In marble halls to roam.
Once happy 'ma my simple joys,
Yet, did I leave them all—
Leave them for the wealth which proved A golden chain-a brilliant thrall

They tell me I am free from care, They deem me happy now. They speak of land, of spacious halls, And diamonds on my brow;
But oh! they've proved a very curse,
Which gladly I would fling.
Far from me, once again to dwell Where mem'ry loves to cling.

Yes, gladly would I turn again To joys I cast aside For worthless baubles, which I deemed Would gratify my pride.

I look around—on every side
Wealth gleams in gorgeous dyes—
Yet gladly would I fly from scenes That mock my weary eyes.

Twas pride, not love, that tempted me, When my hand to him I gave; To glittering gold and sparkling gems, I had become a slave, Amid the pomp and pride of wealth

True pleasure never come, Too late I learned the bitter truth-Joy dwells in love and home.

## A SERVANT LASSIE.

Only a simple servant lassie? Yes, but for 'a that there will be servant lassies in heaven just as as well braw folk. The poor were never despised by Him when He was on earth.

Heigho! I havena written half a dozen lines o' my story yet, and I'm sadly conscious that I've made blunders already. I mean to write it a' in English, and if a bit Scotch wordie does tumble in noo and again I'm sure you'll forgie me. When I warm to my work I'll get better on. This is the way wi' a' Scotch folk; when no excited it's their own broad Doric they speak, but my conscience, if you once put up their birse it's as fine sounding English they'll speak as any southener that ever stepped in shoe leather.

My name is Jeannie, Jeannie Mc-Lean, that's it a' thegither, or complete as I ought to say. From far, far north the Tweed I come, ay, and north the Dee as well. As far west as the train can penetrate among the Donside hills, on a bonnie braehead, among bonnie green knolls, among woods o' dark waving fir and spruce, lighted up here and there wi' the tender of the feathery larch, and begirt wi' bands o' yellow broom and gowden furze, there stood my all so sad. father's humble cot. And every night of my happy young life I used to be fulled to sleep by a sound like waves breaking on a shingly beach; for, it it the Scriptures right enough. It never wasn't the wind whispering and moaning through the trees, it was the incessant hurtle o' the Don rushing on over the pebbles and bowlders. So near were we to the river that dear Johnnie strong, strong arm had Johnnie. John-

My mother died when Johnnie and I with her clear caller, canty face, and her busy, happy ways, it is years ago since she has gone to her long hame in the auld kirkyard. She aye had a sed to tell us old world stories in the long forenights 'o winter.

no other light. At one corner sits my bonnet and plumes. father in an easy chair, his day's toll is past and his pipe is alight; at the other is auld Grannie, and click, click, click, click, go her knitting wires as she tells circle; our eyes are riveted on Grannle's face. The smoke goes curling up the roaring and whistling round the house, too! shaking doors and dindling windows; but it makes us feel all the snugger within. I just creep closer to Johnnie, lean my head on his shoulder, and listen.

By and by Grannie stops speaking. and for a while the wind has it all its own way; then my father rises solemuly and puts his pipe away in the wa'-

"Bairns, let us worship God," he

wsava. Grannie lights the black oil lamp, with its dried rush wicks, and father talses the Book. He reads a chapter, then, to the half mournful notes of shape such tune as martyrdom, we sing, perhaps, "The Lord's My Shepherd." There was always plenty to do, and

Johnnie and I were never sorry when Sabbath came. Sabbath and a long walk to the wee bit kirk on the hill head, where in earnest and impressive voice our good minister would point the way to happy spheres; he never failed to breathe words of comfort for the weary, consolation for the bereaved, and hopes of future joy for all.

Never a Sunday passed that Johnnie and I did not linger behind, till all the other kirk folk had passed away out and hemewards, then we would go quietly round and visit mother's grave. This was not all sentiment, both of us loved mother, though we hardly remembered seeing her. But her mortal remains were there in that auld kirkyard, and they would rise again, such was our simple faith; and we never looked upon mother as dead, but as a saint in heaven, she could see us, we thought, nay, might even be permitted to watch over us, and lovingly guard and befriend us in trial and in danger. She saw us each Sabbath, then, as we bent low and touched the grassy knoll and laid thereon our offerings of flowers. Humble enough these might be, but in spring there were the sweet scented yellow primrose and sprigs o' crienson may, in summer there were always rich buttercups and rich oxeyed daisies, and a hundred wild flowers from hedgerow and copse; even winter brought its garlands of red rowans and nother's grave never wanted beauty.

