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Words of Wisdom.

Who walketh straight and acteth right,
Whose lips and heart in truth unite;
Who ne'er to slander lends his tongue
And to his neighbor doth no wrong;

Who lowers not his brother's fame,
Feels as his own his brother's shame;
For vile men hath no flattering word,
And honors those who fear the Lord;

Who ne'er on usury lends his gold;
Though injured, to his oath will hold;
And takes no bribe to doom the pure—
Who dealeth thus shall e'er endure.

Little Dancing Leaves.

Little dancing leaves
In the garden bower,
Which among you grieves
Not to be a flower?
"Never one!" the light leaves say,
Dancing in the sun all day.

Little dancing leaves,
Roses lean to kiss you;
From the cottage eaves
Nestling birds would miss you—
We should tire of blossoms so,
If you all to flowers should grow!

Little dancing leaves—
Grasses, ferns and sedges,
Nodding to the sheaves
Out of tangled hedges—
What a dull world would remain
If you all were useful grain!

Little dancing leaves,
Who could do without you?
Every poet weaves
Some sweet dream about you.
Flowers and grain awhile are here;
You stay with us all the year.

Little dancing leaves,
When through pines and birches
The great storm-wind heaves,
Your retreat he searches;
How he makes the tall trees roar!
While you—only dance the more!

Little dancing leaves,
Loving and caressing—
He most joy receives
Who bestows a blessing.
Dance, light leaves, for dancing made,
While you bless us with your shade!

—*Lucy Larcom, in St. Nicholas.*

THE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

A lighthouse on a rocky coast. Outside, thunder, lightning, wind and rain, and great black waves dashing up against the rocks at the foot of the tower. Inside a winding flight of stairs leading to an octagon-shaped room containing the plainest furniture. The occupants, a girl of eighteen, tall and lithe, with black hair hanging in massive braids to her waist, and luminous gray eyes under straight black brows. Her dress of gray waterproof cloth was short and scant, and hung in wet folds about her limbs; and strangest of all girdles, a coil of rope encircled her waist and trailed one end on the floor. By her side a boy of fourteen years, with his blue blouse open at the throat, and a faded plush cap on his dark curls. These two were bending over a man who lay in all his magnificent length on the floor. A picturesque-looking man, with fair hair clinging in dripping masses to his forehead; a curling golden beard and a white firm throat, and one might be persuaded that the closed lids with their long fringes covered a pair of steel blue eyes.

"Reckon he's a goner, Liz," said the boy, as he paused in his vigorous rubbing of the man's hands.

The girl was forcing some liquor from a tin cup between the blue lips, and did not answer directly; but when their patient gave the faintest possible sigh, she exclaimed, joyfully: "See, Neddie, he breathes! Now work fast," whereupon they both fell to rubbing him at a great rate.

When Allen McIntyre opened his eyes he looked about him confusedly. The odd little room, the girl with her black braids, and the boy looking so like her that one would at once recognize the relationship; the drenched condition of all three, and the strange languor through all his frame—what did it mean? He closed his eyes wearily, and then the boy spoke up in this bluff fashion:

"You came near going under, I cap'n, but Lizzie pulled you out."

Then McIntyre remembered all, and languidly raised himself into a sitting posture.

"It is too wild a night to be afloat in a little craft like that," said the girl, making a gesture seaward, where a tiny boat had broken up an hour before.

"It was fair when I left the shore," replied the man. "I ventured further than I intended. Then the wind went down, and I could only drift until the storm arose. I have a recollection of a fierce rush of wind and wave that upset my boat, and a blow on my head, probably from some part of the boat as I went over."

"Yes," said the boy, "there came a flash of lightning, and Lizzie and I, looking out, saw the boat capsize. So Lizzie caught a rope and ran, and I after her."

"We're used to that sort of thing—eh, Lizzie?" Lizzie nodded, and the boy continued, animatedly: "You see, my father keeps the light, but he is sick now, so Lizzie and I tend the light—we always do when father is sick or gone to the mainland—and we've pulled out more than one fellow more than half dead. Why—"

"Never mind that, Neddie," interrupted his sister, gently, and the unspoken reproof in her voice had the effect of making the lad look somewhat shamefaced as he went back to the first part of his story.

"Well, sir, we ran down the slope at the side of the cliff out there, where the waves were tearing up like 10,000 wild horses. And every time it lightened we could see you bobbing around out there like a piece of cork. We were afraid of your striking against the ledges, so Lizzie fastened one end of the rope about her waist and I held the other while she went straight in and struck out for you."

McIntyre uttered a low exclamation and turned his gaze from Neddie to Neddie's sister. The boy wagged his head proudly.

"Ah," said he, with gleaming eye, "that's nothing for our Liz to do! She caught you, and I pulled you both in. But you're monstrous heavy! I thought we'd never get you upstairs."

McIntyre laughed as he rose rather doubtfully to his feet.

