WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

STYLES IN PARIS.

What is Considered the Very Mold of Form.

PARIS, Jan. 14.—Do not believe that extreme fashion consists in novelty. It is not true. Elegant dress ignoring the novel as much conforms to the prevailing ideal and looks familiar.

The Princess Jeanne Bonaparte wore at a reception the other day a gown of violet velvet made with the skirt plain, the blouse in plaits or gathers, and the sleeve in a simple balloon, reaching nearly to the elbow, where it was met by a long white glove. On the sleeves was a jet passementerie ribbon that ran from the top down part way and then turned a right angle and went toward the front, and these square figures balanced each other and gave width and style to the figure. Round the neck was a ruche of black chiffon, or was it of jetted mousseline, and on the head was a Spanish turban, flat and all black, with jet trimming placed wide at the sides. The whole composed a dress worthy a princess and one that any modestly placed woman might wear,

AN EVENING DRESS.

and barring the felicitous cut, might even have been made by the sewing woman at home. It was the most elegant dress in an assembly of fashionables, and yet it might have been made last year or the year before.

The further details of the princess' dress are individual and do not belong to the text, but they are interesting and complete a picture. They were a large ermine muff, soft and flat, through which a gloved arm was thrust to the elbow, the hand emerging clear, and a long gold-headed cane. The head of the cane opened and held a smelling bottle. The Princess Jeanne is not young by some decades at least, but has, thanks to art in dress, the semblance of 45. Her hair is blonde and her eyebrows are black, by nature at first hand or second; the ermine and staff have a suggestion of the symbolic, so as in some sort to prepare the mind to see her friends bend the knee in salute.

Other gowns at this reception were of novel cuts and new materials, but they did

CLOTH GOWN.

not produce the same effect of elegance. They had fifteen—or was it twenty—godets very precise and Louis XV basques by the latest bulletin, and bore in all their lines a mortal challenge to you to say why they were not models of style. They advertised too much the accidental and the new.

Both were equally fashionable and very likely of equal cost, but the result of one was refinement and of the other a certain vulgarity.

There is a principle that governs dress and blood alike, to wit that age and cultivation tend to improve. In life it makes aristocrats, or, if you like, refined persons; in dress it makes beauty. An idea in dress first launched is likely to be crude and only time and art will subordinate and harmonize it to the figure. It is an upstart whose titles are not yet good, an experiment that may or may not succeed; it smells of the shop as it were. But once accepted and modified by artists it becomes a decoration and acceptable to taste. This is why the elegant woman with aristocratic, or shall we say

CLOTH AND PLUSH DRESS.

cultivated, instinct, chooses a form that is familiar and scorns the novelties. It may be all true that crinolated collars have appeared, that pompadour bodices are the rage, and that skirts and sleeves are split lengthwise to show trimmings; she may know that peau de sole is a later corner in the market than gros grain, but she does not care. She understands that these are incidentals that neither make nor unmake the fashion. Her idea is a conservative one; it is not to differ but to conform.

If you go into the shops of Paris that cater to a refined clientelle you will be astonished at the simplicity of the garments. It is not fashion that is convulsive, it is the pattern sellers, that wish to keep up a steady market for novelties. To understand this should be to save both the appearance and the purse.

FASHIONABLE DAY TOILETS.

Made for travel down to Cannes, a navy blue gown with cape. The skirt is stitched and the bodice is a jacket, several inches longer than the waist, fitted behind and loose and very open in front, over a dull old rose taffeta blouse. Straight revers begin half way up the front and run into a collar of the same width. The edges are all stitched. The jacket is lined with black silk. The blouse has a wide plait with a cluster of fine tucks down the middle of it and a plaited ruffle on each edge. The cape is long enough to cover the jacket, is round and is in three overlapping ruffles, the ruffles standing out full at the edge, and all lined and stitched. There is a high turn-over collar and in front a large rosette of blue satin ribbon with long ends. Not a touch of trimming, not a trace of fur is about this dress, but its style is in its cut and its simplicity, and its style is great. The hat is a black velvet sailor with a rosette and pompon at one side toward the front.

