

Frills of Fashion.

A really good fashion never dies. Now and then an admirable little mode will be seemingly done to death by its admirers and will drop suddenly out of popularity, but the soul of it goes marching on and sooner or later is triumphantly revived with all its former prestige. Appropos of this assertion, witness the recent reappearance of the bolero, the return of the short sleeved evening bodice and a marked inclination toward the resumption of the Psyche knot in coiffure building.

Go where you will in clothesland, these three facts are too impressive to escape observation, and they serve to prove two things—that there is no time of the year so active in the affairs of dress as the so-called dull summer season and that the striving of every woman is toward the picturesque. With a very acute sense of the fitness of things, femininity has realized that there is no use trying to be taut, simple and muscular in the trammels of long trains, and the result is a return to frothy conditions. It is no longer considered in good taste to wear one's rose as pink from sunburn as a ripe Spanish pepper; to display a tousled, unheated head to the rough breezes; disregard freckles, outskirts to the ankles, eschew gloves and remain blantly indifferent to a spoiled complexion. The one exception to this rule is made in behalf of golfers.

This fostering influence of the picturesque, which has brought the bolero back, and with it silks, organdies and veils, displays itself in countless varieties of shapes and laces. Sometimes it appears in two pointed tabs falling from the under side of the sleeve seam, made of the heaviest gray Malta lace mounted on silk; again it is a snug little lace jacket, fitting down just over the bust and fastened with three jeweled buttons or wee black velvet bows that have brilliant buckles in their centres. Now and then a smart silk affair is seen, beautifully worked in gold galloon and beads and closed with coquettish gilt frogs across the front. There was closed boleros that button in a zigzag across the bust from the left shoulder down to the right side, and eccentric and none the less-taking ones of shifon wholly rucked, or equally intricate and ornamental examples made of a large spotted or Persian patterned kerchief draped about the shoulders and under the arms.

Whatever device is used the distinct idea of a jacket must be preserved, and the tendency is steadily toward heaping trimming on the shoulders to make up for the shrunken sleeves, and also to encourage the steady development of the glove-like princess fit about waist and hips. As time goes on and the fulness of the summer wardrobes are revealed the wholesale dominion of the small ruffle is more and more apparent. These ruffles remind one very much of the humble atom that helps to build the coral reef. Alone he is powerless and insignificant, but in combination with his kind there is no force quite so obviously triumphant. A single one of the sort of ruffles used this season is as modest a little frill as can be made from organdie, lace or Swiss muslin, but when anywhere from eighteen to thirty-five of these narrow puckered strips do duty as ornament for a gown an effect is achieved that no other species of decoration can quite rival for stately brilliancy.

Early in the spring the dressmakers began by crisping the foot of a skirt with three small overlapping frills, but now they have grown up to the knees in front and nearly waist high behind. One of the sweetest confections finished off for Newport consumption last week was an iridescent taffeta frosted with varying widths of slightly stiffened white valenciennes lace

from the hem of the skirt to the topmost point of the décolleté bodice. The widest flounce in the countless rows measured not more than three and a half inches and the narrowest a fourth of an inch, and in its frills all the decoration in the costume lay.

Another pretty dress just out of the studio of a designer has not only rows of inch wide flutes set at intervals on the elegant pink silk skirt but the overdress of cream India mullin, cut up to the knees in a series of square-bottomed tabs, is edged and edged again with groups of such frills as might have adorned an infant robe, so small and petal-like were they.

Next after ruffles women seem to have yielded to the influence of the small bordering double puff. Here we have revealed an effort to evade the too ubiquitous tuck of whose presence we are getting a bit weary. The motif of the puff, so to speak, is in pure white on a colored background, or the combination reversed. Its duty is to guard and beautify the edges of overskirts and sleeves and flounces and it is lavishly extended on those comediish of summer gowns, the colored goods made up with white. Than this there is nothing newer. A crisp verben-pink muslin skirt for instance, will be finished at the foot by deep circular flounce of white lawn, and the waist of this suit will be white lawn, with sleeves, collar and bolero of verben-pink muslin. Then, to add further gaiety to this study all the edging will be done with a pink puffing having a narrow white puff striping its centre.

