

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

COSTUMES SEEN IN THE SUNDAY PARADE ON FIFTH AVENUE.

Mate Leroy Describes the Gowns Worn by Leaders of Fashion—Natty Jackets For Summer Wear—Cool and Dainty Linen for Warm Days.

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As warm weather advances the finest gowns make their appearance on the street, and it is worth much to the admirer of the beautiful to walk slowly along on upper Fifth avenue and watch the people come out of the churches and summer along that favored thoroughfare, conscious of the admiration they excite, but not showing it in their manner.



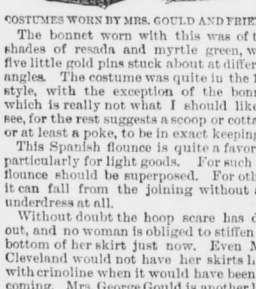
SEEN ON FIFTH AVENUE.

It would be telling over the names of the whole of the Four Hundred to mention those of the Sunday afternoon processions on upper Fifth avenue. Mrs. Ogden Goelet walks along with gentle humility with her young daughters, now almost old enough to take their places in the social whirl. She wears a gown of pearl gray cloth with a white crepe vest and revers of thick white velvet, the corsage outlined by the narrowest possible gold braid. On her dainty, dark head she wears a small bonnet of gray straw with growing flowers of pale straw color. Her young daughters are all dressed alike in twisted cashmere of lavender and with heliotrope trimmings. Their hats are large, of white straw, with spikes of lavender flowers and heliotrope among the white ribbons. The gowns are exceedingly simple in shape, being princess, with bertha of the material bordered with two rows of narrow soutache.

Miss Iselin was lovely on a recent Sunday in a pale blue cheviot with diagonal lines of a darker shade of blue. This was made in plain circle skirt, slashed, and each slash outlined with wide old gold castle braid, and it was trimmed the same front and back. The waist was drawn smooth over the front with visible darts or opening, and a sort of pelrine was made of bias goods. The sleeves were double puffs. The hat was a cream colored satin straw, with pink velvet trimming and old gold plumes. A small pink velvet bag was carried to hold her prayer book, etc. Altogether her costume was most admired.

Another gown that set off the handsome face of Miss Maude Banks was studied very closely. It was a pale rose china silk, with blue flowers scattered sparingly over it. The skirt was quite close at the top in front, but gathered at the back. On this was set a Spanish flounce, with a crushed velvet of the same at the top and bottom of the flounce.

The corsage was a plain French waist, with a narrow resada green velvet belt and with sash ends held in by a windmill rosette. The pelrine at the neck was of white Spanish lace, with a resada heading, and the sleeves were double balloon puff. The forearm part reaches to the back of the hand, where it flares a trifle and is double piped with blue.



COSTUMES WORN BY MRS. GOULD AND FRIEND.

The bonnet worn with this was of two shades of resada and myrtle green, with five little gold pins stuck about at different angles. The costume was quite in the 1890 style, with the exception of the bonnet, which is really not what I should like to see, for the resada is obsolete, or cottage, or at least a poke, to be in exact keeping. This Spanish flounce is quite a favorite, particularly for light goods. For such the flounce should be superposed. For others it can fall from the joining without any unkindness at all.

Without doubt the hoop scare has died out, and no more is obliged to be worn at the bottom of her skirt just now. Even Mrs. Cleveland would not have her skirts lined with crinoline when it would have been becoming. Mrs. George Gould is another lady who has determined set against them, and her street gowns are modeled on the tailor system, neat and fine, and her house dresses are left to fall as nature would suggest. At the flower show she wore a gown of blue striped wool, very fine and flexible. It was in two shades of blue. The back of the skirt was simply gathered all the way around. The front breadth and vest were of corded silk, matching the lighter shade, and at the foot was a puff of velvet of the darker shade heading a white lace flounce. There were a dainty lace jabot, revers of lace and a sash of velvet ribbon. The sleeves were plain zigot.

