SONG OF THE DERELICTS.

"From ocean to ocean we wander
From polar to tropical tide,
Alone and forlorn and forsaken,
The wraiths of our time-faded pride.

"Through the tumult and surge of the tempest,
Wave beaten and battered we churn,
The ships of no name and no haven,
The ships that shall never return."

Up and down through the streets of the cities
Go the men that are kin to lost ships,
The wreckage of old loves, time tattered,
The desolate ghosts of friendships.

Through the storms of the life-seas they wander,
Wave tossed by the ceaseless unrest
Vagrants, shunned by their fortunate brothers,
Till they drift to the Port of All Quest.
—Frederick Arthur Palmer, in The Journalist.

The Long Arm of Coincidence.

"I WONDER why you never married, Sir Edgar?"

Sir Edgar Winter lifted his oars out of the water and looked up at the dainty figure of his companion, seated luxuriously among the cushions of the boat.

"I did once think of marrying, nearly twenty-five years ago," he replied thoughtfully.

"Really! Oh, do tell me about it. Or perhaps you would rather not?"

Sir Edgar smiled gravely.

"Oh, there are no painful memories connected with the subject, I assure you. I will tell you the story."

"Thank you. Women are always interested in a love tale, you know. I should like to hear it," and Mrs. Elsworth was all attention.

She was a pretty woman of about thirty-five, the widow of a rich Lancashire manufacturer. Some ten years ago she had married a man nearly forty years her senior, and had rejoiced at the opportunity of exchanging the somewhat dull existence of an obscure country parsonage for a life of wealth and luxury. John Ellsworth had been both proud and fond of his young wife, and when, after five years of happiness, his death took place he left her sole mistress of his large fortune.

But Madge Elsworth had no intention of remaining a widow. Her wealth, together with rather more than the usual amount of tact—so indispensable for her purpose—had enabled her to plant her foot on the first rung of the social ladder, and she meant it to aid her in mounting a good-deal higher. Chance had thrown her much lately into the society of Sir Edgar Winter, a handsome, well-preserved bachelor on the right side of fifty. He had proved to be—if not one of the most devoted—at least an admirer of hers, and several of her friends had remarked his attentions. And Mrs. Elsworth was more than willing to receive those attentions. Sir Edgar was a popular man, much sought after, and the baronetcy was an old one.

They were both at the present time guests of Lady Popham at her charming house on the Thames, and Mrs. Ellsworth had by a little strategy managed to get Sir Edgar to take her on the river for a moonlight row. Moonlight on the water savored of sentiment and romance, and even the coldest had been known to thaw under such circumstances.

It was certainly a lovely evening. The moon was climbing higher and higher in an opal sky. A soft wind gently rustled the overhanging trees, and there was perfect stillness save for the cawing of a few rooks and an occasional slight ripple on the water.

Sir Edgar drew in the oars, letting the boat drift slowly down the stream. Then he lit a cigarette.

"It was just before I left Oxford," he began, "that I met Kitty Montgomery. She used to sing and dance at some theatre in London, and was all the rage at the time. I don't remember much about her now, except that she had very red hair. I thought her an adorable creature, and fell violently in love with her. I think Kitty was a bit fond of me, too, and I was rather proud of my conquest, as most of the fellows of my time had lost their hearts, and some of them would have given a lot for even a smile from Kitty Montgomery.

"Well, one Sunday I happened to be spending the day on a friend's house-boat up the river. He had invited a lot of theatrical people, and Kitty was among the number. Somehow during the evening she and I managed to secure a boat to ourselves, and we stole away from the rest of the party. It was a ripping evening, just the sort of night to make us sentimental and foolish. Moonlight, rippling water, music in the distance—you know the kind of thing."

Mrs. Ellsworth nodded. She understood perfectly.

"Well, we were sitting in the stern, and I had just begun to talk the usual sort of nonsense, and was on the point of asking her to marry me when a party of Cockney trippers came suddenly round a bend in the river, and before we had time to realize what was happening they ran into us, upsetting our boat, and turning us into the water."

"How very dreadful! And so the poor thing was drowned, was she?"