Made equally for wear at Cannes, a black serge gown with jacket. The skirt is stitched in parallel rows from the edge up twelve inches. The jacket is fitted behind and loose and double-breasted in front, blind fastened, with square revers and moderate sized collar, and is finished with stitchings. A foulard blouse is worn under it of blue and green Scotch tartan, made up on the straight. It is shirred in front and back, rather deeply in the back so as to keep it flat, and there is a plait down the front. The sleeves have the close lower part shirred in the seam. The collar is on the bias. For wear with this a sable boa and muff and a black velvet hat of medium size, turned up behind with black plumes and mauve flowers, and finished in front with a strass and pearl buckle.

This model was recently carried out in gray cloth for the infanta Eulalia, with the jacket garnished with velvet facings and crocheted buttons.

CLOTH GOWNS.

Cloth, unlike serge, having a full flat surface, demands trimming. It is improved by velvet and fur, and both are used. A gown of dark blue cloth with plain skirt has a blouse trimmed with green and blue plaid velvet. There is a double box plait down back and front with a fold of the velvet set under on each side, and a collar and belt of the velvet, draped and fastened behind. This gown was made for a young woman for wear under a chinchilla cape. I have seen three cloth gowns of exquisite make, two belonging to a Slav princess living in Paris, and the third made for a star of the Comedie Francais, that are thus described: The first is of mauve cloth, mauve velvet and sable. The cloth skirt is bordered with fur. The long-sleeved blouse is entirely of velvet and extends four or five inches below the waist line so as to form a little basque. The Russian belt is of gold and silver cloth with enamelled clasps. Sable tippet and muff. Large hat, all black. The second is of dark myrtle green cloth and plush of the same color. The skirt is faced some fifteen inches deep with the plush, and near the top of the plush are several rows of narrow green soutache braid. The bodice is a bolero with the fronts draped in plaits, and opening over a bouffant of cream lace over yellow. The floating revers and collar are faced to match the skirt. A cape of the plush, with lines of soutache near the edge, is very full and is so cut as to fall partly by godets and partly by gathers from the neck. A very wide turnover collar is faced with chinchilla. This with a chinchilla muff forms a very handsome visiting dress.

EVENING DRESS.

For some guests going down to the chateau of Dampierre, where the duchess of Luynes has been giving some fetes, one of the dressmakers provided the following: An evening gown of gray-blue velvet. The skirt was plain and slightly long round the back; the bodice, a blouse with three box plaits in front and back, the front falling slightly over the belt, and the neck cut square and finished with a simple binding; the sleeve a short puff. For all trimming a drapery of lace passing over each shoulder and down to the belt in back and front, the two draperies being quite separate. A dinner gown composed of black velvet skirt and yellow satin bodice, cut in basque form, the basque with an irregular slashed edge, very ornamental, and long double pointed revers faced with white lace. It opened over a cream lace front very much draped. Collar and belt of orange velvet, the belt showing only across the front. Another all-black gown was of jetted tulle mounted over silk. The bodice had the lining cut down to give a square decollete, leaving the tulle high. The sleeve reached the elbow. The skirt border, belt and collar band were of heavy glistening cut jet.

ULTRA-ARISTOCRATIC.

While people of taste seek to appropriate what is beautiful in the fashion, there exists at Paris, as there exists elsewhere, a class of women so superlatively aristocratic, so anxious to differ from the rest of the world, that they exclude from their dress not only novelty but beauty as well. This phenomenon has its interest. These people do not underrate beauty, but they know it is the end sought by ordinary mortals and therefore its value is depreciated for them. It is necessary to them to have something exclusively theirs, and so they possess themselves of the ugly, of which they are moderately sure to remain in undisputed possession. Every one to his fancy.

This class has this season evolved a fur jacket that costs a lot of money and is as far removed from the possibilities for beauty in the actual mode as a wall flower is from a laughing red rose. Mais, que voulez vous? It is eminently respectable.

The jacket in question is of curly astrakhan, cut after the common model of this winter, with fitted back and half-loose front. A meager collar and revers surround the neck, and the sleeve is cut with a small dumpy bag at the top, in such shape that beside all the beautiful forms now being made no one would wish to dispute a patent upon it. But it does not do to give too much pleasure to the eye.

ADA CONE.

FLOWER COMBINATIONS.

Novelties in Buds and Blossoms Developed by Smart Hostesses.

Few of those who entertain at this season can afford to give carte blanche to a florist for his beautiful wares, yet there is no need to be discouraged. If orchids are out of reach, lilacs, provided they can be obtained in the season, are cheap, and it is to be remembered that every flower has a beauty of its own, and, if properly treated, will furnish grateful results in obedience to a tasteful mind and skillful fingers.