"I feel a trifle shaky," he said; and then, "It is easy to see that you are brother and sister. I am Allen McIntyre, at your service, Miss Lizzie," and he bowed in a fashion that gave the lie to his declarations of shakiness. "Of course I realize that you and your gallant brother here have rendered me a great service—one for which you shall not go unrewarded, although I can never hope to fully recompense you."

Lizzie raised her head haughtily.

"Sir, such work as we have done tonight we do not for wages. If you feel strong enough, I will walk with you to the house. I think the storm is passing over. We live a quarter of a mile from the light. Our accommodations are plain enough, but there is no other house on the island."

"Oh, I am as good as new, now," said McIntyre; "but will you leave this boy here all alone."

She smiled.

"Ned is not afraid, and he can tend the light as well as I."

"Very well I will go with you."

He waved a smiling adieu to the boy, and followed his guide down the narrow stairway.

Two days later a small sailboat put out from the island, which, when it returned, brought McIntyre's luggage.

Lizzie's father, who was laid up with an attack of rheumatism, had taken a fancy to the young man, who expressed a desire to spend a few weeks there at any price they might charge. Captain Clyde straightway ordered Neddie off in his new boat to the mainland for the gentleman's traps. The youngster obeyed this order with alacrity, for the good-humored ease of the stranger, together with his evident appreciation of "our Liz," had wrought favorably on our Neddie. Even the maiden aunt, who kept the house, smiled frostily at the prospect of this pleasant addition to their family.

McIntyre, who had been wandering about three or four hundred miles from home in search of a quiet place to spend the summer, congratulated himself on having drifted to the very place.

"Although it was an expensive style of drifting," he remarked, with a smile, as he inclosed a bank note in an envelope, to be sent to the owner of the little craft which had slipped him out into the waves abreast of the lighthouse.

A week later, as he sauntered shoreward, there came to his ears a wildly sweet strain of melody. As he listened in amazement, for he had seen no musical instrument about the place, he began to realize that it was a part of Strauss' artist life waltzes that he heard—a strain that he often whistled. He stepped round the jutting of the cliff, and there, leaning against the granite wall, was Lizzie, her chin dropped carelessly on a little red violin, as she drew the bow across the strings. She flushed like a guilty thing when she saw McIntyre.

"You whistled that the other day," she faltered, "and I liked it so much—it haunted me all the time."

He stepped forward.

"Why, Lizzie! Is it possible you play like that without notes?"

"I don't play much now," she said, drawing her dark brows over her eyes. "A party of ladies and gentlemen came here to visit the lighthouse once and overheard me playing. I heard one of the ladies say: 'The idea of a girl with a fiddle!' So I thought perhaps it didn't look well."

"Not look well, indeed!" and he laughed in merry scorn. "Why, child, did you ever hear of Camilla Urso?"

"No."

"Well, she is a lady, and she makes the most exquisite music on a fiddle and thousands of people go to hear her. Why, Camilla Urso herself would listen with pleasure to your music, Lizzie," said McIntyre, extravagantly. "Who taught you to play?"

"No one. This violin belonged to my father, and he learned me how to tune it. I pick up tunes that I hear, but I never heard anything half so beautiful as the tunes I hear you sing and whistle."

McIntyre smiled; his repertoire of music consisted of snatches of operas, waltzes, redowas and German airs, which had dimly associated in his mind with nights of brilliant gayety; and he wondered dreamily how this pure-minded, healthy-souled girl would look upon the elegant dissipation carried on by the set of which he was a favorite. A sudden glow warmed his heart as he thought that not one of the fine ladies who had swung languidly through the mazes of that very waltz of the great composer's could have rescued him so bravely from the jaws of death as Lizzie had—Lizzie, who stood there so quietly, with her little violin hanging from her breast, and her fingers straying lovingly over the strings.

"Tell me about Camilla Urso," she said, presently. "Did you ever hear her play?"

"Yes, indeed! I have a paper in my trunk containing a little sketch of her life, which you may read for yourself, and which will tell you better than I can of her talent."

For a moment Lizzie's eyes met his own, a look of shame and distress gathering in them.

"Mr. McIntyre, that will be of no use—I cannot read."

"Lizzie!"

Her violin slipped from her grasp and would have fallen to the ground had not McIntyre caught it, and she covered her face with both hands.

"But Lizzie," persisted her companion, in some perplexity, "I do not understand. There are good public schools in the city, and surely your father must have known that it was his duty to give a girl like you an education, to say nothing of Neddie, who is growing up such a splendid young fellow."

"It is very kind of you to say such things of Neddie and me; we are common people, and ours is a common life. Neddie did spend two years with our uncle who lives in York State. He went to school there. But father doesn't think much of book learning. Aunt Jane never had time to help me, and Neddie is too restless to keep still long enough, I suppose." She continued quaintly, "You who live out in the world look at these things in a different way; but I know of many who are just where I am. Why, there is a whole family on that island," pointing to a tiny speck away to the eastward, "who cannot read or write. Once in three months, perhaps, they go to the mainland. I scarcely ever go. I suppose I shall always live here, and I am contented—I think," and a look of doubt gathered in her eyes; "at least I was. But lately I have wished so much that I could read and had books—for it is so lonely here in the winter."

