

The June Cricket.

Tented in the short green grass,
White the moon shone in the sky,
A cricket, close to those who pass,
Uttered the old familiar cry.

Little headed he the noise
Of the crowded city street,
But blew his flute with strident voice
Unmindful of the tramp of feet.

Hundreds briskly hurry by,
Lestless to the song they pass;
No policeman stops his cry,
Or orders him "Keep off the grass!"

I who note the steady tune
That he with such relish plays,
Wonder how this note of June
Came to take the city ways.

Far from native haunts withdrawn,
He sings the old song at my feet—
The prelude of a country lawn
Salutes the curious city street.

Rustle scenes are not at hand;
No rippling rivulet wanders near:
Hard is it to understand
This voice in such an atmosphere.

Brave little cricket, pipe away!
Let your blitheness meet in song!
'Tis the cheeriest roundelay;
I shall thank you for it long.

Torn from spring-time robbed of June,
Shut up to the city street,
Much I thank you for your tune
Uttered from this strange retreat.

A PLAIN STORY.

"An' next week I'll finish up them puffs an' then I'll wash that woolen wrapper for Calista, an' that'll be done," said Miss Jane, with emphasis, as she remorselessly wrung the last drop of water from her cloth, and hanging the dish-pan on a nail, vigorously rubbed out the sink with a bit of flannel moistened with kerosene. There was no one in the little "butry" with her, but she had a habit of thinking aloud, just as her father read his weekly paper aloud for forty years. It was like telling some one what she thought, or what she saw, or did, or heard. As she stepped briskly across the kitchen floor a voice from the back room called.

"Sister!"

The squeak in Miss Jane's shoes gasped helplessly, and then died.

"Well?" said she, interrogatively.

"Are you going out?"

"No, jes' to hang these dish-rags on the fence. What is it?"

"I'll wait till you come back," said the voice, and the old rocking-chair resumed its creechy-craw, and Miss Jane's shoes tapped a little more briskly than before, for a minute had gone out of her lifetime while she waited to hear what her sister had to say. "Looks kind o' ketchin'," she muttered, spreading her towels on the picket fence, and tipping back her head to squint one eye at a small black cloud that was creeping up from the horizon. "I b'lieve I must try for another mess' o' them strawberries, though; there's nothin' makes so rich sauce for me," and Miss Jane gathered up her milk pans from the cellar door, where they had been lazily sunning themselves since five o'clock in the morning, and went in.

She announced herself as "zoim" down to the son'west corner o' the back pasture," when she appeared at the back-room door a few minutes later, tying a calico sunbonnet under her chin; "that is," she added, "if you didn't want nothin' that you wanted me to keep in for."

The old rocking-chair creaked nervously a few times, and Calista's fingers trembled as she tried to coax the thread into the eye of the needle.

Miss Jane waited.

"There!" Calista laid down the needle, and drew a long breath.

"Do you remember, sister: what the minister's wife was saying yesterday?"

"About that slack piece, Sereny Jackson, going to be married? Can't make a pudding saucer Not that Miss Chandler said anything about that, but I ain't no knowin' the whole kit?"

"No, not that, sister. What she said about the poor children coming out into the country for a little vacation. Oh, sister, I laid and thought last night!"

Calista choked a little, and then she spoke out bravely—"I've been thinking why couldn't we take one for the two weeks?"

The shot was fired now, and the half-frightened gunner waited for the smoke to clear away before she could reckon the effect on the enemy. Miss Jane, who stood for the enemy in this case, certainly wasn't dead, but it was equally certain she was pretty well stunned.

"Well," she said, recovering herself a little after a few minutes. "I hadn't thought nothing about it, an' I don't believe you could stan' it one day an' night, Calista," and this tiny plant of an objection being well sprouted, she went on with a rapidity that almost amazed the cultivator herself, and Calista was informed that "a yong one bein' uneducated and unmannered, would bang up the dishes, eat the preserves, smash the eggs and kill the chickens, worry the cat, and finally cry nights for its mother, if it has one, which I shouldn't be surprised if it hadn't." And the good woman, grimly, "An' it's two chances to one but 't would be a foreigner when we got it, and sassy at that; for you know, Calista, as well as I do, that a good part of the city is made up of foreigners—no kind and another."

