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PARIS, June 12.—It is warm at Paris, warm even in the garden nooks most closely embowered; warm in the Bois de Boulogne; warm on the Champs Elysees, except for a few delicious moments while the broad street is being watered, and one is down as close to the waterer as possible; so close that the spray almost touches the cheek; so close that one longs that the hand of the sprayer might slip for a moment and send over him a little shower. The spraying is all done by individuals—no unsightly watering carts mar the avenues, and one envies the man who carries the cool water. It is warm even in the great, cool-looking parks, right close to the largest fountain. It is warm even in the great garden of the English embassy, or it was last Saturday, and I expect is still. It looked cool and delicious enough when one entered and saw the group of pretty gowns that did honor to the garden party that the marchioness of Dufferin and Ava was giving. Everywhere that one wandered in the spacious gardens one encountered charming couples and picturesque backgrounds. Everywhere there were cooling drinks and glasses—in the little summer houses, over at the tennis court, at the queer little wine tables and chairs, placed in inviting nooks, so distinctly French. Yes, it looked cooler, and probably was so, than over in the Bois de Boulogne, where the fete des fleurs was being enthusiastically celebrated. There wasn't much enthusiasm about the garden party. It was content to listen to music, to stroll, to languidly drop into graceful attitudes, to sip punch.

They knew they looked well, the damsels, in their delicate pinks and blues and creams and yellows and heliotropes and greens—all the shades were well represented. I was surprised at the simplicity of the greater number of the costumes—only the slightest blouse effect. It was laid in a few fine plaits down the center and the plain bands stretched each side were gathered closely together at the waist. Outside of each band a frill of yellow mousseline de soie strikingly finished it, running around the back of the sleeves as well. The collar and belt, knotted at each side, were also of yellow, as was the lace that hung in a small bib, finished the babyish puffs of the elbow sleeves and fell in a cascade each side of the belt.

Another departure was a blue taffeta, a delicate, oddish blue, heightened by dashes of silvery white. Its skirt was further lightened by a widening band of old guipure down the center, laid over white satin.

The blouse just escaped being tight fitting. It was all of the guipure except a narrow band in the center of the back, pointing into the belt, and another in front that widened into a blouse effect. The back of the belt spread into fan ends and was quite plain in front. The lace sleeves were quaintly caught through the center by a band of the blue, narrowed at the shoulder and held with the same doubler and held with the same double loops that trimmed the high collar, right beneath the chin.

The third original gown—and it was all I could discover—was perhaps most worthy of the appellation. A lavender silk, softened almost to white by the silver sheen that overspread it, and delicately trimmed with a narrow point—a lace that had points at each edge, decided, striking angles. A row of this was set into the skirt, some twelve inches above the edge. Two rows of it were set into the sleeves. A finer edge ran down each side of a very modest blouse, and a yoke was outlined by a deep point of the lace, back and front, and by shaped pieces which joined the points over each shoulder. A loose frill of white mousseline hung gracefully over the plain collar.

Over in the Bois de Boulonge the scene was gayer—much gayer, but perhaps less attractive. There were not only baskets and bunches of flowers, but rivers of them, horses flower-trimmed, carriages and bicycles trimmed with them, baby carriages, parasols and maids, alike adorned with prodigality, while artificial blossoms were in great profusion on all the gowns so cleverly reproduced that only their absolute freshness, after an hour or two in the glowing sun, could convince one that they were not Mother Nature's.

Here I saw a great variety of color and material — silks, gauzes, mousselins, piques, crepons, batistes in light and dark colors, sober backgrounds with high lights heaped upon them, pale grounds with with darker tints overspreading. The one costume I remembered after it was over was worn by a brunette with hair of genuine black. She was dressed too strikingly to be in all together good taste, and withal the costume was simple. A cream-white gown of that soft silky canvas, with full skirt, blouse of elbow sleeves, high, full collar—that vassal of the dress. But she had added black gloves that reached to the elbow, a spreading black hat, black parasol, boots and belt. These, taken in connection with her somber hair and delicate skin, made a wondefrully strong picture even among all the blending of colors that crowded about her.

