

A DOWDY BUT A BELLE.

Clara Belle Severely Condemns the Style of a Witty and Fashionable Young Woman.

Novelties in Household Articles Discussed for Housekeepers, Young and Old.

How the Young People of New York Relax Strict Formality at Badminton.

The Way in Which a Howling Swell Gets Himself Up for the Harmless Game.

New York Letter: I have read a heap within a month in the society columns of our city dailies and weeklies, as well as in our out-of-town letters, concerning one Noa Don, who seems to be accepted as the spring-ride belle of Fifth avenue. Nonsense! This is too big a town, and even the limits of the most pretentious society are too spacious, to permit any single girl to get unquestioned supremacy. I have seen this precious creature, moreover, and I am telling you for keeps that she is no such thing as the accounts make her out. I'm not denying her all the wit at repartee accredited to her. She truly has a tongue as sharp and quick as ever I heard of, but what a Queen of Swindlers, if we ever do crown one, will be perfection as to dress. Now, Noa Don is merely a traveled and educated girl, who has been round the world to pick up novelties that startle and amuse us, who has come into New York with family connections that give her entrance to the charmed circles of wealth, and she makes her witty comments—such as have been so extensively reported—with considerable cleverness; but when she has described her art, she presented herself at the Academy of Music the other evening you will understand why I won't concede



that she ought to be elevated into public view as supremely fine. She ought to have been arrayed in fashionable evening costume, of course, because she sat in a box along with women so dressed. But she apparently aimed to be

DISTINCTIVELY ODD. Her hair was loose and fluffy, and the only ornamentation or attempt at coiffure was a curious sort of gilded thing—not unlike a crown—set on the top of her head. Her dress was pale amber satin, and its cut was not unlike that of the current morning gown. Her arms were completely covered by sleeves and gloves, but her corsage was law in a squarish shape, outlined by a stand-up frill of lace, as little in the fashion of Queen Elizabeth. No, no, Noa Don can not be officially admired, no matter how smart her sayings, until she robes herself in accordance with strict fashion's rules.

What a jolly row Miss Cleveland has had kicking up by the way about low corsages. Still, she is awfully right in condemning some of the nudity, and you will remember that I have been doing the same missionary sort of work for several seasons. She makes



a special point of it that the line of bareness shall be high enough to cover all of the distinct femininity. Her idea is that bareness is flat, are not an immodest exposure; but as I looked up from the perusal of her letter—it was just before starting for a reception, and a bevy of girls were ready to go—and my eyes fell on a maiden of excellent generalness in her features, I said to myself: "Where would the line be drawn across that creature if it were lowered in obedience to Miss Cleveland's proposition?"

HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES

are so frequently asked about by my correspondents that I here give, by general way of answer, a number of points. Pillow-shams are used in preference to fancy-trimmed slip covers. Lace curtains never go out of fashion. They are used for parlors, reception and dining-rooms, bedrooms, and, in fact, for all the rooms of a house, if preferred to the many novelties in what is called Madras lace, really a muslin brocade curtain, in various colors to suit the furniture of the room for which they are intended. The most fashionable watch chain worn is a short fob-chain, with a ball at the end, which may be plain, chased or set with jewels. We did not know that they were called Queen Anne watch-chains, but that is probably the name by which they are known to some fashion writers and to jewelers. Green fabrics are superseded by canvas or etamine fabrics nowadays, but are still worn by a few conservative ladies. Great variety in form and color of upholstery, draperies and all the pieces of furniture in a room is permitted by fashion at present. In fact, what is called by some writers the electric room—that is, a room furnished with choice furniture representing various modern or mediæval periods of art furnishings, and harmoniously combining several subdued colors with one prevailing tint or tone—is considered the height of taste. But it requires

GREAT JUDGMENT in selecting the pieces of furniture, the curtains, carpets, decorations and ornaments of such a room. There is danger of making it look like a furniture dealer's collection. The race for decorated china, or delft, is on the wane, but when plain white is used it is selected of the finest ware, and is sometimes made decorative in the fluting or waving of the pieces in dotting, scalloping, denting or fluting the edges, the handles and borders of the cups, dishes, saucers, plates and side pieces. The most exquisite and fanciful shapes of antique, mediæval and modern pottery are chosen, all done in white. If color is demanded on the table, it is supplied by flowers, all one color if possible, by fancy-colored glass and open drawn work lines in the tablecloth, showing the bright color of the fine damask or cloth underneath the white one. Sometimes a long mat of velvet or plush of the color of the flowers and glass on the table is placed down the center of the same, and on this

THE WOMAN'S GLOBE.

