

FASHIONS.

DAINTY ROBES DE NUIT.

"History relates, says the New York Sun, that Princess Mary, who was wedded in 1749, had a bridal night robe that was fifteen months a-weaving." The fabric was woven silver lace, lined with satin the color of her lips, and trimmed about the bottom, neck and armholes with flounces of Portuguese point lace. In the same history, record is made of a night-dress made to order for Queen Isabella to put in a birthday box from the King. It was made of her royal Highness, every flower petal in which was brought out with cold wire.

In her imperial glory Eugenie slept in lace gowns of old point that cost the Empire \$1500 apiece, and lasted the Empress an entire week. The coverlet on her bed was of satin de Lyon, magnificently embroidered with *fleur de lis* and poppy blossoms, and fringed with gold tendrils. When worn out the night dresses were given to the ladies of the royal bedchamber, who cut them up for handkerchiefs and *lingeries*.

Princess Alice at her wedding received a case of lace night dresses from a famous English factory, and one of the nuptial gowns in the trousseau of Princess Beatrice was a hand-woven silk tissue with posies of colored threads and butterflies and humming-birds worked in gold.

I learn from a modiste to her Majesty that on the royal yacht all the night-gowns of the royal family are made of India silk, with the collar, cuffs, pocket flaps and hem embroidered with the same pattern as the towered chintz with which the cabin is upholstered.

For the past two years the Empress of India has been almost crippled from rheumatic gout, and by order of the Queen's doctor, the lady of the bedchamber lays out a flannel night robe for the use of her royal Highness. A bridal night robe made by a Limoges firm for one of New York's fair daughters was in truth a dream in dimity. The foundation was of pure Irish linen as delicately spun and as glossy in finish as the finest of silk. The sleeves and front gores were of solid embroidery worked in the beautiful web, and about the hem of the train was a border of conventionalized orange branches with leaf, bud, blossoms and fruit representing the very same of needlework.

Nowadays all the sybarites wear silk night-gowns, and they are far from expensive, for two will last a whole year and there is no annoyance from the constant repairs that are necessary to keep the lace and muslin robes in trim. One of the newest night-dresses is of white silk, with very small designs in red; it has a wide flat plait in front and three narrow ones on each side; these are all fastened by feather stitch in red silk.

The collar is "sailor" shape, with a monogram of the wearer's initials embroidered in silk at one corner; under the collar is a small cravat of plain white silk, feather stitched in red. The sleeves are full on the shoulder, with three feather stitched tucks turning each way from the centre, and similar tucks are set at the wrist under a cuff to correspond with the collar.

For gowns of the finest sheershest lawn, the prevailing style of decoration consists of narrow insertion, through which baby ribbon is threaded.

Broad collars, frilled with exquisite fine laces gathered very full, turn round to the shoulders, and wide cuffs of the same fold back to the elbows, being tied with broad ribbons of the same shade as the narrow in the insertion. These gores open the entire length beneath the lace frill, and another fall of lace covers the hem at the bottom. About the waist broad ribbons are run through the insertion to gather the fulness slightly, without confining it to the figure, and tie in bows in front, giving the appearance of a skirt and bodice loosely belted.

Sometimes the cuffs are made straight, turning upward with a double hem of silk or batiste of some positive color, joined to the white with a narrow veining or insertion, and again the color is introduced in small embroidered flowers or buttonholes on the edge of frillings almost as full as the lace frills on parasols. Pretty outside-pockets decorate the left side, with the monogram or initials of the wearer daintily embroidered.

While there is no prettier garment in her trousseau than a feminine robe de nuit, there are many women, especially of limited means, who will rejoice in a garment which is a little more substantial. The lace-embellished, ribbon-trimmed and yoke-waisted robe, while a pretty thing to look at, is far from the ideal garment. In the first place, it is always ready for repairs after the initial wash, and it is not every woman who can mend lace even when she has the time. Embroideries wear little better and it only takes a couple of washes of this delicate finery to give a woman the reputation of being a slattern. And then the yoke. It rarely fits, and if too tight binds the shoulders and keeps the occupant in a night struggle to free herself.

