

The Evening Hour.

'Tis time to draw the curtains
And light the evening lamp,
And put fresh fuel in the grate—
The night is chill and damp,

A LOVER'S QUARREL.

'Shall we go on the river this summer, Charley, instead of the inevitable seaside?' said Mrs. Leyland.
'Yes, we can take a house, play tennis, you and Eva can boat, and we will write some nice people to come down.'

So Leyland, his mother, and sister took one of those lovely cottages which nestle under the river banks, and seem to have been born with a garden complete, so little can we imagine them without their lawns. They had their sailing boat, their skiffs and that latest craze of aquatic fashion—a punt—and they loafed and feasted their friends, and cultivated a lazy energy, which expended itself principally in rowing on a summer evening up the back water, and watching the coil of water eddies and merriment their hissing curls around the old piles of the back stage.

The tumbled chestnut blossoms had turned the green of the grass into cream color; the beech woods had put on their vividdest tints, when one day Mrs. Leyland came down to the boat house and started Charley from his intense study of the gyratory motions of cigarette smoke by saying:
'Charley, what do you think? Nellie MacNeil is coming to stay with us. I am so pleased, aren't you?'

Charley muttered out something. His most concrete feeling at the moment was that his mother had disturbed him from a position of absolute comfort, which had taken over an hour to perfect.
But his mind was just sufficiently active to conjure up an idea of Nellie MacNeil, dark-eyed, with brown hair, strongly marked eye-brows, well set head, petite, scornfully passive, a girl who had waltzed with him at his mother's last dance, waltzed better than he did, and had shown it by a careless ease, which was just unconscious but wholly effective. She was an allowed beauty, but she had a cold, caustic humor which startled any ballroom fops who, lured by the tinge of voluptuousness in her face, attempted a flirtation.

She was also an heiress. She had on the mother's side foreign blood, possibly gipsy in remote ages, on the father's Scotch. The first gave her her under-current of passion, the other that coldness which the mashers took as a personal insult.
In the particular suburb in which the Leylands lived every one knew every one else, and consequently every one knew Nellie MacNeil; she was not a favorite, but her position as a re-educated beauty prevented her from being absolutely disliked. The men sneered at her coldness, and threw out smoking-room hints; their friends failed to appreciate a girl with melting eyes and a freeing manner. Young Leyland thought about the fair young Nellie very much as his friends did, but being contented and addicted to that kind of complimentary verbiage which is dignified by the name of flirting, when he heard of her arrival, he determined to try his hand on the hitherto invincible Gipsy, as her schoolfellows called her; if he won, there was the fortune; if he lost, well, at any rate, she shouldn't damage his heart. She was an heiress, and Leyland had debts which grew heavier and more unbearable each day.

Nellie arrived in due course, and she and Charley and Eva and Mrs. Leyland spent all their time on the river. The days seemed one long summer picnic, and Nellie soon became as devoted to the river as even Eva or Charley could wish. She and Eva made a pretty pair, the light and the dark, the blue eyes and light hair of one, and the dark crisp hair and flashing eyes of the other. Charley lazily steered, smiled, and coached his crew. He always took care that Nellie stroked, and Mrs. Leyland gently quizzed him on the point. As for Nellie, she grew more enthusiastic day by day. Wasn't better than that horrid smoky London, this river with its broad sunny reaches, its long, low water meadows, its beech woods, and its fresh breezes from the Berkshire towns, and the more enthusiastic she grew, the more Charley warmed towards her. Was this the cold sneering London beauty, this brown-skinned gipsy, who laughed when people pointed at her sunburnt face and arms, who went about in an old straw hat Charley had given her, and a white flannel gown, which was certainly not a Redfern? Then Eva, who was somewhat of a match-maker, began to let Nellie and her brother find themselves alone. Time after time she was sure she couldn't leave Mrs. Leyland; would she mind? They didn't mind, and gradually got to going off alone without waiting for an excuse. Leyland laughed to himself miserably when he thought of Nellie. They were always together, and yet he had never begun flirting.

There was something about Nellie which prevented him, and it piqued him. However much they were together, she was always the same—bright, humorous, and almost Bohemian—but never tender, never passing that invisible line which separates friends and flirts. It is true that, sometimes, when he would declare he was going to fish, and that the girls must row about alone, he fancied a shade crossed Nellie's face, and her eyes grew softer and more wistful; but, if so, it passed so quickly that a minute afterwards he was savage with himself for

him conceit in fancying she cared for him.
Then he sounded Eva, who with woman's wit gave him vague encouragement; but Nellie and he were good friends, and nothing else.

