Whether, throughout my daily hours, I've toiled for self alone, Or whether by some small denial, Have helped another one.

The crickets chirp their mournfull lay,
With never-faltering voice,
To the great God who reigns above, And bids the world rejoice.

They use the talent God has given, Inferior though it be To that of man endowed with wisdom And a soul for eternity.

To whom the Lord hath given much, Of him much is required; Then let us work with diligence, Never becoming tired.

Perhaps our mission here below Is but to show a will, To help some fellow-traveler Striving to climb life's hill.

Perhaps a little friendly word Is all that we can say, But even that is better far

Than idling time away.

So let us work as God directs, Asking of him each day To show us where our duty lies And help us to obey.

When day is done, then we as one May, at its close, review How in the light we've walked aright, And tried much good to do.

NELLIE'S NEIGHBOR.

and slipped it back into its envelopehave thought it possible? I am sure even. that no one would imagine me to be

She lifted her fair face as she spoke which consisted of two factory girls, who, like herself, had known poverty and toil, with but few pleasures,

The collar at Nellie's white throat was snowy in 1ts cleanliness; but the plain, dark dress was patched and darned in many places; and while the face would of pinching poverty in every one of its threadbare folds,

"A fortune!" said Mary, quickly. nice, "Oh, Nellie, I am glad for your sake! There will be one less drudge on our grace. floor.

"The vacancy will soon be filled," remarked Clara, "and Nellie's fortune will be our misfortune, for we two will be obliged to pay the rent of this room alone. We will have to secure another

"But there is a condition to my good fortune," said Nellie, referring to the left home when mother died, and never sick, seemed to care for me at all, has remembered me on his death-bed. He has a little child, and in looking about for some one with whom to leave him, Dan remembered me, and thought I would

be kind to him. "It seems," she continued, glancing built exactly alike. I am to have one of them, if I will be a mother to Willie; he is a man. In the meantime, the home. rent of it is to support us two. Well, I

noise. The next day there was an affectionate farewell between the girls, who had well, it meant 'thank you;' an' then he been companions for many a weary got red in the face, an' choked an' month, and a few tears were shed at

the parting. "Don't feel bad, girls," said Nellie. wonder 's he's got the hoopin'-cough. hopefully. "The fare to Litchfield by railway is only twenty-five cents, and you can sfford to visit me occasionally. at," said Nellie, with tears of vexation and remain with me over Sunday. I'll in her eyes. have something extra nice for you when

you do come." Nellie felt just a little nervous at the thought of meeting the little nephew

she had never seen. She was sure she would be dreadfully

awkward with her new responsibility, and perhaps cause the child to dislike umbrella," she said, regretfully. her at the very start; but when a blueeyed, golden-haired little boy of six mine," said a pleasant voice, as a finelysunny summers bounded into her arms, and showered his affectionate kisses upon her face, calling her, "My darling his umbrella over her pretty new hat. Auntie Nell!" how could she help giving him "love for love?" And the strangeness of the new position was gone in an instant.

"You're to be papa an' mamma an' everybody to me," confided Willie, when they had examined the new home. "Yes, darling," said Nellie, gently, "Now run out and play, while I make some arrangements for dinner,'

other house had well kept grounds, and that there were lovely flowers blossom- said: ing just over the pretty green fence, which had quite an opening in one

"That's my house over there, an' of course I've got a right to the posies, he reasoned. "I'm a-goin' to make my | Nellie's gate. Auntie Nell a present of them. But when he attempted to squeeze

through the opening in the hedge fence, a dozen thorny branches reached out privilege of meeting him often. and clutched him firmly.

of the accident and slippers, approached from "Willie's

"I was just agoin' to get some of them posies to take to Auntie Nell. They 'long to me, 'cause that is my house. Do you live in my house?"

"Yes, my little man; and because I pay for the use of it, the flowers are your Auntie Nell,"

Willie eyed the stranger for a mo-"Where are your little boys?" asked he, after having settled some perplexing thought to his own satisfaction.

