My thoughts go home to that old brown With its low roof sloping down to the

And the garden fragrant with roses and thyme. Where the honey-bees used to feast.

Afar in the west the great hills rose, Silent and steadfast and gloomy and

gray; I thought they were giants, and doomed to Their watch, while the world should wake or sleep, Till the trumpet should sound on the indgement day.

I used to wonder of what they dreamed As they brooded there in their silent

might, While March winds smote them, or June rains fell, Or the snows of winter their ghostly spell Wrought in the long and lonesome night.

They remember a younger world than ours, Before the trees on their top were born, When the old brown house was itself a tree, And waste were the fields where now you see The winds astir in the tasseled corn.

And I was as young as the hills were old, And the world was warm with the breath of spring, And the roses red and the lilies white

Budded and bloomed for my heart's delight, And the birds in my heart began to sing.

But calm in the distance the great hills rose, Deaf unto raptures and dumb unto pain, Since they knew that Joy is the mother of Grief, And remembered a butterfly's life is brief,

And the sun sets only to rise again. They will brood, and dream, and be silent, as now. When the youngest children alive to

Have grown to be women and men, grown

And gone from the world like a tale that is And even their echo forgets to stay.

THE ARTIST'S ROMANCE.

Alfred Hart was an artist, as yet un-known to fame. He had sent a picture to the Academy; and it had been refused. Nowise cast down by this failure, he resolved to try again. He called himself persevering; his friends called him obstinate; and his enemies said that he had mistaken his vocation, and ought to have been a house painter.

Our hero had his fair share of conceit, and, believing in himself, laughed at his friends and despised his enemies. It must be confessed that as far as

outward appearance went, Aifred Hart looked every inch an artist—that is, the popular idea of one-with his long hair, soft hat and velvet coat. Disgusted with the bad taste of the

"Academy," Alfred Hart betook himself to the seaside, after writing a furions article on favoritism to the newspaper, which was not inserted. Some day, Alfred Hart felt, he would

be appreciated; but, in the meantime, he would have probably starved, had it not been for a maiden aunt who allowed him so much a month in order that he might pursue his studies. He had been pursuing his studies a

very long time -being now, when our story opens, thirty-seven. Alfred Hart, on arriving at the sea-

side, went immediately in search of a lodging, his artistic paraphernalia under his arm. At the first house he presented him-

self he had a very unpleasant rebuff. "You're an artist! No, thank you!" said the landlady, "I couldn't take you "Why not?" asked our hero.

"Because," said the landlady, put-ting her arms akimbo, "I've heard that artists don't pay." "You are very insulting, madam!"

cried Alfred Hart indignantly. "Who saying: made such a scandalous libel on our honorable profession?"

"I'm a plain-spoken woman," went on the lady, "and I speak out straight. My sister once let her rooms to an ar-

"And the result?" "Was that he never paid! I'd much rather take a pork-butcher than an

artist, and that's the truth!" "There's a black sheep in every flock," observed Alfred Hart. "I can assure

you that I always pay my way,"
"If that's the case," said the sharp seaside landlady, "you'll have no objec tion to paying in advance."

"None at all!" said Alfred grandly, for he had just received a resultance from the aunt before mentioned. "I'll pay you in advance if the apartments Let me see them."

"This way, sir," observed Mrs. Law. a little more civilly. "Mind the steps, the passage is rather dark." The rooms suited Alfred Hart very

well, and he took them there and then. "Being an artist," said Mrs. Law, as she stood in the parlor by the window, "you will enjoy the view."

The view consisted of a long line of mud, for the tide had run out. 'Yes! I shall be very comfortable here no doubt," said Alfred, sinking into an arm-chair that had a broken spring. "I suppose you have been here

too long to enjoy the prospect."

