THE PHONOGRAPH NEXT DOOR.

By JOHN LUDLOW.

We thought our fortitude was tried, that had so well withstood
The cacophonous onslaughts of our musical neighborhood—
The wailing flute and piccolo, the screaking violin,
The concertina's hideous blasts of inharmonious din,
The husky basso's Sunday-night vociferous rhapsodies;
But these were sweet as warbling groves and brooks that tinkling flow
Compared with what our tortured ears now bravely undergo,
Since Abner Hopkins sold his house and left us to deplore
The day the Browns moved in and brought their phonograph next door.

The quiet porch so soothing once to this home-loving heart
Now rumbles nightly with the noise of "Paddy Duffy's Cart;"
The horny-handed "tarriers" "drill" and undermine our walls;
"The Suwanee River" overflows and inundates the halls;
"McCluskey Throws Him Down" with vim, and makes the tumult spread;
Tranquility lies mangled 'neath "The Baggage Car Ahead."
On "Nancy Lee" and "Sweet Marie" we slam the indignant blind,
And shut the window with a bang upon "The Man Behind;"
But scornfully the Parthian shot is sped by Neighbor Brown:
"Say Au Revoir, But Not Good-Bye," "Go 'Way Back and Sit Down!"

Soon as the sacred Sabbath day with restful silence falls,
"Bedelia," "Down Where the Wurzburger Flows" to "Mr. Dooley" bawls.
We have our coffee and our rolls high "Up in a Cocoanut Tree,"
Our dinner "Under the Anheuser Busch," and "Down on the Farm" our tea.
Meanwhile the galloping rag time booms "On a Sunday Afternoon,"
And "All Aboard for Dreamland" breaks my sweet siesta's boon.
And when we ope the holy Book wherein the prophets tell
About the land of pure delight where saints immortal dwell,
And muse on them whom we shall meet in that supernal clime,
It's "Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis," "In the Good Old Summer-Time."

In vain our place is billed for sale; the applicants all say:
"We like the house, but could not stand that phonograph. Good-day!"
But I shall spring a cunning mine wherein relief appears,
And "Home, Sweet Home's" derisive strains shall cease to taunt our ears.
Five lusty boys has Neighbor Brown; when Christmas comes, the same
Shall each receive a box of tools—without the donor's name.
And some day when their trustful ma is on her shopping route
Shall Nemesis beguile those kids to get their hammers out,
And set to work with curious zeal its mysteries to explore,
And hush forever and a day that phonograph next door.
—Sunday Magazine.

A TALE FROM INDIA.

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By JAMES JOHNSTON.

A ROOM in India—in the Madras Presidency, to be exact. Unmistakably a bachelor's room, and in it a tall, good-looking young fellow in the act of filling his pipe from a bag on the table.

"Stop that, I say," a voice rang out sternly, imperiously, "Leave that tobacco alone!"

Railton raised himself from his stooping posture over the table and turned towards the doorway.

"O, I say, Martyn, I'd smoked all mine, and thought you'd not mind my helping myself," he said, half stiffly, half apologetically. "I've been waiting for you for the last hour or more."

Martyn walked into the room, a genial smile on his usually rather stern face.

"My dear old chap!" he exclaimed, 'you're welcome to all the contents, if you wish them, of the 'baccy tin over there on the shelf, but the tobacco in this jar is mixed with cobra poison, and I had to speak pretty sharply to prevent you touching it. I was only just in time, for you've no plaster on that cut you gave yourself the other day, and I've no fancy for your sudden death to be laid on my account."

"Cobra poison!" ejaculated Railton, askance. "Why the dickens do you mix tobacco with it?"

"Well," replied the elder man, slowly, "it's the other way about. I mix my tobacco with cobra poison. To tell you the truth, ever since I came out here I've been possessed with the idea—perhaps it's a presentiment—that some day I'll be bitten by one of those hideous brutes, and a few months ago my punkah-wallah—rather an intelligent chap he is—told me that if you smoke tobacco mixed with cobra poison you will soon be perfectly immune from their sting. At least, that's what he assured me was the case. The result is, I've been smoking it ever since."

