DAWN AND DUSK.

Siender strips of crimson sky Near the dim horizon lie, Shot across with golden bars Reaching to the falling stars;
Soft the balmy west wind blows,
Wide the portals of the rose;
Smell of dewy pine and fir.
Lisping leaves and vines astir;
On the borders of the dark Gayly sings the meadow-lark, Bidding all the birds assemble Hark, the welkin seems to tremble!

Suddenly the sunny gleams

Break the poppy-fettered dreams—

Dreams of Pan, with two feet cloven, Piping to the nymph and faun,
Who, with wreaths of ivy woven,
Nimbly dance to greet the dawn.

Shifting shadows, indistinct, Leaves and branches crossed and linked, Cling like children, and embrace, Frightened at the meon's pale face. In the gloomy wood begins Noise of insect violins; Swarms of fire-flies flash their lamps In their atmospheric camps, And the sad-voiced whip-poor-will Echoes back from hill to hill.

Liquid clear above the crickets Chirping in the thorny thickets, Weary eye-lids, eyes that weep, Wait the magic touch of sleep; While the dew in silence falling, Fills the air with scent of musk, And the lonely night-bird, calling, Drops a note down through the dusk.

LOVE OR MONEY.

John Wharton, the young country school-master, with open book in hand, his thoughts absorbed in the contents of its pages, and his head bowed low, was walking slowly along the narrow path that led in the direction of the quaint little log school-house, which stood half-embowered in bright green leaves and fragrant creeping vines just at the edge of a grand old oak forest, Ii was cue of those balmy, delightfully invigorating mornings in early summer, the soft air redolent with the rich perfume of flowers, and golden shafts of man of commanding presence. And, cheerful sunlight penetrating every nook and corner. The birds caroled he possessed all the elements that contheir sweetest songs in the leafy boughs tribute to make up the polished gentleof the trees, and even the tiny brook danced and gurgled along gleefully, as it wound itself like a thread of silver under the rustic bridge, and flowed in its sinuous course through verdant him through her companions, and now meadows and grassy dells. But John, intent on mental y solving a perplexing mathematical problem, was utterly oblivious to his surroundings-even all these living, glorious attributes of Nature which encouraged him, failed to awaken him to a realization of their Helen and Bertie, the one knitting presence. On, on he went, and not stockings and the nimble fingers of the until a soft, delicate hand was laid other marking out embroidery. gently upon his shoulder, and a sweet, musical voice called out to him, did he start suddenly and raise his eyes from his book.

-out-of-breath! I-called-everso-loud! Didn't-you-hear-me-

John?" "Why, bless me, Bertie, is it you?" he said, turning around, observing a girlish figure, her face all aglow with smiles, and one hand pressed instinct. ively apon her heart to quiet its quiekened pulsations, engendered by an undue effort to reach his you say? Why, no, I did not hear

"No, of course, not. How could you hear any one with your head almost buried in that horrid arithmetic?" she said, reproachfully. "I always did ab-hor mathematics," she continued, emphasizing her remark with a vigorous

stamp of her foot. "Our situations are different, Bertie. You see, I cannot escape it. If I am not proficient myself I certainly cannot expect my pupils to be perfect," he answered, philosophically. "Besides," he went on, "constant application to study is necessary to meet the requirements of the directors and retain my position. And then, too, I'm building

a house, and must have money to go on with the work." Bertie placed a hand on his arm as they walked along, and raised her blue eyes to his.

"Building a house?" in a tone of surprise. "And pray for whom are you building it?"

"Why, for-for-" And John's face crimsoned. "O, yes," Bertie interrupted, "I recall a conversation I had with Sallie Atkins, who mentioned that you were bailding a house for your mother You

are a dutiful son, John; very."

"Don't tease me, Bertie,"

John, seriously, "Miss Atkins misin-formed you. It's for-for-" And John put out his arm to encircle

her waist, but Bertie, her face suffused with blushes, anticipated his action, and with a merry laugh and a coquet-tish wave of her hand, bounded away from his side, and darted down the

"Well," soliloquized John, when he recovered from his astonishment at being thus so unceremoniously deserted, "she's a provokingly strange little creature; but she's good and kind to me though." And with one foot elevated on the doorstep and one hand resting lightly on the latch, he stood gazing after her willowy, statuesque form until it disappeared around an abrupt curve in the path, when, with a long-drawn sigh, he entered the schoolroom.