Something which will lessen the laundry bill, giving better service and more comfort, is the gown with simple trimming of needle-stitched braid. Made of the very best cambrics, these "flat robes," as they are called, are only \$3.00 each, and one will outlast three fancy gowns befrilled and inserted with Valenciennes lace or Hamburg embroidery. Only a fine quality of material is used and it will cost only half as much to laundry them. This does not signify that no more delicate, flimsy robes de nuit are to be worn. On the contrary, it is an argument for better and more artistic effects, for with the use of the severe flat robe for general wear a lover of decorated divinity will have a better chance to indulge her taste, for the economy in wear and tear, washing and ironing will enable her to have a \$6.00 robe, where previously she wasted her money in buying fancy gowns for a third less.

The woman who travels across the country is recommended to invest in a couple of silk robes. With splendid material at \$1.00 and 75 cents a yard,

she can readily make the garment at home, and find in it a world of comfort. For the ocean trip a flannel night gown is as indispensable as a wrap or rug. A. R. E.

No. 925. WALKING COSTUME OF CLOTH.—Our first model illustrates a cloth costume. The straight, round skirt is pleated in the back, plain in front and ornamented across the foot with braided design. The plain, pointed bodice has a deep coat basque adied which is trimmed with three rows of braid, as are the short revers which ornament the front of the bodice. The sleeves, at the wrist, the straight collar and the centre of the bodice just beneath collar are ornamented with braided designs. Hat of gray felt with cluster of ostrich tips.



No. 926. Our second model is a reception dress of plain and figured silver gray satin. The front of the skirt slightly draped is of the plain material and trimmed with a deep flounce of black lace pleated at intervals, the pleats headed with rosettes of la e, and lengthwise bands of silver passementerie. The back of the skirt, slightly trained, is of the figured goods, also the short draped pauciers at the sides. The pointed bodice is of the figured satin and trimmed with a draped flou of black lace terminating just below the bust in a cascade, which extends to the lower edge of the bodice. The upper edge of the flou is edged with lace which forms a flaring collar.

Half long-sleeve of plain satin, finished on the upper arm side with a fan pleating of lace and bows of black ribbon.



No. 927. CHILD'S PARTY DRESS.—Pale rose-colored, figured foulard and plain foulard combined, are employed in this costume. The pleated skirt is of figured foulard, also the fronts of the bodice. The back of the dress is of plain foulard laid in fine pleats. The front of the bodice is draped over a chemise of plain foulard, placed on the fitted lining, and is gathered to simulate a round yoke. Pleated, flat collar and high shoulder sleeves of plain foulard. Buttons close the leaves at the wrist. Loose half-belt, crossed in front, of plain foulard.

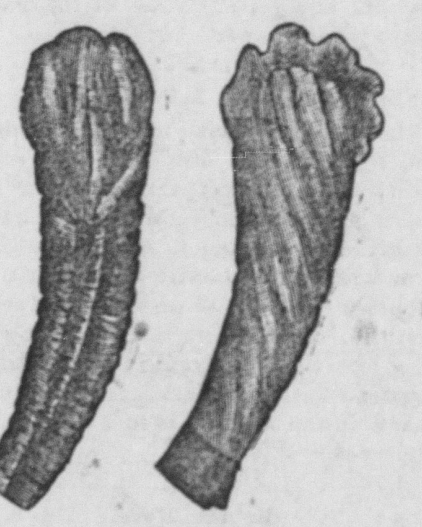


No. 925. No. 926. No. 927.



No. 928. FANCY APRON.—This apron is composed of three bands of white China silk five inches wide, with hem-stitched hems, connected by two bands of five inch-wide Valenciennes lace, and edged at the bottom with a wide lace frill to match. The top is gathered to a pointed belt of China silk folds, fastened under a lace rosette.

No. 929. RUSSIAN FROCK FOR A CHILD FOUR YEARS OLD.—This little frock can be worn by boys and girls, and is made of flannel or cashmere; it can also be made of washing materials. The trimming consists of rows of feather stitching or other fancy stitching, or of narrow braid, or bands of striped material in imitation of braid. The model is of white flannel with fancy stitching in colored silk. The skirt is straight and gathered to an embroidered waistband. The full loose bodice is gathered at the waist and neck and is opened on the right side under a band of embroidery. Straight collar of embroidery; full sleeves with wrist-bands of the same embroidery.



