

IN THE RAIN.

In the rain
Perched upon my window-pane
Sat a sparrow sleek and vain,
Whom I saw, all round and sane,
Chirping sharp a note refrain:
"Let me in!"
"Let me in!"

Fast the rain
Dashed o'er the window-pane,
Why should sparrow not complain,
Scarcely a foothold to remain,
Bolder now her shrill refrain:
"Let me in!"
"Let me in!"

How the rain
Surges 'gainst my window-pane,
I will breast it might and main,
Open wide, now, not in vain!
Soft the wee thing's glad refrain:
"I am in!"
"I am in!"

Fierce the rain
Struggling at my window-pane,
Hark! mid city's roar and din
Voices of human wails in sin
Out of the darkness sties and lane,
Robbing like the sobbing rain,
This, God, the sad refrain:
"Take me in!"
"Take me in!"

—Frances Fenton Sanborn, in the Boston Transcript.

THE TOBOGGAN.

A Tale of the Italian Fishing Fleet.

By BERNARD BARRY.

IN the little cottage on the southern slope of Telegraph Hill, Nita was repeating many Ave Marias before an atrocious lithograph of the Madonna. The fog-horn had been growling all morning, and her father and her lover were out with the fishing fleet. For every Ave she offered up for Louis, the lover, she offered two for her father, the Padrone. Every one connected with the fishing industry in San Francisco knew the Padrone, and his advice was the law of the fishermen. Even those who had incurred his disfavor at times bore him no ill-will, for the heart of that gentle, gray-haired giant was as soft as his beards were hard. Nita loved him as only a petted but unspolied child could. Even Louis was not half so dear to her as the father-ber mother of praying showed that.

Just at that time Louis and the Padrone were greatly in need of prayer, or perhaps more material assistance. A tug-boat—certainly steaming much faster than the half speed prescribed by law for vessels in the fog—had made matchwood out of their little boat. Louis and the Padrone plunged almost simultaneously into the cold water just in time to avoid being entangled in the debris. The tug may or may not have returned to investigate the damage. At any rate, it did not find Louis or the Padrone, who were left floundering in the sea.

"Boots off, Louis," called the Padrone, almost cheerily: "we must swim till we reach the islands, or till the fog lifts." He wanted to keep the younger man from realizing how hopeless was their condition. In a short time they divested themselves of their boots and their outer clothing, for they were both good swimmers.

"This way. The Parallones are this way. Follow close, but save your strength," said the Padrone. He was completely lost, but there were volumes of confidence and hope in his voice. The men struck out, breathing the waves with strong, sturdy strokes. They swam for several hours, but the fog did not lift or thin in the least. Louis began to tire, and the Padrone heard him gasping for breath. "Come, boy, for Nita," he cried. But Louis's strength was fast giving out.

"Put your hand on my shoulder," ventured the Padrone: "I can tow you."

"No," panted Louis: "I can not last. Save yourself."

"It is for Nita, boy. You must be saved," said the Padrone, sharply: "in the name of God, listen—the breakers! There is land ahead!"

The young man struck out desperately, and the Padrone, swimming behind, with one powerful arm pushed him forward, holding him by the hair and the other hand. A heavy roller caught the pair, hurling Louis up on an exceedingly small area of sandy beach. But the Padrone was not so fortunate. He was dashed against a high rock on one side of the beach, and though he managed to crawl over to Louis, his left knee was painfully crippled. They lay breathless on the sand for some time.

Apparently they were in a little gully, with walls running perpendicularly, and the floor sloping upward at a sharp angle.

"Holy Mary!" whispered the Padrone. Out of the mist above came the sharp bark of the seal. Louis was too much exhausted to realize what it meant. But the Padrone knew. The seals would soon become alarmed and come sliding down that narrow slope seeking the water, after their custom when alarmed. Several more commenced to bark. The Padrone looked upward in despair. Several feet above, on one of the walls, a little ledge of rock jutted outward like a shelf.

"Thank God!" muttered the Padrone: "I can save you for Nita. Yes, the old man will save her Louis for his little girl."

