

A BROWN HAND AND A STRONG HAND.

A brown hand and a strong hand,
A hand that can drive the plow,
Can sow the land, can reap the land,
And manage and milk a cow,
Can wield the scythe and the rake,
Can handle the scythe and the rake,
A brown hand and a strong hand,
That work for Love's dear sake.

A brown hand and a strong hand,
A hand that will never shirk
Crank or pulley or wheel-band,
Grimy for dangerous work;
A hand that can use the hammer,
Can handle the chain and the brake;
A broad hand and a hard palm
To work for Love's dear sake.

A firm hand and a strong hand,
To hold the guiding rein,
A hand with grip and muscle,
That nothing can tire or strain;
A lean hand, a working hand,
A hand that is good to take;
A hand that is never weary,
Working for Love's dear sake.

A little hand, a brown hand,
That can sweep and dust and clean;
A brown hand with a golden band
Running a sewing machine;
A little hand, a brown hand,
That can wash and cook and bake,
A clever hand, a kind hand,
Busy for Love's dear sake.

The high hand and the strong hand
Is stronger still if it take
The small hand and the brown hand,
To busy for Love's dear sake.
Then a strong clasp, a long clasp,
Till nothing on earth can part
The little hand and the large hand,
Joined by a loving heart.

MADDALENA'S LOVERS.

I was wandering by our river a few days ago, seeking for a place to cast a fly, when I came upon a familiar nook. It was the second day of my holidays, the first I have spent for many years in the home of my childhood. On the previous day I had been disappointed to find that I remembered so little of the scenery; now, in this most memorable of all our haunts, everything flashed back upon me. Giving way gladly to the dreamy mood I flung myself down on a moss-covered rock that overhung the river and began to watch the clear brown waters as they rippled over the stones and through the rushes. In a few moments I was deep in memories of the past.

For several reasons, some of which may appear as I go on, I think I shall write down the little history of which my mind is full and let some of my friends see it. Perhaps then they will understand more clearly how it is that things are as they are with us; perhaps they will believe me when I say that even in this prosaic nineteenth century, heroic lives are possible.

Though my twin-brother and I had something to say to the story I am about to relate, neither of us was its hero. The honors belong to Maddalena, and to explain how Maddalena came to be what she was, I shall have to refer to certain events which happened some years before we were born.

Mr. Seymour, an elderly and somewhat eccentric Englishman, was traveling one year through the north of Italy. He came to Florence, which with its treasures of art so bewitched him that he could not tear himself away. He was alone, having left his wife and grown-up daughter at Mentone. As was his custom upon these occasions of solitary travel, he avoided the finely appointed hotels, which English people love to frequent, and put up at a small, unpretending inn, visited principally by Italians.

He had not been more than two days at the hotel before he was attracted by his neighbor at the table d'hôte. She was a child, probably about 7 years of age, a quick, clever, vivacious little being, with small, round, olive-tinted face, expressive brown eyes, and dark, curly hair. She had for a companion a pale-faced, worn-looking woman, who, although she treated the child with the most perfect indifference appeared to be her mother.

The sharp child, discovering the impression she had made on the grave-faced Englishman, began to play off her airs and graces upon him. She must have been delightfully comic as she smiled and made eyes at her neighbor, or shocked him by flying into mimic rage, or bewildered him by rattling nonsense-music on the piano. Being a serious man, Mr. Seymour did not see the comic side of the little maiden's performances.

It grieved him to see the child's future would be, and, as she was, he introduced himself to Maddalena's mother, and ventured on a few words of remonstrance.

She listened politely, expressed her regret that her Lena should have annoyed him, and said that owing to her occupation—she was a concert singer—she could not look after her child as she would wish to do. The sole consequence of Mr. Seymour's interference was that on the next occasion when the mother went out to sing Lena was tied up in her room to keep her quiet. He heard her weeping and lamenting, ventured on the bold step of releasing her, and from that day the two became fast friends.

