HOME.

BY ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

Wherever on far distant farms
The orchard trees lift bounteous arms,
The lane is grape-leaved, woodland dense,
The chipmunk leaps the zigzag fence,
The horses from the plow's last round
Drink with a deep, sweet, cooling sound,
And with the soft young moon afloat
Comes up the frogs' heart-easing note,
And tree-toads' endless melody,
Oh, that is home,
Is restful home to me.

Whenever on a distant street
Two charmful eyes I chance to meet,
The look of one who knows the grace
Of every change on nature's face,
Whose sealike soul is open wide
To breezes from the farther side,
Whose voice and movement seem to give
The knowledge of how best to live
And how to live most happily,
Oh, that is home,
Is blessed home to me.
—Youth's Companion.

THE PARSONS PLACE.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

THE girl's eyes followed the train wistfully, until only a film of smoke was left hanging in the air. Then she turned and faced the desolate little station.

"I believe I'm marooned!" she groaned. "There isn't a soul in—yes, there's a boy. Have I got to ask him for help?"

The boy was brown—very brown. His trousers were crammed carelessly into big top boots, and the boots were muddy. The boy was big and awkward and bashful. He sidled away down the deserted platform, as if to escape as soon as possible. He did not look up once.

"Oh, wait! Please wait a moment!" the girl cried, hastily. "There's nobody else to ask. Won't you please tell me if this is Cutler? I'm afraid I got off at the wrong place."

The boy's abrupt stop and the girl's impetuous chase had brought them close together—too close for the dainty summer skirts. The girl involuntarily twitched them away from contact with the big, muddy boots. She did not see the blood rush to the boy's tanned face, staining it a rich mahogany hue.

"Have I made a mistake? Oh, I hope I have—no, I guess I don't mean that, but it's so—so dreadful here!"

"This is Cutler?" the boy muttered, stiffly. "But it's not the village. That's over there four miles." He pointed with his thumb.

"Four miles! Then there must be a stage. I don't see any. Oh, it hasn't gone, has it?"

"There isn't any stage that meets this train. There's one in the morning."

"Not any stage!"

The girl's voice showed distress. A trail of muddy roadway stretched away before her, and her eyes followed it despairingly.

Terry Quinn's heart melted. "How far are you calculating to go? I don't know but I could take you a piece," he said, suddenly. "I live this side of the village a little way."

"I am going to the Parsons place. Do you know where it is?"

The Parsons place! A picture of it, abandoned and forlorn, rose before the boy, and he contrasted it mentally with the beautiful, delicate girl before him.

"Yes, I know where it is," he said. "You can go along with me if you want to. I have got a load of grain, so I shall have to go slow."

"Oh, I don't mind going slow!" the girl cried, gratefully. "You are very kind."

An old farm wagon, loaded with grain bags, stood near. She had hard work to clamber up to its high seat.

They rattled away down the muddy road, lurching into ruts and swaying over stones. The girl's eyes grew wide with alarm.

Terry Quinn sat on the edge of his seat, and gazed straight ahead in an agony of bashfulness. At intervals he slipped a little farther away from the dainty figure beside him, until the vacant space on the seat had widened absurdly.

He was sure the girl was laughing at it. He was sure she was afraid of his muddy boots and coarse clothes. Suppose she got her skirts all floury from the bags! Suppose she wanted to talk!

The girl sat looking down the road. Her sweet face grew more sober every minute. She was thinking of her mother and Molly and the unknown Parsons place. At last she could bear it no longer.

"Is it—nice?" she asked, suddenly, startling the color into the boy's brown face. "The Parsons place, I mean?"

Terry had the dismal picture still in his mind. The Parsons place was unrepaired, uninhabited. He remembered the tall weeds and grass in the dooryard, and the broken windows and the gate that sagged on its hinges. For ten years the Parsons place had been abandoned.

