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The Inner Man.

You have not changed, my Geraldine;
Your voice is just as sweet and low,
You are as fairy-like in mien
As four-and-twenty months ago.
Since Hymen tied the fatal knot
I've basked within your glance's beam;
Your beauty has not dimmed a jot,
You realize a poet's dream.

A poet craves for boundless love
And beauty of the first degree;
I'd do with less than that, my dove—
I'm much more moderate than he.
The gleam from dark-fringed eyelids sent,
The witchery of tone and look
I would forego to some extent,
My Geraldine—if you could cook.

The Meeting of the Ships.

Two barks met on the deep mid-sea,
When calms had still'd the tide;
A few bright days of summer glee
There found them side by side.

And voice of the fair and brave
Rose mingling thence in mirth;
And sweetly floated o'er the wave
The melodies of earth.

Moonlight on that lone Indian main
Cloudless and lovely slept;
While dancing step and festive strain
Each deck in triumph swept.

And hands were link'd, and answering eyes
With kindly meaning shone;
Oh! brief and passing sympathies,
Like leaves together blown!

A little while such joy was cast
Over the deep's repose,
Till the loud singing winds at last
Like trumpet-music rose.

And proudly, freely on their way
The parting vessels bore;
In calm or storm, by rock or bay,
To meet—oh, never more!

Never to blend in victory's cheer,
To aid in hours of woe;
And thus bright spirits mingle here,
Such ties are form'd below!

The Four-Leaved Shamrock.

"I'll seek the four-leaved shamrock
Through all the fairy dells,
And if I find the charmed leaves,
Oh, how I'll weave my spells."

"If I could but find one, said Grace, pausing suddenly in the midst of her song and letting her hands fall from the keys of the piano into her lap.

"What is the special virtue supposed to reside in the fourth leaflet of a shamrock?"

"Do you not know that a four-leaved shamrock is a supposed fairy talisman, giving its possessor an influence for good over all with whom he comes in contact? He can heal feuds, reunite parted friends—in fact, be every one's good genius. I think I shall look for one, Laurence."

"To what use would you apply your magic powers?"

"I would make your uncle relent, of course."

"I am afraid that nothing short of a fairy spell will accomplish that, Grace; reason has no effect whatsoever upon him."

"Have you been administering much of that article lately?"

"I spent more than an hour this morning in trying to make him see that after five years of hard work I have a right to a fixed salary, be it much or little. (We would be content with a little, would we not, Grace?) He will not admit my right to anything, but says that if I marry to please him he will take me into partnership with him at once. As I do not, however, intend to gratify him in this respect, his liberal offers are not of much use."

"Did he name any particular person whom he wished you to marry?"

"Yes; Miss Blake, of Killora. It seems that he and old Blake have been talking the matter over, after the manner of the farmers, and have come to an understanding concerning the number of cows and pigs, or their equivalents, to be contributed on each side. My uncle arranged a marriage the other day on strictly commercial principles between the foreman's son and old Tom Byrne's daughter and he is so proud of his performance that he is burning to try his hand on my affairs next."

"Alice Blake is a pretty girl and a nice girl, Laurence."

"She is—about the prettiest girl I know, but for all that I don't mean to marry her. Nor do I think the arrangement would suit her much better than it does me. If I am not much mistaken she, too, has plans of her own. But while my uncle has the notion in his head we shan't be able to make him look at things from our point of view. Try to find the four-leaved shamrock, Grace, and conjure up a little common sense for my uncle. A very little would do. I must go now; will you come as far as the gate with me?"

And the two lovers sauntered out into the twilight, and reiterated their last words at the garden gate, leaving the pretty little drawing-room to its sole other occupant, Grace's cousin Gerald, a slender, fair-haired lad of about fourteen, who was lying listlessly on a low couch in the bow window.

Grace and Laurence had been playfellows for so many years that no one but the uncle of the latter felt any surprise when they appeared in the character of lovers. Mr. Latouche, however, was thunderstruck at the announcement of his nephew's attachment to Grace Neville, and declared, in language of which he afterward felt somewhat ashamed, that should Laurence persist in his determination to marry the daughter of a beggarly half-pay captain he might bid farewell to his present home and future prospects at Glenallan Mills.

Laurence was quite dependent on his uncle, with whom he had lived from childhood; he had always been treated as a son of the house, and on his return from school had begun to assist his uncle in the management of his extensive flax mills. Looked on by every one as the future master, and liberally supplied with pocket money, he was nevertheless without any fixed salary, and sometimes felt tempted to envy the mill hands who received their weekly pittance, not as a gift, but as a right. He was resolved, however, that, come what might, he would marry Grace, and he had already begun to make inquiries as to the probability of his being able to utilize the experience gained at Glenallan Mills in obtaining a salaried post in some similar concern. His uncle, meantime, ignoring, as far as possible, the young man's own projects, lost no opportunity of showing him how smooth his path should be made in the event of his marriage with Miss Blake, whose higher birth was considered by the seniors to balance the accumulated fortunes of three generations of mill owners.

