

SONNETS.

Of all the obscurity surrounding William Shakespeare, his sonnets are or have been made the most mysterious. It will probably never be decided whether in these sonnets Shakespeare was writing of his personal experience, whether he was writing as a lover or whether they were impassioned creations of his boundless and fertile brain, but it will ever be recognized that he wrote with as marked individuality and distinctiveness in these early effusions as in his dramas, and stamped the whole with a genius unexcelled. But one scholar in three hundred years has questioned their beauty and excellence as a whole.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazcd on now,  
Will be a tattered weed, of small worth held:  
Then, being asked where all thy beauty lies,  
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;  
To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,  
Were an all-creating shame, and thriftless praise.  
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,  
If thou couldst answer, "This fair child of mine  
I saw sum my count, and make my old excuse."  
Proving his beauty by succession thine,  
This were to be new-made when thou art old,  
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
So long as youth and thou are of one date;  
But when in thee Time's furrows I behold,  
Then look I death my days should expiate.  
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,  
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,  
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;  
How can I then be elder than thou art?  
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,  
As I not for myself but for thee will;  
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary,  
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.  
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;  
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date;  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,  
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal Summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.  
—William Shakespeare.

AUNT JANE.

By JOHN WORNE.

"Anything exciting in your letters this morning, dear?"  
"Well, I don't know," said Lucy; "here's a letter from Aunt Jane."  
"Aunt Jane? Did I ever meet Aunt Jane before she married?"  
Lucy got up and went around the breakfast table, looking troubled.  
"Tom dear, you remember that day you asked me to be your wife?"  
"Yes," he replied. "Why, what's the matter?"  
"You remember I said I had an awful sin to confess—a past, a present, and a future; something you might never be able to forgive?"  
"Yes, I wouldn't listen." He put his arm around her.  
"Well, it was—it was Aunt Jane."  
"Great Scott!" he replied.

"Y—yes, he does, usually; but—but I don't know anything about the gloating." She dried her eyes between each word.  
"No; the housemaid would see that."  
"I suppose she would."  
"And doesn't it strike you as suspicious that the housemaid hasn't told you about it? Looks like a conspiracy, doesn't it, eh?"  
Lucy clinched her hands and said she ought to have suspected it, it was so obvious.  
"Ah, my poor child, the obvious is so seldom visible! I find that people very often miss what to me is as clear as daylight."  
Aunt Jane had never been on a scent so hot.  
"And have you access to all cupboards, drawers, safes?"  
"I—I—think so," was the faltering reply.  
"Think so!" said Aunt Jane. "That's a pretty state of mind for a wife. Take me to his study at once! Am I not his wife's aunt?"  
This was said because Lucy seemed to hesitate. Together they went to the study. Aunt Jane sniffed contemptuously.  
"Smoke!" she snorted. "He smokes!"  
Lucy admitted it.  
"And drinks, I've no doubt?"  
"Y—yes, I'm afraid so."  
"And plays cards?"  
"I—I—think so, a little."  
"Poor dear, poor dear! What more do you want? Now, show me this secret drawer you were complaining of. She hadn't complained of any, but pulled the handles of several and at last found one that wouldn't open.  
"There you are!" came the triumphant cry. "Have you ever seen inside this?"  
Lucy couldn't remember that she had or had ever wanted to.  
"Doesn't it fit in wonderfully?" said Aunt Jane. "In there lie the letters over which he and the housemaid gloat in the early morning."  
Lucy saw it all clearly.  
"And I have no doubt there have been times when he has told you, with a pretence of sympathy, not to be in a hurry to get up?"  
Lucy did remember one or two instances, when she had a slight cold. Aunt Jane chuckled.  
"I never met a married couple yet who oughtn't to be divorced at once," she said. "This must be finally settled this evening, and I will stay by your side till he gives a satisfactory explanation. He never will; it won't bear explanation."  
"I am very grateful to you, Aunt," said Lucy.  
"Show me my room, poor thing. I always take a rest before dinner."  
"I am sure you must require it," said Lucy, leading the way up stairs.  
"And mind," said Aunt Jane at the door, "not a word to him about this till I tackle him; you would only put him on his guard and give him an opportunity of destroying the only evidence we have."  
"I will not mention it," said Lucy, humbly.  
When Tom came in, he was met at the door, as usual, by his wife. He thought it strange, but supposed she was looking after her guest. When he came down to the drawing room punctually, Lucy was alone there, looking gloomily into the fire. She did not turn on his entrance.  
"Well, my dear," he said cheerily, "has our sin come home to us?"  
"If you mean," replied Lucy, with hauteur, "has my dear Aunt Jane arrived, she has."  
"That's what I meant," he said, a little surprised. "And am I to be a model or an awful example?"  
"It is not necessary for me to teach you to wear the cloak of hypocrisy," she replied, with tears coming to her eyes.

