

The Old Mill.

Here from the brow of the hill I look
Through a lattice of boughs and leaves
On the old gray mill, with its gambrel
roof.

And the moss on its rotting cavity,
I hear the clatter that jars its walls,
And the rushing water's sound,
And I see the black floats rise and fall
As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there often when I was young,
With my grist on the horse before,
And talked with Nellie, the miller's girl,
As I waited my turn at the door,
And while she tossed a ring of brown,
And flirted and chattered so free,
The wheel might stop the wheel might go—
It was all the same to me.

'Tis twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stand to-day,
And Nellie is well and the miller is dead,
And the mill and I are gray.
But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck,
To our fortune of toil are bound,
And the man goes, and the stream flows,
And the wheel goes slowly round.

JOHN REYNOLDS' LESSON.

"What is the matter, little woman?"
"Only tired, John."
Lina Reynolds looked up as she
spoke, to smile bravely into the face
beaming anxiously over her.

"Tired, Lina?" he said, lifting the
little figure as he spoke and taking his
wife like a child upon his knee. "What
have you been doing to tire you?"
"Only the day's work. Don't
worry, John," for a shade passed over
the kindly face.

"I don't worry; but I can't see what
makes you complain so often of being
tired. I am sure the house work ain't
so much. Other women do it!"
There was just a little fretfulness in
John's tone, though he did not mean to
be unkind.

"I know they do. Mrs. Harper has
four children and takes care of them in
addition to housework, besides doing
piles of sewing. Perhaps, John, it is
because I have not had experience in
country work and don't manage well.
I will learn better after awhile. Now,
tell me what you did in town."

"I did quite well. Sold the whole
crop of wheat at a good price for the
Stanley farm."
"Your heart is set on that farm,
John."

"Indeed it is! Let me once own that
clear of debt, and I shall be a happy
man. It is the best land in the country,
and the house is twice as large as this!"
Lina thought of larger floors to scrub,
more rooms to clean, and additional
work of all kinds, and swallowed a little
sigh that nearly escaped her.

"John," she said, rather timidly,
"don't you think if you spend part of
the money on this house we might be
very happy here?"
"Spend money on this house?" cried the
astonished John. "Why, what on
earth ails this house?"

"I mean in things in it. Now, the
parlor looks so stiff, and is always shut
up. I was thinking if we had a pretty
carpet and some curtains of white mus-
lin or lace, and a set of nice furniture,
and—and—a piano, oh, John, if I could
have a piano!"
John Reynolds looked at his wife as
if she had proposed to him to buy up
the crown jewels of Russia.

"A piano! Do you know what a piano
costs?"
"No. Aunt Lonise has one, you
know, ever since I can remember. But
I think if we had a pretty parlor to rest
in the evening I could play for you and
sing. You never heard me play or sing,
John?"

"I have heard you sing, but not
lately," said John rather gloomily.
"Oh! that was just humming around
the house. I mean real singing. I
have lots of music in my trunk."
"But you are only a farmer's wife,
now, Lina. I thought you understood
when we were married that you were
not to have city finery and pleasures."
"So I did, John. I don't want finery.
I don't want any pleasure but your love,
John. Don't scowl up your face so.
I am silly to think of these at all.
There, kiss me and forget it. I am
nicely rested now, and I'll get your tea
in ten minutes."

John put her down with a very ten-
der kiss, and straightway fell into a
reverie.
Lina Ravers had been a district school
teacher in Scotland just four months,
when John Reynolds offered her his
hand and heart. She was an orphan
from infancy, but her father's sister had
adopted and educated her in a life of
luxury, and died without altering a
will made years before, leaving her en-
tire fortune to a charity asylum. Lina,
left alone, had thankfully accepted the
position of country school teacher pro-
vided for her by some friends, and was
thinking life a hard burden, when John
came to brighten it. She gave her
whole gentle heart into his keeping at
once, appreciating at their full value
his honest, true heart, his frank nature,
his sterling good qualities, and looking
with the most profound admiration
upon his tall, strong frame and hand-
some face.

huge dishes of food for the farm hands.
He would have thought it a wicked
waste, if not positive insanity, to draw
from the bank his hard earned savings
to invest them in beautifying his plain,
comfortable home.