Mrs. Law confessed that she didn t see much in it herself, as she rattled the "two weeks in advance" in her pocket. When alone, when Mrs. Law had left the apartment, Alfred took the wrapper

from the rejected picture, and gazed upon it. He was looking at it still when Mrs. Law entered the room bringing in the tea things. Now, Mrs. Law was a wo man of the world, and understood peo

pie's weaknesses. "Why, what a beautiful picture!" she cried lifting up her hands in affected admiration. "Did you draw that,

"Yes!" said Alfred, with a pardona-ble glow of pride. "I painted that pic-

"It's just lovely!" cried Mrs. Law. "Mrs. Law," cried the gratified artist. "you are a woman of sound discernment! You have a soul! You can appreciate art! Shake hands with me,

Mrs. Law readily acquiesced; the artist looking very happy indeed.
"Never saw such a daub in my life,"

observed Mrs. Law, when in the passage; "but it don't do no harm to flatter lodgers up. I'll charge him something for extras."

That night Alfred Hart had happy

dreams, despite the hardness of his bed. He dreamed that he was President of the Royal Academy, and that he would

allow no pictures there but his own. He awoke too soon to the hard reali- fierce but trembling in his shoes. ty, and went down to his breakfast, which consisted of weak tea, and a few diminutive shrimps, and not very inviting bread and butter.

After breakfast our hero went for a stroll by the ever-restless sea, the wind blowing his long hair over his head. A few excursionists made some un-

complimentary remarks about Alfred Hart; but he, being used to them, took no notice, beyond casting disdainful glances at the low creatures. He had proceeded on his way about

half-a-mile, when he came upon a young lady who, not knowing that anyone was in sight, was seated on a rock busily engaged in taking some stones out of her sand-filledshoe, and, in so doing, revealing a charming ankle.

Now, our hero was, as we know, a man of artistic taste, and therefore, gazed upon the girl with admiring eyes, thinking he would much like to paint her in that very attitude.

That afternoon, as he was having his dinner, the same young lady passed his window.

"Do you know her?" asked Alfred abruptly, looking at his landlady who was pouring him out a glass of ale. "Who?"

"That young lady who has just passed the window. the young lady who wears red stockings." "Why, Mr. Hart, how observant you

are!" observed Mrs. Law, going to the window. '. Oh: that's Miss Daffodil Nixon. Her father is something in the city; very well-to-do indeed, they say. She is his only daughter. The man who marries her will be a lucky fellow. Excuse me for saying it Mr. Hart, but a good-looking fellow like you might have a chance."

"So I might," said Alfred, much pleased; "but how am I to get introdu-

ced? "Ah! that's the difficulty," remarked Mrs. Law. Then she added, after a moments reflection: "Her father always goes every evening to the parlor of 'The Pirate and Admiral," and takes a glass; you might get into conversation with him," "You've hit it!" said Hart delight

edly; he felt that the fair Daffodil was already his. We have already told the reader that Mr. Alfred Hart had a very good opinion of himself. "If I win her," thought Alfred, "I'll

put such handsome frames to my pic-Delay is always dangerous. Our hero did not allow the grass to grow under

his feet. No he knew better. That very evening dressed in bis best he showed himself at the parlor of "The l'irate and Admiral."

John Nixon was seated at the end of the table, with a long pipe in his mouth -evidently he thought a great deal of himself.

But our hero did not find it so easy as he thought it would be to make J.hn Nixon's acquaintance. He was a grumpy, surly fellow, and hardly answered Alfred when he spoke.

After three evenings spent in vainly trying to make friends, Alfred Hart gave it up in despair. However, chance did for our hero what scheming could not do.

One afternoon Miss Daffodil, happening to fall asleep was caught by the tide. She awoke to find herself on a little island of sand surrounded by water.

Now, the probability is that had there not been a young man present, Miss Daffodil would have rushed through the depth; but a gentleman being in the way, she gave vent to a little shriek,

"Save me! Save me!" The gentleman was no other than Alfred Hart, and without the least hesitation, after casting a glance at the familiar red stockings-for Miss Daffodil had gathered her skirts around her -plunged into the water like the hero

he was. "I will save you!" he cried. "You are brave noble!" she cried, and the fair Daffodil threw her arms round his neck.

