At school be dips it in the ink And thinks it jolly play To see it crawl o'er books and all, Because he's built that way.

Or else he puts it on the dress Of maidens trim and gay, To leave its tracks upon their backs Because he's built that way.

And leaves it there all day And laughs to see its misery, Because he's built that way.

He plucks their wings to make them kick, In agony's display: Picks out an eye, don't wonder why, Because he's built that way.

The only plan to make him see The fly don't think it play, Is take a strap and show this chap Just why he's built that way.

It's hard to tell when he begins His promptings to obey, Just why a lad, with all his bad, Was ever built that way.

A QUEER COURTSHIP.

Dick Nash paced slowly forward and backward on the river bank in front of the boat-house. He was an honored member of the Shaddock Boat Club, and was very popular among the boys. He had always lived in C-, a city of about twenty thousand inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the bank of the Mississippi

Dick lived with his mother and sister in the house where his father had died through." fifteen years before. The family had once been wealthy, but after the death of Mr. Nash they met with severe financial losses, and after the two children had been well educated, it was found that there was little or nothing

This matter worried Dick not at all, for he had recently been admitted to the bar, and, as he expressed it, was now ready to pitch into business. His fortable position.' good physique and excellent mental qualities were backed up by that rare ing up; "I think that if we don't hurry virtue, common sense. He did not up. Towser will get away from us. sigh, as do some young men, for downy | Come, Millie." beds and flower-strewn paths through life; but as combativeness was one of the strongest elements in his make-up, he rather courted difficulties, and sighed | Dick said: for words to conquer.

He had determined to scale the heights in his profession, and win for himself a name and fortune; consequently he looked poverty unflinchingly in the face. He had two loved ones to work for-his mother and his sister Mable; hence he became the ever-to-beenvied man with an aim in life,

It was just at this time that a great change in Dick's circumstances took place; for on the death of an uncle, he came into immediate possessions of a hundred thousand dollars.

The news came to him in a letter, one morning, just as he was leaving the house. After perusing it, he sought out his mother, and, handing her the important missive, said:

Here, mother, is something that will interest you and Mab and no doubt make you very happy; but as for me, it has knocked the foundations from under the castles I have been building, and caused my ambition to wilt."

Leaving her, he made his way to the boat-house, and 'tis there we find him in meditation deep. His hat was thrust far back on his head; his hands were exploring his trousers pockets; while from his lips (if one must tell the truth, be his companion on the voyage which for Dick was no angel) protruded a he was soon to take, as well as on his cigarette, from which floated wreaths of smoke. A stiff breeze stirred the water and played pranks along the shore, while the smoke and ashes from direction.

Although not a condition of the will. it was mentioned as a special request of. his uncle that Dick should go abroad at once and spend a year or two in traveling before settling down to business. It was this matter that was troubling the young man as he strode along the river bank.

"What the dickens do I want to go abroad now for," soliloquized he, "unless on a wedding trip? I'd better marry at once, and, as the saying is, kill two birds with one stone. But there is only one girl for me-Millie Denton; and I might just as well ask for the moon. There is little chance for me where so many others have failed. However, she is well worth trying for, and I'll start on a new plan. I'll make her think I care nothing for her, and see if I can make her the least bit jealous,"

Dick had just come to this conclusion when, on looking up, he beheld the object of his thoughts coming toward

"A good time to begin," thought he. Millie came tripping along, her gold-en hair tossed about by the wind; her cheeks were rosy, and her blue eyes

sparkling. Dick appeared not to recognize her at first; then, looking up, and favoring her with a little stare, he exclaimed:

"Why, it's Millie!" "None other," said she. "What brought you here?"

"Oh, I am looking for some one." "Some one who belongs to the club,

"Not exactly, although he is here a great deal." "Well, you won't find him."

"Why?" ' Because there has been no one here for the past hour but myself." "Why don't you ask for whom I am looking?"