"Drowned! Not a bit of it," returned Sir Edgar, shortly. "We both scrambled ashore hardly a bit the worse. They managed to rig us out with some sort of dry clothing on the launch, and then we had just time to catch our train to Waterloo."

"Then you did not finish your proposal?"

"No. One does not feel inclined to finish a proposal in a railway carriage among one's friends. We got pretty well chaffed as it was."

"Of course. I quite understand," said Mrs. Elsworth.

"I never had a chance of finishing. I was obliged to leave England the following day, and, alas! for the constancy of man, when I returned I had completely forgotten her."

"How fortunate! I must congratulate you on your escape, Sir Edgar. Such a marriage would have been little short of madness. And what became of the—the—of Miss Montgomery?"

"She married a publican shortly afterward."

"How very appropriate!"

"And they live—or lived—somewhere in the neighborhood of the Blackfriars road."

"Dear me! Quite the proper place," assented Mrs. Elsworth.

"I think I owe a debt of gratitude to the Cockney party," said Sir Edgar. "Had they not run us down I should certainly have made an utter ass of myself."

"Yes, it's wonderful how things work out sometimes. You were right not to continue your proposal. I should take an incident like that as a solemn warning. Providence certainly sent that accident to prevent your folly, and you were wise to profit by it. The ways of Providence are indeed marvellous."

"Then I am exceedingly obliged to Providence," replied Sir Edgar. Then he dipped his oars into the water and began to row slowly homeward. Mrs. Ellsworth settled herself more cosily among the cushions, and sighed softly.

It was a very effective sigh, and had taken a lot of practice.

"What a pity it is," she murmured, "that life is not all summer, and that all evenings are not like this. It's absolutely cruel to think that we shall both be returning to London in a few days."

Sir Edgar nodded and continued rowing. Then he stopped suddenly.

"Mrs. Elsworth," he said gently, "I have something to say to you. I wonder if you can guess what it is!"

She dropped her eyes and murmured something unintelligible. Mentally she was composing the announcement for the "Morning Post."

"Madge," and he leaned forward and touched her hand, "it is twenty-five years since I proposed to a woman. I have just told you how it happened. To-night history repeats itself."

He rose as he spoke and attempted to cross the boat to her side, but as he did so he slipped, clutched at the seat to save himself, missed it, and fell backwards into the water. Mrs. Elsworth screamed and jumped to the side of the boat just as Sir Edgar was endeavoring to climb into it. Their combined weight, however, capsized the frail craft, and a minute later they were both struggling in the river.

Fortunately they were quite close to the bank, and had no difficulty in reaching a place of safety. They ran straight back to the house, entering it by a side door, so as to avoid the rest of the party; and except for their damaged clothes they were none the worse for their wetting.

Sir Edgar, when he had changed his things, gave his friends an account of the accident, and in the smoking-room mused on the strange coincidence in the turn of events.

Mrs. Elsworth, on her part, before her bedroom fire bewailed the unlucky accident, and wondered what Sir Edgar would have to say the next day.

Her doubts were, however, soon put at rest the following morning by Lady Popham, who entered her room as she was breakfasting in bed.

"Isn't this provoking?" she exclaimed, as she waved a letter in her hand. "Sir Edgar writes that he has had an urgent message, and has been obliged to leave for London by an early train this morning. He left this note for me to explain matters. Now we shall be a man short. Isn't it a nuisance? By the way," she continued, "he sent a message to you. He hopes you are none the worse for last night's accident, and wishes to apologize for his carelessness. He is sorry he is unable to see you to say good-bye."

Then, without noticing her friend's expression, she went on:

"He told some one this morning that Providence always arranged these things for the best. What on earth could he mean?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Mrs. Elsworth, crossly. But she fancied she did know, all the same.—Norman H. Oliver, in The Free Lance.

The Vanity of Man.