"Bab" Portrays the Misery a Jealous Woman May Cause and How One of Them Was Outwitted.

Different Types of the Charming Fair Ones Who Make Life Sunshine or Shadow.

Fashion's Latest Decree Regarding the Proper Kind of Stationery--Woman's Sentiment.

A Feminine Duet--Little Bits of Fashion News for Fair Readers.

AFTER THE BALL.



The music has died away, its rhythm has ceased to thrill; But echoing notes astray Are loud in my fancy still. The ring of the waltz-quadrille, Like a lullaby song of old, Is sounding afresh in my drowsy ear, And wheezing before my eyes appear, With gracefulness timed to the haunting strain, Gay ribbon, bright jewel, and gorgeous train. A vision of silk and gold.

Fair faces with joy replete On muscular shoulders lean; Feet, daintily on foot, Coquetishly dart between; White skirts but a moment seen, Yet lavish in brief display. Go saucily by the wanton sweep, Like patches of foam on the straggling deep, And fanciful courtesies, advance, And mingle again in the fairy dance, So wild in my brain to-day.

Stay, resonant music loud, Let me hear thee sing; Nor vanish, O phantom crowd, Who gracefully move along; Still closer around me throng, For ever I faintly wanton sweep, Your beauty to compass the mystic bed, Where reveries nestle and dreams are bred. Draw nearer and enter my closing eyes, That close they shall have no more arise To dance in the halls of sleep. —E. E. Kaul, in San Francisco Wasp.

JEALOUSY AND FLIRTATION

Descanted Upon in a Knowing Manner by "Bab."

My Dear Dorothy: That stupid people are always with us is never so thoroughly proven as during these days that seem to belong to spring, and yet which tire one out, mentally and physically. The people who are professionally pleasant ought to be doing their duty now, and not permitting the rest of the world to be entirely witless. Of course, you will be tempted to perpetrate that deadly Bell's error, and be really sorry to make them so, as Providence has saved all trouble in that direction, but even when you say that, my dear, I am sure you do not believe it. We have had people staying with us lately, and I do positively declare I'll have no more jealous wives about me. It's not only such wretched

BAD FORM TO BE JEALOUS, but it's ruinous to one's nervous system. The Blacks were here, and Mrs. Black behaved abominably; her husband was only having a little fun with one of the bridesmaids, Lily Bell, and she heard madame complain she wears so many bangles that her coffin is always heralded.

Retreat? No place to go. Quick as possible they opened the door, which made a corner block of it, and madame managed to put a chair against it, which looked as if it belonged there. In the corner were the two culprits. And when I entered the room madame was on the chair, so there was no escape for them. I saw the situation, and determined to do a little. So there I stood by madame, and listened to her wails about her husband. He is not half her age, and, as she bought him with her money, she ought to be willing to undergo the torment occasioned by so delicate a toy.

She talked on, and I saw her companion, and that wicked fast girl played upon his innocence and induced him to do things he never even dreamed of. Dolly, just here that rascal deliberately kissed his companion, who did not dare resist, and then he

at me. I coughed dreadfully to get over my laugh, and Mrs. Black was very much excited about my singularly hysterical cough. After awhile I induced her to go and have some tea, and as soon I could returned to see what was going on. She was dreadful—but they laughed until they cried, and I did, too. The picture of Mrs. Black seated against that door and her boy husband and a pretty girl just back of it was quite too much. Jack thinks it was all because he wasn't there. Mrs. Black quite approves of Jack, by the way, because he fools her, and I am sure she thinks if everything in the world were properly arranged she would be wedded to him. I hold this out to him as an inducement if he should ever become a Mormon, but somehow men are so queer, he objects and says she is too flabby. Now, if she weren't fat, then he'd say "no living skeleton for me." Would you not think a Mormon would equalize her having one very fat and one very thin wife?

Tell Elsie that if, as she says, flirting with the curate is only to keep in practice, then it's all right, but it must stop the last week of Lent. For Lenten recreation it's not better and will hurt her out of worse mischief, and she will be wise if she were the tendresse disappear with the attraction consequent upon

NEW SPRING PROCKS. The little craps underneath are as pretty as possible, and take the place of the silk ones that were in vogue in the early spring. Pink, blue and pale yellow ones are hung up in the shop windows to show men what they might wear if they were only women. However, the temptation has not, to my knowledge, affected any of them so far. Still the temptation in its rose-colored form might be very great, and only circumstances over which they have no control, such as a heavy mustache or a pronouncedly rough voice, would keep them from going in and buying these dainty little things. Some do—for their sisters or the poor.