When she started home, she had a dark blue straw hat, with pink roses inside the brim and on the outside also, and a jaunty little wrap made of black velvet and a little narrow heading. Of course it was lined with iridescent silk, with pink and blue shades, which made it purple in some lights.

With Mrs. Gould was a young lady who was very prettily dressed in a Havana brown serge, with tabac brown velvet bands on the bottom, buttons covered with velvet, and belt, revers and forearms of the same. The skirt was plain and opened on the right side to the bottom and the waist crossed over to the right and fastened with an unfastening velvet bow. The sleeves were balloon, the upper part of the serge.

To wear with this was a large ecrú straw with brown plumes and a small gold buckle. To sport of a plain woolen frock in detail might seem unnecessary, but one must remember that one needs more of just such gowns than of silks or velvets and that when one has a good, well made deal of comfort can be got out of it if it is well taken care of.

Among notable gowns at the flower show I remarked one on an elderly lady which was of black satin striped with red and cut so that the stripes zigzagged in regular fashion. There was a train, but no fullness whatever in the top of the skirt. The waist was very snug, cut square in the neck, and had a narrow puff around it. The sleeves were balloon. The gray hair was waved and curled in an astonishing manner, and above this was perched a semimilitary hat, with a wreath of pink crush roses just under the brim.

Another was a plain black satin gown gathered full and hanging free. The waist was a plain spencer, with a black ribbon belt and gold buckle, and around the neck a flat collar of duchess lace held by an oval topaz pin. With this was worn a white crêpe shawl richly fringed and embroidered. The lady was young and lovely, and her smile was of today, but she looked as if she belonged in a train and had somehow got loose from the canvas and come down among the nineteenth century folks.

With the summer the pretty and natty jackets, shirt fronts, vests and neckties and possibly even blazers will come. The Eton jacket of plain goods, braided in a striped all over pattern with frog fringe and no sleeves will be worn very much over light dresses. These are pretty, and they protect the chest and are universally becoming. Young girls and quite old women can wear them.

The Eton jacket with sleeves will be worn with a regular starched shirt front with high collar and white neck ties, or with a soft surah scarf tie, or a neck, or even a four-in-hand. In the matter of ties a young lady can suit herself. With the Eton jacket in this style there should be a pique vest made just like a man's vest. These are certainly very taking.



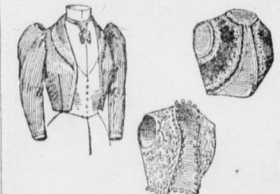
TIES AND CRAVATS.

The bolero jacket is made to wear over light or heavy dresses indifferently. It is of black velvet or very dark velvet braided richly with gold, though it is sometimes made of fine broadcloth or satin, but nothing throws up the braiding as well as the velvet. The bolero or figaro jacket has been popular this season in every way, so that on some gowns there is just enough of it to show what it is meant for, but however it is done it always remains chic. Its range of usefulness is unusually large and reaches from the ballroom to the promenade, and it is a capital thing to wear over a gown that has lost its first freshness.

In lingerie for warmer days the very daintiest thing will be the turn down collars and turn up cuffs with fluted ruffles. Nothing looks so neat and attractive as to see the crisp freshness of such lingerie. The cravats that will be worn with the standing collar and chemise will be of lawn or satin, as pleases better, but the ends, instead of being made pointed, as heretofore, will be cut square off and stitched. There will be no ruffled tempers, as the ties buckle around the neck and are already tied.

The newest shoes show that comfort has been the first consideration, and they are wide, crisp freshness of such lingerie. The cravats that will be worn with the standing collar and chemise will be of lawn or satin, as pleases better, but the ends, instead of being made pointed, as heretofore, will be cut square off and stitched. There will be no ruffled tempers, as the ties buckle around the neck and are already tied.

There are four distinct kinds of low shoes, aside from the "fancies." There are the oxford and the newport, both as popular as ever, the tan colored shoes and the suedes, besides the new ones where the foot slides in through a cleft that closes of itself after. But the oxford, with its trimmings, and the newport, with the little device that keeps the strings from untying, are best liked and are by far the neatest and most ladylike shoes. Some have patent leather tips stitched very prettily.