What would the Scotch peasants say if they could see lovely misty plants of heather which sweeps over the moors far as eye can reach selling on Fifth avenue and Broadway at $8 and $5 a plant? How they would laugh at the idea of this plant—so common to them—for decoration. Yet the lovely bead-like blossoms, with their tinge of purple pink, are among the very latest crazes in the floral world. Tied and festooned with dull rose satin ribbon, they make perfect centerpieces, and sprigs laid at each plate with the menu card, bearing a Scotch motto and a thistle, have become very popular as a new floral device for dinners.

Formal set pieces have gone out of fashion, being supplanted by graceful and natural arrangement.

One of the most fashionable and beautiful methods of table decoration is a basket filled and completely covered with the luxuriant and graceful falency fern, whose one end contains a bunch of purple cattleya—orchids, or the favorite green and brown cyprepedium resembling the old "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," and the other a cluster of roses. These should be arranged gracefully, and either an orchid or a small bunch of the same roses tied with a satin ribbon of the identical hue should be laid at each plate or grouped in a similar basket and handed to the guests at the close of the dinner.

When the cattleyas are used alone the asparagus fern is preferred, though the maidenhair fern and the falency fern are also admissible.

The great rule in table decoration is to keep strictly to one or two kinds of flowers, using their own foliage whenever possible, or something that harmonizes with the chosen blossoms in sentiment, form or color.

Many flowers have their fashionable associate flowers, for instance, with the rose pink carnations the florists always combine the delicate white sprays of stevia, which seem to throw a veil of beauty over the stiff blossoms.

It is easy enough to imitate some of the latest London combinations, which are: Mauve orchids, gold roses and dark ivy; pink roses and green orchids; salmon colored geraniums, white roses and ivy; water lilies and pink roses, with the simple rose stem for green; water lilies and grasses; iris and grasses; iris and copper beech leaves; pink gladioli and grasses; pink peonies, white marguerites and pink-veined caladium leaves; cattleyas in Benares gilt bowls; yellow roses and lilies of the valley; white lilac and daffodils; white lilies and scarlet amaryllis with the green spikes of the latter; syringa, heliotrope and maidenhair fern; flame-colored tulips and white spirea; pansies, Gloire de Dijon roses and mignonette with ferns; purple heather in silver vases; and a charming combination is of poppies, either scarlet or pink, with green wheat.

STEERING A BOB SLED.

Bloomers and Blanket Coats for Coasters.

The big bob sled has this winter cut the well-patronized toboggan off two years of growth in popularity; at least, that is the opinion of the new athletic woman of the east.

She used to think tobogganing about the best fun to be had in the way of sliding down a snowy incline, and some of her adventurous kind even tried to take these Indian flyers over the most reckless looking

LATE WINTER TOILETS.

hills, hanging on behind and steering with the right foot, but bloomers have changed all that.

Bloomers have made it possible for a woman who likes outdoor fun to take the captain's seat on an eight-foot long bob sled and carry a load of screaming, excited passengers down the longest incline at Tuxedo park. Of course, no woman can do this who is weak of wrist, uncertain of ankle and apt to get rattled in the face of a little danger, because it requires nerve and muscle to manage a bob sled in style and safety, but the new athletic woman knows what she's about. The bicycle has put sinew into her nether limbs which she clothes in full woolen bloomers and from the knees down she dresses herself in the heaviest golf stockings and dongola laced boots.

In the captain's seat she sits with the big steering bar between her knees, braces her feet between the drag brake and then somebody gives her a lift over the hill's crest. In her opinion, piloting an eight-foot sled on a three-quarter of a mile run must be as exhilarating as standing at the throttle of an express train and the first woman who tried it this winter at Tuxedo has already a noble army of imitators of her own sex.

A number of women own club sleds, big $14 fellows, and to relieve the rather severe effect of the bloomers wear handsome Canadian blanket coats, reaching half way to the knees and caught in at the waist by broad sashes of blue or scarlet.

LITERATURE FOR GIRLS.

A Flooded Market Presents a Serious Problem for Parents.