One Sunday some of Charley's friends came down, and Jack Heathcote promptly chaffed him, and touched him on his sorest point when he said:
'Why, old man, you and that gipsy girl have been here a fortnight, and neither 'spoons' yet! I tell you what it is, she has been jilted, and it has hardened her, my boy. Better give her up; she is no good.'

'Shut up,' said Charley; she's a nice girl and the mother likes her.
'But you a tanner, my boy, you draw a blank.'

And so they went on chaffing till Charley was heartily glad on Monday morning saw these jannuses doze on their way to the station. But the chaff made him keener, and the next morning, coming back from bathing, he espied the fair Nellie up at her window.
'Good morning,' she cried, joyously, 'what a glorious morning!'

'Isn't it, Nellie?'

'I have been trying to reach those lovely apricots, but my little arms are too short. It is provoking, and I should so like one.'

'I'll get you one, Nellie. But what will you give me?'

'Don't be silly, do throw one up. I am simply dying for one.'

'Well, here you are, but I shall want paying for one apricot, c. k. s.—catch. Oh, thanks; you are a good boy!' and the brown head disappeared; and when they all met at breakfast, Miss Nellie was as demure as ever, and not a word about the apricots or their garden.

But after breakfast, she said to Mrs. Leyland:
'Do you know I have been here nearly three weeks! I am perfectly ashamed of myself, I must really go home. I was asked for one week and have stayed three. You will never forgive me.'

Charley walked out of the room and went down to the river, lit a pipe, stuffed his hands deep into the pockets of his blazer and grew wroth. He didn't care for her, not a bit, but he hated being looked like this, she could go home if she wanted to. Those eyes were a fraud, she had a heart like a stone; he hated her, he would go away to the Eogadine with Jack, they could have any amount of fun, the girls there weren't so infernally stuck up, they could be affectionate at a pinch, and so on, until he lashed himself into quite a fury with the poor little unconscious Nellie.

'Now, Charley,' said a voice behind him, 'take me out for a row.'

It was Nellie.
'Why, I thought you were going back to town?'

'Yes, but I've changed my mind. Your mother wants me to stop a few more days.'

gleaned like burnished silver, and the wushes looked like king's sceptres, and the voracious weeds like nature's own lacework waving feathery on the water. They let the boat drift homeward, and the lovers laughed at their own laziness as the slow stream took them on.

Eva was on the lawn as they pulled up; she ran laughing down to the stage.
'Well, what excuse have you, sir, for spoiling our lunch?'

Charley handed Nellie out of the boat, took her up to his sister with one word, 'This,' and the two girls kissed one another, and ran in laughing and blushing, with their arms round one another's necks, as is the manner of girls.

So they were betrothed, and the long summer days slipped away and the lovers were happy, but over and anon Charley would notice that when they were most glad, a strange look of pain would fit across Nellie's face and take the light out of her eyes, and throw her lips out of laughter almost into grief. So one day, as they were sitting on the path above the high chalk quarry, a favorite spot with them, for through the break in the woods they could there see the long valley of the Thames far below, and away in the distance the Berkshire hills and the woods of Mapledurham, he taxed Nellie with being unhappy. For answer she turned and kissed him, but he pressed her again, and then she said slowly:

'Charley, you call me Gipsy. I sometimes think I am one. They can tell the future, you are a good boy!—and read destinies in the hollow of the hand!'

'No, silly little Romany! they can't. But why do you ask?'

'Once I had a foreign nurse, Charley, who came from Hungary. Some of my people brought her over, and she taught me to read our fates. I have read mine; it is very bad.'

'My little Gipsy, don't say such things.'

'Well, Charley, you may laugh, but I fear, nevertheless.'

The winter came, and Nellie and Charley were as happy as two young lovers can be who have plenty of money, any amount of spirits, and the fondest description of parents.

But Charley had to go away on business, and Nellie away on a visit. They wrote to each other frequently, but the usual lover's quarrel cropped up about some trifles, and Nellie declined to answer Charley's rather impatient note. He was piqued and could not help thinking of that frequent look on Nellie's face. She never cared for me, he thought; she is secretly engaged to some one else; she likes me a bit, perhaps, but more from pity than love. So the hearts of the two grew wider apart. Nellie had the spirit of her reputed ancestor; Charley was filled with his idea. So Mrs. Leyland saw to her grief that the two had parted and though she tried to reconcile them it was no use, and she gave it up at last with a sigh of pain.