"Why does a man always run his hand through his hair when he takes his hat off?" asked the observant man. "Did you ever notice that man will invariably do this very thing? Is it just a nervous habit? Is it vanity? It is an old habit. I have never known a man who did not indulge this habit. Even men who have no hair to run their fingers through, men whose heads are as bald as billiard balls, will brush their hands over their heads when they lift their hats. If the men simply wanted to smooth their tousled hair, of course, this would afford ample explanation of the habit. But why should a man who has no hair on his head do the same thing? It is not a sufficient answer to say that such a man may have had a full suit of hair at one time, and that it is simply a matter of habit contracted under different conditions. As a rule men are unconscious of the fact. They do not know why, how or when they run their hands over their heads. But they all do it just the same. Go into a courtroom, or at any place wheer men congregate, and where it is necessary for them to remove their hats, and watch them. You will observe that every man will go through the same performance. It seems to be a perfectly natural thing for them to do. My own conclusion is that it is an evidence of vanity. A man wants his hair to be just so. Originally, probably it was simply a matter of tidiness. But it has grown into an act of vanity. The lawyer, for instance, if he has enough hair for the purpose, will want his head to have a tousled appearance. It gives him a studious appearance, and leaves the impression that he has been struggling with the books. Whatever the reason the habit is a curious one, and one which seems to be deep-rooted in the masculine nature."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Generous Man.

Joseph Girouard, of Spencer, Mass., announced recently that he would give receipts in full to all his debtors who applied, provided they were unable to meet their obligations. "No matter whether it is $10 or $100 or $1000," he declared, "any man who says he cannot pay it shall have a receipt. I want to feel kindly toward all the people and not have them burdened with any debts to me." But it has turned out that no man owed him a single cent.—Successful American.

If you fear a sleepless night undress in the dark. Light stimulates and arouses the activities. Darkness is supposed to produce drowsiness.

HAVE THE LOWER ANIMALS OTHER SENSES THAN OURS?

BY J. CARTER BEARD.

IF a person who could see were to find himself in a region, the inhabitants of which had never known or heard of creatures that were not, like themselves, blind, the use of his eyes might enable him to perform acts which must be incomprehensible to them.

Imagine the bewilderment and surprise of these unseeing people in their encounter with one who could describe objects and recognize individuals without contact, avoid pitfalls without ascertaining their existence by the sense of feeling, and even announce the presence of objects at a very considerable distance.

Doubtless such sightless folk, if they were reasoning beings, would try in various ways to account for their visitor's achievement.

In doing this, moved by the impulse that leads us to measure the faculties of others by our own limitations, they might be inclined to credit him with a development of hearing or of smelling or of some other power exercised by themselves in apprehending external things, sufficiently extended to meet the case. The simpler and, all things considered, the more probable explanation that the performer possessed a sense absent in themselves, might be the last to occur, or, perhaps, prove acceptable when suggested to them.

In their unwillingness to accept such an interpretation of the facts they would follow many of our scientists, who, until quite recently, have been reluctant to admit that a number of the lower animals possibly possess other senses than ours. So much new and undeniably affirmatory evidence is, however, now being offered on this point that there can be no longer any substantial reason for doubting that the five senses man imperfectly exercises are by no means all that are possible to sentient creatures. One such sense not possessed by human beings, but to a greater or less degree almost universally present in mammals, birds, reptiles, fish and insects, is what perhaps may be called the sense of localization. It enables its possessor, apparently by its sole use, to find a desired spot. It is evidently closely connected with an instinctive and perfect memory of distance and direction. That the homing pigeon exercises it to some extent, though undoubtedly aided by the landmarks it recognizes, is indisputable; that the honey bee has it in its fulness and perfection cannot, after the careful experiments of Albrecht Bethe in Germany, be doubted.

Perhaps as striking an instance of its use as any is that related of the ringed seal (Phoca faetida), which furnishes the Eskimo of Greenland and of the Arctic archipelago with food and clothing. The female seal, when about to have young, forms for herself an igloo or domed cavity in the snow just above the breathing hole which she keeps open in the ice. Here her baby is born, and rests, sheltered from the fierce Arctic gales by the roof of snow overhead, on the ice near the breathing hole. To supply herself and the little creature with food, the mother seal has to swim for miles through water black as midnight without the faintest ray of light to guide her on her way; no light can penetrate the strata, dozens of feet thick, of ice and snow above. Aided by none of the faculties we exercise in apprehending external things, but by some mysterious power, of which we can form little or no conception, she follows swift, elusive fish in all their turnings, secures her prey and returns, unerringly, to her own particular At-luk, or breathing hole, however distant, where her young one awaits her.