Given the indifference of parents, and given the literature of the day as it is piled upon every book counter and cheap stall, says Leslie's Weekly, does not the question of a young girl's reading become rather a serious one? Twenty years ago the problem was simpler, because—apart from the great fact that the writers of that date were still content to deal mainly with the decencies and amenities of life, and disposed to keep the vileneses of human nature at least as far in the background as society usually puts them—apart from this, the cheap book counter and the paper covered "libraries" of reprints were things unknown. Unless a girl was possessed of strong literary taste and a thirst for reading she would rarely treat herself to the purchase of a book. Now, at a cost of from 5 to 50 cents, she can acquaint herself with all the social questions of the day, and on her way home from school, at the expense of a single car fare or an ice cream soda, can become thoroughly initiated in the innermost depravities of human nature.

How is it to be prevented? What are girls to read, and how is a pure taste in literature to be awakened and educated? All sorts of lists have been drawn up by all sorts of people, mainly men, and offered as guides to the young wanderer in the paths of fiction; and all these lists, individually considered, are more or less failures. Dickens and Scott are the best possible beginnings for a novel reader, but not every girl wants to read Dickens and Scott. You cannot force her to enjoy the essentially manly fun of Pickwick or of Charles O'Malley, wholesome and jolly as are the English and the Irishman; she may refuse to stumble through the delicious Scotticisms of the "Antiquary," and declare the "Bride of Lammermoor" tedious, and "Ivanhoe" "deadly stupid." If her soul craves the society novel, and the modern man and maid—if George Eliot is too philosophical, Charlotte Bronte too sentimental, and Thackeray too didatic and satiric, what are you to do?

All girls are supposed to find Miss Alcott's eminently jolly books an absolute necessity of mental diet. To our mind these books are not the best helps to the formation of a pure taste, nor is their essentially narrow view of life a very fair one. The girl of average intelligence, whose reading we might be called upon to direct, should make the acquaintance of Miss Yonge's populous and cheerful families, in preference even to the "Little Women" of provincial Concord—families whose moral code is as pure and high and strong and unshaken as theirs, and whose manners, if we may be allowed to say it, are infinitely better. Or there is the prolific author of "Not Like Other Girls"—her stories are on every 5-cent counter, but they are bright, sweet, wholesome stories, full of goodness and purity and healthy sentiment. The daughter who yawns over "The Mill on the Floss," or "Kidnaped," or "Hypatia" may be both interested and stimulated by "Robert Ord's Atonement."

But for the girl who is born with that rare and precious gift, a taste for literature per se—what a delightsome, if troublesome task to regulate and train it! She will enjoy Lestherstocking, and feast on "David Copperfield," and with a little judicious skipping, such as even her elders find involuntary, will relish "Waverly." You can enchain her interest and imagination by the story of the lonely lives on the moors of Haworth, and so give a greater zest to her pleasure in "Shirley." "Westward Ho!" and "Ravenshoe" will rouse the heroic in her blood; "Lorna Doone" brings her close to nature and feeds the taste for incident and action; Stevenson's touch will teach her the marvelous use of words and the exquisite delight of style; even Jane Austen's dainty pre-Raphaelitism will appeal to her as her finer sense develops. You can fill her so full of wholesome dainties that there will be no craving for the stimulant of modern poison. If the mother will read with her, encourage the discussion of books, study and defer in a measure to her taste, while making it a serious business to guide it, there need be no fear of contamination through the pages of a novel.

People are taking matters more seriously now than was the wont of old; questions of education, the study of child-nature, all psychological investigations and experiments are the fads of the time. Thoughtful women in conclave assembled have recently discussed the immoral tendency of fairy tales and the crying necessity of shielding infant minds from the polluting influences of "Jack the Giant Killer" and "Puss in Boots." Will these earnest reformers go a step further? Do their daughters read indiscriminately the works of Thomas Hardy, Sarah Grand and Grant Allen? Has it ever occurred to them to study the boundary line between a wholesome, because natural and simple, knowledge of those existing realities of life with which a well brought up girl is likely to come face to face, and the unnecessary and defiling study of moral disease? Leave the little children to the tender mercies of Hans Andersen and Grimm—the aptly named—but in pity let us try to keep the mind of girlhood clean and its imagination wholesome. Sooner or later the budding woman must painfully learn what fallen humanity is, but let her learn it in pity and with prayer, that by her knowledge she may help to raise it; not reading the foul story as pastime for an idle hour. And even in giving her the sad if needful knowledge, let us spare her the horrors of the dissecting room and shut the door on those cabinets of bottled monstrosities which the fin de siecle novelist labels studies in human nature.