"I have none," laughed the stranger,
"I am a bachelor."

he walked away, disdaining to notice the stranger further, and quite forget-

"Auntie Nell," he said, on entering the room where Nellie was preparing their noon meal, "there is a horrid man lives in my house; and when I asked where his little boys were, 'cause he's too big to fight, an' I thought maybe he had a littler boy'n me, he said there wasn't any little boys, 'cause he was a

"A bachelor!" laughed Nellie, mer-"Is he old, Willie!" 'Old, I guess he is. Hum! he's got the biggest lot of tisker onto his face

ever was. "I detest old bachelors!" soliloquized Neilie, with a half-pout on her rosy-"and he's my nearest neighbor, Dear me! I hope he doesn't keep dogs.

And Mr. Leroy, as he gathered a bouquet of his choicest flowers for Wil-lie's "Auntie Nell," mused in this

"An old maid aunt and a troublesome boy. Delightful neighbors, I must say, for a young fellow like me, who detests old maids, and especially cats. I hope she is one of those spinsters we hear of occasionally who don't keep cats."

The flowers were sent to his neighbor rand for a dime; but Nellie received seuted, for Willie had related all of his conversation with their next door neigh-

'He need not have presented them simply because the dear child tried to take what he honestly thought belonged "At last," said Nellie Parsons, as she to him," she thought, with a warmer folded the letter she had been reading, glow on her cheeks. "However, since he has sent them, I will manage to reat last I am an heiress! Who would turn the favor, and then we will be

The next day Nellie dispatchel Willie such a lucky individual-would they, to their neighbor with a dish of delicious cream cakes.

Many times she obliged Willie to reand looked at her interested audience, hearse the words he was to repeat on presenting them.

"Tell him that Auntie Nell is much obliged for the flowers," she said, "and that she hopes he will be pleased to accept these cakes in return.'

"Because," she added, reflectively, in an undertone, never thinking that the have graced a palace the attire spoke child would repeat it as a part of her message, "an old bachelor like him will

Willie did the errand with very bad "Such nice cakes, an' such a lot of I just don't think Auntie Nell kept

many at home for me." When Mr. Leroy opened the door in because he came to the decision that so letter once more. "My brother, who many cakes might make his tenant

> There were suspicious-looking crumbs about the child's rosy mouth as he said, speaking rapidly, as though repeating a well-learned lesson:

"Auntie Nell is much welcome for the flowers you sent her, and she hopes 'that he owns property | nice cakes. (Though I told her that the | of wages. down the page, "that he owns property nice cakes. Though I told her that the of wages. We have often seen the in Litchfield—a little place seven or dowers was mine, an she ought to give people in the fields and in the factory, eight miles from here. His lawyer writes the cakes to me.) She said that an old and we do not remember to have seen that there are two houses on the place, butcher like you would think these cakes was awfully nice,

"What did he say, Willie!" asked and Willie is to have the other when Nellie, as soon as the child reached

"He ain't got the least bit of mauonly hope that I will like the child, and ners," said Willie, disdainfully. "Maythat he wont quite distract me with his be, though," he added, reflectively, "he was so glad to get the cakes that he couldn't say much. He said tell youcoughed, an' I heard him a-coughing in his room 'till I got home, I wouldn't

"I am sure there was nothing about my simple little return of favors to laugh

On Sunday, Nellie left Willie to

As she came to the door at the close of the morning service, she discovered with dismay that it was raining. "Oh, dear, and I did not bring my

"Allow me to offer you the shelter of dressed young man stepped forward, and without waiting for a reply, held All through the service he had ad-

mired Nellie's fresh, sweet face, and wondered who this little stranger, in their quiet village could be. Glancing up, she discovered the one face which had attracted her own atten-

Having introduced himself and learned

her name, in return he said: "As you are a stranger in our village Willie did not need a second invita-tion, and he soon discovered that the to direct me to your home." On giving the desired directions, he

> "You live on the street with myself." Then began a pleasant conversation on various topics, and each discovered

> "Such an entertaining young man!" thought Nellie. "Can converse well on any subject. I hope I shall have the

