

SPRINGLIKE AS APRIL.

BRIGHT, BLOSSOMLIKE FROCKS, GAY WITH GOLD AND GAUZE.

Warm Weather Dresses Spread Their But-terfly Wings—Lilac and Mauve and Yellow and Dusky Red and Light Blue Make Gay Street Pictures for All Ages.

NEW YORK, April 9.—Woman is a bright object, she wears so much yellow. I look from my window and I see her far down the street slowly advancing. There is a glory about her head at which I strain my eyes. She is a slim figure in tan color, with the green grass of my neighbors' lawns behind her, and a shining blue above, which grows larger and comes nearer. Now I can see that there are short round little paniers on her hips, and



A GLEAM OF SPRING AND DAFFODILS.

that her bodice comes down in a long point and is held at the departure of the paniers by a gold buckle. Now I can see that a fichu of yellow mull is laid about her throat and fills in the opening of her dress almost to the waist line. Now if I look sharply it seems to me that ruffles of the same mull are set about her armholes, broad and flaring on the shoulders and hiding their diminished heads below the arms. Now I am just making out that her hat has an enormous front brim, and now, yes, now I lean back in my chair and rest satisfied, for I have assured myself that the gleaming mass of pale gold is daffodils. The long-stemmed, April flowers cover her hat in two ranks, or semi-circles. They start from the ribbon knots at the back of the crown, just over her hair, and they start again in shining rays from those other ribbons at the front of the crown, just at the setting on of the brim. These lie flat, and other daffodils stand erect and are seen over them. The girl, now I can see her plainly, for she has stopped below my window and is waving her hand to me, has reddish-brown hair and blonde coloring. She holds up to me one yellow blossom.

The spring dress, from week to week, evolves toward the summer dress more and more rapidly. There were some pretty costumes out at Monday's meeting of Sorosis for the famous woman's club exhibits famous mixtures of dress, beautiful and unbecoming. Jennie June, now that her period of mourning for Mrs. Croly is past, wears white on festive occasions, and Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer is fond of a pinkish heliotrope. One of the most picturesque members is Mrs. Septima W. Collis, the author of *A Woman's Story of the War*, who is dark and slight and straight, and gleams with black and gold and orchids. A daughter of Elizabeth Akers Allen sits in a white sheen of silver and syringa blooms and by her side is a woman in dusky Cleopatra red, a woman with long-lashed dusky eyes. The dress is a corded silk that holds heavy shadows. In front it has a straight tablier of a paler, pinkish copper, with flesh tints mingling with a sombre red that is almost black in its rich embroidery, from which break out golden sparks of metallic lustre. The long overdress hangs flat at the sides, and is edged with blackish red and golden braid. The



SEEN AT SOROSIS.

corsage, with its deep basques is slashed into Vandyke scallops with that reckless scissoring which woman loves, because it is slashing and daring. The fronts open with revers over a vest of pinkish copper like the tablier cut, with a Medici collar and showing a straight collar beneath, both embroidered with the murky red with its yellow sparkles.

There is a hat of flesh-tinted pink tulle, twisted and turned and bent and folded, making Vandyke scallops over the forehead and trimmed with dark copper plumes and gold galloon.

One of the younger members [is] spring-like as April itself in her frock of pale blue India silk, dotted with flower sprays and

shirred from bust to waist, and crossed with pale blue ribbons. A little pointed vest of white mull is set in at the throat, and the point it makes has ribbons to mark its outlines. Ribbons are crossed upon the sleeve puffs and upon the long cuffs that reach to the elbows, and upon the high collar, and wherever two ribbons pass each other the point of transit is marked by butterfly bows. Round, flat paniers, deeper than one commonly sees, curve about the hips, and the small turban hat is of cream colored mull, with an edging of galloon and trimming of blue myrtle flowers.

There is pale lilac wherever one looks, and a great variety of blues. Striped blue and white cloths come out with summer-like effect upon the streets, and there are costumes that are most eccentric of stripes interrupted by great crescents and half-moons. On the shoulders of every girl you meet there is a new variety of cape for you to study. It may match her dress very exactly, or it may be of a different color, or it may be of a different material, and there is a deep contrasting flounce, that and her cape and her hat stand or fall together in their fortunes. On one warm afternoon a costume of shot blue silk seemed a prophecy of future days. Black Chantilly lace was looped around the bottom of it, reaching nearly to the knees, knots of black ribbon were set in the gathered heading at the flounce at brief intervals. A cape of black Chantilly came three or four inches below the waist, was tied with black ribbons and was gathered high upon the shoulders. A large black Chantilly hat rose and dipped as to its brim in hills and valleys, and in front there stood up one sentinel loop of blue ribbon keeping lonely watch over the surrounding country.