"Is it painted white, with green blinds?" the girl persisted. "Are there beautiful trees? And rosebushes? Is there a view? I shall be so glad if there's a piazza! We could wheel mother's couch out on it, and she could lie there all the pleasant days and get well. That's what we're coming here for. The doctors said she —could not be any better in the city. It's awful in the city in summer."

The boy made no answer, and attributing his silence to bashfulness, she continued:

"This place—the Parsons place—was left to us a year ago in a will. Now that mother is sick, we are very glad of it, because the doctors say she must be taken to the country. I've come to see about getting the house opened and aired. Then I'm going back for them all."

"Where were you expecting to stop to-night?" questioned the boy awkwardly. She turned upon him in surprised wonder at the question.

"Why, at the hotel, I suppose. I hadn't thought, but that's where I shall go, of course. Is it near the Parsons place?"

Terry Quinn felt a wild desire to laugh. The idea of a hotel near the Parsons place was too much for him. But a side glance at the wistful, girlish face sobered him.

"There isn't any hotel hereabouts," he said.

"No hotel? Why, I thought of course— Oh, I don't see what I am going to do!"

"Mother'll take you in, I guess," interrupted Terry, hurriedly. "We live close by. She'll see to you. Mother's great."

In the instant of offering the girl the hospitality of his own home, another idea had occurred to Terry Quinn. He sat on the edge of his seat, driving the old white mare at a snail's pace, and thought it all out to his satisfaction.

It was growing late. The soft June dusk was settling over the land. The girl's impatience nearly asserted itself. It would be so late to see the Parsons place!

"We've got the key at our house," Terry announced, with startling abruptness. "We've always kept it. You'd better not try to go down to the house till to-morrow. It—it needs daylight to see it anyways well. Mother'll go along with you in the morning. Mother's great."

He had said that before. The girl smiled to herself wearily.

They were jogging by a little unpainted, uninhabited house set in weeds and neglect. The girl shuddered.

"Oh, I hope it won't look like that! That's dreadful!" she said. "If it looks like that I think I shall—cry!"

Terry whipped up the old white mare hastily, and drove away from the dreary place. In another five minutes he had stopped in front of a cheerful little house hugged by vines and roses. His mother was in the doorway.

"Oh, yes, she's 'great!'" the girl thought. "She's beautiful." She helps out the Parsons place, no matter what it's like. And that boy—well, he's pretty nice, even if he is muddy outside."

Downstairs Terry and his mother were talking things over. Mrs. Quinn approved of the plan, but was not three o'clock earlier than need be?

"It'll need all that time," the boy said. "I guess you haven't been down to the Parsons place very lately, mother. It's a sight."

"Yes, I know. Poor dear, it was a mercy she did not know it to-night!"

At three o'clock the next morning the boy and the birds were up. Terry went straight to the Parsons place, encumbered with a scythe and a rake and various other tools.

He whistled under his breath till he got past the house; then he broke out into clear, shrill melody. The birds answered jubilantly.

For an hour, two hours, the boy toiled. Gradually the unkempt little front yard took on a kind of trimness. The tall weeds and grassblades fell before the sturdy swing of the scythe, and the straggling bushes began to look more neat. There were left untouched only the flaunting hollyhocks and bouncing-bets.

"They're too pretty to cut down," thought Terry. "Maybe she'll like 'em, I do."

The precious time sped by, but Terry had made his plans carefully. He righted the sagging gate. He raked up the grass and concealed it beneath the bushes. He even had time to mend some of the broken windows.

Then as a finishing touch he painted the brown old pump a marvelous, celestial blue! That was his final triumph. He stood back and gazed entranced at the work of his brush.

"It looks great," he muttered, "but I hope she won't want a drink. It's got a heap of drier in it, but it won't dry as quick as that. There's mother blowing the horn! I've got to hurry home to breakfast."

Mrs. Quinn went with the girl to the Parsons place. In her crisp starched sunbonnet and print dress she plodded heavily beside the slender, girlish figure.

All things were favorable this morning. Nature abetted the boy in his little plan. What had looked dreary and unattractive the previous night looked bright and pleasant under the spell of the clear, new day. And the boy's work had changed the Parsons place in its new dress. She thought she had "never seen it before."

