RECALLED.

She stood on the topmost stairs,
Of the dimly-lighted hall,
Regal, queenly and fair,
Slender and lithe and tall—
A lovely shape in clinging white,
With glorious dark eyes soft and bright,
With scarlet lips and dusky hair.
She paused and smiled with wistful grace—
To the man below 'twas an angel's face
That gently, tenderly gazed at him—
Out of reach in the shadows dim,
Where she stood on the topmost stair.

She stood on the topmost stair,
She had said good-by to her love,
She had said good-bye, had breathed a prayer
To the great white throne above,
But she paused to look on her love again,
She paused—and was lost—and then—and then,
She forgot all else but that he was there.
She stretched out her arms, the never a word
Escaped her sweet lips that her love could
have heard:

have heard; But those eloquent white arms, out-stretched above,
Flooded his face with new hope and love,
And love it is strong, and love it is fleet—
To the man at her side, 'twas a woman sweet
That stood on the topmost stair.
—Elizabeth A. Vore.

THE BLUE DOMINO.

"You don't know me! Hugh Folkard turned and looked hard at the lady who had whispered these words in his ear as he stood leaning against a pillar watching the crowd of masqueraders who were comporting themselves as merrily as an English crowd could possibly do under the circumstances. The genius of fancy dress does not attain its height on this side of the Channel. The moment you dress an Englishman in anything which he is not accustomed to wear he feels awkward. Mask him in addition and he cannot shake off the impression that he is making an

exhibition of himself. Hugh Folkard was in the scene, but not of it. He had come to Covent Gardens as hundreds of other club Gardens as hundreds of other can men had come—simply to pass an evening and "see the fun." He was in this arm.

"My darling, how silly you are! As "My darling, how silly you are! As "My darling, how silly you are! But as begun to feel rather bored when his languid interest in the proceedings was quickened by the challenge of the fair unknown.

He did not recognize the voice, but he fancied that the owner of it was en-

deavoring to disguise it. A prolonged scrutiny failed to reveal any feature which would serve as a clue to identity. The lady was dressed in a blue domino and the face was concealed by a white satin "loup," lace of which fell rather lower than usual and concealed everything but the

"No-I-er-I really don't," said

Folkard. "And you can't guess?"

"No-I-I can't guess; won't you "No; that would spoil the fun," said the lady in the blue domino, "but I will tell you who you are."

"That should be easy if you know | you!" me. I am not masked." "Your face is not, but your heart

"Really-I-er-didn't know that was possible. I should have thought

that sort of thing over one's heart would have caused rather an uncomfortable feeling."
"Perhaps it does." A shade passed over Hugh Folkard's

face. There was something in the intonation with which these words were spoken which made him uneasy. He fancied that perhaps with a few more questions he might be able to get a clue to the mystery.
"Well," he said, "as you say that

know so much about me and my heart perhaps you won't mind proving that your knowledge is not assumed."

"Not at all," replied the Blue Domi-"but I must whisper. You wouldn't like everyone to know as much as I do."

Hugh Folkard shrugged his should-"I don't think it would matter,' he said. "Come, I have the bump of curiosity very largely developed and am anxious to hear something about myself especially as I fancy it is something I never knew before. If you really it. Give me a sign by which I may recognize myself."

The Blue Domino, her dark eyes flashing through her mask, looked quickly round to see that no one was very close to them; then, bringing her face close to Hugh Folkard's she whispered:

"We haven't met for five years. The wedding day. I think you know me now; if you don't I'll tell you something else that may help you to fix me in your mind. Your wife died a year ago. Two days before she died she managed to write a few words and put them in an envelope and she got the nurse to post them. Your wife's last letter posted unknown to you, was addressed to me. I have it still, but I have never let any one know its contents because, Frank Marden, I love you still.'

Hugh Folkard listened in blank astonishment. When the lady had finished it was a moment or two before he could find words to reply.

"I assure," he said, "you have made

"It won't do, Frank," said the un known. "I know you." Then she bowed her head with mock solemnity. and moving rapidly away was soon lost in the crowd.