Bertie's errand to Farmer Walker's was performed, and she was returning home by the same path, walking leisurely along plucking the wild flowers that grew by the wayside. Coming to a point where the grass looked brighter and fresher, and where the luxurious oak leaves furnished cooling shelter from the sun, she sat down and began weaving a garland out of her flowers,

"I'm real mean for treating poor John in such a manner," she soliloquized. "I'm sure he wouldn't serve me so. I cannot see why Aunt Helen should be out upon his lap. so embittered against him. "I'm sure I-I-" And here she paused, and feet and voices above him. He listened. putting her hand over her mouth as if to smother her words, continued, "but prospect, you say, is good." I'il not say it. Now let me see, she mused, as she held up the wreath admiringly before her, "I think it is handsome; I'll put this bit of ivy just where

With blanched features she started | And he turned his pockets inside out

to her feet and gave utterance to a to give emphasis to the truth of his scream that re-echoed through the silent statement. forest, and fell forward on her face.

When she returned to consciousness a strange gentleman was kneeling beside her, bathing her temples in cold spring water.

"You feel better now, miss?" he said, as he observed her open her eyes and gaza languidly about ber. "Yes, thank you," she replied, sitting upright. "Is the horrid thing killed?" she asked, a shiver passing through her

"Yes, see." And the gentleman held the lifeless bulk of the hideous blacksnake up on the end of his cane. Bertie turned her gaze from it with

shudder. "I was fishing," he began, "down in the creek when I was startled by your scream, and hastened to your assistance, to find that loathsome serpent disengaging itself from the folds of your dress, and I quickly dispatched it. It

was a fortunate escape, miss. very.' "I owe the preservation of my life to you, sir. I am under many obligations to you, and I am sure Aunt Helen will thank you ever so much," said Bertie, as, picking up her hat and wreath, she

prepared to go bome. "It affords me the profoundest pleasure to know that you escaped the poisoned fangs of that hideous reptile. That fact alone, Miss, is abundant cause for congratulation on my part."

Bertie was now normally herself again, and as the two walked along she silently surveyed her strange excort, found under such peculiar circumstances, and once or twice as their eyes met she felt her heart flutter and a strange sensation permeated her.

Thomas Ardmore, as he called himself, was the embodiment of vigorous manhood. Tail, well proportioned physically, with large, expressive eyes and a heavy, silken, let black mustache to match his luxurious curls, he was a also, he was intelligent, polite-in fact man. He was a man of leisure, who had come from Boston for a few weeks' recreation and rest in the country. Bertie had heard a great deal about she had met him -and the village girls looked and wondered as they saw them walking along together through the

streets that morning. They were seated at the little sewing table in the cosy sitting-room; Aunt

"Why, do you know, Bertie Seysaid Aunt Helen, excitedly, mour, laying down her knitting and looking straight at Bertie, "do you know that "Oh, -good-gracious! I'm-nearly that stupid, awkward John Wharton is the butt of ridicule for the whole village, while Mr. Arnold-

"Invidious comparisons are not necessary, aunt," interrupted Bertie, quietly: "they neither decrease my re spect for John nor augment my admiration for Mr. Ardmore."

"You must admit, however, that Mr. Ardmore is superior to John Wharton," persisted Aunt Heien. "I confess his superiority intellect-

Morally-that characteristic is yet to be determined," Aunt Helen changed her tactics, Not one disparaging word against John

could she force from Bertie. She rested uneasily in her chair. There was evidently some delicate subject she desired to communicate to Bertie.

"Well, well, young girls are never invested with common sense until it comes to them through stern practical experience," she at length ventured to

That is the reason, I presume, you made so many mistakes during your early life," retorted Bertie. Aunt Helen's face flushed as she an-

"Maybe so; perhaps if I had listened to wiser heads A knock at the door abruptly termi-

nated the conversation. Aunt Helev arose to admit Mr. Ardmore. They were strolling along, arm in arm, Bertie and Mr. Ardmore.