Aunt Jane arrived as threatened, punctually a quarter of an hour late. She was always a quarter of an hour late, on principle. It arose out of a dislike for being kept waiting when asked out to dinner, for instance, and she spread over the whole of her comments, owing to her morbid passions, regularly. To be late for breakfast and in time for lunch upset her for a week, so she was scrupulously late for everything. This was annoying, unless you knew her and allowed for it; but so were most of the things Aunt Jane did. She was small, but enjoyed a deep bass voice.  
"Ah, my poor child," was her greeting, "how ill you are looking."  
"I didn't know it," said Lucy meekly.  
"You think you're happy, but I know better, poor thing. I see from your looks, from your manner, that you are utterly miserable. Now, confess, haven't I guessed right?"  
"I'm—I'm perfectly happy," groaned Lucy, dimly. "I mean, I was till—till—"  
"Till you came," was what she wanted to say, but her courage failed.  
"Till you married!" said Aunt Jane, triumphantly. "Didn't I say so?"  
The manner of Aunt Jane had a curiously quelling effect upon all who allowed themselves to be brought under its spell. Having extracted this admission, she followed up her success by a skillful cross-examination, which reduced the poor girl to tears, and almost persuaded her that her husband was the most brutal scoundrel on earth. Every little instance of his irritability, every little protest, however gentle, about lateness of breakfast or toughness of beef, was dragged out of her by tortuous means, carefully exaggerated and embellished with details supplied from Aunt Jane's own instinct, and fitted into its place in an elaborate and highly colored mosaic of perfect villainy. And when it was done, so difficult was it to distinguish fact from fancy that Lucy was wondering how on earth she could ever have married the man at all.

"And now, my dear," said Aunt Jane, "to follow up your suggestion that he is concealing something far worse than all this"—Lucy had never suggested anything of the kind, but she saw now how probable it was—"just tell me fully anything he may have confided to you and any suspicions you may have that he is keeping anything back. There should be no secrets between a man and his wife's aunt."  
"No, Aunt," said Lucy, struggling with her tears: "I quite agree."  
"For instance, does he receive letters which he doesn't allow you to look at?"  
"I—I—don't know; I never asked him," she sobbed.  
"Poor child—poor, simple child! As if he would confess it! The very fact that he says nothing about those letters ought to have put you on your guard. He always gets down to breakfast before you, I'll be bound, and glances over them in secret, eh?"

"You are a lawyer?"  
"I am," said Tom.  
"Never could stand lawyers," she went on; "a nasty, deceitful lot of serpents."  
"Indeed they are," said Tom, "loathly, crawling creatures." He shook his head solemnly.  
Being unable to put the case more strongly, Aunt Jane found herself unexpectedly with nothing more to say. So she turned, with pity in her voice, to Lucy.  
"My dear, I wonder you allow your cook to stay in the house."  
"Do you suggest a shed at the bottom of the garden for her?" said Tom, gently interrupting. He had decided to assume the offensive.  
She ignored him. "This soup," she said, "is disgraceful."  
Lucy apologized humbly. So did Tom.  
"Take away Miss Wilkins' soup," he said to the servant, and it went before Aunt Jane had time to clutch the plate. It was long before anything else was said by anybody, but Tom seemed to be enjoying his dinner. Indeed, the two ladies were disgusted at the brazen impudence of the fellow. Lucy longed for the end of this ghastly meal and yet feared what was to follow. At last the servants left and Aunt Jane coughed significantly. Tom looked up. Lucy said, timidly: "Let us go."  
"No," said Aunt Jane; "the time has come."  
"Has it?" asked Tom, cracking a nut.

