

FICKLE APRIL'S FASHION

THEY BLOSSOM FAIR AND BRIGHT WITH THE FLOWERS.

Costumes at a Buttermilk Breakfast—Note-worthy Hats and Parasols—Smart Frocks for Warm Weather—The Summer Girl Puts on Straightout Vests and Smiles.

NEW YORK, April 17.—Some of the prettiest costuming of the spring is seen at the breakfasts given in accordance with a new and pleasant custom to celebrate the return of the flowers. A buttermilk breakfast on Thursday was an example so much in point that I must give you some brief description. The buttermilks were not buttermilks at all—alas, for us, who love the country flower—but the big yellow cowslips, or "Mayblobs" of the brooks,



THOSE YOUNG MARRIED WOMEN AND THEIR HATS.

with their satiny yellow petals. These the hostess had caused to be twisted into long loose garlands with the help, I think, of the tinsel wire by which one hangs pictures, and had swung the flower ropes from the curtain poles and against the portieres, making an "old colonial" decoration of blossoming festoons. Her mantle she banked with the bright noddling things we were supposed to accept for the favorites of our childhood, and in the middle of the table was placed a low oval basket enameled in white and gold and filled with "buttermilks" standing amid their own bush leaves. Wax tapers, perfumed and tinted yellow, were supported in low, wide armed candelabra of Sevres china, gold and green ribbons crossed the table, and here and there were scattered "individual" flower vases in cream and gold porcelain holding each one sprig of the reigning blossom.

The hostess has been something of an invalid for years, and so was enabled to give herself some becoming latitude in the matter of dress, appearing at table in a classic tea gown of peach and gold crepe de chine, made with an overdress of peach above a long fall robe of gold. Hanging sleeves of an oblong form were a marked feature of her toilet, as was the golden girdle by which the neck, not the waist, was encircled.

Her guests were young married women of the fashionable set, and their hats absorbed the gaze and provoked reflection. None of them had received warning of the color of the festivity, and yet gold is so universal this spring they all in a manner fitted in with the gold-rimmed plates and the buttermilk decorations. A woman with blue, childish eyes and no color wore a grey open work straw hat bent and twisted into the quaintest shape imaginable, and the silver tinsel lace which flared over it, like the spread of a fan-tail pigeon, served as the starting point for a sprawling mass of the yellow flowers of the Japanese willow.

A smart little bonnet which was nearly flat was edged with large gold balls and high at the back was set a bunch of the pale pink primulas. A prettier one was all gold embroidered lisle with a thick wreath of fine, close-set golden red berries. But the hats were most interesting. There was one worn by those porcelain beauties who always excite a suspicion that they are made up when sometimes they are not at all; it was a large yellow brown straw with a narrow lace-like edge of dull gold tinsel and garniture of yellow brown net all loops and puffs. Long-stemmed sweet peas in tints as delicate and beautiful as the cheeks beneath them, and accepted with fewer



A PRETTY FROCK THAT SHONE AT A PRETTY LUNCHEON.

reservations, covered the crown and drooped almost into the eyes. A huge hat of black lace reminded one irresistibly of a pie whose cover has been lifted to inspect the inside. It had a flat brim gathered full like a ruche and fitting lightly about a mass of dark curls. Attached to this circle at the back was a long oval of lace and ribbons carrying one crimson rose only fluttering up and down like a top crust only lightly hinged. Probably the most original coiffure of all was a cornucopia of jet rising from a mass of soft pink crepe and having

bows of black velvet at the back with long streamers. To every woman on her departure was given a little gold and white bonbon basket with a sprig of cowslips tied in with the ribbons.

The city grows more interesting day by day. As the spring garnitures cease to be such extreme novelties, the afternoon parade becomes gayer, because every woman, instead of one in four, is bright with her April blossoms. There is after all something wholesome about the brilliancy of the season's colorings. We have not refused to be pleased by delicate tints, but we have turned our backs definitely and decidedly upon the shades which hint of fading and decay. There is the dull peculiar tone some roses take when they are withering; there is the purple that comes into sweet peas when they are past their prime; there are dozens of dying colors we have long had with us, and these we have eschewed for others which speak of life and warmth and sunshine. We may run to such excess as to become barbaric, but our present tastes are healthy.