He dragged himself quickly to his feet, though the sharp pain in his knee made him wince. The seals were thoroughly aroused by this time. Rapidly gauging the distance with his eye, the Padrone seized the unconscious young man in his arms and tossed him softly up on the ledge.

The Padrone could hear the sound of the seals' flippers as they began their descent. He moved his head to receive death by a prayer on his lips. But in the kaleidoscopic flashes of recollection that came to men at such times, came the momentary remembrance of the days when he stood shoulder to shoulder with the red-shirted men in Italy to receive the charges of Pio Nono's troops. He lifted his head with fierce pride and shook his fist defiantly.

"Viva Garibaldi!" shouted the Padrone, raising the old battle cry with his last breath. For the seals slid down upon him in a frenzied mass, crushing him to death and rolling his body into the sea.

The Dimensions of a Whale.

Captain Davis, one of the most famous of the old-time American whalers, gives these as the dimensions of a right whale yielding 250 barrels of oil: "The blubber of such a whale," he says, "is half a yard thick, and if put together in a strip would be sixty-six feet long and twenty-seven feet wide. The upper jaw would make a room nine feet high and twenty feet long. The lips and throat of the brute, with the supporting jawbones, will weigh as much as twenty-five oxen of 1000 pounds each. The tongue alone will often weigh as much as ten oxen. "The spread of the lips is thirty feet. He can take in fifty barrels of water at each mouthful. When feeding a whale is as big as that sits a track of sea a quarter of a mile long and fifteen feet wide in one run. Then he raises his head, forces his mighty tongue into the cavity of his whalebone sieve and drives the water out with immense force.

"The tail of a right whale is twenty-five feet broad and six feet deep, and the point of junction with the body is about four feet in diameter. In it the tendons as big around as a man's leg.

"The greatest blood vessels are more than a foot in diameter. The blood that is forced through them by a heart as big as a horsehead runs in torrents heated to 104 degrees.

"The respiratory canal is more than a foot in diameter. The rush of air through it is as noisy as the exhaust pipe of a thousand horse power steam engine, and when the fatal wound is given a cataclysm of clotted blood is splattered over the hunters, so hot and nauseating that the crew of a whale-boat often becomes hopelessly sick."

—Washington Star.

Why She Cooked It.

The happy faced man swung on to a college avenue car, and this was the story he had to tell as an explanation for his good humor:

"I have a good joke on my wife. We have a new girl, a German, just over from the fatherland. She is a hard and willing worker, but is greatly in need of judgment and common sense. Yesterday my wife ordered fish and instructed the girl to serve it for dinner. As soon as I tasted it I knew there would be something interesting when my wife discovered it was not as fresh as it should be. Her first mouthful caused her to ring for the girl.

"Mary, is this the fish that came today?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Didn't you know it was not good when you cooked it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then why did you cook it?"

"Well, you bought it, and I thought you knew it, too."—Indianapolis News.

The Wombat and the Auto.

At last an animal has been found whose fur is suitable for automobile coats. Bearskin, the fur of foxes, lynxes, minks and other animals have been tried, but they were not durable when exposed to the pelting of dust and gravel, and they were easily soiled by gasoline, grease and rain. The wombat is the animal which has come to the rescue of auto cranks. It is a member of the marsupial family, and hails from Australia and New Zealand. The fur can be dyed nearly any color, but brown has been found to stand the test better than any other shade. So valuable are the wombat pelts for auto coats that they are not used for any other purpose.—New York Press.

nearly a page of a certain enterprising journal, for he was found and brought back to San Francisco in a specially chartered tug by two of its reporters. After they had photographed and interviewed him to their heart's content, he hurried off to Fisherman's Wharf.

"Where is the Padrone?" was the first inquiry hurled at him fiercely. "Dog! Coward! Where is the Padrone?" And the fishermen gathered about him with their fists.

Louis seemed not to see or fear the angry looks. He had been thinking of the ordeal of facing Nita with the news.

"It was at the little cove on Saddle Rock," he replied doggedly. "I was half dead, and he threw me up on the ledge. Then the seals slid down and killed him."