"Perhaps I don't care," lazily. "Oh, but he is just splendid!" "Who is splendid!"
"Ha! ha!" laughed Millie. thought you wanted to know all the

time, so-"But I don't!" "Do not interrupt me! If you insist upon knowing-"

"I don't-" "It is my black dog, Towser!"
"The deuce!" exclaimed Dick. "Why, Dick Nash!" "What is the matter, Millie Den-

"Isn't deuce a swear word?" "A mild one."

"Don't you know that you oughtn't to swear in the presence of a lady?" "Yes; I suppose I must beg your

pardon?' "Yes, I think you ought to, if only to teach you better manners," "Well, do you insist upon it?"

"Oh, no! But-" "Then you do insist; so here goes," Taking a large handkerchief from his pocket, he spread it carefully on the and velvets. grass at her feet; then, assuming a most comical position and expression as he knelt upon it, he beg in: "O fairest of thy sex!"

"You silly goose!" laughed Millie. "If you don't keep still I won't apologize at all! Once more, then-O fairest | princess. of thy sex, I have committed an unpardonable-

"Hear-hear-hear!" The voice came from the direction of the boat-house. The speaker was Ned Morgan, and he and Fred Bailey were greatly enjoying the little scene.

"Well, old fellow," continued Ned, this sort of thing usually takes place are trying to improve on the old plan. your feet -- with the birds hushing their | to cry. songs and the trees whispering lowly, vou-

"I say, now, I don't think this quite the fair thing. Here was Miss Millie just ready to bless me with a sweet yes,

when--' "But," interrupted Millie, enjoying the joke in spite of herself, "you know I had not made up my mind."

"You go right along and don't mind us," said Ned, "for we mean to see it

"Come, Millie," said Dick, "hurry up and say yes." "But suppose I say no?"

wish you would hurry for my knees ache awfully-an unnatural position, you know." "Dear me, then I say yes, for if I did not I should torever after be haunted

by a vision of you in your very uncom-"That settles it," said Dick, jump-

up, Towser will get away from us. Leaving the others they started in pursuit of the favorite. As soon as they were out of sight of the others

"Well, I'm glad it's all settled," "What is settled?" asked Millie. "Why, our engagement."

"Ha! ha!" "What are you laughing at?" "You, of course. I don't see how you can keep your face so long when you joke."

"Then you think it is only a joke?" "Why shouldn't I? Are you crazy?" "Not I: but I had made up my mind to marry you, and as we were engaged all fair and solid, in the presence of two witnesses, I don't see how you are

going to get out of it." "I do."
"Well, how "I shall have you put in the asylum." "Just because I want to marry you?" "You don't want to marry me!"

"It's the dearest wish of my life, Millie, believe me." Then why didn't you ask me decent-

matter?" "Well, to tell the truth, Millie, I thought that I would essay something novel in the way of a proposal," Then in a few earnest words he told her how dear she was to him, and begged her to voyage through life.

"Why, Dick, you take my breath quite away." "Well, hurry up and breathe again, Dick's cigarette were whirled in every Millie, for my heart has stopped beating, and it will not resume its proper action until you have given me the an-

swer I crave.' "Oh, Dick, you are too funuy; but I suppose if you insist-

"I certainly do insist!" "Well, I-"Go on!"

"Well-your heart may beat again." "My dearest Millie-" "O Dick! We are on the street, you know!'

"Well, what of it?" "Nothing; only I would not like to have it said I allowed young men to embrace me in public." "Why, who was embracing you, I

should like to know?" "You were!" "I didn't touch you!" "But you were going to!" "No, I was not; but I suppose that

ou expected me to-" "Dick Nash!" "Never mind, Millie, we won't quarrel over it, any way."

A month later Dick and his bride sailed for England, the happiest couple that ever stepped on board a ship. They had many laughing disputes over the time Dick tried to embrace Millie on the street, and they still argue the question occasionally, perhaps for no other reason than that in their great happiness they love to recall the day from which it took its birth.

Signed Newspapers Contributions.

