I bend above it, and, looking down, I study its aspect, line by line. This hand has clasped a thousand hands That long have known no answering

Some have mouldered in foreign lands -Some in the graveyard on the hill.

Clasped a mother's hand, in the day
When it was little and soft and white—
Mother, who kissed it and went away
To rest till the waking in Gol's good

Clasped a lover's hand, years agone, Who sailed away and left her in tears; Under Sahara's torrid zone His bones have whitened years and years.

Clasped the hand of a good man true, Who held it softly and fell asleep, And woke no more, and never knew How long that impress this would keep.

Clasped so many, so many! so few That still respond to the living will, Or can answer this pressure so kind and So many that lie unmoved and still.

Clasped at last this hand, my own; And mine will moulder, too, in turn, Will any clasp it while I am gone?
In vain I study this hand to learn.

BY MUTUAL CONSENT.

There was no doubt that the Messingers were fortunate in possessing so charming a house as the Ness. It was built at the head of a narrow valley shut in by two hills, and beyond the sloping lawn stretched a wide expanse of sea.

Mr. and Mrs. Messinger were simple. unaffected people, devoted to their children, and to Nancy, Mr. Messinger's young step-sister. They treated her with a kind of reverential tenderness, chiefly due to the fact that she was entirely dependent on them. And, in her you utterly different from what I find turn, Nancy filled the place of a loving | you. elder sister to the tribe of little ones, and of friend-in-chief to her gentle sister-in-law.

One sunny afternoon in early summer, Mrs. Messinger sat at the open bay-window of the drawing-room, reading. She was a placid little lady, seldom ruffled in mind or temper, and her sweet face and her soft blue eyes were pleas-ant to contemplate. The door opened her last words, as a hint that he should p. esently and Nancy came in rather go and still he was more hurt than he slowly. Her expression was as sweet cared to own. and gentle as her sister's, but her great dark eyes and firmly cut mouth and chin bore evidence of much greater strength and individuality of character. She came over to the window and seated herself in a basket-chair with an air of

constraint. "I have had a letter from Jim," she said.

"Yes; I saw it on the hall-table," replied Mary, laying down her book. Does he say when he was coming?" "Yes; he came by the same steamer as the letter. He will be here to-mor-

"I-I-have a confession to make," said Nancy nervously looking out over ceeded before reaching the hall, and the sea. "I thought I loved Jim when | could answer her sister's surprised queshe went out to India five years ago, but | tions quite calmly. I was only 17 then, and did not realize what love meant. We had known each gently, "you forget our changed rela- sumption. other all our lives, and I mistook our tions. You must not expect him to friendship for love."

discovery?" asked Mary, in distress.

two, but what made it all clear to me ally agreed to see as little as possible of was Jim's last letter, saying that he was | each other.' coming home. It filled me with dismay and fear, I felt that I simply could not her self-control deserted her, and she meet him as his betrothed wife, so I cast herself down on the little couch, wrote last mail and asked him to release and wept long and bitterly. me from my engagement."

"And what does he say?" Mary asked, anxiously.

"He is delighted," said Nancy, brightening. "He says that his feelings have

"Quite sure," Nancy answered firmly. Ned, won't you? And please get recon- bathed her face; and through all that ciled to the arrangement soon, I feel so delightfully airy and free!"

"You never hinted at any change before," said Mary, a little reproachfully. "I only knew it dimly, or I might have done so," replied Nancy gently, abstruse reflections, she might have me a little." "And since I wrote to him I have been silent to spare you any anxiety. I have felt it for the last three years in writing their compact, when he was always to him. My letters have never been coming to the Ness? For he came every from the present Nancy, but from the Nancy as I could remember her at 17. had been wont to five years ago. There In fact, I have been 'writing down' all the time to the level of his intelligence as shown in his letters, and that level is painfully low. But happily, you see, he lost all her gentle brightness when

"He would be much more likely to object if he once saw you," said Mary, frankly, "for these five years have done wonders with you in every way."