"Dog! Beast!" came the angry chorus. "How dare you come back to tell it. Death to the coward!" And several knives were drawn.

Mannel, a tall, wiry Italian, who, next to the Padrone, held the highest authority over the men, pushed Louis into a shed, where the fish were stored, and blocked the doorway.

"Wait!" he cried sharply. "Listen to reason. We will leave the matter to the daughter of the Padrone. If she desires it, we will send him to her. If not—we will punish. Pedro—go and find what she wishes."

A stalwart young fisherman quickly started on the errand, and returned with an expression of savage joy in his swarthy face, for he had been an admirer of Nita.

"She says that she does not wish to see him again," he panted.

A cry of approval rose from the crowd. "Death to the coward!" they insisted.

"It is decided, then," said Manuel, calmly. "We will take him back to Saddle Rock, to die a coward's death, where he might have died a man's. We want no cowards in the fishing fleet. Pedro, we will go in your boat."

Four fishermen, turned executioners, glided out through the Golden Gate in Pedro's boat. Louis lay in the bottom bound, silent and silent with bitter resignation. A fresh northeaster brought them to Saddle Rock just before sunset.

"Good!" said Manuel, eagerly. "The seals are there. Quick, boys, before they become frightened."

The seal clattered down, and two of the men bent to the oars. Manuel picked up the helpless Louis and hurled him up on the beach with all his strength, then pushed off with his leg. The men backed desperately with the oars, and the little craft drew off, none too soon, for the foremost seal collided forcibly with the bottom of the boat.

When the men looked at the little beach again it was deserted.

In the little cottage on Telegraph Hill, Nita offered Ave to the Madonna's picture for the repose of her father's soul. No one prayed for the soul of Louis, whose only crime was ill-luck.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Fierce and Reckless People of Albania.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THIS MOUNTAINOUS LAND WHERE HOSTILITIES ARE RAGING.

ALBANIA, that wild tract of mountainous country within a few hours' steam from Cattaro in a Dalmatian pleasure steamer, passed by thousands of wealthy tourists on their way to Egypt, and only divided from Italy by a narrow strip of the Adriatic, is in a certain sense the anomaly of Europe, says Reginald Wynn in Blackwood's Magazine. Yet here we have a land unknown and shunned, its maps far more inaccurate than those of Central Africa—for most of it has been filled in by guesswork—and peopled by a nation of fierce and reckless warriors. The country is unique in Europe; for while even little Montenegro has its schools, its law courts and its newspapers, Albania knows of none of these things. Even its language is entirely distinct from any other European—in fact, its origin, as well as that of the Albanians themselves, is clad in mystery. The language is soft, and not unlike the Italian in sound—but here further resemblance ceases—and consists of about six hundred words. An Italian priest has compiled a dictionary and a rough grammar, and this work is the sole representative of Albanian literature. The language is not easy to learn because of the immense amount of idioms used in conversation, but it presents no insuperable difficulties to the student.

As to the people themselves, spoken of collectively as Albanians, or sometimes Arants, the idea gained thereby of a united nation is quite erroneous. They must first be divided into three, according to the religions—namely, Mohammedans, Greek Orthodox and Roman Catholic Christians. These three religious factions constitute three entirely different peoples, each animated by fraternal hatred of the other; and they can be subdivided into clans and families ad lib. As each clan can be reckoned as a miniature autocratic kingdom ready at any moment to go to war with its next door neighbor, united only in a case of common danger, the anarchy existing all over Albania can be faintly imagined.

In their love of independence they have a bond, and in this alone; but even then one religious faction would fight another on the slightest pretext. At a pinch the Mohammedan section would fight for the Turks if the common enemy was Christian and appeared to be aiming at their enslavement; but it is a fact that the Porte has just as much trouble with the Mohammedans as with the Christians. One and all defy the Turk in every manner. They pay no taxes and give no soldiers, though some of them volunteer for military service. With a sublime indifference to the law, they go armed to the teeth; and though Turkey has sent vast armies in the past to disarm them and enforce the law, within a year or two every man and youth possessed a rifle and revolver.

