

The Wind and the Lily.

The lily lifted her milk-white bloom,
And she freighted the air with a soft perfume,
And the warm wind came from the sultry vale
And he kissed her petals so soft and pale.

With a fearless heart she reared her head,
For she thought there was naught from the wind to dread,
And she wrapped her round in her spotless pride,
And she shed her fragrance on every side.

But the wind grew warmer and stronger still,
And he kissed her cup with an ardent will;
And her petals dropped in the burning air,
While her beauty waned with mute despair.

But the wind passed by with a careless smile,
And he sought new buds in a little while;
Yet he gave no wealth to the perfect flower,
But he took from her—beauty, pride and power.

[I pondered the lesson in thoughtful fashion:
The lily was virtue—the wind was passion.]

A MINING STORY.

"Eureka Gold Mining Company."
Don't it look important on paper? I tell
you, boys, we've got a good thing, but
we must work," said Tim Flynn, glance-
ing at the piece of paper in his hand.

"Yes," replied Joe Bagley, with a
sleepy yawn, "but let's go to roost now.
We can't do anything in number, had been
sitting around a camp-fire discussing
their prospects. The Eureka Mine
originally belonged to a party of Eastern
capitalists, who, having worked it for a
short time and finding that it did not
"pan out" according to expectations,
sold their interests to men who had
just taken possession of the property,
which they firmly believed would prove
an El Dorado. They were poor in
purses, for they had invested their all in
the new venture, but were rich in hope
and courage.

"It is a well-known fact," Flynn
would assert twenty times a day, "that
the Eureka is on a range with the fa-
mous Empire, which yields \$30,000
per ton, and we are sure to strike the
same vein. Some day we will wake up
to find ourselves millionaires. It is
only a question of time."

The next morning, seven of the men,
who were the actual owners, began
work, leaving Si Reed, whom they
termed their silent partner, to do the
chores about the camp. Reed was pale
and thin, and had an anxious, expectant
look upon his face. He seldom
spoke to anyone, which fact had gained
for him the sobriquet of Silent or Si
Reed. He was devotedly attached to
Flynn, who had befriended him while
in Sacramento, and exhibited such sin-
cere grief when he heard of his intended
departure for the mines that Flynn in-
vited him to join the party.

The miners worked like beavers, delv-
ing into the earth that each felt certain
held in her virgin bosom the gold
which would enrich them. They began
their labors at the first streak of dawn,
toiling unceasingly through the entire
day, each dreaming his own dream of
future greatness. Weeks sped by; pan
after pan was washed, then thrown
aside. But they were not disheart-
ened. The gold was there. The next
blow of the pick might reveal it.

One evening after supper, Joe Bagley
said:
"Here's the fodder, S. Last another
week, eh?"
"No, hardly enough for another
week."
"Who must put us on low rations,
then?"
"Agreed," they answered in chorus.
The next day, when Si gave each man
his portion, they laughingly declared
that Flynn had received the lion's share
—which was true; for Reed had robbed
himself in order that his friend should
have his usual supply, albeit no one
suspected the bit of self-sacrifice. The
week was stealing by and they had not
"struck it." The hearts of the miners
were growing heavy with dread! Yet
they dared not give vent to their fears.
Each felt that success depended upon
his individual courage, and no one was
willing to dampen the ardor of the
others by expressing doubts of their
ultimate triumph.

One day while seated on the ground
eating their mid-day meal, a little girl
appeared before them.
"Holy thunder!" cried Flynn, spring-
ing to his feet, "where did you spring
from?"
"Please, sir, I've been walking ever
so far. Ma saw your camp fire last
night, and told me how to get here.
She could not come herself, 'cause
Freddie's sick. May I sit down? I'm
awful tired."

She glanced timidly at the men, then
at the empty pot in which the dinner
of beans and bacon had been cooked.
"Where does your Ma live?" inquired
Bagley.
"She doesn't live nowhere. We're a
family for pa."

"Did you expect to find 'im here?"
"No, sir, but we're hungry, and Ma
thought you'd give us somethin' to
eat."

heard Pa was there, but Freddie's too
sick, and Ma's afraid he'll die; so if
you'll please give me some vittles I'll
go back, 'cause she's alone."

"What'll we do, boys?" asked Bagley.
"We can't leave the critters there; some
of us must go with the chick and bring
them here."

