LOUISA'S SILVER WEDDING.

By HELENA DIXON.

"YOU may marry him, Louisa, since you are so determined. But you know that neither your mother nor myself approves your choice. The son of a drunkard, and one who is likely to become one himself, is he fit husband for you."

"Oh, father, Vincent will never drink intoxicating liquors; he has promised me that he never will."

Father and daughter sat alone in the cozy sitting room of their country home. Louisa was as wayward as a spoiled child. She was the only one left at home of the little flock that once nightly gathered there. Her brothers and sisters were all married. The former were brawny, well-to-do farmers, living not far away, and the latter contented, hard-working wives of farmers. Of course, everybody expected Louisa, when her time came to leave the paternal roof, to marry some thrifty tiller of the soil, and settle down near the old home, as the others had done.

And it might have been so had not Vincent Lenoir, with his handsome face and captivating manners, come among them and opened her eyes to the fact that she was not born to drudge forever in a dismal farmhouse. So Harvey Webb, the honest, big-hearted fellow, who the neighbors thought would lead away the old deacon's pet, was discarded, and Vincent Lenoir took his place, and a much larger place than poor Harvey had ever filled in Louisa's heart!

Vincent had come from a distant city, and for a time he was greatly lionized on account of his brilliant mental qualities; but when it became known that he was in the constant habit of visiting the village tavern, and that he often came from there extremely unsteady, people shook their heads. Then his conduct began to be openly commented upon, and finally one after another had turned their faces against him, till the young man would have fled in disgust from the village but for one thing—the deacon's house held an attraction for him.

He loved Louisa, and went one day to ask her to marry him just when the indignation of the order-loving villagers was at its height, and the good deacon, who had bent his ear to the general verdict, withheld his consent. Vincent, fully determined to win the old man's consent, went back to his city home, and at the end of six months again appeared as a suitor for the hand of Louisa.

He was so much improved in appearance and avoided so entirely the village tavern, that the deacon, taking into consideration that Louisa was pining to a shadow, gave his consent, though reluctantly, as we have seen.

"You can marry, since you seem so bent and bound to have each other; but I shall give you no 'setting out' nor honor you with a grand wedding such as your sisters had. This man may take you with your good looks and your wardrobe just as they are, if he loves you well enough to care for none of these things. And he shall have nothing else, unless—"

Louisa was crying softly, and trying her best to keep her tears from being seen. They did not escape her father's notice, however, though he pretended unconsciousness.

"Unless he conducts himself like a man, and abstains entirely from strong drink."

"He will, father! Oh, I am sure he will!"

Louisa did not say this to gain the "setting out" or the "grand wedding;" she was only anxious that her future husband should be considered worthy in her father's eyes.

"Well, if he does, I shall know it; and if he does not, you will know it, and feel it most, my child; though it will make me miserable, too. Now I will tell you how I shall act toward you, and you must not think because I do what I consider my duty, that I am lacking in love for my youngest child."

The old deacon brushed his sleeve across his eyes, and went on:

"Lenoir may have you, and take you to his home as soon as you choose. Your brothers, and sisters, and myself, will hold no communication with you. If in five years you can come to us bringing with you a husband who has lived up to the promise he has made you, our arms will be open to receive you both; and then you shall have your wedding party—your silver wedding, you may call it, though custom does not sanction its being held so soon. What do you say?"

Louisa said just what almost any woman who loved and placed a blind reliance on her idol would have said. She accepted the conditions hopefully, confidently, and went to her new home, feeling certain that she would triumph in her husband's rectitude.

Vincent kept his promise for a time faithfully, and Louisa, fully realizing the happiness she had anticipated, longed to communicate to he. stern relatives the fact that their fears for her future were unfounded. But she must not. She had been forbidden even to write to the loved ones she had left for the arms of a stranger.

Months passed, and Vincent occasionally came home at night with flushed face and breath that would have suggested brandy to any one less blindly trustful than Louisa. But when, as the weeks rolled by, he went so far as to enter her presence actually reeling as he walked, her eyes could no longer be closed to the fact that her idol was no longer worthy of the high place to which her love had elevated him. At the end of a year his business—prosperous at the time of his marriage—had suffered greatly through his unsteady habits. In all this time Louisa had not heard from home save in an indirect way, and she often wept over the thought that those whose memory she cherished so fondly neither knew nor seemed to care whether she was numbered among the living or the dead.

