- I do not like to hear him pray On bended knees about an hour, For grace to spend aright the day, Who knows his neighbor has no flour.
- I'd rather see him go to mill, And buy the luckless brother bread, And see his children eat their fill. And laugh beneath their humble shed.
- I do not like to hear him pray,
 "Let blessings on the window be,"
 Who never seeks her home to say, 'If want o'ertake you, come to me."
- I hate the prayer, so loud and long, That's offered for the orphan's weal, By him who sees him crushed by wrong, And only with the lips doth feel.
- I do not like to hear her pray, With jeweled ear and silken dress, Whose washerwoman toils all day,
- And then is asked to work for less Such pious shavers I despise; With folded hands and face demure, They lift to heaven their "angel eyes,
- And steel the earnings of the poor I do not like such soulless prayers; If wrong, I hope to be forgiven. No angel's wing them upward bears; They've lost a million mills from Heaven.

THE AUCTIONEER'S STORY.

This is a strange world! And yet I never thought so until my attention was called to the fact by a little incident that befell me one day, and set me off thinking so hard that I seemed to grow out of my own head and reach a great height, and then look down on my other self with compassion. I don't know that it made me any wiser, but at least it made me more attentive to my fellow-beings-more thoughtful of their joys and sorrows-and that counts for something, I reckon.

I had cried dozens of pawnbrokers' sales in my time, and never thought anything about them, unless it was that old Two to One or Give and Take were doubling their money, and making a pretty penny, even with ton per cent.

commission taken off. But I had never thought of the story connected with any one article of the sale-of the heartaches, of despair, and woman's tears. It was but a joke to me, who had known the time when to "spout" a watch, or pistol, or some light trinket, in order to carry on a frolic, or help a poorer chap than I was, was but the impulse of the moment, and carried no further weight than the relief from empty pockets at the moment.

But, as I have said before, something made me think, and ever since I haven't the same heart to cry away the goods of the poor creatures that want and misery have driven into old Two to One's clutches.

The city of B-is a splendid market for our business. The trade done there by one house alone would discount any banking, commission or other business in the place, and by the same token, the pawnbrokers' equal us in power and profit, and give us some of our biggest sales.

one day, consigned to us by Clutchem | the right to their father's name." Keep, a shrewd firm of new beginmy fate to have a part in the following

The consignment consisted mainly of glass and silverware, pictures and bronzes, as Clutchem & Keep were rather first-class in their business, and did not yet condescend to family Bibles; on passionately with her story, it but in the lot I came across a few | pieces of furniture which attracted my sode pass in review on the dim surface. attention from the fact of our having an order from a Western bouse to pick up all the antiques and oddities afloat, for a bric-a-brac firm.

of claw-legs, stick-backs, and otherwise of him until I learned through the way of chairs, dressing-glasses and cabinets, and I at once labeled them sold, that they might not get into next day's sale, but be forwarded at once to our Western house.

One article alone I noticed with attention enough to remember afterward. and then only because I struck my hand | yer to obtain possession of the estate. roughly against it, and the pain made me stare hard at the cause of it. It was an old cedar cabinet, brass-bound and clamped, but rusty and forlornlooking enough in its changed fortunes. I labeled it, as I thought, for our next | yer, "by the production of the marriage day's sale, as there were two others to and baptismal certificates!" West, and the home market was then going as crazy for everything old, but parents and friends, as either the West or North.

But subsequent events discovered my mistake. Our Saturday sale was a big one-the rival house across on the corday-and by noon every article put up was bld off lively and quick.

The crowd had begun to thin, and I a fresh handkerchief -for it was warm | youwork, I can tell you, to cry such sales from ten to one o'clock-when a lady came back in the store where I was standing and approached me eagerly. "Are you the proprietor, sir?" she asked, with nervous haste, and I saw

she was trembling. "I am the auctioneer, madam,"] said, wondering what was wrong. "I will call the firm, if you wish."

"Perhaps you can attend to my busi-I-I-do-not-understandthese-ma ters-very well," she faltered; and then I saw she was poorly clad, although well bred and timid.

I drew an old chair up into the corner, and asked her to sit down, and as she did so gratefully—poor little wo-man!—I took a good look at her. She was still young and pretty.

Behind her hung a long mirror. It a misty shadow over it, and in the two angles of the corner stood a faded old Japanese screen and a tall chest of

The store was now empty, and the light was leaving it, as the sun was creeping away from the door-sill and

mounting up to the roof, as if he had only waited for the sale to be over.