"Oh, he is so boyish that he will think me strong-minded, and therefore dislike me," said Nancy, laughing. "And I did send him my last photograph, you

"Did you send that hideous thing?"

asked Mary in surprise.
"Well," confessed Nancy rather reluctantly, "I believe I had some secret, unconfessed hope that he would offer to break off the engagement if he once saw his love. His letters had been of a kind that hideous caricature. But here of which he had wearied when he ceased the matter," she said rather bitterly. comes Ned; I shall leave you to explain to be a youth. But, anxious that his things to him."

A day or two later Nancy started for her usual afternoon walk along the cliffs. Since she had been released from the engagement which for some years past had been weighing on her spirits she had been in a state of exhibaration which surprised her. The world seemed wholly beautiful; life was an unmixed blessing; sin and poverty were rarer than she had thought. Walking quickly along, absorbed in these pleasant reflections, she did not hear footsteps behind her, and was surprised at hearing her-

'How you have grown! When did you | them. come? and how did you find me?"

"I came two days ago," he said, red-"Father was anxious that I should stay with him yesterday, but I asked, thinking that anything was prefcalled at the Ness this afternoon, and erable to sitting stiffly in the drawing-Mrs. Messinger told me where I should find you."

"Let us go home now, and then you back. "You will hardly know the childleft.

"I certainly shall not, if they have altered as much as you have done. I India," she said unresponsively. scarcely knew you," he said, looking at "So I was, but I was home-sic comparing this beautiful graceful girl

"I am older," she said, her heart sinking strangely. "He might disguise the "Yes, this is it," he said drear fact that he finds me a disappointing looking out over the cliffs and sea. failure," she thought rather bitterly. "Of course we are no longer boy and girl," he agreed. "But I hope we shall always be friends, Nancy? We have

been that all our lives, haven't we?" "Yes, let us be friends," she said. press upon her that they were to be the town, but Mr. nothing more, she added, "And it was that the view fromvery wise to break off that childish en-

"Y-yes," he said doubtfully; "Oh, ves, of course. Your feelings are naturally quite changed, I suppose, Nancy?" | ing her eyebrows. "Naturally," she said calmly, but thinking to herself that she was not so

sure about that after all. "Naturally he echoed, his eyes, however becoming a little clouded. "Those boy and girl engagements never answer do they? People develop so differently from what one would expect. Judging from your letters, I should have thought

I should have expected you to be," she answered, "But let us put up with each other as we are; we need not see much of one another, you know."

They had just reached the gate leadsaid this, and unconsciously she paused outside. Jim took this, coupled with

"Good afternoon" he said stiffly, raising his hat, "Your suggestion is a one else at once." brilliant one, and you need not fear that I shall trouble you with my presence more often than is necessary.

"You are coming in?" she said, looking at him with pained, pleading eyes.' "Thank you, no," he said coldly. "I have seen Mrs. Messinger and your brother and the children will keep. "Good-bye," she said, turning in at

not see the rising tears. "Good-bye," he said freezingly think- make?" ing her absolutely cruel in not shaking "Nancy! really?" asked May, looking almost excited. "Are you not delight would rise to her speak to you on such that I have not still the right to her speak to you on such matters. For five

"When did you make this terrible both come to the conclusion that we are quite different from what we had "I have felt it dimly for a year or thought each other, and we have mutu-

"I hate him!" she said to herself vindictively. "I do; I hate him! No, I love on her, believing, as he did, that dive, though of course no real responsition; I believe I do the very opposite. she disliked him; and at last after a bit-bility can be predicated in such a mancare for any one so utterly indifferent to to return to India at once. me! He didn't even come in, and after changed, too."

"I always think of you in the future as his wife," sighed Mrs. Messinger, that I love him, never! However much as his wife," sighed Mrs. Messinger, I have enough pride to ing that he was not slow in taking whose mind was slow to welcome new I may suffer, I have enough pride to ing that he was not slow in taking "Are you sure you are wise, hide it. He shall think me as indiffer-

ent as he is himself." Her mouth took a hard look very for-"And you will break the news gently to eign to its sweet lines, as she rose and and wounded pride she thus smilingly

asked herself how Jim and Nancy could was one difference between this daily intercourse and that of old times, and that a rather important one. Nancy face to bear with him. is as pleased to end our engagement as I speaking to Jim, and was coldy, dis- bye," he said breaking the long silence tantly polite to him. He saw this, and rather abruptly." no doubt resented it, but Nancy never guessed that from his manner. He did eyes in wonderment everything he could think of to please her, but with no outward effect. Inwardly she knew that her love for him was strengthening day by day, and that no power of hers could prevent it.