A year passed, and Charley's creditors increased in inverse ratio to his means, he was at his wit's end. One night as he sat in a dark room, he reflected on the uncertainty of life. They got on well together, she was amiable to the verge of imbecility, and, above all, she was reputed rich. Charley was desperate; he had made an impression, he saw; should he strike? A vision of dark imploring eyes, of the white chalk cliffs, and the broad river, and the fluttering beech woods, of the elanber up the hill, and the wooing and the winning came, but it faded away, and Charley and the well-preserved blonde, with much simpering and affection of coyness on her part, became 'engaged,' married as quickly, and started on their honeymoon. They went into Wales, and coming home through Oxford, Charley was seized with an irresistible longing to go on the river, so they took boat and rowed down. Al! going they stayed; and Charley went out the next morning, telling his bride he would be back to lunch; he was going to row a little way down to see some old bachelor friend, he said. It was as he felt he must go and he and Nellie had sat on the quay where he and Nellie had sat so often. He pulled down, tied up his boat, and ran up through the well-remembered wood, past the tree where she had paid him for the apricots to the seat where they once so happy. It was occupied, and by Nellie! Her face was worn, her eyes had lost their fire, the elasticity of a year ago had vanished. Charley moved on in a dream; she saw him, turned a deadly white through her rich brown skin, and tottered into his arms.

'Why did you go away, Charley?'

'My love, I thought you had forgotten me.'

A THIBETAN STUDENT.

How De Koros, the Great Asiatic Scholar, Lived and Worked.

Probably there never was a scholar who, in the pursuit of his favorite study, was capable of such abstemiousness or showed such a lofty contempt for the very necessities and decencies of life as De Koros. He lived like an ascetic, barring the use of the hair shirt and the scourge. At Yanglu, with a Lama and one attendant, he lived for four months in an apartment nine feet square. The temperature was below zero and the three were regularly snowed up. Here De Koros read Thibetan manuscripts literally from morning till night, with hands so numbed that he could hardly turn over the pages. His food was boiled rice and tea, flavored with rancid butter. He drank no spirits and would not eat fruits, though Zankar produces chestnuts and apricots in abundance. The latter, when dried, form the chief food of the natives. He cared nothing for the outer world; wanted neither newspapers nor modern books, but was quite happy with Thibetan volumes on religion, astrology, poetry, philosophy and history, written or printed in wooden types, and kept in indestructible book-cases of cedar. At Titallya, he lived in a native hut, regardless of heat, damp and mosquitoes. He refused the hospitality offered him by Major Lloyd, who, we believe, commands a detachment of Sepoys at Titallya. In Calcutta he never even took his ride on the Course in the evening, but walked about the compound or limited grounds of the Asiatic Society, and only saw an intimate friend or some Oriental scholar. No wonder that English officials were compelled to describe him as 'a singular union of learning, modesty and greasy habits.'

A countryman, who, as an artist, happened to be in Calcutta and paid him a visit, was evidently amazed at this 'prison life.' We are not surprised to find that he had some difficulty in expending the monthly allowance of fifty rupees granted him by the Government; that he left untouched a sum voted him by the Council of the Asiatic Society and that he repeatedly refused all aid from private sources. Indeed his retiring and modest disposition was not incompatible with a certain amount of unnamable haughtiness and asperity. We could wish that he had lived more generously, changed his blue cotton dress oftener, and enjoyed a few simple pleasures. Dominic Sampson was a profound scholar, but in the ruins of Durneugh he feasted with Merillies, and fairly drank her health in a cupful of brandy. A more generous diet and a little quinine might have enabled De Koros to survive the malarious fever of the Bangalore Terai.

King Ludwig's Fairy Cave.