We do not shrink from vivid contrasts. A brilliant brunette was wearing yesterday a trim street dress of black cloth with a broad crimson ribbon bordered with gold flaunting itself in a circling band above the hem. Her pointed belt and her gamutlet cuffs reaching to the elbows brought in the same catching note, and her hat was crimson set with poppies and black velvet ribbons. One sees black and yellow, black and pink, grey and yellow, grey and blue, showing themselves on the streets without reserves of modesty. Corn color and white I have seen several times within the week, and honeysuckle yellow combined with shrimp pink and embroidered with silver. Yellow and peach figured with white is a strange freak of fashion, but most noteworthy of all are the parasols. There is no feat of daring to which they are not equal. Many are painted with masses of lilacs and roses. One which was lifted above a carriage yesterday morning was a rose-tinted silk, bordered with a deep flounce and covered with meshes of straw lace in pale yellow. Long garlands of roses drooped over its different panels, a bud or a straying tendril hanging at times below the flounces. It had an ebony handle about which were tied long pink ribbons.

There is cause for rejoicing in that waists are perceptibly shortening. The pendulum swings from one extreme to the other, and after a Holbein season we are started on the path back to the empire. Josephine dresses are even now the "newest" novelties, but will not be adopted for some time to come in all probability, except for light summer frocks and for the extreme of evening glory. It seems impossible for



AGAIN THE SUMMER GIRL.

them to make much headway until they have fought and conquered high shoulders.

Here is a pretty frock that shone at a pretty luncheon. The material is an old rose India silk figured with black, and the skirt is cut round and full. The waist is shirred under a scalloped corslet which is dotted with faceted jet ornaments in stars. The skirt puffs out a bit under this bodice over the hips and has a broad trimming of the sparkling jets about the bottom. With it goes a hat of rose chip trimmed with rose colored tips and black ribbons.

Another frock which is thoroughly characteristic of the season is of polka dotted chalice cut in princess shape, with what one calls nowadays a "bodice" of silk beneath the left arm, sloping away on the right and knotted behind, the straight length falling like a sash to the floor. There are revers to the corsage, a full chemise of silk and sleeve puffs of silk with ribbon bows. The hat is of lace and gold cord.

Unhappy is the woman who is not fringed. Belts which look like those of the savages glorified are added to toilets of all kinds. A broad gold ribbon, if brocaded so much the better, is the favorite material, and is sown with spangles, folded in a point in front and edged all about with a deep fringe of gold beads which comes down about the hips like a drapery. A fringed toilette noted a few days ago, was of grey-blue camel's hair figured in long ovals in silver. At the foot of the skirt was a wide, heavy galloon of silver tinsel; on the left side was a jingling cascade of silver fringe; the jacket had galloon trimmings, and the pointed belt was made of galloon; there was a cape with a Medici collar, and this was cascaded down each side of the front with more of the noise-producing fringe.

Presently we shall begin to hear again about the summer girl. In fact we have already begun, for she has begun, and her "lounging" coats and "full dress" shirts and negligé jackets are—to a person that scribbles—irresistible. Her vests are perhaps, of all portions of her toilet, the most interesting, for they are more masculine than anything she has in past seasons ventured on. They button straight down the front and turn back in regulation collars over regulation ties. The summer girl seems to prefer them of white duck, with a small woven figure, for such a preference over her part is expected and provided for. There are patterns in Marseilles and pique and in fancy flannels, but the materials are all light colored, to set them out conspicuously under the natty jackets. The summer girl has always the virtue of standing by her colors; she is true to her convictions, even when these lead her to starched collars and Windsor ties.

ELLEN OSBORN.

