables and even riding the mowing machine, now and then—though not very lately. Conscience told him that he ought to pull from his vest pocket the crisp hundred dollar-note he had received that morning for some hay, at the landing, and say: "Here, Eva Maria, why didn't you speak before?" But when greed takes possession of the heart of man, it holds on like a leech. All he said, after the silence had remained unbroken for some minutes, was:

"Well, Eva Maria, I'll think it over."

To some women there is no agony like asking a husband for money.

While some are always crying: "Give! Give!" never content, never reasonable, others will go with ragged shoes until the masculine eyes discover the fact.

"They want a love-gift, not alms. Generally they have to ask at last. The happy wife feels no such tribulations. All that is mine is mine," has been said to her by word and deed too often, but where doubt of love lies the heart grows proud.

Eva Maria had nerved herself at last in the misery of her shabbiness to make the speech above recorded, but it seemed a fearful thing to do. She little guessed that she had frightened Jeremiah almost out of his senses.

"A hundred dollars," he said to himself. "She must know what I've got about me. She must mean to have it. Fifty now, I'd give. But a hundred! I'll get the money changed and give her fifty."

He opened the door of the passage, crossed it and went into the parlor. It was a cold, neat place, kept sacred for great occasions. It had a grate in it, but it was doubtful if a fire would be lighted there that winter. It had been inconvenient to take it down that summer, so fringed pink paper had been arranged between the polished bars and the rug drawn across the hearth. Pho-

tographs of several members of the family hung by red cords from the wall, dotted muslin curtains with neat-fluted ruffles covered the green paper blinds. A dish of wax fruit, covered by glass shade, ornamented the centre table, and the horsehair furniture had been so little used in two generations that it looked almost new.

The vases on the mantel were old-fashioned blue ware, for which a china worshiper would have paid a great price. They had been brought from Canton by a sailor grand uncle, long since dead, though he lived to see ninety-nine years. Between the windows was a "column" looking glass in which Mr. Vranklin's grandmother had seen silk poke-bonnet, still preserved in a "bandbox" up garret.

A little moonlight stole through the lower panes of the room and made all things quite plain to the owner's accustomed eyes. He tried to think in a hurry, and, being a slow man, grew very much confused.

Eva Maria should have fifty dollars, but she had said she had a right to a hundred. If he gave her the bill in his pocket, she would spend it. It was Saturday evening, he could not get it changed that night—no, not until Monday. If he locked it up, she would know and take it out, perhaps, and do as she pleased with it. She had declared her "right" to it. Eva Maria, humbled of the humble, meekest of the meek, had spoken so. Could it be?

"This was not logical, for Mrs. Vranklin had not attended one."

"Women used to be bidable. They are kicking over the traces now. Nobody," soliloquized Mr. Vranklin, growing more and more ungrammatical with his wrath—"nobody ain't gone to ride over me, specially a wife of mine. I must hide the money until I can change it. She might look into my pockets. She said she had a right to it, and she looked determined."

At this moment he heard a movement in the kitchen. He believed it to be his wife about to come in search of him, and tried to think faster.

The vases! This he hid the note there? No; there were still some asters in the garden, and Eva Maria might fill the vases with violets, as she sometimes did on Sunday afternoons, setting them for the nonce on the kitchen mantel. No, the vases would not do. The ingrain carpet was tacked down tight, the—Surely there was a step in the passage! The grate! There, under the fringed paper, it might lie safely all night.

He drew his pocket-book from his bosom and stuffed it between two loose bricks at the back of the grate. The pink fringes of the paper concealed it. All was safe. He cracked across the passage into the kitchen with consciousness of great uneasiness in his heart. Mrs. Vranklin, having taken her terrible intention, had taken flight to her bedroom, where she sat in the cold with a little shawl over her shoulders, trembling. He said something about about seeing Jones about those pigs, and fled the house, and the two held no more conversation until breakfast time. Then Mr. Vranklin, while his wife staid at home to cook dinner, no one else being at hand to do it.