A writer contributes an interesting article on the palaces and buildings of King Ludwig II. in the Bavarian highlands. The description given of the mysterious grotto in the Linderhof carries one in imagination to the splendors of the 'Arabian Nights' caves. 'It is a high, spacious stalactitic cave, with many offshoots, secret niches and obscure recesses, before which you stand. From all corners, niches and clefts of the rock—from many recesses covered with colored glass, to right, to left, above, below—streams a sea of light, now yellow, now green, now violet, rose, red, or blue, suffusing all parts with an indescribable splendor. Above all this flaming beauty a rainbow spreads its lovely light. The principal cave is about fifteen metres in diameter, and reaches like liquid silver, glittering and breaking into spray, a beautiful waterfall, which falls in bubbling cascades down the face of the rock. It feeds a little pool, occupying three-quarters of the floor of the cave, whose clear surface reflects the blending lights with enchanting beauty. On the lake is a golden skiff covered with rose-ornaments, the hinder part of which enlarges into a shell. Standing on the bow of this diminutive boat is Amor, spanning his bow. Right and left the boat is adorned with red coral. A pair of doves, whose bills are united in kisses, are shown in the act of alighting upon the left side of the boat. Two golden oars await the appearance of the mariner. Above on the rock rests the bewitching shrine, combing her golden waving locks with a golden comb. On the wall of the cave, too, is Hack's beautiful picture of 'Tannhauser Slumbering in the Lap of Venus.' There is also a mirror three and one-half metres high and two metres broad. Three plates were broken in transit before this one was safely affixed to the rock. Near the place where the mirror stands a small stair with wooden rails leads to the king's seat. It is a seat some two metres in length, the back part of which is formed out of a giant shell, while roses and rushes entwine it all around. Here King Ludwig II. loves to sit and gaze at once on pictures of life, love and beauty.'

Statesmen Who are Queer Drinkers.

'Some of these statesmen are queer drinkers,' the saloonist went on. 'A member, I know drinks about forty drinks a day. He fills his glass to the brim and tells the barkeeper, when it runs over, his sight is bad and he can't see well. One must have three lumps of sugar, a tablespoonful of water and a half goblet of whiskey for his usual dram. He dusts a little nutmeg over this, gulps it down and exclaims every time he does so that it is a drink fit for the gods. One congressman drinks beer in great quantities, and he always puts pepper sauce in it. He is an economical fellow and says that pepper sauce makes the beer burn his stomach as well as whiskey, and his drinks cost him but half the price. Some statesmen drink on the sly, and one I know who, if he sees any one in the saloon whom he is ashamed to have known that he drinks, will buy a cigar or get change for a quarter and then wait around until his friend goes out before he orders his dram. I don't think,' concluded this man, 'that statesmen drink as much as they used to. Public opinion is against it and they have to be

Killing Off the Crows.

More crows have been seen this winter in the vicinity of New Haven than ever before. Before the recent rain storm the crows were compelled to seek food near the centers of population. An Essex farmer, for whom the birds made a great deal of trouble, hit upon a clever plan for their extermination. He nailed to his tree chunks of meat soaked with strychnine. Along came the unsuspecting crows, following the scent of the meat. As the meat was fastened to the trees they could not fly away with it. The poison did its deadly work well, and hundreds of crows were picked up under the trees and in the neighborhood.

Dwyer Brothers will have three stables of runners this year. Alcock, McCabe and Byrne are their trainers.

HORSE NOTES.

Robert Steel's stallion Erin will be trained for the fall races.

John Murphy has ordered a new set of track harness for Maud S.

Curran, the light-weight, has engaged to ride for the Preakness stable.

The Island Park track was damaged to the extent of \$5000 by the recent floods.

Joe Davis, (record 2.174) found it hard work to trot 2.31 over a sandy Florida track.

Colonel Stoner of Paris, Ky., has purchased three fillies from J. B. McFerran, of Louisville, for \$7500.

Fides, record 2.224, owned by Alderman Hughes, of New York, died last week of pleuro-pneumonia.

Seventeen thoroughbreds sold at the Megibben sale in New York, brought \$14,920, an average of \$877.64.

Mr. Frederick Gerker has purchased from Judge Bingham, of Bound Brook, a bay mare, said to trot in 2.40.

The association which is to conduct racing at the old Prospect Park Fair Grounds is to be known as the Brooklyn Jockey Club.

J. T. Williams thinks Joe Cotton stands a fair chance of winning the Montgomery stake at Memphis this year.

John Spellman, the jockey, has decided to refuse Mr. Higgins' offer to ride next season, and will continue to train his own little stable of race-horses.

The 2-year-old colt Cambyzes, purchased by W. H. Fearing for \$4000 at the Lorillard sale, has been presented by Fearing to Pierre Lorillard Jr. Matt Byrnes will train the colt.

It is rumored that if Mr. Harrison, one of the stewards of the Gentlemen's Driving Course, should resign, Mr. Robert Steel would fill the vacancy and be made Vice President.