Miss Jane had emptied her quiver, and paused, but Calista was running her needle slowly through the block of pink print, as if every arrow had flown over her head.

She laid her work on her knee now, and looked through the window away to the blue hills that melted into the horizon. "I didn't sleep much last night," she said, gently—a shade loose over Miss Jane's sharp face, but Calista went on, quietly—"and I thought, as I laid in my good clean bed, just as the light was coming, and heard the birds singing everywhere, and the lay-locks brushed against the window, and they smelled so pretty—I thought how Miss Chandler said some of them dear little things never smell a rose, nor so much as seen any green grass."

The voice ended in sobs, and Miss Jane felt her own eyes grow dim, and realized that her strong tower of defense would fall if she lingered here much longer.

She rose determinedly, and tied her bonnet-strings in a snuggler-knot.

"There! don't feel bad about it," she

said, "I'll think it over, and—we'll see."

"Dear Lord, do Thou be in her thoughts," she prayed, the sister left at home, but she only said, cheerily, as Miss Jane's shoes creaked out across the kitchen floor: "They're the Lord's little ones, you know," but Miss Jane younced no reply.

"Never saw no grass," she sniffed, rubbing her nose.

"What nonsense! as much grass as there is in the world! An' I won't have a sassy yong one here." But as her shoes trod energetically over the short, crisp grass and crushed the fragrant pennycrass, she found herself wondering vaguely how it would seem if this were the first time.

No one but herself and her God knew of the warfare that went on down in the southwest pasture that afternoon, but Calista knew who had the victory when they sat down to their five o'clock supper. But she said nothing. And even after the dishes were washed and the milk put away, and Miss Jane tied on an ancient black straw "backerney" and said, after a little hesitation, that she guessed she'd run over to the minister's and tell him "if he can ketch hold of a likely little girl, we'll try an' git along with her two weeks"—even then Calista only said: "Well, I would, sister. A little girl wouldn't be so much trouble for you as a boy, most likely."

But after Miss Jane had gone on her errand Calista went into her bedroom and shut the door. She had entered into her closet.

What Miss Jane said to herself as she trudged away was: "If I'm a self-sista pig, Lord, help me not to sequalise and knock over my vittles every time I can't have 'em to suit me." And she backed up her prayers by her deeds.

Twenty years ago Calista had closed the eyes of her husband, young Lieutenant John Emmons, in a Southern hospital. She stayed with the sick and wounded two years longer, and then came home with the malaria that made her an invalid for life.

Jane Sewall had heard, as her neighbors had, that Alexander Merrill was shot through the head as he flung himself in desperation across the fatal deadline of the pen at Andersonville; but there had been no engagement announced between them.

He had whispered to her under the blooming apple trees the night before his regiment went away, and asked if she would wait until he came back, and after his death it was whispered about that he had been "kind o' shining up to Jane Sewall," and the postmaster was sure "he had wrote to her;" but the modesty of the New England village would have been shocked if she had presumed to openly mourn for him. And so the sorrow that flowed from Calista's wound leaving it sweet and ready for healing, had cankered in Jane's heart, and formed a crust that best broke through.

She and Calista lived comfortably on the old place with a little money and Calista's pension; and though their lives might not lie in the sunshine, and the light was subdued, it was tender, not gloomy, and the only real shadow that darkened the path was the dread that sometimes thrust itself forward that one might be left alone.

The fatal Tuesday, as Miss Jane would have expressed it, came and found Miss Jane trying so many doughnuts that Calista said, laughingly, she must be expecting a boy, after all; but they are both surprised when the minister stopped at the door with a boy in his wagon.

"I said a girl," said Miss Jane, emphatically, meeting the minister on the door-step.

