"NEVER!" cried Bourgueil, rising with violence and throwing his napkin on the table. "Never! Do you hear me? Never!" and the old master mason paced up and down the cozy dining room, smoking on his bed furiously, like a bear in a cage; while poor mother Bourgueil, her tearful eyes lowered on her plate, was disconsolately nibbling almonds.

For two years the same dispute had been springing up between the old couple—just as now at the end of their evening meal. For it was two years since they had fallen out with their son, Edward, who, in spite of their opposition, had married a woman picked up somewhere in the Latin quarter—just when he was about to take his degree as a lawyer, too. How they had loved him and petted him, this Edward—this long wished for child, who had come after ten long years of married life, when they had almost given up hoping for a son. The happy Bourgueil, then only a simple builder, had rubbed his hands, saying to his wife: "You know, Clemence, that smart fellow Hausmann is improving and changing the whole of Paris, from one end to another. Here is a good chance for me. If things go on this way, I am making a fortune in twelve or fifteen years. And I know one thing, the little rascal of ours won't need to climb up into scaffoldings, like his father, or come home every night with spots of plaster all over his gray vest, and to drop with fatigue. We will make a real gentleman of him, won't we, Clemence?"

All Bourgueil's ambitions had been realized. At college Edward was a brilliant pupil, and the old peasant who had come to Paris many years ago, carrying his shoes on his back and a little silver tied up in a corner of his handkerchief, had the satisfaction of seeing his son congratulated and loaded with prizes by the Minister of Instruction himself. What a future the boy had before him! He would pass the good difficult examinations without any trouble—they would be a mere joke for him—and then choose any career he had a fancy for. "We will leave the boy a good 25,000 francs income," father Bourgueil would say, heartily, slapping his wife's shoulder with his strong, broad hand. "And, morbleu! we will make him marry right rich. It will be easy to find some pretty girl, with a good education like us, who will make him happy and whom we can feel proud!"

Ah, those lovely plans! vision land! how pretty! Hardworking old parents had seen hitherto enough to circumscribe room in their boy, that he might be more at ease. Then he met that woman, and immediately his studies were dropped. At twenty-two he had not even taken his bachelor's degree. They were dreadfully disappointed, since having built such fine castles, and they did not give up all hope. They consoled themselves, saying: "She is so young! It will pass. Let him alone a little."

But one day the embroiled had the audacity to inform them that he had married this girl, and was determined to make her his wife. This was too much. If Bourgueil did not fall with a stroke of apoplexy it was a miracle indeed; the veins in his neck were swollen like cords. He ordered his son out of the house and cut off his income.

"If you dare to give your name to that woman," the old man roared, crimson with wrath, "you need not expect a sou from either of us as long as we live."

But the stubborn, ungrateful boy had outbraved them to the end, and now he was married to this doll of his, and living on a wretched clerk's salary, in the suburb of the city—like some vagabond! Poor old couple! How their son's conduct had made them suffer for these two horrible years! Life was a plague no longer, and lately the situation was getting worse every day. It was the mother's fault—she was too wretched and she had relented at last. Her sorrow had got the better of her resentment, and now she was actually inclined to forgive. One day she mustered up sufficient courage to mention the subject to her husband. But he fell into a frenzy of passion, crying, "Never!" with a force that shook the doors and windows, forbidding the poor woman to say another word about it. She had not the heart to obey him, and pleaded the cause of the guilty son again and again. And at every new attempt Bourgueil was furious and made a terrible scene. Their home became a purgatory. These two old people, who had nothing to reproach themselves with, who had loved each other faithfully, who had lived and toiled side by side for more than thirty years, became almost hostile. Every night at the dinner table the quarrel broke out afresh, and it always ended with some of those stinging thrusts that wound the heart.

"Do you want me to tell you what I think, Bourgueil?" the old woman would say. "You are without pity!"

"And you are a coward to want to give in," the mason replied, leaving the room with a stamp of his heavy foot.