Hugh Folkard stood dumfounded for a moment; then he laughed aloud so heartily that people standing near him stared at him.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "I never anticipated such an adventure as this when I came to the ball. I came unmasked and I'm mistaken for a widower, and a lady in a blue domino tells me that my name is Frank Marden, and that she loves me still. I must tell the fellows this. It will the room, dressed for her walk. Hugh wife's death. Then I married the girl her dying hand she wrote the words

amuse them, but they won't believe me. They'll think I've made it up. Frank Marden. I must remember that name. I might meet the fellow some day, and then I could have some

Hugh Folkard's astonishment was perfectly genuine. The Blue Domino had mistaken him for somebody else, and had gone away thoroughly under the impression that his denial was an his odd adventure to two or three men of his acquaintance and to one lady. The men laughed, the lady looked serious. She was his finance, and she didn't like the idea of any woman talking to her future husband in such a manner and telling him that "she loved

"But, my dear Madge," exclaimed Hugh, as he noticed the cloud upon his sweetheart's face, "it was a mistake She called me Frank Marden, and thought I was a man whose wife died a year ago. My name is Hugh Folkard and I haven't been married yet,

you know, at all." Madge Hetherington shook her bead. "Of course I know it was a mistake. Hugh dear, but for this woman who told you she loved you to mistake you for another man, you must be very like that man. I can't understand a girl making a mistake in the man she loves, unless the resemblance is very extraordinary."

"I suppose I must be like the fel low," replied Hugh, laughing, "but I can't help that, you know, and so long as he didn't murder his wife and I am not mistaken for him by the police and brough up at the Old Bailey I can't see that it particularly matters.

Folkard's attempt to treat the matter jokingly failed miserably. The picture that he drew of what might happen only made Madge more serious

"You-you don't think, Hugh, any

if such a thing were possible! But as we don't know that this man who is like me did murder his wife that's only nonesense, and after all the whole story may have been an invention of this woman. It may have been just her idea of a practical joke at a masked ball. Come, you musn't think any more about it. What shall I bring you from Italy ?"

"Must you go ?" "Yes, dear; my father would never forgive me if I did not meet him in Brindisi. Remember he has been in she is." India ten years, and after such a long separation as that I musn't appear an undutiful son. I shall only be away a from my letters, and I'm certain that he will think himself the luckiest father in the world to have such a daughter-in-law. Good-bye, dear. God bless

"Hugh, let me walk a little way with you. Mamma is not going out today. She is not well enough and I

want a little air. I-I feel faint." "You dear little goose, you don't mean to say that silly nonesense about the girl in the bule domino has really worried you so much as that?"

Yes, but I shall shake it off; let me come a little way with you." "Of course; I shall be delighted. Come for a walk in the park and I'll walk back here with you."

"Will you? I should like it so much. I won't be a minute in getting

Madge ran up stairs to tell her mother, who was an invalid and often kept her room for days together, that she was going out with Hugh, and the young man was left in the pretty little

drawing room alone.
"Poor little girl," he said to himself; Well, we shall be married this autumn. | you'll be happy." My father is sure to do the thing handsomely for me; he has promised me in his letters that he will; and Madge will be stronger and happier, and won't give way to these odd lancies know me a very few words will prove that she has at times now. She has lived too long with an invalid, poor girl, and I'm sure her mother must be fearfully trying. I'm not sure that she doesn't resent my taking her daughter away. She has made every objection she could and asked the oddest things about my people, and wasn't satisfied until she'd written out to the governor herself and received his reply. I wonder how I shall get on with him? Ten years is a long time for father and son never hear of my going out to India with him, though I wanted to."

> Hugh Folkard was looking out of the long drawing room window as he had this quiet little "think." He didn't look at anything in particular tar a time, but suddenly his attention was attracted by a young lady on the opposite side of the street.

She was a tall, handsome girl of about five and twenty, dark and slightly foreign-looking. She was walking with an elderly lady dressed in black, who leaned slightly on her arm, as it

for support. They were walking past Mrs. Hethflower boxes, which were very tasefully arranged. The young woman looked up and her eyes met those of Hugh Folkard.

She started, gave a little gasp of astonishment, then bowed slightly and

continued her walk. Hugh bowed in return, but he couldn't remember ever having met the lady before. Only the black flash- give her that title. A son was born to ing eyes seemed familar to him. 'Someone I've been introduced to somewhere, I suppose," he said to Hugh leaping to his feet, "do you himself, "but why the deuce did she mean to say that I am"start so when she saw me?"

was curious to see the lady who had bowed to him again. The old lady was walking very slowly. He would be able to catch them if he went after them at once. He didn't say anything to Madge, because he didn't know, in her nervous, overwrought condition, how she would take it, but when they were outside he walked rather

quickly. He walked on the other side of the road until he caught them up, and attempt to impose upon her. He told then, by turning his head slightly as he passed, he was able to get a good

look at the young lady.