Signed articles have been commended, partly because they advertise the signers. One thing in connection therewith has been overlooked, namely, that the greater part of the hard workers in the newspaper offices get no advantage out of the custom. Take the work or the exchange editor, for instance. I maintain that though he may never write anything but head-lines, yet as much intelligence and newspaper instinct is called for by his work as if he spent his time in writing reports and special articles. How is he to get any credit for his work and introduce himself to the people outside of his office? I answer that he has no opportunity so desirable as the political opportunity.

-Donnelly's cipher will soon be laughed out of sight. No one believes that Bacon could have written Shakspeare's plays any more than Charley red, varying from a rich dark to pale Hoyt could have written Sardou's.

A Fairy Tale.

A vagabond, with bare feet and hair floating on the wind, passed along the street before the palace of the king. As if the sun took pleasure in shining upon him, he had more light and joy upon his rags than the noble dames and gentlemen, grouped in the court of honor, had upon their satins, brocades

"Oh, but she is beautiful!" cried he. suddenly stopping before the palace, where he saw the Princess Rosalind taking the air at her window. And really it was impossible to find anything on earth more beautiful than the

Immovable, with his arms raised toward the lattice, as if to an opening into the heavens where they entered into paradise, he stood there and would have remained so all night if the guards had not chased him away with their halberds and their hard words.

He went with bent head and falterin the conservatory, if we are to be-lieve the novelist, but I see that you the flowers—since he could no longer the flowers-since he could no longer see Rosalind. He thought the sun With the blue dome of heaven over- was dead. He sat down under an oak head, and the Mississippi throbbing at at the entrance to the wood and began "Why are you so unhappy, my

child?" asked an old woman who came out of the forest, her back bent under a surprised to see her arranging them on load of dried fagots.

my good woman? You can do nothing for me." 'Maybe you deceive yourself," said "You run away, boys, while she and threw off her load of fagots. She makes up her mind," said Dick. was no longer an old woman, but a

on my misfortune! I have seen the "Then I will never rise again, and I own. I feel that I can love no other woman."

"Well, what prevents your becomng her husband? She is not betrothed to any one." "Oh, madame, look at my rags, at

of the streets.' you should not be loved-even devoted- the one of pure silver. ly loved. Make a wish and it shall be

fulfilled." the princess that I adore."

"So be it," said the fairy with a sigh. "I only hope you may be happy." Then warriors with golden armor proclaim- with my own finger tips. ing his rank.

tinguished consideration,

he persisted in the demand he had made ness nowhere except on the pinna. The ly, instead of joking about so serious a upon the king and queen for her hand, hands and feet were warm to the touch able a husband for her.

And thus the vagabond was about to marry the most beautiful princess in the world.

declared with sobs, and wringing her truthful and honest. hands, that she would never marrythat she would kill herself before she

would marry the prince. More desperate than one is able to express, the unhappy lover-in spite of etiquette-rushed to the chamber where they had carried the princess, fell upon his knees, and extending his arms toward her, cried: "Cruel one, take back those words which kill me!" Slowly opening her eyes, she languid-

ly but firmly replied: "Prince, nothing can overcome my I will never marry you." "What! You have the barbarity to tear a heart that is all yours? What crime have I committed to merit such punishment? Do you doubt my love for you? Do you fear that I shall cease to adore you? Ah! if you could only read my heart you would no longer have any doubts or fears, and if you cannot be moved by my entreaties I

Give me hope, princess, or I shall die here at your feet." He was carried away by his love, and said anything and everything that the most violent grief could inspire in a

will find a way to remedy my woes.

breaking heart. Rosalind was touched by his entreaties, and said: "Unhappy man, if my pity instead of my love can be any consolation to you I give it most willingly. I am much more inclined to your entreaties because I endure myself the same torments that you suffer.