Jim was in a most trying position. He knew himself to be deeply in love with Nancy; his feelings for her had never died, as he had imagined; but with the knowledge of her as a sweet, noble woman, came the knowledge that he had forfeited the right to tell her of eagerly. own letters should not be as uninteresting to her, as hers were to him, he had rather I stayed?" written in a boyish, semi-frivolous strain, which he thought would be pleasing to her, as natural to herself. He could not understand how such a thoughtful, intelligent girl as he knew

to write about what she felt interested in.

His position with regard to Nancy was much worse than that of any mere acquaintance, Every other man could "When did" when did you begin to love me, dear?" self suddenly addressed. Looking up with startled eyes, she found a young man gazing at her with a puzzled, intent expression in his handsome face."

"You are Nancy, are you not?" he said doubtfully holding out his hand. acquaintance, Every other man could "When did you begin to love me tell her of his love, while it seemed to she replied, blushing under his gaze, agreeing to cancel their engagement. my life," he answered.
What made matters worse was that "I don't know, either," she said: said doubtfully, holding out his hand. Nancy never appeared to dream that "When I was about four or five, I was about four or five, I any other relation than the present conthink."

Nancy, regarding him with surprise. strained friendship was possible betwen

One afternoon he found her alone; a dening slightly in irritation at her first careful to avoid tete-a-tete with him. "Shall we go into the garden?" she

room. "I should like it immensely," he answered, rising and opening the door can see them all," she said, turning back. "You will hardly know the child-our old favorite seat? I have often ginning to laugh. ren; they were such mites when you thought of those old days when I was

feeling homesick, Nancy. "I thought you were very happy in

"So I was, but I was home-sick someher with intent grey eyes, and inwardly times, especially when I first went out." "This is the seat, is it not?" she with the gauche schoolgirl of five years asked, as if she might have easily forgotten the place where he had first told

her of his love! "Yes, this is it," he said dreamily, "Mr. Penstone and I always quarrel over this view," said Nancy, anxious to have-been." prevent any embarrassing pause.

"Who is Mr. Penstone?" asked Jlm, knitting his brows. "He is our curate," she answered. "I And thinking that he was eager to im- always say that this is the finest view in the town, but Mr. Penstone maintains

"He must be an idiot, then!" burst gagement before you came home, wasn't in Jim hotly; the views are not to be ompared!

"You might have waited until I had mentioned the other," said Nancy, rais-

"I-I beg your pardon," he said, in "I thought you must utter confusion. mean-in fact, I understood you to say that—the view from the Beacon was finer than this."

"Yes, that is what Mr. Penstone declares," she said. "What a hideous name the man has!" said Jim irritably. "Of course you are

devoted to him, Nancy?" "Yes; he is so very good and clever "You are equally different from what | and pleasant," she said, surprised at his vehemence. 'You are going to marry him, I sup-

pose?" he said with ill-concealed anger. "You forgot yourself, I think," she answered with gentle dignity. "And ing into the garden of the Ness as she whom I may marry can be no possible concern of yours.

"Oh, none, of course," he said furi-"Only you might of told me the mslv. truth when you broke off our engagement. It would have been just as easy to say that you were engaged to some-

"You are entirely mistaken in thinking that I am engaged to any one," said Nancy calmly. "Mr. Penstone is married, and old enough to be my father. I may have obsolete ideas about engagements, but I was not aware that, even in these enlightened days, honorable women were in the habit of engaging themselves to two people at the same the open gate in order that he might rime. Shall we go in now, or have you any other interesting accusations to

"Forgive me, Nancy; I was a fool!" I cannot always realize that you are mine no longer. Say that you forgive "My dear Mary," she said, laughing me, Nancy, for my roughness and pre-

"There is nothing to forgive," come as often as he used. We have said coldly. "Let us go in now. The evenings are getting quite chilly.