"Well, dear child," said the young man, gently, "this gives me the privilege of paying my debts, doesn't it?"

"Your debts?" echoed Lizzie, in surprise.

"Certainly. Did you not fish me out of the water a week ago? Well, now you shall put your six feet of driftwood to some service. I will teach you to read and to write."

After that McIntyre proved the most faithful of teachers, and his pupil made steady progress in her lessons. Neither was the violin any longer in disgrace. Lizzie played to attentive ears while learning a deeper lesson than either at first realized. McIntyre was the first to wake up. He was a man of the world, and understood himself, or thought he did, thoroughly. Accordingly he started one morning for a stroll along the beach to think it over.

"As the case now stands," he soliloquized, as he lit a cigar and threw away the match, "it is either Lizzie or the world; and I confess the world has charms for me."

His gaze wandered absently over the swelling waves, and lingered on a far-off sail that dipped and rose, dipped again, until it sank below the horizon. His lip curled involuntarily as he thought of the delicate ladies in his set, and how wretched they would make the poor girl's life in their own high-bred fashion. No—but would they, though?"

A faint amusement lingered in his face as he recalled Lizzie's rather stately carriage and stately dignity that redeemed her from being commonplace. He laughed out.

"It would be fun to see her among all those peacocks. Poor Lizzie! What a shame that she has been neglected! If she had received half the advantages of any one of my acquaintances she would have surpassed them all. Well, well, it is high time I returned home. I have been here six weeks. Yes, I will go away to-morrow and forget her, as she will forget me."

So saying, McIntyre threw away the end of his cigar and started into a brisk walk along the shore, coming directly upon the object of his thoughts, who was pacing to and fro, drawing primitive music from her violin. She wore a scarlet jacket over her gray dress, and a white handkerchief tied over her head and under her chin. His heart throbbed faster at the sight of her.

"Fool!" he muttered, "to think I could leave her. Now, then my man,

"'It's all for love, and the world well lost.'"

Lizzie greeted his approach with a smile, but played to the close of the strain before she spoke. It was a little German air that he had taught her.

"Is that right?" she queried, as she finished.

"I cannot tell you."

Then, meeting her look of astonishment with his own earnest gaze, he said:

"Lizzie, will you care very much when I go away from here?"

Her eyes dropped, the red blood dyed her cheek and brow for a moment, and then faded away, leaving her quite pale.

"I think it will be well for you to go," she said.

"And why, Lizzie, will you tell me? You need not fear to tell me anything," he added, as she hesitated.

She looked away from him, and her voice was almost inaudible as she answered:

"Because—because—Oh, I cannot tell you! You know—"

"I have thought of going, Lizzie; but I realized to-day that I cannot leave you—ever again, dear."

He put one arm about her, but she drew away from him, trembling from head to foot.

"Don't, Mr. McIntyre! I want to remember you kindly, and I cannot if you use such language to me."

"For heaven's sake!" he cried, in astonishment, "tell me, have I said anything wrong to you? Is it wrong to love you? If that is a sin, then I am the greatest of sinners"

"I do not forget that you are a gentleman, and I but a poor, ignorant girl, who knows only what you have taught her."

"But, Lizzie, I ask you to be my wife, and you have not answered me. I do not boast when I say my suit would not be rejected in most families of high standing where I am known."

"Ah, that is the idea," she exclaimed, hastily; "if, as you say, you do care for me"—she stammered a little over the words, "you would soon grow weary of my stupid ways. I should shame you every day of your life, and your grand friends would wonder at your choice, and I should die of homesickness."

"With me, Lizzie?"

"Yes, even with you!" smiling and blushing as she met his eyes.

He laughed—he was so sure of winning her—and kissed her mouth.

"Well, sweetheart, I will live here then, and turn keeper of the light after your father. Will that suit you?"

"Don't deceive yourself, Mr. McIntyre. We would not be happy together, and think how terrible it would be—bound together forever."

He laughed exultantly and with a great deal of amusement.

"Faith! I think it would be a mighty pleasant thing. Come, Lizzie, you can deny me no longer. Do you not see that your own happiness depends upon your answer? Now kiss me, dear, and tell me that you will take the life you were so brave to save into your own keeping."

He drew her gently toward him, but she faced him suddenly, with great tears trembling on her long lashes.

"Do you think it costs me nothing to refuse you—you who have made my life so beautiful these few short weeks? I am rude and ignorant—such a wife would burden and disgust you in time. It is for your good that I refuse to accept what seems like a heaven to me." And then, swift as a deer, she flew along the shore, leaving McIntyre to struggle between anger, amusement and wounded self-love.

All that day he tried to speak with Lizzie alone, but she gave him no opportunity. At last, in very desperation, he tapped at the door of her father's room. Captain Clyde was again suffering with rheumatism, and the young man found him in the easy-chair, while Lizzie hovered about him.

