



Some of the Very Latest Decrees of the World of Society.

### A GLANCE AT THE FASHION.

Including Some of the Minor Accessories Which Make or Mar Otherwise Complete Toilets.

BY ANNIE R. MYERS.

Masking and fancy-dress dances are the idols of the hour in amusing entertainments. The fancy dresses displayed more than the usual luxury, and the fun waxed furious in proportion.

Within the secret hour of every one of us there exists a desire to appear something different from what we really are. It is the secret of the hundreds of stage-struck mortals. We long to act, to pose in another character, to take part in exciting scenes denied us in real life.

If we are men, we like to wear velvet coats and satin breeches, because we do not in reality. We like to play running away with a pretty girl, because we could never persuade her to do so in real life.

If we are women we enjoy decking ourselves in royal purple and ermine, because we are Americans, and born queens, but without their insignia. We like to assume parts with ardent lovers attached. It is delightful to have love made to us according to role. Men who do that sort of thing in real life are always awkward through embarrassment or nervousness.

If we are rich and hedged round by conventional rules of society, we delight in playing for a brief hour the peasant or rollicking hoyden. If we are poor, it is pleasant to assume paste jewels and cotton-backed velvet and with them

themselves according to period or association. Thus, she may demand that Juliet shall dance with Romeo, who happens to be the worst dancer in the room, and forbids her accepting Mephistopheles' invitation, who is considered the best.

The effect is improved, but the enjoyment suffers. People like to choose their own company, and are most easily pleased and entertained when allowed to do so. People have everything in the world of the past, and are most easily pleased and entertained when allowed to do so. People have everything in the world of the past, and are most easily pleased and entertained when allowed to do so.

NEW bonnet trimmings are distinctly lower and more graceful. CORDS and plush edges are far and away better style than scalloped or piped.

RIBBONS grow wider and wider for sashes, reaching the breadth of fourteen inches. AMONG oxidized silver paraisol handles the crab-claw design is more novel than beautiful.

ALGHEES resplend upon bonnets very high and quite thick, but still too filamentous to be objectionable. A GOLDEN broom crossing a silver dust-pen is a new brooch that is as appropriate to a housekeeping bride.

WITH Paris gowns there comes home always a pocket-bag of the dress itself that is both useful and ornamental. HELTROPE is happily used, and the women who wear it, from Hindoos and Cherokees, have returned to Caucasian ranks.

MORE ribbon is still worn, but that with satin stripes, or satin or plush edges, is more stylish than the all-over more. GINGHAMS with a plain or oiled stripe alternating with one all-over-dotted embroidery are more stylish than pretty.

A PEARL, with diamond leaves and stem of frosted gold, is one of the handiest as well as the newest brooches of the season. OMBRE effects are high fashion, and run through the whole gamut of color, as many as twelve shades appearing in some of the new ribbons.

The diamond rever—that is, a rever in form of an elongated half-diamond—is much worn turned back either side of a very slender plush vest. MOUSSE color is the gray for spring, though steel and silver hold their own more than fairly, while among reds Indian and poppy are stylish.

The grape fringe, of which so much was said, is utterly and hopelessly dead, and the few that were bought, mainly for wedding and holiday presents, will be kept as curiosities. APPLE green is the last French color, and is bearable in silk, velvet, and flowers, but heaven defend us from it in cheap stuffs, as it is simply and unutterably hideous.

MANY new spring bonnets have brims so exuberant as to demand a face trimming, while thick, soft loops of the new wide ribbons massed about the crown are a favorite outer garniture.

It is the rage for trimmed corsets that every species of fish, vest, plastron, or bretelles has been revived, and by their use in variety one unadorned gown is made into several dressy ones.

The fancy for shaded and mottled effects extends even to plumes and tips—whereof two clusters of them are the regulation trimming for the hats designed to comport with rural simplicity.

The fewest number of new gowns now fasten straight down the front, and of the lapped and surplined ones, many reach quite across to the armhole and are folded down in a wide triangular rever.

