## +B+B+B+B+B+B+3+B+B+B+B+B+ Chat of the Boudoir.

THE SUMMER'S PRETTY HATS.

Greater Variety in Millinery Never Given to Women Than this Season.

If there is any one special weakness more pronounced than another, in a woman's traditional love of dress, it is instinctively and unmistakably revealed through her supreme affection for pretty hats. She can make the best of an old gown, but a hat which has grown shabby and out of date is an insult to her inpermost consciousness. It is an inherited propensity which nothing seems to root out or change unless a woman has become entirely emancipated from all feminine things.

She can indulge her pet fancy to the utmost this season, as there never was greatvariety in kind or shape. Hats of finest crinoline trimmed with white marabout features and the new gauze roses with glittering centres of imitation diamonds, are one of the special novelties to wear with thin gowns. Soft scarts of silk, chiffon and mousseline, sometimes matching the gown, are used as trimming. Pretty toques are made of alternate frills of crinoline and tulle and are trimmed with wings and a rosette of Sicilienne silk ribbon.

Then there are hats made entirely of Irish lace or Venetian guipure, some with wide brims lined with chiffon and trimmed with either black or white ostrich feathers. A particularly fascinating hat is the Charlotte Corday, made with soft mob cap crowns and a brim widening at the sides set in downward ripples and flat to the outline of the head at the back. This is very pretty made in black, an all black hat being especially good style.

The very finest horse hair is used in making both black and white straw. All white hats are very much worn especially by young women with thin gowns, and it may be worth while to remember that two or three fine lines of black underneath the brim make them much more becoming.

The Louis Seize hat with a high crown, brim drooping slightly over the face in front and down quite close to the hair in in the back, is very popular as well as generally becoming. Hats made entirely of shirred white silk muslin, one large silk poppy and leaves for trimming, are pretty

with muslin gowns. Three-sided effects are carried out in some of the new shapes, but they are lower and wider than those of last season. The brims do not turn so closely to the round crowns. Three rosettes of black silk muslin with small gold buckles in the centre are the only trimming on one tricorne shape of coarse white straw. Black velvet buckles are one of the pretty novelties in millinery, very effective in white and cream

THE BRIDE'S PHOTOGRAPH.

Performance That is Enjoyed by all Save the Artist.

'I would rather photograph a twomonth's old baby than a June bride,' said the fashionable photographer. 'It is very difficult to get a good picture of a bride. Somehow a girl never looks her best on her wedding day. She is apt to be nervous and pale and the white costume is trying. But there is a new fad for these bride photographs and this month is the time we have our rush.

'They usually come in the day before the ceremony and bring a host of relatives, bridesmaids and sometimes the bride-groom to-be and the best man to worry the photographer by suggesting all sorts of impossible things. Sometimes they all sweep in on their way to the church and they are more nervous to handle than a fox terrier.

'The bride is always anxious to look timid and shrinking and modest and the bridegroom wants her to roll up her eyes like a Madonna. Between the two and the conflict as to whether she shall carry a prayer book or a bouquet it is impossible to get a bright, happy expression on the face. Nearly all our photographed brides have a sad, far away expression; a mother-I am going-to-leave you forever

'At times the idea of getting the bride photographed occurs during the festivities tollowing the ceremony, and the entire bridal party descend upon the studio scattering rice and flowers everywhere. They take possession of the place and all other business must be suspended while they turn the gallery into a wedding annex. Do I think it a good idea? No, candidly, I don't. I always advise mothers not to have their babies photographed on a fur rug without any clothing on, and I don't think the bride pictures are as successful as others. A tranquil, happy state of mind is necessary for a good photograph and there is always a great deal of anxiety and nervousness about a wedding day.'

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summer dining is the new Fifth avenue terrace restaurant with its blooming hydrangeas screening it from the street, the music from the band just sufficiently distant to be entrancing. Then the pretty women in their filmy gowns and rose-trimmed hats and the summer men in the permissable unconventional attire of the off season gives a delightful touch to the picture, and we realize what a charming place New York is when the steamboats carry away the extra population from the

Not the least pleasent feature of the terrace dinner is the presence of the East India chief Jo, who was long a feature of a London hotel which he made famous by his excellent curries. Joe is small, quick, deft, quiet, perfect in demeanor as he serves personally from a silver chafing dish the delicate curries he prepares with rice, cooked as it is nowhere else in town His costume is of spotless white linen and on his head he wears a closely bound turban, white by day and azure blue at evening. With each he serves a Chutney sauce of his own composition and of an excellence that cannot be described in words.

It was the Marquis de Logerot who astonished a party of his men friends a great many seasons ago by inviting them to a dinner at the close of a sweltering day

The dinner was served in the court of his hotel, but the surprising part of it was that each course was cold. It proved a success and the idea has been repeated many times since at the famous hotels of the town. Clams, consomme, a delicious salmon with mayonnaise dressing, tiny soft shell crabs, chicken, salads and berries all were iced to a turn.