In the spring of the following year Mr. Seymour visited Florence again, this time in company with his wife and daughter. The place reminded him of Maddalena, and he determined to find out whether she and her mother were still in the hotel where he had left them. It was evening when he started on his quest, which led him through the oldest part of the city. The inn he sought was close to a concert room. In front of this and completely choking up the narrow roadway there was a dense throng of people. Supposing some popular entertainment about to take place, Mr. Seymour pushed his way through the crowd. He was in the midst of it, when the shrill sound of cries and lamentations fell upon his ear. He was a pitiful man, and he stopped to see what had happened. In the next instant the child of whom he had been thinking, the little black-bordered Italian girl, had sprung up from under his feet, and grasping his hand was dragging him forward. Under the arc of flashing light that spanned the door of the building there was a heap of something dark. Mr. Seymour touched it, but it did not move. Then he took it up in his arms,

and, followed by the weeping child, carried it reverently to the inn, which was close at hand.

Nothing was known in Florence of the dead singer; and although Mr. Seymour made the case, with all its attendant circumstances, widely known through the Italian press, no one appeared to claim the child. She stayed in the meanwhile with his wife and daughter, both of whom were charmed by her quaintness and beauty. They lingered for some time in Florence, hoping to find out something of her friends. Finally to the delight of Mary Seymour, the daughter, who was beautiful and tender-hearted, it was decided that Lena should go back with them to their country home in Devonshire.

There, for some time, Maddalena was as happy as any child could be. Mary Seymour was her constant companion and teacher and she repaid her with the most passionate affection. Mary understood her. Her songs and wild antics, her outbursts of passion or sorrow, her romances, her curious thoughts and brooding fancies, could all be poured out to this dear friend, who, even if she disapproved of what she heard and saw, did it far too gently to hurt the sensitive child.

There came a dark day for Lena and her guardians, Mary Seymour, who had for some time been suffering from depression, which arose from her parents' repeated refusals to ally herself with the man she loved, left home suddenly and secretly. Being of more than full age she had determined to take her future into her own hands. She went to some friends abroad and was married from their home.

To Maddalena the consequences were very bitter. At first she refused to believe that Mary had left her forever. She had gone, but she would certainly send for her soon. She would not be able to live without her Lena. But no summons came, only a little letter telling her that Mary was happy and begging her to be patient and good.

She tried, poor child! but it was hard work, for she was terribly solitary now. She drew a little comfort from her vivid fancies, but even these she could not indulge in the house. When she laughed or played or sang, or poured out the imaginary dialogues she had been composing, some one would be sure to hear her, and questions she could not answer would be asked. And so it became her habit to take refuge in the woods and by the river-banks, where she had little haunts of her own, which she peopled with imaginary friends.

It was whispered, meantime, in the neighborhood that the foreign child at the Seymour's was not quite like other people. She had been heard talking to herself and capering wildly about her nursery; she was said to indulge in un-governable fits of fury and meaningless ecstasies. Mr. Seymour had been seen to look at her gravely. Mrs. Seymour was openly lamented in the presence of several of her neighbors, that she had ever undertaken to provide for her future.

This mischievous talk, when it came to Lena's ears, filled her with the saddest and bitterest feelings. Everything was mysterious to her. Why did people whom she knew hurry by her without speaking. What was the meaning of the stray words that fell upon her ear? "Poor little Maddalena!" That was what they called her. What was it? What had she done that even the very children whom she adored should be afraid of her?

Thinking of these things in her green parlor by the river, Lena found a great dread taking possession of her soul. It was all true, she said to herself. She was really a creature apart from others. Her joys and sorrows were not those of her friends; they never would be. She was destined all her life to live alone. As the days went by a horror of darkness seemed to envelop her. She was fast drifting into a state of mental insensibility. What the consequence might have been, if nothing had changed, it is terrible to think.

But our Father in heaven, without whose will not so much as a sparrow falls to the ground, had been watching over Lena through the sad years of her childhood and the day came when she was brought back to the gentle sympathy of human life.

She was about 14 years of age when the summons for which she had never ceased to look, arrived. She carried it at once to her guardian and laid it before him. It was a strange letter; only a few words written hastily on a crumpled piece of paper:

I want Lena and she will wish to come to me, I know. In memory of old times I entreat my father and mother to send her.

MARY

No other signature; only an address in Florence.