BLACK as a trimming is greatly in favor, and in lace, ribbon fringe, and feathers will tone down mightily the glaring greens, reds, blues, and coppers that float us from windows and counters.

A NOTABLE gown just sent out by Worth is of pale silver brocade, sprinkled with white rosebuds. The full, round skirt was veiled with three upper ones of lavender tulle, each lighter than the one below, and the bodice of the violet velvet has silver cord about the waist and closes upon the shoulder under a knot of violet.

and is trimmed with bunches of catches plumes. A knot of ribbon catches up one side. She carries an ivory walking stick, as was the custom of ladies at that time. The slippers to be worn with this costume should be made of the material of the dress and hoodless.

(One of the most popular characters younger ladies enjoy assuming is that of Folly. Folly is the English of the French Fron-Fron, without care. She is over light-hearted, ever gay. Her dress corresponds. Flounce upon flosses of pleated tulle, notched on the edges, not hemmed, decorate her skirt, while up and down either side of the front are rows of tiny bells in silver, whose gentle tinkle accompanies every movement. This is a most be-

coming costume for a vivacious and sparkling brunette beauty. Accompanying is a neat vis a vis. A flaxen-haired blonde is the German peasant. A blue skirt and short over-dress may be fashioned in any material from satin to satin for the foundation of this toilet. Bands of black velvet, six inches apart, ornament the bottom of the skirt. Between these bands is placed a full pleating of black net. The saucy little apron of the same has pockets and a bib. The square-cut neck is filled in by crossed folds of net. The German peasant's caps much resemble our now familiar toboggan caps. Some hostesses insist that their guests shall appear as characters from some certain author's works. Perhaps she will make her entertainment a Shakespearean reception, or that rather worn-out fad, a Dickens party.

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COMPANIONS IN CRIME.  
Little Features in Wrong Detail End With a Life in Prison.  
(Exchange.)  
The City Prison is a huge building of gray stone, whose lines of low cells extend, like a spider's web, over a great space, shut in from the street by frowning towers and walls. In one of the towers is a low iron door, barred and padlocked. If you are permitted to enter, you will find yourself in a paved stone court from which stretch narrow corridors. A silence as of death reigns over them all. The roof and floors are of gray stone. In the walls are rows of iron doors, all shut. On each door hangs a slate, on which is written a name, a crime, and the time of imprisonment—"Ann Spod. Drunkenness. One month." "Mary Parr. Larceny. Two years." So the records run—a black page in the book of life.

To your right hand is a square office, gray, grim, and silent as the rest of the building. Two grave officials in the uniform of the prison are writing in huge books. They are grave, quiet men, chosen for their firmness and integrity, but there is a certain hopelessness in their faces which has slowly grown there as they watched and numbered year after year, the unending line of criminals that enter this gate. They may go out again, but there will be a mark upon them harder for them to bear than death.

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"Back again, John?"

"Yes, boss. Got three years now."

"He'll not live as many months," the officer said to his companion. "Half of his body is dead now with palsy. I've known him for thirty years, and all of them but three he has passed in this jail."

A lad of 17 followed. He was fashionably dressed; his face was clear-cut, his voice gentle and well-bred; he looked about him, pale with shame and horror. It was the first time he had entered this gate.

"Young Scott," whispered a keeper as he passed, under-guard, to his cell. "Son of one of the first physicians in the city. Clerk in the bank. Fast. Fond of champagne. Couldn't pay his bills. 'Borrowed' money out of the bank, meaning to pay."

"They all mean to pay" the first time, the officer said, turning to a visitor, who was watching this strange, significant scene. These two men sum up the whole history of this place. They are at the beginning and end of the life of a criminal. They seem very different to you; but the space between them is shorter than you think. That boy will cross it in a few steps that will be soon taken.

The great bell of the prison struck the signal for closing the gates. Two lights were falling. A few women, whose faces were marked by every phase of anxiety and wretchedness, and who had come to bring little comforts for some of the prisoners hurried out, their empty baskets on their arms, back to their miserable homes.