I. H. Fabre, the celebrated French entomologist, tried several experiments with mason bees (Chalicodoma pyrenaica); results which are useful in confirming those of Bethe on the honey bee, and still further strengthening his position, insomuch as the mason bee is very different from the former, living as it does but a short time in the winged state, and not having opportunity to become acquainted with localities as distant as those to which Fabre carried it. One of these series of experiments made with bees, testified very convincingly to the fact that the sense of sight has nothing at all to do with the recognition of objects or of localities by the insects in question. A bowlder, to which a partially finished nest of a Chalicodoma was attached, was, during the temporary absence of its builder, removed a short distance, but in plain sight of the place formerly occupied by it. The bee returning, flew quickly to the spot where she had been carrying on her unfinished dwelling. She then flew off, but speedily returned, and again sought diligently in the self-same spot for her absent nest. This she did a number of times, occasionally passing in her flight within a very few inches of the object she was in search of, without once recognizing it. When the nest and the bowlder to which it was attached were moved back again to within a very short distance of the locality to which she had always returned, the bee would at times actually alight upon the stone, visit the nest, run about over the bowlder as if to examine it, and then fly away again.

It is evidently its location in space and not its appearance that enables the bee to recognize its nest. Another nest put in place of her own was adopted by Chalicodoma, without any question, although the nests were very different in appearance, the one consisting of a single incomplete cell and the other of many cells.

These same powers and the same limitations belong to this localizing sense in wasps. Bembex, for instance, forms her nest in sandbanks that are sometimes acres in extent. Before leaving her burrow the insect covers it over with sand, masking it so completely that it is entirely indistinguishable from the surrounding nest. On revisiting the nest, however, which she has to do in storing it with food, she flies without hesitation directly to it.

The little wasp (Cerceris tuberculata) possesses this sense in a high degree, perhaps also another, for in choosing the beetles with which to store the burrows she digs in the soil for her future larvae, she never gets outside a particular family of these insects, but, remarkable as it may appear, will take specimens altogether different in appearance, shape, size and color, provided they belong to the right family. The range of selection, so wide in respect to varieties, so limited as to kind, seems to point to some sense of which we know nothing, but which supplies Cerceris with the power of discrimination required.

Fabre captured a dozen female Cerceris, dropped a spot of white paint on the thorax of every one, put each into a paper roll, put the rolls containing the prisoners into a box from which they were liberated one and a quarter miles from home. Five hours afterward, when he visited their home, four had returned, and he had little, if any, doubt that the others also found their way there. He afterward took nine of the insects to the town of Carpentras, a distance of two miles, and released them in the public street, in the centre of a populous quarter. Each wasp, on being released, rose vertically high enough between the houses to clear the roofs, and flew off in a southerly direction, in a beeline for her nest. On visiting the homes of the little wasps next day he found that at least five out of the nine had "put in an appearance."

But perhaps the strangest instance of the possession of some sense unknown to us occurs in the case of the parasitic wasp Leucopsis (Leucopsis gigas). Leucopsis lays her eggs in the cells built by the mason bee Chalicodma. The cell of this bee is placed in a mass of solid masonry, a part only of which is occupied by cells. Every cell is built with hard mortar, making an uneven surface, and access is rendered even more difficult by a layer of sun-baked clay spread over the whole. Leucopsis has perhaps to work uninterruptedly for three hours with the tools nature has furnished to penetrate the defense provided by the mason bee for the egg and food stored in the cell. But the covering is uniform over the whole structure. How is Leucopsis to know that after all her work may not be in vain; that she may not penetrate masonry that covers no cell? This problem is easily solved by the wasp, who walks slowly and, so to speak, thoughtfully over the clay, tests it with her antennae, and unfailingly selects the right spot to begin her work, which of course is to obtain access to the larvae of the mason bee, upon which her young will feed when the egg she lays there is hatched.

It is, to make the matter plain, as if a person were able to determine by feeling of the walls, three or four feet thick, of a prison, just where cells tenanted by the prisoners were situated.

Examples of insects that possess an X-ray sense, not only among European but our own hymenoptera, can be multiplied indefinitely. Only one or two of the senses peculiar to the lower animals are here noticed. Lubbock suggests that "there may be fifty of them."