And Lina lashed her conscience
sharply, telling herself she was ungrate-
ful, reptant and wicked. Was not her
John tender, true and loving? Where
among her city friends was there a
heart like this? Had she not known he
was only a farmer?

And so the loving little woman toiled
and slaved, undertook tasks far beyond
her strength, worked early and late
until just one year after his wedding
day, John Reynolds, coming home to
tea, found lying upon the kitchen
floor a little senseless figure with a face
like death, and hands that sent a chill
to his very heart.

The doctor, hastily summoned, looked
grave, and advised perfect quiet and
rest, a girl was hired and John tenderly
nursed the invalid, but though she
grew better she was pale and weak.
"Take her away awhile," said the
doctor. "Try a change of air. She is
overworked."

"But," said honest, puzzled John,
"she does nothing but the housework
for us two. She has no child, and our
seeing is not much."
The doctor looked into the troubled
face.

"You are a great man, John Reynolds,
and a strong one," he said.
"Will you let me tell you a few truths?"
"Yes, About Lina?"
"About Lina. You remember, do
you not, about the tiny antelope you
admired so much in the menagerie we
had here last summer?"
"Certainly," said John, looking more
puzzled than ever.

"Suppose you had bought that little
creature and yoked it with one of your
oxen to a cart to do the same work?"
"I'd been a fool," said John; "that
little thing couldn't work. It was just
made pretty to look at and play."
"That's it, John. Now I don't think
God ever made a woman to look pretty
and play, but he made some for the
rough work of this world and some for
the dainty places, some to cook and
scrub, and some to draw men's souls to
heaven by gentle loveliness. Your wife
is one of the latter. If you were a poor
man I would have held my tongue, but
you are a rich one. Give your wife a
servant; let her have books, music,
pretty things around her. Let her rest
from toil, and you may keep her by
your side. Put her back in her old
place and you may order her to come
and yoked it with one of your oxen,
John."

"I will not! Thank you! I under-
stand. Poor, loving, patient heart!"
"That's right! Take her low for a
little pleasure trip, and get back her
roses."
Lina clasped her hands when John
asked her if she would like to spend a
week at New York, and really seemed
to draw in new life from the very idea.
It was delicious fun to see John's
wide open eyes as they entered the
parlor of the great city hotel, and were
shown into the bedroom, whose beauties
were quite as bewildering.

"The best room," he had told the
landlord, and Lina could not repress a
cry of delight at the vista of the cosy
sitting room, with a piano standing
invitingly open.

"Oh, John!" she said, "won't you go
in there and shut the door for five min-
utes, please?"
John obeyed, of course. John, she
thought, gratefully, refused her nothing
now.

"How lucky I brought some of my
old dresses," Lina thought. "I have
not worn them since I was a school
marm. Fancy Mrs. Reynolds scrubbing
the floor in this dress!"
John rubbed his eyes and pinched
himself as a little figure sailed into the
sitting room, made him a sweeping
courtesy and went to the piano.

Was that the little woman who had
worn prints and sun-umbrellas so long?
The fair hair was fashionably dressed,
and bands of blue velvet looped the
golden curls. A dress of blue silk,
with the softest lace trimmings, and
ornaments of pearl, had certainly made
a fine lady of Lina. The piano was
yielding its full bewitching tones to the
skilled little fingers, and John's bewil-
derment was complete when a voice of
exquisite sweetness, though not power-
ful, began to sing.

Only one song, full of trills and quav-
ers, and then Lina rushed from the
piano into John's arms.
"John, darling," she said, "hold me
fast. Don't let me slip from you!"
"Oh, Lina!" he groaned. "I was not
fit to marry such a dainty bird! But I
loved you, little one."
"And I loved you, John, rough old
John! Let me sing again. I am very
happy to-day, my husband."
But no wonderful trills filled the little
room now. In a clear, pure voice, full
of expression, she sang:
"I know that my Redeemer liveth."
Every word fell like hot tears on poor
John's heart, until, as the last chord
trembled upon the air, Lina turned to
him, stretching out her arms:
"Take me in your arms, John!"
He took her tenderly to the room she
had quitted so gayly, and she replaced
her finery with a white wrapper, whose
lace trimmings looked like fancy work
to his unaccustomed eyes.

to John, was old, familiar ground to
Lina. Central Park was not soon ex-
hausted, and the little guide grew
stronger and rosier every day, in John's
thoughtful care, that provided plenty
of pleasant excitement, but guarded
against fatigue.

