

THE WIND'S SUMMONS.

The Wind came whining to my door,
Across the uplands from the sea,
With plaintive burden o'er and o'er,
"Oh, will ye roam the world with me?"

The wintry skies were all too chill,
The wintry lands too stark and gray;
I would not do the wild Wind's will;
I barred the door and said him nay.

But when the night crept, vast and black,
Up the long valleys from the sea,
The cold Wind followed in his track,
And swift and stealthily followed he.

The mad Wind clamored at my door;
His voice was like the angry sea,
That breaks in thunder on the shore,
And still he cried: "Come forth to me!"

The casements shook and shuddered sore,
He raged the high walls round and round;
My chamber rocked from roof to floor,
And all the darkness throbbled with sound.

The wintry dawn rose faint and slow,
He turned him to the frozen sea,
And eye he moaned and muttered low
Along the uplands to the sea.

Sullen and slow the Sea-wind sped;
"Oh, never doubt the day shall be
When I shall come again," he said,
"And you come forth and follow me."

"The fair of Night shall be your bed,
And fast and far your ghost shall flee,
When you are one with all the Dead
That roam the wide world round with me."
—(The Atlantic.)

Jarvis Murray's Campaign.

BY WILLIAM J. HENDERSON.

Some people would have said it was Florence Craven's own fault that she had lost her faith in men. Perhaps some people would have been right, and perhaps they would not. However, that has nothing to do with this story. The fact is that Florence Craven did not believe much in women, either, but that also has nothing to do with this story. When Florence was eighteen years old she had ideals. Her idea of a man was not that he should be like Virgil's Dame Rumor, with his feet on the earth and his head among the stars. All she asked was that a man should be tall, handsome, strong, kind of temper, patient, humble, forgiving, earnest, sincere, affectionate, industrious, clever with his hands, intellectual, and passionately in love with her. It was not much for a young girl to ask, and so Florence demanded it with all her soul, with all her strength. And the first thing she knew the man arrived. He had the whole of the above catalogue of qualities, excepting one. He was not in love with Florence. That, however, did not discourage her. She set out to make him love her. It was at a summer resort that she met him. At first he regarded her sprightly allurement with a sort of patronizing good nature, which stirred Florence's spirits to their depths. She vowed with a deep determination that she would bring him back to her feet. Several times he seemed to be on the point of saying something very earnest to her, and then the amused look would come into his eyes and he would say something else. This happened so often that Florence became fiercely hungry for that earnest utterance which always refused to come. One night she even went up to her room and wept bitterly, tears of vexation, of course, because he would not say it. The next day she fished more vigorously. They walked, danced, rode together. The gossip of the hotel married them regularly every day, still he did not say it. And Florence wished more than ever to hear him say it.

Finally the end of the season came. The September breezes whispered around the corners of the hotel and the September stars looked down on piles of trunks ready to be taken away the next morning. That night he spoke. He said he had been trying to tell her something all summer, but his courage had failed him every time. He felt that he had not been quite right in keeping it to himself so long, but she had made his summer so pleasant that he had really been unable before that minute to tell her that he was going to be married that winter. His sweetheart was in Europe and would be home in about two weeks.

And that was the earnest remark of the man who was tall, handsome, strong, kind of temper, etc.

Florence took it bravely as far as outward appearance went. She laughed in his face and told him that she had known it all along. Then she wished him joy and ran upstairs. In the inviolate secrecy of her own room she fell flat on her face and staid there for two hours. At the end of that time she arose, looked at herself in the mirror, and smiled a miserable smile. At that moment her ideals went out of the window and were blown out to sea by the west wind. The next day Florence Craven was a man-hater and a flirt of the most desperate character. For two years she cut a swath. Her change of heart was most sincere. She simply despised men. She took pleasure in transfixing them with the arrows of love and seeing them writhe. She had no more pity than a seal hunter, and she was as devoid of sentiment as Butler's "Analogy." She never made the slightest pretense. She treated all men with sarcastic contempt, and they seemed to like it. She counted her victims by the score. She broke up engagements by the dozen. She made regiments of girls jealous. She played Venus Victrix to perfection, and had all the mothers in society wild with a desire to cast her into the bottomless pit.