Today Turkey has neither the power nor the wish to disarm their last bulwark against the threatening West, and in this respect no little cleverness is displayed. We sometimes read of Mohammedan atrocities on Christians in Albania, but this is only where the Christian is in the minority. Where the positions are reversed, the Mohammedan gets just as much persecution as the Christian.

It is far beyond the writer's power to describe even faintly the whole of Albania (Macedonia is not included). Months of travel would be necessary to tell of Old Serbia and the feuds between Mussulman and Greek Orthodox; or of the Epirus, where the Greek Albanian mutilates the Mohammedan, and vice versa.

A few miles away, and vice versa, a few miles away, is the danger zone between Monastir and the Adriatic, where the Mohammedan reigns supreme.

But of the northern regions the writer may speak with some authority. In every respect this part of Roman Catholic Albania is of extreme interest, both as regards the inhabitants and the magnificent scenery. On the lake bearing its name lies Scutari, the capital of Albania, the seat of a yall and a large garrison. It is the only town of Albania that can be reached with any ease by tourists, and it is particularly safe. A visit of a few days is a revelation to any one unacquainted with these lands, for the bewildering variety of national costume to be witnessed there on the weekly market days—or bazar—is one of the most wonderful sights in Europe. The mountaineers descend in their thousands, journeying from far and near, armed with Martini rifle and revolver, but which they must leave behind at the guard houses on the outer precincts of the city. With mules, donkeys or wily ponies, they enter the city in long strings, hawkey, fearless looking men; pretty, tastefully attired girls, and jaded women.

All the numerous clans live absolutely independent of each other, some in blood feud, where they shoot each other at sight wherever they meet. As their borders are not always most satisfactorily defined, and each of the two neighbors holds strong convictions, loyal roval enrage. Then each clan turns out in full strength, and the victor establishes the border line until the defeated clan is strong enough again to remonstrate. Several of these disputes occur annually among themselves and also with the Montenegrins. Sometimes the slaughter is great; at others they are content with half a dozen killed on each side.

Hospitality is part of the very essence of the true Albanian. When once he is convinced that the stranger means no harm to his country, then he opens his house to him and gives him of his best. But the Albanians are extremely suspicious, and it is this trait that constitutes the danger of

traveling in their land. In every stranger (and by this is meant a man dressed in Western garb) they see a spy of some great power sent to discover their weak points. Every Albanian is firmly convinced that one day an enormous foreign army will come to rob him of his dearly prized independence. In this respect they show great shrewdness, and when it is remembered that a ceaseless agitation is in progress chiefly on the part of Austria and Italy by means of the schools to gain influence, it is scarce to be wondered at that they look askance at strangers.

The worst traitors of the Albanians are their neighbors the Montenegrins, but this is mutual and scarce to be wondered at. Often has the writer been amused listening, first to one and then to the other, admiring his bravery in going among such a treacherous, murderous race, and the tales of blood-thirsty deeds committed daily by "the other side."

The most prominent of the clans bear the following names: The Mirditti, Clementi, Hoti, Grudi, Skreli, Trejepi and Kasatri. There are many others, but of these the writer has no knowledge.

However, there is one more clan, without mention of which no paper on Northern Albania would be complete. It is the clan of the Gushinje, the most dreaded of all the hillmen. They inhabit a plain closed in by lofty mountains at the eastern corner of Montenegro. The Congress of Berlin gave this land to Montenegro instead of the equally Albanian seaport of Dulcigno. Some ten thousand Montenegrins, under the leadership of the celebrated Voivoda Marcho Drekalovic, all flushed with their recent victories over the mighty Turk, which had won to their land as large again as their original possessions, marched into Gushinje to take over this last fruit of their success. A few hours later the intrepid Montenegrins found their match and more. Their teeth were broken in the cracking of this last nut and their army was decimated.

The independence of Gushinje goes so far as that they maintain as follows, in their love of independence they are not even Albanians. They are men of Gushinje, and acknowledge no sway other than their own clansmen. They do not welcome strangers in their city, and indeed it is said to be courting death to sojourn among them. Last year they murdered the Turkish Kaimakan (or resident governor), and are still unpunished.