"What is it you say, princess?" "Alas, if I refuse to marry you it is because I love another without hopea young vagabond with bare feet and hair floating on the wind, who passed before the palace one day and regarded me with tender, loving eyes, but has Him only will I never returned. marry, but no other,"

Overcome by amazement and despair the prince heard the soft voice of the fairy whisper: "Thy wish has become thy punishment." Ofttimes granted prayers prove

A strip of two-ply tarred paper fastened around the trees, and extending into the ground, is one of the best modes of protecting the trees against mice and rabbits.

than a large nerd that is partially neglec- eating his own grandfather. The color of pure Devon cattle is

A HUMAN MAGNER

An Infant Child to Whose Finger Tips Articles of Metal Adhere.

Late in August last, while taking a discussion and wonderment among the people. Lovers of the mysterious, who are always ready to attribute any manifestation at all peculiar to supernatural agencies, were indulging in various wise speculations as to the true nature of the case

The child is termed a "human magnet" by the believers in and practicers of magnetic rubbings, while the Spiritualists declare the child a chosen medium. My curiosity became aroused, and I asked permission to see the won-

derful prodigy. Permission was granted, and I saw the child at two different times, making my visits some days apart. I found up her back in horror. a pretty, delicate child, Dolly C., aged ing steps. Everything was dark before three years and six months, an only child, blonde, with a pale and rather waxy complexion. Her manner of dog. But one day, having seen a tiger speech and conduct were characterized by a womanly grace much in advance

of her tender years. Last February the phenomenon I describe was first noticed. While playing with some spoons the mother was "What good would it do to tell you, ber finger tips, where they hung with "Ah! there is the saint and that was once a little mouse." surface of the finger tips in the cavity of the spoon bowl, near the end, and lift from the holder, one by one, withspoon is suspended from each finger tip. was no longer an old woman, but a If the spoons do not strike too violently

most beautiful fairy.

'Oh, good fairy," cried the vagabond, falling on his knees, "have pity against each other she will carry them about the room without dropping them.

I examined the case in various ways. First, I tried four teaspoons with a or washed. The pure silver or pewter spoons were not influenced by the magnet! the heavier plated was only partially raised, while the washed spoon was raised entirely clear of the table. I carried these four spoons with me for my bare feet. I am but a poor beggar the child to exercise her anomalous power of prehension upon. Each one

This one was lightest in weight, and the bowl was considerably flatter than "I wish to be the most powerful any of the other three. But after arprince on the earth, so that I can marry ranging it upon her finger a few times upon her shoulder, saying: "He was she succeeded in making it "stick." Asking her to put two fingers under the king." "I beg your pardon," said the spoon-bowls, I found a very appreciable queen, kindly; "I ought not to have with a golden rod she touched him on resistance in taking it off. The spoons used that word. I should have said the shoulder, and straightway the beg-would hang from the tip of the nose Prince Charles Edward." Then, by gar was changed into a magnificent and chin with as much security as from | way of humoring the gruff old Jacobite, prince, dazzling in silk and jewels and the fingers. Thinking the adherence she added: "You know that I too, mounted on a splendid charger at the might be due to an excessive clammi- have Stuart blood in my veins," "Yes,

Not discovering any, and, to make you are." So great a prince is always well re- sure I was not deceived by my own ceived at any court. The father of sense of touch, I had the hands, nose Rosalind treated him with the most dis- and chin carefully washed with soap the queen; on the contrary, she was and water and dried with a warmed amused at it and seemed to like it, and Every hour of the day and night he towel. I found no perceivable differ- it roused her interest in her uncourtly thought of Rosalind. When he saw ence in the adhesiveness. The child mannered subject, and her way of takher he felt his heart overflow with de- could not pick up a steel needle, that is ing it went to his heart and unbent and so sensitive to the magnet, nor would a softened his stern spirit. They talked Yet there was one thing that troubled penny "stick" to the fingers, chin or long together, and they parted like old him; she whom he loved so dearly did nose. I could discover nothing un- friends. On the queen's return to the

silent and melancholy. Nevertheless touch, and I could be sure of clammi- most honest men in my realm." and you may be sure the royal parents | when I saw her, and her mother states took good care not to refuse so desir- that she is not often troubled with cold feet and hands.