It was early in the afternoon of a
sunny day, when the train drew up at
the Scottfield station, and John handed
his wondering wife into a neat little one
horse carriage waiting for them.

"A new purchase, dear!" he ex-
plained. "We are to have a drive every
afternoon. Dr. Grayson prescribes it."
The house was where it had always
been, but Lina rubbed her eyes and
wondered if she had been suddenly car-
ried into fairy land. The dull little
sitting room had been papered, carpeted
and transformed into a cosy
dining room. The stiff parlor was a
very bow of beauty, with a fine piano,
the daintiest of furniture, soft muslin
curtains, and a carpet covered with
bouquets of exquisite flowers; the bed-
rooms were carpeted brightly, and re-
joiced in cottage sets, and in the kitchen
the most good natured of stout German
girls fairly shed tears when Lina ad-
dressed her in her own language.

"But John!" she cried, "the Stanley
farm?"
"So, dear, you were right; we will
make this home so lovely the Stan-
ley farm will never cost me a sigh. Dr.
Grayson and his wife took all the trou-
ble here, and I have hired two new
hands, so as to have a little more lei-
sure."
"But, John," the little wife said
earnestly, "I do not want you to think
I am a fine lady, a doll to wear fine
clothes and live in idleness. I want to
be truly a helpmate to you."

"So you will be, Lina. God meant
no one to be a drone in the busy hive
of the world. You are not strong, but
you will find plenty to keep you busy in
superintending indoor arrangements
and directing Gretchen. And in our
drives, love, we will see if we cannot
find some one poorer than ourselves to
comfort and aid. That will be my
thank offering for your life, my little
wife."

The neighbors stared and wondered.
Comments upon John's folly and im-
providence fell from many lips, and old
men, shaking their heads, prophesied
ruin for the Reynolds farm.
But John was as much astonished as
any of them, when, after a few years,
he found the farm yielding him a larger
income than ever before.

"I do believe, Lina," he said one day
to a matronly little woman, who was
dressing a crowing baby, "that your
flower garden last year was worth a
thousand dollars to me."
"John!"
"One book after another crept into
the house, and the time I thought
would be wasted, taken from farm work,
was spent in reading. Now look at the
labor saving machines I have bought.
See the new stock! My orchard is going
to be the best in the country, too."

"And my poultry yard, John? It was
the papers and magazines that first gave
me the idea of a model poultry yard.
What fun we had, John, in getting it
started!"
"Yes, indeed. That New York trip
was the best investment I ever made.
Lina, I saw so many things there that
I recognized as old friends when I met
them again in print—the threshing
machine, the rotary harrow, the im-
proved plow."

"And," said Mrs. Reynolds, mischiev-
ously, "the Milton watch, the sewing
machine and the corals for Johnnie."
"Come, are you ready for my drive?"
"As soon as I put on my hat, and get
the basket of things for Mrs. Goodwin."
"It beats me, John," said his uncle,
one bright day, "where you find so
much money for tomfoolery, newfangled
nonsense, and fallals for Lina, and yet
give so much for charity. I thought
you were crazy to buy the Stanley
farm."

"It was once, but I have something
better now than the Stanley farm. I
have learned how to manage my ante-
lope."
"What?"
But to this day John never explained
that riddle to his puzzled relative.

The New Parliament.
Oxford will be better represented
than Cambridge in the new Parliament
in London, amongst the members of
which no fewer than 137 received more
or less of their education on the banks
of the Isis, as against 89 who hail from
Cambridge. These figures, taken with
the total number of university candi-
dates, give some force to the assertion
that Oxford and Cambridge are the best
schools of politics; for only 28 Oxford
and 19 Cambridge men seem to have
been rejected at the polls. The 226
elected candidates are equally divided
in politics, exactly half of them belong-
ing to either party; a fact which will
surprise most people; the more so seeing
that the majority of the rejected candi-
dates from either university were libe-
rals. It is noticeable, too, that only 21
of the chosen representatives have held
office at their respective Union Societies
as compared with the far larger propo-
tion of 15 amongst the rejected.