"Jolly good thing for you if he's right and you ever do get bitten," Railton remarked. "But I shouldn't care to try the dodge myself. I say," he added, "I came round with a message from Mrs. Murray—just been there, you know. She wants us both to dine there to-night. I accepted for you as well as for myself, as I knew you'd nothing on. I thought you wouldn't mind."

"Well, of all the——"

"Of course, you'll go," the young fellow rattled on, in no way belying the nickname of "Chatterbox," by which he was known among his intimates. "And, I say, Martyn, Murray's youngest sister and a friend arrived yesterday. She's an awfully pretty girl—the sister, I mean—golden hair and big blue eyes, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. Would never have guessed an ugly chap like Murray would have a pretty sister, would you? And the friend is not bad looking, either; now, I come to think of it," he continued, "in the dark, stately style, don't you know. Her husband's Major Scott, of the Thirty-first, and was ordered to the front last month—lucky beggar. Funny thing, rather, for her to have come out here just now, don't you think? Would have thought she'd have gone to the Cape if she'd been so eager for a trip. She won't get the news half so regularly as if she'd remained in London. Wonder if they're on good terms——"

"There, Chatterbox, do shut up," cried Martyn, good humorously. "If you don't look out, old man, you'll end by developing into a regulation garrison scandal-monger."

Harry Railton flushed hotly.

Guy Martyn leisurely dressed himself, and before long was being introduced by his fair hostess to a fair vision of white in muslin, the while he mentally indorsed Harry Railton's remarks upon the surprising beauty of Miss Murray, whose golden hair and blue eyes formed a quite startling contrast to the saturnine plainness of her ugly but good-hearted brother, the popular surgeon of the Twenty-second.

"A new version of 'Beauty and the Beast,'" Guy said to himself, and then he straightway forgot their existence, forgot everything; all faded before him, as a slight figure in black, gauzy draperies, stepped into the room from the shadow of the veranda, and a pair of wonderful hazel eyes met his gaze—soft, steadfast eyes, that bespoke a steadfast, unchangeable nature, looking out from a pale oval face, shadowed by waves of brown hair turned simply back from a low, white forehead and knotted loosely at the nape of the neck.

It all happened in the space of a few seconds. The deep set gray eyes and the beautiful hazel ones met, and the meeting came with the force of an electric shock to Guy Martyn, and for him that momentary, soul-revealing glance was almost sufficient to obliterate once and for all the bitterness of the past.

The spell was broken and Mrs. Murray was heard saying:

"O, there you are, Winifred. I was looking for you a minute ago."

"Yes," replied a sweet, vibrating voice, "I was on the veranda."

And then the form of introduction was gone through, which told Guy Martyn that the woman with those wondrous eyes and haunting face was Mrs. Scott, whose husband, Railton had told him, was at the front in South Africa.

Later that evening, when Mrs. Scott was at the piano playing accompaniments for Una Murray's fine soprano, Guy Martyn faced the position with his usual dogged promptness and then and there fought the sharp, decisive battle between love and common sense, in which the latter got sadly worsted.

"She shall never know, never guess my feelings," he said to himself. "But I must—I shall enjoy as much of her society as possible," and his face took on that unbending look which caused the natives to remark at times:

"The Sahib Martyn is not to be argued with."

Late one blazing afternoon Guy Martyn sauntered into the club grounds, where the last match of the tennis season was in full swing; it was to finish up with a dance, so Una Martyn informed him, as he stopped for a moment to greet her.

"Such a pity, Winifred had too bad a headache to come," the girl went on. "I left her in the side veranda with the blinds drawn down."

Ten minutes later saw Guy walking round to a side veranda of Dr. Murray's bungalow. He turned the corner of the bungalow with some hesitation, but was rewarded with the sight of partially drawn blinds, and within, seated in a low chair, Winfred Scott, busily scribbling letters on a writing board. She lifted her head at the sound of his footsteps, a glad light leaping into her eyes.