Mr. Seymour was in bed with a lung-attack when Lena brought this to him. He read it and looked at her doubtfully. "You will let me go?" she cried passionately.

"If this is Mary's writing——" he began.

"It is, it is. See!" and she put it in his hand the last she had received. "The trembling of the hand makes the difference. My darling is ill—dying, perhaps. I must go to her."

Her passionate desire won the victory, started for Florence that day, and before the week was out she and her Mary were together.

I have found in an old writing-desk of my grandfather's the letter written by Lena on the morning after her arrival in Florence:

"Mary is terribly changed (she writes). I think even you would scarcely recognize her. I was so shocked when I first saw her that I could not speak, but now I have found my own Mary again and we are all the world to one another. She is alone. Whether her husband is dead or whether he has deserted her I cannot tell. She does not speak at all about the past, but I am certain, from her face and manner, that she had gone through terrible sufferings. Mary has two boys—twins. If you could once see them I think you would forgive her everything. They are the grandest, the most beautiful creatures in the world, and they love me already. I hope you will see them soon, for I am persuading Mary to come home with me as soon as she is strong-er. Poor Mary, alas! was never stronger

in this world. She lingered for a few months after Lena joined her, and then, without one word about her past or one reference to the children's father, she fell asleep. The only direction she left behind her was that Lena should take her boys to her old home.

When Lena reappeared in the English village, bringing with her two little boys, whom she stated to be the children of Mary Seymour (no one could call Mary by her foreign name which was unpronounceable among the villagers) there were many remarks made. Unfortunately the children took after their foreign father and not their English mother. Mr. Seymour himself could find scarcely a trace of his lost daughter in their faces. Mrs. Seymour refused to believe that they were Mary's at all. But they were taken in, probably because no other course could be pursued, and inquiries were set on foot to discover their father, or to ascertain the fact of his death.

All this affected the children very little. They had the open air and their play-room, and the garden and the fields. Above all they had Maddalena—their Maddalena—who played with them, and petted them, and told them stories; and what did they want besides?

For Maddalena, also—it makes me glad to remember this—a new life began. With her two little lovers—that was what she always called us—beside her, she held her head high, and went about joyfully. While her Lucius and her Ambrose adored her, she could never be a creature apart.

I come now to the time when our troubles began. Our grandfather died suddenly. He left everything he possessed to his wife, with reversion to his daughter. If his daughter died without children the property was to go to a distant relative, in whom both he and his wife were interested. In the body of the will no mention was made of Maddalena; but in a codicil, signed but unexecuted, it was stated that Mrs. Seymour would provide suitably for their adopted daughter.

Our grandfather's death brought many changes to us. Mrs. Seymour, who had never professed to believe that we were her daughter's children, now showed her feelings openly. We were banished from the sitting-rooms, and our play-room was taken away from us. But for Maddalena, who clung to her little lovers courageously, we should have been banished altogether to the kitchen and stables. Worse, however, was to come. The relatives mentioned in Mr. Seymour's will, who was to have been the heir had Mary died childless, paid us a visit and gained a strong influence over our grandfather's mind. He confirmed her in her suspicion that we were no kin of hers, and advised that we should be sent to our country and brought up in the position to which he was pleased to say, we undoubtedly belonged.

I remember poor Lena's agony when she heard of the mischief that was being hatched against us, and saw how powerless she was to avert it; for the ground upon which our enemy went was her inability to think and act as a reasonable being. She had not meant, he said, to deceive Mr. and Mrs. Seymour; but she herself had been deceived. It was not Mary who sent the summons to Lena, it was one of her Italian relatives, who having heard of her good prospects had wished to make provision, through her for other members of the family. She had gone to Italy in an excited frame of mind and she had believed everything that was told her.

This, at least, was the conclusion arrived at by Mrs. Seymour, who now sent for Maddalena and sternly bade her to make her choice. The Italian boys, being no kin of the Seymours, were to go back to their own country, she might remain where she was and enjoy the provision made by her late benefactor. In such a case, however, she must promise to have nothing further to do with the little aliens.

It did not take long for Maddalena to decide. Desert her little lovers? Not for the world; not for a hundred worlds. If they went she would go too.