The iron gates closed with a heavy clank, the silence within grew deeper. Night settled down upon this great stone scullery, in which were buried so many lives that had all begun in innocence and cheerful hope. The fast boy and the thief and murderer were all there. But for each there had been the first step—the first drink, the first "borrowed" dollar, the timorous little venture in wrong-doing that in the beginning had been half bravado and fun. Here was the end.

"How far is the boy who reads these words now from that first step."

A ROYAL SAFARI AT HOME.  
We called at Tongatapu, the principal island of the Friendly or Tongan group, and learning that the King was then in his residence, determined to pay our respects to the celebrated old man of whom we had heard so many and such strange stories. His house, we found, was a very nice looking two-story wooden building, close to the sea and stood in a good-sized compound, fenced in on all sides. Passing through a handsome pair of cast-iron gates we arrived at the mansion itself, the veranda of which appeared to be as a porch house, for there was a row of cool houses and upon a curious sight. There in the veranda of one of them, squatted an ancient and dusky person with only a scant cloth fastened about his waist, and bending his head obediently before an old woman who was literally plastering it with lime.

As soon as the curious pair became aware of our presence the process in operation was arrested, and, perceiving this, we were about to address them to explain our presence and ask a few questions when the gentleman of the limy head roared out something in a truly terrible voice, and at the same time a fine young Tongan, very oily and three-quarters nude, came rushing out from the interior toward us. With much politeness and evident agitation he conducted us away from the veranda and back to the big house, where in broken English, backed up by much gesticulation, he revealed to us the appalling fact that we had trespassed upon the privacy of no less a person than his majesty the King.

Having humbly apologized for our innocent intrusion and received a reassuring answer, we were ushered through the window into a sort of drawing-room, a well-furnished apartment with a number of red velvet chairs set around a long mahogany table—one chair a little higher than the rest, acting no doubt as a throne. Here we waited for about half an hour, when his majesty entered, accompanied by an interpreter, and was graciously pleased to accord us a formal interview. He shook hands very pleasantly with our party, and we all sat down on the red velvet chairs, the interpreter squatting on the floor between.

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THE CURIOUS IN THE OCEAN.  
Attention has been widely directed during the month just passed to the great ocean currents, first, by reports which were received early in the month from several vessels which had experienced little or no current when a strong northerly or northeasterly set is generally met with, and, secondly, by the great interest aroused during the probable drift of the enormous derelict raft which was abandoned off Nantucket Shoals on the 18th of December. The general character and limits of the Gulf Stream are so well known that it is unnecessary now to describe them in detail, further than to say that it, like all great ocean currents, follows almost exactly the general course of the prevailing winds, to which its existence is principally due. As is well-known, a noticeably constant area of high barometric pressure exists over the North Atlantic about the Azores and the area of it's southward of these islands, and the general atmospheric circulation about this area is in direction with the hands of a watch (as you look at the watch laid down with the face up). South of this area the prevailing winds are, therefore, easterly, the well-known N. E. trades, while north of it easterly winds prevail, as is graphically illustrated on the pilot chart. Keeping this great general law of atmospheric circulation clearly before the mind, the general law governing the oceanic circulation of the North Atlantic follows directly from it. In the region of the Trades there is found the great equatorial drift current setting slowly and steadily to the westward, and carrying the warm waters of the tropics into the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico, whence the greater portion flows in a comparatively narrow and rapidly-moving stream to the northward, through the Straits of Florida, spreading out and moving more and more slowly as it gets farther north, and finally merging into the great easterly drift current, which flows towards the shores of Europe; here it is again diverted by the influence of land barriers and prevailing winds, and flows partly to the northward, along the coast of Ireland, and partly to the southward past the coast of Africa.