"Yes, Mr. Ardmore, I'll promise to be your friend," said Bertie, placing her hand in his.

"How strangely coincident with the ivy in the wreath you gave me after our romantic meeting," answered Mr. Ardmore. I've proven my fidelity by giving up all for you. I have wealth, answered character, and yet there is still a veid in my heart which must be filled to complete my happiness."

"Miss Seymour - Bertie - say you love me; let me call you wife?" And Mr. Ardmore caught both her hands and kissed them passionately.
"Not now—give me time for reflec-

tion, Mr. Ardmore," said Bertie, withdrawing her hands from his. "Say now. Bertie," he pleaded; "shall we discard the silent meaning of the ivy - friendship, fidelity and - mar-

"No, no! I cannot act hastily in matter of so serious a nature. I ask again time for reflection." For a while Mr. Ardmore stood in

protound meditation. At last he looked up, saying:
"I grant you time, Bertie. When we meet again let me hope that I shall be

made happy by claiming you as my wife. "Perhaps," came the respons A drowsy afternoon in August. John Wharton, during his leisure hours (tor school had closed for the summer) often wandered off to the old deserted mili. Here we find him on this particular afternoon hidden away behind the silent and decayed mill-wheel, his line dang-

ling in the water, and a book opened Suddenly he was startled by tramping "Well, said the first speaker, "the

"Of course. Why, a more simple set ot people I never associated with. As to the old bank, why its going to be the

"The sooner the better. I'm terribly short of tunds, Lee."

The other laughed. "Suppose we make the attempt tonight?" suggested the first apeaker. "I accept the proposition, Suspicion will never attach to me. We will not leave the town for two or three weeks

after the job is done, that will throw the simple fools off the scent." John Wharton heard no more of the arrangements, for the two men moved off, but as soon as he had satisfied himself that he could get away unobserved, he ran swiftly toward the village and, going to the bank, communicated what he had heard to the president.

"Will they? Well, we'll see about that," answered that official, as John finished his narrative.

"Up and at them, boys!" came the

command. And before the two burglars could recover from their surprise they were bound tightly and the gleaming barrels of four formidable revolvers were pointed menacingly at them, The ights were turned up, and four men tarted back in astonishment.

The tailer and handsomer of ourglars was-Thomas Ardmore. Daylight found the whole village in a

furore of excitement. "Missus Helen, Missus Helen!" exclaimed one of the servants, rushing excitedly up stairs and pounding vigorously on that lady's door, "de bank has been robbed, an' Massa John Wharton he done help to grab one ob de robbers, an' it's Massa Ardmore,

This startling announcement brought Aunt Helen out of bed at a single bound, and she made the servant repeat the news slowly over to her, She threw up her hands in astonishment. Bertie received the news quietly. "Young people are never invested

with common sense until it comes to them through stern, practical expe-There was a tinge of sarcasm in her speech that cut deeply into the heart

Aunt Helen. She threw her arms about

the neck of her niece and silently And as Thomas Ardmore sat in his gloomy cell he heard the joyous wedding bells calling the people to witness the celebration of the nuptials of John and Bertie, who retired to the finished house with the blessing of Aunt Helen and the congratulations of the whole vil-

Lakes of Solid Salt.

From a paper read by Sir Peter Lumsden before the Royal Geographical society, London: Yaroilan means "the sunken ground," and no word can better describe the general appearance of the valley of these lakes. The total length of the valley from Kangruali road on the west to the Band-i-Dozen, which bounds it on the east, is about thirty miles, and its breadth about eleven miles, divided into two parts by a connecting ridge, which runs across from north to south, with an average hight of about 1,800 feet, but has a narrow point which rises some 400 feet Thorne was pretty, whether Cousin above the general average. To the west John admired her, and hoped she would of this ridge lies the lake from which of this ridge lies the lake from which the Tekke Turcomans from Merv get their salt. The valley of this lake is some six miles square, and is surrounded on all sides by a steep, almost precipitous descent, impassable for baggage by the Merv road in the northwest corthe level of the connecting ridge, and of some 950 feet below the general plateau above. The lake itself lies in the center of the basin, and the supply of salt is apparently unlimited.