Once more he plunged through the ising water, and they were soon on dry

"I am saved said the girl, still entwi-ning her arms round Alfred's neck,-

fair flower as she was. "How can I lant conduct?" "Don't mention it," said Alfred half-

pleasure to risk one's life for one so peautiful," Now it must be confessed that Miss

Daffodil was not what might be called beautiful, though a fine-looking girl of about five-and-twenty summers. The next day, and the next, and after

that they met on the beach, walking side by side, the pleasant sound of the restless waters in their ears. She told him everything about herself, for Miss Daffodil was very frankhow she had money in her own right,

and how her father did not wish her to marry, because he would loose it, At length, one lovely evening, our hero asked the all-important question. "Daffodil, dearest Daffodil!" he said,

"I have loved---' "Oh, Alfred!" hiding her blushing face in her hands. "I have loved you," went on Alfred, ever since I first saw those yellow sandboots and red stockings."

"You wicked Alfred!" said Miss Daffodil, pinching him. "Darling, will you be mine?"
Of course she said yes, and the artist was rendered the happiest of men, looking forward to the time when he could

touch her money. On meeting her on the following evenng, Alfred suggested they should

"Where to?" asked Daffodil. "I'il take you to my aunt's," replied Alfred. "We will remain with her un-

"Will she like me?" asked Daffodil. "Everyone who sees you must like sald Alfred. He knew only too well that his aunt would be glad to hear

loud voice, and turning round, Alfred | many trusting dupes.

saw Daffodil's father tucking up his

"Did you address such language to me sir?" asked Alfred trying to look "Yes, sir!"

"Then I think I'd better go. Fare-well, dearest!" looking at Daffodil, "but not forever." And, with these parting words, he fled leaving father and daughter to-

gether. It was not forever, he met Daffodil on the following night, and, taking her to the station, took the train for Lon-

Alfred's aunt received bis future bride with enthusiasm, thinking that through her she would be relieved of her nephew's keep.

Three weeks afterwards they were married, and the artist felt that his triumph was comple. A few days after their marriage Alfred wrote to his father-in-law to tell him what had happened. The answer

that came back by return of post astonished him. "Sir,-I am glad to get her off my hands. I wish you luck. You'll find that she has a deuce of a temper .--

Yours faithfully, "JOHN NIXON." Her father only spoke the truth-Daffodil had a deuce of a temper; but Alfred would not have cared for that, had she possessed money. She had not a farthing in the world, and Alfred found that he had been thoroughly duped. But a worse misfortune awaited him. His aunt, thoroughly disgusted,

refused to do anything more for him. Thus left to his own resources, our hero saw that he would have to say farewell to art forever, for now he had to

keep himself and a wife. He tried another walk in life, and, when we last heard of him, was a commercial traveler, doing well. Is he happy with his wife? We believe quite as happy as most husbands are, for Daf-fodil with all her faults, is very fond of her Alfred.

The Winchester Eifle.

A pistol of decidedly clumsy appearance, and with fully as much brass as steel in its composition, was left for a drug store, with several other articles, by a gentleman who had some errands to do before taking a horse car from the corner, and who asked permission to temporarily relieve himself of the load. During his absence several visitors in the store handled the weapon, which, although it was not loaded, did no damage. The peculiar make was the subject of conjecture for some time, until the pistol was shown to a leading military man, who immediately recognized it as one of the Tyler Henry patent. "This pistol," said he, "works on the same principle as the Winchester magazine gun. Of course many improvements have been made since this pistol was manufactured, but the principal features are the same. Thousands upon thonsands of dollars have been made from the invention, but the inventor received little benefit from it. The late O. F. Winchester began the shirt business many years ago on a very small scale, cutting out the garments, which his wife and other women put together. The business gradually increased until Winchester & Davies built for shirt manufacturing the large factory on Court street. The firm prospered, and when Tylyer & Henry produced their magazine pistel he went to Mr. Winchester, as a leading capitalist Daffodil would have rushed through the and manufacturer, and proposed to sell water, which was not quite two feet in him the patent for \$75,000. Mr. Winchester effered him \$50,000, but the offer was refused. Henry afterward offened to sell for \$40,000, and Winchester offered him \$25,000. No sale was made then, nor later, when the invention was offered for \$20,000 to the capitalist, who then reduced his figures to \$10,000. Finally Winchester bought the patent, paying Henry I think, only 87,500. The first guns were made on the model known as 1866. Other models have been made since, but all conform very nearly to the original Henry pat-