Just as the beef was so far done that she could open the oven doors, there came a knock upon the door, and opening it she saw upon the porch her cousin Brown and the minister. Church was out, and Cousin Brown had brought the reverend gentleman to his friends to dine. Mrs. Vranklin received both hospitably, and hastened to usher them into the parlor. The yellow art- emiasis shone bravely in the big blue vases. Mr. Vranklin had been wise not to hide his money there, but it was cold—very cold.

"I'll light a fire," said the good woman. "It won't take a minute. It's the first fire of the season, or I'd have the grate fixed."

She tucked the paper down into the grate, the easiest way to be rid of it, piled on wood and placed the scuttle ready. As she struck the match, she gave a little cry, and repressed it instantly. The flames blazed up merrily and roared behind the blower.

When Mr. Vranklin returned, the blower was down, and the two men were warming their feet at a compact mass of red coal.

He looked at his Eva Maria. Her cold, composed, New England face with its high nose and close shut mouth, betrayed no emotion.

"She don't know what she has done," he said to himself; but he did.

The ghost of that hundred dollars stared at him from the embers. He could not talk, he could not compose himself. Cousin Brown, opinioned he was not well. The minister remarked "that in the midst of life we are in death," and seemed to prophesy his funeral. It was not a gay dinner, but then it was Sunday. That night, Mrs. Vranklin missed her spouse from his bed. She went to look for him and found him poking in the ashes of the dead fire with the tongs. He looked up with a very red face.

"I don't think these here coals kin be good," he said, confusedly.

"Did you get up in the night to look at them?" she asked.

He made no answer, and returned to bed.

Next morning his wife again attacked him.

"Have you thought that matter over," she asked.

Indeed he had, and it had occurred to him that Providence had prepared a special judgment for him, in destroying that money. He felt that it was his duty to speak the truth. She had a right to her money. She who had served him so well for so many years.

"I've thought it over, Eva Maria," he said, and arose and went to his desk, a queer, old-fashioned one built in the house-wall. When he returned, he brought with him a blank check.

"Get what you like, my dear," he

said, "and get it nice. Fill the check up just as you please."

He had not called her "my dear," for years. She smiled up at him very gently, tears were near her eyes.

However, she used the check to dress herself comfortably. It was the first time for many years that she had indulged in the luxury of shopping freely.

At night he met her at the depot, loaded with parcels, tired but smiling. He had not seen her so bright for many a day.

After tea that night they sat together beside the stove as before, and she looked at him in a peculiar way.

"You didn't seem to feel cheerful Sunday afternoon, Jeremiah," she remarked. "What ailed you?"

"I don't want to tell you," he answered.

"But I'll tell you," she said. "You thought I burned the pocket book you hid in the grate. I didn't."

She put her hand into her work-basket and drew it out intact with the money in it.

"I was just in time," she said. "But I understood at once when I saw it sticking between the bricks. If you hadn't given me the checks, I should have spent the money. There's a confession for you, Jeremiah!"

He looked at her, half angry, half astonished. She arose and came to him and put her hands on his shoulders.

"But I should never have enjoyed wearing them," she said. "I should have hated them, I think. These that I brought to-day with your tree gift, I shall love while there's a rag of them left."

The man looked at her with a feeling that a strange revelation of feminine human nature had been made to him, but all he said was:

"Why, Eva Maria, I want to know! and he drew her down upon his knee and kissed her."

Cause of Corns.

Why the American Men are so Generally Afflicted With Them.

"Corns are bad," said the philosophic bootblack. "Yours seem to hurt you some. Strange what lots of people have corns. Over 90 per cent. of the men who come to get a shine have corns. How do I know it? How do I know you have a corn? By finding it of course. Gently! All right, I won't hurt you, gov'nor. As I was saying, 90 out of every hundred have corns. People say it's tight boots, but I don't believe it. Those who have the worst corns wear boots that are too large for them. What gives them corns, then? All day long. It's wearing boots."