Are you keeping up your French during Lent? I have inquired, and as it is for improvement you can depend anything you want. Plays are very amusing, especially the younger. Dummie O'Dorothy, do you remember the Lent we read French plays with such a delightful party and how awfully I was in love with that poor lawyer? All my books were marked by him, and when we read the love speeches they were directly at each other. It is true that I was engaged to be married, but I liked to feel as if I were being

DRIVEN TO THE ALTAR— "hounded by those who courted wealth and thought nothing of the most sacred feelings of a woman's heart." He used to say that and then I'd cry—Jack was in Florida shooting alligators; but when he came home and saw "the hero," he calmly told me to go ahead and have a good time—no harm would come to me from that fellow.

Then I was furious. After trying to believe him a dangerous villain, playing with my young affections, he was made out entirely inoffensive. I hated him then. He got married about three years ago, and his wife has a funny-looking eye. I don't know its scientific name, but nothing would make it prettier. Who could help wonder-

SEALING WAX AND PAPER. The former tabooed but the latter Running Riot. Sealing wax was quite the rage with fashionable letter writers six months and even three months ago. Ultra-fashionable women use it no longer. The rage for decorating the backs of envelopes with huge blots of red, blue, black, green wafers, in which was impressed a monogram or initial, spread among women generally. So fashion has now tabooed it and has returned to the old-fashioned ready-gummed envelopes. But fashion has not tabooed the monogram-lites in the way of note paper which are im-

ported in large quantities from Berlin, Paris and London. The loveliest of these still continues to be what is called the Mahdi, but its novelty is wearing away. This is a rather coarse paper of a flaring red, the edges of the sheet being ragged like the leaf edges of the always fashionable "uncut" book. This paper has been in favor much longer than was its immediate predecessor in the letter-paper craze—a paper which looked as if its edges had been partly burned and the rest of it subjected to the combined effects of smoke and water. Queer-looking paper it was, and for a time dealers had a large sale for it and a lively demand. Afghan paper is comparatively a new thing, the favorite color in this—a linen paper—being orange and flame color. Under the same name the same quality of paper appears in dark blue, pink, ecru and brown. These are now the favorites with the ultra-fashionables.

Those who prefer to send to correspondents burning words of love or chilling reproaches on more modestly tinted paper use possibly write a letter on the most recent importation, a sort of etching paper. Coarse, rough, either white or cream-colored, it very closely resembles the etching paper used by artists, except, of course, that it is much lighter in weight. In order to give an idea that one is of combination "solid," presumably, the shrewd paper-maker has introduced a paper which is called modern book. It is a sort of parchment which very much resembles the paper which English "five-penny" notes are printed on, and is therefore in great favor among Anglomaniacs. It also resembles the paper on which American railway bonds are printed. Pale pink and delicate gray are thus sometimes used in this style of correspondence material.

The very latest and now most popular paper with young ladies is a delicate, yet a very delicate peachblow color. If it were not an imported paper, the recent flurry in society about the Mrs. Morgan's peachblow vase might account for this peculiar shade being used. Traced on this foundation are weird figures and flowers and such distorted landscapes as go to make up what is called art in Japan. Other more delicate designs resemble those in great favor of Kensington art needlework and modern wall-paper designs. These are thrown onto the paper by water marks, and the contrast then, or when contrasting tints are used, certainly makes a very handsome paper. Ragged edges are a characteristic of nearly all these papers, and the envelopes used are invariably the large square ones, which are as popular now as when they were first introduced.

EVERYTHING LOVELY. "A Duet for Two Female Voices." Tempo, Breathless. "Why, you dear thing! How do you do! And how do you do? And where have you been all this time! And I'm so glad to see you! So glad! And you're looking just lovely!—just perfectly lovely! And what a sweet bonnet! Paris? I thought so! And I'm so delighted to see you! And you're looking so well! And what lovely weather

we are having! And O, how's baby!—dear, sweet little thing! He's the living image of you and Charlie!" "O thanks, dear, baby's doing splendidly! got another lower front tooth through and is so good! never cries! only we're afraid he's going to have a big pimple right on the end of his dear little nose!" "Oh! how perfectly dreadful! And how's Charlie? I heard he was run away with and awfully hurt, and I've been meaning to call and ask after him, for I know you must be so awfully worried, but I've been so busy you know."