To replace the great volume of water which thus circulates from the tropics toward the polar regions the cold polar water flows slowly to the southward, as a rule at the bottom of the sea, but to the eastward of Newfoundland as the cold Labrador current, which brings down icebergs from the west coast of Greenland during the spring and summer months, and carries them into the track of transatlantic steamships to the southward of Newfoundland; thence it creeps along the Atlantic coast of North America as far south as Hatteras.—*Baltimore American.*

BEETHOVEN IN HIS HOME.  
Beethoven had the queerest ideas imaginable about the origin of his deafness, and persistently pretended that the doctors knew nothing at all about it, and that they had treated him all wrong, and that the real seat of the evil was by no means in the ear, but in the stomach! He used to be attended to by a sort of housekeeper, whom, however, he often sent on errands. It therefore happened sometimes that visitors rang and knocked without the slightest result, because he did not hear them. They simply opened one door after the other until they found themselves in his presence, he being made aware of their arrival either by seeing them, or when his face was not turned toward the door, by the sensation of their tramping the floor. He then instantly came forward, with his slate in hand, to begin the conversation in the only way possible for the poor man. One of these visitors gave me, many years ago, a description of what the room looked like in which Beethoven wrote his immortal scores. The ceiling was rather low, but the room was a large one, with a big square table in the middle, which was covered with books of all shapes and sizes, papers, music, a large repeater watch, his ear trumpet, small memoranda, books in quantities, partly written on, some containing rough sketches of a few bars, etc.; an inkstand, an innumerable quantity of pencils of different colors, music paper, both long and wide, and any amount of musical sketches and other things. To the left stood his bed, covered with music, printed and in manuscript; the window-sills seemed to be made of common wood, without any paint on. On one of them a big nail served as a support for a fiddle and bow, and a nail informed observed that the wool of the window frames was covered with pencil writings, partly music, and partly short observations. On several occasions about lay what most likely at a recent visit a landlady had deposited there—a number of shirts, white, starched very stiff, and one or two with jabots, the fashion of that day.—*Temple Bar.*

EGYPT, at the present time, fills a prominent place in public attention; and however contemptible the Egyptians may seem in our eyes now, they were once as famous for their feats in arms as they were famed for their high cultivation in art and science. This unfortunate country has special claims on the attention of each building first saw the light and attained to a high state of excellence. Egypt was famous for its chariots and horsemen at a very early period. The Egyptians had attained a high state of civilization before they possessed a wheeled vehicle of any kind. When the Pharaohs built vast pyramids for their sepulchres, the horse was unknown in Egypt, the ass only was used, and the wheel had not been invented. An Egyptian work of the fourth dynasty of kings, executed more than 2,000 years before the Christian era, was discovered at Ghizeh, and showed the kind of vehicle in use before the invention of the wheel.

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"They all mean to pay" the first time, the officer said, turning to a visitor, who was watching this strange, significant scene. These two men sum up the whole history of this place. They are at the beginning and end of the life of a criminal. They seem very different to you; but the space between them is shorter than you think. That boy will cross it in a few steps that will be soon taken.

The great bell of the prison struck the signal for closing the gates. Two lights were falling. A few women, whose faces were marked by every phase of anxiety and wretchedness, and who had come to bring little comforts for some of the prisoners hurried out, their empty baskets on their arms, back to their miserable homes.

The iron gates closed with a heavy clank, the silence within grew deeper. Night settled down upon this great stone scullery, in which were buried so many lives that had all begun in innocence and cheerful hope. The fast boy and the thief and murderer were all there. But for each there had been the first step—the first drink, the first "borrowed" dollar, the timorous little venture in wrong-doing that in the beginning had been half bravado and fun. Here was the end.

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We called at Tongatapu, the principal island of the Friendly or Tongan group, and learning that the King was then in his residence, determined to pay our respects to the celebrated old man of whom we had heard so many and such strange stories. His house, we found, was a very nice looking two-story wooden building, close to the sea and stood in a good-sized compound, fenced in on all sides. Passing through a handsome pair of cast-iron gates we arrived at the mansion itself, the veranda of which appeared to be as a porch house, for there was a row of cool houses and upon a curious sight. There in the veranda of one of them, squatted an ancient and dusky person with only a scant cloth fastened about his waist, and bending his head obediently before an old woman who was literally plastering it with lime.