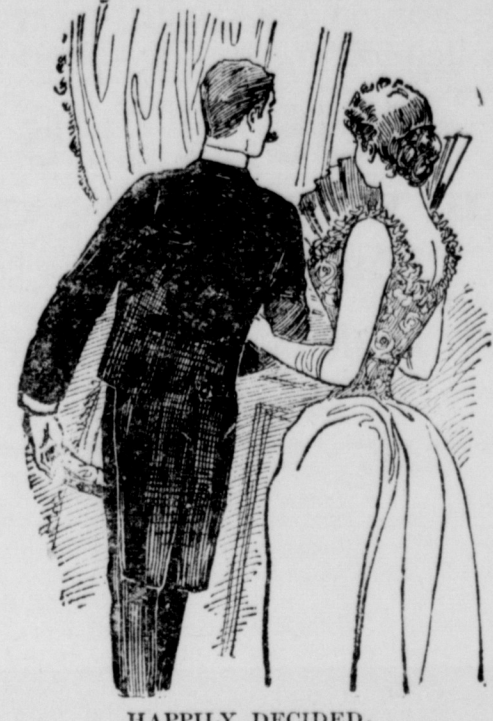
GAY CARRIE CARELESS

TELLS THE LATEST NEW THING IN WEDDING PRESENTS.

Tea Cups That Tell a Story of Travel and Adventure—The Most Fashionable Color in Hair—A Book of Fate Which is Deciding the Happiness of Many a Man.

A new wedding present has the light in the shop windows of Gotham. It is "Only a pansy blossom." The flower is of china and is shaped exactly like a pansy, with uprolling leaves. It is placed in a very beautiful case lined with suede and, along side of it is laid a royal Worcester china spoon. This all sounds tame enough, but the glory and the novelty lies in the case itself.

In imitation of the beautiful jewel bas-



HAPPILY DECIDED.

kets given by royalty, the dealers have manufactured in small and select quantities the loveliest casket that eye hath ever seen. The outside is of brass, and on top in hammered work there is some well-known legend, illustrated by a line and a text. On one recently bestowed there was a picture of Brunhild being awakened by Siegfried. Brunhild, clad in armor, lay upon a couch surrounded by a wall of flame. Siegfried, sword in hand, bent over her. Underneath was the line, "This is no man."

Nearer home in its folk-lore comes the sleeping beauty. Upon this casket a beautiful girl lies asleep on a divan. The hero, exquisitely dressed stands by her side with uplifted hand. The girl looks as if about to open her eyes. Beneath this is inscribed the line, "And lo! The girl awoke."

All the young women are hard drinkers now-a-days. They consume tea, coffee, chocolate, broma and cocoa in proportions wholly beyond their natural craving, and even in greater quantities than health and the family physician advise. The reason is not far to seek. A great and wonderful passion has arisen for the collection of family tea-cups. One must have as many of these as one can get, and in every variety, description and design—the quaint and more unique and more interesting the better. Having the cups in her possession, a woman is driven to them. How can she display the beauty and delicacy of chinaware as well as when holding the delicate material in her hand! And so, this accounts in part for the reason that everybody offers everybody else a cup of something on every possible occasion.

One goes to make a call and behold, a cup of cocoa is brought out in the finest, most delicate china ever seen.

"That cup came from Venice," remarks the hostess.

"From Venice?" exclaims the guest.

"No, not exactly from Venice. That is, the cup did not come from Venice but the picture upon it did come from there. You see when we were travelling last year I took my kodak along and snapped off pictures of everything that seemed interesting to me. The negatives I brought home and had developed in this country. It seemed a pity to have the photographs simply mounted upon cards to be framed or laid aside upon a table. Pictures of places which one has visited are so dull,



WAITING TO KNOW HIS FATE.

you know. And so a happy thought occurred to me. I would have the pictures photographed directly upon china, and in this way the china would become more interesting, my photographs would be preserved and an endless fund of conversation would be suggested for my guests and myself. Accordingly, I selected several of the very nicest china tea-cups that could be found and took them to a photographer. After much consultation upon ways and means we succeeded in hitting upon a very nice method for transferring the photographs to the surface of the china. I am having a few plates done in the same way and a half dozen of my nicest scenes are to



