

The Miller's Daughter.

The wheel has long since ceased its course; The sluggish river flowing Below it has not now the force To set the frame-work going.

The mill, that yet the storm defies, Is silent and forsaken, But still its walls, as daylight dies, A thousand thoughts awaken.

I smile as recollections come Beside the turbid water About the miller, well, and some About the miller's daughter. She stooped above the river where Its lilies were the rarest; Of all the fair things mirrored there, Her face was far the fairest.

The stream, before it reached the mill, By sweet spring flowers was bounded, I looked for something sweeter still, And in the summer moonlight's gleam, The words fell rattling from my tongue, The river ran before us, The ancient song of love was sung, The mill wheel lent the chorus.

The miller rests beneath the clay; His days on earth are over, I hold the hand I won that day, Amid the flowering clover, To-night beneath the moonlight's gleam, What wonder if I brought her Again with me to view the stream— My wife, the miller's daughter!

A SOCIAL TRAGEDY.

A party of six were gathered in the wide, old-fashioned hall at Seaview, the residence of Mr. Grant Fairfax, and the most hospitable and picturesque abode in all Delaware, and situated on the very bank of the river.

It was Hallowe'en, and the young people who clustered round the leaping fire on the grate had tried many a famous spell, which their grandmothers had taught them, and in which perhaps they had little faith, as they laughed in the warm refuge of the fire-glow.

But now a silence had fallen, and some bright, laughing faces were bent over the fender, just within which, and exposed to the full heat of the burning logs, chestnuts had been placed.

It was the old, old spell—namely two, and watching them burn side by side, or starting back with merry raillery as they sprang apart, thereby forestalling that the two for whom they had been named would be sundered widely by fate or fortune.

"I have no lover; must I burn alone?" asked a blue-eyed girl, whose fair face and stately figure made a very lovely picture for the red flames to leap upon.

"We must procure you one, my sweet cousin," laughed Reah Fairfax, the daughter of the house, who stood somewhat apart, with a young man to whom her troth was plighted, Rex Darrel.

"Suppose we name for you the man whom you will some day love? If your love is to be a happy one, he will burn serenely at your side, as Rex has vowed he will at mine," with a roguish look toward her lover.

Over the crimson glow from the embers, through the space that divided them, Bella Eden sent a strange, unreadable glance toward her cousin. That glance wandered from Reah to Rex, noted the fact that his hand was laid a moment on the white hand of the girl; then, with a look, half-pain, half-bitterness in them, the blue eyes fell.

So the nuts were named—two for Rex and Reah, two for Vera Glynn and Bob Harris, two for Jennie Dent and her distant sweetheart, and lastly two for Bella and the man she was to love.

The fair beauty, who had laughed so softly at the other spells, bent forward to watch the chestnuts, with a new gravity on her fair face.

"My love, my love!" she whispered, below her breath, while a great yearning grew in her lovely, azure eyes—"Oh, my kingly love, let your heart turn to me for an hour—only one little hour—and I will hold my life as best! Oh, let me dream you can love me, and I will not hate her so—I will not wish her harm!"

"Mr. Darrel, you are going to quarrel with Reah. See, you have left her, and leaped into the very heart of the fire!" cried Jennie Dent, as one of the nuts, bursting with a loud noise, did as she had accused Rex of doing.

The blue eyes of Bella flashed with triumph, and a low, little laugh left her lips.

She did not see Reah's hand steal softly out and lie kindly in her lover's, nor hear his whisper of devotion.

"She was watching, with a fierce intensity, the nuts that had been named for her and 'the man whom she would some day love.'"

"And there you go, Vera," laughed Bob Harris, as another nut bounded in among the blazing embers; "and you vowed—"

"Never mind what I vowed," Vera broke in, with a flush. "You seem willing to receive consolation for my loss, for you are sneaking very close to Jennie." As his own namesake turned a couple of times, and then lay quiet.

But Bella Eden and the man she was to love—represented by the brown nuts—remained side by side, until they became black and brittle.

not with herself he was always with Bella, laughing, chatting, merrier than with any other. She noticed many things, small in themselves, which went to swell the first faint doubt, until it grew into a conviction; and that conviction seemed to still the very pulses of her heart.

"My lover is no longer wholly mine, I share him with my cousin," she told herself, as she sat at her window and watched Rex and Bella ride down toward the gates, in the warmth of the spring sunshine.