The lady had a face that touched me at once. She was pale and timid, but The halo was there, as she said, so there was that in her face that made me take off my hat while I talked to her. don't know how to express it; but it was as if I stood in the presence of death, and the natural reverence of that great mystery commanded my respect.

"What can I do for you, madam?" I

She had been looking all around her, as if seeking something. "You sell the goods, do you not?" she said, eagerly.

"You would know the articles sent here?"

"Probably." Sie looked about her again, and the color came and went in her face ner-

"I have just come from Clutchem & Keep," she began in hurried tones, as if ashamed of admitting her knowledge of those gentlemen. "They—had— some—things—I was forced—to—part with-" Here she paused for a moment; then looked up at me with a faint smile. "You hear this said so often that I will only weary you."

Somehow or other, it seemed to me I had only then understood the possibility of a heart sorrow being attached to the exchange of goods such as I had that day sold,

"I am anxious to help you, madam." And I was. I believe I was growing superstitious, too; for it seemed to me as if a ghostly pageant was crossing and re-crossing that dim mirror, and the old screen shook as if the sighs or sobs were coming from it.

"Thank you! I am looking for a cedar cabinet," said the lady, gently, "which was among the articles I parted with to Clutchem & Keep, and am told it was sent here for sale. I wish to redeem it at any price-" She stopped suddenly as she saw my

face change. A cedar cabinet! I remembered it at once. The hurt on my hand recalled it, also that it had

been labeled for that day's sale. She grew frightened at my hesitation. "Do not say that it is gone!" she cried, rising quickly, and grasping my arm." Oh, God would not so afflict me! Look, look everywhere for it, I beg, I pray you."

Her hands shook so on my arm that could feel the quivering of her thin

I tried to think to whom I had sold a cabinet that day; then it flashed on me that there had not been one in the

Had I made a mistake and sent it West with the bric-a-brac lot? If so, it could be recovered. I felt glad for my error, but the poor little woman mistook my silence, and broke down completely, sobbing so pitifully that I knew then that some great cause was hidden beneath her desire to reclaim the old cabinet.

'It is more to me than life or death," she cried out, passionately, looking straight before her. "It means my children's honor. Listen, and you will be influenced by my great need to find this cabinet for me. I believe it contains the certificate of my marriage and my children's baptism, without which I cannot lay claim to my husband's estate in France. It is not the money I want," she added, with proud spirit-"I cannot bear to touch that: An odd lot came into the wareroom | but my children shall not be robbed of

paused to look at me. I fel ners, and as it fell to my duty to assort | if a severe tension upon her nerves had and label the goods, it thus also fell to given way at last, and, crushed by her fear of the cabinet being lost to her, her silence and reserve had broken down, and that she appealed to me unconsciously in her need.

The shadowy pageant passed to and fro across the mirror, and as she went seemed to me I saw the whole sad epi-

"Fifteen years ago my husband deserted me. Evil influences led him astray, and, while for my children's sake I would have pardoned him, I Here were about a dozen specimens | never saw him again or heard one word uncomfortable household articles, in the paper that he was dead, and had left an estate to his wife and children.

> "I could not grieve, except that he died in his sin; unforgiven by me. I was poor, for he left me only the household furniture, and have toiled all these years to maintain my children. So, for their sakes, I applied to a law-"Oh, the shame, the despair, of finding another claimant in France to my

children's name and honor. "I must prove our claim as wife and children,' said the careful French law-

"And I knew not where they were!" "The minister was dead, the wit-

nesses gone I knew not where." "I feit as if my carelessness had dishonored my children, and for days could get no relief from my horrible anxiety, until by a flash, as if from ner hadn't a chance against us that heaven, I remembered that I had placed the certificate with other papers in the old cabinet that I had parted with to Clutchem & Keep. I went to them; was busily mopping my wet face with | they had sent it here for sale, and now

She broke down with a moan of despair. It was more than I could stand. That cry and the pitiful story forced me into action at once.

"You shall have back the cabinet, madam," I said, solemnly, as if devoting my life to its search.

"Oh, sir, you will do a noble deed if you but find it for me," she cried, gratefully, looking at me with beaming

Her face looked at me as if a balo came over it, and I dimly felt why I had stood bare-headed before her. Truly I had stood in Death's presence -the death of hope and love in this poor woman's life-the requiem of gladness and impulse. She left me with a hopeful smile,

taking my hand with a pretty grace, and I watched her, in the mirror, go had grown dim hanging there, and had down the shadowy room into the sunlight of the street, and the shadows seemed to fall from her forever.