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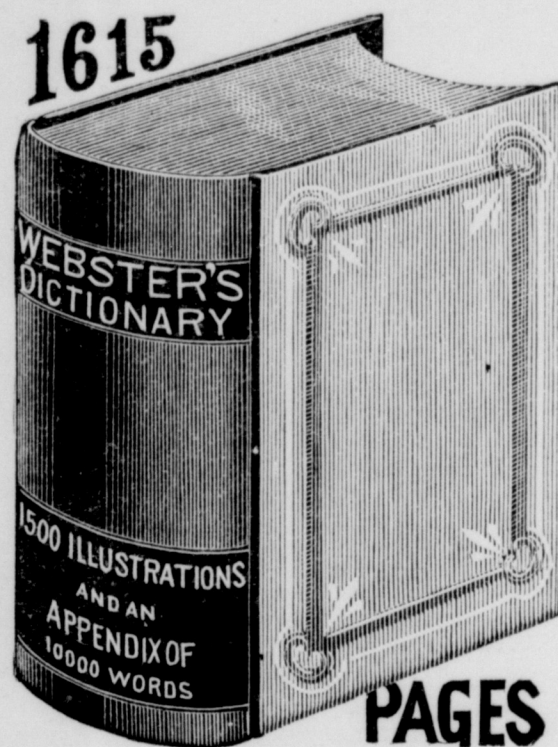
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be placed upon plaques for the beautifying of my walls. The operation is not an expensive one and do you not think it is very clever?"

Fashionable hair is red. For a time in-



THE CUP WAS A REMINISCENCE OF VENICE.

dications seemed to point toward black as a favorite color. But red still leads in favoritism. Very clever hair-dressers can now assume brilliancy and lustre formerly seen only in natural hair. But the dyed article can now be made almost as pretty. Next to the brilliant red, which leads in fashion, comes the pure gold then there is the black—not half black, but jet black, glossy, shining and almost blue in its intensity. The nondescript brown that stamps its owner as being neither blonde or brunette is far from fashionable. And what is worse it does not take dyes nicely.

Hair-dressers say that the dark brown shades are the hardest in the world to make into any other color but that which they are. The hair is worn waved in every shade but black. Experts say that black hair should be worn perfectly smooth, except for a curly bang, and that it should be brushed until it shines in every inch of its length. It is then braided tightly and half a dozen braids are pinned closely around the girl's head with the curly hair pins which look so much like serpents. If the woman so pleases she can twist the whole business unbraided into a big Psyche knot, fastened by a big-headed pin.

The naughty little frauds of girls have thought of a new way of teasing the young men who fit about them like moths about a flame. With all the gravity conceivable they affect shyness, answer in mono-syllables and refuse all offers of candy and flowers. Upon being asked the reason of this coyness and coldness they blush, stammer and are finally led to confess the reason of their thushness.

It is this. Some one has told me that a man's character must be judged by a certain page in a certain mystic little book. The page for each particular victim is indicated by the day of the month for which his birthday falls. It is like a birthday book, only it is a little more searching,

cruel and hard-hearted. Nice things are rare, wise things are never found, hints of caution and cruel suggestions predominate. The little book has 31 pages. The leaves are of rough paper with uncut edges. The outside is yellow as it with age. The whole get-up is mysterious and awful, and to the young man about to learn his fate, that book seems as fraught with potency as did the seven books of the Sooth-sayers of old.

"How can you ask me to talk with you and be friendly with you and smile upon you until I know your true character?" asks Miss Fairgirl with a pouting mouth. "Perhaps you are a bad man. But do not be discouraged until you really know what sort of a man you are. My book will tell exactly," she adds brightly. "I will get it, and then I shall know whether I may talk with you or not."

Getting the book she turns to the one awaiting his fate and calmly asks the date of his birth. Breathlessly he gives it and then with great solemnity she turns to the page. It is the 18th and underneath it she reads:

"Beware of the man with honeyed words. Deceit sets upon his eyebrows and in the curl of his moustache there is guile. Put not your trust in princes nor in the sons of the Four Hundred."