After this quarrel Jim found it impossible to be on the same footing of friendship with Nancy. She was colder and more constrained than ever in her manner toward him; and though every day he felt more clearly that his love was hopeless, he found it more and more difficult to hide it from her. He was too prou. and too manly to force his Oh, I cught to be ashamed of myself, to ter struggle with himself, he determined ner.

He had never been to the Ness lately advantage of it. He found Nancy in the garden, arrayed in a large white sun-bonnet, busily gathering strawberries for tea.

"You find it rather hot work, I am evening she bore herself so bravely, afraid," he said, looking down gravely that no one guessed of the bitterness into her flushed face. "Let me pick some now."

Thank you, she answered, resigning the basket; "stooping so much has tired

He had soon filled the basket, and possibly avoid each other, according to then at his suggestion, they seated themselves under an apple tree to rest, Nancy took off her sun-bonnet, and day, and at all hours of the day, as he | leant her bare head against the gnarled trunk languidly. Jim watched her as she sat there, thinking that he would soon have only the memory of her sweet, pure

"I came up this afternoon to say good-

Nancy started slightly and raised her "Good-bye?" she said. "And where

are you going?" "I am going back to Inda; I have had enough of England."

"To India? at once? Oh, why?" she asked piteously, growing very white, and looking at him with frightened eyes. An expression of tumultus hope began to dawn on Jim's face as he saw how his words had affected her.

"Do you care, Nancy?" he asked "Would you rather I stayed?" "My wishes have nothing to do with "Indeed they have," he said very

earnestly-"Nancy, tell me, would you "If I said 'Yes,' would you stay?" she asked, quietly. "Only if you loved me," he said. cannot stay on and see you day after day,

and feel that you will never care for me. her to be, could have written such shallow; characterless letters. He supposed that she had not cared for him enough that she had not cared for hi

"I don't know; I have loved you all

"But, my darling, you broke off our engagement," he said wonderingly.

"Yes; from your letters I thought I rare occurrence, indeed, for she was did not love you. They were so stupid _I_I mean___ "Yes, they were stupid, but yours were silly too, and I thought that was

the kind of thing you liked," he said, a ray of intelligence dawning in his eyes. "I thought you were terribly boyish, so I wrote very 'young' letters, thinking they would interest you," she said be-

"We both fell into the same mistake, then," he said, laughing, too, though a little regretfully, "Oh, Nancy! we might have had such a good time! How we I wish I had the letters that you might have written!" "Yes, it is a pity." she said. "But it

is all right now, and I will write the sweetest letters to you in the future." "Indeed you will not," he replied, in a calm masterful tone. "I never mean to leave you again. We must look upon those letters as a vast 'It-might-

Peculiar Suicides.

One of the evils inseparable from the modern general diffusion of all sorts of news in the encouragement of criminal imitation. It was long ago noticed that peculiar crimes are apt to be copied, and that this is especially the case in regard to suicide. Most readers probably remember the story of the grove of trees which Napoleon caused to be burned because it was found impossible to prevent the soldiers from hanging themselves in it. A similar story is told of a military sentry-box. It was was found necessary to build a cage over the gallery at the top of the London monument, because it had become a favorite place for suicidal olunges. A similar reputation attached for many years to Waterloo bridge in London. In France, some years ago, a foolish young couple, saturated with Rousseauism, fastened themselves tothrew themselves into the Seine. The idea took, and for a time this mode of suicide was quite the fashion. Statistics show that the average number of himself a remarkably good horse. suicides remains tolerably constant in proportion to population, though it no doubt rises when widespread convulsion disorganizes society. But the ways of committing suicide change, and the people not only exercise choice in the matter, but are influenced in selecting the mode by the recent occurrence of