SHOP WINDOW WOMEN.

Wax Lay Figures Resemble Well Known Actresses.

The high-born wax ladies in the shops used to be foreigners, generally they come from Vienna. The natives were comparatively plebeian; their complexions were inferior and their hair wig-like.

But within the last two years the art and trade of making wax figures has been brought to a high degree of perfection in New York City. More and more of them are used in the show windows, and the fine full length ones, even when home made, cost from $150 to $200 each. The fine figures for the museums are still more expensive.

Inferior figures were formerly copied from one another or modeled according to any slipshod device that suggested itself. But now the two or three first-class wax modelers in the country all work from the living model. The head is first roughly shaped in a plaster mold, its general proportions thus fixed, and then the artist works up details with his eye on the pretty girl he has hired to pose for him. He does not patronize the models that serve academicians; painters go in for the suggestive, the expressive; what he wants first and last is smooth contours and regular features. The young Italian girls of the east side furnish most of his favorite types. He says they are the most regularly pretty class in New York. The hair in good figures is put in hair by hair with a hot needle; it can then be combed and washed and dressed just like human locks.

The dry goods shops often like their figures to resemble popular actresses; Ada Rehan is a favorite with them. The artist gets his likeness from photographs used with the best model for the purpose he can find. One girl is in great request because she markedly resembles Modjeska. Each different manufacturer has a private recipe for compounding his wax, and that secret he will divulge to no one.

Papier mache figures are much cheaper than wax, but are also much less admired by the passing crowds. Their woodeny hair is their hopeless inferiority, and a man is now trying to invent some way to put real hair on them. The big dry goods dealers pay large and regular hair dressing bills, for professional combing of the hair of their lay figures.

GOOD OLD QUILTING PARTIES.

They Are Becoming Popular in New York Fashionable Circles.

A New York hostess has hit upon a clever idea, to which her circle of intimates are looking forward with a deal of pleasurable anticipation. It is a "quilting bee" of the real, old fashioned sort, says the New York Journal. One of the so-called "new women," who is supposed to sniff at this revival of early century institutions in these days of progress and reform, will exhibit with pride a quilt which "grandmother made." There is one noticeable distinction between grandmother's quilt and that of the present day. The former is of patchwork, while the latter is on a more artistic and less laborious scale. In olden days it required months to gather up the odd bits of calico and piece them together in patterns known as the "Irish chain," "log cabin," "sunrise," "Philadelphia Pavement" and "Jacob's ladder," while the modern quilt is of white sateen, with a border in colored applique and a quilted center; or, again, the applique patterns are scattered over the entire surface.

For a quilting bee of modern days the invitation reads "from 4 to 7 p. m," as three hours' time is quite as long as the fin de siecle woman cares to spend in sewing. But then she can drop in late, if she wishes, and need not fill in the whole time. The quilting frame consists of two poles, upon which the quilt is stretched and which rests upon two wooden horses. If the spread is to be all white, with an appliqued border and a quilted center, the pattern is already marked out, and all that is required of the guest is to come armed with scissors and thimble. A pretty design for the border is the sunflower, poppy, lotus or daisy, conventionalized, in yellow, red, pink or blue sateen with green leaves; or a simpler method still is to cut a pattern of flowers from French cretonne and applique it upon the border, the edges being neatly hemmed down. A centerpiece of these flowers, prettily grouped, may be added if so desired.

For the nursery bed the "brownie quilt" is quite a novelty. These stamped brownies may be bought at nearly all dry good shops, and with a little taste and ingenuity may be arranged in various curious and amusing postures upon a white or colored ground, and afford a deal of amusement for the little ones under the coverlet. Gentlemen are not excluded from the "quilting bee," and may afford some little amusement by lending a hand at the sewing, even if it must, perforce, be ripped out again. Dinner may be served to the assembled guests at 7 o'clock, and a more picturesque effect is the result if the ladies dress in the mode of a century ago, with a flowered tunic, a white kerchief and a mob cap, or powdered hair, with black court plaster patches here and there on the fair faces. Dancing may follow, with a cotillion under soft candle light, and while very much sewing may not have been accomplished, a deal of sport may be derived from this novel mode of entertainment.