"Why, Mr. Martyn, why is it you are not doing duty at the club?" she asked gayly, leaning back and looking up at him as he approached.

"I heard you had a headache," he responded, rather lamely, "and I was wondering if it were better."

"Then you have seen Una? Thank you," she smiled, "the headache is nearly a thing of the past, and I've just been trying to make up for lost time," glancing at the half-written pages on her lap. "It is mail day, to-morrow, and I must finish my African letter to-night, as we are going to ride early in the morning, you know."

A change passed over his face as he leaned against the shining white "chunam" pillar of the veranda, looking down at her, and it was with an effort he remarked presently:

"This must be a time of great anxiety to you, Mrs. Scott. The reports from the front are not cheerful."

Winifred's face looked sad and wistful as she answered.

"Yes, it is a terribly anxious time. O, I don't know what would happen if Jack were to fall."

"I wonder you didn't go out to the Cape with your husband," Guy blurted out, almost roughly.

"With my—husband?" Winifred queried, blankly, sitting up and staring at him.

"Yes, why not?"

"But—Mr. Martyn—don't you know—is it possible that you imagine Jack is my husband?"

It was Guy's turn to stare in blank amazement.

"Isn't Major Scott your husband, Mrs. Scott?" he demanded, hoarsely.

"Major Leslie Scott was my husband" Winifred replied, quietly. "He was Major Jack Scott's elder brother, and—and he died three years ago, two years after our marriage. Jack Scott is engaged to my sister."

There was a long pause.

"May I come into the veranda?" Guy asked at length, in a low, tense voice.

Winifred looked up at his white, agitated face.

"Yes, do come in," she said gently. "Bring that chair from the other end of the veranda and sit here beside me."

His brain in a whirl at the suddenness of his surprising discovery, which might have been revealed to him weeks before by the "Chatterbox" but for those chance few words of advice anent scandal-mongering, and completely absorbed by the one idea, that after all he was free to tell Winifred Scott of his love, Guy walked rapidly to the further end of the veranda, and laid eager hands on the chair she had indicated.

A hiss—an exclamation from Guy—a dexterous and well-aimed blow from the light walking stick still in his hand, and with a low cry of horror Winifred sprang to her feet as she saw the evil head of a cobra de capelo sink to the ground.

"Did it—did it sting you?" she gasped. "Speak to me, Guy, speak to me," and she held out both hands appealingly, as he still remained silent.

Then he quietly nodded his head in the affirmative and pointed to his wrist.

Winfred swayed and caught at the open window of the drawing room, as Guy sprang forward and took her in his arms.

"Winifred, my love?" he cried passionately.

The clock within chimed the hour, and she turned a white face in the direction of the sound.

"Listen!" she whispered, with white lips. "By the time it strikes the quarter you will have to leave me forever."

"Winifred, my dear love," he cried, triumphantly, "look at me, don't be afraid. Cobra poison cannot affect me. Thanks to my punkah-wallah, I've inoculated myself against it. My life is all before me. Tell me that you will make it worth living—that you love me."

The sun was setting in a flood of golden light, the cloudless sky full of a glory that seemed to be reflected in the faces of the two lovers as they stood together on the shaded veranda, supremely happy in each other; silent at first with the shadow of the terrible "might have been" hovering over them.

"Are you quite sure you are safe, Guy?" Winifred had asked, tremulously, fearfully, when he had explained how he had become inoculated to the poison. "Dr. Murray was telling me only last night that there is practically no hope of saving life after a cobra sting."

"The best proof is that I am alive now," he laughed, "and never felt better in my life."

But it was only after the clock within had chimed forth the quarter that she felt she might indeed lay hold of her new found happiness with both hands and that it would not slip from her grasp.

The clock chimed the hour once more. As the last stroke died away, a dull look suddenly crept into Guy's keen, gray eyes.

"I feel rather tired, dearest," he said, as he sank down in the low chair in which she had been writing her Cape letters—was it weeks ago?

"It has been a foretaste of heaven," he muttered. "Too good to last—the cobra punkah-wallah wrong," and his words died away in a whisper as the numbness of death enveloped him.