"Reed can be spared," suggested one
of the men.
"Bah!" interrupted Ben Skinner, a
surly, ill-natured fellow; "Reed with his
white face, that grows whiter every
day. If the woman saw him she'd
think death had come for the youngest
sure."

The men glanced toward Si, who was
now leaning against a tree, apparently
oblivious of what was going on around
him, and evidently did not hear the
unfeeling remark.

"Look here, boys," remarked Flynn,
gravely, "our leader is about empty,
and we must replenish it. Let's draw
lots to decide who will ride into town
for provender. We are out of funds,
but this, taking a valuable watch from
his pocket, 'can be left as security,'" said
Bagley, producing a handsome pistol.

"And this can keep it company," said
Skinner, producing a slip of paper upon
which the word "go" was written.

"The little girl can sit before ye, and
ye can stop off at the cabin and give
this, the last of our hard back, to the
woman," said Bagley.

One of the men came forward with a
flask of whisky, while he asserted would
"straighten out the little chap." They
draw their only horse, was quickly
saddled and Skinner started on his er-
rand.

"Tell your Ma to fight her luck a few
hours longer, and when supplies come
we'll give ye a rousing supper," shouted
Bagley as they rode away.

When some distance from the hut
Skinner put the girl down, gave her the
biscuit and flask, after drinking half its
contents, and resumed his journey.

In the evening Flynn and Bagley
went over to the hut, intending to bring
the woman and children up to the camp.

"Skinner will get back about eight
o'clock. I guess the sick boy only
wants a little feeding up to make him
all right," remarked Flynn as they ap-
proached the hut.

They found the woman seated on the
rough floor with the boy on her lap,
and Maggie, their late visitor, at her
side, sound asleep. With tearful sobs
she related her sad story. About five
years before, or when Freddie was only
a few weeks old, her husband left to
join a party of prospectors who were
going to the Sierra Nevada region, and
she had never heard from or seen him
since. She waited until her funds were
nearly exhausted, then made her way to
Sacramento. While supporting her
children as best she could, she learned
that the party had broken camp; her
husband had been brought to Sacra-
mento and placed in a hospital, where
he remained a long time seriously ill
with brain fever. She traced him to
the hospital only to find that he had
gone away again, no one could tell
whether. Recently she learned that a
man answering his description and bear-
ing the same name was working in the
Kiwanna mines, and she was on her
way there. He had always been a fond
husband and father, and she believed
he had searched for her also, but they
had missed each other.

The two men were deeply moved as
they listened to the story of her suffer-
ings, and after much persuasion, in-
duced her to return to camp with them,
promising that one of the miners would
go the following day to Kiwan-
na, about ten miles distant, and make in-
quiries concerning the person she supposed
was her husband. Without further
ceremony Flynn wrapped the boy in
the blanket he had brought for the pur-
pose. Bagley trudged along with Mag-
gie in his arms.

When the party reached the camp it
was past the time for Skinner's return,
but he had not arrived. A bed of
brushwood covered with a blanket was
arranged for the guests, and after they
had laid down the men lighted their
pipes and gathered around the fire,
conversing in low whispers and listening
eagerly for the sound of the horse's
hoofsteps.

"He oughter been here long afore
this," said Bagley, rousing himself from
a brown study. "Boys, he's scouted!"
The suggestion fell like a bombshell;
no one spoke for a moment, then Bagley
resumed:

"He's got your watch, Flynn, my
pistol and Fleetwood. He's gone as sure
as shootin'. I saw the devil shining in
his eyes when he drew the slip."

The others were loath to accept their
comrade's suggestions, but all crept to
their resting places with very heavy
hearts.

"We kin live on beans," muttered
Bagley, "but what in thunder will be-
come of the woman an' the kids?"

In the morning there was considerable
excitement in Eureka Camp. Two of
the men, Bagley and Reed, were miss-
ing. After a protracted search, the
latter was found near a clump of bushes
some distance away in an unconscious
state, having apparently fallen in a fit.
They carried him back to camp, laid
the limp form on a bramble bed and
gazed at each other in blank dismay.

"Call the woman; p'raps she'll know
what to do," advised Tom Knowles.