And when Bella sought her, on returning, she found her still there, with a pathetic sort of expression in her eyes.

The beautiful blonde, with a long, weary sigh, flung herself on her knees beside Reah's chair, and buried her face in her cousin's lap.

"You are tired, dear?" questioned Reah, no anger in her heart for this woman's whose fair face had come between herself and her lover.

"Tired?" repeated Bella, while her face paled and her lips trembled. "Yes—tired of my life, cousin! I am going away to-morrow. Let me go, Reah, without a question; let me go quietly out of your way, out of your life. I did not—believe me, I did not seek his love!"

A shiver went over Reah, and one hand flew, clenched, to her bosom. Bella's fair, disordered tresses lay like a stream of gold over her knee.

"It is yours, though? He has told you of it?" burst forth from her lips. "He has spoken of this new love to you, while the old love still bound him to me? Bella, tell me—has Rex Darrel said he loves you?"

The fair, flushed face was lifted; the azure eyes gave a startled glance into the gray ones of the girl she had wronged, and a tide of bitterness surged over Bella Eden.

"He did not mean to," she began. "We were both so miserable—" "Did he tell you he loved you? I want to be a word! Did he?"

"Yes." Reah put aside the crouching figure with a steady hand, and stood up, her very lips white.

"Then take him—he is yours!" she said, hoarsely. "I will free him within an hour!"

Bella started up in wild fright and clung to her cousin.

"Reah, Reah! you will not tell him why? Oh, my cousin, spare me!" Reah put off the clasping hands as though they burned her.

"You have not spared me—nor has he!" she said. "But I will spare you both. I will tell him I have ceased to love him. I could not bear to see him blush with shame."

And she left her cousin standing there, with flushed face and pulses throbbing high with triumph.

"I will win him! It is worth the hell!" said Bella, through shut teeth.

Then, as a tremor of triumphant delight thrilled through her whole being, she left the room, the house, and glared down at the folds of her habit, which she had not removed, laughed exultantly.

"I will have him saddle her own black pony for me, and take a mad gallop. I am wild with delight! I will win my love!" she whispered.

And while Reah lay, face downward, on her couch, Reah's shining black pony was bearing Reah's most deadly enemy fleet and far through the sunlit silence of the perfect day—bearing her with the speed of an antelope to her doom, did she but know.

The sun declined, the shadows slanted, and Reah, who had written her cool, brief letter of dismissal to Rex, stood with it in her hand.

"I would rather have died than know him false," she said, with white, drawn lips.

At that moment, as her haggard eyes dwelt on the beauty of the outside world, which could be seen so clearly from her window, a flying animal in the distance caught them.

poising its wings, and God's judgment awaits you. "I loved—Rex so!"

Then, after a moment: "It was the night—we burned the nuts—that I first was tempted to try to come between you. I did try—"

"There was a gurgling, a rush of red blood over her lips, a quiver of her whole body, and Bella Eden was dead."

"I forgive you, dear," Reah whispered, as she softly closed the lid. "You would have broken my life, but I forgive you, and pray God's pardon for you. We did not know that Hallowe'en that our folly would lead you into temptation."

LOVE AT FIXED RATES.

The Modern Cavalier Who Makes His Sentiment Pay.

Do you think that the age of chivalry is dead? then you have not read the advertisement in a New York newspaper that a young man will escort ladies to balls, theaters and various entertainments for a reasonable compensation.

In these days when there is no coal, and soon will be no gas, we drift back to those glorious old times, and a young man has put out his shingle as a cavalier and has offered to life by courtesy.

The young man lives in small apartments in an uptown flat. He is a very serious and quiet person, with the air of a theological student who has seen a little of the world. Speaking of his occupation he said: "Some people suppose that I advertise in this way to get into society. I do not. It is simply a matter of bread and butter with me. The business which I pursue is an eminently useful one, and in a great city like New York, where there are many young ladies without brothers or beaux, and many ancient spinsters without husbands or guardians, I fill a long felt want."

"Will you explain what your occupation is?" "I may easily explain it by pointing to my society calendar, that card which you see pasted up on the wall."

Substituting different names for the real ones written in the calendar, that curious and interesting paper read: THE SOCIETY CALENDAR.

Monday Night—Miss Johnson's new beau. Tuesday Night—Go to Wild West show with McFlinders.