"Such an agreeable little girl!" A moment later Willie's lusty screams thought Mr. Leroy. "It really does a had brought a gentleman to the scene fellow good to meet a sensible young lady, who can think of something be-"Make 'em let go of me!' cried Wil- side her own pretty face. I shall make lie, as the gentleman, in dressing gown this event the beginning of a pleasant acquaintance, if I can."
"This is my home," said Nellie, paus-

ing at the gate. He glauced up in surprise, At that moment a golden head ap-peared at the door, and Willie's shrill

ice called out: "That's my Auntie Nell, Mr. Butcher-But I will send a bouquet to man, an' you can't have her! Say, did you eat all the cakes?" The two young people in the drizzling rain at the gate looked into each other's

faces quickly. But the humorous part of the whole affair overcame them, and the next mo-ment they were laughing heartly. "The cakes were delicious," Miss

"Humph!" said Willie, in disgust, as | Parsons, he finally managed to say.

"Won't you come in and have another?" she asked, shyly, with a merry light in her blue eyes.

He did not wait for a second bidding, but accepted the invitation at once. As for Willie, Mr. Leroy soon won his heart by informing him that his pockets were perfect mines of wealth to good little boys with blue eyes and

golden hair. Willie was Mr. Leroy's sworn friend from that day, and sounded "Auntie Nell's" praises in his ears from morning until night.

Through the combined efforts of Mr. Leroy and Willie, the opening in the hedge-fence was made large enough to admit the child's chubby body without endangering face or clothes, and he was allowed to wander about at will, with the understanding that Mr. Leroy was to reserve the flowers as presents for "Auntie Nell."

Bouquets and cream cakes found their way back and forth quite often, until in the course of time Mr. Leroy and Nellie came to the conclusion that one cottage was sufficiently large for all three; and when Nellie's two young friends from the distant factory came to make her the long-contemplated visit, they found her in a pretty home, with a kind, loving husband, whom Willie by a boy who consented to do the er- persisted in calling "the butcher," and a noisy little boy, who ate cream-cakes them as coldly as they had been pre- and gathered flowers to his heart's con-

Tea Plantations in India.

Of late years much attention has been paid to the growth of tea and coffee in India. The soil and climate in many parts have been found very favorable in their production. During years of residence in the hill province of Kumaon we had tea plantations all around us. The government led the way in this enterprise. Chinamen, trained in their own country to grow and manufacture tea, were brought to the province, and under their management tea of expellent quality was produced. The government gradually retired and left the field open to private enteprise. Many plantations are now in the province, a a few belonging to individuals, but the greater number to companies, origina-

ted and sustained by European capital. The management of some of the largbe glad to taste a bit of something est plantations has been intrusted to experienced Scotch gardeners, who have soon made themselves acquainted with the process of tea growing and tea-making, and have dispensed with 'em," he mused, "Horrid old butcher! the services of the Chinamen, most of whom have returned to their own country. The entire work is now done by natives of the province under Europeanswer to Willie's knock, Willie was an direction. Most of the gardens are room-mate, or take a cheaper room, swallowing very fast, in order to get laid out on tracts of mountain and forentirely rid of the last mouthful of est which had been the property of the cream-cake which he had been eating, government, and the land has consequently been acquired with an ease which would not have been practicable had it belonged to the natives, who in such matters are manœuvring to a degree which few Europeans could follow and haggling to an extent the most patient can scarcely bear.

Of the many thousands of pounds laid out on these plantations a large portion you'll be-be real thankful to get these has gone to the workmen in the shape them once subjected to the whip or the stocks. They are well looked after to prevent them from shirking work and from stealing tea, but we have observed no instance of cruel treatment. In fact they know well that if cruelly or unjustly treated they have only to go to the authorites to obtain a patient hearing.

The sick are supplied with medicine. We have occasionally approached a tea plantation on a Saturday afternoon, and we have seen them trooping away merrily to their homes-which, we were told, were miles distant-with their week's wages to spend the Sunday with their families and return on Sunday night to the plantation to resume work on Monday morning. Among tea plantations there is no doubt the diversity which is found in every class, but if we amuse himself, while she attended can judge from what we have seenand we have seen much-of their relation to their workmen, we can say the relation is as pleasant as can well be found between employers and employed.