When the others returned from the club later on, the evil-looking cobra, with its neck broken, the dead man lying back in the low chair, the girl kneeling at his feet, fallen forward in a merciful unconsciousness—all told their own tragic tale.—St. Louis Star.

Traveling Man and Tabasco.

Hay Clark, who sells saddlery all over the West, was eating Blue Points with a couple of friends at the Coates House one night recently. While deeply interested in the conversation he put a goodly supply of tobasco sauce on each bivalve, thinking it was catsup. His friends noticed his mistake, but decided to keep quiet and have a little fun. The traveling man also saw what he had done before he began eating, but he noticed his friends nudging each other and decided to eat those oyster anyway. This feat he accomplished without a grimace. "Hay," said one of the other men, "how can you eat tobasco sauce like that?" "I'm very fond of it," replied Clark, although his throat felt as though it was burned raw. The traveling man left his companions as soon as he could, and, going to his room, gargled ice water for an hour. Next morning he arose early to get out of town and in front of the hotel desk he met one of his friends. "Where are you going, Hay?" asked the man. Clark shook his head. "I say, where are you going?" said the other fellow. Clark took out his pencil and wrote on a piece of paper: "I'm going over in Kansas and give exhibitions as a fire eater." He couldn't speak above a whisper.—Kansas City Times.

Magnet Sands.

There is a flat strip of land less than a mile long on the southwestern coast of Norway which has long been notorious for the number of shipwrecks which occur there each year. There seems to be nothing in the shape of the coast, no dangerous rocks, no mysterious currents—in short, nothing to account for the fatalities to vessels which occur there. Quite recently a scientist has found that the sand along this strip of land is strongly magnetic owing to the admixture of magnetic iron ore. At a distance of three miles from the shore the ship's compass showed a deviation of a whole degree from its true position. The cause for the frequency of shipwrecks is most obvious in the light of this discovery.—New York Herald.

"'Why?' I asked, for I knew that something funny was coming from Ade.

"'Well,' he replied, 'he doesn't ask a man to do a day's work in ten hours—he gives him sixteen.'

"As a boy we didn't suppose that Ade would amount to much," continued the Judge, "though his drollery was always amusing."—Success.

Oil on the Coffee.

The cup of black coffee had on its surface a little oil. This oil shimmered, it gave forth delicate, changing colors, like oil on water. The man who was about to drink this coffee gazed at it with delight.

"The oil," he said, "tells me all I want to know about the coffee. Now, without tasting it, I am sure it is superb.

"The whole secret of making coffee," he went on, "lies in extracting and retaining this oil. This oil it is which gives coffee its aromatic and delicious taste. This oil it is also which stimulates you, which makes you feel, after you have drunk, strong and gay.

"Good coffee—the kind with oil afloat on it—can only be made by excellent cooks. In millionaires' houses, or in hotels where they employ French chefs, you are likely to get it. But the average American housewife does not know how to make this oily kind of coffee at all."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Farm

Profitable Hog Feeding.

More and more are we realizing the fact that profitable hog feeding must come from a lesser use of corn and a greater one of grass and legume.

Corn is already an expensive feed and with increasing values for all corn lands there will never again be an era of cheap corn. However, no great amount is necessary, since the greatest profit comes from growth rather than fattening; from a variety of foods of a succulent nature, rather than an exclusive grain ration.

Our Canadian neighbors who grow no corn, produce with peas and other legumes, supplemented with a light amount of grain, pork of a high quality, that outsells our own in the English markets.

The past season the writer marketed 550 hogs in a finished condition. These hogs had at all times plenty of grass, consumed ripened rye in the field, oats with clover range, fed corn on clover and had access to rape patch. These hogs were sold before the decline and paid a good return for everything consumed. They were fed on fields to be turned for corn next year, hence the cobs and manure form a considerable factor of the profits.—J. B. Burris, in Indiana Farmer.