"I know you did, Miss Sewall, I know you did," said the good man, "but now I'll tell you how it is. This boy has brought a dog with him"—Miss Jane's face was gorgon-like in its stoniness—"and nobody wants him. He brought the dog aboard the boat in that pasteboard box, and there he's kept him till somebody caught him putting in part of his luncheon for the little creature to eat. He cut holes in the box so the dog could breathe, and told him to keep still, and the knowing little thing hasn't made a sound since they started last night. The boy said he was afraid to leave him for fear he would be abused or lost."

Mr. Chandler paused and looked at Miss Jane's face. He read nothing there.

"I can't say I blame you, though, for not wanting a boy," he continued, "and I'll see if we can't stow him away somewhere with ours."

Miss Jane caught a glimpse of Calista's face. "You pig, Jane Sewall, now kick over the whole trough because you can't have everything your way," and she to herself, and "Stop," said she to the minister; "bring him in."

"I hope you will never regret it," said the minister, shaking hands when he went away.

"I hope I sha'n't," responded Miss Jane in a tone that said "I know I shall," but Mr. Chandler was used to a lack of faith, and he rode away, leaving the boy; with the box under his arm, standing on the broad, flat door-stone, in the morning sunshine.

Miss Jane said she "never did see such a fool for a boy that seemed to have wit, too," as the days wore away; and he asked her "what held up the stone wall" that fenced the pasture across the road, or wandered that rascals grew on bushes, or puzzled at the connection between the hen or the nest, and the egg found in there afterward. Miss Jane was, as she said, really "nonplussed at such ignorance."

The dog, Snap, proved to be a harmless little ragged-haired thing, who paid great respect to the enormous yellow-and-white cat Sarah, and mollified her mistress by catching the rats the lazy Sarah had allowed to gambol about the barn almost under her nose.

Quite a friendship grew between Calista and Jack for he loved to listen to her stories of the war, though he never hesitated to tell her when he thought she left the straight highway of fact and strayed into the fields of imagination.

After awhile they found, in addition to Snap, he had brought with him an old flogoelet, on which he played, if not scientifically, at least in a way pleasing to these lonely women.

"Pinafore" was new, but fortunately,

the bands still play "Marching Through Georgia" and "Annie Laurie," and Jack rattled them off, while Calista hummed them in a soft little voice, an accompaniment half a measure ahead or behind, as it happened. Miss Jane paid little heed, apparently, to the boy, but it was not Calista who crept up stairs to look at him as he lay asleep, and murmured: "If he had lived," and then blushed hotly alone in the dark at what seemed, to her rigid creed, almost a sin for the unwed to think of wifehood or motherhood, even though it might never be.

The second week of Jack's stay was extremely sultry, and one night in a terrible shower, Calista was taken with one of the attacks of illness that had hung about her ever since her Southern campaign.

As Miss Jane hurriedly prepared the medicine she kept at hand, Jack's face looked in at the door.

"Sick, hain't she?" he whispered, "Oh!"

The house shook as a peal of thunder, like the boom of guns cracked about it, and Miss Jane cried out, for the bottle fell from her hand and shattered on the floor.

"Hain't ye got no more?" asked Jack, "I can go to the 'potecary's or to the doctor's. I know where the doctor lives."

Miss Jane didn't answer.

It would be dire cruelty to send that morsel of humanity out in such a storm, but Calista—

Before she could collect her thoughts the rain beat heavily in at the open door, and Jack was gone.

She sprang out to call after him to go by the road and not by the stepping-stones; but the wind rushed round the house and carried her words away, and Jack with Snap at his heels, had been swallowed up by the night. Jack had been in Stoneham long enough to know that it was a half mile to Dr. McIntyre's by the road, while the path that led on the stepping-stones across Mad Brook was only half as far.

"We'll get a better steppin'-stones, for may be she's a-dyin'," said Jack to Snap, and Snap responded by a little howl, as they fled down the path.