Left alone in the soft light of the lamp in the comfortable parlor, the poor mother, who was still true to her white linen cape, would quietly drop her tears on her knitting and pray for her boy. Bourgueil had lost all love for his home, now that he had constantly a sad face to look upon. He had got into the habit of joining some friends in a cafe close by where they waited for him for a game of manille. In dealing out the cards the irritated mason throw long and violent speeches against the present state of morals, where paternal authority was defied by children. But he swore that he, at least, would set a good example; he would be stern to the end. He could speak of nothing else, and his partners proclaimed him "a tiresome old fellow," as soon as his back was turned. In his presence, however, they deported his ill luck in having such a scamp of a son, and highly praised his firmness. One man in the group, especially, invariably hailed the mason's imprecations with an applauding word or two: "Bravo! Father Bourgueil, you are a Roman!"

Bourgueil was from the province of Marche, and possessed very instinct notions on antiquity. Still, he had some inkling of the story of old Brutus, and felt highly flattered to be compared to such a personage. Yet when he left the cafe and found himself in the cold dark night, he would say to himself—oh! very softly—that Brutus must have had a small, hard heart, and that it was a horrible thing to condemn a son to death.

Easter Sunday has come—a joyous, bright, happy day, merry with the chimes of bells and the promise of warm spring days. The city itself looks gay and coquettish. Women are coming home from church, and all are carrying a bunch of box plant that fills the air with sweet, fresh odor. Even the old cab horses have a bit of it stuck behind their ears!

Bourgueil, who sat up last evening at the cafe till midnight, wakes up very late. He is in a horrible mood; and what man would not be, I should like to know? Last night, at the usual hour, he had again to listen to his wife's absurdities. She again mentioned Edward, and tried to soften him, Bourgueil! She had made inquiries, she said, and learned that their daughter-in law, for she was that in spite of all his anger, was not the bad woman they had first thought. A poor girl? Yes; she had worked in a store. But what of that? What were they themselves but simple working people, even if they had become well off? Could they expect their son to marry some rich marquis' daughter? And ever since Angelina—an ugly name, but it wasn't the girl's fault after all—ever since Angelina had been his wife, no one could breathe a word against her. She was a model little wife. "Can it be that you will not have pity on these poor children?" the old mother had asked him tearfully. "They are poor, very poor. What do you think Edward earns in that insurance company where he has found a place? It breaks my heart to think of it; only 200 francs a month! As much as you spend on your cafe and your cigars. I don't ask you to see them; but won't you help them, just a little? We are living in plenty, while they—" and receiving no answer from Bourgueil, who was pensively turning the glass he had just emptied between his fingers, the old woman had risen from her seat and come up to him putting a trembling hand on

"YOU NEED NOT REFUSE A SOU FROM EITHER OF US."

his shoulder, silently pleading. Vain effort! Bourgueil, suddenly remembering that he was a Roman, had again poured forth maledictions and his formidable "never."

And on this lovely Easter morning he is more than usually sad and ill-tempered—this strong minded old mason. He feels very nervous; he has cut his chin twice while shaving. Oh, no; he will not be weak enough to pay an income to his undutiful son. Would old Brutus have relented? Of course not. And last night he was on the point of yielding! That is what comes of listening to women. They haven't energy for two sous, the women haven't. Bourgueil is firmer than ever in his resolutions as he puts on a white shirt and his gray holiday suit. He goes into the parlor, that cozy, pretty parlor he was so proud of when things had still some interest for him, and looks at the clock. It is only 11 o'clock, and Bourgueil, who has a fine appetite this morning, feels cross at the thought of eating only at 12. Soon Mother Bourgueil returns from church with a large bunch of box plant. She places it on a little side table, and suddenly the whole room is filled with the strong, fresh odor. Bourgueil is no poet; he has not a very refined nature. Yet he is impressionable for all that—like you or me—and the sight of the green branches recalls far off memories. While the old woman is busy taking apart the twigs to decorate the rooms with them, the penetrating perfume affects his old heart. He remembers a certain Easter morning—ah, so long, long ago—when he was still a workman, and his young wife a dressmaker's apprentice. It was their honeymoon, for they had married a few days before Lent. Then, too, she had returned from church with a fragrant burden and made their only room bright and festive. How pretty she looked, and how he loved her! And by a rapid effort of imagination he recalls in an instant their long years of married life; she has ever been so industrious, so thrifty, so devoted. And now he tortures her—this good, brave woman—he makes her suffer on account of his wicked son.