I do not know any more interesting field for zoological research and experiment than this—a field open to any one who has the requisite patience and love of nature to explore it.—Scientific American.

WORKMAN OF ENGLAND.

Dipping Farther Back Into Mire of Feudalism.

These traveling workmen (the Moseley commission) seem to have come back with very much the same advice on their lips as the Prince of Wales after his tour around the world. It is, "England, wake up!" While our great offspring across the Atlantic is developing a mighty community of free and equal white men, we are slipping further back into the mire of feudalism. Our classes are growing further apart. Instead of combining to revive our industries, employers and employed seem to be more divided than ever. Sheltered behind managers and foremen on the one side, and behind trade unions on the other, they glower at one another like armies at war. Would any one believe that they were engaged in a common enterprise? That they were really parts of the same army? Mutual recriminations fill the air, and when the nation should be moved by a common impulse it is torn asunder by conflicting passions.

The strength of America lies in the devotion of the national resources to the common well-being. But here it is always a class, and not the nation, which is to be helped. Education is sacrificed to the church. Temperance is thrown to the brewers. Taxes are placed upon food, and the proceeds distributed between the landlords and the parsons. The workman is the last man to be considered in all this. The aim seems to be to govern him by his very failings. If he is ignorant—all the better. Let him remain so. He will be easier to govern. If he is drunken, then heaven forfend that we should remove the cause. A sober man might claim his rights; but a drunken man is always a fool. The elevation of the masses is contrary to the instinct of a people whose ruling instinct is caste. It is better that they should remain a mob. But the trade unionists who have visited the United States will not be content with this doctrine. They will be able to preach to their fellow-workmen the sovereign remedy of equality. They will be able to tell them of a country where every workman carries, so to speak, the marshal's baton in his knapsack. The stock is the same on both sides of the Atlantic. We will not for a moment admit that the British workman is any worse than the American. But he works in a stale and exhausted environment, and his energies are hampered by laws and customs which are part of an obsolete order. Let him be treated like a man, and he will behave like a man. Interest him in the daily work of his factory, and he will grow in intelligence and power to be the equal of his American brother.—London News.

The Humorous Family Physician.

A doctor has two favorite jokes. No. 1—Tells patient to try a different climate. No. 2—Tells patient to quit thinking about his ailment. Price of either joke, $2.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

Floors of rubber, claimed to be as durable as asphalt and cheaper, are being tried in Germany.

POPULAR SCIENCE

A French inventor has discovered a new way of making roads free from dust. At a cost of two cents per square yard he covered a macadamized road with a coat of tar, and found it, after four months, in excellent condition, although heavy wagons as well as carriages had used it.

Dr. Figueria, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has successfully performed on a hospital patient an operation which has hitherto proved fatal in all similar cases. The patient was suffering from paralysis of the right side and tumor of the brain, due to a fall. To remove the rapidly enlarging growth twelve square inches of the skull was lifted and the tumor and an eighth of the brain removed. The next day the paralysis began to disappear and the man's sight to return.

The Steljes typewriting telegraph, as used by the London police, is an apparatus for sending a message simultaneously and in typewritten characters to several places at once. The battery is a powerful magnet, and the parts are actuated by springs. The operator at one end touches the keys representing the letters and figures, at the same time turning a handle, and the message is received and printed automatically by all the recording instruments on the circuit.

In the Medical Journal is an interesting account of a queer accident. The patient was brought to the hospital in a state of asphyxia, which had come on without warning, the lad being perfectly well. A few minutes after his admission to the hospital another and more intense paroxysm set in. The second attack ceased after a time, the boy becoming perfectly quiet and comfortable. A new attack followed, however, with increasing intensity, which led Dr. Mollica to suspect a foreign body in the windpipe. A tube was inserted, the breathing became quiet, but after a time another attack of asphyxia set in, with the tube in place. The tube was then withdrawn, and a large leech was found to have crawled into it. The patient was well in a few days. The author was of the opinion that the alternations in the spasms of asphyxia were due to the leech crawling about in the windpipe, and thus giving the lad time to breathe, and again closing the trachea.