One custom still remains to be described. It is that of blood brotherhood. In a wild and utterly lawless land such as Albania the custom is invaluable to personal safety. When once it is performed the "brothers" are bound to help each other, even to one sacrificing his life in defense of the other. Besides, the compliment is great. The procedure is as follows, and if it is not exactly the same, still closely resembles the ceremony of blood brotherhood as once performed by the ancient Norsemen.

The two men stand out in a ring and bare their forearms; each makes an incision with a knife, the blood flowing into a cup of wine. With linked arms the cup is emptied—half by the one, half by the other—by the friends. A kiss concludes the compact, far more real to these men than our marriage vow, "till death do us part."

They have far more ceremony in common every day intercourse than any Western nation. A new comer's first remark is an acknowledgment of his faith, which every one present answers with the prescribed formula. Then he greets those present, and is likewise responded to. To each he gives his hand, but it is not shaken, merely clasped; to his friend he presents his cheek, not to be kissed, but for his friend to lay his cheek against it. When a glass of spirits is given him, he does not drink it till he has first praised God and then wished good health to all present, both of which phrases are responded to by all.

A grave courtesy pervades the whole party, and the stranger among them cannot but wonder at the perfect manners these men display. Should his cigarette go out, prompt hands relight it for him; is the food ready for eating, he is the first to be served, and not till he has eaten his fill do his hosts begin. En route, over dangerous passes, where a step would be fatal, men risk their lives has known them climb on the face of a precipice, making him a foothold with their hands when the way is steep or shelving.

There is no rude staring or impertinent inquiry, no molestation or roughness. In order to properly appreciate these virtues—for such indeed they deserve to be termed, in comparison with the rudeness shown by the lower classes to a conspicuous stranger in any of our large cities—it must be borne in mind that very many of these men have never seen a human being dressed in our quaint garb in their lives. A village may be visited by a stranger once in a generation, and not even the little children will show indecent curiosity.

But—now the reverse of this idyllic picture must be shown—should the traveler be observed making notes, taking photographs or measurements, then his life would be considerably endangered. The inborn suspicion of these hillmen would be aroused, and a plain request to leave their domains would assuredly follow, backed up by no hidden meanings. Immediate obedience would be enforced, or a bullet would certainly solve the difficulty.

Seven railroads have recently voted to issue \$250,000.000 of new securities.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

I find nonsense singularly refreshing.—Talcyrand.

Repentance is the heart's sorrow.—Shakespeare.

A man must become wise at his own expense.—Montaigne.

Smiles are smiles only when the heart pulls the wires.—Wintthrop.

There is nothing more fearful than imagination without taste.—Goethe.

The essence of knowledge is, having it, to apply it, not having it, to confess it.—Confucius.

Pitch a lucky man into the Nile, says the Arabian proverb, and he will come up with a fish in his mouth.—Willis.

We do not believe immortality because we have proved it, but we forever try to prove it because we believe it.—Martineau.

One thing is clear to me: that no indulgence of passion destroys the spiritual nature so much as respectable selfishness.—George MacDonald.

A Midnight Tragedy.

It was nearing the hour of midnight. A faint light was burning in a poorly furnished room of a three-story tenement.

At a table in the centre of the room sat a man. His thin, nervous fingers trembled as he eagerly read the long expected letter. "It is just as well," he murmured, as laying down the finished letter, he took a shining revolver from his pocket. "It is even better so."

Slowly the hands on the clock approached the midnight hour.

"Almost time," he muttered, huskily, "and all will be over. Perhaps it is for the best; she—she will never know." Then a pause as his grizzled locks sank low on the table.

One—two—three minutes passed silently away. Then, a low, wailing cry was borne up on the night wind through the open window. Again it was repeated and again the cry reached the ears of the desperate man. "Now, now is the time," he cried as the slow, musical bell of the clock struck 12, and seizing the revolver he strode heavily to the window.

Again that low, mournful cry was wafted on the air.

"Bang! Bang!" Then deathly silence.

The next morning an old gray cat was found dead in the alley.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The "Tree of Life."