"What a queer little place!" she said, as they approached it. "But it looks as if somebody cared for it. I rather like it."

"Th's is the Parsons place," said Mrs. Quinn.

"The Parsons place? This? Oh! Oh, I thought it would be—different! I didn't know it was going to be little and—and—queer."

She gazed about her almost in horror. But gradually the neat yard and trimmed bushes—the bouncing bets and the nodding hollyhocks—appealed to her. The little place grew pleasanter to her, and she nodded slowly.

"But I rather like it," she said. "It looks as if somebody cared—not lonely and neglected like one I saw last night. Oh, I couldn't have borne that! Yes, I like the flowers and the bushes—there's a shady place for mother's couch. Molly could keep house over there, among those thick bushes. There could be chairs set round in the yard, and the air is wonderfully sweet."

"But—oh, the pump! Was anything ever bluer? The girl went ecstatic up to the brilliant apparition, but Mrs. Quinn called her back in a panic.

"Look out!" she warned. "Terry's just—I mean somebody's just been painting that pump. You'll get all blued up my dear!"

Terry had just—somebody had just been painting the pump! Queer. Queer anybody should take pains to paint an abandoned pump!

"But it isn't so queer as the pump itself," the girl thought. "I don't wonder that somebody took pains! I wonder if it could have been—I believe it could!" And the grass, of course he cut that. That's why it's so short." She wheeled and faced Mrs. Quinn with shining eyes.

"I believe somebody has done all this!" she cried. "I believe it was your boy!"

"Terry's a good boy," murmured his mother, smiling.

"He's 'great,'" the girl said, with an unsteady little laugh, "but I don't believe he'd want me to thank him——"

"No!" Mrs. Quinn cried, with gentle emphasis. "Dear heart, no. Terry wouldn't!"

"Then you must do it for me. Tell him it has made all the difference in the world. Tell him I like the Parsons place—and the pump is beautiful! I never knew what the country was like before, or a country boy. I'm glad I know now!"

The sweet June days filed by in their tender, lingering way. Before they were quite gone the invalid mother was at the Parsons place, and already her thin cheeks were taking a faint hint of color from the wonderful country air. Molly was housekeeping under the syringas, and the girl was housekeeping in-doors. The Parsons place was alive again.

Down the road a little way Terry whistled cheerfully about his homely work, and grew browner still. He had to gotten that he had ever done anything to help anybody, but the girl did not forget it.—Youth's Companion.

Where Women Draw the Plow.

An Iowa traveler just back from the new northwestern frontier tells of some of these hardships:

"I saw a colony of Galacians in Saskatchewan," he said, "and they gave me the most extraordinary exhibition of human patience and fortitude I ever beheld. I saw from a dozen to fifteen women hitched two and two to an eighteen-inch breaking plow, and they marched right ahead through the tough ground with that plow, tearing up five acres a day on an average. There was a man holding the plow. The work these people did was as effective as could have been done by horses or oxen. The women seem to take their hard labor as a matter of course. They are very cheerful over it, laughing and joking as they snake that great steel blade through the turf. I am told that scores of these girls who draw plows all day have vitality enough left to dance through the greater part of the night. They are broad of shoulder, heavy hipped and muscled like wrestlers. They may not be beautiful to look at, but they are healthy looking, and moreover they are full of the determination that makes a new country open out."

These will disappear in a few years, and another generation will know of these hardships only by hearsay or as of tradition. They are only an incident of pioneering. It is difficult to realize that such hardships and privations are necessary in this day of the world and on this continent; but it will not be denied that this sort of pluck and endurance is a good indication that upon this new and final frontier line there will be built up a rugged society that will prove an important addition to the social elements of the Western Hemisphere.—Des Moines Leader.

Confidences.