"Your conscience," said Aunt Jane, "must tell you that you owe an explanation to your wife."  
"Must it?" asked Tom, checking a smile.  
"Don't lose your temper, sir," said Aunt Jane. She always began an argument like that—it seldom failed.  
"Lucy, tell him what you want to know."  
"I—I—hadn't we better go into the drawing room?" stammered Lucy.  
"No! I will protect you." She turned fiercely upon Tom. "You have letters in a drawer in your study which is locked. Don't deny it!"  
"I won't," said Tom. "It's probably quite true."  
"By your brutal conduct you thought you had cowed this poor child's spirit so that she would make no inquiries." "How did you guess?" said Tom.  
"But I have come, sir!"  
"I can't deny it," he said.  
"And I shall remain and protect my helpless niece forever, if necessary."  
"She warned me that something of the kind might happen," he said, helping himself to a banana.  
"Are you going to show me those letters?"  
"Certainly not; they are private."  
Aunt Jane tried to wither him with contempt, but was so unsuccessful that she felt that, unless she retreated in haste, she would lose her temper herself.  
"Come!" she said. "Leave him to his conscience."  
As they went out Tom said to his wife: "Are you a party to this silly nonsense?" but she did not deign to answer. It was all beyond doubt, now, on his own confession.  
Tom smoked a cigarette. He hadn't a notion what the row was about, but there would obviously be no peace till Aunt Jane went. So he changed his plan of attack and strolled into the drawing room. The two were on the EIGHT—BLACK hridapu sofa. Aunt Jane's arm was round Lucy's waist. They looked ferociously at him, turned away, shuddered, and were silent. He sat down on an easy chair and took up a book. For five minutes nothing was heard but indignant breathing. Suddenly he remarked, "I saw the doctor again to-day." There was no reply. Aunt Jane clasped Lucy tightly. He went on, "I asked him what he thought."  
"Still a silence. You could hear their shoulders shrug."  
"He said it was a little hard to explain the green spots, but the pink and yellow ones were either scarlet fever or something in-it-is and were quite well known in the profession."  
Aunt Jane had released her hold on Lucy and was looking at him with open mouth. He went on casually, "I asked, was it infectious? He said you can't tell until somebody has caught it from you."  
Aunt Jane was standing up.  
"But, he says, in case there should be any danger, I had better avoid the company of all the near relatives of myself or my wife."  
Lucy hurried up to him with alarm on her face. Aunt Jane backed towards the door.

He raised his eyebrows. "Why, what on earth—what's the matter, dear?"  
He tried to kiss her, but she drew away from him. She was sobbing bitterly.  
"You ask me," she said, "you, with all those years of marriage, bewildered. But not another word could he get from her, and he was standing looking at her with an expression of utter amazement when Aunt Jane sailed in, a quarter of an hour late. She required no introduction.  
"You are the man, I suppose?" she said, with a snap of the teeth. He bowed.  
"How do you do, Aunt Jane?" he said. "I hope you had a pleasant journey."  
"So-so. No thanks to you!"  
"Dear Aunt Jane," he said softly, "I wired to the porters to be polite." It was clear that he did not take her seriously, and Lucy was indignant.  
"I hear," said Aunt Jane, as they settled round the dinner table, "that you are a lawyer?"  
"I am," said Tom.  
"Never could stand lawyers," she went on; "a nasty, deceitful lot of serpents."  
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"But, he says, in case there should be any danger, I had better avoid the company of all the near relatives of myself or my wife."  
Lucy hurried up to him with alarm on her face. Aunt Jane backed towards the door.