Dr. McIntyre was sick himself, and young Dr. Harry had driven off to Boudin to set a man's leg, but Mrs. Woodbury, the housekeeper, and the old doctor together put up the medicine which, as Mrs. Woodbury said, "always fetched Mrs. Emmons right round when she had them spells; but I'm afraid you'll tumble down and spill it, you poor little dear," the kind woman added.

Jack pulled a dirty piece of string from his pocket for answer, and made the bottle fast to Snap's neck.

"He can't tumble down," said the master, but Mrs. Woodbury was only divided as to the risks.

Nothing better presented itself, however, so she dubiously rolled the powder in a bit of oiled silk, and started the two homeward, with very little hope the medicine would reach there, if the boy and dog did.

Mad Brook was roaring when the dog reached it, foaming over the stepping-stones, but the moon was struggling out now, and showed a tree blown across from bank to bank.

"Keep close to me, old fellow," said Jack, starting nimbly across. Almost over, a dead branch snapped, and Jack fell. He caught a limb with each hand, and drew himself out of the water; but the boughs swayed and creaked, and threatened to break, and Jack dare trust them no further.

"She's got to have the 'potecary stuff," he said, pulling the roll out of his pocket, while he held unsteadily by one hand. "Here, Snap, take it an' go home." Snap howled, but Jack repeated the command, and Snap trotted to the shore, laid down his bundle and howled again.

"Go home," repeated Jack, in his sternest tone, and Jack's word was law to Snap; so he picked up his roll, and three minutes later, wet, dirty and panting, laid it at Miss Jane's feet, as she opened the door for perhaps the hundredth time to look and listen.

With trembling hand she took the bundle and untied the bottle, and, as Calista's agony was relieved, with a terror of the knee not what she sped down the hill with Snap, just as the day, fair and smiling, peeped over the hills.

"She's a livin'!" called a feeble voice from the water.

Not a word in answer said Miss Jane, but she marched straight into the brook, and, taking Jack in her arms, put him on the ground.

"I couldn't hold much longer," said he, and dropped at her feet.

Two or three days afterward the minister came round to ask if Jack would be ready to go back with the other children. "No," said Miss Jane, abruptly; "I can't let him go, and Calista, she wants him, an' we'll keep him a spell longer. I guess by what he tells me about his aunt he lives with, there won't be any trouble there."

"Blasphemous Lord, sister!" said the minister earnestly. He had heard the story of Mad Brook.

This spring Miss Jane, with a beaming face, put down her name for four children to spend two weeks with her. "Jack and Calista will enjoy it," said she, apologetically.

"How about Snap?" laughed the minister.

"There, ain't he the knowin'est little thing you ever saw?" exclaimed Miss Jane, with enthusiasm, and the minister assented; and she walked home murmuring: "What a mess o' vittles, you'd 'a' upset, Jane Sewall, if the Lord had let you had your own way."

November's Evening Skies.

November is not so fruitful in incidents as many of the preceding months of the now fleeting year. She presents, as prominent in importance, the opposition of Neptune when the planet third in size among the brotherhood draws nearest to the earth on his unseen path, and gives the telescope a chance to find out something new concerning the great sphere that, in terrestrial view, looks like a tiny ball, delicately tinted with blue, but is really equal in volume to nearly a hundred planets like the earth piled upon each other. November also presents on each clear evening, one of the loveliest pictures that ever glows on the celestial canvas, that of the peerless Venus, shining in the West as the fair evening star, designed to show herself as soon as the sun has disappeared, and growing more bewitchingly beautiful as the shadows gather, until her turn comes to descend below the western hills. Saturn is another gem in the November sky. Jupiter shows his smiling face in the small hours of the morning, and Mercury may be seen in fitful phase as the month draws to a close. November holds the exclusive right to one unfading source of interest, when, on the 13th, and the day before and after, the earth plunges headlong through the November meteor zone. Those who watch on the nights mentioned will find proof of the passage in a few stray meteors, radiating from the constellation Leo, and set on fire by a concussion with the earth's atmosphere.