The bed of the lake is one solid mass of hard salt, perfectly level, and covered by only an inch or two of water. To ride over it was like riding over ice or cement. The bottom was covered with a slight sediment, but when that was scraped away, the pure white salt shone out below. How deep this deposit may be, it is impossible to say, for no one has yet got to the bottom of it. To the east of the dividing ridge is the second lake, from which the Saryks of Penjdeh take their salt. The valley in which this lake is situated is much the larger of the two. The valley proper is some fifteen miles in length by about ten miles in breadth. The descent to it is precipitous on the north and west sides only, the eastern and southeastern end sloping gradually up in a succession of undulations. The level of this is apparently lower than that of the other. made it out to be some eight hundred feet above the sea level. The salt in this lake is not so smooth as in the other, and did not look so pure. It is dug out in flakes, or strata, generally of some four inches in thickness, is loaded into bags and carried off on camels for sale without further preparation.

Rameses and Memnon.

Rameses II., or the Great, the Pharoah of the Bible, was fond of seeing his likeness in stone, since there are still remaining haif a dozen huge statues of him, which neither time nor the rage of national enemies has been able to destroy. One at Thebes is of syenite granite, estimated to weigh eight hundred and eighty-seven tons. It is fortytwo feet and eight inches in height and twenty-two feet and four inches across the shoulders. The figure is seated on a throne or chair, in a conventional posttion, with the hands on the knees, and the emblems of royalty displayen at the feet, on the head and on the throne. There is at Memphis a copy of this statue, of exactly the same size and appearance, the only difference between the two being the material-that of the Memphis statue being a single solid block of white limestone. It is not so well preserved as the Thebes statue, the material being softer, and therefore more liable to injury. The Vocal Mennon is a seated statue on the banks of the Nile, at Thebes, the peculiarity of its name arising from the fact that in the morning and evening a singular humming noise is heard to issue from it. The easiest job we ever undertook. It's a cause of this phenomenon is not known. it will show off prominently when he gets it. I wonder if he will comprehend its significance. Oh, what a strange thing love is, indeed. I'm statues, exact copies of each other, for-ty-seven feet high and eighteen feet and three inches across the shoulders.

An Imaginary Rival.

"Twas the last rose of Summer

trilled Susie Ford, as she scoured away at the pantry shelves intent on getting her task done betimes, for hadn't "Cousin John" promised to drive her to C -that afternoon, and Susie dearly loved to go to C——, especially when pleasant, kindly "Cousin John" hand-

led the reins. Susie was a bright little body, not particularly noted for beauty, unless clear, blue eyes, a goodly quality of reddish-brown hair, and a happy disposition constitute that desirable quality. She was an orphan, and had lived here on the farm with Aunt Hester Holmes ever since hermother, Aunt Esther's only sister, had died, leaving her a helpless little infant dependent on the kindness gust. of relatives.

Aunt Esther never regretted having taken the little Susie to her heart and home. Her bright face and sweet voice were a cheerful innovation on the quietness that generally prevailed at the farmhouse. And Susie, naturally affection ate, loved her home and every animate thing upon it, from Aunt Esther and her stepson John down to the little chicks and guinea fowls which she fed

every morning, Late in the afternoon Susie was safely esconced on the front seat of the dearborn, with Cousin John beside her. a basket of eggs on her lap to be exchanged at the store for tea and spices, and a basket stowed under the seat to hold the results of their shopping. "Now, don't forget to call for the mail, John, and don't upset Susie," was Aunt Esther's parting injunction. For Cousin John, dear reader, was a stu-dent and dreamer, "just home from college," Susie would have proudly informed you, and was apt to go about with his head in the clouds, to the risk

of his own and other people's safety. The air was sweet with the scent of orchard and field, the dust was nicely laid by the recent rain, and Susie enjoyed her ride to and from the little coun try town to the full. She transacted Aunt Esther's numerous comm ssions at the corner store carefully, while "Cousin John" called at the postoffice and bargained with the proprietor of the general book and news stand for some second-hand volumes.