That old churchyard and the wee bit kirk. I have but to shut my eyes and they rise up before me. What though the kirk itself was steepless, the bell kindly, as he replied:

devoid of music, the grass long and green on the graves, and after main looking as though it had been combed down; what though the tombstones were gray and lichen clad, and leant in fever. every direction except the right one-

mother's grave was there! You English maids may laugh at me, but ah! you little ken how dearly we Scotch mountaineers love our wild homes; besides you know-I'm only a

simple servant lassie. Our Johnnie could play the fiddle so sweetly. It was the merry airs auld Grannie liked the best, but there was one thing that Johnnie used to play and sing that never failed to bring the tears to my eyes at least; though somehow it was a sweet kind kind of melanchely it inspired, and neither grief nor melancholy ever injures the heart

if tears can flow. Had I any other companies except Johnnie? Yes, a neighbor lassie would sometimes drop in, and-well, why should I deny it, sometimes a neighbor laddie-why shouldn't a simple Scotch lassie like me have a bit sweetheart? What for no?

But it was only on Sunday evenings in the sweet summer time that Jamie and I used to take a lonely walk. And where did we walk, think? Why, down the line. You see in the far north of dear auld Scotland trains don't run on the Sabbath day, and the line is feathery larch trees bounded the banks all along, and the banks themselves were painted with wild flowers in the sweetest colors you could imaginepatches of crimson clover, patches of white clover, bads of orange trefoils, beds of bluest speedwell, and tall red ragged robins everywhere. Then there was the hum of the bees, as they hummed from flower to flower, the to me, but I dare say I did like him a appear. wee bit. Bonnie black hair had Jamle, blue, blue een, rosy dimpled cheeks, a fluttered o'er his back and shoulders, and such a winsome smile! No, he never made love like, but he would

and laugh and listen. You may be think I'm dwelling too long on my younger days and our braehead-but the rest of my story is

I'm sure enough that neither Johnnie nor I ever gave a thought for tomorrow. In this respect we fulfilled struck us that our present life would not last till we closed our eyes for aye and went to sleep in the mools.

But one wet, rough winter's evening, with the wind moaning in the chimney could throw a stone right over it. A and the cold snow and sleet tearing over the hills and through the woods. nie was my only brother, and I never father came home looking wan and ueer. No, no, I cannot dwell on this. That night he took to his bed, and in were so young that neither of us could spite of the doctor's attention, in spite remember her, and Grannie kept my of the kindness of an English lady who father's house. Dear auld Grannie, was dwelling at the big house, he slipt quietly away one night and joined our mother in heaven.

What a change! The funeral past and a broken up home. Everything except pleasant smile for Johnnie and me, and the old eight-day clock, which Grannie and kye. wouldn't part with, sold by roup, Grannie herself dwelling in a little but Imagine us, if you can, gathered by the hillside, and Johnnie a soldier in round that Scottish country fireside, a the gallant Forty-twa. And right great fire of peats and wood is blazing handsome did he look in his Highland deposit a full one in the cellar, he aland crackling on the hearth-there is dress, with his brawny legs and his

And I-a simple servant lassie. For the kind English lady had taken quite a fancy to me and I was bound for the south as her maid. As the train her tale. Johnnie and I complete the rolled away from the station, as I lost sight of the woods, and hills and bon- cow. nie braes, what could I do but lean wide-chimney, the blaze sometimes fol- back in a corner of the carriage tankersome than ever, and my eyes lowing yards high, the wind without is and cry-lassie like. Poor Jamie,

Grief does not break young hearts, and in my new home at Southsea. everything was very new indeed, and my heart leapt up one day with a nameless joy when I heard that the to him? Forty-second was coming to Ports-