Wednesday Afternoon—Walk in Central Park with the Misses Thompson and maiden aunt. Wednesday Night—Go to Madison Square Garden with Mrs. Johannis elderly widow.

Thursday Night—Promenade past the Lotus Club with Miss Spangler. Friday Afternoon—Go to Macy's with Miss Jones.

Saturday Night—Go to ball in Gramercy Park with Miss Elverson. "That is my calendar for next week," he went on. "It is about the same every week, except that weeks in summer I go out horseback riding with ladies in Central Park. It is a half idyllic life. My existence is a round of social dissipation. Bright afternoons I am a sort of Arcadian walking in Central Park with young misses and spinster aunts. At night I am criticising a play with an elderly widow at my elbow, or in the giddy whirl of a ball with a beardless girl on my arm."

"Will you kindly explain some of the dates in the society calendar?" "With pleasure. Walking past the Lotus Club with Miss Spangler means that Miss Spangler is infatuated with a young man, a semi-poet, who belongs to the Lotus Club. She has one promisee, near the Lotus Club, with me about four times a day, and I pay her profound attention as if I were her beau. This, of course, creates the impression that she is a very much coveted young lady. It is an innocent, though rather singular ruse, and I believe it is working well. Monday night Miss Johnson's new beau, means that Miss Johnson has an old and conservative beau who has been doctored and never broached the subject of marriage. For fifty cents an hour I pretend that I am in love with Miss Johnson and have to endure her singing and small talk. The result is that the beau for whom Miss Johnson is angling is extremely jealous and is going about meditating desperate measures."

"Do you appear at balls under your own name and do you give your business cards to the guests?" "I appear at balls under various names. I do this to avoid the imputation of flirting with the girls. Of course I must protect my personal reputation. I wait on so many New York young ladies during the year that if I were to be introduced under the same name at every ball it would be supposed that I was trifling with the affections of a multitude of young ladies. I generally am presented as some distinguished person from abroad, a count, a duke, or something of the sort. When I go to balls at half price, I am introduced as a baron. I charge twenty per cent. extra when I am introduced as a duke. There are so many society people in New York that the mistake is never discovered. Often at the close of a ball, when the ladies are leaving, I hand a few of them my business cards, and I find that it is a kind of advertising that pays."

Benefited by Industrial Schools.

It has been noticed in the public manual training classes of the city schools that the children of the wealthy and those of the poor derive the most benefit from the instruction and perform their tasks in carpentry with the greatest eagerness. The children of the rich are pleased with the novelty of the tools, and those of the poor are excited to ambition for the sake of future gain and come by inheritance to a certain aptness in tools. The children of the middle class seem to take less interest in the subject of manual training.

"Get married, Charlie, get married. One never knows how cheaply one can live with a good, economical wife until he tries it. Why, when I was married I couldn't even support myself, while now—"

"Well?" "Now my wife supports me. It is cheaper for me than being single."

CALIFORNIA. The Land of Oranges, Pomegranates, and Perpetual Summer.

"It seems as though California has become the great Mecca for tourists, travelers, and homeseekers recently," said one gentleman to another in one of the hotels the other day, this within the hearing of the ubiquitous reporter, who began cogitating over the matter as to why this was so, if true.

Learning that the Southern Pacific company had an agent in this city at the Sherman House, the reporter sought him out. He found Mr. H. M. Van Arman, former secretary of Arizona Territory, and for many years a resident of California, in the capacity now of agent for the Southern Pacific company, and, as Mr. V. is a genial, free-spoken gentleman, had no difficulty in ascertaining some facts about California which seem to be of general interest to so many who are contemplating a trip to the Golden state that they are given below.

The gentleman said: "The reason so many people are going to California is plain. In all the states east of the Rocky mountains land is high, and the people are crowding each other. The migratory instinct is well developed in the American people, who, as a race, are perhaps greater travelers than any other in the world. Then, too, by going to California, they escape the rigors of a winter such as we are passing through in Illinois now, for in that country there is no snow nor ice nor cold blizzards, and the soil is so productive that it requires but little labor to make it produce large returns."