For every woman to be her own milliner never came nearer being possible than now, in spite of the wonderful effects that take one's breath away as one steps in front of a shop window. The little flower bonnets are very easily made, for one buys the fillet of posies which is the foundation and has nothing to add but a whisp of tulle or a pair of strings. The embroidered crepes are far more beautiful to a cultivated taste than the showy tinsels, and some of the most attractive bonnets seen in the city have been in quite capote shapes with trillings of lisse or mull or crepe about the front, sprigged needle-wrought flowers in pale delicate shades. Fronds of maiden hair fern are favorite garnitures for such bits of headgear.

When a phrase becomes the fashion we use it so unmercifully that it becomes a poor packhorse phrase and dies. Just



INDIA SILK AND RIBBONS.

now the words we ride to death are *a jour*. All our fashions are *a jour*, or as the new school of art says, *au plein air*. Everything is bright, open, born to live and be looked at on the grass and under the sun. The peach-pink shades are delightful. A young woman whose wilful ways of bringing out the piquancy of her bright, irregular face I have more than once described wore silver gray the other evening, and about her throat she twisted a long garland of peach blossoms that was fastened under a pearl clasp at her waist and fell to the floor.

There are silks of wholly new weaves in close set waves formed of cords. These give effects of light and shadow that are beautiful in the new yellow which is almost as much salmon. Mauve and pink are brocaded together, and trimmed with swaying fringes of silver. Flower brocades are so intermixed with tinsel thread that the blossoms appear as if jewelled. Feather brocades in gold are thrown upon gray satin, or, in India silk, gold feathers upon black gleam and glitter. A brown tulle frock on a recent evening had a bodice and train of yellow, jewelled brocade. A costume of pale pink silk was thoroughly characteristic of the season. The skirt was cut in deep pointed scallops over an overskirt of pink chiffon, laid in fine plaitings. Bronze green and gold passermenterie formed a bold edging about the points, rising between them into trefail or clover leaf devices.

Upon the silk of the skirt proper were spread morning glory vines with blossoms in pink and pale blue. The open corsage was embroidered in arabesque scrolls in gold, and was confined by a corselet of bronze green silk, cut in points at the top and covered with gold embroidery. Bronze green straps bordered and crossed the chemisette of pink chiffon. Pink bows perched on the shoulders, and pink ribbons were banded about the hair.

The young girl who submitted unconsciously to this close inspection carried a fan of the fragrant sandal wood that is now again coming into fashion. It has a mount of pink gauze, with Watteau designs, partly in paint and partly in embroidery.

A white chiffon theatre waist appeared at the Berkeley Lyceum the other evening during the Columbia College boys' dramatic carnival. Its peculiarity was the jeweled passermenterie in pearls and turquoise which sprayed up from the waist beyond the line of the low corsage lying upon the neck in the likeness of feathers. The white plumes standing erect in the hair were jeweled to correspond.

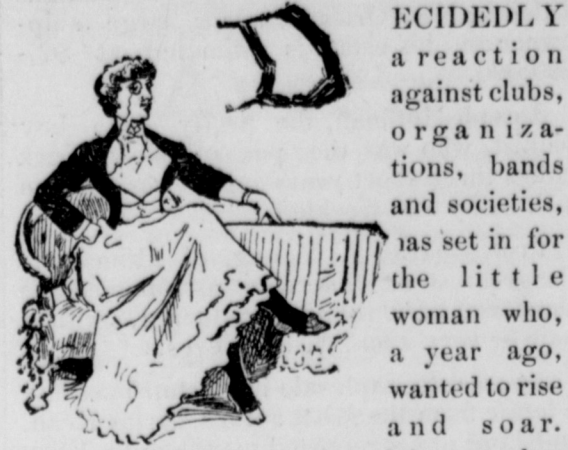
The summer girl has slept for months in her chrysalis, but now she is ready to burst upon the eye. Most wonderful things has she been preparing in shirts and sashes, some description of which is fretting to slip from my pen. Suffice it to say at the moment that "house coats" and "lounging coats" and "neglige shirts" and "full dress" shirts are now quite as feminine as masculine.

ELLEN OSBORN.

OUR CHATTY CARRIE.