My mistress was kindness itself, and consideration, too. She was a lady, though not rich, and I'm sure would have bitten her tongue at any time rather than say a single word to wound ple servant lassie. Ah! would that all mistresses were the same! She never hindered me from going out, and, indeed, often suggested it. And so, many were the walks Johnnie and I had on the ramparts, and many a talk of the dear old times that even now

seemed so far away. And my mistress had always a kind word and a smile for me, and talked so naturally and so encouragingly that at any time I believe I would have laid down my life to save hers. After a few months of Portsmouth life my mistress and I started to spend a few weeks in France. Johnnie saw us off, and I think I see the handsome, manly boy yet, with the sunny smile on sunburnt face, in the dark tartan kilt and white spats, standing there on the station waving us good by with his bonnet

and plumes. We were two months away, but returned at last, and the very next morning I went to see for Johnnie.

I was rounding the corner of a street, when the slow, half muffled sound of drums fell on my ear, and presently I could hear the music itself. It was a dirge, a coronach, played by the piper. It was no ordinary dead march. It was the grand old hymn, Johnnie's song and

O come-come-with-me To-the-auld-Kirk-yard.

To every word there was a stroke of the drum and a step of the men. And yonder is the coffin and the bonnet and

feathers. "Who is-d-dead?" I cried, clutching the arm of a soldier who stood near me.

He must have seen that I was chok-He put one arm round my waist

"Poor Jack McLean, my lass. Are you his sweetheart?"

I remember nothing more for weeks, for all this time I lay raving with brain

A year had passed away and a change had come over my situation in life. For my dear, kind mistress was obliged to give up house and go abroad, and I was engaged as general servant to a lady in Portsmouth.

Now I was to know what indeed it under a thoughtless and unkind mistress. Perhaps she did not really mean to be unkind, perhaps she could not her heart undoubtedly was, she would often have felt for me could she but have known how her words used to burn into my feelings.

I'm sure I tried to please her. I'm a burden to me. I used to go to my room and, don't laugh, cry and pray. That helped me some-don't forget I'm but a simple Scottish lassie.

Did my mistress scold? No, not downright. She nagged. O! that worrying, nerve breaking nagging, how much more mean it is than any scold-

when mistress first asked my name and I told her "Je'nnie," "I shall call the favorite promenade. Green, you Ann," she replied. "I call all my servants Ann."

I'm sure master felt sorry for me, but he dared say nothing. I believe he was as much afraid of her as I was, though a kindly hearted gentleman he was. He would come in to dinner happy looking and singing, and at table begin to talk and laugh with his pretty pets of children. Then mistress would begin to nag at me as I laid the sweet perfume of the clover and the dinner. And poor master's face would wild, glad notes of the chaffie near his fall at once. There would be no more nest in the larch tree. And-yes, and talk or laughing with the children after Jamie's voice, sweeter to me than all, that. He would hurriedly and silently Did I love Jamie? I dinna ken. Jamie swallow a few mouthfuls, then, making never what you might call made love some excuse about work to finish, dis-

But the room never was dusted enough to please mistress, the fire cockit bonnet wi' long strings that never burned brightly enough, the things were never properly put on the table.

I used to dread so lying too late of a talk for an hour at a time about his morning that my night's rest was all horses and kye, and I used just to look one painful, confused dream. I would start may be at 3 and look at the watch again and again at 4, and if I did this I dreaded to fall asleep again. I would happy life at the little farm on the lie and read for an hour or two, then go down to the cold kitchen among the beetles and strugle for another hour with wet sticks and damp coals before I got the fire to light.

Was it any wonder I got thin and worn and so nervous that my mistress' voice suddenly calling, "Aun" felt like a red hot-knife jerked into my heart?