As soon as the curious pair became aware of our presence the process in operation was arrested, and, perceiving this, we were about to address them to explain our presence and ask a few questions when the gentleman of the limy head roared out something in a truly terrible voice, and at the same time a fine young Tongan, very oily and three-quarters nude, came rushing out from the interior toward us. With much politeness and evident agitation he conducted us away from the veranda and back to the big house, where in broken English, backed up by much gesticulation, he revealed to us the appalling fact that we had trespassed upon the privacy of no less a person than his majesty the King.

Having humbly apologized for our innocent intrusion and received a reassuring answer, we were ushered through the window into a sort of drawing-room, a well-furnished apartment with a number of red velvet chairs set around a long mahogany table—one chair a little higher than the rest, acting no doubt as a throne. Here we waited for about half an hour, when his majesty entered, accompanied by an interpreter, and was graciously pleased to accord us a formal interview. He shook hands very pleasantly with our party, and we all sat down on the red velvet chairs, the interpreter squatting on the floor between.

KNOWLEDGE is made by oblivion, and to purchase a clear and unwarped body of truth, we must forget and part with much that we know.—Sir L. Bruns.

FRUGAL and industrious men are friendly to the established government, as the idle and expensive are dangerous.

COMPANIONS IN CRIME.  
Little Features in Wrong Detail End With a Life in Prison.  
(Exchange.)  
The City Prison is a huge building of gray stone, whose lines of low cells extend, like a spider's web, over a great space, shut in from the street by frowning towers and walls. In one of the towers is a low iron door, barred and padlocked. If you are permitted to enter, you will find yourself in a paved stone court from which stretch narrow corridors. A silence as of death reigns over them all. The roof and floors are of gray stone. In the walls are rows of iron doors, all shut. On each door hangs a slate, on which is written a name, a crime, and the time of imprisonment—"Ann Spod. Drunkenness. One month." "Mary Parr. Larceny. Two years." So the records run—a black page in the book of life.

To your right hand is a square office, gray, grim, and silent as the rest of the building. Two grave officials in the uniform of the prison are writing in huge books. They are grave, quiet men, chosen for their firmness and integrity, but there is a certain hopelessness in their faces which has slowly grown there as they watched and numbered year after year, the unending line of criminals that enter this gate. They may go out again, but there will be a mark upon them harder for them to bear than death.

A few weeks ago the prison van rolled up to the gate outside, the gong sounded, and the iron doors swung open. The officer nodded to the decrepit, bloated old creature who shuffled down the steps.

"Back again, John?"

"Yes, boss. Got three years now."

"He'll not live as many months," the officer said to his companion. "Half of his body is dead now with palsy. I've known him for thirty years, and all of them but three he has passed in this jail."

A lad of 17 followed. He was fashionably dressed; his face was clear-cut, his voice gentle and well-bred; he looked about him, pale with shame and horror. It was the first time he had entered this gate.

"Young Scott," whispered a keeper as he passed, under-guard, to his cell. "Son of one of the first physicians in the city. Clerk in the bank. Fast. Fond of champagne. Couldn't pay his bills. 'Borrowed' money out of the bank, meaning to pay."

"They all mean to pay" the first time, the officer said, turning to a visitor, who was watching this strange, significant scene. These two men sum up the whole history of this place. They are at the beginning and end of the life of a criminal. They seem very different to you; but the space between them is shorter than you think. That boy will cross it in a few steps that will be soon taken.

The great bell of the prison struck the signal for closing the gates. Two lights were falling. A few women, whose faces were marked by every phase of anxiety and wretchedness, and who had come to bring little comforts for some of the prisoners hurried out, their empty baskets on their arms, back to their miserable homes.

The iron gates closed with a heavy clank, the silence within grew deeper. Night settled down upon this great stone scullery, in which were buried so many lives that had all begun in innocence and cheerful hope. The fast boy and the thief and murderer were all there. But for each there had been the first step—the first drink, the first "borrowed" dollar, the timorous little venture in wrong-doing that in the beginning had been half bravado and fun. Here was the end.

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