Closing a River. The Sacramento river is now so filled up with debris and slickens washed down from mines worked in the past ever thank you sufficiently for your gal- year that passenger and freight boats can no longer reach Sacramento. Passengers and freight have to be transferrchoked by the girl's fair arms. "It's a ed to light draft barges at a bend of the river below the city. All grain from the upper valleys shipped by water has to be lightered down if the barges draw more than three feet of water. The shoaling of the river has increased so rapidly during the last three years that unless measures are promptly taken by the Government to thoroughly dredge the lower basin there is every probability that Sacramento City and all the great grain-growing valleys of Northwestern California will be de prived of water communication with San Francisco. The Sacramento Board of Trade has invited the California Senators and members of Congress to take a trip up the Sacramento River and see the condition of the stream. The inspection will be made in a short

When anything is done, people see not the patient doing of it, nor think how great would be the loss to man if

it had not been done. Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking in his neighbor for what he sees in

In order to easy the present, it is necessary to be intent on the present. To be doing one thing and thinking of another is a very unsatisfactory mode of spending life.

Honest or courageous people have very little to say either about their courage or their honesty. The sun has no need to boast of his brightness, nor the moon of her effulgence.

We live in an age of sham and fraud, that he had married a fortune.

"Everybody don't see me with your eyes," remarked Daffodil.

"Confound his insolencel" cried a been enriched at the expense of the

The Burglar.

"There is no use talking, Mr. Wylks, I cannot stand this much longer. You have been out every night this week until after twelve, and I haven't slept a wink, fretting about you, until I am al-

most tired out." "Well, don't worry about me, dear. Go to sleep to-night, and get a good

rest. 'That's just like a man to talk so. Go to sleep, indeed! I presume you would, and leave the house to take care ot itself, to be broken into by burglars, and may be the whole family would be murdered. If you loved me as much as you used to when we first were married, you would not be willing to leave me every evening for the club house, while I worry and fret, and get my nerves all unstrung."

"It is necessary that I should attend to these things, my dear. The country must be governed, and growing needs require constant watchfulness and new laws. I don't mean to be out any more than I am obliged to. You must be willing to sacrifice a little for the good of your country. Just make up your mind that you will go to sleep, and you won't be troubled any further by wake-

fulness." "The idea of me coolly making up my mind to go to sleep while you are out is perfectly preposterous. I wouldn't be so heartless."

"Well, I won't go out to-morrow night. I'll stay in with you but to night I must." "Oh, dear! I suppose I must stand it:

but I'm sure something will happen. I have a presentiment, and when did my presentiment ever fail? We may never see each other again. If you come home and find baby and me killed, don't be surprised."

"I'll try not to be," replied Mr. Wylks as he put on his overcoat and smiled Then at the troubled face of his wife. he gave her a good-by kiss and left her, and she hurried through the house to make sure that the windows were all fastened down and the bolts of the doors all pushed into their fastenings, and then she sat down and read all the startling accidents, the terrible burglaries and the frightful murders that the daily papers furnished so plentifully, and when she had got herself wrought up so doors and warned the girls against removing a single bolt or bar. Then she sat down in silence, listening for the sounding of some thieving wretch, and and demand her jewels and the key to

the silver clo et. Time went on and the clock struck 11, still she was undecided what she had better do if anything unusual should happen. The girls had gone up

to bed, and were, undoubtedly, sound Half an hour crept by. Baby cried out in his sleep, and Mrs. Wylks hastened to him, for there was no nurse to attend him. Mrs. Wylks would never trust the little darling with any one but herself. She shut and fastened the bedroom door, and lay down beside her little one to soothe her to sleep, The clock struck 12, and then Mrs. Wylks heard a noise. Breathlessly she listened; soft footsteps were creeping up the stairs. They paused a moment at her door, and then she heard the knob turn, but as the door did not open the midnight maurauder passed softly on. She heard him enter the sitting room, and