"Seldom do you see Europeans bothered with corns, especially Englishmen. Nearly every American has them. The former never wear their boots all day. They have walking boots to the office. Once there they put on a thin house boot. When they go home about five o'clock in the evening the first boots they do is to put on their slippers. The result is that the feet are always cool, the pressure never constant, and no muscle tried beyond its power. Far otherwise the American. He goes down to work at eight o'clock in the morning and is hurrying and scarry in the same boots home to dinner, hurries through dinner, and still wearing the same boots, goes to his lodge or elsewhere and returns at midnight, his feet having been cramped up for fourteen hours out of the twenty-four in the one pair of boots. The result is corns and bunions."—Chicago Mail.

Perpetual Motion.

The Great Problem Solved at Last by a Panzutanian Man.

J. F. Carroll, a turner in the employ of Houck & Harl, claims to have discovered the principle of perpetual motion and has constructed a machine which illustrates it to perfection. Several gentlemen who have seen it work declare that it is an unequalled success, and that machinery of all kinds can be run with it at a nominal cost. Alex. Grove, a partner in the invention, and is now in Washington, where he has filed a caveat, and the invention is now protected and secured to its owner. Mr. Grove went there first to secure a patent on an improved chisel, but failing in that was instructed to remain there until Mr. Carroll had constructed a perpetual motion machine. Ordinarily this would seem to involve a long residence in Washington, but Mr. Carroll has his machine perfect, and intends giving public exhibitions of it. The little model which he has constructed will lift a pound weight, which proves conclusively that a large machine would have tremendous power.

The question of perpetual motion, a machine so constructed as to run perpetually and furnish power sufficient to be useful in the manufacturing arts, has perplexed and ruined many a brain and many are they who have claimed to solve the problem. Now, should an obscure citizen of Panzutanian discover the great mechanical principle involved in this question it would enshrine him and the euphonious name "Panzutanian" in a halo of everlasting glory.—Panzutanian Spirit.

The Lead Pencil.

Few people are aware of the difficulties that were surmounted in the manufacture of the common lead pencil. In the first place the graphite of which it is made is rarely found sufficiently homogeneous to allow pencil lead to be cut from it, so it is always ground to powder and then pressed into blocks. The great difficulty was to press the blocks until the graphite was hard enough to use, and for many years every effort in this was defeated by the crumbly nature of the material. Finally a device was employed that exhausted the air, after which the blocks were again pressed and when this was done the material was found to be as hard as when taken from the quarry. But thousands upon thousands of dollars were spent in experiments before the result was reached.

Noah's Flood.

The shore lines of all the oceans give unmistakable evidence that the waters of the ocean have in recent geologic times, been greatly augmented. The coast surveys of the United States prove this to be true beyond a question. By this survey it is found that from Nova Scotia to Florida, and thence entirely around the Gulf of Mexico, the old shore lines of the continent are far out to sea. Along this shore-line, thousands of miles in extent, the ancient beach is now covered by the ocean waters from 180 to 250 feet deep. Then further out is found the shore line or what was then the shallow waters, which are now from 500 to 600 feet under water and beyond this the lead suddenly drops to a depth of 1,200 to 10,000 feet.

For the first hundred miles out from New Jersey the ocean deepens only three feet to the mile or only 300 feet in 100 miles, 18 miles farther out it is 6,000 feet, and 250 miles out it is 12,000 feet deep.

The same is true of the British Isles. The waters gradually deepen till the old coast line is reached and then a sudden plunge to abyssal depths. Similar conditions are found in the German oceans, the Norwegian waters, along the whole coast of Northern Europe, Northern Asia and Eastern Asia from Java to the Gulf of Aden.

On our western coast from the Columbia river to the Bering straits we find a wide sea beach covered by shallow waters and the steep banks of the old sea shore far out in the ocean. These sea beaches average 100 miles in width, and on them are found, in every part of the world, vast forests of timber now lying 200 or 300 feet below the surface of the waters.

The Atlantic continent has been surveyed, and although now entirely covered by the Atlantic ocean, except the Azore islands, it is known that this Atlantic continent was once above the waters of the ocean because its deep ravines, mountains, gulches and water courses, as now known to exist, could not have otherwise formed.