While Grace and Laurence were loitering in the garden, Gerald was pondering over the only portion of the foregoing conversation intelligible to himself—Grace's jesting wish for the four-leaved shamrock. Poor Gerald was but half-witted; his brain had been injured by a fall in babyhood, and had never properly developed. He was still a child in mind, with all a child's belief in the marvelous—a belief which Grace was chary of discouraging, from an instinctive feeling that his imaginations were his highest gift, which, once weakened or destroyed, would never be replaced by reasoning powers. She was very fond of him, and devoted much time and trouble to the work of training him, and drawing out what little intellect he possessed; while he, on his part, repaid her care with a passionate devotion, obeying her slightest wish, and following her about like her shadow. He was also fond of Laurence, a ride on whose horse constituted his greatest pleasure; and, though quite unconscious of the reason, he understood, in his own dim way, that Laurence's uncle was angry, and that Grace was grieved. Anger was a very terrible thing to poor Gerald, who dreaded stern looks and harsh words as other lads dread blows.

Why, he wondered, did Grace want the four leaved shamrock. An unwonted fit of shy reserve prevented his asking for an explanation when Grace returned, but he puzzled over the question at intervals during the night, and the wish for the solution of the difficulty guided his wandering steps the next morning to his old nurse's cabin, which stood on a green hill-side, some three miles from his home.

The old woman was sitting on her door-step knitting, and basking in the sunshine. She looked up joyfully as Gerald approached.

"Master Gerald, alanna, I thought I was never going to set eyes on you again. What became of you all this long while, honey?"

"I don't know, nurse," answered Gerald; "I must have been busy, I think."

"Busy," said old Joan, "poor lamb, sure it's you that'll never know what being busy means; all the better for you, maybe. Sit down there, alanna, an' I'll get you a drink of milk."

Gerald stretched himself at full length upon the grass, and began to drink the milk, which Joan brought him in a little china mug sacred to his own use.

"How is Miss Grace?" asked Joan.

"I don't know," answered Gerald; "she is unhappy, I think. Her eyes were full of tears when she came in from the garden last night. She thought I did not see them, but I did. Nurse, what is a four-leaved shamrock?"

"A four-leaved shamrock, alanna? Why, a shamrock that has four little leaves instead of three."

"I know that, I mean, what is the use of it?"

"Well, people say that 'tis a fairy charm that brings luck to them that owns it. I never saw one myself, but my mother knew a woman that found one when she was milking her cow in the meadow, an' grew rich an' prosperous from that day out. Who was talking to you about it, Master Gerald?"

"Grace was singing about it last night, and she said she wished she could find one. It had something to do with Laurence's uncle, I think."

"Ah, yes," said Joan. "I suppose Miss Grace thinks that if she had one, she could make things up between Master Laurence and his uncle."

"And could she?"

"Who knows but she might? By all accounts there's wonderful power in a four-leaved shamrock."

"I wonder if I could find one," said Gerald.

"Perhaps you might. Sure it's to the likes of you that the good people often send their gifts. Look for it anyway, alanna. 'Tis a pity to have Miss Grace fretting."

Henceforth poor Gerald's one dream was to find the four-leaved shamrock, which was to avert the anger of Laurence's terrible uncle and make Grace happy. He was accustomed to rove hither and thither pretty much as he listed, for no one in all the country round, would harm the innocent, while his own topographical instincts were unerring. Accordingly he wandered about, day after day, telling no one of his purpose, haunting every meadow and every copse where shamrocks grew, seeking the magic quarterfoil destined to work such spells. Such freaks of nature, however, though they do occur, are very rare, and Gerald's quest was long a fruitless one. He had at first avoided the neighborhood of Glenallan Mills from an unconquerable dread of meeting the terrible Mr. Latouche, whose stern face and iron-gray hair appeared to poor Gerald the embodiment of all that was awful. At length, after days and weeks of patient search in other places, he so far overcame his repugnance as to go—in the early morning—to a large meadow through which the mill-stream flowed, and where the most luxuriant tufts of shamrock in all the country round were said to grow.

It was too early yet for the mill to be at work; the immense wheel was at rest, and a slender thread of rippling water flowed quietly on, giving no token of the force pent in by the sluices, and only awaiting a liberating hand to come rushing down and give life and motion to the slumbering mill. There was no lack either of life or motion in the meadows, however; the birds did not wait for the sound of the bell to begin their day, but sang and chirped and bustled about as if determined to make the most of the short time they had the world to themselves, while the rabbits darted in and out of their holes, or nibbled the young leaves, their bright eyes and long ears constantly on the alert against every danger, real or imaginary. Gerald was fond of animals, and at another time would have found much amusement in watching their antics; now, however, his mind was full of his quest, and he moved slowly, kneeling or lying on the ground wherever he saw a tuft of shamrock, and patiently examining it leaf by leaf.