"Captain Clyde," said McIntyre, as he blocked the doorway with his broad shoulders to prevent Lizzie from escaping, "I wish to say a few words to your daughter in your presence, since she refuses to grant me that privilege elsewhere."

"Say on, my lad, she would be proud to hear whatever you have to say to her."

"Well, Lizzie, I will go away from here to-morrow, and stay as long as you bid me. When the time is up I will return to claim you for my wife. You shall see that this is no idle, passing fancy."

His eyes, grave and sad, rested on the girl's flushed face, and the bluff captain's eyes widened in amazement.

"Speak out, gal," he commanded. "Have you anything to say to this young man, who woes you like a gentleman? Shall he come—or no?"

And Lizzie answered, with downcast eyes: "If he comes one year from this time, and still cares for me, I will be ready."

"And is that all, Lizzie?" he said, stepping toward her with outstretched arms

"No, I'll be bound!" said the old man, with a sly twinkle in his eyes. "When I went courting, my little girl used to kiss me." And reaching over he gave Lizzie a little push that sent her into the arms of her lover; whereupon they all laughed, and Lizzie, after kissing McIntyre, shyly slipped from the room.

* * * *

A whole year passed by, and not unhappily to Lizzie, who had faithfully endeavored to improve herself. She spent the winter "on the mainland," with some friends. She studied, read, watched the people about her, and, never coarse herself, despite her commonplace life at home, she fell easily into the new groove. Although not unhappy, the girl's cheek was paler than of yore, and her eyes held a wistfulness that had grown in them since parting from her lover, for occasionally this thought crossed her dreams for the future: "He may not come at all—he may forget."

But Allen McIntyre was truer than most of his kind; for the early fall brought him again to Lizzie's house. While he waited in the old-fashioned sitting-room, the door was opened hesitatingly, and who was this before him?

Allen had left a young gypsy, magnificent in her way, with coal black braids and flashing eyes, yet scarcely the figure for a drawing-room in her short gown and thick coarse shoes; a daughter of the sea, sun-browned and fearless. But this—was this Lizzie? A graceful woman in trailing robes, and the shining hair braided and coiled about her head, resting in a coronet a queen might envy, above the low broad brow. Paler than of old, her eyes downcast but shining softly through their happy tears, her mouth smiling triumphantly. Was this Lizzie? Why, not a woman in all his brilliant throng he remembered could compare with her,

Every summer a handsome gentleman and his dark-haired wife visit the light-keeper's home; and every fall they return to their stately home in a far-away city, where the lady does the honors of her grand house with a grace that charms all.

And yet Allen McIntyre laughingly accuses his wife of "fishing for him."

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The precision of modern engineering is forcibly illustrated by the recently-accomplished feat of picking up a long unused ocean cable from a depth of 2,000 fathoms. The scientific engineering which locates a fault with so much exactness and so readily finds a mere thread two miles under the sea must add much to the security and value of ocean telegraphic property.

In his address at the York meeting of the British association Professor Huxley predicted that fifty years hence, or in the centennial year of the association, whoever undertakes to record the progress of paleontology will note the present time as the epoch in which the law of succession of the forms of the higher animals was determined by the observation of paleontolgical facts.

Experiments by German scientists in ascertaining the peculiarities of the electric light, establish the fact that it is not only healthier than other methods of illumination in leaving the air purer, but that it increases the power of the vision in some respects, especially in distinguishing colors. Red, green, blue and yellow are made much more distinct and marked under this light than by daylight.

When the earth in which a plant grows is much warmer than the air the plant grows very thick, ceases almost altogether to increase in height, and finally shows deep transverse rifts which make further growth an impossibility. These effects were produced by M. Prilleux, who used a large dish of earth, in which he planted the seeds, and kept the earth ten degrees warmer than the moist air of the chamber.

The *Monitour Industriel*, in an article on the influence of temperature on the resistance of steel, states that it is the presence of phosphorous which is the main cause of the variation in strength. Iron, which contains none of it, maintains the same breaking strain in various temperatures, and gave only a slight variation of the limit of elasticity. It follows from this that one of the best means of avoiding the breakage of wheels, tyres and axles of cars and locomotives is the employment of pure steel free from phosphorous.

The Society Boy.

The other evening there was a little company up on Joralemon street, and during the entertainment the hostess dragged her hopeful to the front to "speak a piece."

"Come, Johnny, like a good boy, and speak Mary's little lamb for the ladies and gentlemen."

Johnny knew that there was remuneration in the background, and the preliminaries having been arranged in an undertone, he wet his thumb, slicked his hair and started in:

"Mary had a little fleece,
Its snow was white as wool,
And every time that Mary lambed
That fleece would go to school."

"Now, now, Johnny," said his mother, "you know that isn't right. Say it just as you did this afternoon and I'll——;" here she broke into a maternal whisper, and the inevitable nuisance turned up again:

"Mary had a little lamb
Whose white was snow as fleece,
And everywhere that Mary went
That lamb would go a piece."