At the tea-table that evening, while Aunt Esther and Susie were discussing the afternoon's purchases, John looked up from the letter he was reading and asked: "I say mother, do Boldts take boarders?" "Why, yes, I believe so. What makes you ask?" "Nothing particular, only Ed Thorne tells me here that his mother, his sister Nettle and Miss Longstreet have secured board there for a month or so-in fact have already taken up their quarters there.' "Which "eans," said Aunt Esther, smiling, "that John and his beloved books will have to say good-bye to each other, as anything like quietness within a mile of Ed and Nettie Thorne is something not to be thought of."

Susie wondered, -girl like, if Nettle see them all soon. Her wish was grati-

fied the next day. She was busy mixing biscuit for tea when she heard the sound of wheels, and looking from the window sawa fine team, driven by Mr. Thorn, rattle up to animals, so far as I am aware, except the gate in great style. In a moment Cousin John, who had also heard the The level of the lake I made to be | wheels, hastened out and greeted the about 1,430 feet above sea level, which party warmly. They heard him invite gives it a descent of some 400 feet from them, especially pressing the ladies, to come in and stay for tea; but they declined, Ed Thorne adding mischievously: "Draw it mild old chum. As a rule these girls never refuse anything; but I suppose they don't want to frighten your mother too much just at first."

Miss Longstreet told him to mind his norses and not their conversation or some one else wouldbe frightened, and so with laughter and many charges from Ned to come up to see them, they drove off. And this was but the beginning of a series of 'driving and pleasure parties inaugurated and carried out in the weeks to come. Susie was always included in the invitations, but somehow she did not enjoy them very much. She and Helen Longstreet became very good friends, but she always feit abashed by Nettie Thorne's exuberant spirits and gay manner. In most of their parties Ed Thorne was almost the shadow of the stately Helen, and Cousin John always watched after Susie's comfort, but somehow Nettie seemed to have the pleasure of his company most of the

All things come to an end, and so the leasant summer days slipped by and Mrs. Thorne and the young people were preparing for their flight city-ward. Aunt Esther had promised Miss Longstreet to let Susle pass a few weeks in town with her, and preparations for the visit were now hurried forward, but Susie took but a languid interest in them. She puzzled Aunt Esther sorely -with nothing apparently the matter with her, yet she seemed to be losing her color and was listless and indifferent; even the shopping for the proposed visit seemed to give her but little pleas-

ure. It was the eve of Susie's departure for the city, and her new Saratoga trunk (a present from "Coustn John") stood strapped and ready in the hall. She had been for a walk through the orchard, and as she was coming back by the lane she met him hunting for her. here is my little red bird," he said gayly, with a suggestive pull at her hair. "I have been searching high and low for you, and had about reached the con-

clusion that you had departed for parts unknown by yourself, without waiting for the morning."

"Hey, little one, is that so," with another pull. Sasie did not answer; there seemed to be a lump in her throat and she could not. "See here;" he continued, "how do

you like my farewell gift?" "I think it is lovely," said Susie, finding her voice; "so large and roomy, and just the thing every way." "Large," said cousin in a puzzled tone, "and roomy; why, child, where

are your eyes?"
Susie looked up and then stoppe short, with an exciamation of pleasar short, with an exclamation of pleasant surprise, Cousin John held in his hand a slender gold chain, from which de-pended a beautiful dead gold locket.

"There, take it," he said, "it won't

bite you." She took it from him and sprung the catch and then stopped short again. In one side he had put Aunt Esther's picture, in the other his own smiled up at

"I did not want you to forget your home folks, you see," he said, "you will be meeting such charming people at Miss Longstreet's."

"That will never be," exclaimed Susie vehemently. "No, I think your affection for Aunt Esther is as enduring as the hills, but poor me, you see, that's the rub. I suppose you will learn the ways of most city girls and become quite a heartbreaker, in fact, be initiated into the mysteries of the charming art known as flirting," he continued, with fine dis-

Susie looked at him in surprise. "Don't mind me dear," he said in his usual tone, "your going away has spoiled my temper."