The expression "tree of life" has more than a biblical or a symbolical meaning, according to modern science. All animal life upon this planet is dependent upon the green iron-containing substance called "chlorophyll," which gives their summer colorings to trees, grass and shrubs. Green, not blood-red, is the life-color.

English scientists have figured out that such schemes as Sir Oliver Lodge's proposed reforesting of the English Black Country would help to eke out the three millions of years for which astronomers tell us the sun will continue to make animal life possible.

Disastrous forest fires in the Adirondacks are, upon this view of the matter, a species of "race suicide," and a proposed new undertaking of the United States Government to study the prevention of forest waste is the most direct work of self-preservation.—New York World.

Britain as a Coal Country.

Great Britain is likely to be a powerful competitor of the United States in the world's coal market for some time. According to an English expert the supply of coal yet remaining to be mined in the United Kingdom amounts to \$9,984,000,000 tons, which, at the present rate of mining, would last 370 years. The same authority gives the total output of the world in 1900 as 707,636,294 tons, which Great Britain produced 229,000,000 tons, or thirty per cent, and the United States 245,000,000 tons, leaving a balance of about thirty-five per cent, for the rest of the world.

A Problem For Scientists.

Professor Reitter recently introduced to the Society for Internal Medicine in Vienna a woman with a musical heart. For the last four years she has suffered from palpitation, and about eighteen months ago she noticed for the first time a peculiar singing noise in her breast, which was also audible to other persons, and rose and fell in strength and pitch. The sound is said to be due to a uniformity of heart valves, which set up vibrations.

LAWS FOR MAD DOGS.

British Reduces Hydrophobia Cases by Legislating Against Canines.

It is still, we believe, an open question among people who don't know anything about it whether there is such a thing as rabies among human beings. But we are bound to say no doctor has any doubts on that score. Besides, it is useless to discuss the question since human beings who have been bitten by mad dogs do die of something extremely horrible, whether it is an actual fatal toxemia or a form of acute mania induced by fear. We speak of this matter with some seriousness because of the alarming number of cases of hydrophobia reported in the papers in the last year. The blame must rest on local health and police authorities who do not insist upon the passage of laws that would prevent the infection of animals with rabies, or, if the laws exist, fail to enforce them. Whatever the disease may be, hydrophobia has been stamped out in Norway, Sweden, Holland, Switzerland and Denmark.

In Great Britain a rigid quarantine against imported dogs and sharp laws on muzzling reduced the number of fatal cases from 123 in 1880 to three in 1892. Some such action is needed in this country. Every real lover of dogs—for we reverse the old cynical saying and put it that "the more one knows of dogs the more he thinks of men"—every real lover of dogs should be in favor of regulation that, while aiming at the protection of the human community, also saves the brute creation from disease. As for the people who "don't believe there is such a thing as rabies," and the folks who have more sympathy for dogs than for men, we shall not attempt to convince them. The present situation is, as a physician has said, "precisely the same as if a centre of smallpox were allowed to exist," because a few persons do not believe in vaccination.—Collier's Weekly.



New York City.—Little jackets that can be slipped on whenever required are essential to a child's wardrobe and are shown in a variety of charming



CHILD'S JACKET.

materials. This dainty May Manton one is made of embroidered flouncing and is eminently well suited to the season, but the design suits flannel, cashmere, plume, linen and all the materials used for the purpose equally well. When straight edged goods are used the edges can be embroidered or trimmed in various ways.

The jacket consists of the yoke which the pleated fronts and back, cut in one piece, are attached. Its neck is finished with a turn-over collar and the sleeves are the new full ones, that are tucked above the elbows, but form full puffs below, and are gathered into roll-over cuffs at the wrists.

The quantity of material required for the medium size [four years] is three and three-fourths yards bordered material eleven inches wide with one yard of plain material for sleeves; or three yards twenty-seven inches wide, or one and three-fourth yards forty-four inches wide when plain material is used.

Woman's Waist.

Tucked waists are much worn and are exceedingly smart in all the materials of the season. The very smart May Manton one shown in the large drawing is equally well adapted to the entire gown and to the odd waist and is shown in white batiste with trimming of embroidery. It can be made from any of the washable fabrics or from silk or light weight wool, the trimming being embroidery or lace as best suits the material. Washable fabrics are made unlined. When silk or wool is

among the collection. The stripe effect is produced at intervals by a vertical chain pattern arranged between bars.