On that very day we left England together on our way to Florence. Lena had a little ready money and so had we, and we lived on that for a time. Acting on the advice of her only friend in the world, the Florentine doctor, who attended our mother in her last illness, Lena wrote to an English solicitor for advice about us. She was told we had no right whatever against Mr. Seymour. After her death, if we could establish our identity with the persons we professed to be, our claims to the property might be put forward. Nothing daunted, Lena set herself to work. She kissed her little lovers, who were not in the least uneasy either about the future or the present, told them to be of good heart, for though all the world might desert them she never would, and began to consider how she could make money for them.

Lena had inherited her mother's beautiful voice, and Mr. Seymour, who loved music, had procured some good instruction for her. With a little more training, given to her freely by an Italian master who admired her for her independence, she became a finished concert-singer, and managed, for some time to support herself and educate us by singing in concert-halls and private drawing-rooms. In the meantime her clever brain which never rested for a moment, was busy in other ways. "You are English boys," she said to us, "and I mean, if I can afford it, to send you both to a good English school, but I can't do it yet."

She was, in fact, at that very moment fitting herself for another career. We did not then know what she was to do. When, before she was 20, people said she looked as worn as a woman of 40—when that Italian doctor, of whom we were both desperately jealous, came to our little home and entreated our Maddalena not to kill herself, we had but a small idea of what was going on. We did not know that for our sakes—to educate us, and feed us, and keep us as gentlemen—she was working early in the morning and late at night, working her beautiful youth away. Yet so it was, for, while Lena was perfecting her voice, she was making for herself that exquisite style of English composition through which, a few years later, the romances that had been her delight when she was a lonely child in the Devonshire woods, became known to hun-

dreds and thousands of children all over the world.

Her full meed of fame did not come until much later; but in the meantime she gained her wish, for her little lovers were sent by her to one of the first of the English public schools.

No one now could have ventured to speak of Maddalena as different from others, save as by her genius, her industry, and her noble faithfulness to a trust committed to her by a dying friend, she excelled all other women upon earth. When, therefore, after several years of our school life had gone by, our grandfather died, and the question of our right to our grandfather's property had to be tried, this (his secret ground for contention of our claim) was cut from under the feet of our adversary.

As it turned, however, the question of Maddalena's capacity and incapacity to think and act reasonably did not require to be entered into, for an unexpected champion appeared. When she was battling with the world for us the Italian doctor, to whom reference has been made, had been busy gathering evidence in support of our claim. He brought forward now, and it proved so complete that the case was not even taken into court.

My brother and I stepped into our inheritance, and Maddalena at our earnest entreaty assumed the management of our old home, where we spent the first summer that followed the events I have narrated. We were then nearly 20, and we had been for some time at the University of Oxford. It will be imagined that we were perfectly happy, but I am forced to confess that we were not quite so happy as we had been. Lena, indeed, had not changed. But this, I think, was the principal source of our discontent. We would have liked her to change a little. We would have liked at least to see her show some small preference to one of us over the other. There were two of us, and we were provokingly alike, but there was only one Lena, and she had no right, we thought, to think of us in exactly the same way.

Such was the state of our feelings when one day we missed Maddalena. We knew her love for the river and we sought for her along the banks, Lucius taking one direction and I another. It was I who found her. She was in the nook she loved beyond all others, where, under overarching trees, the mountain ash, the birch and the willow, our river sweeps round a mass of rock covered with moss and ferns, and harboring in its crevices the loveliest of flowers. Lena was seated on the moss-covered rock. Her face was in shadow and her eyes were cast down, and her lips were parted in a smile of deep content.

Feeling an indescribable pang at my heart, I pressed forward. It was as I thought. Our Maddalena was not alone. The friend who had sustained and helped her through these long years—the Italian doctor—was by her side, and one glimpse of his face was enough to show me what had happened. I stole away as softly as I could and left them to themselves.

Presently I met Lucius. He looked at me suspiciously and asked if I had found Maddalena.

"Yes," I answered, "I have found her. She does not want us."

"Us?" he echoed, angrily. "What do you mean?"

I put my hand on his arm, for he was on the point of rushing to find her. "Lucius," I said, "the Signor Dottore is with her."