Exploration of Alaska.

Lieutenant Purcell, who went with the great Putnam river, returned to San Francisco recently on the whaling tender, Thomas Pope. Purcell reports that before proceeding up the river the party visited the newly-found Bogoslav volcano. They noticed little change in it, except less smoke, and sand spit was forming to the westward of it, July 8 Story reached Hatham Inlet, into which the Putnam river empties. He intended to ascend the river as far as his barge launch would carry him, then go into winter quarters. The expedition would then divide up into sledging parties for the purpose of exploring Northern Alas-As soon as navigation reopened he intended to come down Putnam river and explore Natak river, which empties that the other was a most delightful into the inlet north of Putnam river. companion, long before they reached Lieutenant Purcell reports the party all well at the time be left. The expedition intended returning next fall.

Afghan Boundary.

Sir Peter Lumsden, who was recently Hisappointed in not meeting the Russian Commission' on the Afghan boundary, as turned his recent travels to good account. He recently read a paper before the Royal Geographical Society, London, in which he described the Murghab Valley and its people. He also quoted from Captain Yale a very nteresting account of the salt lake of Yan-Oilan. The valley of the lake is said to be some six miles square, sur-rounded by high hills so difficult of ascent that there is but a single road by which baggage animals can reach it. The bed of the lake is one mass of solid salt, perfectly level, covered by an inch or two of water. To ride over it was like riding over ice or cement. After scraping away a surface sediment, pure white salt is found, whose bottom no one has ever reached. There is another lake close by which is much larger, in which the salt is not so pure.

"You really do not seem to know," said Mrs. Moore to her husband. "how ugly that little one is. Is she not Wil-

And Mr. Moore gravely answered his

"But my dear, you have already said it 100 times, and were you to say it 100 times more Rose would not become less ugly for your saying so."

Rosanna was a little girl of about 14. She was their only child, and, to do her mother justice, was really very uglynay, almost revolting-with her little gray eyes, flat nose, large mouth, thick, haunted his memory. He gazed on her protruding lips, red hair, and, above all, a form remarkably awray.

Rose was then very ugly; but she was a sweet girl, nevertheless. Kind and intelligent, she possessed a mind of the highest order. Nature seemed to have compensated her with every good quality of the heart for the want of every beauty of person.

The poor little thing was profoundly hurt as she listened to her mother's observation, "Oh, you little fright, you will never get a husband." Eight o'clock struck. Mrs. Moore

was sorely vexed, "Go to bed, Rosanna." Tremblingly the little girl approached

her mother to give her the kiss of goodnight. "Tis useless, you little monster," said her mother. A tear rolled from the little one's eye.

She hastily wiped it away, and turning to her father, presented him the yet humid cheek. He kissed her tenderly "I am not altogether miserable," she murmured leaving the room. Retired to her chamber, she commenced embroidering a scarf, and worked thus part of the night, for she desired to

be able to present it to her mother when she rose in the morning. The clock struck 12. She had just finished, and, putting it by, the little girl calmly resigned herself to rest. Her repose was undisturbed.

On the morrow Rose presented the scarf to her mother. What was the pain the little one experienced when her mother received it coldly, and expressed none of those tender sentiments which were to have been the sweet little one's reward. Her eyes, by chance, glanced over a neighboring mirror.

in her young head to find a remedy for

And then in the world-new pangs wounded the little ugly one's heart A first impression alienated all the young girls of her own age; but then she was so good, so amiable, so amusing, that they approached, then listened, and then loved her. Now, indeed, our little one was happy

One day Mr. Moore went home in a violent passion, and became, in consequence of some trifling prevaracation, ighly incensed against his wife. Their domestic felicity was troubled for eight long days-for eight long days Mrs. na in vain racked her young brains to discover why; but her father still continued angry and her mother was still continually weeping. At last she re- tree in a miniature, with shapely leaf flected in her mind how to reconcile and blossem-and again the tree has