These meteoric showers are caused by the earth encountering a swarm of particles following Tempel's comet in its orbit. The swarm of meteoroids is not equally scattered, and the earth meets the densest portion once in 33½ years. A grand display marks the passage. The heavens seem to be on fire, and the grandeur of the scene is indescribable. Chinese, Arabian and other records give accounts of these grand meteoric showers. Humboldt witnessed a wonderful shower in 1790. A great shower was seen in 1833; another occurred in 1896-7, and one is confidently expected in 1899. Leverrier states accounts for the presence of the meteor zone in the system. As far back as the year 120 of our era Uranus captured a meteoric comet and imprisoned it by his attractive power within the solar domain. It has a period of 33½ years. The orbit crosses the earth's orbit at a point passed by our planet on the 13th of November, and extends beyond the orbit of Uranus. The comet is disintegrating and the meteoroids are slowly extending over the whole zone. When this occurs again hence the grand displays will cease and the falling stars each year will increase in numbers. As nothing is more uncertain than the behavior of comets and meteors, it is well to be on the watch, for the earth may encounter a more populous portion of the zone, and the shower of falling stars be more abundant than is expected. The best time for observing the Leonids, as they are called, is about 3 o'clock in the morning, when the constellation Leo is nearly halfway between the eastern horizon and the zenith.

HOSE NOTES.

—John Splan will winter in Boston.

—W. C. France has sold Lowden, 2.204.

—Mr. Johnson has purchased the ch. m. Mamie B. for Boston parties.

—Green Morris will winter this year at Mobile, Ala., instead of at Charleston, claiming that the latter city is too warm.

—The b. g. Judge Parsons (2.264) and Little Fred (2.204), the property of Abraham Barber, of Albany, are being driven as a team.

—Free Knight, half brother to Freedom, is already spoken of as a likely candidate to carry off the American Derby next year in Chicago.

—A ten-mile trotting match, for \$50 a side, took place on the highway near Sheffield, Eng., October 8. Early Morn winning easily in 40 m. 23½ s.

—The trotting stallions Messenger Chief and Rienzi, owned by George A. Slingerly, are now in charge of the Macey Brothers at Versailles, Kentucky.

—Charles Schwartz, of Chicago, has gone to New York with his team Adelaide and Charley Hogan. The pair were driven a mile in 2.36½ just after arriving.

—W. C. France has purchased the black m. Inez, 2.224, by Sweepstakes, dam by Kentucky Bertram, from W. C. Trimble, of Newburgh, N. Y., to use as a mate for Cornelia, 2.214.

—Phyllis has just completed a remarkable season's work. She has campaigned for a whole year, appearing on most of the principal tracks between Texas and Massachusetts.

—The rule disqualifying a horse when his jockey dismounts without obtaining permission from the judges is a bad one, and is likely to be changed.

—The celebrated race-horse St. Blaze, owned by Mr. Augustus Belmont, arrived recently at New York on the steamer Holland from London. The animal is in splendid condition.

—Miss Russell, the dam of Maud S., has again been bred to Belmont. Her last foal, the gr. c. Pilot Russell, has suffered considerably from distemper, and is still running with its dam.

—Onward (2.204), by Kniekerbocker—dam by Reserve, has been sold to Mr. Hall, of Boston, proprietor of Young's Hotel and the Adams House. Price stated about \$4000, which is about half what was paid for him last year.

—Maxey Cobb and Neta Medium were twice speeded at New York recently. On the first trial the mile was made in 2.27½, and 2.24 was reeled off a day or two later. Jimmy Dustin has gone to Kentucky to secure winter quarters for the team. The pair will be driven for a fast record at Louisville.

—A 16-year-old brown gelding by Woodford Manbrino, dam Midnight, the dam of Jay-Eye-See, is used on the farm at the Woodburn Stud. His trotting lineage was discovered after his joints had been stiffened by hard work. Had he been kept entire he would now be worth a fortune for the stud.