All except one. Mrs. Chasby Soden had a daughter who didn't go off. She hung fire dreadfully. The only man who had ever shown a disposition to gather her to himself had been switched off by the insatiable Florence Craven, who wrung his head dry and then sent him packing. Then Mrs. Chasby Soden rose up and said:

"That Craven girl has got to be married."

The only question was who was to marry her? Mrs. Chasby Soden studied

that problem long and carefully, and finally she came to the conclusion that she knew the man. Then she ran down to study out a plan by which he could be led to devote himself to Florence and to conquer her. She spent a whole morning in deep thought. At luncheon she appeared with a severe headache and a written letter.

"If that does not bring him," she said to herself, "I must simply give up. It did bring him. He was Jarvis Murray, Mrs. Chasby Soden's nephew, the son of her oldest brother, now dead. Jarvis Murray was thirty years old and not pretty to look at. He had a knife scar just above the bridge of his nose, and the rest of his face was corrugated with small pock-marks. He was not tall, but his deep chest and long arms indicated his strength. He was not especially bright or cheerful in conversation, having been close enough to death on several occasions to make him rather serious. Jarvis Murray had begun life as a naval cadet. He had been shipwrecked once and had two desperate fights with pirates. He got that cut over the nose in one of them. Then he resigned from the navy to accept the command of a merchant vessel. A collision, fire, and five days on a raft finished his career there, though he was honorably acquitted from all blame. He decided that dry land would suit him hereafter. He secured a position with an electric company, and was now in a fair way to become a millionaire. But he was not an attractive man. He knew it, too, and as a rule steered clear of the fair sex. But Mrs. Chasby Soden succeeded in setting him after Florence, and he opened up a campaign that for variety and movement has seldom been equaled in the history of love.

It began with some masterly inactivity. The first thing that Jarvis Murray did was nothing, and he did it well. He was introduced to Florence, looked at her critically, and then walked away. That made Florence angry and filled her with a deep determination to make him notice her—and to his sorrow, of course.

Jarvis watched her. He saw her deliberately draw young Forrest Burney into a proposal and then treat him with a measureless contempt that sent the young fellow away heartbroken. If Jarvis had not been let into the secret of Florence's lack of faith in men he would have called her heartless. As it was, he understood that her heart was exceedingly active and was feeding on its own fires. He decided that Mrs. Soden's plan of campaign was a wise one.

The next day Jarvis Murray treated Florence Craven with deliberate indifference all day. He took the trouble to keep within sound of her voice and sight of her eyes, so as to let her see that he was indifferent. She tried several times to draw him into conversation, but he answered in monosyllables and then turned to speak to another girl. That night one of the full dress hops took place. Right in the middle of it Jarvis Murray shouldered his way through the crowd of moths around Florence and said:

"The next is our waltz, I believe."

"You can't put the assurance of his manner on paper."

"I think not," she said.

"You are mistaken," he replied, lifting her dance card. The dance was not taken.

He calmly wrote his name and showed it to her.

"You see, it is my dance."

At that moment the music began, and before Florence could recover her breath he had her floating over the floor.

"Mr. Murray," she said angrily, "your impudence!"

"My what?" he asked, looking intently into her eyes.

He knew how to look hard. He had once looked a mutiny out of countenance.

"Your impudence," she began again, but he interrupted her.

"A man would dare anything for you," he said. Her face flushed and her eyes sparkled. Jarvis Murray waltzed like a feather-weight angel. He did not say another word to her till the end of the dance. Then he said:

"Have you another dance left?"

She had. She had been saving it for a purpose; not this purpose, but she thought now she would let the other one go. Do you know what Jarvis did? He put his name down for that dance and went upstairs to bed. She did not see him until the next day. She was weak enough to take him to task for not appearing to claim his dance. He told her he was sorry she had missed him, and assured her it should never occur again. That made her so angry again, she would not speak to him again. Then Jarvis Murray turned his attention to making himself agreeable to the ladies. He knew how to do it, too. He had two dozen ideas in as many seconds, and every one of his ideas was fruitful in pleasure to the women. All but Florence, of course. She wouldn't speak to him, so she was left out of his plans. She sat around the hotel all afternoon with three or four tall, handsome men, who made love to her to the best of their ability, while the other girls went out sailing with Murray and had a glorious time. Somehow or other her favorite sport palled on her that afternoon, and, of course, she blamed it all on Murray. He met her face to face in the corridor as she was going to her room to dress for dinner. She was going to pass him in dignified silence, but he stopped and held out his hand.