They were all three seated in the paror Mr. Moore was arranging the firewhen this was concluded he threw the tongs from him, snatched a book from garden pot and earth are there alone. the mantel, and opened it abruptly; but, after a moment's perusal, he closed it again, in a violent humor, cast a fierce glance at his trembling wife, and hur-

riedly rose from his chair. Rosanna, deeply moved, clasped her arms about his neck as he was about to rise, and affectionately caressed him. He could not reject her innocent coaxing, and the little girl, thinking she had succeeded in touching his heart, took in her hands the moistened handkerchief wherewith her mother had been drying ber weeping eyes, and dried them a slow, creeping sluggishly through his second time therewith; she then tenderly embraced her mother, who returned her affectionate caress with all a mother's fondness.

The parties being now favorably disposed, naught remained but to establish this, don't go to guzzling down brandy the peace. This was no easy matterneither would make the first overtureand without the penetration of little chohol is disguised, for every artificial Rose, reconciliation would not then stimulant will drag you down two dehave taken place.

her own little hands, and pressed it to rather what a smart walk will do for her bosom; she then took her mother's you; set your pegs in motion on rough, Lieutenant Storey to Alaska to explore hand and joined it to her father's, as it rocky ground, or hurry up a steep, craglay near her heart. Human pride could | ged hill; build a stone wall; swing an resist no longer-the alienated parents ax over a pile of hickory or rock-maple; rose at the same moment and cordially embraced each other.

From that hour Rose was the ido! of them both. Six years after this, Rosanna, the ugly Rosanna, was the ornament of every society to which her mother presented

her. Amiable, witty and observing, her conversation was universally court-One summer evening the sun, which, of Acheron, during the day, had shed over nature an melancholy." intense heat, had just disappeared, leaving the horizon covered with long wide braids of red-clouds more and more dark were heaping themselves on the eastern sky-the atmosphere was suffocating, and one would deem the earth was returning to the sun the heat she had been receiving from the latter during the day. All was heavy and weary —the air inhaled seemed rather to suffo-

cate than nourish A drowsy languor overcame every one. In a saloon, whose every window was thrown open, might be seen gliding here and there in the darkened light, groups of young females, whose white dresses, slightly agitated by the rising breeze of the evening, offered something mysterious and poetical wherein the imagination loved to dwell. A low, languishing whisper was then heard, like the soothing murmur of some distant rivulet. A young woman sezted before a piano, was expressing her heart's senti-ments by an extraordinary melody, now smooth and tender, now deep and trem-

No more whispering, but a general silence, took place, for hers was a celes-

tial symphony, a seraph's song.

Lord Melton, a fine, handsome young nobleman, was so deeply touched by the melody that his frame seemed agitated by a momentary convulsion. He listened to the angel's voice, so softly har-

monizing with the sweet tones of the instrument, and felt an indescribable sensation thrill through his frame.

The music ceased, but the sweet voice vibrated on Melton's ear, and there was charm in the witty and original trifle to which he listened that transfixed him | the loose-hanging fronts, a high, straight where he stood.

"How beautiful must that young girl | size at the wrist. be," thought Melcon. "Happy the man on whom may fall her choice," and he involuntarily signed.

Suddenly lights are brought in. The young woman was the ugly Rosanna. Lord Melton was stupefied—he closed his eyes; but the charm of that voice a second time, and he found her less ugly. The beauties of her mind seemed transferred to her person, and her gray eyes, small as they were, expressed wonderfully her internal sensations. Lord Melton wedded Rosanna, and

became the happiest of men in the possession of the kindest and most loving of women.

Beauty deserts us; but virtue and talents, the faithful companions of our lives accompany us even to our graves,

Indian Jugglers.