A BLUE GRASS BEAUTY.

The Young Lady Who Will Christen the War Ship Kentucky.

News from Lexington, Ky., is to the effect that great satisfaction is felt there because of Secretary Herbert's selection of Miss Harriet B. Richardson of that city to christen the new warship Kentucky. Ever since it was announced that the new battle ship was to be named the Kentucky, there has been much speculation in the Blue Grass state as to which of its many beautiful women would have the honor of breaking the conventional bottle. There is reason to believe that appeals on behalf of several belles have been sent to Washington, Congressman Owens and other distinguished Kentuckians at the capital acknowledging as much. The honor was entirely unsolicited by either Miss Richardson or any of her friends, and this makes it all the more of a surprise. It is not difficult to see how she was chosen, however. She is well known in Washington and New York society, and there is little doubt that unknown to her or her relatives the secretary of the navy was influenced on her behalf by distinguished social acquaintances.

Miss Richardson is a southern of southrons, and, above everything else, a Kentuckian. She is the great grand-daughter of Captain William Hall Richardson of revolutionary fame, a great niece of Commodore Bainbridge, and on her mother's side a descendant of Jefferson Davis. Her father, the late Colonel William Hall Richardson, was one of the most famous turfmen of his day. His home was Elk Hill, on a picturesque spot in the blue grass, near Lexington, where upward of a score of years ago this youngest daughter of an interesting family first saw the blush of morn, and in the days of her childhood dashed over paddock and pasture mounted on the fleet-footed racers, who so often carried to victory the "silk" of her father's jockey.

A season or two ago Miss Richardson passed some time in Washington while on her way to Europe. While in the capital she was the recipient of numerous social honors, particular attention being paid her by Secretary Herbert and family. On her return home, after a year spent abroad, she sent to Miss Herbert, with her compliments, a bottle of 45-year-old bourbon from the wine cellar of Major B. G. Thomas, "the sage of Dixiana," and the most famous of Kentucky's pioneer turfmen. From the secretary she received a grateful acknowledgment for the rare old liquor. Mr. Herbert said that President Cleveland had been among those favored with a taste of the whisky, and that the chief magistrate of the nation had toasted the fair donor enthusiastically.

Fashion Notes.

Skirts for spring will be narrower.

Delft luncheons are pronounced very chic.

Portieres of real chains are novel but not decorative.

Large visiting cards, almost square, are the proper thing.

Buttons of brown and white brilliants are new and pretty.

A swinging basket has taken the place of the old-fashioned cradles.

The black veils with a thin edge of white lace are becoming very popular.

Black hats with aigrettes and choux of white are much the vogue in Paris.

Wall paper in white and single clusters of poppies scattered here and there is new.

Bracelets are coming back and the fad of wearing them over gloves is again revived.

Gauze ribbons will be popular next summer, along with end-of-last-century costumes.

Theater coats are becoming more and more gorgeous, but people of good taste cling to the happy medium.

The bustle in a modified form is abroad in the land, and has already been donned by some of fashion's most faithful devotees.

Ladies' cloth and lustrous ribbed silk will be used in combination on spring dresses for church wear, dinners, calling, etc.

Some of the new neck garnitures consist of Parisian figured ribbons with narrow yellow lace frilled on vertically every three inches.

Yellow, in all the shades of the nasturtium and every tint between cream and gold, is in fashionable favor this season for collars and vests of dark wool gowns.

Colored moire silks, which are watered in such a manner that there is a distinct pattern, are very popular for waists, and are also used for revers and collars on gowns and cloaks.

Small side combs with very fine gold or jewelled tops, or set with French brilliants, are extremely popular. Not only are they ornamental, but they serve to keep the hair neat.

Some of the new black gloves come stitched with red thread. This makes them look smart. It also adds to their general usefulness, because gloves of that kind may be worn with a variety of gowns.

Black taffeta ribbon, four inches wide, with a half-inch edge of black satin carried around the neck once and arranged in a big flaring bow at the back, makes a chic stock suitable for all occasions.

Emeralds, with rubies second in favor, are said to be the leading jewels of this season, always excepting the diamond, which is ever first. Opals are also popular at present, and pearls are considered especially suited to young ladies.

The indications are that the skirt and coat style will continue in favor for ordinary walking, shopping, and traveling costumes, and that mohairs, cheviots, English tweeds and serges will be the fabrics used for these.