any striking events of the kind. It is true that no imitator has yet been found of the insane German whose ambition it was to crucify himself, and who with an astonishing perversion of ingenuity contrived an apparatus by which, after fastening his feet and nalling one hand to the crosspiece, he was enabled to hoist the heavy cross out of the window and exhibit himself to the whole town suspended from it. That however, involved too reported French suicide, however seems to have been suggested by one of Cherbuliez's novels. A carpenter in Belleville killed his mistress and then himself. The double suicide had been agreed upon and its method settled deliberately. The details were somewhat different, but the general plan resem-

bles that of the hero and heroine of "LaReyanche de Joseph Noirel." The resemblance in fact is so close that we should think the event calculated to make M. Cherbuliez feel rather uncomfortable, if he is particularly sensi-

Women Who Use Snuff.

"I sell to very few men," remarked the tobacconist, calmly. "The fact is, that I know but one or two men who

use snuff." 'Who in the world are your customers, then?" inquired the listener, with considerable astonishment.

"Why, the ladies, of course," was the ply. "Nearly all my customers are vomen, and I have quite a good trade.' "What sort of ladies?" asked the reorter, with some doubt.

"All kinds," said the man, briefly. There are a certain class who use a great deal of snuff, but then the habit and use a great deal of it,"

"I should think that their vanity would keep them from such a habit,"

larger, does it not?" They don't all snuff it. A great is very prevalent, especially in the Southare not from any particular locality, but that the majority of people who use snuff dip it. That is, rub it over their gums with a small stick."

the last. The best snuff is Martinique, are in the market and it may be said that the trade is dying out."

-Ben Ali is the third of the get of Virgil who has captured the Kentucky Derby. The others were Hindoo and

HORSE NOTES.

-Al R. record 2.271, has been added to Budd Doble's string. -Green Morris' horses won \$3485

at the Washington meeting. -Of the ten Kentucky Derby starters

not one was a gelding or filly. -Jimmy Dustin has sold the b.

James A. to Mr. McKay, of Philadel--S. W. Wheelock has turned Bon-

nie McGregor, 2.201, over to Tom -Tom Allen, record 2.22, was purchased at the Fasig sale, at Cleveland, ming. by E. M. McGillin, of New York, for

another of his Lexington mares in Notre Dame, a bay, 18 years old, out of Novice, by Glencoe.

-The stakes of the Pennsylvania Trotting-Horse Breeders' Association | color. closed with an average of nine entries for each event.

-The special free-for-all trotting tournament stakes advertised by Rochester for Monday, July 5, did not fill, and has been declared off. -James Foster's black mare, Belle

Patchen, dropped a fine filly to Stranger, the son of Goldsmith Maid, at Gloucester City, N, J., May 14.

-"Lucky" Baldwin does not expect to come East this year. His programme is to wind up the summer season at Chicago, and from there retrace his steps to California.

-J. B. Haggin's Tyrant and E. J. Baldwin's Voiante have been matched for \$5000 a side, 11 miles, weight for age, the race to be run at the spring meeting of 1886, over the St. Louis or Chicago race-track, between June 26

-The suppression of betting Cedarhurst did not prevent plenty gether with gay-colored ribbons and of quiet betting, the bookmakers going around among the crowd and getting plenty of takers. Major Pickett, the winner of the Grand National, proved

-The well-known racehorses Eole and General Monroe are said to be going remarkable well this spring. Eole is noted for being a remarkably awkward starter, but this year, his trained says, he is quite handy with his feet. General Monroe has been laid up since last July, and the long rest seems to have benefited him.

-The Mercantile Driving Course will open the trotting season next Saturday (Decoration Day in New Jersey) with four races: One for the 2.35class, with four entries; a 2-mile heat handicap running race, with five entries; one for the 2.50-class to road wagon, with eight entries, and a double-team race, with four entries.

-Entries for a second spring meeting much labor, and suicides usually desire at Suffolk Course closed at the northto shuffle off this mertal coil as easily as | west corner of Broad and Chestnut back the tears, which would rise to her speak to you on such matters. For five said that women prefer drowning, and The dates of the meeting are June 1, 2, eyes in spite of her efforts. She suc-eyes in spite of her efforts. She suc-ceeded before reaching the hall, and ised wife, and now that I am with you sexes take poison. In France for a for each of the following classes: 2.18, long time asphyxiation by charcoal gas 2.23, 2.27, 2.30, 2.33, 2.37, 2.45 and was popular with the poor. The last 3.00; also, 2.25 and free-for-all pacing.