Cream as a Farm Specialty

In producing a high-grade cream, the cows must be watched carefully that there be no taint of disease. A daily milk record is kept and a sudden dropping in the flow of milk is considered an indication that something is wrong with the cow that needs attention. Stables are kept free from dust and strong odors. We use covered pails which are not opened until the milk is strained at the dairy house.

The dairy room must be kept free from germs and bad odors. The separator and all utensils should be washed with care, and the jars not washed and rinsed, but scalded each time before filling. As a result of care we have never had a case of poor cream returned to us from our shipments to Boston, although it is often held there for more than a week before use. The cream from four of my cows sold for over $800 the past year. Thirty-two out of thirty-four cows average over $150 each in cream value.

These cows, without doubt, would have made a better record had we fed more grain. We gave them in winter thirty pounds ensilage and two quarts of cottonseed in two feeds. After the ensilage was gone they had, beside the cottonseed, two quarts of bran and one pint of corn meal. This grain ration was given only to the cows in full milk, and was decreased for cows partly dry.—C. S. Pope, in the Massachusetts Ploughman.

Model Chicken Roost.

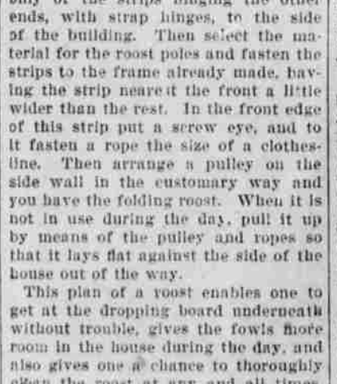
There are all sorts of roosts constructed in poultry houses and most of them far from desirable. While the idea of a folding roost is not especially new, the following plan of construction is on better lines than most of these roosts are built. Take two strips of two by two material each six feet long and make two legs for each strip not over three feet high. The end which comes next to the side of the building may be nailed to it. A better plan is to place the legs at one end only of the strips hinging the other ends, with strap hinges, to the side of the building. Then select the material for the roost poles and fasten the strips to the frame already made, having the strip nearest the front a little wider than the rest. In the front edge of this strip put a screw eye, and to it fasten a rope the size of a clothesline. Then arrange a pulley on the side wall in the customary way and you have the folding roost. When it is not in use during the day, pull it up by means of the pulley and ropes so that it lays flat against the side of the house out of the way.

This plan of a roost enables one to get at the dropping board underneath without trouble, gives the fowls more room in the house during the day, and also gives one a chance to thoroughly clean the roost at any and all times, and there are no crevices into which vermin can get.—Indianapolis News.

Stable For Three Horses.

The average stable in which farm horses are kept is not the most comfortable place for the animals, but the plan here described gives an abundance of room, ventilation and general comfort. The stalls should be built of the desired width and of a length according to the animals kept in them. Usually a length of eight to ten feet is about right. It is important that the horse face a window rather than that the window be placed in his rear, for this plan gives him ample opportunity for air in the summer and the window can be so covered that draughts of cold air will not disturb the horse in winter.

Between each horse should be placed



a partition, and this should be composed of boards to the height of about four and one-half feet and above that iron rods should be placed about four inches apart. This arrangement insures perfect ventilation, and yet prevents the animals from annoying each other. Ample space in the rear of the horses should be provided for a walkway. The illustration shows the arrangement as described. S S S shows the individual stalls with the window in front of each; W indicates the walkway in the rear; in the lower part of the drawing B indicates the board partition, showing the iron bars as described.—Indianapolis News.

Growing Mushrooms.

It is desirable to have a tolerably dry foundation for a mushroom bed. The conditions of a cellar can be made suitable for mushroom growing, especially for amateurs who wish to go into the business on a small scale. By partitioning off a portion of the cellar and closing up the windows, more constant and uniform conditions can be obtained. Space under greenhouse benches can be made especially suited to mushroom culture, and many growers take advantage of this space for their propagation.