"If you wish to know why I want to marry you," he said, "that is, aside from my love, but just from a plain, practical, everyday standpoint, I will tell you. I want to marry you in the first place, because, having always had what you wanted, never having known what it was to be poor, I know you will not be extravagant. For I know that it always works this way. The poor girl plunges and the rich girl retrenches. Then I want to marry you because you will never lose your temper and will always be willing to let me do what I want, within reason, of course. I want to marry you because you have no fads and prefer to stay at home and make it what it should be rather than take a pernicious interest in outside things. I want to marry you because you will, I know, let me select the places we can spend our vacation in and because you will be nice to all my friends, no matter who they are, and care for them for my sake. These are only a few of the many reasons why I want to marry you. And now, dearest, what do you want to marry me for?"

"For this," she replied earnestly. "I want to marry you, if only to show that you are mistaken in everything you have said to me."—Life.

Dickens and the Coronation.

An interesting contribution to the evening meeting of the Boz Club—an association composed of those who knew and loved Dickens during his lifetime—held at London, was narrated by a peer, who himself has received it from the mouth of one who was present with his peers at the coronation of Queen Victoria. They had assembled in the abbey at six o'clock in the morning, with the prospect of remaining in their places for ten hours; but twenty-two peers came provided with copies of a paper-covered installment, published the previous evening, of a story by Boz. Less fortunate peers demanded that the number should be read aloud, but this proposal being objected to as inconsistent with the sanctity of the place, they waited as patiently as they could until each in his turn received the coveted chapters.

The point of the story, says the London Graphic, is that there was at that time in England a novelist who, though only twenty-six years of age, could command the public interest to such an extent that no fewer than twenty-two copies of his work were to be found in one gallery of that august assembly.

Bad Manners.

If they only knew it, the people who pride themselves on employing no tact simply employ bad manners.—New York Press.

WORLD'S COAL SUPPLY.

PRESENT CENTURY WILL SEE THE END OF ENGLAND'S DEPOSITS.

China Will Be Able to Contribute Enormously to the Fuel Fund—Great Coal Beds of the Whole of America—Germany Well Fortified.

In view of the enormous consumption of coal in the past forty years the question as to how long the supply will last has been much discussed. England has not been particularly alarmed by the prediction that the end of her coal resources was almost within sight. The majority of the people have adopted the view that the economists who affirmed that two generations more would practically see the end of her coal beds were unnecessarily pessimistic. England therefore continues with much serenity to sell more coal to the countries which import it than all the rest of the world together. It supplies far more coaling stations than any other country. It is the only land that does an enormous business in the exportation of coal.

The business of selling coal abroad is usually very profitable, and one reason why England surpasses all competitors in this business is because she has special facilities for it. Her coal is so near the sea that England is able to ship it less expensively than any other exporting nation. Owing to our more extensive use of coal mining machinery, a great deal of our coal at the pit mouth does not cost so much as British coal when raised to the surface, but by the time we ship our coal on the ocean it usually costs more than British coal.

Another reason why usually, when the price of European coal is not abnormally high, we cannot compete with British exports is because our sea carriage to the continent of Europe, which is by far the greatest importer, is very much longer than that of England. Thus England has special advantages for the export coal trade, and she improves them to the utmost, in spite of the fact that economists are again beginning to reassert that the present century will undoubtedly see the end of her coal resources.

The most interesting contribution that has been made for a long time to the question of the world's future coal supply is that which Dr. Ferdinand Fischer, of Gottingen, has just published. Dr. Fischer has collected with much care all the best attainable data as to the coal resources of the entire world. Such work as this can be regarded only as a striving to reach conclusions that are worthy of consideration for the time being and as satisfactory as the present condition of our knowledge will permit. They are likely to be very much modified when we have more light on the question, just as the prognostications thirty years ago with regard to the world's coal resources needed amending when we came to understand how enormously China is able to contribute to the supplies. But though we must continue to regard such estimates as those made by Dr. Fischer as tentative, they are not only interesting, but important as painstaking, critical and able summaries of our existing knowledge and of the conclusions which it seems to justify.