I now come to the turning point of my somewhat sad history, which would never have been written had I not thought this simple narrative might move some mistresses to be a little more considerate of the teelings of their

What was my fate to be. I often asked that question of myself, lassie like. Would Jamie be my fate? Though I know he liked me, in his letters he never breathed a word of love, but always told me about auld Grannie and the eight day clock and about his horses

I had only one friend now in the world. And he-I feel sure you will laugh-was the brewer's drayman. When he called for an empty cask or to ways had a gentle word and a smile for me. He was a jolly looking young man with a handsome face, a burly form, and an apron big enough for a bathing tent. And if you'd only seen him pitch the great casks aboutwhy John was strong enough to lift a

One day mistress had been more were red with weeping. John noticed it, and talked ever so kindly, and I told him all, and from that day for months I took to telling John all, and he alit any wonder that my heart warmed

I used to light him down to the dark cellar, and it was down there we used to hold our little confabs. But I'll never forget the morning

John asked me to become his wife. The tallow candle barely dispelled the gloom of that damp, dark cellar, the feelings or hurt the heart of a sim- and the daylight streaming in above us from a grating, fought with the head sinks, its hind part flop about imgloom and was swallowed up.

"Which I've loved you for a long time," said John, "though I dursn't summon up courage to speak my mind. But I have the prettiest little cottage and garden in the outskirts as ever ye seed. And it only wants a mistress. Jeannie, which it'll be your sweet self and nobbut else."

I was so glad the cellar was so dark, so he couldn't see my face; but next moment I was pressed close to John's big apron, and it did smell of malt and

hops so. Yes, it is a sweet, wee cottage, and bonnie do the roses look twining round the porch in summer, and John is the I'm happy, and I've almost forgotten is the most restless of living creatures.

Good by-there is John coming.

-The desirability of Florida as a place for winter racing is now being actively canvassed, and it seems probable that arrangements looking to that end will be perfected in the near future. Mr. Phil Dwyer has recently returned from a trip to that State, and while at Jacksonville inspected a site for a track about four miles from the city, which contains a resident population of about 25,000, which is materi- for girls in their teens. White silk ally augmented by visitors from the North during the winter months, Mr. Dwyer reports the native population as anxious for a track, believing that it are among the new French imported would help to build up the country and dresses for debutantes and bridesmaids. enhance the value of property, and they are ready to do their share if capital.

were shod with wool.

ANTIPODAL APPLES.

Londoners Eating Fruit From the Orchards of Australia.

A few years ago had any one predicted that the orchards of Australia would provide the fairest portion of the dessert for the London dinner in the height of the season, he would have been set down as a dreamer gone wild with the colonial idea. Yet the meant to be a simple servant lassie miracle has been accomplished. Apples and pears, themselves the offspring of an English stock, have come to replenish the native supply, appearing in help it. I believe that, hard though abundance precisely when they are most needed. In May and early June housekeepers are sorely tried to furnish the last course. English apples are few and shriveled. Those of American growth are spent. Pears are not sure I did what I could and as well as on hire. The time of strawberries has I could, but my whole life soon became not come, except for the "swaggering" classes. Grapes are in their worst season. The nuts of autumn are dry and musty, and oranges are over. It is at this season that we are to be blessed with the noble and beautiful growth of Australia, of which as yet only the timid firstlings appear in the fruit market of the colonial exibition.

Considering that these apples and pears have travelled a distance of 14,000 miles, and that the arrangements for their transport are yet imperfect, we must pronounce the experiment a complete success. In respect to looks, the fruit will compare favorably with the very best either of native growth or of American importation. No finer color or bloom has been seen in Covent Garden market. The apples might have been gathered in the garden of the Hesperides. The pears show little signs of travel. If only for their appearance, they are a splended acquisition to our dinner tables. Some of the fruit, indeed, can hardly be recognized as belonging to the names by which they are labeled. The scarlet nonpareils and the Sturmer pippins are larger than the average of their respective kinds. The redstreaks and russets recall the warmer and brighter hues of their southern homes. There are few of the varieties but which show an improvement on the type in color, shape and size. In fineness of skin and texture of flesh they are at least equal to their best grown English or foreign namesakes.

THE FLAVOR NOT SO GOOD.

As to flavor, it must be admitted that they are scarcely equal to the promise of their looks. With the exception of one or two of the apples, neither they nor the pears (the pears more especialy) are so good to the taste as the best of English or American fruit; but this is a defect that will probably be amended in future importations. The enterprise is a novel one, and it has been carried out without experience and as yet with imperfect means. The greater portion of the fruits hitherto exhibited in the colonial market have come from South Australia and Victoriacolonies in which the apple and pear can scarcely be said to be quite at home. This is the country rather of the vine. the peach and the orange; the climate being hardly moist enough for the production of the purely English fruits at their best.