SLEEVES.—No. 930, is made on a close-fitting lining, the lower part shirred in lengthwise pleats. The upper part forms a large puff. This model is most suitable for this material. No. 931, has also a close-fitting lining on which are laid the cross-wise pleats, finished at the wrist by an open velvet wrist band, and at the shoulder by a full bias pleat.

If people worked a hard after a marriage to keep each other as they did before the engagement to win each other, marriage would be more of a success.

Why is it that everyone has something to be ashamed of? The fact that there are no exceptions to the rule would seem to indicate that no one can be wise enough to prepare for tomorrow's evil.

The turn in the long road traveled by most men is usually the turn into the cemetery.



No. 928. No. 929.

A Victim of Confidence.

As I stood one delicious Spring day on the steps of the Court House at Fargo, Dakota, now North Dakota, a homely and hay-seedy young man hopped up in front of me, and, pausing in front of me, said:

"Say, mister, I hev \$50."

"Yes," I replied, curtly, and hardly half in a tone of query.

"An' I want ter know how to spen' it. I ain't no drinkin', ner gamblin', ner immoral critter, any way."

"Better seek out some of the poor people in the back alleys over yonder," I sneered. "Plenty of places in which to put an over-plus of money. They can spend your \$50 for you a sight better than you can."

"Er hull \$50?"

"Yes, er hull \$50."

"But er hev ter money to home on er part uv it?"

"Ah?"

"Yaas. Think I'd er better give all er it er way?"

"No; not under the circumstances."

"Man said ter me this mo'nin' that ef I'd give 'im \$100, 'eed fine me er persistat at \$200 er week, sellin' books. Think I oughter take er position?"

"Hardly."

"Nother man wanted me ter take er ticket in er lo'r'y. Sure thing, \$500 for \$5; but I wanted advice."

"I think you need ed it badly."

"Couldn't you put me ont er a job?"

"No."

He pulled out a roll of \$5 bills and counted them carefully.

"Never was in er city afore," he remarked. "Doan know how to spen' this. How'd you spen' it?"

"In various ways. You might get a good suit of clothes, visit the theatre and—"

"Visit the the-ay-ter? The's wnt er preacher says is the doorway uv the devil. No, sir-r-r! Clothes? I hev clothes, havent I? I'm not certain. Would you er advise me to hev more?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll see two or three others, an' ef they say clothes, clothes it is."

"As I was passing the Police Court next morning a voice called:—

"Mister!"

I went in. Standing and waiting a trial was my hero. His clothes were torn, bloody and muddy. He had a black eye and a gory gash on his left cheek, while three of his front teeth were missing.

"Mister," he whimpered, I haint got er cent. Can't you pull me though? Man advised me to go with him and I went. Got in er room, an' he kicked, an' gouged, an' downed me, an' took all er my money."

"Served you right," I replied, and stepping over to the desk I told the Police Judge all about the prisoner. He was discharged and I loaned him enough to lie off home.

A Sea on Fire.

The shores of the Caspian abound in naphtha springs extending for miles under the sea, the imprisoned gases of this volatile substance often escaping from fissures in its bed, and bubbling up in large volumes to the surface. The circumstance has given rise to the practice of "setting the sea on fire," which is thus described by a modern traveller:

"Hiring a steam barge we put out to sea, and, after a lengthy search, found at last a suitable spot. Our boat having moved round to windward, a sailor threw a bundle of burning flax into the sea, when floods of light dispelled the surrounding darkness. No fireworks, no illuminations are to be compared to the sight that presented itself to our gaze. It was as though the sea trembled convulsively amid thousands of shooting, dancing tongues of flame of prodigious size. Now they emerged from the water, now they disappeared. At one time they soared aloft and melted away, at another a gust of wind divided them into bright streaks of flame, the foaming, bubbling billows making music to the scene."

"In compliance with the wishes of some of the spectators, our barge was steered toward the flames, and passed right through the midst of them, a somewhat dangerous experiment, as the barge was employed in the transport of naphtha, and was pretty well saturated with the fluid. However, we escaped without accident, and gazed for an hour longer on the unenvied spectacle of a sea on fire."

A Little Saving.

How many yards of that truck will it take to make the old woman a dress?" inquired a farmer.

"About twelve yards, I should say," replied the clerk.