"Dear Aunt," he said advancing with outstretched hand, "you're not going yet, surely?"  
She gave a little scream and jumped away. In a moment she was out of the room.  
Lucy turned to him with concern. "Is it serious, dear?" she asked.  
"Just you see that Aunt Jane gets comfortably out of the house."  
Lucy understood, and the spell vanished. Aunt Jane was up stairs, hurriedly putting on her hat and coat and muttering aloud.  
"I'll take a room at the hotel till tomorrow. Send on my box. No, I am afraid I can't wait—I shall be late as it is. Write and tell me how he is getting on, and don't forget to dis-infect the letter—why didn't you tell me this before you invited me? The incompetence of some doctors!—and sprinkle it all over the carpets. Good-by." She scurried down the stairs. Tom was in the hall to say good-by. She dodged round him and cut at the door as if 20 microbes were snapping at her heels.  
The deserted couple sighed with relief. Lucy put her head on Tom's shoulder.  
"I am so glad she's gone, dear. I think she's a witch; she seemed to get hold of my mind, somehow."  
"Let's go and look at the guilty letters," he said.  
"No, I don't want to see."  
"Well, they are only what you wrote to me before we were married."  
So she brought what he wrote to her, and he brought what she wrote to him, and they exchanged bundles and sat at opposite sides of the table, and he knocked on the table and shot across to her the first in date and she shot across to him her reply to it; and he read it and shot across the next, and so on all through the list, and when they came to the things which meant kisses . . .

There is a good parlor game for two.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Tests in tenement houses show that in five minutes after sweeping 2500 germs settled on a saucer three inches across. In the same length of time before sweeping 75 germs settled on the saucer.

A new speed record of 27 seconds for the kilometer was made by the Hon. C. S. Rolls in Nottinghamshire, England. A 72-horsepower Mors racer was used and the rate at which it traveled was equal to 83 miles an hour.

The amount of water within the crust of the earth is enormous, amounting to 555,000,000,000 cubic yards. This vast accumulation, if placed upon the earth, would cover its entire surface to a uniform depth of from 3000 to 2500 feet.

A writer in *Charities* places the number of crippled children who applied for relief at the New York hospitals during the visit of Dr. Lorenz at 8000, nearly all of whom were sent away because of the inadequacy of the hospital for their care.

In the course of a lecture in London Sir Harry Johnston reproduced, by means of the phonograph, records of many of the native songs of Uganda utilized in their war dances, festivals and orgies, as well as many of the dialects of the various tribes.

In Germany electricity, among other curious results, has rehabilitated the discarded windmill. At Neresheim a windmill supplies power for 36 incandescent lamps that light a large paper factory. Another in Schleswig-Holstein keeps up a steady current of 20 volts. At Dusseldorf a windmill winds up a heavy weight of which the descent works a powerful dynamo.

The Impression that British North America is covered with valuable timber is fallacious. Black walnut, red cedar and white oak are not found north of Toronto. A line drawn from the city of Quebec to Sault Ste. Marie will designate the northern limit of beech, elm and birch. The north shore of Lake Superior will mark the northern boundary of sugar hard maple.

Certain substances which are deadly in their effects upon men can be taken by the brute creation with impunity. Horses can take large doses of antimony, dogs of mercury, goats of tobacco, mice of hemlock and rabbits of belladonna without injury. On the other hand, dogs and cats are much more susceptible to the influence of chloroform than man and are much sooner killed by it.

He Saw It.  
From a school in the remote districts in the mountains of Kentucky, says *The Boston Transcript*, a little incident comes that illustrates the quaintness of the southern mountain-folk. Several of the pupils were six-footers. One quiet lad asked to be excused for a week. "What is the reason?" asked the teacher. "Got some law business to do." "What have you got to do with law business?" "Lawing over a killing." "What was the reason?" "Well, what have you got to do with it? You did not see it, did you?" "I allow I did. I'm the feller they tried to kill."

Not to Be Contradicted.  
"Honesty is the best policy," said Senator Sorghum.  
"But that little transaction"—protested the confidential associate.  
"Well-or-the other man's honesty turned out to be the best policy for me, didn't it?"—Washington Star.