for a moment all was still. "Something must be done," soliloquized Mrs. Wylks, as she softly raised herself from beside her sleeping infant. "I can't lie here and let everything be carried out of the house; I must do

something." Softly she turned the key, and gently opened the door, and noiselessly crept into the hall, determined to do something. Tremblingly she crept toward the sitting room door, expecting every moment to be met by the monster of a law-breaker. She gained the sittingroom and peeped cautiously in. No one was in sight, but she heard-yes, she very distinctly heard some one in the closet. An idea suggested itself to her mind. She clasped her hands together for a second, then springing forward she pushed the closet door to and turned the key. Only a few seconds' work and she had him safe. She heard his cries to be let out as she fled up the

stairs to the girl's room, screaming. I've got him! I've got the burglar! Now quick for the police! Ann, Bridget. He'll burst open the door! quick,

get up and run! Aroused from their slumbers, the girls rubbed their eyes and failed to understand the situation. "Oh, be quick!" cried Mrs. Wylks,

wringing her hands. "What is it, ma'am?" asked the girls in the same breath. "The burglar! I've got him down stairs in the closet! Oh, hurry! He'll

break out, and then we're lost!" At the name "burglar" both girls hid themselves under the bed-clothes, and paid not the least attention to Mrs. Wylks' pleadings.

"He'll break out, I know he will, and kill the baby. Oh, dear, ain't you going to get the police?" and Mrs. Wylks tugged at the bed-clothes.
"Och! och!" answered the girls, holding on to their night coverings.

"Oh, dear! I'll go myself. I won't be killed! I won't have the baby killed! leave you to your fate!" and Mrs. Wylks fled, closely followed by the girls, who objected to being left to their fate, and, springing from their beds, they had caught up whatever articles of wearing apparel lay conveniently at hand and followed their misstress down the stairs' past the door of the sittingthe stairs' past the door of the sittingroom on to Mrs. Wylks' room, where a
pause was made long enough for the
anxious, loving mother to grasp her
baby, and wrap a blanket, which she
hastily drew from the bed, around it,
and the girls arrayed themselves in
whatever they had brought with him,
enlivening the time, while making their
toilet, with little shrieks and screams,
as they heard a voice from the closet as they heard a voice from the closet demanding, in no gentle tone to be let out. Then the three women and the baby took up their onward rush down stairs. They halted to open the front door, and she young heir of the house-

hold, so rudely aroused from his slumbers, entered a protest in angry tones.

The door was opened, and Mrs. Wylks took her stand on the steps, while the girls hurried away for help. What a long time it seemed to Mrs. Wylks, they were gone. She could not hear the captured burglar banging on the door, and calling to be released, not even when she stepped into the hall and listened. He had undoubtedly resigned himself to conquering circumstances.

"Oh, how I wish Mr. Wylks would come," she said to herself, nesting her baby close in her arms. "I knew something was going to happen. How glad he will be to know that baby and I are terial or color. safe. Oh, I am so glad you have come!" This last exclamation was caused by

the appearance of the two girls and half a dozen police. You've captured a burglar I understand, ma'am," said the captain, ad-

dressing Mrs. Wylks.

"Oh, yes. He's in the closet up stairs; that is if he has not gone out," and Mrs. Wylks pointed the way for them to go, and followed closely in the rear.

"Sure, they think you're a hero, ma'am," whispered Ann to her mistress as they went up the stairs. Into the sitting room they marched, and arranged themselves before the closet door.

The captain unlocked and opened it; two officers spang forward and dragged forth their victim. Mrs. Wylks peered from behind the

open door, where she had hidden, and looked at the prisoner. She then came out to get a closer look, and with a rather ashamed ex- are worn by little girls under 7.

pression on her face she observed: "Why, Mr. Wylks, is that you?" After a short and entirely satisfactory explanation the officers withdrew and Mrs. Wylk's fondly embraced her captured burglar, who faithfully promised he would never, never never do so any more.

Slain in Her Home.