I visited the house of Paquin today and asked in what was almost an aggrieved tone if there was really nothing new. "Absolutely nothing," they assured me. "Niether will there be for at least two months. We are making everything as we have been, only a little bigger. Summer gowns are very light, generally of batiste or other dainty muslins. Of course the lower skirt is of silk and the upper hangs altogether separate. They are both of the same tint and the bastic is trimmed with small frills or ruffles of very dainty lace—Valenciennes or Alencon.

"We are using a great deal of Alencon just now. The bodices generally have some sort of fichu effect, in lace or chiffon—the round effects are most graceful for the light garden gowns. We make sleeves and all of the same tint, as of the same material. No, I do not think the gauze sleeve, or a silk sleeve, combined with some other material, at all artistic. Everything is white. It is the most popular shade and we use a little ribbon, no great quantity. Where pale colors are employed we sometimes throw a pink or blue slip over a white silk foundation, which softens the effect considerably. But for the white gown not a bit of color is employed.

"Skirts? They are just the same. We still use the skirt of the spring, to which we add one more godet at the back, where we had only three last year. The skirt has its godet each side and the two in front, that are folded flat toward the center, so that a sort of panel effect is given on the front. That style is for the more elaborate gowns, such as this, for instance," and a wonderful gown in heavy white silk, a pompadour stem with rich roses in natural tints, and striped finely in blue satin, was held up. "We use much of this pompadour silk. But, you see, the skirts are now stiffened only twelve inches up, no further, never about the top.

"Walking skirts are much simpler. They fit closely all around, until the very bottom, when the small godets appear at the edge." EVA A. SCHUBERT.

THAT SILVER GRAY TAFFETA

AT LADY DUFFERIN'S GARDEN PARTY

## SOME VERY QUEER IDEAS IN FOREIGN COURT LIFE

In the Austrian court it is contrary to custom for perishable articles to appear twice on that imperial table. The result is large perquisites for the attendants. To one man fall all the uncorked bottles, to another the wine left in the glasses, to another the joints and to another still the game or the sweets. Every morning a sort of market is held in the basement of the palace, where the Viennese come readily to purchase the remains. And there is no other means of procuring imperial Tokay than this.

Long ago in England, even the greatest men in the land were pleased to receive such perquisites. In the reign of Henry II., for instance, the lord chancellor was entitled to the candle-ends of one great and forty small candles per day. And the maquarius, who must be a baron in rank, received one penny for drying towels on every ordinary occasion of the king's bathing. The ceremonial that the revolution swept away from the first emperor Napoleon was careful to revive in a less extreme form, and it is characteristic of the man that he made a special study of it, and went so far as to prescribe the special forms to be obsered on great occasions. Before his coronation, M. Isabey, the miniature painter, gave seven rehearsals with wooden dolls appropriately dressed of the seven ceremonies that were to be enacted. And one ceremony being especially intricate, the functionaries rehearsed it in person in the gallery of Diana at the Tuileries, a plan haivng been carefully traced with chalk on the floor. This was the sort of thing in which Napoleon rejoiced, and he himself arranged beforehand all the details of the entry of Maria Louisa into France, and of his subsequent marriage to her. Among other particulars, on reaching what was then French territory the archduchess was conducted into the eastward room of a three-roomed house near Braunau; the French commissioner entered the westward, while the third room in the middle was occupied by the rest of the party. And M. de Bausset, who gives an account of the proceedings, having bored holes with a gimlet in the door of the middle room, had a splendid view of the unconscious princess. But, he quaintly adds, it was the ladies who took most advantage of his forethought.

The ceremonial of the Chinese court is somewhat exciting. It used to include, if it does not now, complete prostration before the throne. Last century a Persian envoy refused to go through the degrading ordeal. Directions were given to the officials to compel him by stratagem to do so. On arriving one day at the entrance to the hall of audience, the envoy found no means of going in except by a wicket, which would compel him to stoop very low. With great presence of mind and considerable audacity the ambassador turned round and entered backwards, thus saving the honor of his country.—London Standard.