Briefly summing up the estimates which Dr. Fischer has based upon his studies, he concludes that the attainable coal supply of Germany amounts, in round numbers, to 160,000 million tons, that of Great Britain to 81,500 million tons, that of Austria-Hungary, Belgium and France together to 17,000 million tons. The coal deposits of Russia are still so little known that Dr. Fischer does not attempt to estimate the attainable output, though he says that the resources are undoubtedly enormous, particularly in the southern regions from the Government of Poltava eastward into the land of the Don Cossacks.

He estimates that the coal resources of the whole of America are at least 684,000 million tons. All our later information with regard to China has tended to confirm the conclusions reached by Van Richthofen as to the enormous wealth in coal of that empire. There is as yet no reason to believe that this very careful scientific traveler overshot the mark when he estimated (his figures are reproduced by Dr. Fischer) the coal provision of the eighteen provinces at 630,000 million tons of anthracite and an equal quantity of bituminous coal.

It is a curious commentary on that really civilized land which, as far as we know, is richer in coal than any other country in the world, that almost none of it is yet available for steam power. It is largely used by the Chinese, but mainly in the regions where it is mined. The land routes are so miserably poor that it does not pay to haul coal more than twenty-five miles. Unless a mine is within this distance of water carriage the area of the distribution of the output is confined to the immediate neighborhood. Steamships at Shanghai are to-day filling their bunkers with coal brought from Europe, because it is cheaper than coal expensively brought from Chinese mines in the interior.

The United States now far surpasses all other nations in the employment of machinery in coal mining. The cheaper and more rapid methods of machine mining have undoubtedly been a factor in the influences that have made us the first among the coal producing States. The quantity of our machine mined coal increased from 6,200,000 tons in 1861 to 43,063,000 tons in 1899. Dr. Fischer advises the Germans to give more attention to the mining of coal by machinery.

In his opinion Germany has a coal supply that will meet the needs of the country for about 1000 years to come. Dr. Fischer also reaches the conclusion, based upon the latest and most accurate information, that probably within the next fifty years, and certainly within this century Great Britain will exhaust her coal resources, at the present rate of consumption; that is to say, she cannot go on supplying the larger part of the world's export coal without reaching the end of her tether, as far as home coal is concerned, long before her industrial competitors have exhausted their home supplies. Dr. Fischer entertains the gloomy view, cherished by so many Germans, that when England becomes a coal importing nation she will lose much of her importance as an industrial state and will cease to be the leading world power.

Japan has large coal resources, particularly in the southern province of Kinshin. Borneo is rich in coal formations, as also is New South Wales—a fact that is enabling Sydney to forge ahead of the other Australian cities in industrial development. Africa and South America are poorer in coal than any of the other continents, but the development of coal mines in South Africa and South America are poorer in coal than any of the other continents, but the development of coal mines in South Africa bids fair to supply the industrial needs of the country. —New York Sun.

A CATHEDRAL CITY.

Goulburn, in New South Wales, Holds the Pride of Position.

Each of the Australian States possesses several large cities representing so many dioceses, and having large and beautiful cathedrals, both Anglican and Roman Catholic. Among those in New South Wales, Goulburn may be regarded as holding the pride of position, forming as it does, the busy metropolis of the southern half of the State. It is situated on the main line connecting Brisbane and Sydney with Melbourne and Adelaide, being 134 miles south of Sydney and 574 miles northeast of Melbourne. By many Goulburn has been regarded as a suitable site for the proposed federal capital. It possesses all the cheery surroundings of a large and well-ordered city, the main thoroughfares of which rival the Parisian boulevards in their width, the precision with which they are laid out, and the systematic use of shade trees. The great feature of the city is the Anglican cathedral, which so far as ecclesiastical adornment goes, puts to shame that in the metropolis. It is one of the finest edifices of its kind in Australia, and portion of a day may well be employed in the inspection of its manifold attractions. It is in the Gothic style, its internal length being 150 feet. The nave and aisles are fifty-four feet in width, the transepts being ninety-six feet in length and, like the nave and aisles, fifty-four feet in width, the ground plan thus forming a perfect cross.