In the course of a lecture at the Conference of Musicians in Dublin, Ireland, some interesting particulars and some astonishing statistics were given relatively to the amount of work accomplished by the brain and nerves in piano playing. A pianist in view of the present state of pianoforte playing has to cultivate the eye to see about 1500 signs in one minute, the fingers to make about 2000 movements, and the brain to receive and understand separately the 1500 signs while it issues 2000 orders. In playing Weber's "Moto perpetuo," a pianist has to read 4541 notes in a little under four minutes. This is about nineteen per second; but the eye can receive only about ten consecutive impressions per second, so that it is evident that in very rapid music a player does not see every note singly, but in groups, probably a bar or more at one vision. In Chopin's "Etude in E Minor" (in the second set) the speed of reading is still greater, since it is necessary to read 3950 signs in two minutes and a half, which is equivalent to about twenty-six notes per second.

Hetty Green's Retort.

Hetty Green, of New York, had a way of taking care of her own, even in her youth. A Vermont neighbor tells that while she was living on her New England farm she had for a neighbor a particularly unneighborly old bachelor. One day, while the threshers were at work on her wheat crop, the winnowing fan broke and she went over in great haste to borrow her neighbor's machine.

"Certainly," was the reply. "Mrs. Green may use the fan, but I make it a rule never to allow my implements to be taken from my farm. The machine is in the barn, and she may bring her grain there to be winnowed," an offer it was manifestly impossible to accept.

Mrs. Green had not forgotten the implied refusal when the old bachelor sent his hired man over one morning to borrow her sidesaddle for the use of a visiting relative.

"I shall be only too glad to favor him," was the word sent back by the astute Mrs. Green, "but I never allow anything I own to be carried off the farm. My saddle is hanging across a beam in the barn loft. Tell Mr. Browne to send his gunt over. She may ride there as long as she likes."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

In the Rush Hours.

New Yorkers in a crowd walk at the rate of two steps per second. If the police will permit, stand at the entrance to Brooklyn Bridge and watch the crowd pour out in the morning or pour in at the end of the day. The column as it marches past the Pulitzer Building is formed in eights and tens. Fix your eye on some stationary object and count the passers. Two groups of eight—sixteen persons—is the average for every second of the rush hours. The average is so high because for long periods the rate is twenty per second, or 1200 per hour. Estimating the average step at twenty inches—and that is nearly correct—the speed of the crowd is slightly more than two miles an hour.—New York World.

Champion Circulation Liar.

The champion circulaton liar has been discovered. His lair is in Japan, where he is acting as editor-in-chief of the Thundering Dawn, a Buddhist organ just started in Tokio. Here is his "greeting to the public:"

"This paper has come from eternity. It starts its circulation with millions and millions of numbers. The rays of the sun, the beams of the stars, the leaves of the trees, the blades of grass, the grains of sand, the hearts of tigers, elephants, lions, ants, men and women are its subscribers. This journal will henceforth flow in the universe as the rivers flow and the oceans surge."

Any liar who can beat that can get a small job with a big salary—in New York.—Detroit News.

FOR THE FAIR

LATEST NEW YORK FASHIONS

New York City.—Fancy waists that close in the back are much in style and are exceedingly attractive in the season's materials. This very pretty May Manton one is equally well adapted to the entire costume and to the odd waist, to the long list of washable fabrics, and all soft and simple silks and wools, but, as shown, is of handkerchief lace with trimming of Valenciennes lace and is unlined.

TUCKED BLOUSE.

The waist consists of a fitted lining, the front and the backs. The front is tucked to form a deep pointed yoke, below which it falls in soft and becoming folds and is trimmed with lace. The backs are tucked in groups from shoulders to waist on lines that give a tapering effect to the figure. The sleeves are the fashionable ones that are tucked above the elbows and form puffs below. At the neck is a regulation collar.

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

Woman's Tucked Eton.

Loose fitting Etons are much in vogue and are always satisfactory to the wearer, inasmuch as they can be slipped on and off with far greater readiness than any tighter garment. The very stylish May Manton model shown in the large drawing includes a fancy stole collar with shoulder strap extensions, and is adapted both to the suit and to the odd wrap. As shown, it is of black taffeta, stitched with corticelli silk, and is trimmed with a stole collar of white peau de soie edged with fancy braid in black and white.