## THE PRESIDENT WENT BACK FOR DOLLY'S SLIPPERS AND LOST HIS WIG

This is a chapter of semi-official, semi-domestic history, and it is vouched for by a granddaughter of the hero's family line, a Chicagoan, who now lives on Dearborn avenue.

Prominent in Mr. Madison's cabinet sat four-score years ago Secretary of the Navy Jones, the son of a famous shipbuilder, a man gallant, not only in spirit, but in dress and manner.

His fitness for his office is attested by the naval victories of the war of 1812.

But the successful secretary had more wit than hair, and a wig was a sine qua non of his political and social life. All went well with this adornment until that luckless August day in 1814 when the British marched from Bladensburg upon Washington.

It will be remembered that President Madison and his cabinet stood not upon the order of their going on that occasion, but went at once—to a very retired summer resort.

Every one knows how Lady "Dolly" remained behind long enough to save some valuable white house portraits from having their eyes put out by English bayonets, but few have heard how collected Mrs. Secretary Jones was in this national crisis.

Presence of mind is said to be promoted by absence of body; this lady displayed in the face of danger presence of both mind and body.

As the secretary emerged from his doorway, his hands full of such family valuables as his agitated condition had allowed him to collect, Mrs. Jones confronted him with the appalling words:

"My dear, you have forgotten my slippers. You must go back and get them."

General Ross was almost at his door bringing imprisonment or death, but the unhappy man turned back to hunt the slippers—which it is only fair to Mrs. Jones to add, were adorned with diamond buckles.

In his headlong quest for those treasures —which he secured—his wig dropped off in a dark corner and he did not dare to take time to hunt for it nor to attempt the purchase of another.

The shorn appearance of the secretary, hitherto faultless in all appointments of dress, is said to have very much lessened the melancholy of the cabinet journey. It is further asserted that during the time of retirement, no matter how depressed any member of the presidential party felt over public and private woes, if he but glanced at Secretary Jones peal upon peal of irresistible laughter was sure to follow and that the despoiled Adonis cordially joined in these bursts of merriment.

By using Hall's Hair Renewer, gray, faded or discolored hair assumes the natural color o youth, and grows luxuriant and strong, pleasing everybody.

# RICH GEMS IN PARASOLS

## Jewelers and Painters Do Most of the Work Nowadays

## ONE FOR EVERY NEW GOWN

### The Real Swagger Girl Employs an Artist to Select Colors to Show Off Her Complexion

Sunshades are to the summer girl in the broad daylight what the bewitching seductive fan is in the moonlight, or the starlight, or the electric light, for that matter. No part of the girl of 95's wardrobe receives more attention and it is safe to say that the cost is somehting to make fashionable mammas sigh for the old days, when an umbrella for rainy days, a dark parasol for mornings and a white silk for dress up, was considered a bountiful supply.

In these progressive days, the belle changes her parasol with the gown and one of the seven trunks which is the proper allowance for a debutante maiden, is filled with parasols, each securely tucked away, chiffon, flowers and all, in their long, narrow boxes, silk-covered and satin-lined, and further ornamented with the owner's monogram painted in her chosen colors.

It seemed a little bit wicked to count upon the pretty demure young belle, but she has heartaches and weeps real tears if she has not twelve of the long boxes newly filled at a cost of from $20 to $3000 each. Of course, the great cost is for the wonderfully carved handle of jewel-flecked porcelain, coral with a filigree covering of gold, or for the deep blue amethyst, golden yellow topaz, or blue to match my lady's eyes, turquoise, set into the gold ball which forms the handle.

These costly things are carefully selected, and then go on duty year after year, so they are not so very extravagant after all. The coverings are new of course, and

Rich and Costly

often the framework has to be changd to suit the prevailing mode, but the handles like the brook go on forever.