Another year was nearly passed, with no change in Vincent except for the worse, when one day the postman brought a letter over which the poor young wife wept scalding tears, and the unconscious babe in her lap looked up with wonderment in its thin face at her look of keen anguish. The letter which caused Louisa so much sorrow—though under different circumstances it would have yielded her only joy and delight—ran thus:

"My Dear Child—Mother and I, and some of the others are coming to see you. It seems an age since you left us. If all is with you as we hope, the coming anniversary of your marriage shall be kept at home as we promised the fifth should be. That seems too long to wait. Mother and your brothers and sisters send their best love. Your loving father.

"GILES NEWCOMBE."

Louisa had read this first letter from home till she knew it by heart, yet she drew it forth once more as she sat slowly rocking her babe to sleep. It was 10 o'clock, her usual bedtime, but Vincent had not yet come in, and she, poor, patient soul, never thought of going to her rest, however weary she might be, till he came. She heard his footsteps soon, not walking lightly, buoyantly, as in the days that seemed to the heavy-hearted wife so far in the past, but heavily, sluggishly.

He entered the room where, with the letter in her hand, she sat. One glance at the reeling form and she dropped the letter in her pocket.

In the morning she gave it to him.

"Well," he said, when he had finished it, "so they're coming to pass judgment upon me, are they? Better wait, I should think, till I ask them. I ask no odds of anybody's relations, and I'll not submit to this court-martial sort of thing which these people propose."

"Oh, Vincent!"

That was all Louisa said, but the tears which filled her eyes might have spoken volumes to the erring husband had he rightly interpreted them.

The girl-wife—for she was but a girl in years, though old in bitter experience—turned away her face, and leaning against the mantel, sobbed and cried till even Vincent Lenoir's dulled sensibilities were stirred.

"There, Louisa, don't be a baby. I know I've disappointed you, and I'll disappoint your folks when they come and see me—"

"But, Vincent," bitterly sobbed Louisa, "you needn't—"

"Needn't come home as I did last night, you would say? Well, I will not. Only let me know when they are coming."

"But I cannot tell you that, Vincent. Father didn't state when they would be here. Oh, I might have been so proud of you, my husband, if you had only—"

Louisa broke down in a fresh burst of tears.

"I know you'll be ashamed of me before them, Lou, and I shall be ashamed of myself. But there's no use in my trying to be anything more than the miserable thing I am. Only I'll promise to keep straight while your relatives are here. Will they come today, do you think?"

"They may, Vincent; you'll not forget?"

The young wife put her arms around her miserable husband's neck and kissed him. He returned the kiss, saying:

"No; I'll be sure to remember."

He left the house for his place of business.

That afternoon, while Louisa, almost happy in her husband's promise, was busy with her little one, the doorbell rang, and a troop of smiling-faced country people, headed by the good old deacon, were ushered in. Tears were shed, as they always are at such meetings. Greetings were exchanged and the baby was duly kissed and admired.

Tea was postponed that Vincent might share it with them. Louisa cast uneasy glances ever and anon down the street, but Vincent did not come.

"Is he generally so late, my darling?" asked the kind-faced mother.

And Louisa colored and stammered, and only made out to say:

"Sometimes."

The deacon and some of the brothers exchanged glances. The deacon's wife and one or two of the sisters wiped their eyes.

"I'll just walk down the street a little and meet him," said the deacon. And he went.

The worthy man had gone a couple of blocks, when he recognized in a man staggering toward him the one who had won from his old age its last cherished flower—and only to crush it.

He turned, and was slowly retracing his steps, when Vincent Lenoir came up with him.

"Don't know what Lou'll say," he muttered to himself, "she's mighty partic'lar;" then laying his hand on the deacon's shoulder: "What d'you think 'bout it, old man—don't you think she's mighty pur-tic'lar?"

"What about?" asked the deacon, huskily.

"'Bout me an' my in'cent in-dul-gences."

The old man made no answer. His heart was too heavy for speech. He had hoped to find his daughter's husband all that could be desired; and how had his hopes fallen!

"But I'll tell you, old man, there'll be an uncommon time to-night. You see she's looking for her folks—straight-laced set—and she's 'fraid I won't make a 'spectable 'pearance—don't you see? But let 'em rip. I'm my own boss yet, old man, and I don't care a snap for their silver weddings, nor their 'spect either, don't you see? Straight-laced set; very narrow-minded, you see."

When they reached the house occupied by Lenoir the deacon followed his son-in-law up the steps.

