

been given her by Lady Beauvedere and proves that lady's generosity.

It is blue, a deep turquoise blue, without a suspicion of green in it.

The skirt is chiffon tucked on the

lengths in fine tucks to a little below the knee, where they end in a soft, old fashioned little ruffle, and from this ruffle falls a wide ruffle finished on the edge with another little ruffle. The bodice is of tucked blue chiffon. Over it is worn a dear little bolero of Maltese lace and scrim, with lace roses embroidered on the scrim. The sleeves of the bolero end above the elbow and the long, transparent, tucked sleeves continue to the knuckles.

This bodice is collarless, too, and is turned back slightly from the throat in two small revers and finished with a soft bow of chiffon. A huge turquoise, quaintly set in brillante, is worn at the waist line in the back and keeps in place the soft folds of the chiffon that are passed about the waist. Another of these oddly beautiful jewels is worn as a buckle in front. Juliet Gainsborough wears with this gown a hat of transparent straw the same color as the lace, and around it is twisted one long blue ostrich feather.

Princess Vandramini goes to see Lady Beauvedere in a black and white "dream." The skirt is white satin crepe de Chine. It is laid in soft plaits, one on top of the other, all around, except directly in the front, where they end on either side of a plain strip some six inches wide, which runs the whole length of the skirt and bodice. The plaits are apparently held in place over this plain strip by bands of inch-wide ribbon velvet, held together in the center by paste buckles.

The bodice was formed of a lace coat of black Chantilly lace of a bold design. It has long, full lines in the back and a bolero effect over the bust.

The collar is outlined with two bands of the velvet, accentuated with the paste buckles. The hat of the Princess Vandramini is of narrow frills of black lace over white, with a big bow of black lace across the front. One American beauty rose flung across the flaring brim gives the sentinel note to the ensemble.

Lady Ullweathers also goes to see Lady Beauvederes in a gown of crepe de Chine, but hers is of a lusterless finish and the latest shade of "biscuit," which means a dash more yellow than was considered the smartest during last season. Lady Ullweathers gown is elaborately striped with Irish crochet lace several shades paler than the crepe de China. It has a transparent yoke of this lace, and from it the gown descends in severe lines, accented by the lace to the belt.

Paste buttons, set in rosettes of black

maline, fasten the bodice. A hat and muff of chiffon of the same color as the gown, shirred to imitate poppies, with black tulle centers, complete the arrangement.

Mrs. Dashey goes to congratulate Lady Beauvedere in a gown of silvery-furnished little ruffle, and from this ruffle falls a wide ruffle finished on the edge with another little ruffle. The bodice is of tucked blue chiffon. Over

placed confidence, upon the exquisitely

soft richness of the fabric, and is there-

fore content to be fashioned upon the

simpler and the newest lines.

In the second act of "The Ambassador," Lady Beauvedere is giving a ball. She herself is radiant in sea-green satin heavily embroidered in emeralds. Juliet

is in white, but what a white! It is

thickly strewn with crystal beads and brilliants; and yet it maintains an effect

of girlish innocence that Juliet's character suggests. The Princess Vandramini goes to the ball in black velvet—

severely plain, perfectly fitting, with an

unusually long train that she manages admirably. The only relief to the severity of her costume is the drapery of jeweled white lace across the bust and back and the odd sleeves that this jeweled lace forms a wee bit below the shoulders.

Mrs. Dashey wears a regular coat-of-mail, which glitters and shines—a very blaze of black and silver—in a mystifying, bewildering way that makes an analysis of its construction an impossibility. Lady Ullweathers ball gown is of gun-metal gray mousseeline de soie splashed all over with wide spreading sun-bursts, so thickly set that they interlace their long rays and become an indefinable mass.—Lady Modish, in Town Topics.

Kitty's Riddle.

Kitty said: "Tell me what"—
oh, how her cheeks burned!
Is given and taken
and straightway returned,
Stolen and wasted,
yet none seems to miss?"
Said I: "Why, my darling,
it surely is—this!"

—Town Topics.

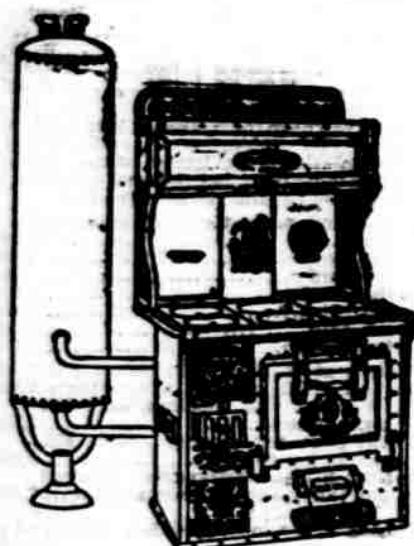
"Every woman owes it to herself to love a husband and make him happy and contented," said the dowager virtuously.

"Does it make any difference whose husband?" asked the debutante, innocently striped with Irish crochet lace several shades paler than the crepe de China. It has a transparent yoke of this lace, and from it the gown descends in severe lines, accented by the lace to the belt.

"Let's play tag," said the New York boy.

"You play it," replied the Boston boy.

"I can't play anything. I never studied music."—Town Topics.



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There's a sweet, entralling magic
Lurking in the glowing fire,
Soft enchantment in it flickers,
And the song of hidden lyre
From the gnarled log's rugged surface
Sounds the faintest, fitful tone,
Oft a mirth is in its ringing,
Oft it has a saddened moan.

Gentle voices of the woodland
Echoes in its music weird,
Melodies from great tree monarchs
Standing in their strength unseared.
Only those who sit and listen
By the restful hearthfire's gleam
Hear the songs that lead the fancy
Spellbound in a happy dream.

All the carols of the summer
Murmur from the forest's sheen
Where the backlog learned its singing,
Swaying with the boughs of green.
There it heard the songs from heaven,
Hear the south wind whisper low
Midst the scenes that seem to linger
Sunflecked in the embers glow.

With the flitting flames and shadows
Visions come and disappear;
Fair, loved faces of the missed ones
In the twilight hover near.
Fondest hopes long since abandoned
Come again with fresh, new life—
Far away in wintry tempest
Lies the world of care and strife.

—Mary French Morton,
In The Conservative.

"Lester News"—Per Contra.

[A doctor in the British Medical Journal now asserts that in the act of kissing we only encounter beneficent organisms. He says "the advantages of kissing outweigh its infinitesimal risk, for it provides us with microbes useful for digestion."]

I thought the upshot would be this,
That some one would defend the kiss,—
That when a lovely girl you see
Worth your thrilled heart's idolatry,
No owlish board, however wise,
Can stop the kissing exercise.

I hold that Nature knows what's best
For us, to make our food digest.
Although I've no dyspepsia,
I'm bound to cure it when I may,
And ban each foggy who dismisses
The prophylactic power of kisses.
—Joel Benton, in the "New Lippencott" for March.

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