No. He certainly did not remember ever having met her. His curiosity was piqued. He couldn't cross the road with Madge and say to the other young lady, "I beg your pardon, but who are you?" So he gave a half smile of assured recognition, and, turning to Madge, was soon engrossed with

The walk in the park lasted about an hour. It was a fine, warm spring day, and Hugh and Madge sat down for a little while and enjoyed the quiet

beauty of the scene. When he got back Hugh, after seeing Madge in and bidding her once more good bye, was about to leave when one of the servants came to

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, "but soon after you had gone a young lady and an old lady called and asked if a Mr. Marden lived here.

"What?" exclaimed Folkard. "If a Mr. Marden-a Mr. Frank Marden, I think the young lady saidlived here, sir."

Hugh Folkard was dumfounded. In a moment it flashed upon him that the young lady who had looked up at him was the woman in the blue domino whom he met at the fancy ball. As soon as he had recovered from

his astonishment he asked the servant have heard nothing of him. I want to for further particulars. The servant explained that she had

told the ladies there was no such perthing like that would happen," she said nervously, laying her hand upon who the gentleman was who had just gone out with a young lady. "And you told them?"

"Well, sir, I didn't think there would be any harm and I gave them your name.

"And then?" "There wasn't any more said, sir they thanked me and went away."
"You—you haven't said anything to Miss Hetherington about this?"

"No, sir; not yet. "Then oblige me by not doing so. have been mistaken for some one else that's all; but it might alarm Miss Hetherington-you know how nervous

"Yes, sir; I won't saything, sir." Hugh Folkard left the house a prey to a variety of emotions. What did fortnight and then we shall come back this extraordinary business mean? He to see you. He knows all about you must evidently be very like this very mysterious Frank Marden, for these people, having seen him at the window

"As soon as I come back from Italy," day he may be necessary to me if I to Hugh Folkard now.

want to prove my own identity.' Then he laughed. After all it was too absurd a thing to be taken seriously.

A fortnight later Hugh Folkard returned, bringing his father with him. Colonel Folkard was a magnificent there was a mystery connected with burly, his handsome face, bronzed with | to disappear. the sun, was set out in conspicuous relief by his iron gray hair. The night gether in Hugh's chambers. The next day Colonel Folkard was to be introduced to his son's finance. Hugh had led the conversation up to his approach

ing marriage. "Well, my boy." said his father. "I'm sure that she's all that you say. "fancy her taking this silly business so I shall make you a handsome addition to heart, as if there was anything in it. to your present income and I hope

"As happy as you were with my mother-the mother I can scarcely re-

A shade passed over the colonel's face. For a moment he hesitated. Then, laying aside the cigar he was smoking he said quietly. "Hugh, I think the time has come

when I ought to tell you a family secret. You may have to hear it some day and had better hear it from me." "A family secret?"

"Yes; and when I have told it to you I hope you will think no worse of me-or of your mother. I should not tell it you now but that the business which has brought me to England is last time you saw me was on your to be separated, but the governor would connected with it, and I do not well tance. Hugh looked at the card, but tained him, but he fenced with the see how I can do that business satisfactorily and keep it from you." "Go on, sir."

"When I went to India first, thirty yeare ago, I was a married man." "You were a married to my moth

er ?' "No; I had made a foolish marriage in England. I had been duped and and trapped into giving my name to an adventuress. I found out my mistake in a very short time I made my wife an allowance and went abroad. India I met a girl whom I would have given the world to call my wife. She was the daughter of a man who once held a good position in the Indian civil erton's house, when the elderly lady called her companion's attention to the drink. Her home was a miserable one. Her father in his mad fits of intemperance terrified her. One night he struck her in my presence. I interfered to protect her and she left his roof with me-and-and-well, Hugh. it's a sad story, but I've begun it and I'll finish it. She shared my home. hand your dead wife's letter to the po She was as dear to me as though she had been my wife, but I could not

s"— letter that I can be arrested for?"
"Good God, father!" exclaimed stammered Hugh Folkard, a great

"No; listen. A year after the birth At that moment Madge came into of that son I received the news of my the woman you jilted for her. With

my keeping. It was two years afterward that you were born.