But is Edward really so wicked as all that? Of course a fellow ought to honor his father and mother, and obey them; but then, are not youth and love sufficient excuses for many a fault? He watches Mother Bourgueil with moist eyes, as she goes to place a spray of box above Edward's picture on the wall—a picture of their boy in his college suit, when they felt so proud of him and of his studies.

"What is the matter? The old mason hardly knows what he is about. His head swims; it is that strong odor of the plant, doubtless. But his heart fills with something that seems very much like mercy and pardon. He goes up to his wife, takes her hands, and, looking at the picture, mutters, his rough voice grown strangely soft: "Say, Clemence, shall we—forgive him?" Ah; the cry of joy that bursts from the mother's lips! And he has called her "Clemence," just as in their young days. He has not given her that name for more than fifteen years. And she understands that he loves her still—her husband, her old companion.

She throws herself in his arms and kisses him frantically, all over his face, takes his head in both of her hands, and whispers in his ear. The other day—she couldn't help it, really—she went to see their boy. He is so unhappy to have offended them. And if he has not come a hundred times to beg their forgiveness, it is simply because he did not dare. "You know," she adds—and her voice becomes soft and caressing—"you know I have seen his wife, and you really cannot blame him for loving her, she is so sweet, and as fresh as a rose. She just worships our Edward—one can see that at once; and she keeps their little home in such apple pie order."

Bourgueil feels oppressed—he is choking. Putting a trembling finger on his wife's lips: "That will do!" he says. "Send for a cab. Let us take some of these sprays to them in sign of peace, and bring them home with us!"

And while the old mother, stunned with joy, falls sobbing on her husband's shoulder, Bourgueil—the Roman, the old Brutus—begins to cry softly, like a child.

EASTER-EGG LORE.

Curious Customs the Origin of Which is Lost in Antiquity.

The distribution of eggs at Easter has descended to us from the greatest of the Chinese Spring festivals, inaugurated more than seven hundred years before the Christian era.

The custom was particularly popular during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in England. The Pope sent Henry VIII. an Easter egg in a silver case.

In Russia it is common to exchange visits and eggs on Easter day.

In Italy dishes of eggs are sent to the priests to be blessed, after which they are carried home and placed in the center of the table.

In Spain and Germany the eggs are not blessed, but they are highly colored and are distributed among callers to be eaten or taken away according to the taste of the individual.

The custom, in one form or another, exists among the Jews, Greeks, Turks and Persians.

"Pasa" was the ancient name for Easter, and the eggs were often called "pace," "pach" or "pass" eggs.

In Scotland eggs are taken to church to be blessed. They are afterwards distributed among the members of the household and are either eaten or saved as keepsakes.

The decoration of ordinary eggs originated in England. Gilding the shells was the first step. This was followed by the addition of ribbons, pictures and various other devices to please the little folk.

These eggs were given and received with the familiar Easter greeting, "Christ is risen!" and the answer, "He is risen, indeed!"

Germans first introduced games into the Easter celebration. Eggs were hidden about the lawn or grounds or in the house. Then the children hunted for them, the finder of the greatest number receiving a prize.

Sometimes the eggs were all put in one nest over which a rabbit was placed on guard. How this animal became identified with Easter is not known, but in time the young children began to believe that the colored eggs were laid by the rabbit.

Egg racing is a favorite amusement of Russian, German and French children. The eggs are rolled down hill, and the prize goes to the boy whose egg rolls the greatest number of races without damage to its shell.

This game is played by Washington children in front of the White House on Easter Monday.

In Germany there are tracks made of twigs down which each egg may roll without interference from any other one. The boy whose egg arrives unbroken at the foot of the hill collects "toll" of his opponent whose egg is cracked.