The most suitable soil conditions for mushroom culture consist in supplying beds with plenty of good horse manure, mixed with loam or decomposed sod, mixing about one-fourth or one-fifth loam or decomposed sod with manure. Either fresh or partly rotted manure can be used, and this should repeatedly be well worked over, composted and watered frequently, taking care that it does not burn. After it has been well worked over and composted various times and the heat is not likely to rise above 130 degrees Fahrenheit, it should be thoroughly incorporated with one-fourth to one-fifth decomposed loam or sod. It can remain in this condition until ready for use.

The beds are usually made up ten to fourteen inches deep, and in these are placed the soil and manure for growing them. The bottom of the bed should be supplied with six inches of fresh manure, well tamped down. It should be covered with the prepared manure and loam mentioned above, adding about two inches at a time, and compacting the same. If it shows a tendency to heat too much, incorporate a little loam to it. One or two layers, two inches deep, of the prepared loam and manure can be put on each day until the required depth is obtained. Straw or some mulching material is then put over the top of the bed until ready to spawn.

After the temperature of the beds has reached about ninety to ninety-five degrees Fahrenheit, the straw should be removed and the bed spawns, although some growers prefer a temperature of about eighty degrees Fahrenheit. This is accomplished by breaking the bricks into pieces and planting the pieces in rows in the bed. The rows should be about one foot apart, and the pieces of spawn inserted every six or eight inches and covered up superficially with the soil.

When spawning is completed, compact the surface of the bed all over. After this is accomplished the bed can again be covered with straw, and in the course of eight or nine days the straw is removed, not exceeding eighty degrees Fahrenheit after covering, as in that case one is likely to lose the crop.—Professor G. E. Stone, in Mirror and Farmer.

Plowing Wet Ground.

I will begin with the last question. It is too wet when it will not bear the weight of the horses. That is, if the hoofs of the horses sink as much as an inch, the soil should neither be plowed nor tramped. It is too wet, if clay, when the plow leaves on the upturned furrow a shiny and continuous surface. It is too wet when water seeps into the empty furrow and becomes visible in little puddles.

There are two serious objections to plowing clay soils too wet. The first is that the feet of team and man will produce clods at every point of contact with the ground. Second, the kneading of clay is the first step of the potter and brick or tile maker, in the transformation of clay into artificial stone. The German word for brick is backlen stein and that means baked stone. The kneaded clay is this stone, all but the baking.

The plow seems to act upon the wet soil in a way to change its nature. If undisturbed, it will give off its saturation in such a way as to leave its particles free to crumble and fall apart; but when disturbed in a saturated condition, the particles are made to adhere, and drying only increases their tenacity. So, plowing, when the clay is wet, is a fruitful cause of cloddiness.

I am careful, all along, to speak of clay. Our best and most substantial soil is clay soil. Black soil is rich in vegetable mold, and is good for a quick, rank growth; but it is light and unsubstantial, and it wants the staunch qualities apt to be present in good clay. It does not seriously injure black soil to plow it even in a state of saturation. And soddy soil may be plowed wet, even when it is pure clay. This is because the ground is filled with root fibres, and the plow does not operate as a kneading paddle.

White clay, commonly called "crawfish land," is difficult to manage. It is nearly always flat, and its position is apt to be unfavorable to drainage. When an outlet can be found, draining will greatly improve it. But care will always be necessary to avoid the saturation period, and to plow it only when in proper condition.

One feature of this question does not appear, as the theme is stated. How may we free the soil of saturation for early breaking? This is important, for two reasons—we neither wish to miss the proper season for planting, nor desire to wrestle all summer with clods.

Saturation leaves the soil in two ways, by evaporation and by percolation. Evaporation is a cooling process, and, when all the moisture passes off that way, the soil warms all too slowly. In fact, the departure of the water is slow.

And when manures cover the ground all winter evaporation will not answer at all. It is far better to keep the manure in the heap until the surface is firm enough to bear the wheels of the wagon and the hoofs of the horses. Then haul and scatter, and plow at once.

Percolation is the process of passing downward to the ditches. This is a warming process, and all the plow land is improved by underdraining. Even the white clay will get warmer when relieved of its moisture that way.—W. S. S., in Indiana Farmer.