"And the other son, this brother that I have never heard of until now?" "Patience. When he was born and your mother were living up country in an out-of-the way place were no-body knew us. When I was free I felt that our marriage ought to be as public a one as possible—that it should be advertised and made known, for my wife's sake. But the child was a difficulty. I persuaded your mother to let it be put out to nurse, and we went to Bengal, where we were married. There | them why." were people there who knew us bothto have brought the child into our home would have been to acknowledge the past, and we hesitated. Then you were born, and our difficulty was a greater one than ever. At last we decided that the boy should be sent to England to some friends of your mother's who promised to take care of it as their own son. I paid liberally for the care and education of the child, and by them he was brought up as their adopted son. When he was 13 and you were 10 your mother died and I your brother, but his acknowledged parents begged me not to reveal the relationship. They looked upon him now as their own. Each time that I

was." "And now-he still does not know?

You are going to see him again?" "I don't know. It is about him that he came into their money -- a few thousand pounds. Then he left the neighborhood and went abroad. This I gathered from the inquiries made by my solicitor, and from that time I find him now because, after all, he is my son, and as you are going to be married and I must provide for your tuture and the future of your children I ought to know in what position he iswhether he is alive or dead. I have tried every means to trace him; now I am determined to advertise. See, here is what I propose to have inserted in

the principal papers."

Colonel Folkard drew a slip of paper from his pocket and handed it to his son. Hugh took it and glanced at it and then let it tall from his band. The advertisement was a request for Frank Marden to communicate with a

firm of solicitors in London. "Father!" Hugh exclaimed, as the colorel looked at him in astonishment. "Was the name by which my brother was known Frank Marden?"

"Yes; his mother's maiden name was Marden; that is the only name he

has a right to.' Frank Marden! This, then, was the secret of the resemblance. This man for whom Hugh had been mistaken, this man whose wife had two days behad come to inquire after him in that fore her death posted a letter to another woman betraying perhaps some ghastly secret concerning her husband, he said to himself, "I'll take measures was his brother. The mystery of the to find out Mr. Frank Marden. Some blue domino was as clear as daylight

That advertisement duly appeared. It was more necessary now than ever they should ascertain Frank Marden's whereabouts. When Hugh had told his father everything Colonel Folkard had the same idea as his son—that specimen of the Anglo-Indian. Tall Frank Marden which had caused him

The colonel understood the mistake you shall remain here." of the blue domino at once. As chilwas evident that the resemblance had continued in their manhood.

It was the evening before Hugh Folkard's wedding day, and still there was no news of the colonel's missing son. Hugh's father had grown to love this letter in the hands of the police." his future daughter-in-law, and was a constant visitor at her mother's house. He was dining there that evening, but Hugh who was expected, had sent a letter by a messenger saying that they were not to wait for him. plead to her again she was gone. He would come on later. An impor-tant business matter had auddenly cropped up which required his atten-

one, and was really accepted. But he have to be told. had not dared to tell the truth. chambers, the servant had brought was to be his bride. him a card. A young lady wished to see him on a matter of great importo show the lady in. Immediately she to his chambers. entered the room his heart gave a

blue domino. As the servant closed the door, Hugh motioned his visitor to a chair,

but she remained standing. "Frank," she said quickly. "I hear you are to be married to morrow." "My name is not Frank!" he gasped;

'my name is Hugh Folkard.' "That is the name you have assamed," replied the young lady, "but can you deny it to me? You haven't changed so much in a few years." "Well," stammered Hugh, think-

now, "and if I am Frank Marden, what then?' "Only this-that if you go up to the

altar to wed another woman I will lice, and have you arrested as you leave the church. "And what is there in my dead wife's

agony of fear in his heart.