TELLS THE LATEST THINGS IN ENGAGEMENT RINGS.

What the Girl Gives in Return—Shall the American Maid Be Given a Dowry?—Gossip About People and Things—Mrs. Huntington's Bath-Tub.



She is beginning to see that clubs may become a source of bruises to the tender feminine mind and spirit. And she has found out that constitutions are perplexing and bothersome unless they pertain to the welfare of the family. By-laws are becoming a weariness and parliamentary usages bad forms.

Worn out with the effort to do and be, and act similar to her mankind, the little woman is gradually withdrawing herself from all organizations, and is betaking her ruffled plumage back to the family circle, wherein is rest, comfort and recreation. Here she is never out of order. She can take the floor at any time, she can order a business meeting at any moment in the day, and her objections are not apt to be overruled. It is here that her points of order are always well taken. The gavel is in her hands to wield as she wills and, more than all, she is the chairman and entire executive committee on entertainment, new members and miscellany. Her vote is the deciding one, and her smile rules the whole organization.

Let the little woman taste of club life if she will. But happy is the one who can take her bruised, perturbed self home to masculine arms for the consolation, the petting, the sympathy and the praises which the bravest of little women find sweet to their souls.

Mrs. C. P. Huntington, whose law suit over a \$900 massage bill attracted so much attention, is described as an altogether beautiful and pleasing woman. Her lovely neck over the removal of whose wrinkles the suit came about, is firm and white as marble and the face about it is lofty, dignified and womanly. By many, Mrs. Huntington was deemed a social martyr, in that she would permit the publicity of the courts rather than pay what seemed to her to be a blackmailer's price. The bill was disputed from principal not from parsimony.

As an example of Mr. Huntington's prodigality towards his wife is told the following story: Mrs. Huntington is extremely fond of fresh water swimming, bathing and diving. To indulge her in her favorite water athletics, Mr. Huntington ordered a tank constructed in the cellar—nicely heated and lighted. It was found upon investigation that the tank must be emptied daily to avoid dampness in the house above, and that each filling of the tank would cost \$30, making a grand total of about \$200 per week which Mr. Huntington would owe for water taxes. But not an instant did that gentleman hesitate. Mrs. Huntington desired a tank for bathing purposes. A tank she must have. In the language of the street money was "not in it." Has not such a man a right to public sympathy when a bill seems so exorbitant to his generous soul that he is willing to refuse to be imposed upon?

While a young man's fancy is lightly turning to thoughts of love, a young woman's fancy is turning to thoughts of an engagement ring.

What shall be the material, what the style, what the emblem and what the design of this, the band which is to mark her betrothal finger? The heart-shaped designs which were the pride and the delight of our grandparents, have come in again with all the vehemence of which the spring season of ninety-one is capable. Yet there is a certain design for an engagement ring which is in delicacy of conception so much above and beyond the merely ornamental heart-shaped ring that the latter has shrunk into insignificance by the side of it.

The new design is this. A large per-



THE FINISHING TOUCH.

fectly clear, somewhat flat diamond is selected, and underneath it is placed the likeness of the dearest boy on earth. Around the face, as it sparkles forth from the depths of the diamonds, is a row of tiny emeralds. The choice of stones to surround the diamonds is purely arbitrary. Just now emeralds are chosen because they are dearer than turquoise, pearls or any other gems save diamonds themselves. To get quite even with her young man for this reckless and lavish expenditure, and also to carry out the law which regulates the general fitness and equality of things, the young woman sends the young man a jewelled likeness of herself. And this is the way she does it. In the end of a gold lead pencil she has a diamond set

similar to that in her ring and, underneath it, goes her own fair face. The young man fastens the pencil upon his watch chain and both of the twin—the ardent lover and the maiden fair—are ready for any and all emergencies, for each bears a talisman that will exorcise all evils save those of la grippe.



THE FAIR SECRETARY AT WORK.

England is agitating itself over our dowry question. Shall or shall not an American maid be turned over to her husband with naught but "the presents," her trousseau and a five dollar bill for a dowry? Shall she and must she have a certain sum placed upon her head ere she be considered eligible for the matrimonial market?

When the question of money steps in the old American independence idea of true love steps out, and the whole system of marrying and giving in marriage becomes



BURYING HER SORROW.

un-Americanized. To the orthodox American mind a moneyed marriage is a nice thing.

And when the maiden brings wealth to her husband it is a mighty nice and a mighty comfortable thing for all concerned. But to that same orthodox American mind the consideration of money fades into nothingness when compared with the weightier one of love.