At length he drew near the stream, which had steep, grassy banks gay with many flowers. The great bell was ringing now, and the workmen were trooping into the court-yard. He should abandon his search for that morning, since he would not risk a meeting with Mr. Latouche. He was turning reluctantly away, when he perceived a particularly large tuft of shamrocks on the steep bank. Some sudden impulse determined him to examine it closely, and he stretched himself on the grass above so as to look down upon it. His sight was wonderfully long and clear, so that he could distinguish every leaflet in what to another person would have seemed a confused mass of green.

At length, to his unspeakable delight, he perceived the object of his search—a leaf actually composed of four divisions, at the end of a long trailing stem. Grasping the herbage firmly with one hand, he stretched the other toward his prize. As he did so, the sudden barking of a dog, accompanied by a loud shout, startled him, and losing his hold, he slipped down the steep bank into the stream below. At the same moment the gates of the mill-dam were opened, and the pent-up waters, released from their prison, came seething and foaming down, seizing on poor Gerald's helpless form, and bearing him swiftly toward the certain destruction of the pitiless wheel.

The shout which had scared him was Laurence's and the bark that of the latter's Newfoundland dog, Carlo. As the boy disappeared from view Laurence ran forward, urging on his dog with voice and gesture, so that when he reached the bank he found Carlo already struggling with the stream. To take off his coat and plunge in was the work of a moment. The dog's efforts had somewhat retarded poor Gerald's fat and Laurence was thus enabled to seize him just as he was being drawn under the wheel. A few long moments of desperate struggle, and Laurence found himself once more upon the bank beside the apparently lifeless form of the lad whom he had saved, and whom he now, for the first time, recognized.

A little crowd of men had by this time gathered round him, one of whom, under his directions, carried poor Gerald into the house and laid him on a sofa in the dining-room. Mr. Latouche and his sister were summoned, and every effort was made to restore the boy to consciousness. When, after a long time, he opened his eyes, his first word was "Grace."

"Do you want her, Gerald?" asked Laurence, bending over him.

"Yes," said Gerald; "I have found it for her at last."

"Found what?"

"The four-leaved shamrock," and, opening his hand, he showed the little leaf which he had all through managed to keep safely inclosed within his palm.

"The four-leaved shamrock?"

"Don't you remember? Grace wanted it. She said that if she had one she could make your uncle forgive you."

"I remember," said Laurence, with a pang at his heart.

"What does he mean?" asked Mr. Latouche.

"I am afraid he must have overheard some jesting nonsense of ours about a four-leaved shamrock. You know it is said to be a talisman. May I bring Grace here, sir?"

"Certainly, if the poor child wishes for her. Take the pony carriage."

Laurence hurried away, and in a little time the doctor, who had been sent for, came. He said that Gerald had received some injury causing internal hemorrhage, and that his life was a question of minutes rather than of hours. After a little time he opened his eyes and asked again for Grace.

"She will be here very soon now," answered Mr. Latouche.

He was standing a little behind the sofa, and Gerald was quite unconscious that the gentle tones to which he now listened were those of Laurence's terrible uncle.

"I am so afraid of being asleep when she comes," said Gerald. "I want to give her the four-leaved shamrock. She will be so glad to get it; she need not be afraid of Laurence's cross uncle any more."

"Does Laurence say that his uncle is cross?" asked Mr. Latouche, his face changing.

"No," said Gerald, "Laurence is very fond of him, and Grace says that he is good, and that it is foolish of me to be so much afraid of him; but I think she is afraid herself, for she never will walk near the mills for fear of meeting him."

The sound of wheels was now heard, and a moment later Grace entered with Laurence. She went straight over to the sofa, and knelt beside it. When Gerald saw her his whole face lighted up with joy.

"See, Gracie," he whispered, showing his prize, "I have found the four-leaved shamrock!"

"Oh, Gerald," sobbed Grace, "I shall never forgive myself if my foolish talk has led to this."

"Don't cry about me," said Gerald, "I am not really hurt. Put your arm round me—so. Now I can go to sleep comfortably. You need not be afraid of Laurence's uncle any more."

"I would rather never have seen Laurence again, than this should have happened," she cried, passionately.

"Right," said Mr. Latouche, in answer to Laurence's look of dismay, "she is all the better worth winning for not being ready to fling old ties to the winds for the sake of her lover. How fond of her that poor boy seems!"

When Gerald next opened his eyes, Mr. Latouche, moved by a sudden impulse, bent over him.

"Gerald," he said, "I promise you that your cousin need never again be afraid of Laurence's uncle."

"I know," said Gerald, dreamily, "she will always be happy now."

"As happy as Laurence and I can make her."

Gerald smiled and closed his eyes.

After a time, Laurence, seeing how it was, took him from Grace's arms, and laid him back upon the sofa.

"It is best as it is, Grace," he whispered, "his life as he grew older could hardly have been a happy one. Up to this you have made it so."