The Trolley-people.  
Crowded together, side by side,  
The Trolley-people ride and ride;  
They never can get out to play,  
But have to ride and ride all day.  
And often I do wonder why  
They're always a ways riding by;  
I'm sure I don't know where, do you?  
They're coming from or going to.  
The Trolley-people go so fast,  
Just cling-cling-cling! and then they're  
And they do talk and laugh so loud,  
They seem a very bold and crowd.  
The Trolley-people are so strange,  
They carry little bags of change,  
They never walk upon the streets,  
They must have very useless feet.  
I'm sure I hope I'll ever be  
A Trolley-person, for, you see,  
I think it's such a lot more fun  
To use my feet to jump and run.  
Carolyn Wells, in *Collier's Weekly*.

HUMOROUS.  
Hoax—He seems to think he is always in the right. Joax—Well, that's where he gets left.  
Teacher—Can you tell where the Mississippi river rises, Johnny? Johnnie—Along its entire length, ma'am.  
Mr. Buggins—Who tore the fly leaf out of this book? George Washington Buggins—Father, I cannot tell a lie. I took it for my little kite.  
Wife—If I were to die, Phil, what would you do? Phil—I'd be most crasy. Wife—Would you marry again? Phil—No; I wouldn't be that crasy.  
Nell—I stopped in at a bargain sale today. Belle—Did you see anything that looked real cheap? Nell—Yes; several men waiting for their wives.  
"My dear sir," said his physician, "you have a constitution like hardened steel." "Are you sure there are no blow-holes in it, doctor?" anxiously asked the caller.  
Nell—Jack and Maude used to be such good friends, and now they scarcely speak. Belle—Why, what's the matter? Nell—Haven't you heard? They're married.

"Yes," concluded the medical raconteur, "she became insane through excessive dancing." "Oma might say she was hopping mad, I suppose," gurgled the Cheerful Idiot.  
Mrs. Uppson—Your grandfather is an octogenarian, is he not? Mrs. Neudrich—Indeed, he isn't anything of the sort. He is the most truthful man I ever bumped up against.  
"You don't seem to be at all nervous about going to ask papa for me," she said. "Oh, no," he replied. "I've had experience both as a book agent and life insurance solicitor. This'll be easy."

Miss Passay—That wealthy Mr. Hunter was pleased to say that I interested him. Miss Sharpe—The idea! How rude of him. Miss Passay—Rude? Miss Sharpe—Yes; he's a collector of antiques.  
Wigwag—I suppose you were up bright and early this morning? Guzzler—No, sir; I'm never up bright and early. If I'm up early I'm not bright, and if I want to get up bright I can't get up early.  
Sadie was 11 and Alice was 7. At lunch said Alice: "I wonder what part of an animal a chop is. Is it a leg?" "Of course not," answered Sadie; "it's the jawbone. Haven't you ever heard of animals licking their chops?"  
"Well," said the anecdotalist, taking a fresh start, "to make a long story short—" "It's a sacrifice we can hardly expect of the raconteur," interrupted the man who apparently never attempts to make friends by his affability.  
"I don't believe that man ever deceived anybody in his life," said the enthusiastic friend. "And yet," said Senator Sorghum, "you want me to give him employment. You don't suppose I have time to teach him the rudiments of the business, do you?"  
Nurse was reading nature stories of the chickens, ducks and geese. "Johnny, tell me what's a gander?" asked she, with a smile of peace. Little Johnny looked up quickly, all his fan-ey turning loose as he answered, smiling proudly. "It's the rooster of the goose."

At the request of the confirmed dyspeptic the operator was taking an X-ray photograph of the seat of his trouble. "This, I suppose," remarked the sufferer, with a ghastly attempt to be facetious, "is what might be called taking light exercise on an empty stomach."  
Consumer—See here! My family was out of town all last month except three days, and yet my gas bill is higher than for the month before! Clerk (severely)—Well, sir, do you suppose we can keep track of the comings and goings of all our customers? This office doesn't run a society department.

The Restored White House.  
It being absolutely necessary to adapt the residence and offices of the president of the United States to increased executive and social demands, it is our national good fortune that the work was accomplished at a time when the arts or architecture and decoration in America, having passed through phases various, had at last arrived at a point not only with the highest structural skill, but also in a thoroughly sympathetic spirit. Previous and slighter alterations showed either that the time was in general unpropitious, or that the wrong talent had been employed. But that the native tastes and special training of Mr. McKim—and, it may be added, of Mr. Glenn Brown, his local coadjutor—all tended in the direction of fitness of equipment for the important work to be undertaken must be acknowledged by every competent critic in America.—*The Century*.