The woman did not wait to be called.
Seeing that something was amiss, she
approached the group. The next mo-
ment a heartrending cry burst from her
lips. Falling upon her knees, she threw
her arms around the sick man and
kissed the still, white face in a wild,
distracted way. A slight tremor passed
over Reed's face. He opened his eyes,
looked wistfully at the woman, bending
over him. Then a gleam of intelligence
illuminated his countenance; he recog-
nized the faithful wife, from whom he
had long been separated by a singular
frank of fate. For one brief moment
soul met soul. He raised his hand
heavenward, murmured faintly, "Up
there, Maggie," then earned his soubri-
quet of Silent Reed.

A solemn stillness prevailed around
Eureka Camp when Flynn and his com-
rades returned from their unsuccessful
search for Bagley. The remainder of
the party were sitting around in de-
spendent attitudes, while Mrs. Reed,
with the sick child on her knees and one
hand fondly resting on the dead man's

face, looked the very embodiment of
inconsolable grief. Flynn—tender-
hearted Tim Flynn—how his curly
fringe shook with sobs as the touching
death scene was described to him.

"Boys," he said huskily, "we must
face our bad luck like heroes. I have
insisted all along that the Eureka held
a fortune for each of us, because I be-
lieved it, but—it cost him a struggle
to utter the next words, which were the
extinguishing of the hope that had
enabled them to endure privation and
hunger without a murmur. "But," he
went on, "I was mistaken. After that
poor creature has grown accustomed to
her sorrow we will bury poor Si and
pull up stakes. We won't abandon
them, boys. For I'm sake we must pro-
tect those he loved."

The others readily agreed to the last
clause. While arranging their plans for
the future, little Maggie bounded down
the hillside, singing blithely, uncon-
scious of the bereavement that had be-
fallen her.

"Look," she shouted gleefully, "what
nice stones I have found. Full of bright
specks, just like eyes."

Flynn took the stones she held to-
ward him. His face, rough and weather-
beaten, grew pallid with sudden joy.

"Boys," he whispered in a tone of
suppressed excitement, "she has struck
it. Where did you find this, Maggie?"
"Why up there, past the big hole," she
replied, vaguely wondering at his
white face.

In a moment the men fell into line,
Maggie leading the way to the spot
where she found the precious stones.
As they passed the mouth of the pit, the
scene of their fruitless labors, Flynn
stopped to get a shovel. The others
followed his example, carrying with
them the implements they had cast
down in a hopeless way the night pre-
vious. They set to work silently, being
too much excited to speak. If disap-
pointment awaited them now! No, two
or three blows, such as had never been
struck before, told them they had
"struck it" at last. They passed,
looked at each other for a moment, then
the hills echoed and re-echoed with the
short "triumph" that burst simultane-
ously from their lips.

They returned to camp, Flynn carry-
ing Maggie on his shoulder, just as
Bagley appeared in sight with a bag of
provisions on his back. In a few words
he explained how before daylight he
had started for Kiwan-
na, to beg for
food for the woman and her children.
After a hasty dinner some of the men
went to select a pleasant spot in which
to lay the remains of their comrade, and
Flynn set out for town to make arrange-
ments about having the camp supplied
with provisions.

Several hours later he returned in
high spirits and related how he had en-
countered Skinner in a tavern and de-
manded the return of the horse, watch
and pistol that had been intrusted to
him. He blustered and swore awhile
and finally agreed to sell his claim for
the articles he had already appropriated
to his own use. Flynn did not apprise
him of the lucky turn of fortune's
wheel, but took precautions to have the
exchange legally drawn up.

"He played us a mean trick," con-
cluded Flynn, "but I got the best of
him, and now I propose to transfer his
share to the orphans and widow of our
old friend."

No dissenting voice was raised against
the proposition; furthermore, they all
declared that Maggie should henceforth
be called the ward of the Eureka Min-
ing Company.

The next day Si was buried, and a
week later, when the success of the
mine had become an established fact,
Mrs. Reed and her children were taken
back to Sacramento. The change of
fortune, coupled with the death of her
husband, proved too much for the poor
woman, and the two orphans became
the actual wards of the Eureka Mining
Company.

Gambling Against a Greeny.

"Boys, it isn't always safe to gamble
on the greenness of country chaps," re-
marked a drummer in the smoking
car. "Only last week I was in a little
town down in Missouri, and the bar-
room of the hotel was full of the gawks
of the town. I worked several smart
little snaps for drinks that would not
have caught a single sucker in the city,
and had begun to think myself in luck.
After a while I heard a couple of fellows
disputing about something, and I asked
them what the row was about."