The four-leaved shamrock, inclosed within a golden circlet of Gerald's hair, hangs in a locket from Grace's watch-chain. Either by means of this, or of some other talisman in her possession, she has cast such a spell over Mr. Latouche, that not even Laurence himself is more devoted to her than is the stern uncle, to propitiate whom poor Gerald lost his life.

A Typical New Mexican.

Western towns are most often deficient in the striking characteristics one expects, but in the matter of a typical frontiersman Santa Fe possesses a citizen who might have sat for the pictures of Bret Harte's and Joaquin Miller's dashing heroes. He came strolling into the postoffice the other morning, says a correspondent, both hands in his pockets and his elbows sweeping a clear space through the gathered idlers. As a town celebrity every one knows him and the least question will bring out more and more piquant bits of history. With unusual interest I looked at the small man and slowly took in the details of his costume. Top boots, trousers, a blue flannel shirt and a loose coat were ordinary enough, but his head was surmounted with a gray sombrero that in width of brim has never been equaled save by the pretty chorus singers of "Pinafore" and the "Pirates." The hat sat back on his head until the brim covered his shoulders, and the cord and ornaments of the crown, being of solid gold wire and spangles, brings the value of this extravagant headgear up to $150. Neither Aimee and Georgette, Virot or the other concocters of French bonnets ever sent out a spring bonnet that equaled this sombrero in price. He wore a careless knotted necktie and row of big gold nuggets for shirt-studs, and below them swung a watch-chain composed of gold coins ranging from the largest slugs and $20 pieces down to an insignificant $2.50 coin. The watch at the end of the chain is heavy enough to use for a weapon, with its massive cases of gold. This walking gold mine carries off all his magnificence with the most indifferent and half-contemptuous air. On occasion he is said to be capable of even more gorgeousness; and when this show figure of Santa Fe is mounted on a little black horse, rattling with all the silver and blazing with all the wrought colors of Mexican trappings, it is enough to dazzle one. With huge silver spurs, an embroidered buckskin suit, a belt full of silver-mounted weapons and a fringed and embroidered blanket strapped to the saddle, he slatters through these narrow streets quite as the wild Western heroes do in novels. By profession he is a gentleman and amuses himself, as the less literally "gilded youth" of Paris and London do, by chasing the flying hours and dull care over green tables.

Telegraph Lines.

At the close of the year 1880 there were in the United States 170,103 miles of telegraph lines, and during that year 33,155 991 messages were sent. The miles of wire were about 300,000. This does not include the lines used exclusively for railroad business. The other countries having the greatest length of lines are as follows: Russia, 56,170 miles; Germany, 41,431; France, 36,970; Austria-Hungary, 30,403; Australia, 26,842; Great Britain, 23,156; British India, 18,209; Turkey, 17,085; and, Italy, 15,864.

A MARRIAGE IN WAR-TIME.

A Confederate Soldier's Story—Why the Groom Hastened to the Wedding.

I remember a very amusing marriage ceremony which I once performed. I was busy trying to make up some bread for my mess (I was then "high private in the rear rank" of the old Thirteeth Virginia regiment) when a bright young fellow of the Maryland line hailed me with: "I say, Mister, are you a preacher?" Not surprised at the doubt implied in the question, for neither my dress nor my occupation was very clerical, I replied: "Yes, I claim to be." "Are you authorized to marry people in this State?" "I am." "Well, you are the very man I have been hunting for five days." "I am glad you have found me at last. What can I do for you?" "I went you to marry me, sir." "When?" "Right away, sir; just as soon as we can get there." "Where?" "About two miles down the road."

Accordingly I got permission from my colonel (A. P. Hill,) satisfied myself that the license was all right, and started. As we were going along the little fellow (the license stated that he was twenty-one, but he really did not look to be over sixteen) pulled out his license and said: "Look here, parson; suppose anything should happen so that we could not get married to-day, she could not marry any one else as long as I hold these (shaking his license) again her, could she?" When I explained that the license was of no binding force until the ceremony was performed, he started off in a half run, exclaiming: "Well, come on, parson; we must make haste!"

Beginning to suspect that there was something wrong, I stopped and said: "I must have an explanation of this, sir. I do not mean to do anything contrary to law and right. Did you not tell me that you had the full consent of the young lady's parents, and that there was no obstacle in the way of your marriage?" "Yes, it is all right, parson, come on and I'll explain it all to your satisfaction. The whole truth is that I have been sick down at that house—or rather have been pretending to be sick—for several weeks, and there has been a little girl down there who has been so kind to me that I want to marry her for it. Now, my colonel (his colonel was George H. Seward, an old West Pointer, and one of the most rigid disciplinarians in the army) has found out that I am well, and I am afraid he will send a guard after me and put me in the guard-house; that before I get out the brigade will move away, and so I may not get a chance to be married at all, and she may then go and marry some other fellow. Come on, parson! Please let us make haste!"