Hats With Tall Crowns.

The hats with the taller crowns, although more to be found in all the first-class collections, are still comparatively few in number beside those with low crowns, and while there is intimation that the vanishing note of the plateau hat is in contemplation, there is reason to believe that hats with low crowns and shapes more or less flat will rule the mode as long as the existing season continues.

Flowers on the Hats.

Hop vines and blossoms, wistaria, fuchsias and forget-me-nots are among the loveliest of the season's pronounced novelties in millinery. Grapes are, of course, conspicuous, but they have figured so largely during the last winter that nearly every one is rather tired of them. Lilies, waterlilies and "Monte Carlo" daisies also promise to be much worn.

The Smart Umbrella.

The smart feminine umbrella of the moment is fashioned of navy blue or emerald green silk, a charming shade of mauve also holding its own with these tested rivals. In the matter of handles quite the newest and best approved are those of wood, rather short and stumpy as to length, and carved into the most weird, grotesque heads of birds, beasts and reptiles.

For Lounging Gowns.

For lounging gowns a great deal of silk is being used, soft silk and glace in one plain color, such as bright rose or Barry pink. Deft blue, apple green, all made with some severity, having long hanging sleeves and deep falling collars, some with lace hoods at the back.

Heels Higher Than Ever.

Heels are growing higher than ever, and chiropodists are probably rejoicing accordingly, as the fashion forebodes a busy season for them in treatment of foot ailments.

Belts For Summer.

Patent leather belts will be worn through the summer with cotton and linen shirt waist suits. For afternoon and evening wear soft silk and ribbon belts wrinkled about the waist are



used the fitted foundation is an improvement. The waist consists of the lining, fronts and back. The back is tucked for its entire length at the centre, the fronts in a full length group at each side of the front, and again at the shoulders to yoke depth. Between these groups of tucks the trimming is applied. The closing is made invisibly at the front beneath the tucks. The sleeves are the new full ones and are tucked to fit snugly above the elbows and form drooping puffs at the wrists.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-one inches wide, three and three-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and one-half yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and three-eighth yards forty-four inches wide.

Gingham and Dimity Petticoats.

Well dressed women are having striped gingham and figured dimities made up into petticoats to be worn with their light morning frocks this summer. These skirts are cut on a regular circular pattern to the knees, from which point any amount of trimming in ruffles, insertions, tucks and lace is lavished upon them. Developed on alpaca, saten, moreen or other simple and substantial goods, a full ruffle with bands of shirring at top and bottom and in the middle is a pretty and sensible finish.

An Economical Departure.

Detachable flouncers on petticoats are a departure that tend at once to economy and variety, one foundation, be it of silk or lawn, being asked to serve for the support of numerous additions in this regard. Undoubtedly the best method of securing these firmly in place is that of a stitched band on the skirt itself, accorded buttons at regular intervals, and the destined flounce buttonholes to correspond, though many there are who prefer "threading or lacing together of the two component parts."

Chain Pattern Foulard.

The women who always wear black or black and white at the utmost, will hail with delight the pretty new Louises and foulards in which the graceful chain pattern appears in white on a black ground. It is surprising what a variety of designs is supplied from this "motif." Bracelet chains, distended or collapsed; arabesques of chains and various geometrical patterns are

TUCKED TRIPLE SKIRT. Triple skirts make a feature of the season's styles and are exceedingly graceful. This very stylish May Manton one is made of cream colored canvas veiling with trimming of applique lace and is stitched with corticelli silk, but the design suits all the silk, wool, cotton and linen fabrics of fashion equally well.

The skirt is made over a foundation that fits snugly at the upper and flares at the lower edge and to which the flounces are attached. The upper portion, or skirt proper, is gored, but the seams are concealed by the tucks. The fullness at the back is laid in inverted pleats.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is fourteen yards twenty-one inches wide, twelve yards twenty-seven inches wide, or eight