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR

New York City.—Whatever styles may come and go, the coat that combines a fitted back, with double breasted box fronts is always in style, al-

DOUBLE BREASTED COAT.

ways in demand. This one is finished at the neck in regulation coat style, and includes sleeves of the very latest cut with roll over cuffs. As illustrated the material is black cheviot stitched with corticelli silk and finished with a collar of black velvet, but any cloaking material is appropriate and when liked the coat can be made longer, as shown in the small cut.

The coat is made with fronts, backs, side backs and under arm gores, the fronts being faced to form the lapels. The sleeves are full at the shoulders, narrower at the wrists, where they are finished with cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five yards twenty-seven, two and three-quarter yards forty-four or two and five-eight yards fifty-two inches wide, with three-eighth yards of velvet.

A 'Mum Waist.

If they were not actually embroidered in Japland, these 'mum waists look to have been. The characteristic rich, flat, heavy style of embroidery distinguishes them. One may have them made up or in a box ready to make up. A mammoth 'mum is embroidered on the one-piece waist front. Done all in white on white it is richest. Some, however, will prefer it in all white on a light blue, apricot or pastel rose ground. In some few instances the embroidery is in shaded colors, mostly delicate ones shading to white. The giant chrysanthemum grows on a long, foliage-decked stem, which starts at the waist line, curves to the right and ends in a great flower of a rather loose type up under the chin. Each petal is a work of art. The wristband and the neckband are embroidered in something the same fashion.

Passing of Billowy Skirts.

The billowy evening gown is an extravagant garment and always more or less of an anxiety, entailing repair of some kind if not the actual replacing of frills, after each time of wear. This fact, together with a desire for change, is beginning to tell upon the popularity of the billowy variety of frock, and fashion is seriously considering the adoption of more solid and lasting materials for evening wear. These are not difficult to find, and in the soft Oriental satins and taffetas, in the new brocades and chiffon velvets, which are light in actual weight though rich and dignified in appearance, the foamy and gossy fabrics of the last few seasons will find formidable rivals.—New York Tribune.

Lingerie Blouses.

Lingerie blouses are to be worn with tailored coats and skirts. They are really indispensable, for they are thin, taking up no room, and when mussed water and hot iron restore them to an immaculate condition. They are, however, as expensive as the more elaborate silk and crepe bodices, as a greater number of them are required, but they are always fresh and spotless, and thus delight the dainty woman. In cut they are almost facsimiles of those worn during the summer, save the heavier laces are used. cluny, guipure and the lately revived crepon being favorites. These laces are used as insertions rather than in appliques, and in many of these blouses the lace is also elaborately embroidered in floral designs in plumetis stitch. One such blouse has its crepon lace embroidered across the front in chrysanthemums.

New Napoleon Hats.

A fashionable milliner in the Rue de la Paix has introduced a new Napoleon hat. This, worn with a single lock of hair on the forehead, accompanying a long redingote, is now fashionable and most becoming for women with high foreheads. An exquisitely pretty coiffure, replacing the theatre hat, is formed of three classic bands encircling the hair, with one erect ostrich plume.

Gray Ribbed.

A gray ribbed velvet gown has a collar and guimpe of cream lace. The bodice is curiously built, the draped front of velvet being a sort of a cuirass buttoned on the shoulders with three large velvet buttons.

Fur Bands on Skirts.

A band of fur is around the foot of some of the handsomest skirts. These skirts trail and are not for the promenade.

Blouse Waist.

Waists that are shirred over the shoulders are among the latest and most novel shown and are singularly attractive in such materials as chiffon velling, chiffon taffeta and the like. This one is made in shirt waist style, with a box pleat at the centre front, the material being taffeta in one of the new reseda greens. The sleeves are shirred to form cuffs in harmony with the yoke of the waist, and are finished with pointed turn overs that match the stock.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, fronts and back. The shirrings over the shoulders are in tuck style, so providing becoming fullness below, and the closing is made at the centre front through the box pleat. The sleeves are made in one piece each, with the shirred cuffs.

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

A Late Design by May Manton.

SHIRRED WAIST.