Another game is played by two boys who stand, each holding an egg, and suddenly strike them together. The owner of a heavy-shelled egg can, if he possesses skill, break the eggs of several players before his own is injured. Then he is a "cock of one, two, three or four eggs," as the case may be.

Eggs are colored by means of aniline dyes. By the addition of horns, ears, tails, legs or fins eggs may be transformed into many grotesque figures.

Easter Pleasantries.

Like all other holy days, Easter soon became a holiday. In some countries the people dance about a heap of flowers at Easter; in others they distribute colored eggs and have great "egg-fights," in which the owner of the hardest egg wins and the other egg is eaten by the victor, so a man or boy with a very hard egg is able to accumulate the basis of an Easter Monday headache.

HIDING EASTER EGGS.

Climbing o'er the great straw stack,
And hunting thro' the hay,
Finding all the new laid eggs,
Then hiding them away
In the queerest kind of places—
Boxes, baskets, holes and kegs;
Stealthily they come and go,
Hiding Easter eggs.

From the eldest, twelve years old,
Down to the youngest born;
Striving whose the greatest store,
Laid by for Easter morn!
Drinking youthful happiness
To the very dregs,
In the early, chill spring days
Hiding Easter eggs.

He who finds another's store,
He may add it to his own,
So, throughout the lengthening days,
The secret fun goes on.
Old Speckle, and the top-knots, proud,
White Leghorns brought from Clegg's,
Cackle most exultantly
Laying Easter eggs.

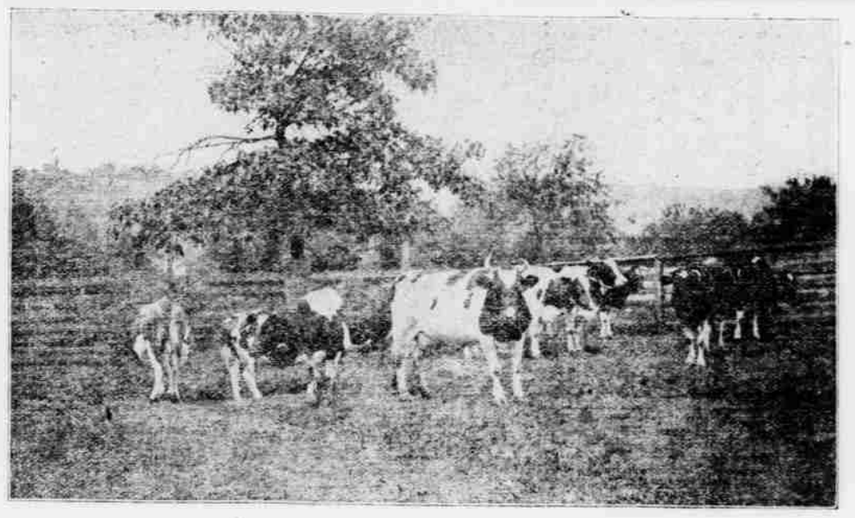
They never, do their very best,
Can fill a nest a day;
Some dimpled hand or dirty fist
Purloins them right away.
No matter where they hide themselves,
In haymow, boxes, kegs,
Sharp eyes will find, as soon as laid,
And hide again their eggs.

Hugh, the youngest, five years old,
Pile grandma's mending box;
Jo and Sam have an old box,
Together 'neath the dress.
In the old, abandoned stable,
High on the harness pegs,
Hangs "Old Charlie's nose basket
With Jennie's Easter eggs.

Down on the sloping hillside,
Way out behind the barn,
Where, underneath a patch of sod,
Snug and safe from harm,
Hal'd hollowed out the sandy soil,
And hid some old paint kegs;
Joan slyly goes from day to day
Hiding Easter eggs.

Fair and bright dawns Easter morn,
And ends the secret strife.
Each one brings out his hidden store—
Old emblems of new life.
A corn basket full to the brim!
No longer mother begs
For eggs. All have their fill
Being Easter eggs.

—Nettie Overton.



HERD OF HOLSTEIN CATTLE | STATE HOSPITAL FARM.