Geologists have tried to account for this universal rising of the waters by claiming that the lands have sunk into them, but this is an impossibility. All evidences point to the fact that these waters have been suddenly deepened, all at about the same time, and it cannot be that all lands have thus gone down to the waters. The conclusion must be inevitable that waters have risen over the lands.

The rising of waters in all the oceans from 300 to 600 feet could not have come from cloud formations such as we now have, but must have come from the fall of waters from the upper deep, from the great belts outside of the atmosphere such as we now see surrounding Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Mercury and Venus, belts that hide from view the great lights but let in the diffused twilight.

Prof. Vail, whose life was given to the study of geology, says: "One-third of North America, a great part of northern Europe, very nearly all of Siberia, much of China and other parts of Asia were apparently, at the same time, submerged beneath fresh waters." Such could only occur from a great flood, the falling of the great deep from above, the breaking up of the belts which surrounded the earth.

Dana, the great geologist, speaking of recent geologic time, says that animal life was subject to a great plunge-bath and the most complete extermination of species of which there is record.

Many evidences of a similar nature are found in the North polar regions. While a sudden great fall of waters extinguished ocean animal life by a sudden change of salt to fresh waters, as evidenced by the great pits filled with the remains of such sea animals, the same catastrophe was working havoc among the inhabitants of more northern climates.

To-day are found the skeletons of the hairy mammoth imbedded in pure clear ice more than 200 feet beneath the glacier and 50 feet above the surface of the earth, the whole carcass preserved hair, skin and eyes, the flesh being devoured by wolves and bears as the glacier ice thaws and exposes the carcass. The contents of the stomach are almost as natural as they were one hour after being eaten, showing that they luxuriated in forests of cone-bearing trees, pines, etc., up to the very hour of their sudden death. Their history was written then and reveals to us that they were overwhelmed by a sudden downfall of snow. Cuvier declared that these great animals were frozen solid immediately after death.

Covered by 200 feet of ice these skeletons would be preserved for a million years and all this is incontrovertible evidence that while the great flood was falling on the equatorial portions of the globe the polar regions were being engulfed by mountains of snow.

The earth surrounded by deep belts of vapor would make of it a perpetual greenhouse and the breaking up of these belts and their downfall in a great flood would bring sudden cold in the northern latitudes accompanied by immense snows.

Previous to the Edenic age geology tells of the earth, or a great portion of it, was covered by glacier ice. Then came the moon-comet adding its water, carbon, lime and water to the earth, its close proximity to the earth, like the great red spot of Jupiter, evaporating the waters that were previously on the earth, melting the glacier ice forming the belts and causing that universal greenhouse Edenic age, then the successive collapse of the belts, bringing the oft repeated great downpour, the last of which was Noah's flood, when the skies were cleared, the rainbow appeared and the last possible destruction by water had come.

W. T. FOSTER.

Elizabeth Phelps Ward has out a new book that is receiving a good deal of favorable comment. The title is "Donald Darcy" and the story is sprightly and true to life. Persons who make a point of keeping posted on all the new books should get this, for it will prove very interesting reading.

"Kate! what's become of the porous plaster I left in that desk?" "Porous plaster! Why I thought it was one of those new postage stamps, and I put it on a letter to me."

The Uncertainties of Memory.

Everybody knows the man who can't remember names. The number of people who can't remember dates is legion. Parenologists say certain lobes of the brain are devoted by nature to certain purposes. In other words, and crudely, the function of memory is exercised by or through a particular section of the brain entirely distinct from and independently of other sections. There are a good many practical examples and well established cases which seem to bear out this theory. But when we get down to the minor subdivisions of these particular brain functions the idea becomes somewhat complex. Take this single thing of memory—there is a subdivision for dates, for names, for mislaid spectacles or umbrellas, for places, for faces, and so on? We all know those who can remember certain things and not other things. Sometimes the lapse is about the names of inanimate objects. The late Ralph Waldo Emerson couldn't remember the names of the simplest and commonest articles of daily use without an effort. If he wanted somebody to pass the salt he couldn't remember at once what to call it, but would indicate it by signs. He was embarrassed when suddenly called upon to designate an umbrella, cane, or any other object of like simple nature. Yet Emerson was a man of vast resources of memory.