Miss Nellie Burke, the chariot race driver, took part in the Charleston, S. C., races, winning a mile heat race with her favorite runner Marvie B. in 1.504, 1.53, 1.544.

J. B. McFerran, Glenview Farm, Louisville, Ky., has sold to Mr. Graham, of Bloomington, Ill., the black colt, Oneida, bred at Glenview, foaled in 1884, sired by Nutwood, dam Sauquoit, by George Wilkes, for \$2500.

The big s. Superb, by Ethan Allen, dam Mischief, by Harris' Hambletonian, died of old age at New York on February 22. He was the sire of Great Western, Emma C., Superb Prince, Harry Conklin and Superb, Jr.

On a 3-year-old bay stallion, full brother to Erin, by Belmont, dam Evaritte, by Woodford Mambrino, arrived at the Cedar Park Stud this week, having been recently purchased by Robert Steel from W. A. De Breuille, of Thornton, Ill. Ion is designed for stock purposes. He is 16 hands high and now weighs 1250 pounds.

Messrs. Morrow & McCord, of California, offer to match their trotter, Arab, b. g., record 2.174, by Arthurton, dam Lady Hamilton, against any trotter in the country barring Maud S. The conditions named are best three in five, in harness, on any good track mutually agreed upon, in June or July, the stakes to be \$5000 or \$10,000 a side.

At a meeting of the Cleveland Driving Park Company, held on March 24, it was decided to open a stake of \$5000 for the Grand Circuit Meeting, to be held July 27 to 30. The Detroit Association will open a stake for a like sum, and will have the choice of naming the class. If Detroit selects the 2.40 or 2.25 class Cleveland will make its stake for the 2.30 class.

The new Fairfax Stable, managed by A. F. Walcott, of New York, bids fair to make itself known of the turf this year. G. R. Buchanan will be its trainer and George Barber its first jockey. The stable consists of Cyclops, Catalina, Housatonic, Hercules, Shawnee, Hypasia, Valissee, etc., and five California-bred youngsters recently purchased by Mr. Buchanan.

J. J. Case has recently purchased twelve brood-mares to breed to Phalias, including the b. m. Huntress, record 2.204, three miles in 7.21, foaled 1884 by Volunteer; Two bay fillies, by Kentucky Prince; Nara (12) and Bertha (11), both by Botspur (son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian); Mary A. (10), by Messenger Duroc; black mare (11), by Belmont; chestnut mare (6), by Mambrino Patchen, and Field Lark, by Enfield.

The \$10,000 stake opened by the St. Louis Fair Association, conditionally that Miss Woodford and Freeland start, is attracting considerable attention, and will probably be the means of bringing the two cracks once more together. While the Dwyer Brothers do not care to make a special trip to the West, they are not the men to shirk the issue, and it is highly probable that they will enter Miss Woodford, and not improbable that their new purchase, Pontiac, will also be nominated.

Some time since there was a story going the rounds of the press, concerning a mare owned by an Orange county domineer, that raised her owner from poverty to comparative affluence. She was a black, of unprepossessing appearance, with a big knee. The domineer, Rev. A. B. Scutt, bred her in 1873 to Knickerbocker, but was prostrated by paralysis before the colt was foaled, and found himself unable to pay for the service of the horse. John E. Wood waived his claim, and gave Mr. Scutt \$160 for the colt. This colt was sold for a long price to Benjamin W. Hunt, of Eatonton, Ga., and is registered as Enloe, foaled 1874, by Knickerbocker, dam the Big-Kneed Mare, by the Mulvey Horse (son of Sayre's Harry Clay); 2d dam the William Johnson Mare. The grandam is claimed by Mr. Scutt to be a daughter of Old Abdallah. The black mare was bred six times to Knickerbocker. Mr. Scutt netting \$8000 from her second colt's two years in the stud. The third colt he traded for a farm, part of which he sold for \$3500, and the remainder he values at \$12,000. The other colts are owned by Mr. Scutt. The Big-Kneed Mare died at Ridgebury, Orange county, last week, aged 21

years.