"O, thank you, dear, that's ever so kind of you, but it wasn't anything serious; he was only trying his new tandem pair, and he found out afterward that the shaft horse had belonged to a politician and learned to stop every run shop they came to, and the leader was a circus horse that had been taught to read, and so bolted for every sign of 'Hay for sale' or 'Meals at all hours' that he saw, and so poor Charlie was a bit shaken up, and decided to sell the beast, for ladies' saddle horses and so be—and oh! have you seen those new black silk stockings with silver clocks that they've got at Macy's? You must get some! they're just perfectly lovely!—long ones, you know!" "Yes, I just bought some; they are too sweet for anything, aren't they? Are you going to the Robinson's to-night? I hear it is going to be charming."

"No, I don't think we shall be able to. Are you going?" "No, I don't think we shall be able to get off. It's so wearing, this going out every night, isn't it?" "So hard, isn't it? Well, I must be going, dear; I'm already an hour late for my appointment at the dentist's! But I'm so glad to have met you, dear, and you will come and see me very—O, there's Fanny Jones! I must run over and congratulate her on her engagement being broken! Good-by, dear!"

"Good-by! (sotto voce) Gracious! how her dress does hang behind!"—Chicago Rambler.

HER SENTIMENTAL HISTORY. The Story of a Woman's Life From Some Crumpled Keepsake. Chicago News.

A woman from her earliest consciousness inclines to reminiscence. As she grows up she stamps each notable adventure and each pleasant friendship upon her mind by some token. Our dime museums, with their meager collections of odds and bits, would pale into nothingness when compared with the bottom drawer of a girl's bureau. This she generally devotes to her keepsakes. At 5 she begins storing it with horse-chestnuts and broken bits of colored pencils given her by friends. Some of these are the mysteries of the "secrets" which are the life of childhood's freemasonry. By 10 she has a gold-piece, generally bestowed by a bachelor uncle, and perhaps some tokens from friends that are dead. There are pressed four-leaved clovers, pin-cushions with zoological tendencies, gray-flannel rabbits and such, a few carefully-preserved valentines, some bottles that once held perfume, and now present only a fading recollection to the nostrils. At 17 she has some faded violets, some locks of hair, a few scraps of dried orange-peel, a collection of dancing programs, and, carefully tucked in the further-

corner, a bundle of notes tied with a blue ribbon. As the years pass still the treasures increase. By and by the wedding slippers are laid away in the drawer which holds the valentines, and still, as the years pass, come a pair of the wee's shoes kicked out at heels, and a silk curl, which shows a silvery gold in the light. After this the keepsakes are fewer, and are often the souvenirs of sad days than of glad ones. Finally, after a long time, some one lays away in the drawer a thumbed red testament, with a lock of gray hair and a thread-thin wedding ring. Then the drawer is locked.

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Not much can be said in favor of the mitts—and few will be worn by really well-dressed women. French and English elegantes for ladies' saddle horses and so be—and oh! have you seen those new black silk stockings with silver clocks that they've got at Macy's? You must get some! they're just perfectly lovely!—long ones, you know!" "Yes, I just bought some; they are too sweet for anything, aren't they? Are you going to the Robinson's to-night? I hear it is going to be charming."

Light-colored gloves, very long and glazed as well as peau-de-seau, are shown as the latest innovations, and silk mitts, with and without fingers. Shoes of old brocade are worn with dark horse costumes and with stockings of some bright color.

Combinations in Favor. Several homespun and etamine fabrics with cashmere borders worn upon them are quite thrown in the shade by goods of finest camel's hair or canvas in ecru and steel gray, which come in patterns having several yards with a wide border of hand embroidery in the colors and fine design of a cashmere shawl.

One of the prettiest models in China silk is gulle for evening black or white satin may be varied with sleeves of exactly the same shade as the gown worn. Lace mitts and open-work hose are to keep the fashionable summer hand and foot gear. Black silk open work is particularly stylish for house wear.

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ing would counter with a queer look in one's eyes, and the rapacious quality of his soul to vibrate. That's what he said I did. Jack laughed, and called him an ass, when I told him all about it.—Bab in New York Star.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

The Lateness of Easter Keeps Back Millinery Openings. There isn't much repose in the fashionable Lenten costumes. It is anything but quiet in colors.