At the coaching parade, the swell spring social event in New York, Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, as the richest heiress in America, was well looked over, and every piece of her girlish and simple toilet of white silk and chiffon thoroughly discussed. Her parasol seemed a quiet looking affair of white, touched with blue, but a close inspection of that same dainty sunshade showed a covering of filmy point lace over the white satin cover, with here and there in medallions of delicate lace, hand painted sprays of forget-me-nots, matched in their tender shading the wealth of turquoise forget-me-nots which wreathed the exquisitely carved ivory handle. The sticks were enameled a delicate blue, so there was no lining to the beautiful confection.

Young girls with their wild rose complexions can afford to dispense with the beauty-giving lining, which the dowagers select with the same nicety and care as they do their very best bonnets.

There are delicious mauves and cool, sweet grays and greens which tone down a highly colored complexion, while the rosy pinks, bright scarlets and maize colors give the requisite brightness and warmth to the colorless brunette. After the jeweler has supplied the handle and the artist has passed upon the lining, the outer cover is chosen with the most de-

A $500 Affair

liberate care. If a lace covering is to be used, the satin or silk must be plain, else the general effect will be patchy.

Particularly fetching are the silvery laces, green and rose color if the lace cover is white; black, white, yellow and scarlet lend themselves well to black lace. The most stylish parasols are of the Dresden flowered silk, woven just the required shape. On the creamy ground all sorts of exquisite flowers are produced in all of the wonderful shadings so familiar on bits of Dresden china. Around the edges a border shows of the flowers, massed into bouquets, joined by long loops and lovers' knots of silver, gold or pale blue ribbons.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor brought over a dream of a parasol from Paris, which she used for the first time on Decoration day. Closed, it resembles nothing so much as a long, slim roll of violets, with a handle of green enamel, thickly studded with amethysts. Opened, it proved to be the inevitable sunshade, but such a beauty of a sunshade was never seen before. The lining was rose lilac, just the shade to becoming to Mrs. Astor, and which she usually wears. It was not put on straight and plain after the manner of the old-fashioned linings, but the soft, silky chiffon was folded in and out in an indescribably pretty fashion, forming such a frame for her delicate beauty that you almost forgot to look and see how those violets were put on the outside.

The outer covering was of green silk, just the color of the violet leaf; down each rib ran a thick garland of violets and leaves, while all the spaces between were painted in single blossoms, looking for all the world as if they had just fallen from the thick bunches running down on all sides.

Nothing is more fascinating than a white parasol covered with filmy black stuff, unless it be a black parasol covered with some airy, fairy white stuff. Some wonderful creations have been evolved just in black and white—two colors which can be made the loudest or the quietest at the will of the wearer.

A dainty little trifle in the way of a carriage parasol was one of the gifts Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt brought over from Paris to her niece, now Mrs. James A. Burden, jr. The covering was of heavy white satin, frilled generously with the deep yel-

Small but Useful

low lace which is so much favored this summer. The ribs were of gold alloy, as was the beautiful carved handle. As the wide opened parasol was only about the size of a dinner plate, it could by a simple arrangement of the folding sticks do duty as a fan, and the handle serve several purposes, for a dainty lorgnette was folded away somewhere, and a tiny little mirror popped out in a totally unexpected way if a hidden spring were touched. This airy little bit of gold and lace and satin had to be paid for at the custom house on a valuation of $500.

## WOMEN MAY BE DRAFTED TO DO MILITARY DUTY IN FRANCE

It begins to look as if, under the new dispensation, women would have to bear their share of the duties of the state. The government of France is beginning to think this way, at any rate, and a suggestion has been made in the chamber of deputies, by one of the members who professes to be a champion of the rights of the fair sex, that the conscript laws should be made to apply in a measure to the female residents of France as well as to the males. So far it is not proposed to put women actually in the field, though modern amazons may be seen later on, but to draft them in the same manner as are the men, that they may do hospital duty.

From the point of view of the army, this would be of immense benefit to France, as it would really make available for actual military service a very large number of men who are now employed in just that sort of work, and are, therefore, not available for fighting purposes. The project as outlined by its originator among the deputies, is that every woman throughout France shall be registered at the local Mairie, like any male recruit, and be compelled to draw lots.