"Johnny, Johnny," chided the mother. "That isn't quite right. Speak it right this time. The ladies and gentlemen never heard it. Now go on."

Once more the common and inexhaustible fraud went at it:

"Mary had a little snow,
Its fleece was lined with white,
And everywhere the lamb would go,
Mary was sure to bite."

"What a naughty boy!" exclaimed the proud mother, who had been training the cub all the afternoon for this display. "Now speak it right or mamma won't kiss you when you go to bed."

Thus encouraged the insect perpetrated himself once more:

"Mary had a little wool,
It's fleece was white as snow,
And every once that Mary fleeced
The white was sure to show."

"I'm ashamed of you, Johnny, that you don't speak it right. You must do it this time or mamma will have to punish you."

"I won't!" bawled the urchin.

But his mother promised him some additional candies or buns or clams or something that had the great social advantage of laying heavy on his stomach, and the wretch began to bawl:

"Mary had a little school,
Its snow was fleece as lamb,
And everywhere that Mary went,
You'd surely find that ram."

Then the guests very properly interfered, and said it was a shame to torment the sweet child. He had done nobly, and should have his pay right off.

And his mother packed him off to bed while the company found solace in the reflection that he would probably burst his head open before morning bawling with the stomach ache and writhing under the nightmare.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Excess of Modesty.

Many truly great men have been diffident in company, or have broken down in attempting to speak. Robert Hall made an utter failure the first time he attempted to preach, The great Pitt was exceedingly shy in his private intercourse with men, and even with children was not quite at ease. When Daniel Webster was a schoolboy, he tells us, "Many a piece did I commit to memory and rehearse it over and over again in my room; but when the day came, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned upon my seat, I could not raise myself from it." Cowper's friends procured him a place as clerk in the house of lords, where his duties only required him to stand up and read parliamentary notices and documents. The thought of standing up before such an audience was so terrible to him, that as the time drew on he was in an agony of apprehension, and tried to hang himself. So there is hope for all who are afflicted with shyness.

The oriole was called the "Baltimore bird," because it wore the colors of Lord Baltimore, black and yellow.

FOR THE LADIES.

Cloth Costumes.

Cloth is the fashionable woolen fabric for street costumes this winter. It is worn in all its varieties, such as the smooth habit cloth called Amazon or lady's cloth, the tricot, which is in small figures like armure, and the rough-finished Cheviots like those worn by gentlemen. The simple and stylish cloth suits made by a tailor, are perhaps most in favor, though there are many imported costumes of cloth that are far more showy. The tailor-made suits rely upon their fine fit for their beauty, as they have no trimmings but the usual rows of machine stitching, and some plaiting on the bottom of the skirt; later in the winter a border of fur will be placed around the skirt, and a separate collar and cuffs of fur will be added to the coat For slender ladies the basques of such dresses are made double-breasted, with a single box-plait closely stitched down each front, and one double box plait in the back. A slit is left open each side of the back, between the middle forms and side forms. A wide stitched belt is strapped on the side seams; there is a slit for a breast pocket, and side pockets also; the collar is Byron shape, and the cuffs are square. If the basque is intended for a full figure the plaits are omitted, and it is a simple postilion basque, single or double breasted, straight around or shorter on the hips, as best suits the wearer's taste. The skirt is cut off about the knee and box plaiting is added to finish out the length, or else the skirt is entirely plain, with several rows of stitching near the foot, and this is afterward trimmed with a border of fur. The overskirt is draped permanently on the lower skirt, being sewed in the same belt. This may be the ordinary round apron, or it may be pointed low on one side. The bouffant appearance given many new dresses is not congruous with these suits, and tailors say with pleasure that bustles cannot be worn with the costumes they make as the heavy fabric will weight them down. For very young ladies the newest cloth basque is very short, being only three inches below the waist, and this is often a separate piece sewed to a round waist and curved in the front below the waist line. For the street a coat of cloth may be added, and warmly lined. This may be single-breasted, but is most often double-breasted, and is of medium length, with two box plaits behind. The cloths imported by tailors are of excellent quality, and cost usually $5 a yard. Eight yards is the average quantity required for a suit. The range of prices for such suits is from $75 to $125; with the lowest-priced suits there is no extra coat for the street. Tailors protest against the use of braid and frogs on cloth costumes, but ladies who have their own fancies carried out insist upon having these additions in the way of trimming. The thick tubular braid about a fourth of an inch wide is put around the skirt and overskirt in parallel rows, and the basque has trefoil trimming of braid across the bust, on the cuffs, the corners of the Byron collar, and on the middle forms of the back.