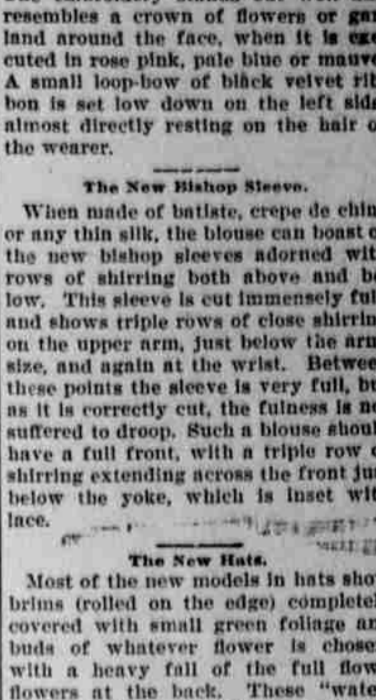
New York City.—Gowns cut in princess style are exceedingly becoming to many figures and make most satisfactory home gowns. The admirable May



Princess gown. Manton model shown fits snugly and smoothly and becomes simple or elaborate as material and trimming are one or the other. As illustrated it is designed for morning wear and is made of cashmere in a pretty shade of beige, is simply stitched with corticelli silk and finished with gold buttons. The gown consists of fronts, backs, side backs and under-arm gores. The fronts are fitted by means of single darts and all the portions flare freely



The New Bishop Sleeve. When made of batiste, crepe de chine or any thin silk, the blouse can boast of the new bishop sleeves adorned with rows of shirring both above and below. This sleeve is cut immensely full, and shows triple rows of close shirring on the upper arm, just below the arm-pit, and again at the wrist. Between these points the sleeve is very full, but as it is correctly cut, the fullness is not suffered to droop. Such a blouse should have a full front, with a triple row of shirring extending across the front just below the yoke, which is inset with lace.



The New Hats. Most of the new models in hats show brims (rolled on the edge) completely covered with small green foliage and buds of whatever flower is chosen, with a heavy fall of the full down flowers at the back. These "water-falls" of flowers will largely supplant the graceful lace scarfs of the last three seasons that fell over the back hair. Pink Prettiness. A pink frock, which has a pointed shoulder collar of embroidery over a longer one of pink, has the gumpe tucked, and is of the pink material of the frock. Fancy Waist. Combinations of tucks and shirring



EXCEEDINGLY SMART BLOUSE JACKET.

At the lower portion, so giving the fashionable effect. At the neck is a simple turn-over collar. The sleeves are in bishop style with straight cuffs. The quantity of material required for the medium size is twelve and a half yards twenty-seven inches wide, ten and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide or seven and a half yards forty-four inches wide, when material has figure or nap; ten yards twenty-seven inches wide, seven and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, five and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, when material has neither figure or nap.

Blouse coats with stole finish are among the features of the latest styles and are exceedingly smart both for the entire costume and the separate wrap. The stylish May Manton model shown in the large drawing is suited to both purposes, but, in the case of the original, is made of etamine, in soft gray, attached with corticelli silk, and combined with stole and belt of Oriental embroidery and makes part of a costume. The blouse consists of fronts, back, and under-arm gores. The back is plain and without fullness but the fronts blouse slightly over the belt. The capes, which are optional, are attached to the stole and fronts. The basque portions are secured to the lower edge, but these last can be omitted if preferred. The sleeves are the full ones of the season with roll-over cuffs. The quantity of material required for the medium size is two and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide or two and a half yards fifty-two inches wide, with three-quarter yards eighteen inches wide for stole.

Brim Velled as Diadem. A white chip hat has a high coronet-shaped brim, with the edge cut in deep curves and bent carefully to stand upright like a diadem. This is veiled with a soft covering of fine batiste heavily embroidered with floral border deep

Fancy Waist. forty-four inches wide, with seven-eighth yards of all-over lace and two and one-eighth yards of applique to make as illustrated.