Drafting shall then go on among the women precisely as it is carried on now among males. Those each year that draw the unlucky numbers shall be put through the courses of instruction, after the strength of each is carefully determined by examination. The ones that have the most powerful physiques shall be put into the hospital service, while those that are not so strong will be utilized in the military postoffices and telegraph stations of the republic.

As the law will be no respecter of classes or position in society, the plan being to include absolutely every woman within the boundaries of France, it follows that society women, heiresses and descendants of old families are quite as liable to be drafted and pressed into service as the women of lesser social ranking. The scheme, therefore, is being opposed throughout the country with great determination, and it is very possible that it will not be carried out because of this.

Still another objection that has been raised—this is on the part of scientists and these gentlemen have made their opinions to have a very great weight in France—is that a wholesale adoption of the idea of feminine conscription will have the effect of preventing many women from entering into a state of matrimony. This, naturally, would tend to materially decrease the birth rate.

Now the birth rate in France has been for some years slowly and steadily sinking, and the population of the country is in the same measure decreasing. Germany, moreover, to the disgust of all France, has the highest birth rate of any country in continental Europe.

Every effort has been made of late to raise the French birth rate, and Dr. Roux's anti-toxine, or cure for diphtheria, which it was hoped would save the lives of an enormous number of French infants annually, and so make the number of births greater than that of deaths, was hailed with joy. It is hardly probable that any measure that would tend to lower the birth rate still further will receive the approval of the French people.

"Pure" and "Sure."

Cleveland's Baking Powder

Always makes wholesome food.

The best that money can buy.

## JERSEY WAISTS THOUGH OUT OF STYLE CAN BE PUT TO GOOD USE

"Keep a thing for seven years and you'll find a use for it," is a saying that is illustrated often in unexpected ways. The once beloved but now despised and discarded jersey waist has been restored to a position of usefulness by an ingenious woman, who recently hit upon the novel plan of making some old ones that had lain useless for at least the traditional seven years do duty as foundations upon which to build some extremely pretty blouse and crepon waists.

The sleeves were taken out, and the waist part, which fitted smoothly and easily, was simply perfect. Over one of these a cadet blue crepon of nearly the same shade, showing narrow satin stripes of yellow, was arranged to form a full blouse. Six rows of shirring, crosswise of the stripes, drew the material into the required size for the neck, forming a round yoke three inches deep. The fullness was drawn down into a space of four inches at the waist line, front and back, leaving the sides plain. The goods were then cut out at the armholes, and large puff sleeves, made over a lining the same color as the jersey, were inserted. Crush collar and belt of a darker shade of velvet and "dog ear" bows on the shoulders completed a stylish and becoming waist.

Another, a black one, had the crepon fitted plainly over the back, with only a slight fullness at the waist line. The front had a plain yoke, pointed a little in the center, with moderate fullness below. Bands of black satin ribbon, edged with jet, bordered the yoke and formed straps over the shoulders, ending in pointed tabs a little below the yoke in front, and below the shoulder blades in the back. The sleeves were full puffs of crepon to the elbow, tight fitting below, and cut in two points at the wrists, which were edged with the jetted ribbon; collar of the ribbon, with a double bow of satin at the back. The bottom of the waist was cut round over the hips, and was finished by a wide satin ribbon, drawn into gathered tucks, each side of the fullness of the front, and ending in the back in four stiffly outstanding bows.

The crepon, almost as elastic as the jersey, lends itself admirably to arrangement over such a foundation, and the result was a perfectly fitting and at the same time delightfully easy and comfortable waist, obtained at a considerable saving of trouble and expense.

### That Golden Hair

Judge—What is the charge against the prisoner at the bar?

Officer—I found her walking the street, with her golden hair hanging down her back.

Judge—Thirty days for prowling and six months for golden hair hanging down her back. I'll break up this golden hair business or I'll quit the bench. Next case.—Hamilton, Ont., Times.

### She Probably Will

The female of the future will
Be nothing more than human,
If, when the curtain falls, she goes
Outside "to see a woman."
—Brooklyn Eagle.