Handsome cloth gowns show a novel contrast in having the seams open and stretched down on both sides over cloth of a contrasting color. A black broadcloth over crimson makes a striking combination.

Quaint-looking berthas are made of light figured silk and edged with narrow ruffles. Some of these dress decorations look much like regalias, or lodge decorations. When the long tabs come down below the jacket the effect is rather odd.

A Parisian novelty which adds to the elegance of an afternoon or evening toilet is a fancy fan case. It looks like an exaggerated spectacle case covered with beads and hung from the belt like a chatelaine. The beads may be in colors to match the gown or in direct contrast to it. A case of this kind which will go nicely with different toilets has a background of black sprinkled with gilded beads.

New weaves and colorings in repped wools, vicuna cloths, roughly woven English serges, hop-sacking effects in silk and wool mixtures, mohairs, and French cashmere in fancy designs or in rich monochromes are all in the hands of fashionable modistes who are already making quaint, quiet and elegant costumes for the Lenten season, and also planning novel and exceedingly smart gowns for Easter time.

Persian-velvet blouses are as yet too novel to be seen very often, but those in lovely delicate effects seen at the opera and occasionally in theater boxes were garnitured either rich cream Venetian lace jabots, and wrist frills, or with elaborate jewelled and spangled passementerie and applique pieces in oriental designs and colors. The skirts worn with these waists are usually black satin duchesse, broche, silk crepon or dark green corded silk or satin.

In spite of the fact that the immense sleeve has been frowned upon in high quarters, fashionable women in society continue to appear in sleeves quite as voluminous as ever. At a recent very elegant dinner in this city, observing guests were then and there convinced that, though women may consent to defer to fashion regarding the size of sleeves on every-day gowns, it is almost certain that it will take much longer to reconcile them to any great reduction where evening toilets are concerned. They appear to cling to the huge sleeves with quite as much tenacity as to the long-waisted gowns.

Among the new things for spring will appear coats of various shapes and lengths, most of them happy mediums between the over-long-skirted styles of a year ago and the bobbed-off shapes of this winter; also round waists with stylish elegant belts and buckles. French redingotes and trimmed princesse dresses, gowns with peplum overskirts, tunics and slight paniers; yoke-top kilted skirts, gored skirts, slightly reefed in circumference, and those slashed and paneled, will all be seen, and for garnitures will appear elaborate braidings in Greek key or vine devices, arabesques, and purely conventional patterns, spangled gimps and passementeries, leather bands, ribbons in rows or points, and jet and fine gold galloons in Vandyke designs.

Feminine Notes.

The post of secretary of the Utah senate is filled by a woman, Mrs. Pardee.

Miss Alice Rothschild has a passion for flowers. Her collection of roses alone is worth $50,000.

Mrs. H. H. Kitson of Boston enjoys the distinction of being the first and only woman admitted into the National Sculpture society.

Yvette Guilbert is a talented artist in addition to her other accomplishments. The best portrait of Mme. Guilbert has been recently completed by Yvette.

The duchess of Bedford has become a patroness of the Dublin Home for Starving and Forsaken Cats, and has given a handsome check to aid the work.

Mme. Jeanne Hugo, the granddaughter of Victor Hugo, who was recently divorced from her husband, Alphonse Daudet's son, is about to marry a young doctor in Paris.

Mrs. Harmon, wife of Attorney General Harmon, like the marchioness of Lorne and Lady Aberdeen, tries to make the lives of her domestics as cheerful and happy as possible.

The English comic paper, Judy, has just been purchased by a woman. She is so overflowing with good humor that the responsibilities of the publication will be as a safety valve.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii and her niece, the Princess Victoria Kalulani, will visit London in the spring and Austria later. They contemplate building a castle in sunny Italy.

Mrs. Oliphant, who is the oldest of living novelists, has just written an article which is a protest against the type of fiction of such books as "Jude, the Obscure," and "The Woman Who did."

Miss Clara Barton desires that all donations to the Armenian fund should be sent to Mr. E. G. Keith, cashier of the Metropolitan bank, the Temple, Chicago, as he is national treasurer of the Armenian Relief society.

The queen of Portugal is addicted to masculine pursuits. She is passionately fond of hunting, and has been seen to herself thrust the knife into the throat of a dying stag. Her love for a bull fight is notorious.