Miss Gertrude M. Hover was found dead at her residence in the village of Kinderhook, N. Y., recently, seven cruel stabs about the head and neck revealing a hard struggle against the knife of the assassin. Miss Hover was few minutes last evening at Klock's that she could sit still no longer, she about sixty years old, and lived alone in once more visited all the windows and | Chrysler's lane in a two-story cottage surrounded by ample grounds, and was in comfortable circumstances. Her returned to her cozy sitting room and nearest neighbors on that street are colored people, whose church is located there. Some of them do not bear a very trying to imagine what she should do if good reputation, although no very serione of the villains should confront her ous charges have ever been made against them. About 8 o'clock in the morning a woman who sometimes worked for the deceased went to the house and found all the doors locked. She notified a gentleman who lives near by. and a messenger was sent for the murdered woman's brother-in-law. When he came he brought Dr. Wadsworth. the Health Officer, with him, and with some of the white neighbors they gained

an entrance to the house. On the parlor floor they found Miss Hover lying. The room was in disorder, place. A despatch was sent to Coroner Waldron, at Hudson, who arrived this season for these garments. at 11 oclock, summoned a jury, and ordered an autopsy to be made.

The front door of the house opens into a hall about eight feet wide, on the baseboards, and walls of which were several large spots of blood, which ap- a dainty trimming for these little ones' peared to have been made by a garment swept against the walls. The frame of the parlor door itself and the wall back of it were stained with blood, and the base of the mantel were covered with gore. A bedroom connected with the parlor contained a bureau, the upper drawers of which had been opened and ransacked, several drops of blood showing that the murderer had also been engaged in robbery. Miss Hover's pocket book was empty. Her relatives think she had \$25 or \$30 on hand

Miss Hover was of medium size, stout and muscular, and weighed about 160 pounds. She fought desperately for her life, and did not succumb until battered almost beyond recognition and blirded with the blood that streamed from her head. It is thought the first blow was given while she was in the kitchen, when the murderer, who sneaked into the house while Miss Hover was in the garden getting a dish of a revolver in the house, and on regaining her feet evidently ran into the sitting-room to get it. As it is missing it is conjectured that she secured it and had it wrested from her by the murderer or murderers, as it is thought that at least two men were engaged in the business. Here part of the stabbing was done, and when the woman fell she was dragged into the parlor, where the finishing blows were given.

There is absolutely no clue as yet to the murderers. Everything is mere conjecture. The colored neighbors say they saw Miss Hover last on Thursday afternoon of last week. During the morning of that day she called at a mason's house to engage him to repair one of the chimneys of her dwelling, and told the children they could have some fruit if they would come after it, One of the boys, a lad of ten years, says they went to Miss Hover's on Saturday morning about 10 o'clock, and were di-rected by her where to get the apples. No one saw her alive after that. The murder was doubtless committed on Saturday afternoon, as the house is known to have been locked on Sunday and the post-morten showing that at least three days had elapsed. Some Government bonds and a dozen silver

spoons are missing. WE suspect that trade dollars are so called because you can't trade with them. This is the same principle on which New York confectioners dub home-made . bread,

It is predicted that quinne must be-come more costly before long, in conse-quence of the failure of cinchons cultiration in Ceylon. The plantations that colony covered 64,000 acres and in 1883-1884 produced 10,000,000 pounds of bark, but the trees are said to be rapidly dying and the prospect is most discouraging for the planters.

THE FASHIONS.

-Gold hairpins remain fashionable. -Silver jewelry is worn more than ever before.

-Glace effects in surah silk are

again to be seen. -Scarf drapery is much employed on dress skirts.

-Parasol handles, Vienna leather, simula'e old ivory.

-There is no more useful dress than a black silk one. -Eton jackets of jetted black lace

may be worn with dresses of any ma-

-Large wooden or porcelain beads are some of the decorations of the new-

est woolen laces. -Velvet belts beginning at the side seams are fastened in front by buckles of hammered silver.

-The day of much draped, much cut up and flounced, plaited, shirred and ruffled dresses is gone by.