"At three cents a yard it comes to just thirty-six cents. I reckon twelve is a cettle more than she'll need. Just cut off six yards. Times is mighty close, and we have to be a lettle saving."

"Any button or thread?"

"No, I reckon not. She can scratch up enough of them at home. Crops warrn't extra this year, and we can't afford to fool no money away, you snow."

"Is there anything else?"

"I guess you may wrap up a quar'er's wuth of sugar and a dollar's wuth of chewing tobacco. 'Pears like a sin er fool away money for sugar, but the woman thinks she can't live without it, and the habit of using it has got such a hold on her that she gits away with a quar'er's wuth a month. Maybe you'd better put up two ollars wuth of that tobacco, for I can't tell if I'll be down here again for a month, and I want plenty to do me."

A Chance for Reciprocity.

It is a good custom that gives the barber a day of rest every week. Philadelphia is not going backward, but forward, in this particular.

The poor barber has a soul as well as striped pole. —Gay Press.

A Novel to Match Her Gown.

"Please send me a summer novel in a green cover."

The librarian of a circulating library received the above request in a note yesterday morning. It was brought by a lady's maid who waited to carry the book home.

The librarian hunted through his summer novels and at last found one that had a cool, green color.

"That will do," he said, and wrapped it up.

"How much?" asked the maid, producing her purse.

"Fifty cents, please," and he dropped the money into the till.

"What was the title of the book?" inquired a bystander.

"I haven't an idea," was the honest answer. "She doesn't want a book to read, but one to hold in her hand and lie in her lap. I reckon it was 'Married for Fun,' or 'Loved and Lost,' or something of that sort. Anyhow the cover is all right."

Her Specialty is Parasols.

One of the prettiest girls we have had at Cape May for many seasons, a violet-eyed, light-haired lassie, airs with each new toilet a poem of a Parasol. Quaintly carved sticks from which is caught a gleam of ivory and gold, hold these airy, fairy trifles. Over the dainty head is sometimes raised a fleecy cloud of tulle, through which we can spy a soft gleam of delicate rose silk, the bewitching affair fringed by a thick hedge of tiny pink blossoms.

Again the yellow locks are shaded by a Parisian beauty of exquisite white plumes, the delicate feathery canopy waving, curling, and tossing with every motion in just the most enchanting manner possible. I overheard a young fellow this morning whisper to his companion: "I shall win my bet, sure; see if I don't, for she is the parasol girl of the season."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

How To Get Through Money.

"We are promised," writes James Payne, "the autobiography of a young gentleman which is said to be entitled, 'How I Got Through \$300,000 in Eighteen Months.' This is certainly quick work, but it does not beat the record. Compared with the good old times when \$40,000 used to change hands in St. James Street in a single night, \$10,000 a month is a slow rate of pecuniary phlebotomy."

Still, if speed in expenditure is a virtue, the operation must be allowed to be creditable. A promising young statesman, who made many experiments in this science, has left on record what he considered to be the quickest way. He had kept race-horses, and everything else (except, by the by, his terms at Lincoln's Inn, about which there was a pretty story), but he came to the conclusion that keeping a newspaper which couldn't keep itself was the best recipe."

Not Encouraging.

A traveller who recently returned from Peking, China, asserts that there is plenty to smell in that city, but very little to see. Most of the show places, such as the temple of heaven and the marble bridge, have one by one been closed to outside barbarians, who cannot even bribe their way. The houses are all very low and mean, the streets are wholly unpaved and are always very muddy or dusty, and as there are no sewers or cesspools the filthiness of the town is indescribable. He adds that the public buildings are small, and in a decayed and tumble-down condition, and the nearest one can get to the emperor's palace is to climb to the top of some building outside the sacred enclosure and surreptitiously peep over the wall through an opera glass. Even then he does not see much.

Not a Silent Partner.

"John" said a fond wife as she laid down the paper which she had been reading, "what is a silent partner?"

"A silent partner, my dear, is a member of a firm who takes no active part in its business. The active partner or partners do the work and he gets his share of the profits."

"I see. By the way, isn't marriage a partnership?"

"Undoubtedly it is."

"And you are the active partner and I the silent one. You carry on the business for the concern. Where is my share of the profits?"

"Ah! my dear, you are not the silent partner. You talk too much for that." —Boston Courier.

Modern Superstitions About Gems.