A POPULAR TUCKED ETON.

The Eton is made with fronts and back and is shaped by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The fronts are laid in box pleats at their edges, and in backward turning pleats from the shoulders, but the back is elongated to form a postillion and is laid in box pleats that give a tapering effect to the figure. Beneath these pleats is attached a shaped belt which is brought round and fastened under the loose fronts. The neck is fastened with a fancy collar whose extensions fall over the shoulder seams. The sleeves are pleated for their entire length, but stitched above the elbows only and form frills below that point.

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

A Dainty Lace.

Teneriffe lace is the charming novelty of the season. Just how much of it is made by the natives of the cliff-bound island, which is the largest of the Canary group, is a question. It is a fact, though, that the most characteristic pattern of this lace suggests the conical peak of Teneriffe. In fact, the last has much the look of very fine drawn work. One of its peculiarities is that it looks equally well on a soft silk evening dress and on a linen morning rig. On certain lovely new dresses of white crystalline this lace figures in a maze of needlework and two other sorts of laces. Mechlin and the heaviest Irish lace combine well with this attractive lace. Many of the most desirable stock ties of linen show insets of this Teneriffe lace. The most notable pattern in this lace, now one thinks of it, suggests a cobweb, or a cart-wheel. Lane in thread, quite as much as it does its namesake peak.

Dainty Vegetable Hat.

Fruits have so long rivaled flowers as ast crimmings that they no longer attract attention. Vegetables are newer. The extremist will immediately picture carrots or turnips as cherished in the domain of millinery. Not so. The hat in question is the daintiest of creations. It is made of water-cress. As far as delicacy and charm goes it might be made of maidenhair fern. The whole frame, which is a wire toque shape, covered with shadow green tulle, is then covered with the crisp little watercress leaves, just as any foliage hat is made. A mixed bow is at the back. It is composed of black Liberty satin and foliage green velvet ribbon. It is a flat rosette with velvet loops by way of ends.

Beautiful Hats.

Hats trimmed with fuchsias increase in favor. Nothing could be lovelier than a white lace straw, with black velvet ribbon bows on the outside, and a cluster of coral and purple fuchsias hung under the left side of the brim, and encircled by a fringe of lilies-of-the-valley. As regards hats, there are so many becoming shapes and such lovely materials and at all sorts of prices that no one need go unsuited in this important part of the summer outfit.

Flowers Grow in Favor.

Flowers of ribbon work, for millinery use, for hair ornaments and gown decoration, grow in favor and are of exquisite beauty. The latest in this ribbon work is made from sombre and shaded ribbons of very narrow width, which come out in lovely relief in Noisette roses, snowballs, marigold, daisies, violets and wistaria. The crimpled and knotted ribbon "dangles" and fringes are as lovely as they are unique.

One of Fashion's Decrees.

Stockings and skirts "en suite" are one of fashion's latest decrees. A navy blue celestially spotted foulard jupon was allied to navy gossamer silk stockings similarly treated, with most excellent results. Though, let it be clearly understood, this alliance, for day wear at least, is only advisable with the darker tones.

Garnitures of Black Spangles.

Very handsome garnitures of black spangles are much seen in Paris. They are designed for the adornment of black or white toilettes.

Misses' Sailor Blouse.

No style suits young girls more perfectly than the simple sailor one. This very charming May Manton blouse is adapted to linen, to cotton and to wool, and can be made absolutely plain or elongated with band trimming as preferred. The orginal, however, is made from blue linen with embroidered dots, and is trimmed with a band of plain white which matches the shield, collar and cuffs. With it is worn a tie of soft silk.

MISSES' SAILOR BLOUSE.

The waist consists of the fronts and the back and is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. Both fronts and back are gathered at the waist line, but the backs are drawn down tightly while the fronts blouse slightly and becomingly. The neck of the blouse is cut away and finished with a big sailor collar. The standing collar is joined to the shield and together they close at the centre back, the edges of the shield being held in place by buttons and buttonholes worked in the blouse beneath the collar. The sleeves are full at the wrists but snug at the shoulders and finished with straight cuffs.

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