—The Third Annual Exhibition of the National Horse Show Association was opened on the 3d at Madison Square Garden under favorable auspices. There was a large attendance of visitors and there were many exhibits. For four-year-old stallions A. J. Cassatt, of Haverford College, Pa., took the first prize, \$200. The second prize, \$100, was awarded to Harris & Brown, of Owen Sound, Canada. The prize for ponies, mares or geldings, not exceeding 13 hands, first prize, \$50 to Clarence Seagrist, of Philada., and the second prize, \$50, to Peter Doolzer, of Philada.. For four-year-old trotting stallions, first prize of \$100 was awarded to C. J. Hamilton, of Buffalo, N. Y., and the second prize, \$50, to R. B. Wallace, of Philadelphia.

—Paul Potter, the jockey who was trampled on in a race at Jerome Park on Thursday last week, died there on Saturday, and was buried on Monday afternoon from the residence of his widowed mother. Potter was the light-weight jockey of the Dwyer Bros' stable, riding at about eighty pounds, was about 16 years of age, the sole support of his widowed mother and a successful and very promising jockey. The extra day's racing at Jerome Park on Thursday was given for the benefit of Mrs. Potter. The net receipts were about \$4000.

—Another change has taken place in Ranococas affairs. As is well known, Mr. Pierre Lorillard over a year since made his son, N. Griswold Lorillard, a special partner in his racing enterprises, and in the event of his death, to become sole proprietor of Ranococas. But, while young Mr. Lorillard attended the races, he never seemed to enter into the spirit of breeding and racing. As Mr. Lorillard once said to us: "My son Griswold is interested with me in the stable, but somehow he doesn't take to racing as I thought he would. He inclines rather toward pony racing, polo playing, etc. My son Pierre, on the other hand, is too enthusiastic a turfman, I often think it would be better if he were associated with me. Griswold is willing that such an arrangement be made." We believe the change has been made. Mr. Griswold Lorillard has gone on an extended tour of the world, in company with some friends. He has, or will if he has not already, withdrawn from the racing enterprise. An arrangement will be made whereby, if the elder son, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., does not actually become heir to Ranococas, he will be made trustee for his little son, the third Pierre Lorillard, now 4 years of age, who is the future Master of Ranococas. Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Sr., is very proud of Ranococas. He desires that it shall remain linked with his posterity, and maintained in all its glory. His little grandson is the sixth of the name; he already shows the sporting instinct in his fondness for greyhounds, and the true friends of the turf may rest assured that the cherry of the Lorillards is destined for a career as long and glorious as the yellow and black of the English Turfmen, which has survived through the generations.

FASHION NOTES.

—Broad-striped materials worn under bodices and tunics of plain textiles are again in high vogue.

—Feather-striped woolen novelty goods are not really striped with feathers but with a silken cashmere goat's-hair textile of great beauty and durability.

—There are few fabrics that combine more of the best qualities of woolen goods than the woolen serges. They are durable, ladylike, and just now very popular.

—All medium shades of dark and pale green are fashionable—russea, sage, cress, Chartreuse, olive, Russian or bottle or invisible green, bronze and even pea-green.

—The newest stockings have the feet, ankles and half-way the calf in solid color, the upper half in contrasting color, sometimes striped, again barred, and frequently plain, but in color of a sharp contrast to the lower half of the hose.

—A stylish cloth costume is made in this way: The overskirt is mounted in wide, flat plaits in front, while the back is draped. The jacket is open in front, being turned back on either side, showing a chemise of silk to match or of a contrasting color.

—Tinsel is a steadily increasing element in millinery decoration. Tinsel silver, where shining lines of gilt or silver lie unimpeded, is shown in endless designs and rich colorings, and heavy tinsel and chenille cordings, bands and soft, rich networks are among the very recent importations.

—A promenade oversize gown has a plaited skirt, draped over skirt and bodice of navy-blue serge trimmed with red mohair braid. Another is made up of woolen check. The skirt, which is full, is otherwise perfectly plain. The tunic is draped on panner, with pouf behind. A sash of ribbon matching the ground or predominating color of the check falls at the side. It has a gathered plastron, and collar and cuffs of silk.