"Won't you forgive me?" he said, looking hard after her.

"Since you are so humble," she said, "I will; but I think you were very rude."

"So do I," he said, touching his lips to the end of her fingers with a manner almost reverential.

He passed on, leaving her flustered and elated. The man had acted as if he thought her a female deity. After that he went on all the evening making things pleasant for all the other girls and leaving her out. It was enough to exasperate a saint. Florence was not a saint, and when she retired to her room for the night she was about as thoroughly vexed a woman as ever lived. She actually broke down and had a good old-fashioned cry.

"I'll fix him," she said. "I'll not allow him to treat me in that style.

The first attempt he makes at impudence to-morrow ends our acquaintance."

But on the morrow he was not impudent. That was because he had carefully observed her face when she left the drawing room the previous night. No, he was anything but impudent. He devoted himself to her for the whole day.

"Vanquished at last!" exclaimed Florence triumphantly when she had reached the seclusion of her apartment that night.

But he refused to stay vanquished. The next day he devoted himself in precisely the same manner to Mrs. Chasby Soden's hang-fire daughter. The finest expert from a medieval court of love couldn't have discovered a shade of difference in the devotion of this day and that of the previous one. That made Florence wild; what could she do? That is not the sort of thing that a girl can notice. So she had to swallow her rage and content herself with flirting more desperately than ever with a tow-haired gentleman who was possessed of a T-cart and a hyphenated name. She overdid it, however. She had one or two outbreaks of temper which frightened the young man, and he ran away. About that time she overheard Mrs. Chasby Soden saying to one of the old Noms on the veranda:

"Oh, yes, Jarvis always had a penchant for his cousin. I shouldn't be surprised if the unexpected happened in that quarter."

"So," thought Florence, "that old bundle of gossip thinks he's going to marry her Nellie. Well, rather than that I'd marry him myself, and I hate him."

The next day she went in bathing just as every one else was going out. Murray stood on the end of the pier and watched her dive off. She was an expert swimmer. She swam straight out from the shore, and when she was forty or fifty yards from the end of the pier she turned over on her back and floated like a nymph. Murray started to walk away. She threw up her arms, uttered a scream and went down. Of course Murray bit. He wasn't going to stand by and see her drown. He must have cleared twenty feet in his flying dive off the pier. He was at her side in a few seconds.

"I'm all right now," she said, panting, "it was just a momentary cramp."

"You're not all right, and you're coming ashore with me. Float."

She floated, and with one arm under her head she swam toward the pier with her eyes fixed on him.

"What made you jump in after me?" she said.

"Do you think I'd see anything happen to you while the breath of life was in my nostrils?"

A great thrill of joy swept through Florence. It was the first time a great thrill of joy had been caused in her by a man since the era of the tall, handsome, strong, etc. She did not like it, on second thoughts. It frightened her. She escaped from him as soon as possible when she reached the shore. That night Mrs. Chasby Soden played her right bower. She watched till she saw Florence sitting on the veranda just outside a window. Then she went up to one of the old Noms, who was sitting just inside the same window, and said:

"Do you know, I really believe that Jarvis has just proposed to Nellie? I saw them in a corner and he was holding her hand and talking passionately to her. I stole away and they didn't see me."

Florence did not know just how she got out of her chair, but she was some distance away from that window when she recovered her self-control. She stood still and clasped her hands. Great Heaven! Why did she feel that way? What difference did it make to her whether Jarvis Murray proposed to Nellie Soden or not? At that moment the miscreant came to her.

"I've been looking for you," he said.

"I don't believe you!" she answered.

He calmly took possession of her arm and walked away with it. She tried to free herself.

"Don't be ridiculous," he said.