I followed him as rapidly as I could, and on reaching the place I ascertained that the guard had actually come for him before he came after me, but had agreed to wait for him if he could procure a preacher and hurry up the marriage. I performed the ceremony, he saluted his bride in approved old-fashioned style, and the guard immediately marched him off to the guard-house. He called to see me several days afterward, however, and said: "Parson, I have been a very happy man since I saw you. I took your advice, and made a clean breast of it to the colonel, and he released me from the guard-house and gave me forty-eight hours leave of absence."

Some time afterward I was at Louisa Court-house on furlough, and being at the depot when the cars came up, whom should I see but my young Maryland soldier, who jumped off the train and rushed up to me, exclaiming: "Parson, I am the happiest man in the Southern Confederacy! I have gotten a discharge from the army. I have work in Richmond at which I can make plenty of money. I have rented a nice little house there and furnished it very comfortably, and now I am going up after my wife." I was very much gratified to see the marriage turning out so well, for, unfortunately, these army marriages did not always so result.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Two New Zealand Cities.

Christchurch is the "City of the Plain," and plain enough it is. It spreads over two miles square, and looks like some of our over-grown villages out West. But it has a river Avon running through it which is as crooked as a ram's horn or a sheep's hind leg. This is not the Avon that Shakespeare lived on at Stratford; but everything here is named after somebody or something in the old country. There is one of the finest museums here I have ever seen, and the Domain, or public ground, is very fine, with maple trees and several barberry bushes from the States, and many choice flowers. The drainage is on top of the streets; cement gutters, which have to be cleaned every morning, as there is not fall enough on many of them for the water to run off. Still it's rather a fine city, and in time will be a large and prosperous one. It's so quiet now you can hear your heart beat anywhere in the streets. And it reminds one to be thankful you have one to beat.

Dunedin is the best built city in the colony, and has a population of thirty thousand. The residences are upon the hillsides and tops, and have a splendid view from all parts of the city. Princess street is over a mile in length, and is solidly built. It has street-cars and all the conveniences of any American city, but no hotel. There is not one in the colony. There are hundreds by that name, but they are nothing but rum-holes. I did not see much of the city, for it rained all the time I was there. Its public buildings are fine, and there are many things there to interest the traveler.

Maxims for the Thoughtful.

A burnt mustache dreads the short cigar.

There's many a slip between the pulpit and the church door.

A sliver in your hand is worse than two thousand in the hand of your friend.

Never build castles in the heir. They are ever liable to be overthrown.

Put a rich man on mule-back, and the mule will throw him just as quickly as he would a beggar.

Least said the sooner the deadlock is ended.

Piety is often but knee-deep.

You can't make a portmanteau out of a two-legged calf.

Bangs cover a multitude of wrinkles.

Like the dog in the manger, the nose is above kissing and is always ready to interfere with the kissing of others.

A Little Previous.

Wife, just returned from a shopping tour—"Come and see what I've got for you, Eugene."

Eugene—"Ah, just like you, darling; always thinking of me!"

He advances as his wife removes the wrapping and exposes some fine drawings from a neighboring marble yard. Husband starts back and exclaims, excitedly:

"Gracious, Laura! what did you bring these things here for?"

Thoughtful wife—"Well, Eugene, I heard you complain of feeling unwell, this morning, and I thought you'd like to look at some tombstone patterns."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

FOR THE LADIES.

Mexican Society.

There exists no other society on the planet, not even India, where there is more distinction of caste and class than is found in Mexico. On the gulf coast, by consequence of unfortunate amalgamation of the white and the Indian and Chinese and the black races, there are said to exist at least a dozen separate classes of humanity, of different color, or, at least, of different characteristics. In the capital such is not the case. There are Castilians and creoles, or children of Indian mothers and Spanish fathers and full-blooded Indians. The creoles are noted for their intelligence, their symmetry of form and feature and their personal courage. Their complexion may be said to resemble that of the far-famed caballeros of Andalusia. The males are tall and shapely, while the ladies are generally very beautiful, are well formed, possess delicately moulded hands and feet, and the most beautiful eyes of any of the human family. The belles of the south of France, of the mountains and plains of Spain, of the Sierras and coasts of Portugal and the famous cities of Italy, must yield to their charming sisters of the Latin republics in the beauty, shape, size and expression of the eyes. They are so exceedingly expressive, a glance from between their low fringes seems to melt into the very soul.

The Mexican ladies are exemplary wives and fond and loving mothers. Their home to them is their entire world; their husbands the idols of their hearts, while their children are the angels which make their home their heaven. Yet, strange to say, there is no word in the Spanish language that can express the idea conveyed in our dear old hearty Anglo-Saxon word "home." The nearest approach to it is found in *hogar*, which may be translated "hearthstone" or simply "hearth." Yet, notwithstanding this, the ties of family are more binding in Mexican society than among any other race under heaven. The repentant outcast knows that he or she can always return to the friendly shelter of the family roof. While the prodigal son invariably finds the arms of the indulgent and forgiving parents open to receive him, for among the Spanish creoles "blood is thicker than water," and tears which stream from a mother's eyes have often wiped away the stains of erring daughters' sin. In Latin countries one false step is not so often followed by a parent's curse, nor the door shut to the return of one who has in the senseless parlance of society irretrievably fallen.—*New Orleans Democrat.*

Fashion Notes.