Tasmania, which is the apple and pear country par excellence, is unfortunately not represented in this exhibition. In Tasmania English fruits attain to a degree of perfection such as would be scarcely credible to those who cling to the superstition that the apple is a distinctly English product. In Tasmania all our worn-out British stocks renew their youth and vigor. There the Ribstone pippin is still to be eaten in its more than original delectableness. There the gooseberry acquires a positive grandeur of character. In that Lotosland of the south is the future orchard of the empire.

Fur Seals Learning to Swim.

When the young seal is about a month old its education begins. One ways had a word of comfort for me. Is may wonder wherein this consists, and this feeling will be intensified when we learn that it consists in teaching the young to swim. It seems paradoxical one can hardly believe it-that the finest swimmer of all amphibious creatures, which spends half its existence at sea, has no more idea of swimming at first than one of our babies. But it is the fact. Take a pup and put it out of its depth, and straight way its bullet potently, and its death by suffocation is the question of a few minutes only, the little creature not having the least least idea of lifting up its head and getting the air.

Such being the case its education is a question of some little time, and is thus effected: At about six weeks old his instinct takes him down to the water's edge, where he paddles about all day long, now washed by the surf and now left high and dry, in another moment perhaps to be rolled over and over by the water. After a few minutes of this he gets tired, curls himself round like a cat or dog on the hearth-rug, and goes to sleep, but only dearest and best of husbands. Yes, for a short time, for the seal at all ages that ever I was a simple servant Then again to the surf, paddling about just like our own little boys and girls, every day expanding his ideas, and proving to himself that water is not such a dreadful thing after all. By repeated efforts, then, he learns to keep himself afloat, to recognize his own powers, and become thoroughly master of the element in which he has to spend the greater portion of his life.

-White plush or white astrakhan is used to form panels, vest, collar and other trimmings for white wool dresses. muslin gowns, striped with bands of lace insertion, with moire sashes and dainty tulle bodices draped with lace,

"Who held up Moses' hands while Joshua fought the Philistines?" asked helped by Northern enterprise and the superintendent, "Hur and Aaron" Great ideas travel slowly, and for a Aaron," softly corrected the new time noiselessly, as the gods whose feet schoolma'am, the strong point of whom was grammar.

HORSE NOTES.

-The 250 horses sold at the Brasfield sale brought \$89,190, an average

-C. Brademburgh is driving his black pacing mare Bessie M. (2.164) on the road.

-The once famous mare Hippia died recently in England after foaling a colt by Galopin.

-A bill is to be introduced in the New York Legislature making betting at race courses legal. -A jockey club has been formed at

New Iberia, La., and a track will be immediately laid out. -The West Park road is in a pretty good shape, and a number of people are

taking advantage of it. -The New York Gentlemen's Driving Club has leased its present track for three years longer.

-Harry Wilkes has had one of his hind legs blistered, but he is being logged on the road in California. big and strong, having gained 100 pounds since going to California.

-It is thought that Director will be returned to California. His owner, Mr. Salisbury, is now in Kentucky.

-W. J. Gordon has decided to breed Clemmie G., 2.15½, either to Director, 2.17, or his young horse Clingstone 2d. -J. H. Temple having disposed of his interest in Harry Wilkes now offers

for sale the rest of his trotting stock. -Mr. Hayward, an uncle of Fred Archer, caught cold at the jockey's funeral and has just died from the ef-

-The stallion Mohican, by Hambletonian, dam Maggie Jones, by American Star, has been sold to Kentucky parties for \$10,000.

stallion for which Jacob Rupert, of New York, paid \$10,000 this week, has a record of 2 25%.

-R. B. Conklin, the venerable owner of Sound View Stock Farm and the stallion King Wilkes, is lying very sick at his residence, Greenport, L. 1.