The jugglar is perhaps the most singular manto be met with in all India. His tricks outvie in neatness of execution and in wonder all of the most famous prestidigitateurs of Europe or America. Their paraphernalia consists of an old leather bag, and their dress of a rag across the loins. They generally travel in pairs, one being the musician and the other the performer. The musician's dress is certainly grotesque, and consists of a bright yellow or faded green cloth, wrapped around his body and between his legs in many a fold. Around his waist he slings a drum, and fastened to his chest in such a manner that it reaches his lips a reed instrument, supplied with a variety of different sized pipes, on which he can blow notes in a variety of keys widely separate, from the squeak of a pig to the melody of a

bagpipe, and about as musical as either. Shaking out his bag of dead men's bones, leather straps, conches, baskets, garden-pots and rubbish, the juggler proceeds to the execution of his tricks. He turns an innocent strap into the most vicious of hissing serpents, and 'Yes," she said, internally, "I am affrights all those standing by; he runs ugly-they are right"-and she sought a sword through an empty basket, and human gore gushes out profusely; fire is emitted from his nose and mouth, and after swallowing a pound of raw cotton, fine thread is drawn from his ears and nose. This is all done by a half-naked man in an open plain. But perhaps the most interesting and oft-described trick which may with justice in this connec-

tion be repeated here is the mango trick, Taking up a common garden pot, the uggler hands it round for inspection. He then scrapes up some of the earth and filling the pot places over it a shawl, and blows on the earth, also repeating a prayer. This he continues for a few minutes, and suddenly taking Moore was continually crying. Rosan- away the shawl shows to the bystanders the sprouting head of a green and tender plant. Again he covers the pot and blows, and again uncovers. There is a blows on it, and before the eyes of the spectator the tree has vanished and the

To Kill the Biues.

Generally speaking if you are troub-ted with the "blues," and cannot tell why, you may be certain that it springs from physical weakness. Instead of lying on a sofa and courting painful ideas, if you are a despairing lover, a hypochondriac, or a valitudinarian, you should be up and stirring yourself. The blood of a melancholy man is thick and veins, like muddy waters in a canal; the blood of your merry, chirping philosopher is clear and quick, brisk as a newly broached champagne. Try, therefore, to set your blood in motion. To effect smashes, gin-cock-tails, or any of the other juggling compounds in which algress for every one it lifts up. The She took her father's hand between devil always beats at barter. Try, turn a grindstone; dig ditches; practise 'ground and lofty tumbling;' water into sieves with the Danaides, or, with Sisyphus, "up the high hill beave a huge round stone;" in short do anything that will start the perspiration, and you will soon cease to have your brains lined with black, as Burton expresses it, or to rise in the morning, as Cowper did, "like an infernal frog out of Acheron, crowned with the coze of

Slag Wool.

The production of slag wool and the industrial applications of the article appear to be largely on the increase. By the action of strong jets of steam the slag is transformed into a fibrous, whitish silicate cotton, which, being mineral, is incombustible, like asbestos; it is advantageously and extensively used in England in the construction of new houses with Mansard roofs, the either side of the skirt is a breadth of space between the interior lath or pan-elling and the exterior covering of zinc, These breadths are joined in the back slate, or tin, being filled with slag wool, the effect being to protect from the trimmed down the front with a puffing

A Buddhist temple, which will cost satin straw, with a high crown and a large etamine scarf tied in a bow in of large ropes, made of their own had of lurge ropes, made of their own hair. contributed by the women of Japan, will be used to haul the timbers for the temple to their places. This temple is the air, after which they will become to be a Mecca for the faithful all over as tight and firm as new, if none of the

THE FASHIONS.

-In relation to new dresses a fresh design in jackets for the autumn shows straight revers buttoned back on the garment from the throat to the edge of collar, and sleeves of rather more ample

-The first choice for street costumes of the highest grade this season and the coming winter will be a woolen fabric. The richer suffs, silk velvet, plush, etc., occupy a secondary position, save for full dress and in-door occasions,

-A handsome tollet has the skirt of cream-colored pongee edged with chenille. The bodice is of cream and olivegreen striped faille also edged with chenille. The hat to be worn with this is of olive-green straw, lined with cream satin and trimmed with grasses and oats. The parasol is of olive-green crape lined with cream lace.

-Figaro jackets are made sleeveless, with a small epaulet, under which are worn sleeves to match the skirt. These sleeves attached to an underbodice, and if the jacket be open, a vest of the dress material forms the front of the bodice. If the bodice of the dress worn be intact, the jacket is slipped on without its accompanying underbodice.