The walls of the chancel, nave and transepts are adorned with elegant medallions, beautifully carved in stone representing incidents in the life of Christ. There are also numerous fine stained glass windows, depicting subjects of a biblical character. The pulpit—a gift from Warwickshire—is of Caen stone, from the same quarries that supplied the material for the famous Normandy Cathedral. It is of extremely tasteful design, somewhat like what visitors to churches in continental Europe are familiar, the central figure, within a sunken panel, being of the Saviour, having the prophet Elijah on the right and Moses and Peter on the left. The font—a present from Staffordshire—is in a similar style of art. There is also a handsome brass lectern, and the bishop's throne, the communion table and chairs are of English oak, richly carved. There are numerous tasteful accessories, the whole making the cathedral interior one of the finest examples of ecclesiastical art in Australia. The Roman Catholic Cathedral is another noble structure, and, in addition, Goulburn possesses handsome public and private buildings. Although, with the exception of its cathedral, Goulburn contains little to specially attract the attention of the tourist, it forms an admirable starting point for several interesting localities.

Longest English Word.

Which is the longest word in the English language? The controversy on this subject may break out afresh over a note of Dr. Murray's in "The Oxford English Dictionary." He points out that "incircumscriptableness" and "honorificabilitudinity" both contain twenty-two letters, says the London News. But these are beaten by a word coined, or at least first used, by Dr. Benson, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, "Antidisestablishmentarians," which contains as many letters as the alphabet, viz., twenty-six. We think, however, we can go one better than this. For each of the above words an authority is given. But if "honorificabilitudinity" be allowable, why not "honorificabiliaudinarians?" This has twenty-seven letters and fourteen syllables, and we have seen the word used somewhere. After all, if it be allowable to build up compound words on the German system, our language has infinite possibilities in syllable spinning.

Coloring of Precious Stones.

Modern chemistry has produced such changes in the colorings of many of our stones and minerals that it is possible to imitate many of them and improve upon nearly all. Any colored onyx can be obtained by simple chemical processes, and the common dull colors of this stone can be converted into brilliant hues, thus greatly increasing the value. Not only can the whole stone be made to change its color, but sections and lines of it can be made to assume a red, black, yellow or white color, while the rest is pure white or black. Agates are easily converted into an onyx-like substance and character, which lapidaries use for cameos and intaglios. Altogether, our chemical treatmentof some of the abundant stones and minerals has not only widened and developed the resources of the country, but it has made it possible for the poor to possess good imitations of jewels which at one time were considered almost priceless.—Scientific American.

The French Beaconsfield.

When French history is written, says the London Sketch, the name of Waldeck-Rousseau will figure very prominently. He had the biggest practice at the French bar, and his income was close on $100,000 a year. The administration of the Lebaudy estates was alone a fortune. He came into power with the streets filled with cavalry and troops, and he leaves France in peace. Waldeck is a man to whom life is an outlived thing. At the theatre he looked on but took no interest, and beyond drives in the Bois, extending over hours, he seemed to have no recreation. He has been called the French Beaconsfield, and to those who have seen, hour by hour, for the last three years what he did the title seemed not inappropriate.

New York City.—The illustration shows one of the season's most popular garments, an Eton of black taffeta with white peau de sole trimmings and an ecru linen embroidered collar.

ETON WITH SAILOR COLLAR.

The jacket is simply adjusted with shoulder and underarm seams. It reaches just to the waist line at the back and has a fashionable dip in front.

The fronts are shaped with single bust darts and may be fastened below the collar if so desired, but these jackets are usually worn open to display the fancy vest or neck piece worn beneath.

Bands of peau de sole finish the edges. The broad sailor collar is of the same material, covered with a separate collar of linen. It completes the neck and gives a becoming, broad-shouldered effect.

The sleeves are regulation coat models, fitted with upper and under portions. They have slight fulness on the shoulders and flare in bells at the wrists.