Dividing a Partnership.
Two men began business as carters
last spring at Palmyra, N. J. Their
assets consisted of a horse, a cart and
set of harness. Business was good until
last week, when the horse, after a short
illness, died. The partners, being un-
able to buy another animal, agreed to
close out their business. They could
find no customer for the cart and har-
ness, however, and were also unable to
agree upon a price which the surviving
partner should pay to the one who re-
tired. Accordingly a saw was procured
and the cart cut in two, each one taking
a wheel and a shaft with his half of
the body. The harness was served likewise,
even the bit being chiseled in two.
Both men took their share home, satis-
fied his former partner had not obtained
any advantage in the settlement of the
firm's accounts.

It is curious if you are going to put
English currants into cake, to dry them,
as sometimes the cold water will cause
the cake to fall.

The Flying Telegraph.

We have probably seen in the news-
papers from time to time some rather
vague allusions to a new telegraphing
scheme which is to enable people who
are stationary to communicate with
friends who are traveling on railway
trains while they are in motion. I had
been regarding this scheme as rather
empheral, and even visionary, until
recently, when a friend of mine, to
whom it was mentioned, broke out
most enthusiastically concerning it, and
he finally induced me to go up town to
where the concern is in active operation.

The company which is undertaking
to introduce this flying telegraph has
a number of lines laid down to illustrate
the workings of the machine, and nearly
every day some railway magnate or
other personage of influence in the com-
munity is shown the results of these
experiments. The scheme is worked
simply enough. A wire is laid down
along the ground between the tracks on
which the cars run, and underneath the
floor of each vehicle is a coil of wire
which takes up the sound as it is sent
along the ground. The coil does not
touch the other wire at all, but picks
up the sound through the air, no matter
at what speed the train may be going.
The value of the scheme, according to
the promoters, lies partly in the great
accommodation which it would be to
railway passengers, and partly in the
chance it would give the people in con-
trol of railroads to avoid accidents. For
instance, let us say a railway train runs
off the track. In an instant a message
can be sent in each direction the full
length of the road conveying the infor-
mation and preventing other trains from
following on. Beyond this it is claimed
that cables may be laid as far as 400
miles out to sea, and that any vessel
over them and supplied with this ma-
chine can communicate with the
shore. To successfully accomplish this
four or five cables would be laid, sepa-
rated from each other at a considerable
distance and duly located in this chart.
This would not only give an opportunity
to accurately foretell the arrival of
steamers, but would enable passengers
to communicate with friends on shore
on any important matter. The scheme
is the hand of some heavy capitalists,
and will undoubtedly be in operation
before long on each one of the big rail-
ways running out of New York.

The same people have struck another
novel idea in electricity, though whether
it will ever be of great material value is
still an unanswered question. By its
use, if you sit in Boston and write your
name with a pen attached to one end
of the wire, the other end of which is in
Worcester or Springfield, your signature
will be exactly reproduced at whichever
one of these points may be determined.
There is no immediate means of deter-
mining the utility of this invention,
which is as yet entirely crude, but it is
proposed to give the use of it, for the
time being, to some magician, who may
mystify his auditors by the device.

Alone in London.
A tourist says: I was on my way in
London, through the Strand, about 1
o'clock one morning, and had almost
reached the street in which my hotel is
situated, when I saw a woman not far
in front of me apparently stumble and
fall to the sidewalk. She was alone.
She cried out as if hurt, and I hastened
my steps and ran to her assistance. I
helped her get up, but she complained
of great pain in her ankle, and could
hardly stand. She began to cry bitterly
and said she didn't see how she was to
get home. I asked her where she lived;
she named the street, which I knew was
more than a mile away. I told her that
I would call one. Still crying and
complaining that she was severely hurt,
she said she could not take a cab, as
she had no money to pay for it. My
sympathies were aroused, and I said
that I would give her enough to pay
the cab fare. I put my hand in my
pocket and pulled out some silver coins.
At the same time I stepped toward a
gas lamp in order to pick out the right
amount.