"What part of the state of California offers the best climatic and other advantages to people going there?" was asked. "That depends upon the objects the visitor has in view. The climate of California is good everywhere in that state below the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains. There is not much difference between Shasta county and Los Angeles county, for the temperature is not governed by the difference in latitude as in states east of the Rocky mountains. For instance, on the 27th of January last, at Redding, in Shasta county, at 7 o'clock A. M., the thermometer marked 31 degrees, at 12 M., 48 degrees; at Los Angeles about 46 and 49 degrees, it being a little warmer in the latter place, invalids seek southern California as naturally as from New York they seek Florida, because they do not understand the fact that it is a warm climate anywhere in California, and naturally think southern California is the warmest as is Florida warmer in winter than New York. When this matter is more thoroughly understood, invalids, especially those suffering with pulmonary diseases, will prefer the foothills of the Sierras, at Auburn or vicinity, rather than Los Angeles or its vicinity. Those who are at all familiar with California will readily endorse this."

"So far as general farming and fruit-raising are concerned, central and northern California offer superior advantages over the southern portion for several reasons. One is that the prices to which lands have attained during the past three years in southern California, practically prohibit men of moderate means from going there to purchase homes. This has been brought about by reason of the many thousands who have gone there in the last four or five years, attracted by the idea to which I have alluded—viz: that southern California was the land of orange groves and bananas, and warm sunshine and balmy air, and everything to make life worth living; and all this is true in a measure. Thus these people overrun the country, and the price of land naturally increased, until now it is selling all kinds of farming and fruit-raising at a rate by means of irrigation, which is quite expensive, and sometimes uncertain."

"In central and northern California, the climate advantages are good, land is comparatively cheap, and men of moderate means can procure good homes. There is room enough in the valley of the Sacramento to make homes for half a million people. Why, Tehama county, one of the finest in the state, has an acreage of about three million. At least two-thirds of this is good arable and fruit land, and there are only about seventeen thousand people in the county, one-quarter of whom reside in the city of Red Bluff. Land can be bought in this county for from \$10 to \$50 per acre, which if it were in Los Angeles or San Bernardino county, readily sells from \$50 to \$500 per acre. Butte county, just south of Tehama, is also as fine a country as exists anywhere in North America. No irrigation is necessary in Northern California for successful farming or fruit-raising. The Sacramento valley is over 150 miles long and from 20 to 80 miles wide; through it runs the Sacramento river, a broad, noble stream, navigable for many miles. It is fed by the waters of numerous clear cold streams which are formed by the melting of the perpetual snows on the summits of the Sierras. The land is covered with green grass, waving grain, vineyards, orchards in which grow apples, apricots, nectarines, peaches, pears, figs, oranges, lemons, limes, almonds, filberts, pecans, etc. Throughout the entire landscape there are evergreen oaks with their wide-spreading branches and graceful forms; the foot-hills are covered with wild oats indigenous to the country, manzanita, wild flowers of every hue, and filling the air with fragrance; tall pines cover the mountains, and the wind through their branches blowing sounds like the low murmur of waves on the shores of the Pacific ocean eighty miles distant. Those who live in this valley, while enjoying the balmy air of summer, can look away off to the eastward and see the white snowdrifts on the summit of the mountains, so far that it seems like a fleecy white cloud in the skies. The streams which flow down the mountain sides are filled with speckled trout, and the canyons and foot-hills abound with quail, grouse and rabbits, thus affording to the hunter the rarest sport. When all these things are known, is it then any wonder that people go to California? Why in Illinois or Iowa or Wisconsin or Michigan or Ohio, it takes a farmer six months of hard work to earn enough

on a hundred acres to keep himself, his family and stock during the six months of winter. And apropos of this subject in California great corn-crofts are unnecessary to put up food for stock during winter, nor stacks of fodder, nor hay. The cattle just run around and get fat on the grass and wild oats. I am merely telling you a few of the reasons why people go to California, and those who do go there never regret it. Of course it is no place for idlers. Luck attends pluck there as here. Some money is requisite there as well as here, but skilled labor is sought for and justly rewarded in that country. The trip out there is most delightful, whether you go via the Grand canyon of the Arkansas or over the Rocky mountains, for the ride is a poem in itself, and only takes four and a half days from Chicago.

An Experience.