Imported cloth costumes are more elaborately draped and trimmed than the stylishly-severe suits made to order. Plush is the trimming most used upon these, and this is usually of a contrasting color, and the polonaise is the favorite overdress for such suits. A long, simply-shaped polonaise of myrtle or bronze-green cloth has double-breasted fronts fastened diagonally by bronze or old silver buttons, and the collar and cuffs are of ombre-striped plush shading from ecru to green, or else brocaded plush in leaf pattern is used in dark-red shades, or perhaps green shades. The skirt is then quite plain, with two great box-plaits behind, a cluster of side-plaits down the middle of the front, and a wide border at the foot of the plush trimming. The leopard-spotted plush is also liked for trimming dark-brown, tan-colored and ecru plush suits for young ladies; these youthful-looking dresses have a little pelerine cape of the plush, also a muff, and sometimes a turban. The London suits of cloth have braiding upon them in designs rather too elaborate to suit fastidious tastes, and sometimes cloths of two shades are used in the same costume, the darker shade forming the principal part of the costume, and stitched bands, plaitings, collar, cuffs and pockets, answering for trimming, are made of the lighter shade. Blocks, stripes and small checks of Cheviots are chosen by young ladies for their cloth suits, and in these the Prussian blue shades are very fashionable, also the copper reds, seal brown trimmed with green, or the opposite of this—green cloth with brown plush accessories—and finally the mustard and olive shades of Cheviot with dark garnet plush, or else sapphire blue or myrtle green.

Fashion Notes.

Scarlet polonaises, to be worn over black skirts, are shown by Paris milliners.

Among favorite ornaments in millinery are those of iridescent steel and beads.

The caprice of the movement abroad is the absence of jewelry from even ball toilets.

Bridal slippers are of white satin, high heeled and with rosettes or buckles of paste.

Little boys and girls are considered a necessary part of a bridal procession nowadays.

Velvet basques will be much worn with silk, satin, Riradzimire and soft wool skirts.

A novelty in dress goods are the Jersey webbings, an elastic fabric showing a silk surface and a wool back.

A pretty collar for a serge gown is square in the back, with a box-plait in the center, and has square ends in front.

American reversible carpets and rugs, copying in color and design real Smyrna ones, are attracting favorable attention. These are excellent imitations and come at much less than the cost of the genuine ones.

A new sleeve, designed by Worth, is described as having one seam which comes inside the arm, and it is shirred into a point at the neck, with the fullness inserted between the back and front of the waist.

Some of the most elegant novelties of the season are in sash ribbons nine inches wide. These ribbons are double-faced; some show a moire surface on one side and plush on the other. Roman sash ribbons come with a double face of plush in changeable colors.

Two wide box plaits for back breadths, single plaits for the side breadths, and no plaits at all for the front breadth, is one of the ways of arranging the fullness on new skirts. The real skirt is very narrow and closely gored, and the plaits are an overskirt in reality.

The things that an ingenious woman can do with brocaded velvet are innumerable, and not the least pretty are the borders which she can make for brocade pelerines by cutting out the figures and button-hole stitching them on the edge, setting feather trimming underneath to puff between the pretty curves.

Bodices with girdles of velvet or satin of contrasting colors, or those which harmonize with the shade of the dress, are very popular with stylish young ladies. Cut low under the arms the girdle tapers off into a minute point far below the waist. They are trimmed with beaded appliques, embroidery, or are sometimes hand-painted. Those of plush, however, are made perfectly plain, and laced front and back with gold silk cords. The last mentioned models are considered the most elegant.

Splendors of a Mediæval Banquet.

When Henry III. of France and King of Poland was on his return to Paris to take up the government which had devolved upon him by the death of Catherine de Medici's two elder sons, he passed through Venice, and the reception given to him by the Queen of the Adriatic is a fair specimen of numerous displays of a like nature. On the Venetian frontier a goodly number of senators and councillors met the king; his gondola was spread with gold brocade; the nobles toled off to attend him were dressed in flowing robes of silk; sixty halberdiers as guards of honor wore liveries of orange-colored silk, and carried ancient battle-axes. Four hundred rowers sped the royal craft on its way to the Lido, followed by countless gondolas of the nobility draped in cloth of gold and resplendent with mirrors and arms. On the Lido was erected a triumphal arch, of which Palladio, the celebrated Vicenzan, had been the architect, and which Tintoretto and Palo Veronese had painted. The king was lodged in the Foscari palace, adorned for the purpose with everything that was rich in tapestry and gold. But the banquet in the evening was the most striking ceremony. It took place at the Giudecca, just over against the favorite hotel of modern Venice; the royal gondola glided down the grand canal amid soft-sounding music, and at the steps the monarch was received by twelve noblemen dressed in picturesque mariner's costume, blue satin with scarlet facings, each with a lady in white resting on his arm. Three thousand guests awaited the king's advent into the courtyard, resplendent with jewels and gold brocade. To while away the time before the banquet was announced, an acrobat performed gymnastic feats for the edification of the guests, and all around was assembled a sparkling fleet of gondolas with their torches and gilded prows, and their crimson damask coverings floated in the waves, for there were no sumptuary laws in those days, and no restraint on display. Tables were laid to accommodate the 3,000. For the royal entertainment a curious surprise was prepared. Henry was invited to seat himself at a table made entirely of sugar; the napkins, plates, knives, forks, etc., were all made of that commodity; so good was the deception that the king complacently sat down, but on taking up his napkin he found it crumble beneath his grasp. The plate before the king had upon it the figure of a queen seated on two tigers, which had on their breasts the arms of France and Poland. On the right of the royal seat were two sugar lions with a pallas and a justice of like material, while on his left stood a sugar St. Mark and a sugar David, and on the table were spread horses, trees, ships, etc., all of sugar. After the repast 1,270 figures of sugar were distributed among the fair sex as a pleasing memorial of the event. After this episode the king was taken to a more substantial table and to food of a more substantial character. At the intervals of courses, comedies were acted and poems sung; around the hall were planted rare trees and odorous plants, baskets full of fruit hung from the ceiling, and tame hares, rabbits and birds were chained among the trees with silken cords. The repast lasted for four hours, and ninety courses passed before the royal eyes; and then at the end of all things a huge pie was opened from which issued birds, and the guests arose to give them chase, the prize for the largest bag being an ostrich egg set in gold. With this began the dancing and revelry of the evening. These public banquets were imitated extensively in private life Four to five hundred ducats was an ordinary sum for a Venetian to spend on an entertainment. The art of cooking was carried to a ridiculous excess; into every dish it was deemed necessary to cast some gold dust to give it what they termed "the heart."—*Frazer's Magazine.*