"Quick as a flash the woman seized
my wrist, and some of the coin went
rattling down on the pavement. At
this moment three other women ap-
peared. I had seen nothing of them
before. They seized me by the arms
and around the waist. I instantly com-
prehended the situation. I was the
victim of a confidence game and was
being robbed—or would be in a moment
unless I made a vigorous resistance.
I had my umbrella in my hand. I
struggled violently with the four women,
and at length managed to break away
from them. I started on a run at full
speed for my hotel, only a few rods
away. All the women were in hot pur-
suit. You know all these streets run-
ning from the Strand down to the river
descent pretty rapidly, and as I was
going down I got under such headway
I could not stop when I reached my
house. I stopped just below it, how-
ever, and tried to turn, when the
women seized me again. They pounced
and kicked me viciously, but did not
get anything out of my pockets. I
used my hands and feet and umbrella
as best I could, but I am afraid they
would have been more than a match for
me.

By good fortune, however, while the
struggle was going on in front of my
hotel, the door suddenly opened and
the landlord appeared in it. I told him
I needed help, and he came out. The
women then set upon him, and, taking
advantage of the opportunity I broke
away from them and ran at full speed
into the hotel.

A Famous General.
One of the heroes of the Franco-
German war has just died, Gen. Bon-
nemains, who commanded the Cuirassiers
in the famous cavalry charge at Reisch-
shofen. The feat of arms by which he
stayed the advance of the Germans,
while his men fell in scores around him
under the murderous fire, until Mc-
Mahon had got clear away from Woerth
and Froeschwiller, is commemorated on
many a canvas and in song; and to this
day the appearance of a cuirassier regi-
ment at a review is always greeted with
triumphant plaudits. Gen. Bonnemains
was 71 years of age.

FASHION NOTES.

The new millinery laces are woolen
enriched with chenille embroidery.
—Young misses' dresses are to be
very modest and quiet in styles and
colors this winter.
—Sleeves are long and close, as a
rule, yet a few are shown with puffs at
the shoulders and elbows.
—Many of the rough surfaced cloths
are rendered more comfortable by lin-
ings of China silk and satin surah.
—If the body of your dress is of
fancy woolen goods, then plain velvet
makes a more appropriate trimming.
—Head trimmings is more popular
than ever, and while such variety and
exquisite combinations can be had it is
entirely unsafe to predict an early
downfall to the fashion.

All sorts of stuff are used as founda-
tion for hand-wrought embroidery,
fine cloth to be combined with silk and
velvet, velvet plush, gauze, tulle, crepe
de chine and satin finished failles.
—Walking skirts are as long as pos-
sible without touching the ground. A
few demi-trains are seen on ordinary
dresses, but the best taste does not
commend them, neither do the best-
dressed ladies wear them.
—Sets of very deep Vandyke collars
and cuffs, made severally in different
colored velvets, fastened with handsome
cameo or other clasps, are very pretty
additions to cold-weather toilets; as
worn in turn they give quite a new look
to the same dress.
—The changeable bonnets have stiff,
upstanding loops of velvet, through
which a roll of orange, pink or pale
blue velvet is drawn to suit different
costumes. The color of the bonnet
itself must be black, white or gray.
—Panther ribbon of plush or velvet,
imitates in design and coloring the fur
of the animal after which it is named.
This ribbon is made in cockades and
loops arranged in various ways and
forms the sole trimming of the bonnet
or hat.
—Dog collar necklets are very popu-
lar. They consist of five or ten rows
of small white or pink pearls mounted
on velvet and bordered with a row of
falling pear-shaped pearls. Other neck-
lets are made in gray, jet, garnet and
golden-brown pearls, and are worn with
high dresses. Dog collars are also made
in striped ribbon of pretty shades, and
fastened at the side with a small bow
of the same.