STYLISH JACKETS.

At the Fair. Friend—Why, Elvira, what's the matter? Elvira—Oh, I don't know, only I'm worried to death. I've had the same girl six weeks, and she doesn't talk about leaving yet.

At the Fair. Friend—What! I haven't been buying a thing! No, sir, but you and the lady have been standing here just 20 minutes breathing, and I've a mortgage on the air for 10 feet in each direction.—Truth.

None Needed. He—Jerusalem! What made you offer prizes? They'll cost a fortune. She—Pshaw, we won't have to get any. They were to be given to the woman who didn't ask what's trumps.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Overheard In a Library. "Have you a novel called 'Farina'?" "I think not; it's a serial, isn't it?"—Vogue.

THAT OFFICE BOY.

A New York Specimen That Was Up to Snuff.

Everybody knows what the New York office boy is. He always comes from the east side, and he always owns the office within a week after he has entered it. He has his own ideas about dignity, and it is useless to try to change or even to modify them. His manifestations of "cussedness" are various. The writer was in the law office of a friend the other day when an elderly gentleman entered and addressed himself to the black eyed office boy guarding the rail before the inner rooms.

"Is Mr. C— in?" asked the white haired and venerable citizen.

"What's your name?" asked the boy coolly.

"I asked you if Mr. C— were in," said he of the old school reprovingly.

"What's your name?" repeated the autocratic youth, looking the other in the eye.

"That isn't what I came to tell you," answered the venerable caller. "I came to see if Mr. C— were in. That is what I asked you. That is what I want to know."

"Well, what's your name, then?" asked the boy placidly.

"Is he in?" demanded the old man sternly.

"What's your name?" repeated the boy calmly.

The venerable citizen looked around and then gave a gesture of despair.

"I'm Mr. Brown," he said in a subdued voice.

"Well, you can't see him," said the czar of that office in a voice in which there was decision, but no trace of triumph.

"Why?" asked the conquered New Yorker.

"Because he's engaged."

"Well, take my name in and see if he won't see me."

"He's engaged."

"I don't care if he is. Take my name to him."

"Why not?"

"He's engaged."

"Well, young man, you can go into his private office and leave my card, can't you?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Why not?" with great sternness.

"Because he's engaged on a case in Boston and won't be in town till tomorrow."

And the boy began to question another visitor in the coolest of cool manners.

The writer had an experience with the same boy. He called up the lawyer's office by telephone.

AN IMPORTANT GATHERING.

The World's Congress of Bankers and Financiers at Chicago.

One of the most important of the many congresses to assemble in Chicago during the fair will be the world's congress of bankers and financiers, which will meet during the week of June 19 to 23. The congress will be held under the auspices of an American Bankers' association and will be presided over by Lyman J. Gage, president of the First National bank of Chicago. While it is felt in the financial centers of the world, which will all be represented by delegates, Senator Sherman has been requested to open the congress with an address of welcome to the foreign delegates, and President Gage will follow him with a general address of welcome to all the delegates present. The delegates from other countries will then be introduced to the congress, and it is expected that each of them will take advantage of the opportunity to enlighten the assemblage upon the financial system, banking methods and resources of his own country. There will be papers and addresses upon general financial and monetary topics and conferences of experts in particular branches of banking and finance.



LYMAN J. GAGE.

President Gage has taken a great deal of interest in the preparations for the congress, as he does in everything else connected with the World's fair, or with Chicago itself, for that matter. It will be remembered that he was the first president of the World's fair association, and he is still a very important member of the directory and one of the most active promoters of the stupendous enterprise. As a banker and financier his reputation is worldwide, and probably no more fitting selection of a presiding officer for the monetary congress could have been made than that of a man who unites in himself the distinct qualifications of high official connection with the management of the fair, prominence as a citizen of Chicago and pre-eminence in the banking world.