-A new feature in the models for autumn tailor-made costumes is the long draperies which the English tailors call second or double skirts. Flounces are abandoned on the skirt, and when plaits are used they are shallow instead of being folded nearly double, as were the heavy skirts formerly worn. The plain skirt will meet with great favor

on account of its light weight. -The "dalmatique Theodora" is a Parisian novelty for full dress. It is a revival of the Greek chiton, so dear to the hearts of the classic beauties ten years ago. As its name implies, it resembles the dalmatica. It is made of transparent materials or lace, and is worn over silk princesse robes. It fastens on the shoulder, is gathered at the neck, and falls in folds to the edge of the skirt. It is confined to the waist

by a girdle. -Some of the fancy Indian cash-mires-both real and of French manufacture-are very coarse in texture, and are striped with lines of boucle, traversed by single lines of one or many colors, or striped with white bands of two colors woven together, when they resemble the Limousine cloth both in color and texture. Others are fine and woven in two colors, one of them form-

ing a spot or other small pattern. -Some of the materials for autumn and winter wear show the roughest effects. Many of the goods are so shabby that it is doubtful whether they will prove acceptable to persons of quiet taste. The preference for tailor-made dresses is an indication that soft woolen fabrics will gain the ascendency. In Paris there is a decided tendency in favor of smooth-faced materials, and the English models show a preponder-

ance of soft-finish and diagonal cloth. -Some of the elegant fancy woolen fabrics brought out recently are as expensive as silk or satin goods of fine quality, and are far more popular for street wear than either of these materiown to the height of four feet, with als, if we except perhaps the dark durafull turned fruit and bark-and then he | ble surahs. The new vigognes, for instance, are shown with exceedingly rich broche figures, small, but magnificently colored, over plain, rich, darkly dyed grounds. The broche designs, although showing a mingling of Persian colors. are always in perfect harmony with the prevailing shade of the goods they decorate, reminding one of the autumn foliage, a trifle subdued from its first vivid brilliancy of coloring, against the background of a dull, dark September sky. These rich figures are not woven in clusters, but detached and sprinkled at quite wide intervals over the soft,

handsomely finished fabrics. -Mantels and visites are shorter than ever; they have backs which are very little longer than the waist. Some of these have large jet epaulets which fall over peculiarly cut sleeves fined colored silk. They are trimmed with lace plaitings, draped back and front in fichu style, and have long, square ends with drooping jet ornaments. Jerseys retain their hold on favor. They are trimmed in many showy ways, and, when of silk, are very costly. Among the most elegant jerseys one may be mentioned of light-colored silk with a fichu plastron of garnet velvet, cuffs to match and passementerie epaulets. Small shawls, mantillas, scarfs and hoods of lace, lined with silk, of fine woolen goods, or of surah, tulle or embroidered silk, is the latest style. The mantillas and scarfs are arranged in various ways. They are of the usual

-A Parisian costume for country use is of woolen guipure lace over silk The false skirt has a deep plaited flounce. The guipure tunic forms a kind of round skirt raised near the left hip under a worsted cording. The waist is a kind of cloth, cuirass. It forms a deep point back and front. Over the point in the back are ribbon loops and long ends. Around the basque is a fancy woolen galloon. The same trimming starts from the neck and is taken down the front of the waist in the shape of a "veste Figare." The straight collar and tightfitting sleeves have the same galloon. Another simple model is of veiling and changeable silk. The silk skirt has a narrow plaited flounce of veiling. In front of the skirt is a plaiting of veiling. Down to a puffing. The waist is of veiling. rigor of frost in winter and from intense heat in summer. It is also said to prevent freezing and bursting of taps spouts and water pipes if these are covered by the wool in winter.

The straight collar is of velvet. The tailor-shaped back forms a round basque, which is covered by the plaits of the puffing.

The straight collar is of velvet. The tight-fitting sleeves have velvet cuffs.

> THE elasticity of cane hair bottoms can be restored by washing the cane with soap and water until it is well soaked, and then drying thoroughly in as tight and firm as new, if none of the