Yes, indeed, I used to be awfully afraid of death; didn't want to hear anything about it—didn't want to even think of it. You see, I'd never been brought very close to it. My grandfather and grandmother all died before I was born, and my father and mother both passed away when I was but a baby girl, and since then, though there are four brothers and six sisters—of whom I am the youngest, and I'm thirty-eight—and any number of nephews and nieces and seven grandchildren in our family circle, it has remained unbroken, as for uncles and aunts and cousins, I believe we have some such relations in various parts of the country, but, as we have never made their acquaintance, we have never been called upon to mourn the loss of any of them. So I could only imagine the final parting with a beloved one, and to me it seemed the saddest of all sad things in this world of trials and sorrows.

But after that death bed. But wait. I'll tell you all about it. I had a friend, a very dear friend, a beautiful woman, with lovely blue eyes, and bright golden hair. She just begun a promising career as a singer after long years of hard study, when she was stricken down by that fatal disease, consumption.

"I was to see her, and, although in her own home, surrounded by her own kind, who served her with willing hands and loving hearts, she begged me to stay a few days with her. 'We have always been such good comrades,' she said, 'and understood each other so well that it will be real comfort to have you near me. I am sure it will not be long before I am well again. This is a very heavy cold, but it will wear away as other heavy colds I have had.'

So I stayed, but, alas! She got no better, but grew weaker and weaker every day. Still she clung to the hope of regaining her health and strength. 'I will not die,' she said. 'This world is too dear to me. I tremble at the thought of leaving it. I will not die.'

Well, after I had been with her nearly three weeks, one stormy night the wind was blowing and the rain was falling in torrents, I said to her, 'How glad we ought to be that we are sheltered from that terrible storm.'

"How glad I would be," she faintly replied—her voice had grown so weak it was scarcely above a whisper—"if I were able to be out in it." Then she begged me to lie down on the lounge opposite her bed. "You are tired," she said; "sleep awhile and I will try to sleep, too."

I lay down, closed my eyes and had just fallen asleep, when a glad, exultant voice awakened me. It was my friend who called. Yes, she who but a few moments before could speak only in the faintest tone.

She had half risen in her bed. Her eyes, shining with celestial light, were raised to heaven, and, believe me or not, but I swear to you it is true, a halo of wonderful brightness encircled her golden head.

"Oh, what a reward I have been!" she cried in clear, ringing tones, "to fear the coming of death—to cling to this poor world with such a glorious land beyond! Beautiful angels—darling mother, I am ready." Then, turning her eyes upon me, she went on: "Dear, this is death, and it is far, far lovelier than life." And, as the golden head sank back upon the pillows, she had faded away and the blue eyes closed to open no more on earthly scenes.

I will only add that she never had been told of the passing away of her "darling mother," it having taken place during her own illness, and that since that night I have never been afraid of death.

Colored Servantism in Texas.

Mattily Snowball, a colored lady of Austin, hearing that Mrs. Col. Yergee needed a cook, applied for the position. On being asked what her terms were, Mattily replied with dignity—

"I want a nicely furnished room to myself for de gentlemen what visits me. Dey am gentlemen from way back. Dey belongs to de hoe roley."

"Anything else you want?" asked Mrs. Yergee. "I want Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday ter 'nuse myself."

"Is that all?" "No, indeedy, dat ain't all. Monday and Wednesday afternoons I goes out ter tend de reglar meetin's of de Mysterus Order ob de Seben Wise Vargins. Tuesday afternoon and Friday afternoon de Hallerluyler quire of de Blue Light Culler Tabernacle has de rehearsals. I se de soprano. I has ter be out mos' ob de day on Friday, because dats de day I returns calls. My wages am fifteen dollars a muf."

"And you stay away, more or less, five days in the week?" "Yes, mum."

"Well, what I want to know is, how much a month will you charge if you stay away altogether?"

A moment later a dark shadow passed through the front gate of the Yergee mansion.

The composition used by Mr. Hatch, of San Jose, Cal., to kill phylloxera consists of equal parts by weight of sulphuretted carbon, potash, oxide of iron, and sulphur, mixed with eight times the same amount of mercury.

FASHION NOTES.

—A muff and box are the correct furs to wear with a tailor suit, no matter how cold the weather, than any underwear in that case supplying the necessary warmth.

—The supremacy of beads and fur upon morning toilettes gives no evidence of decrease. The former are introduced into every species of trimming, and even find a place under the guise of penelocles upon the latter. It often happens that by means of their agency the borderings of fur seen down the side of a dress are so united as to give to the folds underneath the appearance of an inserted panel.