The idea in moderation is an excellent one for home dinners during the warm weeks. A great deal of the heat and discomfort and illness attributed to the weath. er is really traceable to the heavy roasts, soups, and salads that some housewives insist on serving all the year round. This department of the home could be simplified in summer to the advantage of all concerned. The late Thomas J. Murrey, who could perform magical feats with a chafing dish, was a great advocate of that form of cooling during the summer time.

The days of the convenient gas range are comparatively recent. The processes of cooking before its introduction necessitated coal stoves that made the lot of the cook an unhappy one. And Mr. Murrey declared that an unhappy cook was worse than none. His chafing dish recipes were remarkables for their simplicity, a virtue beyond price in cooking methods. Murrey's cooking system was a judicious mixture of the French and American schools; but he knew the culinary art in every language. He said that the so-called American abhorance of the onion was an affectation, and declared that no perfect sauce was ever made without one or more of the onion family as an ingredient.

Here is one of his original recipes, exceedingly simple, but famous with its authors admirers. To prepare cornedbeef hash a la Murrey select a good cut of beef of about three pounds; boil it half an hour in hot water, then take it out throw the water away and cover the meat with tepid water. Let it simmer on the back of the range two and a half hours Remove the pot from the range and allow the meat to cool in the water. Skim off the fat and remove the meat, placing it in the ice box until the next day. Cut into small pieces two pounds of the beef; peel, slice and cut into dice a quantity of potatoes -cold cooked potatoes will spoil the dish-which when cut up, will equal the bulk of the meat. Peel and cut up fine one large sour apple. Chop these ingredients together in a chopping bowl. Cut up fine two medium sized onions; also cut into pieces a large sweet Spanish pepper, not one of the hot variety. Now put into about for a few moments; then add a gill of strong beef stock, after which the other chopped ingredients, with a pint of beef A picturesque spot in New York for of the broth; stir to prevent it sticking to discomfort. There never seems to have pretty road, Sheen Lane that led from that Institute, 780 Eight Avenue, New York.

to the pan and also to assist in evaporating the moisture finally. Taste for seasoning and put away uotil the next day when it should be warmed in the chafing dish with the hot water pan beneath it.

'I wish,' said the woman reporter who had been to the convention, 'that I could write about anything in the world but news! If I were only a poet I could tell you of something I saw as our train stopped opposite a grimy tenement court in the outskirts of Newark. It was one of those old time, tumble down, rickety structures; its open windows like barred human souls evidencing the lite of its occupants. Children, barefooted and touzied and dirty, played on the steps; women with arms red and wet from the washtubs leaned on the sills stolidly. Workmen home for their midday meal passed through the doorways.

'But in the very centre of the court on a little space of earth grew a rose bush fairly covered with gloom. Its pink blossoms made a glorious bit of color in the grimy court. The women leaning out of the windows gazed hungrily at it and their faces softened and grew tender with the memory of youth. The children paused in their play to count its blossoms reverently, but not one finger desolated the boughs. A woman with a sick baby on one arm and a beer can on the other passed through the court and stopping by the bush she held the wan little face close to the roses so that it took color from their bloom and over the blue baby lips passed the very ghost of a smile. It was like a wonderful benediction from above-this beautiful rose in the gloomy tenement yard.

It is quite possible that the twentieth century bridegroom will not boast so much of the biscuits as of the mint juleps that his mother used to make, if we are to judge from the many bar implements that have a place among the silver presented to up-todate brides. Our grandmothers would be surprised at the array of strainers, shakers, flasks and corkscrews that are considered correct nowadays as offerings in place of the inevitable butter knives and pickle by Princess Alexandra, however, for she jars of yore. A few years ago May Irwin introduced as a feature of one of her plays the mixing of an actual gin fizz upon the stage and Clyde Fitch has his heroine in "The Cowboy and the Lady" compound a cocktail in view of the audience. The modern girl learns how to mix drinks with the accuracy and deftness of a professional. The Long Island summer colonies have some rare experts in this new feminine art and some of the sideboards are provided with ornate equipments made especially for women's handling.

SOME ROYAL PROPOSALS.

Scenes and Incidents of Popping the Question in the Highest of High Life.

The prince, like the peasant, has to take advantage of the most favorable opportunity that presents itself for telling the princess how much he loves her, and he finds a lonely moor or a quiet sequestered dell in a wide park as useful an adjuct to the process as does any factory girl off with 'James William' for the atternoon.

How did the Prince Consort of England manage with the Queen? The story has oft been told, and it is probably correct in its outline, that it was not he in this case who had to manage but she. For it appears to be court etiquette for the Queen to do the proposing in such a case. It is said that while at a dance with the prince at Windsor Castle is 1840 her Majesty took from her dress a spray of white lilac and gave it to him. He bad no buttonhole in his uniform as a soldier, but taking out his penknife he made a slit in his coat and placed the spray tenderly in it. What happened next during the quiet talk in one of the adjoining apartments we may leave to conjecture, but the fact of the engagement was soon made known by the Queen to her council.