"Going in, old man? Well, I do' know as I'd better let you. You don't look ex-exactly 'spectable, you see, and Lou'll scold and 'cuse me of 'sociating with old ragmuffins; so you see 'taint convenient. Come down t' the inn t'morrow night, and I'll be there. You're a brick—you are."

Notwithstanding this the deacon was close upon Vincent's heels when he opened the door and appeared in the presence of his wife and her relatives.

Louisa, too overwhelmed with mortification to utter a word, sank down in a chair in a corner of the room. The intoxicated husband took no notice of the strange faces before him. Turning, he pushed a chair toward the deacon, with:

"Sit down, old brick, an' make yourself at home. I'll let Lou know 't I'm gov'ner here!"

The brothers and sisters of the humiliated wife had risen from their seats and stood around in silence. Presently Vincent's eyes lit upon Mrs. Newcombe's face. The old lady was holding the baby in her arms, but no one save a man in his condition could have mistaken her wrinkled face for that of his young wife.

He went up to the deacon's wife and clapped his hand on her shoulder.

"Glum as a ghost, eh? But you see I'm gov'nor here, in'pendent 's a king on 's throne;" and he made a flourish with such force that he well-nigh lost his balance. Settling his hand again upon the old lady's shoulder, he lowered his face till it almost touched hers. "D'ye see that old chap sitting there peac'ble 's a Quaker? Well, he's a friend of mine. I want him treated 'th proper 'spect, or I'll 'venge m'self b' coming home in 'stonishing state of el'vation when your str'straight-laced folks are here."

At this juncture he beheld himself reflected in a large mirror. Instantly striking a pugilistic attitude, he demanded:

"Who are you, gaping at a gen'man in that style, an' haven't the manners to take off your hat? I'll let you know I'm boss here!"

The drunken man executed a second flourish with his arms high in air and fell upon the floor, in his rapid descent nearly knocking his mother-in-law off her feet. The deacon seized his hat and overcoat. At a signal from him the others got their things, and then all slowly filed out of the house. The mother tarried a moment to bend over her daughter, who, covered with shame, sat still in the corner. She offered her the shelter of her old home, but Louisa only looked at her husband and shook her head.

"He needs me, mother, and I cannot leave him."

It was late next morning when Vincent awoke. He was thoroughly sober now. He brushed his hand slowly over his eyes, and lay silently in deep reflection, scarcely moving for a long time. Then he got up, dressed himself, and went downstairs. He found Louisa crying over her baby, which lay sleeping in her lap. The husband, in whose memory every word and act of the previous evening were clear, went to his wife's side and knelt down.

"I remember it all, Lou, and I know how you feel, and I am, for the first time in my life, thoroughly ashamed of myself."

We will draw a veil over the pair as they converse in low, solemn tones with each other, mingling their tears and their prayers over their sleeping infant.

Three years passed away, and in the large room of Deacon Newcombe's house a little company was gathered, of children and grandchildren. All who had once met daily around the good deacon's fire were there save one, and that one Louisa. The faces of all were saddened as the mother, looking around upon the group, spoke her name. No one could tell to what depth of misery she might have sunk ere this. In all these three years they had had no tidings of her. They had written, but their letters were never answered. Once one of the brothers had visited the city and called at the house where the first two years of her married life were spent, but new tenants peopled it and the name of Lenoir was unknown to them.

They gathered around the well-spread table, young and old.

"It is five years to-morrow since Louisa was married. I wonder if she remembers the promise I made her!" said the deacon, staring hard at his plate; and the mother answered:

"Poor child! if she does, it will only add to her sorrow."

There was the noise of wheels outside, the sound of footsteps on the porch; then the knocker sounded, and in a moment, Louisa, radiant with health and happiness, entered the room, leading by the hand a bright-eyed boy. Her husband—not the bleary-eyed, besotted creature they had looked upon three years before, but noble and manly-looking—a man whom the good deacon and his stalwart sons felt they could grasp by the hand—followed in a few moments.

Later in the evening, when a vast amount of kissing and smiling through tears had been gone through with, Louisa led her little boy to the deacon's side.

"Isn't he handsome, father, and just like his papa? And only think, Vincent has never touched a drop of liquor since that dreadful night when I thought I should die for shame! And we are so happy!"

And Mr. and Mrs. Lenoir had their silver wedding after all, as the old man persisted in calling it, and many and costly were the presents showered upon Louisa, who, in her new happiness, looked as blooming as a newly made bride; but the gift she most prized was in the shape of a promise, that night renewed, by her husband, never again to touch aught that could intoxicate.—New York Weekly.

Mr. Hay's Sense of Humor.