John Madden, who formerly owned the b. g. Jesse, well-known at Easton, Pa., says that the horse is not by Volunteer; that his sire is unknown. -W. Sayres, Graham, New York,

has sold to L. J. Sutton, Orange, New Jersey, the 4-year-old colt Eldorado, by Knickerbocker, dam Magnolia, for -There have been trotting and

pacing races every Sunday at the New Orleans Exposition half-mile track, and paying crowds ordinarily turn out to see the sport. -R. E. Maddox, Fort Worth, Tex., has purchased of Simpson & Hoffman,

1877, by Longfellow, dam Capitola (King Alfonso's dam), by Vandal. -A Chicago dispatch says Abe Rohrback is there, and has sold his materials we shall see a great number Rowe, of Hudson, Wis. Rohrback, the

Dallas, Tex., the b. h. Hospodar, foaled

however, will have the management of the horse the coming season. -S. A. Tanner's b. m. Vernette (record, 2.281) and Isaac Kaufman's b. m. Geraldine (record, 2.28) have been matched for \$500 a side, mile heats, three in five, to harness, over Belmont

Course on June 6, 1887. -Troubadour, Elkwood, Masterpiece, Ferona, King, Robin, O'Fallon, Supervisor, Dry Monopole, Maumee, St. Augustine, Gardey, Lottery and Lansdowne are the declarations in the Suburban handicap.

-At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors of the Buffalo Driving Park Association, Mr. C. J. Hamlin was elected President and D. W. Burt Secretary. The association has opened a subscription list to raise \$250,000 for the purpose of holding a Fair similar to that held at St. Louis.

-The recently elected officers of the twin City (st. Paul) Driving Club are: President, John C. Oswald; Vice President, B. Beauprie; Treasurer, W. E. Steel; Secretary, D. W. Woodmansee. A trotting and pacing meeting will be held the first week in July.

-William H. Redding, of New York, has purchased from David H. falls as a basque, with loops of velvet Blanchard, of Boston, for Antonio Terry, the b. s. Milton, record 2.30; by Smuggler, dam Beatrice, by Fitch's and front, but has a fanciful kind of Hambletonan; price, \$7000. Mr. Terry habit-skirt of lace, kept in place by recently purchased a number of fine carriage horses, which will be shipped to France with the stallion in the spring.

-A Gentlemen's Driving Club has been organized at Boston, and these officers have been elected: President, George H. Warren; Vice President, Lawrence Curtis; Board of Directors, George G. Hall, Captain W. C. Rod. gers, J. O. Whitten, Charles D. Palmer fof Lowell, and H. E. Hibbard, Treasurer, George G. Hall; Secretary, John H. Robbins,

-Brigadler, the imported French stallion, owned by H. C. Duffy, Cynthiana, Ky., died at the farm of his owner on February 14th, after an illness of two or three days, from inflammation of the kidneys. He was foaled in 1859, and was got by Monarque (sire of Gladiateur), out of Sweet Lucy, by Sweetmeat.

every case in the rules of the National Trotting Association, where the judges are empowered to distance horses for any wrong-doing in the heat, or for drivers being short of weight, or in short, for anything except being behind the flag or too much running, that the words "ruled out" should be substitu-ted for "distanced." The reason is, that for the sake of the reputation of the horses in the future the distinction should be preserved. If a driver interferes with another on the homestretch. it is not the fault of the horse, but ten that horse was distanced in that heat, perhaps in not very fast time, the presumption is that he was behind the flag, and it is laid up against the horse. It would be a very simple matter to make the change, and, as far as it goes, it would be a good one.

FASHION NOTES.

-Pearl-edged ribbons are still the only ones owned by fashion, and are used in great profusion for trimming dresses and mantles, as well as hats and bonnets.

-Spring mantles are also made with shoulder-pieces and gathered round the waist under a belt. Very pretty mantles for the demi-saison are of beige cloth, gathered on to a shoulder-piece of brown velvet, with belt of the same and full sleeves gathered on to wristbands to match.

-Some magnificent satin brocades are displayed, showing designs of an exquisitely delicate tint, on deep-toned grounds, some of which copy the patterns of Henri Deux guipures to perfection, The lace-pattern textiles are one of the features of the season upon which many variations are executed.

-Very pretty tissues for tabs. shoulder-pieces and so on are in small chess-board patterns of velvet and plain silk; black and white, red and dark -Oliver K, is described as looking blue, beige and seal brown, old gold and maroon, marine blue and silvergray, are favorite combinations. The material of the dress should be of a medium shade of the darker color.