"What?" he cried, "here!"

"Yes, here! In Maddalena's green parlor. They look very happy. I think we ought not to disturb them."

From that moment Lucius and I were friends, and we never fell out again.

Music Revises Memories.

We were off Cape Hatteras on a Charleston steamer one Sunday evening in August. The first mate was a tall, good-looking, middle-aged man. I was chatting with him at the starboard gunwale, while a group of well-bred young men, returning to Charleston from their summer vacation, were singing "In the Gloaming," "John Brown's Body," and "Sweet Bye and Bye." As they came to the chorus of this last song, he stopped talking and joined in the singing. When through he said, "Nothing but the best of us here, mate. And then, amid the wash of the waves, he related to me the following incident:

"When a very little fellow, I did something which deserved severe punishment. My mother took me on her lap and talked to me kindly; then made me kneel down by her while she prayed for me, and then the family joined with her in singing, 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name' to Coronation. At the age of 28 I found myself in New York after a trip round the world, a rough sailor. One evening I was going up town with a number of my shipmates for a night of pleasure. Near St. John's Park I heard from a church we were approaching the first strains of 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.' With the riveting of the wind which lightning reveals objects on a dark night, that scene in my Massachusetts home, unheeded for more than twenty years, came back to me. The solemnity, the prayer, the swelling tones of old Coronation, my sainted mother—did she look down on my wicked courses?—was this the way that prayer was being answered? Like a flash my mind was made up. 'Boys,' said I, 'I'm going into this church.' They jeered, and taunted and coaxed, but all to no purpose. I left them and walked in. The house was packed. They led me to an extra chair in front of the pulpit and facing that vast congregation.

"Under other circumstances," said he, "I would sooner have faced the cannon's mouth, but upborne by the flood tide of such memories and the exaltation of the swelling chorus, Crown Him! crown Him! Lord of all, I forgot all about the faces before me. From that hour," he added, in a voice hardly audible above the noise of the waves, "I have tried to lead a new life—a life worthy of my manhood, worthy of my mother."

The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectionate manners.

HORSE NOTES.

—The Preakness Stable offers to sell any horse in its list in training.

—John Reiley, of Philadelphia, has purchased the pacer Brank W. for \$1000.

—St. Blaise is the eleventh Derby winner imported into the United States.

—El Hutchings, of Danville, Ky., drove his 3-year-old Grandby a fine race.

—The English horse Woodstock, by Sir Beveys, out of Stella, by Mogador, is coming to the New York Horse Show.

—W. H. Crawford and Ed Bither were at the Lexington races. Bither drove Bermuda against Nutbreaker in the 2-year-old stakes.

—Elvira has not lost her speed although she has gone blind. Fuller, her driver, says she can trot a mile in 2:17, blind as she is.

—John Shepard, of Boston, is driving De Barry, 2:19, with Mill Boy, on the road.

—Moore Floyd, of New York, has bought Lena Swallow, 2:19, from Forbes & Whitte, for \$5000.

—R. J. Lucas has purchased the 3-year-old colt Volo, by Aramis, from Mr. Powers for \$2900.

—An association of gentlemen is about forming to take charge of the Herring Run (Md.) Track.

—J. N. Carlisle & Co. have purchased McBowling, by Tom Bowling, from J. W. Rogers for \$1000.

—Commodore Kittson's Pardee will probably stand another preparation. He was unable to put his foot down for nearly a week after his memorable finish for the Lorillard stakes.

—The match race between Isidor Cobnfeld's Maxey Cobb and John Murphy's unnamed stallion hangs fire, and is not likely to be arranged.

—The Covington (Ky.) fall running meeting was a success in every way. In addition to the eight regular days, racing was given on three extra days.

—Johnston, the pacer, is reported to be all right again. Next season he will be put in training, and, if they gait right, will probably be driven double with Minnie R.

—The pacer Fritz, g. g., record 2:15, fell dead from heart disease at New York on the 17th after pacing a mile in 2:30. He was owned by John S. Campbell, the former driver of Richbell, and was valued at \$50,000.