Yale's La Freckla

Is Mme. Yale's infallible cure for Freckles, Tan and Sunburn. It is the only remedy ever compounded that will remove freckles completely and surely.

The fairer and more delicate the skin the more likely it is to freckle and the worse it will look after it is freckled.

Thousands of women, otherwise beautiful are disfigured by these unsightly brown blotches. Nothing will hide them. They are a source of misery, but they can be cured. La Freckla is the death warrant to freckles.

The preparation of La Freckla is one of Mme. Yale's greatest achievements. There are many imitations, some of them very dangerous and hurtful to the skin; none of them really effective. For safety and certainty insist always on getting the genuine and original La Freckla.

Price $1 at drug stores or by mail. MME. M YALE, Health and Beauty Specialist, 146 State street, Chicago. Beauty Guide mailed free.

Ladies

Do you want a fine $6 Marseilles Bed Spread for $3.50.

Come and get some $3.25 hemstitched Lunch Cloths for $2.25.

Satin Damask Towels, knotted fringed, worth 85c and $1, Monday, 45c.

Hemstitched Huck Towels, worth 75c; your choice Monday, 45c.

Hemstitched Tray Cloths, worth $1.25; Monday's price, 75c.

LADIES—One day only at these prices; Monday only, don't forget.

A. WILLIAMSON,
Belfast Linen House,
357 S. SPRING.

SAVE YOUR FACE

Age, sickness, overwork, trouble—those deadly enemies of woman's dearest treasure (her beauty and complexion) are rendered well nigh powerless by

LOLA MONTEZ CREME

A great scientific discovery—a food for the skin, replacing wasted tissues, filling out wrinkles, causing the skin to throw off what is unhealthy and discoloring, and to assume the beautiful transparency and velvety softness of youth and health. Pot lasting three months, 75 cents. All druggists.

Mrs. Nettie Harrison
BEAUTY DOCTOR,
40-42 Geary St., SAN FRANCISCO

The following druggists carry a full line of my preparations—
H. M. SALE & Son, 220 S. Spring St., L. A.
C. F. HEINZEMAN, 222 N. Main St., L. A.

SPECIAL FOR TOMORROW

Ladies

These prices will trouble other milliners in tomorrow's special. The goods offered are all new, fine and stylish---all right every way---showing New York's latest fashions.

20 dozen Leghorns, all grades and styles,

Just One-Half Price

3 dozen Ladies' Sailors, late New York styles,

Just One-Half Price

3 dozen Boys' Sailors, 25c to $2.00 grade,

Just One-Half Price

4 dozen Misses' Dress Shapes, late, stylish, desirable, selling $1.00 to $1.50,

Price Just 20c

10 dozen Ladies' Dress Shapes, black and colors, stylish, not in store six weeks, selling at $1.00 to $2.00,

Price Just 25c

Goods in show window today; amounts there; quality there; prices there; see them.

Mrs. F. W. Thurston's
MILLINERY PARLORS,
357 South Spring, cor. Fourth.

Sunshine
—AND—
Shirts

Both are indispensable. Our lines of Outing Shirts, in silk, silk and wool, silk and linen, madras, cheviot, etc, are very large. They are elegantly made and comprise the very latest designs. We would be pleased to show them to you. We are confident you will find it to your interest to come to us for Shirts.

Silverwood
The . . .
Haberdasher,
124 S. SPRING ST.

### Summons in Divorce

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE of California, in and for the county of Los Angeles.

Mrs. A. Lea, plaintiff, vs. Albert O. Lea, defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the state of California, in and for the county of Los Angeles, and the complaint filed in said county of Los Angeles, in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the state of California send greeting to A. O. Lea, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the state of California, in and for Los Angeles county, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

This said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of the defendant's failure to support plaintiff for more than two years last past, or provide her with the necessaries of life, having the ability to so do, and for costs of suit. Reference is had to complaint for particulars.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will cause your default to be entered and will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the state of California, in and for the county of Los Angeles, this 26th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

[L. S.] T. E. NEWLIN, Clerk.
By A. M. SEAYER, Deputy Clerk.