Hoods, practical and impractical,
are added to jackets and mantles, with
bright linings. The circular Irish cloak,
generally dark blue cloth, lined with
red, is a good example. High velvet
collars, stiff and all round, are a fea-
ture. Jackets are small and close fit-
ting, except one variety, which has
velvet revers and huge buttons; and is
capable of being transformed, button-
ing diagonally and hiding the revers.
The elastic silk jackets, richly braided,
are fashionable, as they show the figure
to advantage.
—Felt bonnets come in all sober
shades, as well as pale blue, corn color,
red and china pink. They are usually
given a heavy band of jet beads as a
border, with a stiff velvet bow and
some jetted bird on top. The felt is
also very curiously woven in a basket
plait; it has not the lustre of the gold
and silver beaded braids, but is newer
and quite as elegant. The studded
effect of either round or pointed black
or moonlight jet beads, set all over the
pale tan felt colored bonnets is also
much admired.

The most desirable gloves are in
the long, soft, plain, Mousquetaire style
with two or three buttons at the inside
of the wrist. In answer to the inquiry
as to the proper length for gloves, it
may be said that the only guide is the
length of the sleeve and the taste of the
wearer. For evening wear, they should
reach nearly to the shoulders, if the
dress is without sleeves, and if there
are sleeves should nearly or quite meet
them. There are many ladies, and their
taste and discretion is to be com-
mended, who, although fashion permits
them to do so, never leave a space be-
tween the sleeve and the glove. Eight
buttons in length is considered the
shortest glove admissible for full dress.
—The fashionable colors in dress
goods are heliotrope, chrysanthemum,
light and dark putonia, a gamut of
greens—the darkest emerald, grass
green, linden and intervening shades;
sea brown and the redder tints—for
example, lynx, the color of Suede
gloves, and Aloxan, richer and redder,
the more fire and flame therein the bet-
ter. The contrasts in one material are
vivid; red blends with blue or with
green, amber is flecked with brown or
blue, blue with canary; grass green is
the ground on which lynx stripes ap-
pear; cardinal and smoke, lettuce and
myrtle, fawn and moss, fawn and
brown—these are fashionable combina-
tions. Plain silks are corded, and so
well woven they no longer pull apart,
and on corded grounds appear gigantic
leaves in loose upstanding plush,
bright in contrast. Stripes, frise de-
signs and large flowered brocades in
self tones are interwoven with corded
and watered silks.

A new mantle called the Floren-
tine, has the straight gathered fronts
cut like a blouse. They reach below
the waist to cover a third of the skirt.
These front pieces are fastened to a flat
lining and trimmed with a rich pas-
samenterie of wooden beads. The
sleeves are a kind of pelerine, rounded
over the shoulders. They form the
side piece of the back. The goods then
fall loose over the arm. The back sits
well to the figure, and terminates
with two fluted plaits lined with col-
ored satin merveilleux. The same
passamenterie that covers the inserted
piece is taken down the middle of the
back in the shape of a hood, and reach-
es to the middle of the two fluted plaits.
Sometimes the passamenterie is taken
down either side of the back, and be-
tween the two bands is a plaited panel
of merveilleux, to imitate the lining of
a hood. This garment is made of otto-
man, or black faille, or camel's hair
cloth, and inserted piece in front of jet
or black wooden beads. Galleon to
match is on the lower part of the waist
to support the fullness of the blouse.

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tion for hand-wrought embroidery,
fine cloth to be combined with silk and
velvet, velvet plush, gauze, tulle, crepe
de chine and satin finished failles.
—Walking skirts are as long as pos-
sible without touching the ground. A
few demi-trains are seen on ordinary
dresses, but the best taste does not
commend them, neither do the best-
dressed ladies wear them.
—Sets of very deep Vandyke collars
and cuffs, made severally in different
colored velvets, fastened with handsome
cameo or other clasps, are very pretty
additions to cold-weather toilets; as
worn in turn they give quite a new look
to the same dress.
—The changeable bonnets have stiff,
upstanding loops of velvet, through
which a roll of orange, pink or pale
blue velvet is drawn to suit different
costumes. The color of the bonnet
itself must be black, white or gray.
—Panther ribbon of plush or velvet,
imitates in design and coloring the fur
of the animal after which it is named.
This ribbon is made in cockades and
loops arranged in various ways and
forms the sole trimming of the bonnet
or hat.
—Dog collar necklets are very popu-
lar. They consist of five or ten rows
of small white or pink pearls mounted
on velvet and bordered with a row of
falling pear-shaped pearls. Other neck-
lets are made in gray, jet, garnet and
golden-brown pearls, and are worn with
high dresses. Dog collars are also made
in striped ribbon of pretty shades, and
fastened at the side with a small bow
of the same.