Walter Hoff Seely, the insurance man, tells this: "I was taking lunch about a year ago in the Pennsylvania station at Jersey City, and was seated on a stool at the lunch counter, when the Congressional limited came in, and among other passengers was Secretary Hay. Rushing in to the lunch counter, he seated himself next to me and ordered a sandwich and a cup of coffee. On the other side of the Secretary was a typical American, who had not the slightest idea that his neighbor on the left was the American Premier. Mr. Hay's face was a study of amusement when he was suddenly jabbed in the ribs by the elbow of this man, who at the same time addressed the Secretary after this fashion: 'Say, Sport, ferry over the confectionery, will ye?' The interesting part of it was that John Hay passed the sugar."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Woman's Realm

To Wash Kid Gloves.

In washing kid gloves—the kind that can be washed in soap and water—don't make your rinsing thorough enough to get out every particle of soap.

It is a good plan to wash them carefully and then to rinse them in clean but soapy water, so that a little of the soap is left in to keep the kid soft.

Lace Society in France.

In the present fashion of wearing quantities of lace, an opportunity for fostering the production of fine, handmade laces is seized by a society in France which calls itself La Dentelle de France, and is under the patronage of the wife of the President of the republic, Madame Loubet. A yearly "salon de dentelle" will be held, and a great feature will be competitions for new designs in lace.

Pretty Trunk Tray Covers.

Trunk tray covers are among the very nicest trifles to make for yourself and for your friends.

They are made of china silk or silkoline, double, with a layer of cotton batting between, thickly powdered with sachet. The edges are bound with wash ribbon to match in color and if wished the whole surface is quilted or tufted.

One for each tray is the best way to arrange, including the hat division and the two or more trays for miscellaneous articles. The new trunks are so admirably made with skill and comfort that half a dozen compartments are not too many to arrange for.

When each tray is packed the cover is laid over it and strapped down. It keeps a tight hand on the articles and garments below and makes the whole trunk with everything in it smell like an old-fashioned garden.

Then, too, it looks so neat and attractive when the lid is lifted and the unpacking begins. That tossed and tumbled appearance is avoided.

Disregard of Shoes.

Are women neater than men? was a question recently asked by a cynical masculine who is a stern critic as to all that regards a woman's getup. This was the reply: "Women are endowed with strange vagaries, and while extremely fastidious in many ways, are neglectful in others.

"Even the swellest society girl is not as particular as to the freshness of her collar and cuffs as the plain, everyday man of business; to change his linen at least once a day is a sort of religion with most men. With women it is different; they will inspect their collars and cuffs after a hard day's wear and decide that they will do, not recognizing the fact that if any doubt exists on the matter they should be consigned to the laundry without demur.

"Again, a man is much more concerned as to the state of his shoes than a woman. The woman will gown herself in Worth's or Paquin's latest creation and forget to look at her shoes; she is willing to condone the loss of one or two buttons and the consequent baggy appearance of her extremities."—Indianapolis News.

Redingote Suits.

In checks, as well as in mixtures and plain fabrics, there is to be the redingote suit, which is also a three-piece suit.

This is a triumph in ready-mades. Heretofore the redingote was only to be had to order. Now it is coming in all ready to walk out in. All gray is to be good. Likewise grayish blues and grayish greens. And navy blue, that is always in favor.

This redingote suit is to be an edition de luxe. It is to be a three-piece suit. In addition to the skirt and the long, trim coat, there will be a lovely underblouse. Upon this little third piece a wealth of ideas will be lavished. In some instances it will be of exactly the same shade as the suit, in taffeta peau de cygne, Louisine, or even mousseline. Sometimes it will be of lace.

Shaded chiffon will form one harmony in violet which is to go with a suit of egg-plant purple.

Such under-pieces mean much. They are made to harmonize with the suit. It is often impossible for a woman to find the exact shades for this third piece. Then she must find all the details and see that they are made to suit her. With the ready-made three-piece suit all this is saved.—Washington Times.

A Perplexing Problem.

One of the most perplexing problems with which the order-loving mother has to contend is to decide where to put the children's toys. If placed in the nursery closet they keep the floor in an unsightly litter, and the dust gathers quickly under them.

One of the most convenient devices is a box couch seven feet in length, three feet wide and three feet deep. To this is a hinged top. The box is covered with a deep red brocade, and on the lid is fitted and securely fastened a hair mattress, also covered with brocade. Into this thoroughly ornamental piece of furniture the toys may be stored every night, it being the children's duty to pick off everything from the floor and put it away in a neat and orderly manner.