A case is before the Supreme Court of Minnesota in which the "responsibility of a slugball player for his acts during the heat of the game" is the chief issue. One young man has been sued for heavy damages because he jumped upon and kicked an opponent and thereby caused paralysis from which the victim never recovered. Surely they are making an unwarranted fuss over this trifling incident. It slugball is to be tolerated even encouraged, why are its natural consequences to be logged into courts in the guise of damage suits. One of the cardinal principles of the conflicts is to disable your adversary and jump on him, bruise him, break his bones, or his head, or any other part of his anatomy that you can reach. Every player when he enters a so called game knows in advance that he stands an even chance of being maimed, possibly for life, and a fair chance of being killed. This is a well understood probability, and provided for by the attendance of surgeons, ambulances, and all the appurtenances of a hospital that can be moved to the field of battle. If damage suits are to be brought why not include the college professors and city officials who permit these brute exhibitions to be held?

LINVILLE FALLS.

Only a few years ago a process was discovered by means of which the armor-plates of war-ships could be so hardened on the face that the best projectiles were shattered on striking them. This was regarded as a decisive victory for armor over guns. Recently, however, the tables have been turned once more. The first step, according to the Scientific American, was the placing of a cap of soft steel on the point of the projectile. This enabled the shot to penetrate the armor-plate by preventing the breaking of the point. Then increased velocity was given to the shot by the use of improved powder. The result was that a six-inch solid shot was sent through ten inches of face-hardened steel, twelve inches of oak-backing, and three additional plates, each seven-sixteenths of an inch thick, after which the shot, practically unimpaired, buried itself eight feet in a bank of sand. The experiments were made in this country, and both the best armor and the best shots are of American invention.

Helen—Oh, yes; he always thought the world of me. Before we were married he used to say that he would die for me. Nellie—But he didn't. Helen—Of course not. He was so thoughtful, you know. He said that he did not dare to do it, lest I should be unable to replace the loss.—Household Words.

Saved by a Sausage.

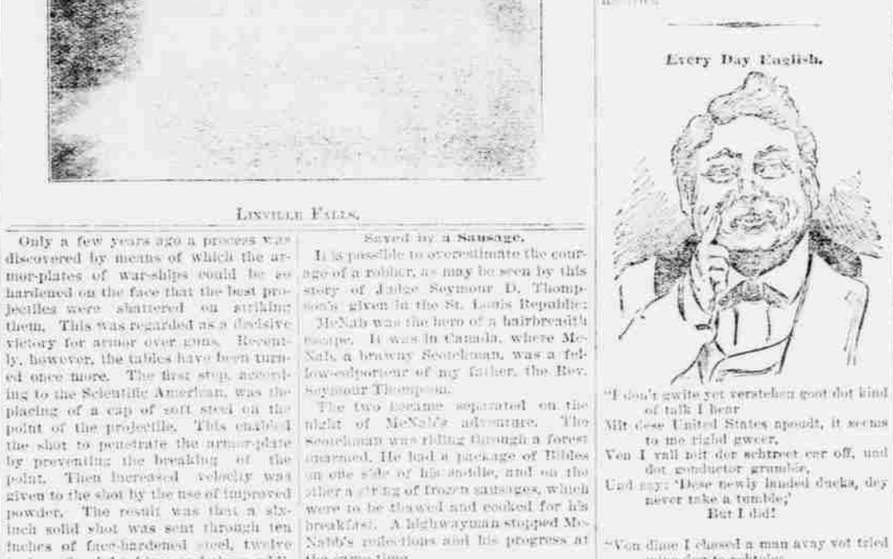
It is possible to overestimate the courage of a robber, as may be seen by this story of Judge Seymour D. Thompson's given in the St. Louis Republic:

McNab was the hero of a hairbreadth escape. It was in Canada, where McNab, a brawny Scotchman, was a fellow-sojourner of my father, the Rev. Seymour Thompson.

The two became separated on the night of McNab's adventure. The Scotchman was riding through a forest unarmed. He had a package of Bibles on one side of his saddle, and on the other a string of frozen sausages, which were to be thawed and cooked for his breakfast. A highwayman stopped McNab's reflections and his progress at the same time.