That settled the young man's fate. He has looked into the book of knowledge and it has told him that he is not to be trusted. No more can that young woman smile upon him, no more can she list bonbons from the bonbonniere with the gold tongs which his bounty has provided. No more can she sniff the flowers which have bloomed this spring, tra-la—and which he has borne to her side. No more can this fair Hebe give the nectar of life—tea—to Hercules at five o'clock teas. It is all over unless she dares to defy the fates and furies for his sake. The fates tell her that asps may be expected to lurk in the bouquets which he sends her, and that no nice good star can ever lover near. If very much afflicted with that complaint known as love's grippie she defies all these things and clings to him through the skies fall. If she is a little tired of his attention she has an admirable excuse for dropping him. And the shake cannot be called a cold one.

Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of the Century Magazine, is not stylish in dress. He may be seen any day walking to and from his pretty editorial sanctum on Union square. He is a tall, slender man, with clear features, an aggressive nose, and large poetical eyes. In manner he puts one at ease directly, having a happy way of seeming to be of exactly one's grade in society. With the working people with whom he comes in contact, in his business relations with the Century, he is popular, for he has a manner which makes them think that, once upon a time, he was at work himself with rolled up sleeves, and printer's ink upon his face. With the literate he is thoroughly at ease, and spends his happiest hours surrounded by bright spirits who congregate about him at home and in the Follies club, of which he is the president. In attire he is almost rusty, though scrupulously clean and well brushed. It

was hinted that Easter might find him in a new suit of clothes, but expectations were disappointed, and the same carefully-tended suit with a literary air about it, continues to adorn the form of the editor of one of the greatest magazines in the world, and one of the most scholarly and versatile men of our time. CARRIE CARELESS.

An Unfair Advantage.

A dutiful husband wished to give his wife a handsome lace scarf for a present, and, to make sure of getting one to her liking, he asked her to buy one herself, on the pretence that it was for a lady friend of theirs. The finest Honiton, Valenciennes, and Brussels lace goods were spread out on the counter, but madame thought to herself:

"What is the use of spending so much money on a present for Amelie?"

Some embroidered lace was shown next. Even these were too dear. At length she selected a very plain and ordinary scarf.

"Quite good enough, too," she thought, and took it home to her husband.

"Have you chosen something pretty?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, very pretty."

"Is it just what you would have chosen for yourself?"

"The very thing."

"Then, my dear, you may keep it. I intended it for you!" exclaimed her husband, delighted with his little scheme.

Curtain.—Grand Almanach Francais.

Solid Comfort at Last for Bald Heads.

The skin grafting physician of Reading, Dr. Ege, who has successfully demonstrated by practical tests that it is possible to turn a black man white, has made known his real object in conducting these experiments. The doctor does not think that there are any colored people in the world who would be foolish enough to submit to the skin-grafting torture in order to be classed with the white folks, but he does claim that thousands of bald-headed people are willing and anxious to wear a genuine head of hair. This can be accomplished by the skin-grafting process. Dr. Ege stoutly asserts that a bald head can be covered with scalp, teeming with healthy hair. He has several letters in his possession from persons anxious to undergo the operation.

Faithful to Four.

The following inscription is copied from a tombstone now standing in the Methodist Protestant burying ground in Avondale:

"Ann E.

"Wife of Jeremiah Walters.
"Died Nov. 16, 1868, aged sixty-eight years, five months.

"She was a true and faithful wife to each of the following persons:

"Enoch Francis,

"John Sherman,

"William Hassen,

"J. Walters."

—Times-Star.

Why go about hawking and spitting when Nasal Balm will remove every vestige of your catarrh, and thus relieve you of this disagreeable habit? In cases of cold in the head, Nasal Balm gives instant relief, and there is no case of catarrh it will not cure if used according to directions. A single bottle will convince you of its merit.—Advt.