Unless she were possessed of physical and intellectual sympathy for the man whom she was about to marry, our regulation American girl would feel as if she had been bought for a price, or bartered for her dowry which had been set upon her.

Sooner than place herself voluntarily into such a state of affairs our true-blue girl would skip off in secret with the man of her choice and work her fingers to the bone to keep the wolf and the sheriff from the door.

"But could not true love and a dowry travel together?" asked our English cousins.

They could—but they seldom do. When Cupid selects a love poisoned dart; it is not often that both ends are tipped with gold.

Our English cousins are used to having their husbands chosen for them. It is a matter of church, of family and of state; and should the marriage prove an impecunious one, the aforementioned trinity of church, family and state are willing to combine to make the loss good.

With us it is different. We know that we are all born free and equal, and we, one and all, reserve the right to marry according to our own sweet will. Should the marriage be less prosperous and brilliant than had been hoped, the American girl has the pluck, the grit and the ability to come nobly to her own rescue. If far down in the intellectual scale she can do manual labor; she can work with the needle. If gifted she can win plaudits and pay many sources; and if clever, she can manage in some inconspicuous way to keep the pot boiling while John is out looking for new sources from which to gather fuel.

By all means give the girl a dowry, if the money is in the family. But if it isn't give her a good education, a clear conscience, good judgment and a loving heart. And the dollars and cents shall be added unto her.

CARRIE CARELESS.

A SHOE DEALER'S SUCCESS

Depends upon his ability to please customers. Ladies throughout the land who have worn our

\$2.50 KID BUTTON BOOT,

insist upon having them again.

It's imitation hand-sewed, with or without patent leather tip—a regular beauty; a splendid wearer, and is in two widths.

See them at

WATERBURY & RISINC'S,
King and Union Streets.

HOW TO DRESS THE CHILDREN.

Hints for Mothers With Fancies of Their Own.

The triumph of children's dressing comes in the springtime, when the little ones are divested of their wintry wraps and gowns, and put into the pretty chaillies, India silks and gingham, which come in such a variety of designs.

Very soft and lovely are the chaillies, with ivory tinted grounds and a straggle of hedge roses, bluebells or cornslips, carelessly thrown upon the surface. A charming design is dandelion-blows scattered over pale Watteau green. The gown was made in Gretchen fashion, the short bodice shirred at waist, neck and shoulders, and fastening the narrow ribbon belt were great rosettes of green velvet ribbon; a gümpe of hemstitched white India was worn beneath. The hat donned



with this dainty costume was a great grandmother's poke with shirred brim, finishing with a wide frill; there was an Alsatian bow flattened against the low crown and wide silk strings which tied beneath the chin.

Another little bonnet which made a fitting frame for a fresh young face is a fine leghorn with a pliable brim which lay in soft flutes; the crown is low, and just in front is a great rosette of gros grain ribbon of a creamy tint, from which springs a heron aigrette.

For misses and young girls in their teens nothing can displace the straw or tarpaulin sailor. The simplest and prettiest ones have only a wide band about the low crown, while others are trimmed at one side with loops of ribbon or great rosettes of tulle speared with a golden dagger or sword-hilt.

Mull hats of pale blue, pink or red are made to match the costumes and are elaborately shirred and trimmed about the face with frills of lace.

Little white corded sun-bonnets with capes are very comfortable for small girls, and possess the useful quality of "doing up." Even the quaint quaker-hoods are usurped by the little ones, the laughing faces being in strange contrast to the demureness of the head-gear. Short waisted gowns of sad-tinted quaker grays are worn with these hoods, relieved at neck and waist with ruffles of chiffon or delicate lace.

A fetching walking dress for a fifteen year old girl is of myrtle green chevot; the waist is full and has a yoke of tan color upon which appears the omnipresent bow-knot in applique and cord embroidery; the skirt is laid in kilt pleats, is sewed to the waist and caught here and there with small gilt buckles; the hat is a white sailor, with a great rosette of green tulle.

The most desirable dresses for little girls summer wear are the crisp French zephyrs, the percales and the mulls which emerge from the laundry almost as good as new.

The washable silks are nearly as cheap, and more serviceable than the cotton goods, making deliciously cool and dainty gowns. White silk dresses in Gretchen shape, neatly hemstitched or herring-boned are charming, so are also the flowered Indias, strewn with tiny rose buds, daisies or corn flowers.

The French chaillies rival the Indias in beauty of texture and artistic design, being mostly in light colors strewn with pale-hued blossoms.