-The success of Ben Ali in the Kentucky Derby does not satisfy everybody. About Louisville the sentiment prevails that Garrison lost the race on Blue Wing by his letting go his reins to use his whip, when the colt swerved and lost a lot of ground, just as Runnymede swerved with McLaughlin in the race with Forester for the Lorillard stakes in 1882.

-A dispatch from Louisville states that Amos G. McCampbell, of that city, has filed suit in the United States Court against Michael and Philip Dwyer, the well-known turfman, for \$10,000 damages. Mr. McCampbell sues as the surviving partner of Peter C. Fox & Co., a firm which was destroyed by the death of Mr. Fox. Plaintiff claims that the Dwyer Brothers have in their possession the racehorse Tom Martin, which constituted the sole assets of the firm of Fox & Co., and refuse to give up the animal to plaintiff, who is entitled to have it. The horse was turned over to the Dwyers by an agent of Fox. Plaintiff says Tom Martin is worth \$10,000, and he, consequently sues for that amount

-"Broad Church," writes from

of damages.

Louisville to the Wilkes' Spirit, says: "It is an even chance, if not odds, that Ban Fox will not face the flag in the Suburban. He looks well bodily, baris not confined to any particular class. I ring that swelled ankle, which certainly know wives of members of Congress does not portend a great racing future who are fond of tobacco in this form for the famous colt. Two or three mornings I saw him take his work with Ben Ali, and each time he pulled up just a wee bit lame. One of these said the reporter. "It makes the nose times he performed better than Ben Ali, requiring a little persuasion from the whip to do so. If anybody can many dip snuff. You know that habit bring him to a race, Jim Murphy is the man; but, with all of Murphy's painsern States. My customers, however, taking efforts, I have my doubts about future success for the King Ban colt. from all parts of the country. I think The appearances of the ankle-that of the left forefoot-suggests a sort of callous swelling that is not likely to reduce with time. While he is taking "Is it an expensive habit?" his work right along there is no quescost as much as smoking and chewing, him more or less, as evidenced by and in my opinion is much cleaner than slight lameness after work, and it is just a question whether an animal in which costs about \$1.25 per pound. But that condition can be properly fitted for the article usually purchased costs fifty such a race as the Suburban." Conand sixty cents per pound. There are cerning Freeland, he says; "And so the not as many varieties made now as there used to be when the habit was more prevalent. Only standard brands self, and all that sort of thing. As illustrating the difference between instances the wide spaces between each remance and reality, let me say that the nampion is the very reverse of all this. cover the mile and a quarter in 2.16, arsol, so arranged over the framework as going with as much life and vim as he to enable its points to form a vandyked Watching him on the 21st of May ever did, looking better than in his palmiest days, and pulling up without Vagrant. The present winner stands a little over 15.3, and is about as well proportioned and racing-looking an exhibiting a particle of lameness—all animal as one ever laid eyes on. Mr. Haggin purchased him as a yearling at this did not suggest the cripple or half-broken down gelding. There is no telling what may happen in the near future—horseflesh of any kind being a this spring, header a walk-over so that tories to his credit at San Francisco this spring, besides a walk-over, so that his total winnings this year foot up nearly \$10,000, with the season yet quite young. He is engaged in about 75.000 worth of stakes.

Inture—noisetesn of any kind being a trimmings in the wider part. Others have lace and ribbons massed around the point and transparencies en evidence above the fi uncing of lace with which yery long."

FASHION NOTES.

-This season's silks are very handsome and there is a great variety.

-French parasol handles will be more used than American, which lack in finish and designs.

-Much scarlet will be worn this season, and the shades of red diminish none in favor.

-Never before has jet trimming been so very elaborately and elegant, and never before has the price per yard been quite so high.