Hoods, practical and impractical,
are added to jackets and mantles, with
bright linings. The circular Irish cloak,
generally dark blue cloth, lined with
red, is a good example. High velvet
collars, stiff and all round, are a fea-
ture. Jackets are small and close fit-
ting, except one variety, which has
velvet revers and huge buttons; and is
capable of being transformed, button-
ing diagonally and hiding the revers.
The elastic silk jackets, richly braided,
are fashionable, as they show the figure
to advantage.
—Felt bonnets come in all sober
shades, as well as pale blue, corn color,
red and china pink. They are usually
given a heavy band of jet beads as a
border, with a stiff velvet bow and
some jetted bird on top. The felt is
also very curiously woven in a basket
plait; it has not the lustre of the gold
and silver beaded braids, but is newer
and quite as elegant. The studded
effect of either round or pointed black
or moonlight jet beads, set all over the
pale tan felt colored bonnets is also
much admired.

The most desirable gloves are in
the long, soft, plain, Mousquetaire style
with two or three buttons at the inside
of the wrist. In answer to the inquiry
as to the proper length for gloves, it
may be said that the only guide is the
length of the sleeve and the taste of the
wearer. For evening wear, they should
reach nearly to the shoulders, if the
dress is without sleeves, and if there
are sleeves should nearly or quite meet
them. There are many ladies, and their
taste and discretion is to be com-
mended, who, although fashion permits
them to do so, never leave a space be-
tween the sleeve and the glove. Eight
buttons in length is considered the
shortest glove admissible for full dress.
—The fashionable colors in dress
goods are heliotrope, chrysanthemum,
light and dark putonia, a gamut of
greens—the darkest emerald, grass
green, linden and intervening shades;
sea brown and the redder tints—for
example, lynx, the color of Suede
gloves, and Aloxan, richer and redder,
the more fire and flame therein the bet-
ter. The contrasts in one material are
vivid; red blends with blue or with
green, amber is flecked with brown or
blue, blue with canary; grass green is
the ground on which lynx stripes ap-
pear; cardinal and smoke, lettuce and
myrtle, fawn and moss, fawn and
brown—these are fashionable combina-
tions. Plain silks are corded, and so
well woven they no longer pull apart,
and on corded grounds appear gigantic
leaves in loose upstanding plush,
bright in contrast. Stripes, frise de-
signs and large flowered brocades in
self tones are interwoven with corded
and watered silks.

A new mantle called the Floren-
tine, has the straight gathered fronts
cut like a blouse. They reach below
the waist to cover a third of the skirt.
These front pieces are fastened to a flat
lining and trimmed with a rich pas-
samenterie of wooden beads. The
sleeves are a kind of pelerine, rounded
over the shoulders. They form the
side piece of the back. The goods then
fall loose over the arm. The back sits
well to the figure, and terminates
with two fluted plaits lined with col-
ored satin merveilleux. The same
passamenterie that covers the inserted
piece is taken down the middle of the
back in the shape of a hood, and reach-
es to the middle of the two fluted plaits.
Sometimes the passamenterie is taken
down either side of the back, and be-
tween the two bands is a plaited panel
of merveilleux, to imitate the lining of
a hood. This garment is made of otto-
man, or black faille, or camel's hair
cloth, and inserted piece in front of jet
or black wooden beads. Galleon to
match is on the lower part of the waist
to support the fullness of the blouse.

—The new millinery laces are woolen
enriched with chenille embroidery.
—Young misses' dresses are to be
very modest and quiet in styles and
colors this winter.
—Sleeves are long and close, as a
rule, yet a few are shown with puffs at
the shoulders and elbows.
—Many of the rough surfaced cloths
are rendered more comfortable by lin-
ings of China silk and satin surah.
—If the body of your dress is of
fancy woolen goods, then plain velvet
makes a more appropriate trimming.
—Head trimmings is more popular
than ever, and while such variety and
exquisite combinations can be had it is
entirely unsafe to predict an early
downfall to the fashion.

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