-Absinthe and pale chloral is a French color combination much in favor on the other side at present. -- Egyptian and Arabian fancies in furnishing and decorating rooms are

the caprice of the moment. -The latest version of the gable-roof bonnet is the Judic poke, small, but

pronounced, and very chic. -To look well tinsel braid must be of the finest quality, and must be put

on by an artist embroiderer. -Peasant-waists, with facings in front over full white muslin waistcoats,

-Among the prettiest of costumes for morning dresses we must mention those of dark blue linen, worked in open work embroidery with red cotton, or else of pale buff linen, worked in red, blue or prune cotton. The embroidery consists chiefly of circles of eyelet holes and of large wheels filled up in lace stitches. The edges are scalloped out and worked round in buttonhole stitch; the embroidery entirely covers every part of the dress; the scallopedout bands form the trimming, of course. Embroidery is, in fact, employed for the ornament of all styles of toilets; for silk dresses and elegant mantles the patterns are worked in beads of all colors. The skirt fronts and panels are covered with jet pendants, small gold sequins, or patterns in leaden beads. These beads have, let us hasten to say, but the appearance of

lead, and not its weight. -The long cloaks intended for infants in arms are made of soft surah or pretty cashmere in white and delicate colors. A pretty one in white cashmere is shirred at the neck and trimmed with fine lace. French merino, with a long sack and cape reaching half-way down, is embroidered in blue, to match the material on both edges. More dressy is one of white surah, also made with a deep cape, which is shirred at the neck and finished with a band of embroidery above crimped silk fringe. A pink cashmere is made to look quaint with a narrow collar of embroidery shirred at the neck; it falls over a sack the carpet being pulled from its fasten- tucked in front and back and tied with gs as if a terrible struggle had taken a ribbon. Embroidery and lace have taken the place of Irish point trimming pretty cloak for a two-year old child is of white pique with a shoulder cape fitted to the waist and a pleated skirt. It is trimmed with diagonal bands of fine insertion. Hand embroidery forms

-A lovely imported costume is of the new shade of terra cotta in tricotine. The skirt is made plain with a deep knife plaiting at the foot. The top skirt is draped in the belt and over the hips. The drapery is of the new guipure and silk braid, passamenterie. The belt, collar, cuffs and epaulets are also of passamenterie. Open-work tis-sues in the style of either lace or canvas, which are so fashionable this year. now appear for the early autumn season, both in silk and fancy woolen material, striped with chenille or velvet, or brocaded with small silk patterns. But besides these there are a variety of elegant fabrics equally in favor. Grace silks, shot of two colors and frequently brocaded besides in a variety of patterns, striped pekins in silk and plush, or velvet, sicilliennes spotted with chenille, are all in great vogue. In fact, the choice of the materials adopted by potatoes, stepped before her and struck her in the face with his fist. She kept checks and chess-board patterns dots and stripes of every variety, are equally a la mode. But, of all tissues, the most beautiful and most stylish is undoubtedly silk lace in the piece, trimmed with silk guipure. It can be worn over black silk for the daytime, and over colored silk for the evening, or on occasions when a more dressy tor-

let is required. -Autumn bonnets for city streets and traveling are very small and narrow, with high trimming directly on top, and increasing in height toward the back. The sides are very close to the head, and the small crown is in horseshoe shape; sometimes a horsesho made of beads outlines this crown, but in the greater number merely the shape is copied, and the end is slightly curved upward parallel to the outer edge. Many bonnets show no defined line between the brim and the crown, the material which covers the frame being all in one piece, or at most in two pieces separated through the middle from the front to the end of the crown. The new fancy is to put trimming straight through the top and down the crown, such as rows of beads, rows of gilt cord, piping folds of plush, etc., and the combination bonnets repeat this idea by using a figured fabric through the middle to the front and the crown, putting plain goods up each side, forming a high fold that rests upon the idented middle fabric in various ways that at least give new effects to the small bonnets that have been worn so long, and which, to the despair of the mil-liners, promise to take a fresh lease of favor. The front edge of the new bon-nets is now very full; instead of resting flat on the hair, it is raised by a beaded coronet, or by a puff of velvet which is very high in the middle and close on the sides, or by many piping folds of the thick moleskin plush, the latter being used as a trimming for velvet bonnets of a lighter shade.