Now that women have declared again short sleeves, the invariable accompaniment of evening dress is a long scarf of the palest, thinnest Liberty silk procurable. The authority for its use seems to be the absence of long gloves and the very graceful adjunct a well manipulated scarf in deft hands can prove. A scarf usually comes to a dance or dinner wound round its owner's head, as Queen Louise and Mrs. Siddons wore theirs, and from the head it slips to the shoulders and is twisted about one arm or knotted at the elbow to let streamers fly during a dance. It is a pale yellow scarf for a rose-tinted gown, green for a white one, black for a blue one, and it is as coquettish an implement in debutante hands as a fan in the fingers of a Spanish woman. It is neither actually used nor entirely useless, and it serves as a perfect touch of drapery about bare arms and shoulders.

On these last-mentioned fair features jewels are so little worn as to be well-nigh out of use this summer, and a line of handsome, well-coiffured heads a break is showing a hitherto stately pompadour. An incipient Psyche knot in combination with well-waved side hair and a tuft of tiny tightly curled black ostrich tips springing from a bow of snow-white tulle—this is the way the modish women combs and decorates her head for the evening. With the tulle-and-feather device she alternates a regular flock of net butterflies some of them really gorgeous creations heavily bespangled with twinkling paillettes and others of the most delicate black lace, wired in a group above a high arrangement of hair.

Somewhere in the dim spaces of feminine forgetfulness the sailor and alpine hat recount their past glories and await the call to duty again. The dust of the top shelf lies heavily on them, while the straw broad, the felt sun down and the languishing Leghorn are riding a very tall wave of popularity. We are in the heat of the Leghorn season, and bravely does the tried and trusty shape bear its honors. It is a part of the picturesque renaissance, and it is just as much the crown and glory of the afternoon muslin toilet as the starched cotton petticoat is its cornerstone and foundation. The women who tie their Leghorns on by means of tulle or black velvet string are legion, but you are not obliged to use strings with any hat excepting the mild poke bonnet that has rather captivated the modish public.

A ten cent package of Magnetic Dyes and very little work will make a new blouse of your faded silk one—try it.

He Won.

A comedian who had been engaged to entertain a family party proposed, at the conclusion of the performance, a little game of his own.

Each of the company, himself included, was to stake a shilling, and the pool would be taken by the person who possessed the most of the articles which he (the comedian) would inquire for.

On his assurance that he would take no mean advantage, but run the same risk as the rest, all the members of the party consented, and between 20s. and 30s. were soon laid on the table.

The comedian added his shilling to the pile, with a cunning smile, and then said—'Now, which of you ladies and gentlemen happen to have the greatest number of false teeth?'
Death like silence for the space of one minute, then a burst of laughter both hearty and in some cases forced.

'I have three,' continued the comedian; 'who has got more?'
The comedian took the pool.

FLOWER BEGGARS.

Some of the Things With Which Florists Have to Contend.

A writer in a magazine devoted to the interests of florists has the following timely article. We have never noticed in former years such an immense amount of begging. It is not once a day, but seldom a day escapes with less than three or four committees of young women who call in for a contribution of flowers. This is a nuisance growing apace and must be stopped. You of course have all noticed that the beggars have usually the same story. 'We called, Mr. S. (or P., or R., or W., or any old florist is good enough then), to ask if you would not be so good as to donate a few flowers to our bazaar. The proceeds of the bazaar will go to alleviate suffering among homeless cats.' Or may be it is a society to furnish the naked children of Porto Rico with rubber boots and mackintoshes, or more laudable still, a society called Christian Clearers, whose missionaries insist that our Italian population wash themselves at least once a year and then the little story is always finished with the remark, 'You know we always get our flowers here,' while you know that you have not seen them since the last begging tour and won't again till the next bazaar or entertainment. And this chestnut goes all along the line. It is notorious that the best flower buyers ask the fewest favors, and vice versa. Do other business men get treated in this way? We don't believe they do. Mr. S. A. Anderson has a scheme on foot to help us poor florists and rid us of this tax and annoyance. I am not yet at liberty to give details, but you shall have the full benefit of it when perfected. The principle is that all donations be sent to the commission house, who will fill them and charge them to us. And the commission man will know then that Mr. W. A. Adams has donated \$5.00 of flowers to the 'Ladies of the Holy Bloomers,' and if Messrs. A. B. and C. send similar orders the quantity will be cut and the charge divided. It is some such scheme. I know it will work. It's a sort of 'Florists Fooling Charities Association.' There is nothing of the modern trust about it, as the only trust about it will be the trust that Kasting gives us.