"Jim, here," says one, "declares he
kin go out and pace off a quarter of a
mile an' come in two feet of the actual
measurement. He's a braggin', and kin
never do it, stranger. I've just bet him
\$5 he can't; will you hold the stakes?"

"I'd a good deal rather put up \$25
against him," says I; "there's no man
living can pace off so correctly as that."

"I go you the \$25," says the fellow
they called Jim, promptly pulling out
his money, and of course I couldn't
back out. So the \$50 was staked with
the landlord, and we went on to see him
pace. We hunted around and found a
twenty-foot pole, and Jim went into
the middle of the street in front of the
hotel and asked me which way he should
go. I told him I didn't care, and after
we had marked the spot he started off
pacing very deliberately and with much
caution. We followed him up with the
pole measuring after him. Pretty soon
he stopped, stood still and waited for
us, calling out that that was his quar-
ter-mile limit.

"In a few minutes we had measured
up to him, and what do you suppose
the distance was? Thirteen hundred
and twenty feet to an inch—exactly a
quarter of a mile. I had lost as clear
as a whistle, and I thought it the most
wonderful feat I had ever witnessed.
Before leaving town, however, I dis-
covered how the thing was done. Jim
was able to pace that quarter of a mile
to the inch because he had carefully
measured it off with the same pole we
had used, and marked the two ends in
a way known only to himself. More
than that, he had measured from a cer-
tain spot in front of the hotel in three
directions, and was thus prepared to
go any way his victim might select. The
fellow who bet the \$5 with him was a
roper-in, and I wasn't the first man
they had made a sucker of, by a long
shot."

LEARNING TO RIDE HORSEBACK.

How the Art of Equestrianism May
Be Acquired in the Metropolis.

There are in the city of New York no
less than half a dozen academies where
the art of horseback riding is taught
and practiced. Two at least of these
institutions are situated not far from
Central Park, and are extensive estab-
lishments. They compare favorably
with any of the famous riding schools
of England and Germany. A reporter
visited one of these academies, and
meeting the Superintendent, said:

"Do you require references as to
character from strangers who may wish
to attend your academy?"

"Oh, yes. Strangers making applica-
tion must be properly introduced or
furnish references."

"How about your pay?"

"We require payment strictly in ad-
vance."

"How long does a course of lessons
last?"

"Six months. One hour for each les-
son or ride in the school is allowed.
Lessons for ladies are from 9 A. M. to
12 M., and from 2 to 4 P. M., except
Wednesday and Saturday afternoons
for gentlemen from 7 to 9 A. M., and
from 4 to 6 P. M. daily, and on Mon-
day, Wednesday and Friday from 8 to
9 P. M. Gentlemen are not admitted
during the hours devoted to instruction
for ladies."

"Do you have music in the school?"

"Yes, we have music to music every
Saturday evening from 8 to 10 P. M.
Our charges are: For twenty lessons,
\$30; twelve lessons, \$20, or six lessons,
\$10; a single lesson, \$2. We will give
you ten hurdle-leaping lessons for \$20,
or a single lesson for \$2.50."

"Do your pupils take exercise out-
side of the academy?"

"Oh, yes; we encourage our pupils to
take horseback rides in Central Park.
We have horses carefully broken to the
saddle for ladies or gentlemen."

"It is, of course, not possible to en-
tirely prevent mishaps, no matter how
careful our pupils and ourselves may
be. But, as a rule, accidents are owing
to carelessness on the part of the pupil."

"Have you any objection to furnis-
ing us with the names of some of your
best known patrons?"

"We have objections on general
principles, but I do not mind giving
you a few names. Several members of
the Vanderbilt family have been among
our patrons. The late Cornelius J. Van-
derbilt was passionately fond of horse
back riding. Ten or twelve years ago
he spent half his time in the saddle."

"Did the late William H. Vanderbilt
ever ride here?"

"No, but his son, Mr. Cornelius Van-
derbilt, was one of our pupils for a long
time. General Lloyd Aspinwall was
one of our first and best friends. He
brought the Grand Duke Alexis of
Russia to us. We furnished him with
a good horse and one of the teachers
gave him a few lessons. Alexis pre-
tended to listen. Then he mounted his
horse, and the expert manner in which
he managed the animal showed that he
knew more about horsemanship than
the man who had essayed to teach him.
You would be surprised if I should give
you a list of the well-known society
ladies who are regular pupils. Ladies,
as a rule, are very apt pupils. They put
their whole mind into the business, and
we do not have so much trouble in in-
structing them as we do in teaching
men. The most graceful horseback
riders in the city are ladies."