"I won't stand it!" she exclaimed.

"You are insufferably impudent. You treat me as if I were your property."

"After pulling you out of the water I feel a sort of personal interest in you."

"You did not pull me out of the water," she answered, losing her mental balance. "There was not anything the matter at all."

He stopped short and looked her in the eyes.

"Honor bright?"

"Honor fiddlesticks!"

"And you did that just to see whether I would try to save you?"

"Yes, I—no, what nonsense! I did it just—just—for fun."

He let go her arm and took both her hands.

"Florence, will you be my wife?"

"How dare you, sir! How many girls do you propose to in one evening?"

"Some one has been slandering me. I have never proposed to any other woman, and never shall."

Oh, wasn't she glad to hear that! And she believed it without a moment's hesitation.

"You haven't answered my question," he said; "will you be my wife?"

"What for?"

"Because I love you."

"No."

That was her little triumph. He had made her feel miserable often, and now she had her chance to be even with him. So she said "No," and then waited. And what do you think he did? Dropped her hands and walked away without another word.

The next day he met her and treated her as if no word of love had ever passed between them. It was simply incomprehensible. Any other man would have gone away, or hung off in the distance and looked miserable, or proposed again, but this one did none of these things, and he never let her side. He did not sigh. He did not look miserable. He looked rather contented than otherwise. And he was simply knightly in his attentions. He was not only fathomed her thoughts and executed her commands before she uttered them, but he frequently knew just what she wished when she was inevitable. There never was a girl who could be comfortable in the presence of a newly rejected suitor, and the peculiar conduct of this one was enough to set a girl mad. Florence was so upset by it that she wanted to drive him away. But he would not be driven. He staid. And before night she actually felt ashamed of her-

self. He divined that, too, and told Mrs. Chasby Soden about it. Again she went off into a corner and patted herself on the back.

Jarvis Murray kept it up for a week. He was gentle, kind, tender, and manly in his treatment of Florence. He neither said nor did any more rude things. He enfolded her in his protection. He perpetually fanned her nostrils with the incense of his devotion. But a while when she was in the mood of love he spoke no word and made no sign. At the end of the week he told her he was going away the next day. He regretted that he could not remain longer, as it gave him great pleasure to think that his humble efforts had contributed to her enjoyment, and he flattered himself that they had so contributed. Was it not so?

Yes, that was so.

Well, then, he said, he should feel that his summer had been put to the highest use. Good-bye. He hoped she would spare him a kindly remembrance once in a while when she had nothing better to occupy her thoughts. At that she gave a little sob.

"Oh!" she said, "I've been so wicked!"

"Wicked!" he replied, "not at all. You mean in regard to me, of course. Well, well, it certainly is not wicked for a woman to refuse to marry a man she does not love."

He made a sudden movement as if to leave her, the villain. She seized his hand convulsively.

"But," she cried hysterically, "but—but—I—" Then he took her in his arms, and that evening Mrs. Chasby Soden kissed her daughter twice.

AN ERRONEOUS NOTION.

Wrecks and the Drowned Sink to the Bottom of the Ocean.

There is a rather common, but erroneous notion, to the effect that a human body, or even a ship, will not sink to the bottom of the profounder abysses of the ocean, but will, on account of the density of the waters at a great depth, remain suspended at some distance above the surface of the earth. This is an error. No other fate awaits the drowned sailor or his ship than that which comes to the marine creatures who die on the bottom of the sea; in time their dust all passes into the great storehouse of the earth even as those who receive burial on the land.

However deep the sea, it is but a few hours before the body of a man who finds his grave in the ocean is at rest upon the bottom; it there receives the same swift service from the agents which, in the order of nature, are appointed to care for the dead, as comes to those who are reverently inhumed in blessed ground. All save the hardest parts of the skeleton are quickly taken again into the realm of the living, and even those more resisting portions of the body, in time are, in large part, appropriated by the creatures of the sea-floor, so that before the dust returns in the accumulating water to the firm set earth it may pass through an extended cycle of living forms.