Brown lace is used on light colored silks.

Dragon green is a new shade of that color.

Ombre and Roman short sashes are worn.

"Teel" or apricot is the favorite shade of pink.

China crape is imported for overdresses.

Open work and fancy braid hats are the rage.

Black chenille forms part of the handsome mantles.

On wedding slippers ivory heels are the latest thing.

Dotted and flowered Swiss muslins are again very fashionable.

Colored lace mitts in every style are worn to match the costume.

The new almond color is only a revival of the old cuir or leather color.

Buttons with Æsop's fables are fit to amuse the children only—not for dresses.

Black and white checked silk neck handkerchiefs are worn with traveling suits.

The nearer the bangs and curls cover up the forehead the more fashionable is the wearer.

Skirts of sea-grass cloth embroidered in crewels are to be worn at the seaside this summer.

A befitting toilet constructed simply and of plain goods is far more pleasing than an elegant dress badly made.

Lawn tennis costumes are made of ecru or cream-colored batiste, brightened by wide bayadere stripes in rich Oriental colors.

Chantilly lace is worn over plaitings of delicately tinted satin, intermixed with poppies or fine soft flowers, for dress hats.

Roses of pink or crimson, dark red roses and dark red poppies are worn with black, or cream colored satin or Surah dresses.

Suits of checked linen in black and white are almost as pretty as the checked silks, and infinitely cooler for evening dresses.

Black silk grenadines, in Mexican grounds, have brocaded flowers in black plush, the leaves being outlined with threads of gold or silver.

Among the stuffs which have recently come into fashion is linen luster, an old-fashioned silky material worn in the time of our grandmothers.

Olivette is the name of a new hat which turns up all around, except just over the right shoulder, where it bends down very sharply. The trimming is feathers.

New designs in jewelry are suggestive of the land of the Nile. Egyptian and Cesnola designs prevail. The asp, the lotus leaf, and the Nile key are patterns much worn.

Wreaths of delicate roses, ending in fine sprays of rose leaves and moss buds, are worn under the oddly curved brims of the stylish and picturesque Spanish round hats.

Mother Hubbard cloaks for little girls are gathered in such a way that a ruffle stands out above the yoke. The effect is quaint and odd but not by any means pretty.

Gingham frocks for little girls are plaited from the neck to about half the distance between the belt and then allowed to fall loose. The trimming is Hamburg edging.

Thin silk scarfs bordered with deep chenille fringe and woven in embossed figures are to be worn for wraps with muslin gowns. They are to be found in all the pale tints.

The graceful little bags of tinted silk to be suspended from the belt or girdle are called "gipcieres."

The Greek polonaise is worn by half-grown girls. Some dressmakers give it the Marguerite sleeve, and the result is a garment that looks as if it had dropped together by accident.

One of Worth's new polonaises has the front cut away like a waistcoat, and the sides faced and folded back, with cascades of lace down each one and about the lower edge of the waistcoat.

A new hat made in Italy and on exhibition at Milan is all in one piece, retains its shape perfectly on the head, and can be sat on without sustaining a wrinkle. It would be a good theater hat on a "crush" night.

Very pretty is the mode of adorning flat bonnets with a bunchy torsade of the bright striped silk, and overlaying the crown by a square of crochet gimp pinned down cornerwise to form a Marie Stuart peak in front.

An English bride went to the altar the other day attended by five bridemaids dressed in primrose satin looped up with bouquets and trails of scarlet camellias and primroses, and yet the English are "quiet" in their tastes.

The latest novelty in fans was brought from the Orient, and is called the Amphora. They are very unique in shape, without handles, and are made up in silk and satin, with feather trimmings and artistic designs painted in colors.

The Mother Hubbard gowns for little girls are economical, for no sash is worn with them and they are easily made. All materials are used for these little costumes, even muslins and ginghams being fashioned in the quaint old style.

A style of hair-dressing, is the fashion of cutting the hair short from temple to temple and curling it in short heavy rings all over the crown of the head. The remainder of the hair is twisted in a Grecian coil low in the nape of the neck.

Hoop earrings are very popular. One variety shows a roll of Etruscan gold forming a plain, medium-sized hoop, but ending at the ear in the head of a savage little tiger with ruby eyes and open jaws. The new jewelry seems to be dimmed with the mold of a thousand years.