Montana Wild Horses.

A herd of horses numbering some 70
or 80 head, and called the "wild herd,"
range in this section. While not being
wild horses in reality, they are such to
all intents and purposes. They are a
terror to parties who turn horses on the
range, with the expectation of bringing
them in after a brief absence, for should
they once join, or be picked up by the
"wild herd," it is almost next to impos-
sible to recover them, and it is said that
there is only two men—Jim Walker and
Charley Brewster that can handle the
band successfully, for they are so shy
and fleet limbed that no horse carrying
a rider can hope to overhaul them in a
dead race. They are also well ac-
quainted with the country and under
the leadership of a moving spirit, dodge
out of sight like phantoms in some deep
creeper. The manner the above named
parties "work" the herd, is to sight
them at a distance, and then seek con-
cealment in the coulee which they will
likely pass, and then when at short
range dash in amongst them at full
speed, thus having the effect of bewilder-
ing and stampeding them, and then the
rider or riders can be singled out and
either roped or run down. It is claimed
this herd have all the characteristics of
wild horses, and that in a few years at
least they will become such in reality.
An animal running with them for only
a short time, becomes alert and wild-
eyed, it is said. The band is increasing
in numbers rapidly.

An Alligator in a Mail Bag.

A live alligator sixteen inches long
was received in the newspaper mail at
the Post Office building, New York,
on the 16th. It was in a pasteboard
box strengthened on the top and bot-
tom with slabs of wood and wrapped
about with strings and rubber bands.
Two holes put in one end of the box
supplied air to the reptile. The As-
sistant Superintendent of Mails clipped
the wrappings with his scissors.
Through one of the slabs he struck
the lead pencil which he took from
behind his ear, and in a flash the
animal was seized and the end chewed
pencil was sent to the inquiry depart-
ment. There it was dumped into a
pan of water, and the Washington
authorities were asked if they wanted
an alligator, for the beast is forfeited.
The law forbids sending, except queen
bees, any live freight through the
mail.

HORSE NOTES.

The improvements at the Jerome
Park Course are practically completed.
A full sister to Ban Fox was foaled
at Major Thomas' Dixiana Stud on
March 14.

Eighty of the 100 stalls at Exposit-
ion Park, Pittsburg, have already
been engaged by trainers.

New Jersey starts off with a mem-
bership of over fifty on the roll of her
new breeders' association.

Green Morris will probably not
start any of his horses at Memphis, al-
though they are now in training there.

Ed Corrigan thus far stands to win
\$18,000 on Lizzie Dwyer for the Subur-
ban and \$28,000 on Modesty for the
same race.

David Bonner this week purchased
of Albert Hall, of New York, a 3-year-
old black gelding by Leland, dam
Integrity.

The California mare, Bonita, has
been sent to James Golden, at Mystic
Park, Boston, who will train and drive
her in the coming campaign.

B. J. Treacy recently lost the
3-year-old filly by Sunset, by Long-
fellow, dam La Platte, by Planet, from
acute inflammation of the bowels.

W. J. Gordon's horses have wintered
at Cleveland without blankets and in
sand-floor stalls, and come out this
spring in the finest possible shape.

The Syracuse (N. Y.) Driving
Park Association was organized March
10, with the following officers: Presi-
dent, E. B. Lewis; Vice President, W.
B. Kirk; Secretary, E. F. Allen;
Treasurer, E. Loder. The associa-
tion will hold a four day's trotting meet-
ing in June.

L. J. Rose, the noted turfman of
Los Angeles, Cal., has sold \$40,000
worth of trotting stock within a fort-
night. Besides the sale of Sultan for
\$15,000, he sold Ruby, 2:19; Margaret,
2:28, and four other fillies by Sultan to
William Corbett, of San Francisco, for
\$18,000.

Louis Dromel, the turfman who
introduced into this country the "Paris
mutuel" system of pool-selling, died
last night in Louisville, aged 66 years.
He was born in France. "He was famous
as a mathematician, and had a standing
offer of \$1000 posted at Jerome Park to
any one who would find an error of five
cents in his calculations."