-Bows of harmonizing colors are made according to taste for dress trim-

-Military styles, says an authority, are to prevail in spring and summer -P. Lorillard has recently lost fashions, and the Hussar hat will be modified in straw.

> -Soft vests of crinkled Japanese crape go stylishly with any silk costume, and may be either in white or delicate

> -Chantilly lace will be worn by young ladies this summer, and by their elders. French will be worn more than Malta or guipure.

> -Very small rosarv bead buttons are sed to trim and edge jackets that are fastened with big flat or medium-sized ball buttons.

-In opposition to these, however, we also see charming little capotes, with crown of colored tulle or crape, and border of beads to match, simply trimmed with a spray of flowers or a light

aigrette. -A novel combination in Redfern's latest touch is a charming little garment called the Newport jacket. The material is fine sandstone cloth trimmed with peach velvet. Upon this an "all-over" embroidery is executed by hand, in cord which is a mixture of

silk and copper thread. -We must also note the Marion toquet, with high but narrow crown, dented in at the top, of fine straw, with puffing of velvet by way of border, and a spray of red berries, or merely a large pin, headed with a ball of cut jet.

-A pretty model is the Ferronniere capote. It has a round crown of beaded tulle; the lace border is edged with a row of large cut beads; another row of beads, fastened at each end only to the border, is laid over the hair on the brow. It is unique and very becoming. The outside trimming consists of one large rose fastened in front over a bow of pompadour ribbon.

-Then there is the Eventail capote. The crown is of lace or tulle, very cleverly pleated in the shape of a fan. On each side, forming the border, there is a large wing of jet beads, rising higher than the edge of the capote. A puff of black lace, with a bright colored bird relieving the sombre style of the bonnet, completes the trimming.

-Alternate tucks of French muslin insertion and Valenciennes lace combine to form the transparent tea-gowns, which, but for a certain looseness of fit, might grace a ball-room. A striped boucle matinee of canvas in bleu de ciel had a full Surah, bloused fron trimmed with Mechlin, and tied with a sash of watered ribbon,

-Hats and bonnets, alas! they are more and more such as to lead us to suppose that the heads which they overtop in such a conquering manner have not one grain of reason left in them. Their shape disappears under immense loops of ribbon, describing the most extravagant outlines, surrounded by extraordinary plumage and peaked wings threatening the clouds.

-The Belfast embroideries in white upon colored foundations prove very effective draperies upon many of the new wash-dresses. On others is shown what is called embroidered lace, which has more substance than the various kinds hitherto used upon cotton goods. For house draperies and bloused fronts this lace is chosen rather than the Irish embroideries; the latter, however, being more effective for flouncing and panels. Many of the skirts are draped in a way suggestive of the utmost simplicity, but those initiated in the mysteries of dressmaking will readily perceive there are complications it would be vain for an unpracticed hand to try to imitate.

-Prints are not so popular as they were last season. Of course they will be worn, and to quite an extent, but their day of favoritism is somewhat eclipsed by the numerous canvas materials now in vogue. Zephyrs are being produced, however, in infinite variety. The later goods, instead of having their designs and colorings printed upon their surface, have them woven in their textures, the so-called plain material used for bodice and foundation usually being shot with white. The goods usually used for trimming and draperies show stripes, cross-bars and checks in frise, boucle and tufted knots upon this shot foundation. In some instances the material used for draping has a crinkled appearance, simulating crape, and offers the advantage of requiring no ironing after being washed. It should be well shaken before it is dried, so as to obviate all risk of flattening its tufts and boucle rings. The advantage of this style of drapery is that it allows more scope for draping elaborately than one that has to be ironed.

-In place of the eight ribs with which the sames of parasols are usually provided the new Ella sunshade has only six. This renders them higher, and allows greater scope for exercising ingenuity in their adornment. In many instances the wide spaces between each with flutings of clear net. In others the trimming similates a square parborder over the openings of the sun-shade. Puffings and drawings of embroidered net, flouncings of lace and beaded designs cover rather than trim the parasols of this season. Some have transparencies of net near the point, which disappears under the elaborate trimmings in the wider part. Others