The little patient's mother also told me that her sister's daughter, a young lady, of nineteen years of age, and "al-Alas, this great joy was of short du-ration! On pain of disobeying the fests the same singular power. This royal and paternal will, Rosalind one case I did not see, but have no reason day fell fainting into the arms of her to doubt the lady's statement, as she maids of honor, and when she revived and her whole family are known to be

> I have been thus particular in giving all the available points in the family history of the case, hoping thereby some light might be thrown upon this singular phenomenon.

A Famous March.

Looking through history, we find that though in all other particulars the art of war has made wonderful strides. yet in the actual distances accomplished in marches on foot the ancients were only nine-tenths of the people look ugly fully equal to modern soldiers. In fact, the most wonderful feat ever recorded in marching was accomplished by the ancients. In the second Punic war Hannibal waited at Canusium for his brother Hasdrubal to bring him reinforcements from Spain. Facing Hannibal was a Roman army under the beg him to call again when the wind is Consul Claudius Nero, while opposite Hasdrubal was another Roman army under the Consul Livius. Leaving the main body to hold and deceive Hannibal, Claudius, with a picked body of 1,000 horses and 6,000 foot, marched quickly and secretly to Livius, and joining forces with him, they hurled themselves on Hasdrubal and defeated him. Claudius then at once marched back again before Hannibal was aware of his brother's defeat. Now, the distance between Canusium and Serra Gallica, the place of the battle, by the best authorities, is given at the least measurement at 225 miles. The march was made in six days, or at the rate of over thirty-seven miles a day. But this march is an exceptional one, and, if believed, must stand out like so many other of the wonders of the ancients.

A Sacred Race.

Cooks of old were considered a sacred race; even their fingers were consecrated to the deities. The thumb was devoted to Venus, the index finger to Mars, the middle finger to Saturn, the next to the sun, and the little one to Mercury. Imagination has so much to do with pleasures of the palate that impudence, conceit, and boastfulness were held to be necessary qualities to the Hear one modest cook I may say I have discovered the principle of immortality and that the odor of my dishes would recall life into the nostrils of the dead." Bechamel claim-

A Hindoo Story.

When a base man has arisen from obscurity to eminence he is ashamed of his origin, and ungrateful to the friends who assisted him to rive. A story, vacation in a country town, I heard of told in India hundreds of years ago, a case that was causing considerable illustrates these tendencies of base per-

in a forest once lived a holy Muni, whose extraordinary austerities had given him unlimited power aver nature. He was also a kind-hearted man.

One day he saw a crow carrying off a little mouse. He bade the crow give up its prey, and then he reared it with grains of rice.

One day as the mouse was playing near him, it saw a cat, and in terror ran up the Muni's leg.

"Poor mouse," said the Muni, "be thou a cat." And so it was. Puss now inspired terror, but felt none, until one day a big dog came up. Puss put "Poor pussy," said the Muni,

thou a dog." And so it was. "Who is afraid now?" thought the prowling about, the dog came to the Muni with his tail between his legs. "Poor dog," said the Muni, "be thou

a tiger." The tiger stayed with the Muni, who thought of him only a pet mouse. Seeing them together, people said: "Ah! there is the saint and the tiger

Upon this the tiger began to reflect within himself: "As long as the Muni lives everybody will know from what a the hag. At the same time she arose out otherwise touching them, until a low condition I sprang. Therefore, I must get rid of him." But the Muni, seeing tiger ready to

spring on him, said: "Wicked tiger, be thou a mouse again." And so it

Presently the mouse was picked up

The Laird and the Queen.