The Prince of Wales had met his future wife at a continental town and had first set eyes on her while visiting a cathedral there some time before he went to Denmark to visit her parents and make his proposal. His was a case of love at first sight. He was so struck with the beauty and grace of the princely maiden w hom he saw in that cathedral that he made many inquiries about her and sought an introduction. Then the later steps came in due course. It was at the castle of the Danish royal family at Rosenberg that the Prince of Wales had his private interview with the "daughter of the sea kings" and proposed a large trying pan a scant tablespoonful of gladly to find her an English home and beef dripping; butter will not do. When happiness for the remainder of her life. hot add the onion and fry to a delicate And here she accepted him. This was in brown. Next add the pepper; toss it a private room which is one of the suite of rooms in the Resemberg castle where the proposal was made. Either here or in an adjoining room his Royal Highness went stock or strong broth; mix well, cover and through the same trembling few minutes let simmer thirty minutes. Should the that all "proposers" know so well and remoisture evaporate too quickly add more member so vividly, often to their future



been any doubt of the answer to be given | residence to White Lodge. Semetimes he was as much in love with the fine-looking accompanied him in his moonlight walks. heir to the British throne as he was with her. And so, after this auspicious day, "all went merry as a marriage bell," and hand, ended just as expected, and Eng-Engiand welcomed the Danish conqueror | land learned true identity of her future once more to her domains with a welcome very different to that of Canute in 1040.

When in 1874 the Duke of Edinburg took to England his Russian bride it was considered a good omen by the many Britons who still recollected the terrble days of the Crimean War. And the omen has so far indeed been good, there has been peace with that great nation for the past quarter of a century. No more splendid surroundings could possibly imagined for "proposing" than the precincts and salons of the grand palace at St. Petersburg, where the imperial family resides. | And here it was that the Russian Princess first received the proposal of the English Prince for her hand and heart. She accepted the "sailor prince', whether with or without hesitation we are not told. But probably, like even more lowly maidens, the daughter of a Czar would like being asked more than once, and would not be averse to a little pleading upon the part of her royal lover. And we know that the

Romanoff princesses are not lightly won! It was in 1857 that two lovers might have been seen on a Scotch moor in the district of Balmoral. They had gone out for the day with a party of friends, and, like many other lovers from time immemorial, they had managed very beautifully to lose the party and lose themselves and their nearest way. Nevertheless they walked gayly along back toward Balmoral over the springy turt, evidently anything but cast down at the loss. Suddenly the gentleman spied a piece of white heather growing close by. He gathered it and presented it to the girl beside him. For she was a true girl, barely 18 at the time! But she knew the meaning of such a gift from such a person, and she clearly whispered, "Yes," loud enough for the happy lover to hear. For when they reached home there had to be a telling to "papa" and "mamma" of something that had happened. And the next news heard was that the crown Prince of Germany was betrothed to the English Princess royal.

White Lodge, Richmond, Park, was the place where the Duke of York did his "courting" of the Princess May, and it is generally stated that it was in the small but well kept gardens round the pretty mansion that "he went through the cere mony which as the old man said long ago, comes to all of us who want to be married, sooner or later." Prince George meant business from the first, as every sailor does in all that he undertakes. The Prince went to stay for a few weeks with his sister, the Duchess of Fife, at Sheen House, not far from the park gates, and he could be seen each day strolling jauntily up the

was not alone, for the lady of his choice But those journeys, whose object even the dullest observer seemed to guess before-Queen and saw with pleasure that it was to be an English maiden who was to be raised to that honor.

The Queen herselt has, in her book, Leaves From the Journal of a Life in the Highlands," told the story of the engagement of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne, now Duke of Argyll. She says under date of Oct. 3rd 1670:

"This was an eventful day. Our dear Louise was engaged to Lord Lorne. The event took place during a walk from the Glassalt Shiel to Loch Dhu. She had gone there with Janie Ely, the Lord Chancellor and Lorne. I had driven to Pannanich Wells on the south side of the Dee with Beatrice and Mrs. Ponsonby.

"We got home by 7. Louise, who returned some time later, told me that Lorne had spoken of his devotion to her and proposed to her and that she had sccepted him, knowing that I should approve. Though I was not unprepared for this result, I felt painfully the thought of losing her. But I gave my consent and could only pray that she would be happy."

The Czar proposed to the Princess Alix of Hesse during a family party at Copenhagen in 1894. He had made up his mind long before that if he married he would marry whom he pleased rather than one commended to him by his counsellors for State reasons. And his choice had fallen upon the Queen's grand-daughter from Hesse. Accordingly the party at the Rosenberg Palace, the scene of that former proposal in 1863, had been arranged on purpose to allow Nicholas to meet his lady ove under the happiest auspices. Some say that the Czar proposed during an evening party, others that he did so in the gardens around the palace while out for a walk with the Princess. Probably the latter story is the more nearly correct. In any case the scene of the betrothal of the Prince of Wales so many years previously to the Princess Alexandria must have been almost coincident with the scene of the engagement of the Czar and the present Czarina.

Sour Grapes.

Mrs. Hifly-Did the Swaggers invite you to their party?

Mrs. Snubd-Goodness, no! They wouldn't dare to. I must draw the line of my acquaintances somewhere, and the Swaggers know well enough which side of the line are on.

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