Red-rod roses burn on the breasts of women whose life is a gala day, with no fasting and fewer waxes. Colors everywhere; from the blaze of scarlet and jowl, of amber and rose, the eye turns for relief to the refinement of chamois shade, to the coolness of gray and the richness of ever-blessed, ever-enduring black. Whether it be the deep-waved waves of moire, the blue of silk, or the may elegance of lace, we hail the reign of black as a boon to womankind. Welcome the gowns of lace, of grenadine and all thin, black fabrics which will have so important a place in spring and summer outfits.

Touched up with color they may be. A wreath of buttercups under the rim of the bonnet or a parasol of vivid scarlet produces a better effect than a gown of this startling hue, which is pronounced to be very good form. In tulle, with the blackest of eyes and hair, for evening. It is sometimes unique if worn with diamonds, but may the modistes and fashionmakers deliver us from this flaunting, glaring shade in anything thicker than crepe.

Parasols of it will shortly be seen in Paris, and will be used at the watering places, though they are scarcely suitable for the seashore, where the dampness would soon ruin the plaitings of crepe lisse that compose the stylish gondola parasol, which is the newest shape, its curved sides affording the comfort that is not obtainable with the old kind when two ladies are driving together and a collision of sticks is ever imminent. The extreme lightness of the crepe parasol recommends it, and its beauty is indispensable with its color.

Ten years ago it was thought proper that all women on the shady side of 45 should wear black or gray on all occasions. Now the domain of color is open to them, and all the fashionable dark tints, such as seal green, sapphire, and navy blue are becoming worn by them for out-of-door toilets, while for house and morning dresses they wear heliotrope or pansy shades, and even pale blue and cardinal colors are found becoming to nearly all these papers, and the envelopes used are invariably the large square ones, which are as popular now as when they were first introduced.

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Shoes of old brocade are worn with dark horse costumes and with stockings of some bright color.

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ing would counter with a queer look in one's eyes, and the rapacious quality of his soul to vibrate. That's what he said I did. Jack laughed, and called him an ass, when I told him all about it.—Bab in New York Star.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

The Lateness of Easter Keeps Back Millinery Openings. There isn't much repose in the fashionable Lenten costumes. It is anything but quiet in colors.

Red-rod roses burn on the breasts of women whose life is a gala day, with no fasting and fewer waxes. Colors everywhere; from the blaze of scarlet and jowl, of amber and rose, the eye turns for relief to the refinement of chamois shade, to the coolness of gray and the richness of ever-blessed, ever-enduring black. Whether it be the deep-waved waves of moire, the blue of silk, or the may elegance of lace, we hail the reign of black as a boon to womankind. Welcome the gowns of lace, of grenadine and all thin, black fabrics which will have so important a place in spring and summer outfits.

Touched up with color they may be. A wreath of buttercups under the rim of the bonnet or a parasol of vivid scarlet produces a better effect than a gown of this startling hue, which is pronounced to be very good form. In tulle, with the blackest of eyes and hair, for evening. It is sometimes unique if worn with diamonds, but may the modistes and fashionmakers deliver us from this flaunting, glaring shade in anything thicker than crepe.

Parasols of it will shortly be seen in Paris, and will be used at the watering places, though they are scarcely suitable for the seashore, where the dampness would soon ruin the plaitings of crepe lisse that compose the stylish gondola parasol, which is the newest shape, its curved sides affording the comfort that is not obtainable with the old kind when two ladies are driving together and a collision of sticks is ever imminent. The extreme lightness of the crepe parasol recommends it, and its beauty is indispensable with its color.

Ten years ago it was thought proper that all women on the shady side of 45 should wear black or gray on all occasions. Now the domain of color is open to them, and all the fashionable dark tints, such as seal green, sapphire, and navy blue are becoming worn by them for out-of-door toilets, while for house and morning dresses they wear heliotrope or pansy shades, and even pale blue and cardinal colors are found becoming to nearly all these papers, and the envelopes used are invariably the large square ones, which are as popular now as when they were first introduced.

EVERYTHING LOVELY. "A Duet for Two Female Voices." Tempo, Breathless. "Why, you dear thing! How do you do! And how do you do? And where have you been all this time! And I'm so glad to see you! So glad! And you're looking just lovely!—just perfectly lovely! And what a sweet bonnet! Paris? I thought so! And I'm so delighted to see you! And you're looking so well!