"If you don't want me to go I won't," Susie said flatteringly. "What? and lose all the fun and all the sights? No, we are not so mean as all that. Only don't forget us quite," opening the gate for her and then stopping short at a glance at her face. "Susiel" he exclaimed, but Susie hurried He caught up to her. "Susie wait moment. I had not intended to tell you this for awhile, not for a year perhaps, you are so young, but I cannot help it. Susie, dear, I love you, love you dearly; answer me, do you care anything for me?" But Susie turned her

he said. But Susie turned at this and said, Not too soon but too late." Cousin John paled. "Too late?" he asked: "it is some one else then?" "No, but I thought you loved some one else, and that some one Nettie

ken too soon; I have frightened you,"

head.

"It is as I thought; I have spo-

Thorne, "Nettie Thorne!" he exclaime. "A mad-cap like Nettie Thorn! No indeed. Why, she is engaged to be married herself, and when she first came here. Her intedded husband is even now returning from his trip abroad, where he has been on business connected with his firm. Susie, my darling, is that your only objection to me?" And Susie's binshing

ace told him it was. Susie went to the city and enjoyed her visit extremely. Before she returned home Nettie Thorne was married and, strange to relate, Susie acted as brides maid on the auspicious occasion. There is some talk of a double wedding to be next winter, the interested couples being Ed Thorne and Miss Longstreet and our hero and heroine, that is, if Aunt Esther's consent can be gained by the

How Whaling Ships Winter in the Arctic.

In the fall, just before it gets so cold that the ice forms, the ships huddle together, and each puts down two anchors, one at the bow and one at the stern, and these hold them from sriking against the shore or one another until the ice forms around them and freezes them in solidly. Then the anchors and rudders are taken up, and, with lumber which they have brought from home, the whalers build a substantial house over the ship. Then they get the Eskimo to build a sort of snow house over the wooden house and, so, with all this covering to protect them, they manage to keep warm and comfortable with very little fire, however cold it may be out-of-doors. Sometimes they put in double windows, the inside ones of glass, as usual, and the outside ones being made of slabs of ice, like the curious windows of the igloos. white men do not live in these temporary houses built on tops of the ships, but in the cabin and forecastle, just as if they were cruising out to sea. The louse is simply put over the ship to keep the real places warm, and right well it does its work. This "house," however, is very useful as a place for taking exercise, for ship-carpentering work, and for any small jobs that may be necessary. The Eskimo also conthem with sea-bread and weak tea sweetened with molasses.

A Breath of Prairie Air.

Many of the young Canadians who took part in the Riel campaign were, as a body, of splendid physique averaging five feet ten and six feet two, who used to wear in Montreal and Toronto pointed boots and write with steel pens, chained to the counters of a bank or business house, with no prospect of becoming partners in the business which enslaved

Since they got their lungs filled with the prairie air they have closed their ledgers and taken to building log houses for themselves, striding over the sweet grass, galroping after half-wild cattle, cooking their own dinners, measuring monthly more around the chest, and feeling that it will be their own fault if they do not take their place among the men who are mastering a new land. strong Canadian youngster who will working with his own hands, will get \$400 a year and his board, and be tempted to no great expense at his tail-

The Escurial.

The Escurial is the palace of the Kings of Spain, one of largest and most magnificent in the world. It was begun by Philip II, in the year 1562, and the first cost of the erection was 6,000,-000 ducats. It forms a vast square of polished stone, paved with marble, may give some notion of the surprising grandeur of this palace to say that, ding to the computation of Francisco de los Santes, it would take four days to go through all the rooms and apartments, the length of the way being reckoned thirty-three Spanish leagues, which is about 120 English miles. There are 14,000 doors and 11,-000 windows belonging to the edifice.

EDUTT and five eighths pounds per gal-ion is rapidly becoming the standard weight of milk in this country and in

THE FASHIONS.

Wooden, glass, porcelain and tead, or imitation lead, beads of large size are the latest novelties in dress trim-

mings sent out from Paris. A cluster of water-green feather look well as the only trimming of a fine black straw bonnet, the lining and

strings being of black velvet. The Louis XV capote of tulle or lace is the dressy bonnet of the moment in Paris. It is almost conical to accommodate the high confure.

White duck waistcoats are occasionally worn with double-breasted frockcoats and dark trousers for dressy day occasions.