Mr. Gage has been connected with the First National bank of Chicago since 1853, first as cashier and then as vice president. He was the actual executive head of the bank for several years before he was elected to the presidency, and by the liberality of his management greatly strengthened the institution's influence. Chicagoans still talk of his generous treatment of the bank's debtors at the time of the great fire, when a more stringent course on his part would have driven hundreds of them to the wall.

Mr. Gage is an entertaining speaker, and his talks on any matter that interests him are pregnant with thought. He is fond of discussing economic and social questions, and the breadth of his views is often a surprise to his auditors, who are apt to forget that the man who addresses them was not born to a bank presidency, but knew what hard manual labor was in the days of his early manhood when he came to Chicago almost penniless and ready to do anything honorable for his livelihood.

THE ORATOR FROM SANGAMON.

Frank H. Jones Becomes Postmaster General Bissell's First Assistant.

Frank H. Jones of Springfield, Ill., who succeeds H. Clay Evans as first assistant postmaster general, is a native of Illinois and was born at Griggsville, Pike county, March 4, 1854. His father was George W. Jones, clerk of the Illinois appellate court for the Third district, so he may be said to have been born to the profession of the law to which he afterward dedicated his life and energies.

After graduating from Yale in the class of 1875 he immediately began studying law, at first in the office of Higbee & Wike at Pittsfield, Ill., and afterward at Columbia law school in New York and the Chicago law school. He graduated from the latter institution and was admitted to the bar in 1878. He then located at Springfield, where he has since been engaged in the practice of his profession, at which he has been more than ordinarily successful.

In 1890 Mr. Jones was elected to the Illinois general assembly from the springfield district, and in the following winter he took a prominent part in the protracted and bitter contest over the election of a United States senator, which finally resulted in the selection of General John W. Palmer. Mr. Jones made the nominating speech for Senator Palmer at the beginning of that struggle, and during the weeks that followed was prominent in the councils of the "noble 101," as their admirers love to call the men who so long maintained an unbroken front in fighting for the man of their choice.

Mr. Jones has won for himself a well deserved reputation as a public speaker, and his discourses show great thoughtfulness and no small skill in the rhetorical games. He is prominent in Democratic politics in Illinois and is president of the state league of Democratic clubs. He was a delegate to the last Democratic national convention.

A Pleasant Perfume. A great many things have a very good scent, but which when placed in a room rather overpower one. Some people are affected seriously. The most delightful plant of all perhaps for a room is the common sweetbrier. Sweetbrier should be much more generally planted than it is. It produces seeds freely—indeed if gathered in autumn and sown in any handy pot will produce myriads of plants fit for planting in any place where we like to enjoy its delicate fragrance in spring.

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GEMS IN VERSE.

A Maiden's Prayer.

If e'er I'm doomed the marriage chain to wear— Profligates heaven attend my humble prayer!— May the dear man I'm destined to obey Still kindly govern with a gentle sway; May his good sense improve my best of thoughts And with good nature smile on all my faults; May every virtue his best friendship know And all his love shun him as his mortal foe; May I, too, find possessed by the dear youth The strictest manners and sincerest truth— Unblemished by his character and fame; May his good actions merit a good name; May I, too, find possessed by the dear youth For troubles often on the wealthy wait, Nor life so short that I could never spare A trifling part to throw away on care. May his not e'er I'm made a wife, Or keep me lumpy in a single life.

The Calf on the Lawn.

I'm going to hitch this ere young calf out here in my front lawn; He'll stay right here an' chew the grass till the hull thing is chaw'n; He'll chew that corner off today until he's at it bare; Tommorrow I'll move his stake, an' he'll chew over there.

Looks bad, yer say, to see a calf out in a man's front yard; An' blatin' like a barnyard on this stylish boulevard; But that ain't all, calf shall eat that grass until I get it bare; An' if he feels like blatin', w'y, I reckon he will eat it.

When I bust took my farm out here, this wuz a country road; Across the way wuz parsture lan, where huckleberries grew; My calf wuz then hitched in my yard for the hull town's inspection, An' no darn enterprize dood cum round to make objection.