Another part of our business that must be eliminated before we are on a respectable basis is the continual donating of a few plans for every frivolous occasion. Now and again there are occasions and circumstances where to lend a little of your services and good to charity is a real pleasure, but many and oft times you are asked to loan a few plans is a great expense. You get little credit for it and I believe it hurts the business, for it makes that style of decoration too cheap, not in price but in style. Mr. Geo. Hale has recently told me of a lady who talked at the rate of 400 words to the minute and this volume of wind when articulated conveyed the modest request for four dozen nice palms for sweet charity's sake. He had the moral courage to refuse. We will also have to pool our interests on the palm business, this we could call the 'Florists' Protective Palm Association, Limited.'

To refuse any of these requests means offense, however unreasonable they may be, and light as I have treated the subject, they are growing serious to our business, and as we all have and properly should have a certain amount of rivalry among us, for honest rivalry is the soul of trade and progress, we shall, if not pulled up short, out do each other in this stupid charity, if it's worthy the name. Oh, blest is the grower who knows nothing of these petty annoyances that vex our soul and make our hair grey.

GENERAL HENRY SCAES.

A Man who Carries Many Proof of his Great Courage.

The face of Gen. Guy V. Henry, the military governor of Puerto Rico, is disfigured by many scars. Through each cheek there is a bullet-hole, the bridge of his nose is broken, and the left eye is dull and colorless. A correspondent of the Washington Star tells how the general lost his eye and received those honorable scars.

To the men who served with Henry in 1873 each scar speaks of a thrilling episode in the famous expedition against the Sioux in the Big Horn and Yellowstone country. Colonel Henry was in charge of the second battalion of the Third Cavalry. One June morning, while the troops were camping for breakfast in a little ravine, the out-pickets rushed back with the

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to Department O. Q. The Institute, "Longcott," Gunnersbury, London, W., England.

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(Please mention this Paper.) BELFAST, IRELAND.

startling announcement that the Sioux were coming in force.

There was barely time to sound 'Boots and Saddles' before the heights about the valley swarmed with the savages. Within twenty minutes a pitched battle was in progress, the Indians, of whom there were several thousand, coming down from the ridge in a series of desperate charges.

At the height of the combat one part of the American line, under Captain Vroom, was pushed out beyond its support and was being punished severely, the Indians getting between it and the main body. Colonel Henry, seeing the peril of his brother sent his command pelmell to the rescue.

Just as they swept upon the Indians with uplifted sabres, a flying bullet struck Colonel Henry in the face, tearing through both cheeks, breaking the bridge of the nose, and completely severing the left optic nerve.

The force of the wild rush carried him on, but he was seen to sway in the saddle. A trooper near him called out, hoarsely. 'Are you struck, sir?' Gripping the pommel tightly with one hand, Colonel Henry tried to wave his sword. 'Oa, oa!' he gasped. 'Charge!' Down under the galloping hoofs of the combatants he lurched, and in an instant was lost to sight in the swirling dust.

The fall of their leader caused a temporary panic among the soldiers; but they soon rallied, and after driving off the Indians, they searched for the colonel. He was found at last, covered with blood, but as they tenderly picked him up they saw that life still remained in the bruised body.