"Can't you guess what is in it =the truth, the truth written by her to me,

who had given her life and honor into which give you into my living one. She wrote to me asking me to lorgive her for taking you from me, and telling me that I need not bear her malice any more—that her life had been a hell, and that she was dying now of poison-poison administered to her with devilish cunning by you-her

husband." "Great God, can this be true?" "Can it be true-you know it is true, I have her letter still, but to-morrow, unless you give up the girl, I will read it publicly as you stand at the altar; I will stop the wedding, and I will tell

Hugh Folkard when he realized the truth staggered and fell into a chair. This, then, was the secret of his brother's mysterious disappearance. His brother had poisoned his wife and had afterward fled terror-stricken and left

no trace behind. "But gradually he recovered himself and with an effort rose to his feet

again. "Miss-Miss Hearne," he said, "I am going to be perfectly honest with you. Whether the unfortunate lady was poisoned I cannot say. She may came to England with you and left have thought she was. Knowing you here, as you know. I went to see nothing of the facts I cannot form an opinion-she may have been under the impression she was, and that's how I prefer to look at the matter. I cannot on the evidence of a letter written under such circumstances believe that went to England to see you I saw your my brother was a murderer?" brother, but he never knew who I

'Your brother?' "Yes, my brother l"

"I expected you would be prepared I have come. A few years ago the old people who had adopted him died and claimed Violet Hearne, "but you have not arranged the details at all cleverly. When I met you at the masked ball and called you Frank Marden you didn't explain my mistake then by saying he was your brother. You pretended that you had never heard of such a person.' "I didn't know of his existence

then!'--"Indeed, that is strange, isn't it? Frank Marden is your brother, his father was your father, your mother was his mother, and you suddenly remember his existence when you are charged with being Frank Marden yourself. And if you are brothers isn't it rather odd your name isn't Marden,

Hugh hesitated, How could he trust this woman with the buried secret of his dead mother's honor? She noticed his hesitation and drew

her own inference from it. He recovered himself a little. "Miss Hearne," he said, "I assure you that I am speaking the truth. ourselves, my father and I, do not know what has become of Frank. Since my father's return from India he has been advertising for his son in the have noticed them."

"Oh, yes, I saw the advertisements, and I quite understood them. They me believe at to make that Frank Marden had disappeared or was dead. I knew better than that. Frank Marden is here in this room now. His secret is safe with me so long as he does not make another woman his wife. The girl you are going to marry is rich. She might die too and leave you rich and free again." "Then you absolutely refuse to be-

lieve me? Is there no way in which I can convince you of your error? Will you see my father-he is here in London? I will fetch him if you like and

"No, I don't trust you now. I don't after their return they were sitting to- dren the resemblance between the two know who you might bring to me as sons had been a remarkable one. It your father. Some one probably quite prepared to indorse every word of your

little romance." "Then what will you do?" "I have told you-nothing if you give that girl up. But if you marry her I will keep my word and place

"One word." "No, I have nothing further to say." The girl gave him one glance, half of pity, half of contempt, and before Hugh had recovered himself sufficiently to

Hugh Folkard sank back into a chair and gazed vacantly at the space before him. What was to be done? tion. As he would be leaving town the The first thing was to tell his father at following day for a honeymoon on the once. He must decide. This woman Continent, Hugh's letter caused no might hesitate to keep her threat, but anxiety-his explanation was a natural if she did keep it the whole story would

With a heavy heart he set out for That afternoon, while he was in his the home of the girl who to-morrow

There were many inquiries as to the nature of the business which had dethe name, Miss Violet Hearne, was questions and he said nothing till he unknown to him. He told his servant and his father were on their road home

Then he told his father all that had great bound, and his face grew pale. happened. Colonel Folkard was hor-It was the lady he had first seen in a rified. His worst fears were confirmed. and fitted as for a gown; while the But on the point of telling Madge he fashion of the distinct bodice remains was firm. She must know everything, with us so long will so-called blouses horrible as it was, and he himself must tell her in the morning.

At 9 o'clock the following morning the old Colonel went to the bride's house and asked to see her. Pale, and pronounced, and in many bodices contrembling, wondering what such a strange visit might mean, Madge came down to him, and then with a great efyour name is Frank Marken. How fort he told her what had brought him

When he had finished it the young girl looked up at him with tears in her ing he had better know the whole tale eyes and said: "Tell Hugh he can wait for me at the altar. I shall be there at the appointed time.

> The people who assembled to witness the marriage of Hugh Folkard to become common. and Madge Hetherington noticed that the bridegroom was almost as pale as the bride, and that the bridegroom's father was strangely nervous. One or like hop sacking: in some cases the two shrugged their shoulders and whis- white ground is woven to represent the pered to each other that the principal figure 6 in Greek pattern, with forgetparties seemed anything but happy. When the clergyman commenced the

(Continued on page Six.)

For and About Women.