—A white veloutine robe has a square train. The loose front and side breadths are of gold brocade, bordered by a frill of gold lace. The pointed bodice has folds of the silk laid on either side of the pointed opening, which, as well as the elbow sleeves, is filled in with Duchesse lace under a frill of gold lace. Broad white loops and brocade ends, edged with gold lace, fall from beneath the bodice at the left side.

—An olive-green faille francaise reception dress has a full draped apron front. The back drapery is long and straight, showing a plush panel at one side. The bodice is of plush of the same shade, with a full plastron of faille francaise, bordered with olive-green wool lace, interwoven with threads of dull gold. The sleeves have folds of the silk covered with a full frill of the woolen lace.

—The muffs in the newest French fashion plates are eccentrically itself. Some are gathered at the ends so that they look like muskmelons; some appear to be drawn together in the center and flare open so as to seem like two fans fastened together under a ribbon; some are hooped like a barrel; and one, otherwise simple is ornamented by a bow of ribbon from which depends a shield with armorial bearings.

—Blanket wrappers, made of woolen stuffs such as never yet on sea or shore were used for blankets, however artfully they may imitate them in the bands of coloring used for trimming, appear in great heaps on the dry goods counters. They are pretty and make good winter dressing gowns, and also "fire gowns" like that described by Mrs. Whitney in "We Girls."

—Late ideas introduce styles of bonnets that compare agreeably with the heavy blanket fabrics. Fur felt, fine moleskin, plush and felt bonnets add the finishing harmony to the anticipated heavy winter toilets which consist of bison homespuns, rough twilled camel's-hair, Astrakan cloths, boucle and other described fabrics. The ribbons partake of the general shagginess in imitation of bands of Astrakan, and others of frise velvet, striped wool and frise stripes of plush one of which is plain the other curly, and there are other soft, thin wool ribbons with edges of narrow plush, velvet or heavy silk. These ribbons are set in long loops from the crown drooping over to the brim, with the addition of two or three quill feathers, or an ornament of metal, wings of fanciful feathers that lose their identity beneath the weight of beads or glittering silver or gold incrustations. Imitation cat-tails and pyramidal grasses are used in this stiff style of trimming, especially for the high-crowned toques and turbans. There are some models of mingled fabrics, as a velvet bonnet of beaver-brown with a slashed brim covered with three or four folds of heavy moleskin plush of a darker shade; the strings are brown satin with picot edge; a large nondescript bird sits with folded wings on top just where the folds meet in a nest of long velvet loops. Heavy bonnets of plush are decorated with several rows of carved wooden beads placed around the edge and brightened with a cluster of bronze, pansy-colored, and asparagus-green and Indian-red feathers on top. The Astrakan cloth bonnets are seen with the Alpine crowns, high round crowns, and horse-crowns; small shapes covered with one fabric, as a change from the mixed materials, are narrow and the horse-shoe crown is either simulated with beads or the crown itself takes that shape. The embroidered cloth bonnets take precedence over the other wool styles in beauty, not only with the richest costumes, but corresponding with the embroidered cloth costumes.

—Naturalists in England and Scotland are complaining of the rapid extermination of the rarest and most beautiful native plants. They view with alarm reckless gathering by students in botany, and the still greater ravages by professional plant hunters, who supply the general public, whereby the common wild flowers are becoming scarce and the rare ones are fast becoming extinct.

During 1883 the Mining Office of Finland reports that the quantity of iron ores raised from the mines was small, but from the Finnish lakes and bogs not less than 33,000 tons were raised, at a cost of about \$50,000. There were twenty-six furnaces in the country, of which fourteen were in blast, returning about 18,000 tons of pig iron, for the manufacture of which were used 25,000 tons of bog and lake ore and 17,000 tons of imported ore. The number of workmen at the mines and works is estimated at 17,000.

Patchouly is supposed to be the most permanent of all vegetable odors. The plant resembles mint, and is a native of various parts of India.