—The front of a black velvet gown had large bunches of wheat-ears embroidered in beads so diminutive as to give to the long spikelets the appearance of a painting in glistening black. On the reverse of the drapery were apparent wide stripes of white ottoman silk alternating with the same in black. The waist-ear design, reduced in size, was shown upon the back of the bodice and on the sleeves, while the high collar was finished with a barrister's band, which fell over the striped waistcoat.

—Muffs entirely composed of natural Pansy, violet, of rosebuds, moss and lichen, having satin lining in appropriate colors, are another graceful production of this month, and may claim the same birthday as that of England's greatest favorite. Their brief share of existence is the only drawback to these performed dress adjuncts, as it is to the stars, cushions, horseshoes and photograph frames, represented in one species of blossom, with the greetings they embody expressed by means of another.

—The long-wristed mousquetaire glove of Swedish kids bids fair to retain its popularity throughout this generation. The thought that even the most subservient followers of style, in obedience to the changes and caprices of fashion, will ever again consent to the dire and extreme limitation of a single-button glove, after enjoying the comfort, luxury and grace of a "six button," would seem quite impossible and yet history has repeated itself in this very matter of short and long gloves, once and again the long wristed glove and the gauntlet having been favored and then discarded by both kings and queens of centuries past.

—New vests of plaited surah are imported to put on a plain corage that is not trimmed, and make it quite dressy. These are made of pink, scarlet, pale-blue or dark-red surah in narrow lengthwise plaits turned toward a long band of embroidered etamine, which passes down the middle. The standing-collar is of the etamine, and has a large square bow on the left side. Another pretty vest reverses this, having the collar for the band down the centre and the high collar to match, made of pink or blue picot ribbon, while beside the middle band are rows of crocheted lace in effective designs turned away from the colored centre.

—The late importations of beaded decorations are simply magnificent, showing very wonders of the designers' art. Beaded garnitures have lost none of their prestige abroad, and among the novelties in this line of trimmings are costly sets from Vienna, which include tablier and panel decorations, solid beaded socks and gilets, Charles IX collars and revers, and other special corsage garnitures in heliotrope, pearl, opal, ruby, emerald and plumb beads, and those of clear de lune mingled with cashmere beads in brilliant iridescent shadings. One rare set in bronze and amber produced a superb effect upon a reception gown of golden-brown velvet combined with heavy corded silk of a much paler shade.

—Lisse handkerchiefs in delicate shades, embroidered at the edges, are pinned with pearlbeaded pins into more decided caps, though very light and airy looking, while wreaths, half ribbon, half flowers, are equally pretty, especially one of peach-pearl edged ribbon and wistaria of the same shade. Many caps have also been made in divers shades of the Turkish embroidery with sequins, while others in light shades are almost entirely composed of marabout. A good cap for everyday wear for an elderly woman is made of red, with a square crown, surrounded by ribbon bows, a lappet hanging at the side, edged with lace, which could be brought forward or allowed to droop at the side. Useful velvet hoods of an entirely new form are made for theatre wear; they consist of a half handkerchief of black velvet, lined with quilted satin, generally red, the point above the forehead caught down by a strap of ribbon, a coquettish bow at the side, and ribbon strings to tie under the chin. A very stylish dress trimming was composed of a strip of ostrich feathers, with loops of velvet and butterflies, all of the same tone, at intervals; an aigrette of the same mixture accompanied this for the hair.

—A coat dress of French cashmere designed by Mme. Jeanette, of Regent street, for the traveling costume of a bride, was entirely bordered with golden beaver, and had the fur carried in this manner up one side to describe a panel, and fastened with corded knotted passementerie ornaments in the same shade of gray as the cashmere. The beaver bordering which surrounded the neck was brought diagonally over the bodice to join the lines on the coat. The same fur performed similar service on the velvet muff and toque, the bow of the latter being fastened on with a steel dagger.

In another dress the entire front was embroidered in jet looped up on one side with deep flowing lace, and it had a jet panner on the reverse knotted with black velvet loops. In the centre of its velvet train was inserted a breadth of faille looped below the waist into a butterfly bow. The high bodice of this gown was formed by alternate pieces of velvet and faille molded to the figure, and had a front of jet with transparent sleeves of the same to correspond. A pointed stomacher of hard jet was supplied both to the front and back of the low bodice, and filled up with a jetted chemisette.