I telegraphed the Western firm. They had the cabinet, and returned it at once; so that before many days the little, nervous fingers were searching, in the presence of the lawyer and myself, for the precious papers.

She found them! I shall never forget her face when she held them up.

And it seems to cling to me still, and

to make me think how much misery

our evil passions can work through

THREE YOUNG LIONS.

How the Mother Guards Her Young-The Boy Cub, the Mother's Favorite.

Jennie, the African lioness at the Cincinnati Zoo, gave birth recently to three cubs, one male and two females. It was in a cage darkened so that every particle of light was shut off, and the other afternoon at half-past 2 one of the doors was taken down by Superintendent Stevens and a fine view of the mother and children was presented to the reporter. She was lying motionless on a hay bed at the rear of the cage, her eyes staring flercely at the intruders. The little shavers were eating their dinner. She looked dignified and calm. In the adjoining cage lay Paul, the father, and he seemed to fully realize the new responsibility that rested upon him. He would walk to the door of the cage containing the cubs, look in and back out, then quietly laid down by himself. On the day of their arrival he slowly crawled into the cage to see his mate, but he came out with a bound and a yell, for Jennie gave him a "wallop" on the side of the head, that was hint enough that his in-trusion was unnecessary. In a few days she picked the boy-lion cub up in her mouth and carried it out and laid it before her liege lord and master. He condescended to look at it and backed to the further end of the cage.

"Would you like to take them up?" said Mr. Stevens. "Not if it's necessary to go in there

with the old folks." "I'll let them out in the out-door cage," and, pulling up the door, the male lion bounded out, closely followed by Jennie, the mother. Down slammed the door, and the artist and reporter entered the cage and picked up the cubs. The boy cub felt as soft as a ball of butter, his ears were not over a quarter of an inch long, and his fat body covered with spotted yellow, fine, soft hair, as soft as wool. His eyes had no lion fierceness. He looked and feit as Jim Nye said once at a banquet: "too full for utterance." His body seemed too big for his legs, and he seemed lubberly. He had four little teeth-milk white-no bigger than a kitten's, and about as sharp. He waddled along the floor of the cage, and is his mother's favorite, as it is the only one of the litter that she carries around in her mouth, holding it by the nape of

the neck, as a cat carries her kittens. Lionesses carry their young from thirteen to fourteen months, and they are not weaned for four or five months, when they are old enough to polish a bone. Her diet is now a quart of fresh milk from one cow, nine pounds of good chopped beef and some soft bones, such as neck bones of mutton and chicken bones. Jennie is 7 years old, and this is her fourth litter. The others she ate up, or they died from her carrying them around too much. though Minnie, one of her cubs, in an opposite cage, is nearly eight months is that cardin parts of the dialogue are old, was raised by Bill Halstead on the spoken and certain parts are sung. bottle, and is hall fellow well-met with When the actor makes a statement, he a coon that climbs up the bars and drops | makes it in his natural voice; but when on Minnie's back, and rides around the he has to point a

Newfoundland dog. The most noticeable feature about the lion family was the devotion of the mother. Every few minutes she turned and licked them. Her eyes never left the visitors, whose every motion she noticed, and when she came in from the out-door cage after the cubs had been handled, she bounded in, and, standing in the open door, paused a moment, as if to say, something is coming, and I knew it. She went to the cubs and smelt them all, and appeared satisfied. Feeding-time soon came, but she did not appear ravenous, but, coming slowly to the front, kept looking back at the cubs, and taking her meat back to the rear of the cage, lying down with the cubs. When they sleep she goes out and lies with the lion.

Quite in contrast was the conduct of the jaguar, which has a three months cub in the adjoining cage. While the lioness mother was calm, contentment and quiet repose, the jaguar was ceaseless unrest and snarling. She would not sucke her cub, and snapped victously when he approached for lunch. "She knows it's near feeding time," says Stevens, "and will not let the cub come near her until she has been herself fed. Yet if the cub comes near the front of the cage, she quietly paws it back, not being over gentle in her handling." The lion cubs have none of the majestic appearance of the lions no mane, in short, they look like stupid Ne wfoundland pups, with soft, straight yellow instead of curly, coarse, black hair. The chances are in favor of the cubs being raised. They have been kept so long in the dark and no disturbance whatever suffered to come near the mother, and she appears so quiet and maternal, that there is every reason for believing that they will be reared.

THEATRICALS IN CHINA.

Tragedy and Comedy as Presented on the Stage in the Flowery Kingdom.