I heard of a man the other day who when asking for his hat was unable to name it, conveying his meaning by the roundabout method of "that thing I wear on my head when I go out."

Unhappily understand too well the trick the memory can play when it comes to names of persons. It is frequently impossible for me at once to recall the name of any particular individual, especially if suddenly confronted with it in the street or elsewhere. It makes no difference how well I may know him. Yet I might not have seen him for a quarter of a century and be able to call his name at once. It is a case of uncertainty—the name may be on my tongue—then go from me in an instant. It falls like a needle in the straw—fishing as it goes, to be recovered later by minute examination. You have not forgotten, in other words, it is the uncertainty of producing your thought at any particular moment.

Tickets for the Big Fair.

New York is supplying Chicago with the admission tickets for the World's Fair. One million of them are already on hand in Chicago for sale, and the contract with the American Bank Note Company, which is doing the work, calls for the striking off of 5,000,000 more.

The tickets, which are in four different designs, are about four inches long by two and one half inches wide, the paper used being of remarkably fine texture of a light grayish color. The tickets of the various series differ from each other in the color of their backs, the colors used being brown, red, green and blue, the lathe-work designs on the right side of the face, and the heads in the left hand corner.

On one series is the ideal head of an Indian warrior, a Columbus's head is on another, Washington's on the third, and the head of Lincoln on the fourth. Opposite these handsome vignettes in the right hand corner of the ticket, is engraved "World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, Admit bearer 1st May to 30th October, 1893."

At the bottom of the ticket are the signatures, "A. F. Seiberger, Treasurer," and "H. N. Higginbotham, President," while on the face of the ticket, in the center, is a seal varying in the colors of brown, red, blue and green, according to the series.

The back of each design is the same. Across the face for three fourths of an inch is the legend, "World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago," filling in seven-tenths lines. On the reverse of the ticket is a semi-circular scroll-work, very handsome in design, within the rings of which is engraved in microscopic lettering "18—World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago—93."

April Weather Proverbs.

Thunder in April is the end of hoar frost.

Alter a wet April follows a dry June.

Whatever March does not want April brings along.

April and May are the keys of the year.

A cold April the barns will fill.

A dry April not the farmer's will; rain in April is that he wills.

Snow in April is manure, snow in March devours.

April cold and wet fills barn and barrel.

At St. George (24) the meadow turns into hay.

April snow breeds grass.

Moist April, clear June.

When on St. George (24) rye has grown so high as to hide a crow, there is a good harvest may be expected.

When April makes much noise we will have plenty of rye and hay; when April blows its horn, then it stands good with hay, rye and corn.

A cold and moist April fills the cellar and fattens the corn.

April showers bring May flowers.

April barrows three days from March and they are ill.

—A man calls his wife by the beautiful title, "Virtue," because she is her own reward. She does all the house work and gets no wages. The title might appropriately be applied to a great many women.

—Mr. Whittier's literary executor has collected a large quantity of interesting correspondence of the poet, and the two volumes of the biography will probably be published in the autumn.

—It is estimated that during the last five years the turpentine gatherers of Georgia have destroyed \$200,000,000 worth of pine timber.

—A flea is provided with a genuine lancet, the knife inclosed in a case in the head of the insect, the case opening sideways, like that of a razor.

The World of Women.

Traveling wraps of gloria with hoods are among the private orders for the season.

Flat folds of material headed by milliner's pipings, are among the prettiest of skirt trimmings.

Earrings are as absolutely "out" as the nosegay among the ultra elegant. Tiny screws are the only sort worn at all, and these only by women who do not pretend to keep up with the vogue.

The women of the Minnesota State Board have raised the needed money of Huawath bearing Minnesota in his arms, and it will be placed in front of the State building at the World's Fair.