Katherine E. Kelsey is probate register of Shiawassee County, Mich.

Black moire promises to be in high favor this spring, and it comes in many new and rich designs. A black moire skirt made perfectly plain is one of the most useful things imaginable and an old jacket with sleeves and bretelles of moire antique may be made to look very smart indeed. Very narrow white guipure or black jet or a combination of the two are the trimmings en regle.

Some of the new coats are one-sided affairs. They have one side rather full; on the other is a single wide revere, edged with braid or stitching. Straight and slender persons can wear these bas-ques to great effect.

Mrs. Leland Stanford, it is said, will stand out as one of the leading women of this century when the full story of the crisis in the affairs of the Stanford University, through which she passed will become well known

A couple of gowns which have jus been completed for a customer who is to go to Florida for the months of February and March might serve as spring suggestions. The first was of ecra crepon, the upper part of the waist being made entirely of the white insertion over black satin finished with a black satin collar. A drapery of the crepon, hung in folds over the bouffante sleeves of the same material, was brought loosely across the heart, and was finished with a knot with no cords, the figure showing to full advantage in the perfectly fitted insertion guimpe and pointed bodice of the crepon, which turned sharply up on the hips, exactly like the Columbia collar which has been so universally worn this winter on outside jackets. A very long-pointed overskirt of the crepon, slightly raised at the hips, was bordered with a band of insertion over black, and reached nearly to the hem of the black satin petticoat, which was made perfectly plain with no trim-

Mrs. Laura M. Johns, president of the Woman's Suffrage Association of Kansas, gives her entire time to the interest of the cause she represents. She is on the road practically all the time traveling through Kansas.

A morning trock was simplicity itself It was made of washable silk of a delicate shade of pink, the body edged with real lace and crossed "en surplice" over a pleated chemisette of very fine white linen lawn, the style of the gown depending on the gracefully draped sleeves. These were hung so to speak, at the shoulder, the width of the folds coming half way from the shoulder to the elbow, where the fullness was gathered up again, falling slightly over the tight-fitting white linen sleeve below. English papers. You who are so interested in the finding of Frank must waist, and crossing behind, was knotted carelessly in front, the ends hanging over, a very short tablier overskirt which was gathered up behind and fell were probably inserted by you with an in two broad, long sash ends over the tucked underskirt.

> Nearly all the new cloth dresses that one sees just now have some sort of basque over the hips. A favorite pattern is the short "ripple" flounce that is cut in circular shape, with no seam at the side, and opening back and front. This may be made entirely separate from the waist, to which it is joined by a belt. Short flat tabs of cloth are also popular on the tailor made gowns, which are as elaborate this season as those from the dressmaker, having quite lost their character for severity and simplicity.

Large jet buttons and No. 9 black velvet ribbon are used as trimming on house gowns of colored Henrietta. effect is extremely rich and handsome.

The high dressing of the hair seems to be gaining favor. Two loops are no longer worn, but a tight, high knot on the very top of the head is becoming to almost every face, and with a standing bow or filigree pin the effect is excellent.

As to that fickle dame, Fashion, she has changed her ideas astonishingly little during the last few months. skirts the bell shape still prevails. All walking skirts are short, and some escape the ground by a couple of inches. These short skirts are more generally trimmed lengthwise, as circular trimmings detract from the height. Evening gowns are made with demi-train backs, and ball gowns merely touch the ground but have no trains. Empire fashions have had their day, but the lengthened shoulder, the bell skirt and the full, large, but drooping sleeve all show our allegience to the modified 1830 styles, although this title is seldom used, so generally is it accepted. This has been a blouse year, and the fashion is still as popular as it was nine months

ago. The minute change is directed by La Mode and is now a veritable bodice of the full type, but its lining is shaped find favor both for day and evening wear. In deference, probably, for the necessity for winter wrap, shoulder frills and bretelles are flatter and less spicuous by their absence. The fashion of trimming in lines across the back and front is very popular. The high folded waist band has departed with the corselet, and the newest belts are quite narrow, while most of them have ribbon arranged to droop girdlewise over the front of the dress.

Hats, collars and belts to be ultrafashionable must be ornamented with rhinestone buckles. As these are extremely expensive, they are not likely

The new white duck is similar in weave to basket cloth and checked over me-not figures in contrasting shades of gray and red, black and pink, and light gray and black surrounding the figure