—George Lindenberg and Steve Maxwell, of Louisville, Ky., are two gentlemen who are hard to beat as a team. While they were at the Lexington races they saw their townsman, Henry Simons, drive "Bob" Johnson. By the way, Simons sits with as much grace and with more ease on a piano stool than in a sulky, and he can play the same tune over and over again.

—Recently, W. L. Jones took to Kentucky, for the Dwyer Bros., George Kinney, Barnes, Miss Woodford and the yearling colt by Luke Blackburn, out of Ivy Leaf, by imported Australian. They all go to the Runnymede Stud of Messrs. Clay & Woodford, in Bourbon county, where they will pass the winter. If Miss Woodford remains all right she will be trained the coming spring, otherwise the brothers will most likely breed her to Hindoo.

—W. L. Scott's Algerian Stable was the most successful at the fall meeting of the Maryland Jockey Club, winning two races and \$5215; the Rancocas Stable won four and \$4550; La Massey Bros., one and \$3875; J. T. Williams, one and \$2450; Oden Bowie, one and \$1300; J. E. McDonald, two and \$1100; L. Curran, two and \$900; M. Nolan, one and \$845; C. H. Pettinell, two and \$790; Dwyer Bros., \$700; W. P. Burch, one and \$500; G. W. Jennings, one and \$500; G. H. Kernaghan, one and \$400; J. McMahon, \$300; Exerciser Stable, one and \$300; A. Shields, \$200; C. W. Medinger, \$100; William Jennings, \$100; D. C. Fannin & Co., \$100; G. L. Lorillard, \$100; F. C. Ziebig, \$100; Davis & Hall, \$50.

—This year has been especially prolific in the development of fast trotting youngsters. Kentucky holds the winning hand with the phenomenal Nutbreaker, Patron, Princeton, Greenlander, Silverone, Eaglebird, Prince Wilkes and Reference; Maine produced Nelson; Minnesota, Lord Nelson; California, Manzanita; and Illinois, Jeanette. The leading 5-year-old is Epaulette, with a record of 2:19. Patron, a 3-year-old, equaled Hinda Rose's best mile (2:10) at that age during the Lexington meeting last year, and beat Steinway's 3-year-old stallion, record of 2:25.

—As Mr. Bonner returned from a spin behind Mand S. to McCoombs' farm, recently, he talked a few minutes with a reporter about the famous mare. "She drove very pleasantly to-day, as she always does," he said. "Of course, it would not do for a grandmother to drive her. Her condition at present is superb. She is never troublesome on the road, but you have to watch her carefully, she is so high spirited. It requires a reinsman to be behind her. She is much more agreeable to drive than I ever supposed she would be. She does not pull. As soon as you start her with another horse she knows what that means. As regards her affectionate disposition, she's a regular cosset. There never was a kinder disposition or better temper. I never knew her to lay back her ears in the stall nor to threaten to bite or kick. She is a great pet."

"Do you speed her much on the road?"

"No, I do not. That is to say, I let her go a three-minute or a forty or 'thirty' gait. I do not allow her to go at top speed. She ought to have what horsemen call a 'let up,' for she has been in training so long. I never drove Mand S. but once until this fall. But for the last three weeks I have driven her every day. A two-third gait is all I will give her at present. She is the only horse which has ever beaten 2:10. Since she came into my hands she has twice beaten her own record, making 2:09 and 2:08. It is hard to reduce a record like that by a quarter of a second. As one of my friends once remarked: 'When you get down to such figures a quarter of a second looks as big as a church steeple.'"

FASHION NOTES.

—What can be prettier or more becoming to a baby than one of those soft, fleecy little hoods, knitted of rabbit's wool yarn, and what more healthful? A little knitted jersey jacket of this wool would be an ample protection from the cold, and prove a most comfortable little garment so well. Why not try one, and run a little narrow satin ribbon in at the neck and waist?

—Furs are beginning to be worn earlier than formerly, and sensible people are awakening to the fact that the damp, chilly fall days are the very worst of the year in which to take cold. A shoulder cape of fur is quite an essential garment for our late fall, and no one who has tried their comfort will longer shiver and shake with the penetrating dampness of the late autumn days.