While in Perthshire recently Queen Victoria requested an old Highland laird to visit her, and when he did so very graciously received him, thanked him for coming and then explained why 'No matter; that is no reason why was suspended with equal case except she wished to see him. "I should like to know," she said, "the exact spot where the pretender landed, and" She was allowed to proceed no further. Instantly the old chief laid his hand no pretender, madam; he was our head of a troop of plumed courtiers and ness of the skin, I tested its surface I know it," was the reply, "and were it not for that you would not be where

This plain speaking, which rather startled her retinue, did not displease not appear to take the least notice of usual in the shape of the finger-tips. castle where she was staying she said to his devotion; she was nearly always The skin was soft and velvety to the her host: "I have just met one of the

The Weather and the Choice.

There are some people who will not buy either shoes or gloves on any but a quite dry day, when the hands and feet moist, "sultry" day for the purpose, when all articles fitted must be looser than are required in cold, dry weather. There are days when almost when the atmosphere, or some unknown influence in the wind or weather, renews vitality; or in some unbecoming knew his London well, and he said: "I wind is from the east. I drive through the streets in a southwest wind, and and ill. The objects I see are different, and also I see them with different man who is injudicious enough to make scroll. Most of the gold braid and her a proposal in a northeast wind; nor thread is good, pure me'al. yet hastily to accept him if he comes in a southwest wind, but in either case to the other way.

They Captured the Doorkeeper.

The Giddy Gusher attended a meeting of the Women's Rights women at Odd fellows' Hall, and this is an incident that she relates: In the back of the hall three irreverent young men were giggling in their hats. There was a broadcloth of a clerical cut. The speakers on the platform beckoned her up and evidently told her to get those

"The ladies request-" "You cant be an advocate of those queer doctrines," said one young man. "You're much too young and pretty to be mixed up with so ancient a party."
Old broadcloth simpered. "Why you are the only pretty woman here," persisted another of the trio.

"How on earth did you get into this thing?" said the third. "I can't say I am in it. I was induced by some friends to attend this session; but I feel I'm out of place,"

said old Minerva "Sit here with us," suggested one. "You can tell us who the speakers are. Do stop here a while."

-Quite an original trimming for a bonnet is a broad gathered circular piece of lace raised into a knot in the centre, and so set on the top of the comfortably wintered. A small herd ed that with a sauce he had invented, a head far above the brim, and kept in man would have no compunction in its place by wires. The idea was inspired by the curious head-dress of the Maconnais. It is introduced in many A pain in the small of the back is kinds of bonnets, and is always stylish sometimes cured by gently swinging and becoming to short people, for it other zephyrs with raised figures of the arms and foulding them behind, gives an appearance of height,

FASHION NOTES.

-Large plaids are preferred for little girls' gingham dresses, and these are trimmed with plain-colored gingham, or with over-embroidery cut into tabs and epaulettes.

-Polonaise costumes entirely of wool are trimmed with moire sash ribbon ten or twelve inches wide, which is arranged as a girdle and sash, and also cut up to form a vest and revers.

-Pearl and crystal dress garnitures are intermixed with gold. Silk cords and beads in white and gold will be used to trim costumes of white wool, crepeline and India silk for summer wear.

-Many of the new waists are plain on the shoulders and plaited at the waistline. This is a pretty way of using bordered goods, as the edges are straight, and the selvage may be used as trimming along the buttons.

-A costume of striped wool, recently noted, had the plaited skirts arranged so that the stripes went around the figure; the stripes of the front drapery were likewise, and the back drapery had diagonal stripes.

-The combinations of colors in this season's millinery are somewhat daring. For instance, a bonnet of reseda aerophane displayed a huge bunch of the favorite cowslip and a knot of ribbons on one side composed of a mixture of moss green, light hnattreuse,

yellow and faint pink. -A charming red tulle bonnet, with a spray of green rose leaves at one side. had no other trimming but numerous red beetles, which appeared to be most naturally creeping over it. A bronze crepe, with strings and brim of velvet, has twigs of the most natural appearance arranged all over, with a tuft of them at one side and a bunch of daughter of the king standing at her magnet—one pure silver, one pewter, by a bird, and never came down equally natural-looking buttercups. A window and my heart is no longer my one triple-plated and one single-plated, again. few buttercups are scattered over the