Fancy jewels play an important part in modern toilets. No scarf, tie or bow of any kind is now worn without being fastened with some sort of brooch. Most of these brooches are in the form of insects, butterflies, lady birds, snails, and even spiders, although the latter have not obtained the vogue that was predicted them.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Bad cooking is responsible for a large amount of ill-health, and so is rapid eating. Few persons chew their food perfectly fine before swallowing it. They have, so they think, not time to eat as they should, and so they swallow something and go about their work. A writer says: Three digestions are known to physiologists—mouth digestion, stomach digestion, bowel digestion. To make the first complete the food should be ground fine by the teeth and mixed with the saliva and nothing else; then, and not till then, it is ready to be introduced into the stomach, and go through the second process. The stomach is a patient, long-suffering organ, but it cannot always do the work of the teeth and its own too, and when from sheer inability to meet the unjust demands forced on it, dyspepsia with all its annoying train takes possession, the hapless victim can only mourn over his unwise haste and repent of his omissions when it may be too late to repair them. Children, especially, need to be instructed as to the necessity of thorough mastication of their food, and the habit formed in them of chewing it fine and taking ample time to eat.

It is an old German adage that "more people dig their own graves with their teeth than with spades," and verily it would seem so, if we could look at the immense number of dyspeptics, rheumatic and gouty individuals, creeping through life in pain and wretchedness. Yet it is impossible to induce even thinking people to control their appetites, and to eat such things and at such times as nature shows them is necessary and right. Dr. Hall declares unhesitatingly that it is wrong to eat without an appetite; for it shows that there is no gastric juice in the stomach, and that nature does not need food, and not needing it, there being no fluid to receive and act upon it, it remains there only to putrify, the very thought of which should be sufficient to deter any man from eating without an appetite to the remainder of his life. If a tonic is taken to whet the appetite it is a mistaken course, for its only result is to cause one to eat when already an amount has been eaten beyond what the gastric juice is able to prepare. The object to be obtained is a large supply of gastric juice; whatever fails to accomplish that essential object, fails to have any efficacy toward the cure of dyspeptic diseases. The formation of gastric juice is directly proportioned to the wear and tear of the system, which it is to be the means of supplying, and this wear and tear can only take place as the result of exercise. The efficient remedy for dyspeptics is work—out-door work—beneficial and successful in direct proportion as it is agreeable, interesting and profitable.

It is generally supposed that solids are more favorable to the health than liquids, which may not be wholly true. While solids absolutely demand considerable chewing, that they may be swallowed decently, most of our liquids and semi-liquids are swallowed about as the anaconda disposes of its prey. The first step in the digestive process is chewing, but that act is made a necessary means of causing the saliva to flow freely from the glands of the mouth, that this saliva—a solvent absolutely needed in a perfect division and preparation of the food for assimilation—may perform its office work. Insalivation cannot be secured by hasty swallowing. It follows, therefore, that soups and the like must remain for a time in the mouth, that their stimulus may cause a free flow of this solvent, by which only it can be combined with the food. If not so combined, either the digestion must be imperfect or the organs of digestion must be overtaxed, performing their own labors and that of the mouth. If the smoker and chewer destroy a part of this saliva, may not the result be the same as when one swallows soups, etc., rapidly, without insalivation?

It is true that there are some liquids—like the fruit juices, beef tea, crust coffee, etc., demanding no digestion, and yet it is safe to insalivate all passing in the stomach.—*Dr. J. H. Hanaford.*

A Poor Opinion of the English Army.

Major-General Synge, of the British army, who is now in New York, in conversation with a reporter was very emphatic in the expression of his opinions as to the forlorn condition of the British army. He said that the men were of light weight and undersized, and that the impression seemed to prevail that one man was as good as another for a soldier. There was no unity of feeling between the officers and men, while the whole standard of the troops was much lower than formerly. Ever since the abolishment of the Duke of Wellington's rule, or perhaps since the Crimean war, the English army had deteriorated. At present such a deplorable state of things existed that the officers were frequently made to appear ridiculous. The war with the Boers had been conducted in a most scandalous way. English officers and men being murdered under a flag of truce, and this almost with the connivance of English statesmen. The condition of Ireland being referred to, the general said: "The late administration warned the present one that there would be trouble if the 'peace act' was repealed, but to no avail. The act was repealed; the inhabitants immediately armed themselves, and now the British government has sent over troops to shoot down the inhabitants that it has been the means of arming."

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

An Old-Fashioned Boiled Dinner.

For the genuine boiled dinner, such as satisfied the sturdy men who "made and preserved us a nation," you want first a good piece of corned beef—not the lean, brown, bony slabs that are commonly set apart for that purpose, and eventually go to the hash-bowl, but a thick, tender cut, with liberal streaks of fat and lean. We confess to a preference for the home pickled meat; if you can't have that, and haven't faith in your butcher, select a piece fresh and have it put in his barrel to corn. Then take Savoy cabbages—about one more than you think you will want—some white French turnips, to be boiled with the beef, cabbage and potatoes and served hot, in slices. Select potatoes that will boil dry and tender without falling to pieces. Beets boiled separately, and served in hot vinegar and butter, complete the list. The condiments are not a slight matter—nothing is about a good dinner. To some people any colored fluid that is a trifle sour is vinegar; but the instructed taste knows better, and craves the genuine article on its boiled dinner. The mustard should be mixed fresh, for those who like it; an ancient pot of mustard is as bad as salt that has lost its savor. There should be no dessert after a boiled dinner, unless it be fresh fruit. Nothing is more incongruous or unnecessary than pastry and sweetmeats after such a repast.