J. I. Case has purchased more brood
mares, as follows: From Colonel Pe-
pper, one brood mare by Belmont,
in foal by Onward; Allie Webber, from
W. C. Crockett, Waukegan, Ill., by
Almont, dam Maggie, by Simon Ken-
ton, in foal by Judge Hayes, also her
3-year-old filly, by Judge Hayes; and
from Mr. Tipton, of Cadiz, Ohio, a
mare by Nutwood, in foal by Prince
Harold.

The Latonia Agricultural Associa-
tion, which is substantially the same
organization as the Latonia Jockey
Club, will hold a Live Stock Show and
Fair from August 24 to 28. The fair
will embrace the essential features of
the New York Horse Show and the St.
Louis Fair. Premiums will be offered
for horses, cattle, sheep and pigs,
including stakes and purses for speed.

Garland & Goldsmith have blistered
Beaconsfield, the California crack, for
the purpose of trying to take away the
injury formation resulting from his
illness last fall. John A. Goldsmith is
the chief owner of Beaconsfield, but the
horse will be looked after in his Eastern
campaign by Garland.

Fred Archer is to have the mount
of Saraband in the English Derby.
Watts is to ride Minting, and Tom
Cannon will wear the yellow jacket of
Ormonde. The result of this will
naturally be to make Saraband a favorite
with many. Archer has won four
Derbies, with Silvio, Bend Or, Iro-
quois and Melton. Cannon has won
but a single Derby—1882, on Shotover.
Watts has never ridden a Derby win-
ner, but he won the St. Leger of 1883
and 1884, on Ossian and Lambkin, and
rode Foxhall in his Cambridgeshire.

The high-priced stallions now
before the public in this country are:
Nutwood, \$250; Director, \$250; Phallas,
\$200; Epaullet, \$200; Lord Russell,
\$200; Sultan \$200, and Jerome Eddy,
\$200. Previous to his death Hamble-
tonian commanded \$500, and engage-
ments had to be made months in
advance at this figure. The only stallion
now alive which has stood at \$500
is Volunteer, and he is not before the
public. There are two stallions in pri-
vate lists which served at \$300 each—
Messenger Duroc and Dictator.

J. L. Turner's Kinlock Stock
Farm, which is the largest in Missouri,
was visited by an incendiary on March
19, but luckily the stock, with the
exception of a small flock of sheep, was
got out in safety. Mr. Turner's farm
is the only one in the place, next to Gen-
eral Grant's farm. In its big barn and
in its wings have been stabled the stal-
lions imported Ulian, imported Athlete
and Aristides, besides a number of
brood mares and youngsters. On the
29th ult. the main barn was occupied
on the ground floor by Aristides,
nine thoroughbred yearlings all of the
work horses of the farm, the horse herd
of cows and a small flock of sheep.

The forwardness of the season is
filling racing men with delight. The
stables at Sheephead Bay, Jerome
Park and Monmouth Park are rapidly
filling up and active training will soon
begin in earnest. Commodore Kitti-
ng's string of runners arrived at Mon-
mouth Park the latter part of the week.
It consists of twenty-six head. The
animals all look well and great things
are expected of them. Last year,
Major Hubbard, the manager of the
stable, had his charges trained at
Jerome Park. The two-year-olds were
the most forward of any in the East,
and it was expected that the youngsters
would run away with many fine prizes.
About two weeks before the racing
began at Jerome Park, however, they
began to go back; some of them got the
influenza, while others became sore in
the shins and those that did run caused
disappointment. Though the Commo-
dore is going to quit the trotting horse
business, he will still continue on the
running turf.

FASHION NOTES.

The ragged edged stationery is the
latest horror, and very suggestive of
the nibbling mousers' teeth, but all the
same it is much used by people who
ought to know better.

Just as we are beginning to learn
to use our seals with dexterity the fash-
ion writers tell us to put them by.
Many people still cling to their seals,
however, and will continue to do so.

For jackets black boucle cloths are
most used, though in smooth-faced
goods French velours and arfures are
used. For carriage wraps in black
light qualities of frise on satin ground
are shown, and for mourning a light
quality of all-wool frise is imported.

One odd dress pattern was of ecru
silk, with the skirt front embroidered
in coarse threads of cream-colored silk.
These threads were drawn down along
the pattern and multiplied upon the
surface till they formed a heavy fringe.
The rows of embroidery and fringe
then alternate to the belt.

Boots and shoes are less pointed,
without, however, being square at the
toes. The two styles have made mu-
tual concessions, and in consequence
boots sharp, but stop short before form-
ing a sharp point. Colored silk stock-
ings are more worn than ever, and for
the summer there will be cotton stock-
ings with colored stripes or designs,
usually chosen with reference to the
dress with which the stockings are to
be worn.