The Scotchman was frightened. He never denied that. He had a little money in his boot, so he leaned over to remove the boot and satisfy the demand of the robber. His hand struck against the frozen sausages. He bethought himself of these. Perhaps they would be accepted instead of money.

He broke one of them in two and was about to offer half of it to the highwayman when suddenly he found himself alone, and heard the clatter of a horse's rapidly retreating hoofs. Badly frightened as he was, McNab laughed. The robber had mistaken the cracking of the sausage for the cocking of a pistol, and had fled!



GLEN ALPINE SPRINGS HOTEL.

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

Report of the Proceedings from Day to Day.

SENATE.

TUESDAY.—In the Senate Morgan and Hall had quite a lively passage on the Cuban question, which was brought about by Morgan calling up his resolution recognizing the existence of a state of public war in Cuba. Earle (Dem.), of South Carolina, on behalf of the new Senators, asked for a reorganization of the Senate committees so as to give representation to those not now placed upon any committee, but the resolution was not acted upon. The remainder of the day's session was given to debate on the bankruptcy bill.

WEDNESDAY.—The President's message asking for relief was read in the Senate and was followed by the introduction and passage of a joint resolution appropriating $100,000 for that purpose. Before this action could be communicated to the House a joint resolution was received from that body, appropriating $200,000 for the same purpose and including the Red River of the North, in the territory to be aided. This House joint resolution was immediately passed by the Senate, action on the other one, and on Mr. Eates' joint resolution on Monday, being reconsidered and annulled. Morgan continued his speech in support of extending belligerent rights to both sides in the Cuban resolution.

THURSDAY.—Morgan resumed argument on his resolution declaring that a state of war exists in Cuba. April 9th was made the day for the reorganization of the Senate committees. The Senate adjourned until Monday.

HOUSE.

WEDNESDAY.—The House was in session an hour at which time it passed the joint resolution appropriating $100,000 for the relief of flood sufferers in the Mississippi valley, and enjoyed a little sensation springing by Simpson (Pop.), of Kansas. The relief resolution was introduced by Catchings (Dem.), of Mississippi, and was carried unanimously. Walker (Rep.), of Massachusetts, and Cannon (Rep.), of Illinois, criticised the appropriation, however, the latter hoping that it was the last that would be necessary because of the failure of the states to put themselves into a position where they could contribute to the relief of their own people. Walker gave notice that he would in the future object to the passage of any similar resolution, believing it to be objectionable in its effects upon the recipients. The House then adjourned until Saturday.

THURSDAY.—The House had a political breeze as it had no business on hand. Long, Simpson, of Kansas, declared the Democratic party, and indirectly the Republicans in power, had driven the country to ruin, and, having the country was demanding legislative relief, and the Democrats proposed to be given a chance to show what it could do, and should not sit idly for two or three months.

Every Day English.

"I don't quite yet verstehen goot dot kind of talk I hear
Mit dese United States speodt, it seems to me right queer,
Ven I vall off der schtreet car off, und dot conductor grumble,
Und says: 'Dese newly landed ducks, dey never take a tumble,'
But I did!

"Von diase I chased a man away vot tried mine dog to schtole;
I ran right quick und den I vell right in a pig mud hole;
Dot man he shtopped und looked aroudt, and laughed at me a minute;
Und den he said: 'Say, Dutchy, looks to me like you mind't in it,'
But I vas!

"I met a veller on der shtreet von night ven I vas oudt;
He says: 'You vant to dake up all der valk, old sauerkraut?'
I dold him I vould bull his nose of oudt he did not mind!
He said: 'I vill not do a ting to you, mein Deutcher freund,'
But he did!"

—Detroit Free Press.

FASHION FANCIES.

NEW AND IMPORTANT DETAILS OF FEMININE GARMENTS.

Tendency of the New Coat Sleeves is to Make the Arm Look Long and Slight—Wrapper of Turquoise Blue Cashmere.