When this road grew a village street, my calf wuz in the yard; An' he'd stay right here an' swell his 'ith style—a city boulevard; But I will hitch this ere young calf out here in my front lawn; He'll stay right here an' chew the grass till the hull thing is chaw'n.

You say the way I carry on makes the hull city waal, let 'em laugh; this ere's my lawn, an' this ere is my calf; An' things he's reached the purtiest pass the wuz 'ez ever sawn; Ef an ole dud ain't let his calf chew grass on his own lawn.

Waal, let 'em laff; this ere young calf shall stay here anyhow; An' if I hear 'em laff too hard I'll trot out the old cow.

I'll hitch 'em laff to the same stake right here in my front lawn; An' let 'em stay an' chew the grass till the hull thing is chaw'n! —S. W. Foss.

Tenderness. Not unto every heart is God's good gift Of simple tenderness allowed. We meet With love in many fashions when we lift First to our lips life's waters bitter sweet. Love comes upon us with resistless power Of effortless passion and with headstrong will. It plays around like April's breeze and shower. Or calmly flows, a rapid stream, and still. It comes with blessedness upon the heart That welcomes it aright, or—bitter fate— It wrings the bosom with so fierce a smart That love, we cry, is greater than hate.

And then, ah, but when love has ceased to bless, Our broken hearts cry out for tenderness! We long for tenderness like that which hung About us, lying on our mother's breast— A selfish feeling, that no pen or tongue Can praise aright, since silence sings its best— A love as far removed from passion's heat As from the chillness of its dying fire— A love to lean on when the falling feet Begin to totter and the eyes to fire.

In youth's brief holiday hottest love we seek— The reddest rose we grasp, but when it dies, God grant later blossoms, violets mock. May spring for us beneath life's autumn skies! Grant that some loving one be near to bless Our weary way with simple tenderness! —All the Year Round.

To Our Baby. Sweet, blue eyed stranger, who has found thy way To that vast, unthoughted, unknown sea Which separates that world of endless day From this of shades and unreality, Dost wait because that art thyself a shade And that the shadow's portion for thy lot— To live, to chase phantasms till they fade, And then to die, perchance, and be forgot?

We know, we old ones who have tried this climb And proved the baselessness of earthly things, That at our birth and death are real. What can time Yield to but the solemn bell that rings The spirit's passing? Ah, but thou dost smile, Little heaven in thine eyes and in thy face, Stagnant and pure, without deceit or guile! Thou hast not, then, forgot thy native place?

Thou bring'st us back to faith, to love, to hope; Thou givest us new strength to do, to dare; Thy little feeble hands that aimless grope Have power to lead earth's strongest here and there. But always upward. Hail, then, blue eyed one! We'll care for, toll for, hope for, pray for thee. And, as a flower unfolds beneath the sun, Life's mystery unfolding ere she sleep. —Somerville Journal.

Live as You Ought to Live. Live as you ought to live—not in seclusion, Hiding yourself from your friend and your foe, Shutting your doors against kindly intrusion, Shutting your eyes to the evils below. Live as you ought to live—not in derision, Seeing your fellows and slighting your kind, Only for self making generous provision, Only to selfish indulgence inclined. Live as you ought to live—helping your brother With kindness or charity, as he has need. Even the smallest that's bestowed on another In value the whole of your wealth may exceed.

Live as you ought to live, this your endeavor, To live like a Christian—not worshipping self Nor slighting his uses, remembering ever That he is the hero who conquers himself. —New York Ledger.

Arcadia. There is a land that stretches far away Through canyons of unviolated dreams— A land that to the vagrant fancy seems A paradise of sentimental May. And it is called Arcadia, they say. Within its flower fields are quiet streams And green and cool retreats, and beauty beams In the soft smile, while pleasure lords the day. O lovely land, thou hast far away, Too far indeed for lagged steps like mine, Yet I have heard returning travelers say That on the frontiers they had marked a sign, Telling of such that happiness was his, Where pain is not, and not where pleasure lies. —Edgar Saltus.