Etons in this style are made of peau de soie, moire, taffeta or any light-weight woolen fabric, and usually lined with white, as they are intended to accompany light-colored waists. Tucked or hemstitched taffeta may be used for the collar and motifs of lace applied.

To make the Eton in the medium size will require two and one-half yards of twenty-two-inch material, with five-eighth yard of contrasting material for collar.

A Pretty Nightdress.

Here is a pretty and simple nightdress, and one made differently from most that are to be seen. It is cut a little low and square at the neck, and the sleeves are rather short. Neck and sleeves are finished with a band, perhaps an inch and a half in depth, stitched several times, the rows of stitching being about a quarter of an inch apart. Through each of the openings is a narrow ribbon. The ribbons are brought out together at the sides of the sleeves and at the opening of the neck and tied. The lines of little ribbon bows look like soft rosettes and are very pretty.

Comfortable House Gown.

Cool, comfortable house gowns are made of China and India silk, which come in many different colors and are no more expensive than fine gingham. The possession of an attractive wrapper is a source of great satisfaction to most women, and the desire for stylish house garments should be encouraged.

In the wrapper illustrated in the large drawing violet and black silk is trimmed with all-over lace and satin ribbons. It is mounted on a glove-fitted lining that closes in the front.

Three backward turning tucks at each side of the centre back are stitched down a short distance, the fulness forming a Watteau back. A smooth adjustment is maintained under the arms.

The full fronts are gathered at the neck and drawn in at the waist with satin ribbons that are included in the under arm seams and tie in a bow with long ends. A high band turn-down collar completes the neck.

A broad sailor collar of lace is square in the back and forms long tabs in front. Bishop sleeves are finished with lace cuffs, the points fastening on top.

WRAPPER WITH SAILOR COLLAR.

Bands of velvet ribbon and lace form an attractive finish around the bottom of the wrapper. The skirt touches in front and has a graceful sweep in the back. Bands of satin ribbon finish the collars and cuffs.

The mode may be developed in challe, albatross, cashmere, nun's veiling, or French flannel. It is also appropriate for lawn, dimity, gingham or mercerized cotton, and may be made with or without lining.

To make the wrapper in the medium size will require seven yards of thirty-six-inch material with three-quarter yards of all-over embroidery.

Summer Evening Fan.

Any one desiring a pretty evening fan to wear with a cream lace dress or a dress daintily embellished with cream lace can get the same for little more than a dollar. The piece of creamy Chantilly is made the shape of a fan, with a border design at all the four shaped edges. Then it is stuck on the sticks, which are dainty enough—indeed, really pretty.

An Attractive Bit of Color.

A black and yellow basket design embroidered on bands of white gives an attractive bit of color to a gown of white pique.

A Dressy Little Frock.

Some dressy little frocks for summer wear are made of white wash silk which comes a few yards wide, and will launder just as well as a swiss or dimity. Both of these virtues are very desirable in fabrics for children's garments.

The dress shown here is made of white silk with lace trimmings. The waist is mounted on a fitted body lining that closes in the centre back and is cut slightly low at the neck.

The full front and backs are gathered at the upper and lower edges and arranged over the lining. The fulness at the neck is confined to the square portion, and the waist fits smoothly on the shoulders.

The lining and body portions are joined separately in the underarm seam, and the waist blouses stylishly over the soft belt of pale blue liberty satin.

The sailor collar extends across the back and forms square tabs in front. It is fastened permanently on the left side and closes invisibly on the right. The sleeves are short, full puffs that terminate in narrow arm bands. Lace on the collar bands and waist provides a stylish finish.

The skirt is gathered in several rows of shirring at the top and arranged at the lower edge of the body portion closing in the centre back. It is trimmed with two bands of lace. The shirring increases the size of the hips and makes a very becoming skirt for slender girls.

Dresses in this style are made of challie, albatross, crepe de chine, organdie, lawn or dimity, with lace or ribbon for trimming.

GIRL'S DRESS.

To make the dress for a girl eight years old will require two and one-quarter yards of forty-inch material.