AS might have been expected, writes May Manton, the coat sleeves are repressed in accordance with the modified sleeve of the gown over which it is to be worn. The tendency of the newest sleeves is to make the arm look as long and slight as possible with the fulness so disposed at the top as to give width to the shoulders. We here illustrate two of the latest models.

No. 1 is of indigo blue cloth. The shaping is accomplished by smooth under and full upper portions, so arranged as to flare stylishly above the elbow with the adjustment below closed. A single box-plait is laid at the shoulders; forward and backward turning side plaits adjusting the remainder of the fulness. They are completed at the wrists with upturned circular cuffs that flare fashionably toward the top where braiding forms a suitable decoration.

No. 2, of fancy coating, presents a comfortably close fit from the elbow to the wrist, where it is finished by a circular cuff of velvet. The under portion is smooth and extends to the arm's eye, while the upper portion is arranged above the elbow in the form of a modified leg-of-mutton, with the fulness at the top, laid in plaits.

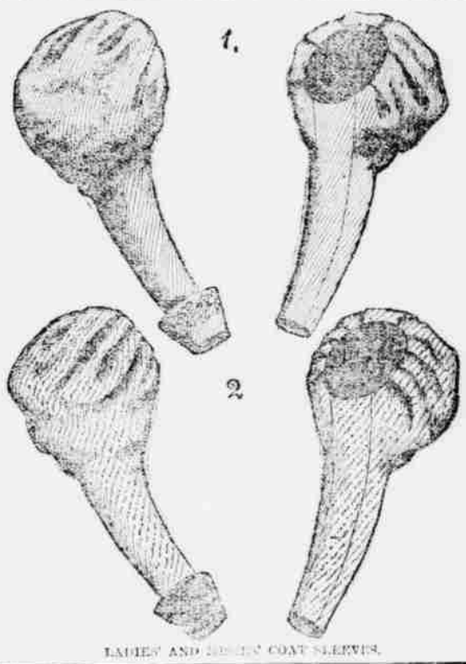
All manner of cloakings may be employed in making—light, medium or heavy-weight. Last season's coats can be smartened up wonderfully by the addition of the new sleeve cut from either pattern here given.

To make these sleeves for a lady in the medium size, No. 1 design requires one and one-half yards; for No. 2 design one and one-fourth yards. For a miss in the medium size No. 1 design will require one and three-eighths yards, and for No. 2 design, one and one-eighth yards of forty-four-inch wide material.

GIRLS' COSTUME.

the body linings at yoke depth, the lower edge being also gathered and adjusted to the waist linings to fall in slight blouse effect. A stylish accessory is the fanciful collar that falls deeply over the upper portions of the waist and sleeves, and is prettily shaped in tabs that are decorated with soutache braid. A standing collar finishes the neck with full ruche of lace above. The two-seamed sleeves, of modified dimensions, are gathered at the top and finished at the wrists with braid. The full round skirt is decorated at the lower edge, gathered at the top and sewed to the bottom of waist, a placket finishing in the centreback. All manners of fabrics may be employed in making, the mode offering a wide range for individual taste in the selection of fabrics and colors most becoming to children.

To make this dress for a girl of eight years will require three and one-half yards of forty-four-inch wide material.



LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT SLEEVES.

LADIES' WRAPPER WITH WATTEAU PLAIT.

Turquoise-blue cashmere is here daintily trimmed with cream lace insertion and edging to match. The stylish adjustment is made over fitted lining fronts of basque depth that close in the centre, the upper portions of which are faced to form a double-pointed yoke. The full fronts are gathered at the top and arranged on the linings under lower edge of yoke. Under-arm gores give a smooth effect over the hips, the back being fitted with curved side and centre back seams. The back, presenting the popular "Watteau" effect, has a wide box-plait laid at the neck which falls in graceful fulness to the lower edge of the skirt. Below the waist line the

LADIES' WRAPPER.

seams of the garment gradually expand, affording the requisite fulness to the skirt, which has a foot decoration in the form of a narrow, lace-edged ruffle headed with a band of insertion. At the under-arm seams pointed bodice sections are inserted which hold the fulness at the front of waist line in position. The neck is completed with a rolling collar. The stylish sleeves, of moderate dimensions, are shaped with single seams, the wrists being completed with single bands of insertion and lace. A gathered ruffle, edged with lace and insertion, falls over the sleeves and outlines the lower edge of the yoke-front and simulates a yoke at the back.