Otters on the Missouri.

The following extract is from one of the letters of the New York *Herald* correspondent, who made a canoe voyage down the Missouri, accompanied by Captain Boyton, the latter being in his rubber suit:

The temperature was below freezing point when the captain entered the water on Thursday afternoon, and I began to realize that there were warmer habitations to be found than a canvas canoe. Fortunately we were protected in a measure from the wind by ranges of "gumbo" hills, through which we paddled all the afternoon. These bleak masses are composed of a sticky substance, which becomes quite slippery in wet weather. Not a blade of grass will grow upon it, except here and there where the natural soil rises to the surface. The rain had worn little creeks in the ravines, and as we passed down the river hundreds of cascades tinkled musically, and their waters gushed into the Missouri and accelerated the current, much to the satisfaction of the captain, who is anxious to work southward before winter sets in. Ducks and other wild fowl cowered in niches or wherever they could gain a foothold under the banks to escape the keen wind. The sky was overcast and not a ray of sunshine appeared except a momentary gleam during a slight rain shower which occurred at 5 o'clock. Shortly afterward the river narrowed considerably, and we were forced to paddle through a fleet of snags close to the west shore. Upon examining the shores closely the presence of the snags were explained by hundreds of beaver slides which were worn in the muddy slopes. Scores of trees freshly felled by these industrious little animals lay upon the ground in all directions. I saw one huge cottonwood prostrate, the trunk of which, nearly two feet in diameter, had been gnawed as neatly as if it had been cut with a fine edged tool. It is a mistake to suppose that the beaver is almost extinct in America. The banks of the Missouri are completely hived with beaver holes, and on the tributary brooks they are numbered by hundreds of thousands. We met several trappers who were plying their trade in small covered boats. Some of them had accumulated 100 skins, ranging in value frhm $1 to $5 each, but the majority were merely able to obtain a living, and had to work hard to accomplish even that. Now and then they trap an otter, the skin of which sells for a handsome sum, but otter traps are beginning to be a rarity.

CONFIDENCE MEN.

How They Operate Between New York and Philadelphia.

A Philadelphia letter to a New York paper says: The bunko men who operate between this city and New York have been reaping a harvest of late The leader of the gang has in four instances represented himself as a nephew of Anthony J. Drexel or a member of the well-known banking house of which Mr. Drexel is the head. One of the victims was Mr. Evan Randolph, an experienced business man, whom he swindled out of $110. The second was Mr. Hazlehurst, a leading member of the Philadelphia bar, whom he caught for $2,400. The third was Mr. J. A. J. Sheets, a prosperous lumber merchant, who lost $2,900 by his confidence in the scoundrel. The fourth victim is no less a personage than the Hon. George Sharswood, chief-justice of the supreme court of Pennsylvania. In the latter case, however, the amount involved was only $10. The story of this operation was given to your correspondent as follows:

„As I was strolling up Broadway, in New York, a well-dressed young man addressed me by some name not my own, which I do not recall, and seemed both confused and incredulous when I told him that he was mistaken. He, however, apologetically said that I bore a striking resemblance to the gentleman who he supposed me to be, and that he would be grateful if I would tell him who I was. I gave him my name, and he left me with every mark of courtesy. I had not gone much further when another gentleman, youthful, well-dressed and of remarkably pleasing manners, crossed the sidewalk toward me, and, extending his hand, addressed me by name and professed to be delighted to have met me. His face did not seem unfamiliar to me, but I could not recall his name, and I supposed my puzzled look led him to relieve my mind, as he said: 'Ah, I see you don't remember me. I am F. A. Drexel, Jr. I have been studying art in Paris, and returned only last week.' He then asked many questions about the welfare of prominent Philadelphians, with whose names, occupations and social standing he seemed thoroughly familiar. He also conversed very interestingly on art matters abroad, mentioning incidentally that he had been an extensive purchaser for the account of his uncle's as well as himself. We walked uptown, chatting thus pleasantly, and not a suspicion that my companion was not what he represented himself to be entered my mind. At length he mentioned that he had just received a very expensive painting from Paris—one for which Belmont's and Vanderbilt's agent had bid against him, but which he had bought for 50,000 francs. 'It was a very steep price, and I don't know how father and Uncle Tony will like it,' he said. He then invited me to look at his treasure, which, he said, was only a block or two away. Nothing was occupying me particularly at that time, and I consented. Turning down one of the cross streets we came to a handsome brown-stone house, into which we entered after ringing the bell. While we stood on the steps my companion told me that he had drawn the grand prize, 11,000 francs, in a lottery designed for the benefit of some Parisian art association, and was only waiting in the city for the money to come to hand. He then would go to Philadelphia and visit his relatives. The door was opened by a liveried porter, and we were admitted to a saloon parlor that seemed to have been turned into an office. Mr. Drexel introduced himself to the gentlemanly individual who occupied the desk, and said that he had brought me, mentioning my name, to see his famous picture. The gentlemanly individual was sorry that the picture had just been sent to Philadelphia, and he showed the express receipt in confirmation. Apologizing for the disappointment, my companion made a move as though to go away, when the gentlemanly individual, after a brief consultation of what seemed to be a book of entry, said: 'Mr. Drexel, I received the remittance of your grand prize, 11,000 francs, this morning. Here is the money,' and he counted out what seemed to be that amount. The gentlemanly individual then suggested that it would be well to take some tickets in another lottery drawing for the benefit of some other art association. Drexel was willing. He said he patronized such schemes for the benefit of art, and always turned his prizes over to deserving artists. I had scruples against such methods, but he insisted, and I handed him $10. Then they brought out a numbered chart, and gambling implements. I saw at once that the whole thing was a trick and device, and I repossessed myself of the $10 which I had given my companion, and which was lying on the table, and made my way out of the room without opposition. The pseudo Drexel came along, and agreed entirely with me in my estimate of the character of the place. I still had confidence in him, losing it only after suits had been brought to recover money falsely so obtained."

A Great Sauerkraut Center.

Chicago is the sauerkraut center of America. One firm recently advertised 500 barrels for sale, and the entire manufacture amounts to 10,000 barrels a year. The principal consumers are Germans, but there is a constantly increasing demand from Americans. The latter, however, do not take readily to the perfume. One dealer shipped a carload to St. Louis, and was notified by telegram on its arrival that it was spoiled. He telegraphed back, requesting the purchaser to call in a German expert, as he was certain some Yankee had been testing it. The advice was followed, the article pronounced good, and it was sold at a fair profit. A good deal of kraut is also imported from Germany, and is found to possess a peculiar flavor or bouquet which the American article lacks, although the Chicago manufacture is improving. The process of manufacture, in brief, is to cut the cabbage into long, thin slices, removing the core, which is stringy, and then pack in barrels, ramming down very compactly, either with wooden implements or by heavy men in rubber boots treading it. The application of salt and water is a mistake. It should be pressed so tightly that its own liquor will cover it, then headed up, a hole being bored in the head to allow fermentation. These simple rules will give a delectable compound, such as no American maker of sauerkraut has ever produced. The price for a good article is $11.50 per barrel of thirty gallons, and from fifteen to twenty cents per quart at retail.

An Epitaph.

A tombstone in the cemetery at Plattsburg, N. Y., over the grave of Catharine and Charles Straight, aged respectively three months and eight days and four months and four days, has the following:

They tasted of life's bitter cup,
Refused to drink the potion up.
They turned their little heads aside;
Disgusted with the taste, they died.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Hints for the Poultry Yard.

There is nothing new in the following suggestions of the New York *Tribune* in reference to poultry, but they are as practical now as ever:

First, hens, to do well, must have a warm, dry place, with plenty of sunshine. We always keep a box of ashes for them to wallow in, which should be kept perfectly dry. Every few weeks, and sometimes oftener, the hennery is thoroughly dusted with dry ashes, occasionally adding a little sulphur; and once in awhile we wet the roosts with kerosene. A spring-bottom oil-can is just the thing for the purpose. Attending to these rules carefully, you need not have lice, which is an important item in keeping poultry. Our chief object is eggs, for which there is generally a ready market and good price. And to lay well, hens must have plenty to eat and of the right kind. We generally feed corn, and in the winter let them shell it for themselves, after giving each car a blow or two with the hammer or something of that kind to start the kernels. This gives them exercise and keeps them from eating too