Onions.

A Maine writer in the *American Cultivator* says: "My ground was broken up in the spring and planted to potatoes. Immediately after digging them in the fall I cleaned up the rubbish of every kind, then applied very evenly to the soil a fair coat of dressing, composed of scrapings of the barn-yard. Next I cultivated the ground three or four times quite deeply, the dressing working in readily. I then harrowed it down smoothly and allowed it to remain ten weeks to allow the weeds an opportunity to start. Next, I cultivated for the purpose of killing the weeds, finely harrowing the ground as smoothly as possible and let it rest until spring. As soon in the spring as the ground was fit, I worked the top with a horse harrow and a sand rake until I secured a seedbed about two inches in depth, fine, soft and completely mixed ready for the seed. After my onions came up I spread on salt and ashes. After the first weeding I applied another coat of ashes. A liberal use of ashes I consider a great benefit to this crop. At my first weeding I brush away the dirt from the onions. The second weeding finished, I sowed on a fertilizer composed of plaster, salt, ashes, lime and guano. All the small weeds should be destroyed as fast as they make their appearance; the large ones will not trouble the grower. By the above described method I raised on one-fourth of an acre of land 200 bushels of the largest and finest onions I ever saw, many of them weighing a pound and a quarter each, and with but very few scullions. On the same area of old ground, by similar methods, I raised 221 bushels of onions, very fine looking ones.

Farm Notes.

Potatoes, or any other root crops, may be grown in a young orchard. It would not do any injury to grow corn, but grain crops should not be attempted. They take from the soil the very elements which the trees require.

If young fruit trees recently transplanted blossom, they should not be allowed to bear fruit, as it will injure them. They need all their energies for growth of wood and should not be allowed to waste them on growth of fruit.

The *Prairie Farmer* says: "Weeds on gravel walks may be destroyed and prevented from growing again by a copious dressing of the cheapest salt. This is a better method than hand-pulling, which disturbs the gravel and renders constant raking and rolling necessary. One application, early in the season, and others as may be needed, while the weeds are small, will keep the walks clean and bright.

A Canadian agriculturist last season tried an experiment with potatoes that is worth noting. It was done by scooping out every eye from a potato, and inserting in the flesh of it a single eye, carefully cut from another potato of a different kind, and planting the seed thus prepared, obtaining thereby very curious crosses, which he exhibited at the Toronto industrial exhibition. The tubers were small as the first year's product from seed, and appear to partake of the characteristics of both the original varieties. Whether they will reproduce themselves the second year or revert to one or another of the original types is yet to be determined.

Mutton and Veal.

J. L. Hayes, at a convention of sheep breeders and wool growers held at Philadelphia, advised his auditors as follows: "I would say to the farmer, go on and manage your sheep in the way you can get the most money for their carcasses, whether raising mutton or lambs, and let your wool take care of itself. You must regard your sheep as machines for converting grass, roots and grain in the shortest possible time into mutton, with wool as a mere incident. By making your sheep fat in the shortest possible time—which you can do best with the English races—and killing them as soon as they are mature, you make the best and soundest wool. It will not only be young but healthy; it will have no tender places in it. Aiming for the best mutton, you will be certain to get the best wool, which will always sell, no matter what race it belongs to. This is the system in England, the greatest mutton producing and combing-wool-producing country in the world. It is really a matter of surprise in reading English agricultural journals to see how little consideration is apparently given to the qualities of wool, while the size and fattening aptitudes of the different breeds or varieties are the subjects of the most weighty attention. Yet it is fully recognized that the characteristic qualities of the English combing wools have been developed upon originally short-wooled animals, by the unconscious development of their forms, and the secondary qualities of their fleeces, through a constant aim to develop their carcasses for the mutton market. Thus the interest of the grower, the consumer of meat, and the manufacturer of wool are identified.

Recipes.

Celery Fritters.—Boil some thick but tender stalks of celery in salted water; when done dry them on a cloth, cut them in equal lengths about one and a-half inches; fry them in batter to a golden color, sprinkling fine salt well over, and serve.

Almond Cake.—One and one-half cups sugar, half cup butter, four eggs, half cup milk, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder; bake in sheets. Icing—Whites of three eggs beaten stiff, three tablespoonfuls white sugar, one cup chopped nut meats; flavor to taste and put these between and on top of layers.

Potato Pone.—This is a favorite dish in the West India Islands. Wash, peel and grate two pounds of potatoes; add four ounces each of sugar and butter melted, one teaspoonful each of salt and pepper; mix well together; place in a baking dish and put into a quick oven until it is done and becomes nicely browned.

Chocolate.—Put into a coffee-pot, set in boiling water, one quart of new milk (or a p