The fate of animal bodies of the sea-floor is well illustrated by the fact that beneath the waters of the Gulf Stream, where it passes by southern Florida, there are, in some places, quantities of bones, apparently those of the manatee, or sea cows, a large herbivorous mammal, which, like the seal, has become adapted to aquatic life; these creatures plentifully inhabit the tropical rivers which flow into the Caribbean Sea, and are though rarely, found in streams of Southern Florida. At their death they drift into the open water and are swept away to the northward by the ocean current. For some weeks, perhaps, the carcasses are buoyed up by the gases of decomposition which are retained by their thick, oily skins; as these decay and break the bodies fall to the bottom.

—Scribner.

Horse-Breeding in India.

Mr. Rayment of the Veterinary Department of the British Army read a curious and interesting paper the other evening before the Asiatic Society of Bombay, in which he showed how the business of horse-breeding in many districts practically had been destroyed by the tremendous increase in the export of wheat and cotton. He said that in places where formerly one could easily find fifty or twenty mares in a village, now none or only one or two exist, the reason being that more money is to be made out of grain, cotton, etc., than out of horse-rearing. The zemindar, alive to his own interests, sells his mares and puts his money into bullocks, well-digger, etc., to raise what will pay him best. If he could be induced to use his mares in the plough, in drawing water for irrigation, and the like, instead of his non-productive bullocks, an immense step would be taken in the right direction. For various reasons, the chief of which is his intense conservatism, nothing will persuade him to do this. The zemindar keeps his mare simply to breed from, and with the exception of leading her in a wedding procession, or occasionally riding her at a walk from one village to another, never uses her. So the sale of her produce has to cover the expenses of her keep and leave a margin of profit. As long as the grass costs nothing and grain but little, this is all very well, but now that is not sufficient fodder to be got off the land for the plough-bullocks, and grass must be bought. Grain too, has gone up in price. Thus, as the mare does nothing for her own keep, she becomes an expensive luxury instead of a remunerative animal, and is disposed of, and the zemindar, finding he has lost money, is very chary of breeding horses again. Hence horse-breeding is on the decline in India, owing mainly to economic causes.

A Queen's Present to San Francisco.

The Dowager Queen Kapiolani of Hawaii has presented to Golden Gate Park a fine Hawaiian cocoon tree. It is about thirty feet high, the largest tree of its kind ever brought to this country. It is filled with fruit, and, as great care was taken in transplanting, it is hoped the tree will not share the fate of all its predecessors. It was placed inside the conservatory in which a tropical temperature is maintained. —[New York Tribune.]

FOR THE LADIES.

ACCOMPLISHED SWEDISH WOMEN.

Swedish women are unusually accomplished, and they have attained to distinction as authors and translators. They are also proficient in the arts of engraving on wood and glass, wood carving, map making, mother-of-pearl cutting, goldsmithing and book-binding. Women's wages are, however, smaller than those received by men, and educational advantages are greater for boys than for girls. —[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

MY LADY'S SHOE BUTTONS.

Shoe buttons are now enlisted among the slaves of Dame Fashion. The plain, black commonplace shoe button is styled antique and bright silver or gold ones are attached to the fashionable shoe. Carrying the thing to extremes, as usual, the French shops have jeweled shoe buttons in stock, which they sell by the set of twenty-four round, sparkling buttons. Silver, studded with turquoise, are popular; so are the round gold buttons, brilliant with diminutive garnets. Buttons of solid pearl, mounted in gold, have been seen. —[Shoe and Leather Facts.]

PRETTY PARASOLS.

Each day shows some handsome addition to the already elaborate display of parasols. For coaching are elegant designs in white and gold brocade, pink, lilac and silver, white, green and primrose, and other delicate combinations. Rose-colored linings appear on parasols of gray, fawn, black and white silk, and frills or tape fringes finish the edges. Dressy styles in pale-hued silk have wide lace insertions put on in arching bands or deep Valenciennes points. For garden parties are wonderful creations in tulle, with a wreath of flowers outside and grasses for fringes, and fancy rush or willow handles. Many of these are transparent and show the gilt ribs through the airy folds of lace, muslin, tulle, gauze or lisse-plaited, shirred, puffed or gathered. A large portion of the parasol handles are of natural woods, holly, white birch, bamboo, oak or cherry, with curiously twisted rings or crooks at the end, or they are quaintly carved and silver-tipped. —[St. Louis Republic.]