The make of these little gowns is extremely simple, shirring generally shaping them to the figure, they are worn with gümpe of lace-trimmed India linen or silk, generally in white or cream; and are trimmed either with fine embroidery or lace.

Some mothers have a fancy for dressing the little ones in black; economy may have something to do with this fashion, although to children with flaxen hair and a great deal of color there sombre gowns are very becoming. India silk is almost the sole material used for this purpose, and yellow or pale green trimmings may be used with it. A stylish gown recently worn by a little girl four years of age was of black Shanghai silk trimmed with several rows of Mandarin yellow velvet about a quarter of an inch in width, the bodice was V shaped and the neck was finished with a fall of Chautteuly lace.

Plaided goods whether of wool or cotton are generally cut on the bias, which gives them additional style. A Rob, Roy Scotch zephyr made in this manner is quite effective, bretelles of wide embroidery falling over the short high sleeves and narrowing to nothing at the waist.

Dressy jackets are in vogue style and either of ocean-blue, coachman's tan, grey or hunting scarlet; many are slashed and outlined with gold cord; the collars are of the sailor shape, a novelty being a double collar, the smaller one being of some contrasting colored brocade.

Bedford cord is the newest material for jackets and cloaks; a misses long coat is of tan cord the skirt pleated on to the waist in big flat pleats; it opens somewhat after the fashion of the directory period and has three collars of tan and hunter's green thrown back from an embroidered shirt; the full sleeves have the upper portion of the dark green with deep military cuffs of tan, immense buttons of carved pearl are used upon this stunning garment.

Washable cloaks have returned to favor after a long banishment; their place having been taken by India silks and cashmere. Pique is again much used, a noticeable example being made of strips of corded pique alternating with openwork Nancy embroidery.

The all-over embroidered flannels make lovely sacks and long cloaks for babies in arms; the flannel is embroidered in tiny polka-dots or stars in pink, blue or white, with heavy scalloped edges.

Scotch flannel which is a mixture of cotton and wool is admirably adapted for children's morning gowns or seaside dresses; it lasts and keeps its color quite as well as the more expensive French flannels and is also suitable for beach dresses for the little ones who frequent the seashores.

The garment illustrated is of French grey lady's cloth with revers of sapphire blue velvet.

COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.

The Poverty of a Rich Man.

The story illustrating the recent tightness of the money market is told of a millionaire business man who has an office in lower Broadway. He desired to raise the sum of \$15,000 on his personal note. He sent it to the bank with which he kept his account, with a request that it should be discounted. This the bank officers refused to do. He then sent it to several of his wealthy friends, but none of them could accommodate him. Finally he sat down at his desk and with grim humor drew a note for \$5, and pinned to it a \$10 bank note issued by his own bank, got several of his millionaire friends to indorse the note, and then sent it down to his bank with a courteously worded message, asking if they would discount that note for him.—*New York Tribune*.

Is it Another Fraud?

We are constantly receiving inquiries from all parts of the country asking, "Is this true?" "Will you do what you claim?" or "Is this another humbug?" We are not basing our claim for public patronage upon *new* and unestablished articles for which there is little or no positive evidence of value—but upon old standards of merit, one of which, has been in use *over eighty years*, generation after generation of families in the last four-score years have vouched for it. We ask no one to take our word as a guaranty of value—we have many letters on file in our office from people who have used and sold our goods in years gone by, telling of results as wonderful as any known. We should take pride in showing them to any one interested. That simple remedy, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, has probably saved more lives and afforded more relief to the suffering than any other known remedy. It is used and recommended by all classes of people—the high and low, the rich and the poor, the educated and the ignorant. All who become acquainted with it, experimentally, are amazed at its wonderful power, and are loud in its praise ever after. It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure or relieve. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly and effectually. This whole page would not suffice to enumerate a quarter of the diseases and ailments—the broken, splintered and mutilated limbs; bent and stiffened limbs; jaundice, bruises, old sores, ugly cuts, burns, scalds, etc., which this Anodyne Liniment will positively alleviate or cure. What is the trifling cost of a bottle or a half-dozen of this Anodyne, compared with the worth of a human life? Lose not a moment, but let every family be supplied. It is used as much internally as externally, many do not know this. No matter how well you know this medicine it will pay you to send to I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., for a pamphlet, free, telling how to use the liniment economically. A tea-spoonful properly used will often do more good than a half bottle as some people use it.—*Advt.*