—Walking costumes are, generally speaking, of simple construction, with jacket bodice closely fitting and skirts arranged in broad panels with knittings set between; this favorite if not novel style of trimming is often varied by bands of tulle or other fancy braid set in many rows around the skirt. The overdress is full and high in the back, this drapery requiring the support of the toupure of crinoline or hair cloth.

—Light silk skirts a little past their prime may be utilized with very good effect for house wear by making an overdress of angora net in either brown, gray or black. A cashmere or some soft woolen fabric should be used for waist or draperies, while the sleeves would be of angora over colored silk. Light blue under brown or gray is particularly pretty. A pointed vest of the lace over color adds still more effectiveness.

—As a protection against the cold there is an additional comfort given us this season in the elastic woolen underwear, which clings with the tenacity of a baby's knitted wool shirt. It has many advantages over merino, first among them being its very light weight. Its effect on the skin would not be unlike that of the hygienic *crêpe de soie*, with the difference that this new under-wear is of the purest wool while the other was of silk.

—Beaded trimmings, feathery zibelines, marabout bands, chenille fringes, applique garnitures in silk cords and chenille tuftings. Astrakhan and many other fancy trimmings have in a great degree taken the place of fur as a finish to jackets and mantles, the latter less fashionable than for some years past, being relegated to the inside as lining in most out of door garments. This, for some reasons at least, is a sensible departure, as the very heavy and deep fur frounces of recent years, while they added greatly to the weight of the garment they trimmed, contributed neither to the warmth nor the comfort of their wearers.

—Whatever contrast there may be in the colors composing autumn costumes, there is harmony in the general effect, bonnet and mantle corresponding to the materials used in combination in the gown. The gloves also are in keeping with the prevailing tone, although the tan suede still retains its place for utility purposes. Costumes having plain skirts, in contrast to the overdress, are also worn velvet or velveteen, being a favorite for this style of dress. In this case the bonnet or hat reproduces the colors in its arrangement. Homespun is used in combination with velveteen and striped silk, the tone of the homespun showing in the velveteen or in the silk.

—The new Havane or tobacco brown shades that have a great deal of yellow in them are used with fine effect for lighting up costumes of mouse-color, seal brown, or plumb grey Bengaline and velvet; in some instances a third color is added, which is usually a dull blue shade, not so light as turquoise nor so dark as sapphire. For instance, a seal brown Bengaline skirt opens all the way down the back and the left side to show a brown satin skirt, trimmed across with bands of the yellowish Havane velvet, while the right side turned back in reverse on this new artful blue shade of velvet; jet cording forming loops and very large faceted jet buttons are set on the brown revers. A second dress in these new combinations of color has the front breadth and vest of the dull blue velvet, with side panels on the skirt of mouse-colored Bengaline bordered with gilt passementerie, while each side of these panels is a revers of Havane satin edged with dark Labrador fur.

—In writing about the fashions we must speak of the prevalence of speckled cloths, materials of plain ground flecked with different colors, such as fill our shops and which our shop-keepers call "novelties." These, they say, are made up with a plain material, and as this fashion of mixing points to the polonaise, it seems that the polonaise is to be our fate, this winter. Nor is it a fate against which women with rounded and symmetrical figures need rebel, as nothing sets off a fine graceful figure to more advantage than the severe lines of a polonaise. For those, whose angular development renders a polonaise trying, our English friends present a means of escape, as there are ways of simulating the polonaise when a separate bodice is preferred. For instance, the flecked stuff can be arranged in panels down the skirt, with folds of the plain between. A scarf-like drape of the flecked cloth can then form a short drape over the hips, the ends falling over the skirt at the back. This scarf and the ends could be lined with thin fur of the color of the little fluffy flecks. Then the bodice could either be of the plain material, with waistcoat of the flecked, or reverse. These vests, of a different material from the jacket which is worn with them, have a very jaunty effect, and by having several vests to each dress a pleasing variety may be insured with very little trouble and expense. The white vests worn during the summer look rather cold now, but those of pongee and chamola suede, in shades of buff and tan, are effective with dark green, brown and garnet dresses. Vests of canvas, enriched with oriental embroidery in gay colors, are also very handsome.