Air Castles. In morning light they clearly rise, Flashing in splendor to the skies. Castles of air though they may be, They seem like solid masonry. Yet when life's closing day comes on, When much is lost and little won, When confidence gives way to doubt, Like dead sea fruit, they're blotted out. —A. A. Hill.

There are three things a wise man will not trust— The wind, the sunshine of an April day And woman's plighted faith. —Southey.

Furniture! Now Is Your Chance to Buy at PRICES -- YOU -- CAN -- AFFORD. J. P. McDonald asks your attention for a few moments in order to tell you of the WONDERFUL - BARGAINS at Centre and South Streets. Furniture and Carpet Sale FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS. PARLOR SUITS.... In all the latest varieties. Built with a view to lightness and durability, and in all grades and colors of finish. Now is the time to make your selections. Persons going to housekeeping will find everything they want. CHAMBER SUITS In Walnut, Solid Mahogany, Quartered Oak, Antique Oak, White Maple, etc., in the latest designs and most artistic finish. SIDE-BOARDS in large variety, Extension Tables, Book Cases, Fancy Chairs and Rockers, OIL and PASTEL PAINTINGS. Carpets In every known design and at remarkably low prices. Call and examine our goods at your leisure, and be convinced that you can save money by buying from J. P. McDONALD, FREELAND.

IN BEAUTY'S GUISE. The doctor, in kindly tone, humored him as best he could. "She will be with you always," he said, and then his face grew still more grave, and other tears followed the first, rolling down his furrowed cheeks and dropping on the counterpane. When at last the doctor withdrew into the curtained embrasure of one of the windows to await the end, which now appeared to him inevitable, she returned and knelt by the sufferer's bedside, listening eagerly to the murmured love passages which he addressed to her, to snatch of amorous verse and quotations from the prose sentimentalists of all times and all climes. "Tell me your name," he urged as he pressed his lips to her chilled hand and stroked her long, shining black tresses; "tell me, that I may rhyme it with tender words of true love and deepest devotion." She smiled as she denied him. "No, no," she said, "do not ask me. It is because you do not know me that you care for me." But her refusal made him all the more eager. His voice had become still weaker, but in disjointed sentences he continued his pleading. His hands were reaching now nervously toward her face, which he longed to caress. "Come closer," he whispered, "closer— and tell me your name—and that you love me." She moved nearer to him, the passion in her eyes blazing, her thin, cold lips parted. About his racked and bruised body she stretched her long white arms, enfolding him in her strong embrace. Her mouth was close to his. "I love you," she said, and the words sounded to him like the sweetest music. "I love you," she repeated, and her lips were on his. His frame quivered under the fury of her caress. His breast expanded with a long, deep drawn breath. "And my name," she went on as she clasped him still more closely in her long, ravens' arms, "and my name is"— The doctor finished the sentence. The deep drawn breath had reached his listening ears. He had risen from his place in the curtained embrasure and had approached the bed. "Death!" he said.—Allegorist in Town Topics. The Death of a Humorist. Artemus Ward died not many months after his London debut, attended to the last by Tom Robertson. A strong attachment had sprung up between them, and the devotion of his new found English friend was toned up in the extreme and characteristic of Robertson's noble nature. Just before Ward's death Robertson poured out some medicine in a glass and offered it to his friend. Ward said, "My dear Tom, I can't take that dreadful stuff!" "Come, come," said Robertson, urging him to swallow the nauseous drug, "there's a dear fellow! Do now, for my sake; you know I would do anything for you." "Would you?" said Ward feebly, stretching out his hand to grasp his friend's, perhaps for the last time. "I would indeed!" said Robertson. "Then you take it," said Ward. The humorist passed away but a few hours afterward.—Life of T. W. Robertson-Pemberton. Remarkable Fore-sight. Old Friend (to a grief stricken widow)—I hope my dear old friend Junker was fully prepared to go? Widow (with her handkerchief to her eyes)—Fully prepared! Yes, indeed! He has insured in half a dozen companies.—Exchange. Subscribe for the TRIBUNE.