He was placed upon a blanket in the shade, and everything possible was done to aid him. It was then that one of the other officers condescended him saying, 'Colonel this is too bad. It is too bad!' The gallant Henry, barely able to articulate, whispered simply:

'It's nothing Jack. It's what we are here for.'

It was long before he recovered, but when he finally returned to active service, he carried with him indelible proofs of gallantry and daring.

THEY WILL AND THEY WON'T

Woman as Seen by a Seller of Rugs and Clocks on Installments.

'I'll tell you what a woman will and will not do in my line of business,' said the man who was selling clocks and rugs on the weekly installment plan. 'You can always figure as a starter that she's going to haggle about the price. If I'd offer one of these \$8 clocks for \$2.50, the average woman would want something off. As soon as the weekly payments begin she'll make a neighborhood hunt for plugged coins and smooth pieces and work them off on the collector. She'll also stand him off for a day or two every payday, and even when the money is ready she'll hang to it to the last.'

'That's what you can figure on nineteen times out of twenty, but there's a big offset. It's rare that women ever skip out and take your property along. They could do it in scores of cases, but their conscience forbids. It's conscience and not fear of the law. I've had fifty cases where families moved, but after a little the wife would send the new address. I lost a family once after they had paid 50 cents on an \$8 clock. They shipped their goods by rail and went off West. I got a blessing from head-quarters because of their skip, but somehow I felt that it would be

all right in the end. So it was. After seven months had passed we got a letter from North Dakota containing a money order for the balance due, and the woman explained that she'd have sent it sooner, but that her husband had died and her oldest boy been sent to jail. I sold a rug last year to a family that moved next year and a dozen creditors tried in vain to trace them. After a week or so the wife ran after me on the street to tell me where to call, and added: 'It was the old man's doings. He took a skip to beat the grocer, butcher, baker and drug store, but if I didn't pay for that beautiful rug I could not say my prayers at night.'

Marvellous Molars.

It is said that an American pugilist possesses the most valuable teeth in the world, the set boasting seven magnificent diamonds which had been presented to him by admirers, but with all due deference, we think they can hardly eclipse in value the set supplied by a Madras dentist for the use of the Nizam of Hyderabad, which equalled in value a ribbon of sovereigns 51 ft. 0 1/2 in. in length (£700).

In the United States, where 4,000,000 false teeth are manufactured annually and one ton of gold and three tons of silver and platinum worth £200,000 are used in stopping teeth, records in molars are frequently met with. The man who held the record for teeth pulling, a native of Georgia, Vermont, but practising in New York died recently, but not before he claimed to have removed 1,000,000 faching teeth. It is also in the United States of America that Mr. Henry Lloyd, Louisville, possesses a horse which boasts a full set of false teeth.

Great Britain possesses [in Mr. Moseley's Schipperke the only dog that carries a complete set of false molars. The dog which was exhibited sometime ago, is of considerable age and to help to masticate his food, his master, who is a skillful dental surgeon, provided him with a set of artificial molars that has put him on a point of equality with more youthful members of the canine race.

Nice for the Necktie Wearer.

A rather loudly-dressed 'gentleman' stepped into the necktie department of a big shop the other afternoon, and in a supercilious tone that would have nettled a graven image into anger, uttered the single mandatory word:—

'Neckties!'

Then he drew back his head as if the assistant was entirely beneath his notice. This top lofty air aggravated the assistant, but he quietly displayed a number of late patterns with a deferential air.

'These,' said he, obsequiously, 'are the very newest thing, and are excellent quality at a shilling.'

'A shilling! haughtily snapped the customer; 'a shilling! Do you look like a man who would wear a shilling keektie? Is there anything about me to indicate that I—'

'I beg your pardon, sir,' meekly interposed the assistant, 'the sixpenny counter at the other end of the shop.'

Out in Kansas.

'Had a putty bad cyclone over in your country last week, didn't you?'

'Should say we had! Worst I ever seen! It left things mixed up almost as bad as the stuff in a bureau drawer after a woman's tried to find something there.'

—Chicago News.

A WISE WOMAN



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