Polonaises remain in vogue in spite of all the efferts to introduce more fanciful novelties in the form of basques and tunics. Crepe lisse, puffed and dotted with

chenille, the color of the dress, or plaited and edged with beads, is worn with handsome dresses. Absinthe, Chartreuse and cresson

are three striking and trying colors in gale green, which still predominate in millinery garnitures. The small capote is the favorable head-gear for visiting, etc. A few folds of tulle or a few inches of embroidery, with an algret or bow of

ribbon, compose the whole. Strings are often dispensed with, but, if worn, are narrow. The very high crowned hats are not quite in such great vogue as they were, although exaggeration in the height of the adornments is still displayed.

Evening dresses, if very rich, are of brocade and beaded tulle or lace, or of velvet or plush and lace. The brocade or velvet forms the long train and decollete bodice, the tulle or lace being used for the tablier and other draperies. No berthes or sleeves are worn, especially when the corsage is of velvet. Indeed, velvet bodices are entirely plain and untrimmed, lacing at the back.

Thanks to the combination of materials worn and the fashion of wearing the dresses in separate portions, an appearance of great variety in the tollet may be produced without the enormous expense this would otherwise have entailed. Many gowns made up of thin materials are sent home with two bodices, one of the same fabric as the skirt, to be worn on hot days, and the other of velyet, warm and acceptable on chilly days. Sleeveless velvet jackets are much used for the purpose of slipping on readily and easily over the lace or canvas bodice. On the other hand, lace jackets or polonaises, with transparent elbow sleeves, are useful for transforming a lace or gauze skirt into a correct dinner dress. If the skirt be white or cream-colored, the jacket must be of the same tint, and black ones are equally useful with a black lace, satin or canvas skirt.

Twilled surahs are meeting with great favor this season, and these durable goods, of excellent finish and extra width, are sold in checks, stripes, tiny plaids and small-patterned brocades, in all the dainty and lady-like combinations of colors usually found in summer silks. A neat and stylish model of twilled surahs shows a ground of deep Neapolitan blue, printed in a pattern of pearl-gray ivy leaves outfined and veined with cream white. The skirt, of plain dark blue surah, is kilted to the knees, and two draples in "shawl-point" shape of the printed fabrics are plaited diagonally across the front, and the lower point reaching quite to the foot of the dress-skirt. Each of these drapies is edged with cream-colored Renaissance lace, the upper one being very full. Both are carried high on each side, caught with blue ribbons just below the hips, and lose themselves at the back among slight drapings of the tournure, which is also of the printed toulard and lace-edged. The Louis XIV jacket opens over a shirred vest of plain blue slik, and cream lace is cascaded down each side of the jacket. A parasol made of the printed surah and lined with cargregate there, especially about meal-time; when generous whalers treat with a scarr of the same silk mingled with cream lace, are en suite.

Mountain dresses for climbing should be very short, stout, preferably of woolen goods, and plain. Large pockets should be provided or a bag slung over the shoulder by a wide, strong strap. This will be found very useful for collecting the few specimens one always desires to preserve as mementoes of such excursions. For long and rough scrambling about mountain sides, the skirts should be as short as propriety will allow, and knickerbockers should be worn. They should have cambric linings, so they will not be rough and disagreeable, and those that button closely about the ankles are decidedly preferrable, as ants and sand-flies often creep about the clothing and cause serious annoyance, more particularly as there is no privacy into which one can retreat to remove them. Princess dresses are usually best for mountain wear. One young lady, of somewhat independent ideas, has a mountain dress which is made after the model of the "Memmaid" bathing suit, except the knickerbockers are very close at the ankles, the collar is close instead of turned over, and the sleeves in coat shape so that the gloves can be drawn over them.

Gloves should be of quite heavy leather and have long wrists. Kid gloves are almost worthless for such purposes. A hat with a comfortable wide brim should be worn, and an ample veil of moderately thick material is indispensable. Many ladies de not like the veil over the hat; for such a convenient arrangement is a netted scarf made with square meshes and little silk tassels around the edge. This may be tied over the hat, and will be ample security against this important article of dress taking leave on some breezy eminence, while at the same time it will have no perceptible warmth, and if properly arranged is quite becoming. An umbrella or cane may be carried. The stick should be stout; umbrellas with light bamboo handles are preferred. Carry as little luggage as possible; even an ounce weight extra will become burdensome before the