They become accustomed to this task and perform it with perfect cheerfulness and with a delightfully pleasant conviction that they are helping mamma. By the time their early supper is brought to the nursery not a toy is to be discovered on the floor and the box couch is closed.

Upon this same couch are a number of pillows of bright cretonnes and denims and a folded afghan, and here the mother often takes a pussy nap after tucking in the babies.

Comfort in Elbow Sleeves.

We knew of the elbow sleeve early last fall, the elbow sleeve, that is, which is a part of outdoor wear. The elbow sleeve for house and evening wear is, of course, an old, old story. But how many ventured to adopt them? Why, only a very few, and that few very swagger dressers and very rich. The winter, day-time elbow sleeve in this climate means a closed vehicle always at one's command. And in this vehicle there was a great loose coat of fur or of other material, with a lining, into which the elbow-sleeved devotee of Dame Fashion cosily slipped, the bolero or other coat of her smart silver velvet or cloth visiting costume being altogether too frivolous to face a wintry blast in.

So much for the elbow-sleeved costume of serge, cloth or velvet, as it first appeared.

Now it's another story. Those who follow fashion with slim purses are having their innings. These clever ones, as well as rich devotees, are eking out the elbow sleeve of both the fine tailored rig and the dainty muslin with long mousquetaire gloves of kid, which may now be accomplished with both style and comfort.

And speaking of gloves, another recherche idea is to wear white gauntlets with sleeves in the three-quarter length. These gauntlets are lined with pink, blue, green or black, according to the costume.—Philadelphia Record.

One Girl's Independence.

A member of Vassar's graduation class, the daughter of a Chicago capitalist, is noted for her generosity and prodigal liberality. A short time ago, her father, who is self-made, began to fear that his daughter did not appreciate the value of money. She promptly wrote demanding that her allowance be stopped and set to work more as a joke than for any other reason to see just how much she could do for herself. She had spent several years in Europe when a child, and spoke French and German with such ease that she always elected a course in one or the other that might prove a rebate on study expended in other directions. Consequently she secured several patrons in the city whom she visited weekly to converse amiably and instructively with her children in whichever language they chose.

At home she had an excellent French maid, whose operations she had often watched with interest. She put up a sign announcing: "Shampoo at twenty-five cents, manicuring at fifteen cents; latest and most approved methods. Buy a book of tickets and save money." She opened a boot-blacking stand and impressed her lazy roommate into service. They who had formerly slept until getting any breakfast was a gamble now rose at dawn and disposed of long rows of boots.

The girl's father, among other things, was an officer of an express company. Weekly her laundry was franked home that her dainty garments might not be ruined in the college laundry. This suggested yet another industry. She became a laundress of turnovers and fine handkerchiefs. The ten-cent store furnished the outfit at a price that would have delighted the Salvation Army, and she made enough out of it to pay her bill at the grocery store—representing many a college spread. It happened to be near a basketball game. She rented a sewing machine and went into the flag business, making eighty per cent. on each pennant. At the end of the month she sent her father an account of her career, which so pleased that gentleman—he had just won a victory over his board of directors—that he came on and took her and her friends to New York City, where the time of their lives was theirs for the asking. His alarms were so successfully quieted that he begged her to give up business for the present and let him support her until she finished college.—Elizabeth Westwood, in Public Opinion.

FRILLS OF FASHION

A pretty belt is of black leather.

All skirts flare widely, like a bell, at the foot.

It is said the short round skirt is on the wane.

The big black picture hat is once more to the fore.

Embroidering buttons is the summer girl's newest occupation.

The too-slender woman has her bodice trimmed inside with pinked ruffings.

For real service the well dressed woman wears a plain brown face veil.

Your silk petticoat ruffles will stand out if you finish them with cable cords.

The girl who cannot embroider finds herself at a sad disadvantage this year.

A tiny, open-face watch, small enough to be worn in the buttonhole, is the latest.

The very coarse laces, such as guipures, are most in fashion for adorning linens, etamines and cloths.

A new elbow glove has the band of silk and the arm from wrist to elbow of lace, to resemble a handsome sleeve.

Airy bits of elegance are the neck ruchings of muline in various colors, consuming a dozen yards in their pleatings.

Among the latest exclusive modes are the exceedingly high bust corselets, worn with very short open coats, matching the skirt.

Crushed tinsel velvet belts are very modish for elaborate gowns. They are a French fancy and their gleam and glisten seem very gorgeous.