Diagonal fronts upon both basques
and street jackets are very popular, and
English cutaway coats fastening diag-
onally across the chest, with two but-
tons, are also considered in good style.
Another style just introduced in jack-
ets shows the right front cut wide
enough to lap in double-breasted fash-
ion, from the front to the length of
about four inches over the chest. Be-
low this each side is cut away, leaving
a broad open space. This space is filled
by a vest formed of a single section
laid in four pleats, which are stayed
securely by means of tapes tacked to the
underfolds. The closing is made by
means of three large buttons set upon
the edge of the overlapping portion on
the chest.

Ladies' cloth of very dark car-
dinal, made with the skirts laid in wide
panels, with narrow kilts inserting, the
panels decorated with heavy raised
Russian embroidery in colors of car-
dinal, green and gold, compose one
of the most stylish and elegant walk-
ing costumes of the season. The over-
dress is caught up high on the right
side with colored beaded ornaments,
and the short cardinal velvet vest is
lined with striped plush whose colors
match the shades of the Russian em-
broidery.

Stripes and blocks of variously
woven stuffs are surrounded and out-
lined in some of the spring woollens
with strips of drawn open-work. Just
like art, drawn work done by hand,
while the wonders that can be accom-
plished by the loom are further illus-
trated by the blocks and stripes sepa-
rated, being of two or more different
weaves, say, for instance, checks in
one block and diagonals or stripes in
the next, boucle in the third and bour-
rette or bouton-neux effects in the
fourth, and all this accomplished by
the loom.

Another sketch is a black gown
made of that exquisite serge which is a
specialty of theirs, braided with black
worsted soutache, and embodies several
very new ideas. A "revers" of intri-
cate black braiding is bordered with
black buttons and placed on left side of
bodice only, the other side being per-
fectly plain. The scarf drapery is ar-
ranged in a novel fashion, being made
rather short and drawn up in full folds
on each side. The front of the skirt is
of narrow pleats, bordered on each side
by two angular panels of upright braid-
ing, which are again bordered with
trimming of braided loops. The drap-
eries at the back are arranged in long,
graceful folds.

A gown, which is a notable exam-
ple of a beautiful work in applique, is
made in royal blue Vienna cloth, the
draperies and bodice being bordered
with a narrow, flat edging of biscuit
colored cloth, stitched on the blue cloth
with threads of blue and gold. The
blue draperies open at the side over a
graduated panel, which stretches round
part of the underskirt in front, and
which consists of an exquisite design
in applique blue cloth outlined upon
the foundation of biscuit color by a
twisted thread of mingled blue and
gold. The bodice is ornamented in
front with a square of this applique
trimming, the collar and cuffs being
trimmed to correspond. The hat with
which Redfern completes the costume
is of biscuit colored cloth with dark
blue velvet and trimmed in front with
wings and a velvet bow. A similar
gown to this looks remarkably effective
in a combination of dark green ve-
netian cloth upon a terra-cotta-color
foundation—in this case, however, the
bodice is not cut square, but arranged
with a becomingly shaped vest.

A black, soft silk dress can have
trimming lace three inches wide, set
in V shape down the front and back of
the blouse, tapering to a point at the
waist line. The lining of the dress
may be turned back or cut under this
lace and under a similar lace V in each
sleeve, leaving it transparent when
worn on dress occasions in the house;
when worn in the street a black silk
under-vest made like any cambric cor-
set-cover, is first put on, which trans-
forms the blouse into a high-necked
garment. A band of inch-wide watered
ribbon may head this lace and form a
dog-collar above; on each edge of this
ribbon large flat jet nailheads should be
placed. The silk skirt should have the
front drapery falling in a point to the
right at the foot, with three straight breadths
down each side; three straight breadths
of silk gathered behind in a very nar-
row space complete the skirt. A train
of straight silk breadths attached by
hooks and eyes under the basque can
be gracefully worn over the straight
blouse, leaving it transparent when
worn on dress occasions in the house;
when worn in the street a black silk
under-vest made like any cambric cor-
set-cover, is first put on, which trans-
forms the blouse into a high-necked
garment. A band of inch-wide watered
ribbon may head this lace and form a
dog-collar above; on each edge of this
ribbon large flat jet nailheads should be
placed