Mrs. J. Crosby Brown, who has a fine country home on Orange Mountain, has for the past nine years given happy afternoons in her grounds to poor motinome women in New York. The mothers come in groups of eight, each bringing her own or some other child with her, and are brought up from the station in carriages. There is a house on the grounds where they receive refreshments three times during the day. Some of the women who are reached by this gentle beneficence have not seen the country for twenty years.

Miss Mary Anderson, now Madame de Navaro, lives in absolute privacy in a small house near Turnbridge Wells. The erstwhile actress shows no desire to return to the stage. She spends her time studying Spanish under her husband's tuition, and her evening to music, to which both are devoted. Madame de Navaro in private life has nothing of the actress about her. She is as simple as natural as a child. She had a choice of public life and success and a private life of peace and privacy. She has chosen the latter, and is radiantly happy.

Nearly 400 applications for patents were made last year by women. Fores most among the inventions are those appertaining to the adornment of the inventors or their homes. But besides these there are new sky devices, fire-escapes, cameras, balloons and not a few conveniences for the opposite sex in the line of improved braces, buttonhole flower holders, trousers splash preventers, etc. Not only do the women seem able to originate the ideas, but also to exploit their patents and introduce them.

Several large commercial enterprises in England are carried on by women, and in this country a lady very successfully defended her patent dress protector in open court, conducted the case herself and came off with flying colors.

Speaking of tartan silk waists suggests the great diversity of designs shown now in silk bodices which have become one of the necessary luxuries of good dressing. Striped and figured silks are used as well as the changeable taffetas and wash fabrics of silk. There is the Josephine waist, which is gathered all about the neck, down the shoulders and again at the bottom. Narrow velvet ribbon is sewn on in the form of a yoke before the waist is made up, and narrow velvet edging the folded belt and is looped in the rosette in the back. Drooping shoulder ruffles and bretelles, which are sloped to a point at the belt, are made of the silk, doubled and cut on the bias, or else the selvage of the material is used for the edge of the bertha and frills.

The Garibaldi is perhaps the most pleasing design, because it is more unadorned than the others. A Garibaldi waist of gray blue silk, with a gold rose figure, has a gathered front of plain old rose silk. The waist is gathered to a collar formed of narrow strips of satin ribbon and folds of the material. The ribbon edges the point of the waist, which is not fastened anywhere, but opens over the dress.

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The unusual opportunities for the development of trimming conceits seem to give the modistes special delight. In the latest importations lace flounces and ruffles are almost epidemic; black lace, ecru lace, white lace, in flounces of all widths, and ruffles with scarcely more width than will suffice to gather them. All the light silks show examples of this trimming. The flounces are headed in various ways also are they draped.

The deep festooning, which carries the lace up from a width of two inches to a point ten inches high, is supplemented by all sorts of festoon-like draping, in addition to the straight flounces and ruffles. On one gown a wide flounce of white lace is set on so that it is straight at the bottom and waved in wide, shallow waves at the top, headed by a ruffle of satin ribbon. Black lace is striking as used on the light silks and headed with folds of colored velvet.

"Oh, isn't that an exquisite dress!" "No indeed; I think it's just perfect." These snatches of an animated discussion are repeated because they point to a costume admirably illustrating the lace craze. A silk buff in hue, with narrow noire, and yet narrower satin stripes of varicolor, say pink, blue, olive and gold, has three graduated flounces of dotted net with scalloped edge. The double puff-sleeve has a deep flounce of the same, and the lace ruffle simulates a jacket on the front of the corsage, and passing under the arms, makes a basque in the back. The flounces instead of being headed by velvet folds, as is so usual, are set on in pointed waves, with a heading formed by three rows of baby ribbon, yellow, pink and blue, the ribbons tying in tiny bows on each point. Such outline sketching scarcely conveys the effect, which is that of a lace over dress caught here and there by bows and shower knots of colored ribbons. Truly it is a bit fancy, and as truly it is exquisite in coloring and in daintiness.