In China, where everything is old. the stage is one of the oldest and most popular of institutions. It is recognized as a moral agency, and it is kept from backsliding by edicts the most rigorous in intention, the most respectable in quality; its drama fills some thousands of volumes; it has its laws, its conventions, its traditions, its genres, its types, for all the world like the great theatres of the west. As in Japan to-day, as in the seventeenth century France and Jacobin England, is turned over to them. its servants are outcasts and celebrities at once. It is the thing for high-toned mandarins and persons of consideration to have play-houses of their own (as was the fashion in the France of Pompadour and Mme. de Maine), and to treat their guests to after-dinner performances by companies specially engaged; while, as for strollers playing for the million, the flowery land may fairly be said to teem with them. It costs little or nothing to manage a traveling

thiven a few trestles, a few boards, bamboos for columns, mats for thatching, a painted cloth or two for wings and background, as many benches as your space will hold. and by the wayside or

in a corner of the city square the house can be run up in a couple of hours. The denizens of the quarter subscribe, the local mandarin assists, and straightway the theater is in full working order. Costumes, scenery, appcintments—to

all these luxuries the Chinese is

profoundedly indifferent. He asks no more than a good play and a half dozen actors; that much is enough for him. As for the actors themselves, it is hard to gather whether they are good or bad. General Tcheng writes of the delights of strolling as sympathetically as if he were Banville himself, or had sat hip to haunch with the lamented Albert Glatigny. We learn from him, it is true, that, as in Japan, all female parts are played by the boys; that the principle types affected by the Chinese dramatist are nine in number-the great lord, the heavy father, the young bachelor, the low comedian or libertine, the old woman, the soubrette, the go-between, the young girl of noble birth, the courtesan and the woman of

equivocal virtue. In the Chinese drama there are as many styles as there are literary epochs in Chinese history, Each style on the 21st of April in 1.14, last quarter is appropriated to a particular epoch, in 334 seconds. and has a name of its own. Thus the dramas of the Mongol period are known as Joys of Established Peace; those of the Soul dynasty as Diversions of the Quiet Streets; those of the Song emperors as Diversions of the Woods in Flower, and so forth. The best are the Tsa-ki plays, which belong to the Yung period, the greatest in Chinese literary annals. Of these, so far as we can discover, one of the finest examples is the Pi-Pa-Ki, or Story of the Lute. The primordial idea is decidedly dramatic; but as worked out by the gifed Kao-Tong-Kia, a good deal of the drama disappears. In the first tableau the hero, Tsai-Yong, who like all his kind, is a youthful and engaging bachelor of arts, leaving his aged parents and his young and lovely spouse, the interesting Tchao, to attend an examination at Peeking; that he wins the prize and therewith the hand of the amiable and accomplished Nicou; that in her society he forgets his father and mother and eke his first wife; that the old people die of want and are buried with all the honors by the virtuous Tchao; that the virtuous Tchao makes her way to Pekin, and wins a precarious livelihood by singing sengs in praise of the domestia virtues; and that Tsai-Yong having recognized her (it would seem) by the sound of her lute, repents of his wickedness, takes her once more to his heart, and accompanied by both his wives, returns to his native place, and does honor to his venerable dead in such pious rites and ceremonies as are their due, There are pretty scenes in the play; but

there is uncommonly little action, with an inordinate amount of talk. The Chinese have invented many things, and among them is the vaudeville. A peculiarity of all those pieces -indeed, of the whole Chinese dramaphilosophical idea, he does it in song. Applied to our own stage, this practice would have admirable results. For instance, the sailor would dash to the rescue of the injured heroine with his accustemed lion ramp, and the "Back, villains! Dastards, come on!" of old time. Then, however, uplifting his manly baritone to music, he would warble forth the well-known moral. and in melody declare that the man who would lay his hand upon a woman, saving in the way of kindness is unworthy the name of an Englishman. This example, and the reflection that in England as in China every actor would be (as it were) his own slow music, may perhaps suffice.

India Wheat.

"India," said a gentieman, who has recently been traveling in the East, 'ranks third among the wheat-growing countries of the earth, and while the territory devoted to that industry includes only 105,000 square miles, and machinery used in cultivation is of the crudest description, there is nearly half as much wheat raised as in the entire United States, where the finest machinery known to man is employed in every operation, from the first plowing till the grain is harvested.