AN ODD KIND OF CORD.

A material that is new this year is an odd kind of cord, hardly more than a thread. Whole hats are made of this, in one color, or two, or more. The cord is not woven, but lies loose. A crown of the cord in yellow looked like a twist of taffy. Green and brown are pretty together. In ornaments there are bands of spangles, jet ruffling, plain and tipped with gold, jet oblongs, mother of pearl crescents, butterflies and bees with rhinestone bodies, big gold daisies, bigger black lace daisies with jet centres, and biggest black and blue jet daisies. Filigree ornaments are employed with special success by one house. The ruffling of jet and beads is entirely new and is repeated in straw.

Ruffles of every material are much approved. One or two narrow, single ruffles of velvet are on the edge of hats, or, perhaps, a double ruffle, as one of green velvet shirred on a large centre cord about the edge of a green and white-striped Milan hat, the trimming completed with high-stemmed white jonquils and white Irish lace. A double ruche of this same lace is on a blue chip. Ribbon is quilted and sewed on the brim of a hat to give a celled surface. Lace is put on around the edge in a box-plaited ruffle. —[New York Times.]

WOMEN ALWAYS ECONOMIZE.

The most recklessly extravagant woman has a vein of economy somewhere in her composition. Economy is born in a woman. It may not develop in her self or her husband. Yet there will always be some point at which she will retrench, will look well to the pennies and think and calculate with the ablest financier.

She may be willing to pay \$100 for a gown, but will shop all over town to save ten cents a yard on the lining.

She may spend \$5 for a ride in the park, but she will begrudge five cents car fare when out shopping. She may stint the table at one time and be wildly extravagant at another. She may ruin a whole garment by the desire to finish it cheaply, which desire has remorselessly seized her at the last moment, but there is one thing in which she never economizes. When she loves she loves with her whole heart. There is no stint—only a giving of all the wealth of her affection. Therefore do not laugh at her little economies; simply remember that a woman to be womanly must be just made up of those contradictions that seem so ridiculous to the average masculine mind. —[Philadelphia Times.]

HINTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

One never-to-be-forgotten principle governing the selection of girdles is that if the waist is large a belt darker than the dress makes it seem smaller; if the waist is willowy a light or bright belt emphasizes its slender grace. And also equally important is that a wide belt and a small girth are the only combinations compatible with good taste.

A quaint conceit is that of matching the belt with shoes for outing costumes, lizard, alligator and suede being the materials usually employed. Ultra-fashionables indulge in rattlesnake and pig skin for girdle and boots, and white suede, white canvas and white patent leather will be well worn. For evening wear red slippers with jet butterflies and black suede with jeweled butterfly tips of cream-white fans of lace set in over the instep and jeweled buckles are among the novelties. Cloth-topped button boots with patent leather tips are most approved for the promenade, and low-laced shoes of patent leather or suede, matching the costume in tint, for house or carriage use.

Ties are certainly the most convenient thing for ordinary wear. They will not do for tramping or climbing, but apart from these they will answer almost every purpose. For dressy occasions the fine ones are just the thing, and those of a very stout and serviceable make and

material can be secured for other use. But above all things avoid gaiters is the advice of a New York correspondent. I know they look very pretty in pictures, and they can be had in all shades and can be made to order in the same material as your dress if you desire at a very low price, but, in spite of all this, never, never spoil the shape of a pretty foot—if you possess one—by wearing a gaiter. You can positively have no ankle, small or large, and no instep, if you don one of these ungainly boot tops. Rather wear a well-fitting shoe, if you must have a top.

HOW VICTORIA TRAVELS.

The two carriages provided for Her Majesty's railway journeys were constructed and furnished in Belgium, and are usually kept in the Gare du Nord at Brussels.

Their external aspect is not very different from that of other saloon carriages. They are connected by a short corridor, forming a suit of small apartments. In front is a box for the Scottish Highland man servant attending on Her Majesty.