Small bonnets, high hats and turbans are announced for the next season, and the shapes are similar to those now worn. The small capotes have coronets falling back from closely fitting brims, or else the brim is slightly flaring, with scalloped edges, and is to be filled in with tufts of gauzy ribbons and flowers. The crowns are narrow, but both short and long crowns are imported, showing that the hair may still be worn either in a high soft coil, or in a medium-low plaited coil, or still lower in a drooping Catalan loop. Round hats for the spring and for city streets will have high, sloping crowns, with the brim wider on the left side and rolled closely against the crown. The soft-crown turbans will probably be most used early in the spring, with the crown of the material of the dress or of its trimming, and the brim of straw. Both high, sloping crowns and low, round turbans are seen, and there are oddly-shaped melon crowns that will have to be concealed by trimming in order to make them attractive. The present fancy for ribbons in long loops will continue, and the new costumes have them in abundance. Embroidered laces will be greatly in favor, and will enter into the combination of summer dresses.

FASHION NOTES.

Jets and fancy beads of all sorts are still favored adornments.

Gypsy cloth is almost as soft a etamine, and drapes very gracefully.

Red in its various shades and blue of every tone are shown in all the new goods.

Loops of narrow ribbon arranged in cascades are very fashionable for ball dresses.

The higher a bonnet trimming is set on the front the more chic it is supposed to be.

American gingham are very fine this season, and some are seen in Japanese patterns.

Entire skirt fronts of embroidery and bead work come among early spring importations.

Crepe lisse and gauze are daintily embroidered with silk and are in all the evening colors as well as in white a black.

New spring woollens come with canvas-woven grounds, on which are stripes, bars, and figures of boucle, velvet, and plush.

Alpaca mohair is one of the new fabrics used in Paris for evening dresses the favorite tints being turquoise blue and shell pink.

The fashion of mingling a plain fabric with narrow stripes and tiny checks in one costume, is noted, but the style though in mode, is not admirable.

Much variety is shown in good suitable for mourning, and when the weather becomes too warm to use the henriettes, much lighter fabrics are to be had.

White gumpies will be worn around the necks of colored dresses in the spring with a dog collar of velvet or embroidered fastening them high around the throat.

The comfortable walking and house shoe for ladies no longer young is the 'nun's' or 'sister's shoe,' of soft kid laced over the instep, and having low heels.

Fine corduroy is among the desirable materials for walking suits. It is made up by itself, or in combination with cashmere, camel's hair serge, or Irish poplin.

Bretelles, cuffs, and high dog collars of velvet, velvet straps, across full gumpies or blouse waistcoats and velvet belts, are to be used on fine frocks of fine wash fabrics in the spring.

Tussore silk with frise floral designs and gros surah are new silk materials for spring wear. The surah has a soft rich twill, and the Tussore is used for drapery for silk or velvet.

For party dresses for little girls nothing is prettier than white cashmere, veiling or chudda cloth, with collars, cuffs and borders of colored or white velvet, frise, or striped plush or Astrakhan.

The domestic crapes to be used for millinery purposes this spring, as well as for dresses and draperies over silk or satin foundations, show some peculiar features, lines or threads being so woven in among the crape that the effect of stripes or bars is created. These and the plain crapes are in every conceivable hue and shade to match or go with the surahs, satins and broadweaves, with which they may be most beautifully combined.

Cotton goods are evidently in great demand even now and this spring and summer they will be made up not only in house dresses, but for complete costumes. A decided novelty in cotton shows a gingham ground, in checks, plaids and stripes, in one hue or two or more colors, with outlines of bourette threads, either in single shade or the thread may be in one hue, with bourette knots of another, as in a brown specimen with white and blue threads knotted with red and gold.

An almost endless variety of fabrics in silk and cotton for spring, early summer and even midsummer wear can now be seen on the counters of the retail establishments, while manufacturers, commission merchants and importers in Philadelphia and New York, are kind enough to show samples or specimen pieces of decided novelties not yet ready for general introduction. It is most wonderful to realize how every idea and conceit that comes within reach of a designer in fabrics is grasped, utilized and illustrated in the numerous materials intended for dress or household decorations. The paintings on china are reproduced on wall paper, and in turn broadweaves, silks, jutes and cotton are woven in similar designs, and now the soft silken fabrics with through in beautiful floral conceits and quaint figures, are used in place of lace or Madras to form window or inside sash curtains, such as are arranged very full and tied back with a bright hued ribbon. In some houses special rooms have walls curtained with these silks, shired on to brass rods at top and bottom, and the ceilings are finished by a shirring or fullness of the silk in umbrella fashion, coming out from beneath an artistic centre piece, in Japanese or antique style.

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