Miss Piper, A. R. E., of London, who is the only lady etcher of original architectural subjects on a large scale, is now completing two new series of etchings and is about to publish a work on ecclesiastical architecture.

It is interesting to know that Miss Norah Hopper, whose Irish ballads and verses are the most distinctively Celtic of all the new Irish school of writers, has never set foot upon the Emerald Isle.

Pearl Eytinge, at one time one of the most popular actresses on the American stage, is dying in New York of alcoholism. She once received columns of praise. Now she gets a paragraph. Such is fame, fame.

Miss Rachel Cameron, a daughter of Don Cameron, the Pennsylvania senator, is considered the most beautiful young woman in Washington society today. She is said to have a charming personality as well.

Miss Rachel Frank, who is the first woman rabbi, in so far as Hebrew ecclesiastical law will permit the innovation, has recently been welcomed by the congregation of Temple Emanuel in San Francisco, the most aristocratic synagogue of the west.

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, a novelist, living in Boston, has just brought suit for divorce against her husband, William Holmes. This lady is not the well known Mary J. Holmes, but bears the same name, to the annoyance of the original Mary J.

George Eliot's grave at Highgate, London, presents signs of neglect, but a sprig of ivy a short time ago crept from the tomb of George Henry Lewes and clings around the base of the column erected in memory of the woman whose life was so interwoven with his.

Miss Ida Monroe of San Francisco recently accomplished what she considers a simple feat—that of painting her mother's house. She is also an adept at driving nails, fixing fences and the like. She does all such work in her bicycle bloomers.

Miss Dora Kahn of San Francisco, Cal., is the first American or English woman who has ever reached 80 degrees north latitude. She celebrated the event by planting the stars and stripes on the island of Spitzbergen, amid the cheers of fifty-two European scientists who composed the party.

Mrs. S. A. Bushnell, wife of Governor Bushnell, is a most artistic lady, and has just had the walls of her apartments handsomely decorated in delicate colors, each room different from the other. Mrs. Bushnell is the proud possessor of many beautiful curios and costly tapestries.

Sarah Bernhardt is devotedly attached to her daughter-in-law, the Princess Jablonowska, who married Maurice Bernhardt, and assumes the role of grandmother with great enthusiasm. She often says: "I take more interest in these young people than in all my plays."

The queen regent of Spain is a confirmed smoker of cigarettes, and when at work is seldom without one between her lips or in a box near at hand. It is the especial pleasure of "Bubi" (his Catholic majesty, King Alfonso XIII.) to light the cigarettes for his mamma. Carmen Sylva, the queen of Roumania, is also an ardent smoker.

Mrs. Fleming of Harvard observatory has been busy discovering new stars. Only fourteen have been found in the last 300 years and four of these are Mrs. Fleming's discoveries. She discovered one in the constellation of Perseus in 1887, one in Norma in 1893 and one each in Carina and Centarus during the present year.

Elizabeth Ney, daughter of Marshal Ney, famous in Europe for her delicate work in sculpture, is found to be the same woman who for twenty years has been known as "The Strange Lady." Miss Ney—now Mrs. Montgomery—is said to be a very beautiful woman, untiringly devoted to her art and to have accomplished wonders in the way of raising the somewhat hazy esthetic standard of Texas. In the Texas building at the World's fair was a finely wrought marble statue of General Sam Houston, the work of Mrs. Montgomery.

Mrs. Mary Lord Dimmick has had fame thrust upon her during the past fortnight or so by the rumor that she and ex-President Harrison were about to be married. Since then the fame has been increased by the presence of General Harrison in the city, and the public announcement of their engagement. Fortunately Mrs. Dimmick is one of the women who can stand the light that beats about an ex-president's finance, for she is fairly young, very pretty, very charming, and possessed, according to rumor, of the crowning glory of not wishing "to talk while other persons wish to think."

The young czarina may be interested in women's clubs, but she is not new woman enough—or Russian enough—to believe in smoking. She has requested her ladies-in-waiting not to approach her if there is an odor of tobacco on their clothes. All the Russian grand dutchesses smoke, including the czarina's sister, the Grand Dutchess Sergius. On entering a room one day where several of these ladies were enjoying cigarettes her imperial majesty looked reprovingly round and said: "I consider a cigarette in a woman's mouth is as bad as an oath in a man's."

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