A charming white dotted muslin gown had a full skirt trimmed with five graduated tucks above a hem which served as a sixth tuck.

Such bits of ribbon as are picked up at remnant sales may be embroidered with dots or wafer spots, and thus converted into a pretty trimming.

The demand for girls for general housework in Chicago is much larger than the supply.

Fashion Notes

New York City.—Jaunty little Eton jackets make notable favorites of the season and are never more attractive than when worn by young girls. This

one is so simple that it involves the least possible labor and skill in the making and at the same time is attractive and smart in the extreme. Illustrated it is made of taffeta with bands of the silk, cut bias and edged with tiny braid as finish and serves the purpose of a general wrap, but also would be suited to the costume, to linen, to mohair and to all seasonable materials. For the general wrap taffeta and mohair are perhaps the most fashionable of all materials at this season, but when used for the costume it can be made from anything that may be liked.

The jacket consists of the front, back and sleeves, and is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The sleeves are loose and in elbow length so that the little garment can be slipped on with perfect ease over any waist that may be worn beneath.

For a girl of fourteen years will be required two and one-fourth yards of material twenty-one, two yards twenty-seven, or seven-eighth yard forty-four inches wide, with six yards of banding to trim as illustrated.

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

The Staple Bargain.

The sensible woman uses her reason on these occasions. She knows that it is folly to buy a gown which is already a little out of style. Unless a bargain can be worn at least a part of next season, it is no bargain at all. One must do a little looking forward. Is the reign of the pleated skirt beginning to fail? Will the popular broderie Anglaise be worn next year? Is the half-sleeve a fleeting fashion? If so, it is no economy to buy them at this late day. On the other hand, linen is a staple material, and unless the gown is in essentially a style of the moment it can be altered to fit next year's requirements, even if it cannot be worn exactly as it is.

Embroidery Everywhere.

The craze for embroidery has spread to include the low shoes and white canvas or duck ties heavily embroidered on the toes are made for wear with embroidered white hose, embroidered petticoats, embroidered frocks, embroidered coats, embroidered hats, embroidered parasols. Verily there are great possibilities of extravagance in the season's modes, but, at least, the greatest extravagance today within the border lines of good taste expresses itself in the exquisitely dainty, not in the barbaric.

Gardenia is a Fad.

Gardenias, which last year were seen exclusively in the buttonholes of men, are this season the flower specially loved by the fair sex. Three gardenias is the number chosen for wearing. Sometimes they are seen snuggled in the side of the coiffure, when their waxy whiteness appears most charming, or they are worn in the front of the corsage or carried in the hand. In these latter instances their stems should be left long, and as many of their brilliant, glossy leaves allowed to show as possible.

Now It's Shaded Effects.

Shaded and shot or chameleon effects are of extraordinary importance in the fashion world and millinery, buttons, hose, parasols, ribbons, as well as frock materials, show the popularity of these ideas. The new buttons follow the color prominent in the new materials; and, though they cannot well surpass last season's buttons in elaborateness, the peculiar charm of the new color schemes and combinations gives them unusual beauty.

Revival of Umbrella Skirt.

The umbrella skirt and the circular skirt cut with seams at front and back are two of the leaders among skirt patterns. Both of these shapes solve the problem of close fitting tops and flaring hems.

The Empire Dress.

The quaint lines of the "Empire Dress" are singularly becoming to the slender and youthful figure. They are best made with a detachable tucker.

Lingerie Blouse With Yoke.

The lingerie blouse is the accepted one of the fashionable world. Not alone is it the smartest of all models for the summer, its usefulness is extended through the entire year and very dainty and charming it is. This one is quite novel in form, showing a yoke that is shaped on original lines and which allows of various treatments. In this instance sheer Persian lawn is combined with Valenciennes lace, but all-over embroidery of the material embroidered by hand or inserted or tucked muslin is quite appropriate for the yoke, while the banding can be of lace or embroidery or of the material worked with the fancy stitches that always give a distinctive touch. The elbow sleeves are exceedingly fashionable and are always pretty, if becoming, but there is a choice allowed between these and the long ones, so that all needs can be supplied.

Both waist and yoke are made with front and back portions. The waist is tucked in groups and joined to the yoke, and the closing is made invisibly at the back. The elbow sleeves are tucked at their lower edges and finished with stylish roll over cuffs. The long ones are made with deep cuffs and puffed upper portions.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and one-half yards twenty-one, three and one-half

yards twenty-seven, or two and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, with five-eighth yard of all-over material and three yards of insertion.