The drawing room for the Queen and Princess Beatrice is furnished with a sofa, two armchairs and footstools of Louis XVI style, all covered with blue silk, with yellow fringes and tassels. The walls are hung with silk capitonnage, which is blue for the dado and pearl gray above, brocade with the shamrock, rose and thistle in pale yellow. The curtains are blue and white. The small table of a pale colored wood. A dark Indian carpet is spread on the floor. There are four lights in the ceiling; in the center is a ventilator of cut out brass.

The saloon leads to the dressing room, which is hung in Japanese style, with bamboo covered the floor. The wash hand stand is covered with dark red morocco leather, relieved with white metal ornaments and nails. The basins and all the toilet service are of the same metal. Two fairy lights stand on the table. The royal ladies' bedroom is decorated in gray and light brown colors; the larger of the two beds is for the Queen, the other is for the Princess Beatrice or whoever travels with Her Majesty.

Beyond the bedroom is a sort of luggage room, where the maids sleep on sofas. Her Majesty on the road takes her meals in the saloon, which is lighted at night by four oil lamps fixed in brackets on the walls, and by one or two portable lamps. No electric lighting is adopted, but electric bells are fixed to call the servants. The bedding is the Queen's own, and she takes it away on leaving her train. —[New York Press.]

FASHION NOTES.

Moonstones are much liked, whether worn by themselves or with a setting of diamonds.

The peasant bodice is pretty, in bright silk, laced over a French gimpe of Indian linen.

The edelweiss in white enamel is one of the most attractive articles in the jewelers' cases.

Many of the newest foulards show a Paisley shawl pattern in delicate colors on a shot foundation.

There are jet-embroidered hoes, also those with large designs like baskets of flowers with trailing vines.

Garden hats are of coarse rustic straw, or of shirred mull, with no trimming save a large rosette or a few soft loops of mull.

New waitress aprons seen in the best shops are of fine lawn with wide hems and deep ruffles reaching to the bottom of the skirts.

The bedford cord challie is a dainty fabric. Fine serge or Henrietta in delicate shades has colored stones set sparingly in a fancy border.

Aigrettes of feathers are worn again in the hair, and large straw hats show aigrettes of antennae or insect horns rising from bows of ribbon.

Moire or brocade ribbon, laid in perpendicular stripes, with floating ends cut in a fishtail, are effective for ornamenting wool or silk dresses.

Robes prepared for the Russian-blouse gown have the narrow border on sufficient of the goods to form the blouse skirt, besides that for the bodice.

The old-fashioned Swisses, dotted in white, red or blue, make cool and fresh-looking morning dresses made up with a quantity of ribbon and embroidery.

The prettiest trimmings for French gingham, batistes, zephyrs and similar fabrics are of open work embroideries, point de Gene or the light and delicate Irish linen laces.

Something new in shoes is the bootee. It is merely a low shoe that has the front uppers extended high on the instep till it protects the ankle slightly and is laced. It comes in all colors.

Hats of gold and silver lace have little trimming save a tuft of ostrich tips or a knot of flowers or ribbon, being sufficiently natty and pleasing to the eye without other adornments.

It is reported on excellent authority that shorter sleeves and longer gloves will be worn. During the hot weather this is a very comfortable fashion and long gloves are distinctly dressy in appearance.

Shawl straps for steamer rugs are made of dark leather, studded with gilt beads and caught with gilt buckles representing anchors. Pillows to be placed at the back of steamer chairs are made of linen edged with a soft twisted cord.

Suede, apricot, Argentine gray, mignonette green, raspberry, silver-blue, also soft tints, shot with color, are among the shades of driving or dust cloaks of light taffetas or surah worn in open victorias and in village carts of the various summer resorts.

White crepons come in patterns or robes beautifully embroidered in colors. There will be a wide border of scattered daisies worked in green silks, or of violets in their own color and in yellow. Narrow bands of the embroidery are provided for the waist.

Sailor hats, which are always used for lawn tennis and boating, are more becoming than usual. The shape is something like the old one, but has a round brim, and is trimmed with sash ribbon around the crown, tied in a bow at the side, under which the brim is slightly caught up.