Possession of numerous large diamonds insures the owner against immediate want.

The presentation by a gentleman to a lady of a fine ruby, set in a ring, gives promise of an early marriage.

Oval pieces of finely polished crystal improve the vision.

A Rhinestone threatens the wearer's friends with imposition and deceit.

The ownership of a fine, large, pure sapphire indicates clear discernment.

To leave a very fine fire opal in the hands of an uncle means misfortune, if not poverty. —Jewelers' Weekly.

A Precocious Little Shaver.

Mr. Wick, of Chelsea, is the father of a very rare infant, of which he and Chelsea can both be proud. The infant's name is Nelly. It is four years old and on Wednesday, backed by its father, it shaved five men inside of thirty minutes, for a silver medal.

No medal was given to the men, who seem, however, to have deserved something. This precocious young woman did the job very neatly, with ten minutes to spare, taking about four minutes to each man. The men were picked out of a very stubby lot. —London Cablegram.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Nature never pretends. Time stands close to eternity. Faith without works is dead. The sun is always shining somewhere.

He who does nothing is very near doing ill. Religion and money will overcome the devil.

Tolerance is the only real test of civilization. A man never forgives those who catch him in a lie.

The trouble is that the easiest way leads to hell. Most people seek the deep slumber of a decided opinion.

The man who gets there doesn't have to go around telling it. The only way to make a man do right is to make him want to.

History is made of scraps. Lies are made from whole cloth.

The man of genius may be a guide, but the man of talents will be a leader. Pride can come nearer making a fool than a wise man.

Next to the virtue, the fun in this world is what we least can spare. Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good.

Borrowing trouble is the easiest way of getting that which does not belong to you. The extreme sense of perfection in some men is the greatest obstacle to their success.

Sulphur and brimstone are on the free list, so is salvation. Now take your choice. Much as a man admires the truth, he prefers to have it told about some other fellow.

Turn your back on borrowed trouble, and you will be better prepared to face the real. The men who hold up trains for robbery should themselves be held up for example.

The successful man can never forget how he made money but his children can. Tramps never have to inquire their way. With them all roads lead to ruin.

We must first often consider, not what the wise think, but what the foolish will say. The reward of one duty done is the power to build another.

The fear of being called a coward makes lots of cowards act like brave men. It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to ravel if a single stitch is dropped.

The sudden death of a friend of his own age has a greater effect on a man than 1000 sermons. The world is getting on towards 6 o'clock in the morning, instead of 6 o'clock in the evening.

There is one thing a woman can never do—she can't make a man tell where he has been. Ideas are like beards; men have them never till they're grown up—and women scarcely ever.

When a man given to using bad language promises to be as good as his word, what can you expect? The rich man cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven and the poor man does not seem to be at all anxious to.

He who has not an enemy on earth cannot show a friend that will stick to him through thick and thin. There never was a man so worthless that his wife did not think other women were trying to steal him.

If piety is not only the choicest possession, but the cheapest; it costs nothing, if you only think so. How many people there are who only go into society for the purpose of telling over their aches and pains.

You can pick out a dozen people in every community who would demoralize ill-aven in less than a week. Just as soon as a man's head gets above the level of mediocrity, a crowd of high-kickers begin reaching for it.

When you find two men in the same business who claim to be friends, you have two more hypocrites.

There probably never was a man so good that he did not hope in his heart that his successor would be a failure. Our idea of a real nice girl is one who can be with poorer people and resist talking of the nice things she has.

The small-minded man who borrows ideas from others never returns them in as good shape as he finds them. One ought always to be mindful of the first syllable of the word conversation, and talk with people, not to them.

A mother of a family has no right to cease to be a companion to her husband simply at the dictates of her children. The man who lies swinging in a hammock all day can generally think up lots of schemes to keep other people busy.

The best cure for obesity is to board for the summer at a farm-house where you will be treated "like one of the family."

The devil is the father of lies, but he failed to get out a patent for his invention, and his business is now suffering from competition.

Any one must be mainly ignorant or thoughtless who is surprised at a very thing he sees; or wonderfully conceited who expects everything to conform to his standard of propriety.

Good manners are the settled medium of social life, as a rule is of commercial life; returns are equally expected of both; and people will no more advance their civility to a bear than they will their money to a bankrupt.