crown. -Young ladies who affect English styles in dress are clinging to the revived fashion of wearing Garibaldi blouses, a fancy now the rage in London. These are made of Boulanger red and dove-striped French flannel, or a stripe of blue and cream, blue and tan, etc. The blouses are more shapely than the original Garibaldi, and have a very deep turn-over collar and cuffs of velvet, with a plaited chemisette in front, fastened with a gold stud; also a soft silk sash at one side, knotted in

loose Turkish fashion. -Not only do French milliners perfume their artificial flowers, but the custom among fashion leaders of adopting one particular flower, and using its corresponding perfume, has lost none of its prestige. French flowers are still perfumed with the odor of the blossoms they so wonderfully and perfectly imitate, and this season the delicate and exquisitely fragrant trailing arbutus is used as a corsage bouquet, the artificial flowers being most minutely copied from nature's early herald of spring. These pink-tinted blossoms are perfumed with the subtle and dainty odor which belongs to the nat-

ural flower, -The furore for lace garnitures remains unabated, and the demand for laces of all designs and colorings is this season without a precident in the history of the lace trace. Among the countless varieties which now flood the market, the Swiss, Oriental, point d'esprit and dainty French patterns are the most popularly used. In novelties are shown flouncings of the most tempting and original designs, these of "skirting" width, and showing on deliare thought to be smaller; these are the cate net foundations the most exquispeople who like close-fitting boots, etc. ite imitations of point and duchess There are others who will choose a laces, ferns, web-like sprays of fine flowers and foliage-the effect surpassing anything of the kind ever before

produced by machinery. -The newest color of the season is nobody looks well, and there are a cowslip-green. For a wonder the becoming" days, as everybody knows, name exactly conveys the idea, for it is the exact tone of a cowslip stalk. At night it becomes the most delicate amalgam of yellow and green. A tabway makes most people look pinched or lier of this as worn in Princess George, sharpened or ill. Sir Henry Taylor has roses in relief at the hem formed of white crepe, with handsoms convendrive through London streets, and tional designs above in gold and pearls everybody I see looks ill and ugly. The reaching to the waist. The fronts for reaching to the waist. The fronts for tea-gowns are arranged to reach, blouse-like, to the neck. A most excellent design had a net foundation, with stripes formed of gold ambour, outlined with heavy silk cord, which eyes. Tell --- not hastily to reject a at intervals was twisted into a circular

-New ginghams are as soft and as fine as taffeta silk, and closely simulate in the finer qualities a silken fabric. The old checked and barred patterns are reserved for simple dresses. Fine checks in black and white, pure indigo-blue and white, azure and white, and gray and white, are always in demand for summer morning dress with trimming of white embroidery. The lace-striped and figured ginghams are seldom seen in these conventional patterns. They fierce and masculine-looking woman at are shown in all colors, in stripes of the door. She was dressed in black various sizes, and plain goods for combinations or for costumes of stripes of two widths, or solid costumes of hair-line stripes or plain goods. The three men to leave. The nondescript fancy of the wearer, or more often the sidled up to them and began: fancy of the dressmaker, decides this matter. The colors of these zephyr cottons were never lovelier than they are this season. Exquisite tints copied from the pinks seen in old Meissen china, and pale turquoise blues are shown in stripes of two delicate tones of the same color, one but slightly paler than the other, and these stripes are placed side by side with a band of creamy lace or a stripe in the ecru or cream twist of unbleached cotton. Two shades of silver-gray are used side by side. In some zephyrs an "all-over" pattern of lace forms an arabasque design over the stripes. These dainty patterns come in pink, cream-white and blue. The third color sometimes is introduced as a ball pattern figur-ing the stripe. Thus there are inchstripes in cream and white with the cream stripes dotted with blue. The most costly zephyrs are in rich, effec-tive plaids of cream blocks and delicate hues of color, the cream ground figured with a single tiny palm leaf in India colors which looks as if it were embroidered on the goods. There are