-The multiplicity of ways that exist of arranging waists enables ladies to have several changes of toilet at comparatively slight expense. There are linings against which are shoulder pieces, back pieces, side pieces, fichu points, "corselets," etc., while other parts of the waists are of different materials.

-In hats and bonnets there is a great variety. One pretty bonnet of ruby plush had what looked like a biscuitcolored cloth handkerchief with pinkedout edges studded with an open pattern, and lightly gathered up over it, with a high bow of ruby plush in front. -Favorite Wilkes, the Kentucky Red felt hats were trimmed with red ribbon, caught up quite to the top of the crown and tied in a bow.

-In dress stuffs the demand for stripes is still on the increase. Very beautiful Lyons fabrics of this discription are this week displayed in the ample windows of a Broadway importer widely famed for the uncommon richness and variety of his superb dress materials, Regall fabrics of velteen-embossed satin are woven with alternate stripes of plain silk plush eight and ten inches in width.

-Spring out-of-door jackets are of various styles, but one of the favorite models is the tight-fitting shape at the back, with loose fronts. It is fastened with one button only at the neck. The material is thin cloth, cashmere, or sicilienne, in dark shades of blue, green, or brown, with a silk lining of some brighter color, generally red or heliotrope, or sometimes of plaid or striped silk.

-In simpler costumes there is a tunic of plaid material draped over a plain skirt. The bodice is variously fashioned, with shoulder-piece or plastron of the fancy material. With soft light tamous pacer Mike Wilkes to Sam of praited and gathered bodices. For will be required than for the bodice. which may be of any thin material. such as nun's veiling, Indian or French

cashmere, bengaline, blege or challer, -There is considerable variety in the new spring costumes for outdoor. Some of them have draped skirts, but the greater number have the skirts plaited in large hollow plaits. Tabs of a different material are very fashionable. Very frequently there is a tab put on the left side of the dress. The fronts of the bodice are praited on each side, with a tab of the other material in the middle, matching that on the skirt. The sleeve is full and gathered on to a wristband of the same material as the tab. This material is usually some pretty fancy woolen goods striped with velvet or plush or deeplyribbed ottoman.

-Inserted bodices are made in black and poppy-red velvet with black lace. and in any light color with cream They form stylish, and at the lace. same time economical, bodices for wearing at home and at small entertainments with any skirt. The velvet and lace are partially laid over each other and made to fit perfectly to the figure; a full flounce of deeper lace passing over. The sleeves are of lace and the bodice is a wide square, back habit-skirt of lace, kept in place by straps of velvet from the waist to the shoulder, ending in dainty bows. For quite young girls' wear there are simple and inexpensive ball gowns of tulle, with the skirt full and plain, and the tunic tucked all over horizontally and run with floss silk. The silk bodices look as if they had been cut too high to the throat and drawn down to form folded berthas across the bust, with stomachers of net.

-In evening dresses combinations of materials are also prettily arranged. The following is a pretty style for a young lady's dinner dress. It is of white muslin over a pale-colored faille slip; the muslin skirt is gathered twice round by a narrow puffing, through which is run a strip of rose-colored ribbon; the ribbon is tied at the side in a bow, a muslin flounce is put on round the foot, edged with a border of Valenciennes lace and trimmed with two strips of lace insertion to match. -It has always seemed to me that in The tunic is trimmed round in the same way with a border and two stripes of Valenciennes lace insertion; the front is draped into a rounded tablier; this tablier is folded back on the left side peasant-fashion; the back is caught up so as to form two large loops at the top; the muslin bodice is lined with rose-colored faille, and finished all around the edge with a narrow gathered flounce; the fronts open over a peaked plastron or chemisette striped with lace insertion; turned-up collar, covered with lace, and finished with a small bow of rose-colored ribbon, semiyears from that time if a person reads full and semi-long sleeve, with strips of lace insertion gathered in the lower part on to a bracelet of ribbon. This pretty toilet, which will look so well for dinner and evening parties in the spring, will also be useful later on as a summer dress for afternoon fetes and