Cashmere, Henrietta, challis and all manner of soft woolen textures may be employed in making. Lawn, percale, gingham, batiste, dimity or other cotton wash fabrics will develop daintily in this style with decorations of lace or embroidery.

DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

This little dress is suitable to be made in silk, woolen or cotton fabrics. As illustrated it is composed of striped woolen. The fanciful collar is of satin-faced cloth and the belt and bows have of velvet. The waist is arranged over body linings that are fitted by shoulder and under-arm seams and close in centreback. The full fronts and back are gathered and joined to the body linings at yoke depth, the lower edge being also gathered and adjusted to the waist linings to fall in slight blouse effect. A stylish accessory is the fanciful collar that falls deeply over the upper portions of the waist and sleeves, and is prettily shaped in tabs that are decorated with soutache braid. A standing collar finishes the neck with full ruche of lace above. The two-seamed sleeves, of modified dimensions, are gathered at the top and finished at the wrists with braid. The full round skirt is decorated at the lower edge, gathered at the top and sewed to the bottom of waist, a placket finishing in the centreback. All manners of fabrics may be employed in making, the mode offering a wide range for individual taste in the selection of fabrics and colors most becoming to children.

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WOMEN'S NECKWEAR.

The display of women's neckwear in the shops is certainly a revelation of ingenuity in producing variety in these simple accessories of dress, and no one can fail to find the desired shape and color in this particular branch of fashion. The stock collar has blossomed out in all colors and is tied in stiff, narrow bows, like a man's tie; in a soft, wide one, which is more feminine, and in a full-fledged four-in-hand, which covers quite an expanse of shirt waist. The materials used are plain satin and plaid silks, and in light blue, pink and white they are very attractive. Narrow ties of plaid silk are worn with the wide linen collars. All the stocks have a narrow linen collar turning over the edge, while for those to whom this is not becoming there are collars of linen lawn edged with narrow lace.

NEW STYLE OF UNDERSKIRT.

Modistes are making a new style of underskirt to wear with costumes and toilets. The skirts are narrowly gored and at the back an extender or dress improver is adopted that is formed into three graduated flutes, kept in expanding shape by "la pliante" hoops and narrow steels that come ready made for application. These extenders are fastened to the skirt by means of buttons and buttonholes or tiny buckles and elastic bands. They are made variously of silk, mohair, satine, alpaca, merlon, percaline of satin-faced English twill, and they are intended to give a certain new flare and cachet to the back of the fashionable gowns for spring and summer likewise.

IT DOES ADD IS.

Little bonnets are worn on all occasions, and every truly modish bonnet boasts a pair of strings. So a wreath of roses with one tuft of bird of Paradise crest and a pair of lace strings constitutes a full dress bonnet. White lace strings are as fashionable as black ones, and quite as smart as either are strings of narrow velvet ribbon. The bow may be knotted to either side or directly under one's chin, or the two long strings need not be drawn in a bow at all, but one tab end allowed to cross the other and fasten with a short jeweled or pearl headed pin under either ear.

NEW TRIMMINGS.

Net trimmings are very effective, especially those covered by Oriental patterns blazing with gold thread and mock jewels. Appliqued velvet, or cloth, in a different shade from the goods of the dress, is another effective trimming. One imported costume illustrates how elaborate trimmings may be. In this case the cloth of the gown is cut out in intricate patterns and the perforations are surrounded by embroideries in colored silks and bangles.

TRIMMED HIGH ON ONE SIDE.

Hats are trimmed very high on one side. Brilliant flowers, and many of them, are used in the trimming, and are worn well tilted over the eyes. The French woman follows the extreme of this fashion, and almost conceals the tip of her nose under the brim of her hat.