"The Indian farmer uses a plow made of a piece of iron a foot in length, an inch wide, and half an inch thick, which is sharpened at the lower end and fixed in a triangular piece of wood attached to the yoke on the necks of the bullocks by a rope of manilla grass. This plow tears up the ground like a harrow and by hard work can be made to go over nearly an acre of land a day. The operation of plowing is repeated five or six times before each sowing, or about ten times a year, as two crops are raised. After the last plowing the sower follows after the machine and carefully drops the seed into the furrow.

"In September, if this is the summer crop, the harvesting begins and is carried on by men who, with sickles, cut a handful of grain at a time and tie it up into sheaves as they go along. It is then threshed, or, rather, stamped out by cattle on a hard earthen floor, and the straw as well as the grain is carefully saved to be used for fodder for the cattle. After the wheat is threshed it is winnowed by dropping it from an elevated platform to the ground, the wind blowing the chaff away. Brahmin priests are consulted about each process, and are liberally paid, in fact almost the entire profit of the crop

"The average yield is about fourteen bushels to the acre, but the poor farmer can seldom afford to eat a loaf of wheaten bread, his diet consisting almost entirely of herbs and fruits.

"In spite of the obstacles of ignorance and poverty these farmers raise 240,000,000 bushels of grain a year, or nearly ten times the quantity raised in the State of Dakota, which has one-quarter as much territory devoted to wheat raising as India,"

HORSE NOTES.

-Majolica, 2.15, will most likely only be entered in special purse races this season.

-Bair expects to lower the doubleteam trotting record with Maxey Cobb and Neta Medium.

-Phallas Chief, by Phallas, was recently sold by J. I. Case to C. C. Lyford, of Minneapolis, for \$4000.

-Two of the favorites for the English Derby, Ormonde and Saraband, are by grandsons of Stockwell. -Dates for no less than 100 trotting

and pacing meetings have already been claimed for the season of 1886. -The horses are galloping at Jerome

Park, and trainers express themselves as much pleased with the new track. -Mr. Thomas S. Harrison lost recently, by lung fever, a year-old gelding by Rienzl, for which \$1200 had

been offered. -Frank Work drove Edward a half mile, to road wagon, over Fleetwood,

-The first meeting of the New Jersey Trotting-Horse Breeders' Association will be held at Flemington on Angust 17 and 18.

-Ban Fox has retired and Con Cregan is now first favorite for the Kentucky Derby, with Silver Cloud a strong second choice at 6 to 1.

-A. Loudon Snowden writes that there is no truth in the report crediting him with having purchased a bay mare from Mr. Parker, of Reading.

-Alden Goldsmith claims that the Poughkeepsie track, by reason of the perfect drainage and character of the soil, can be used within an hour after a

horse has been shipped to Lexington, -W. W. Bair offers to match Mc-Leod for \$100 against b. g. Windsor M.,

-Dr. Cyrus Wanner, of Kurtztown, with nearly all cotton dresses. Sashes Pa., thinks be would like to own may be of the material, with embroidthe pacer, Le at Reading, a with John Trout, of Boston, the present

-The grand stand at the Woodbury. N. J., driving course, and the fence surrounding the grounds, are being moved to Bridgeton, having been purchased by the Cumberland County Agricultural Society. -

-William Meaney, the jockey who was expelled by the National Jockey Club in October, 1883, for pulling the horse Jim McGowan, now Bourke spoken and certain parts are sung. Cochran, has been reinstated. Meaney has been in Australia since his expul-

> -An adjourned meeting of the Board of Review of the National Trot. ting Association will be held at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, at 7 P. M., May 11. Communications intended for the consideration of the Board should be forwarded to Secretary T. J.

-Frank Bower has swapped a 5 year-old pacer, a trotter called Gypsy Girl, and the well known blk. g. Nigger Baby, which was the mate to the blk. m. Mollie (at one time this pair was the fastest double team in Philadelphia), for a black mare from Eli Kendig & Bro., said to trot close to 2.30.

-Knapsack McCarthy has come to the front, and offers to enter two double teams, one of pacers and one of trotters, if the different associations will give a purse. "Knap" is ale ys willing and always ready to help cater for new attractions, and give the public the worth of their money.

-A despatch from Eatontown, N. J., of April 19, says: William A. Lovell was arrested here to-day by Constable Strong on an indictment for bookmaking at the races at Monmouth Park last summer. He was taken to Freehold and bailed in the sum of \$3000. It is understood that upward of fifty similar indictments have been found.

-John Murphy, who is matched to ride twenty-five miles with C. M. Anderson over the New York Driving Club track, on May 15, for \$1000, is getting himself into shape for the event. Each man is allowed five horses, and a change must be made at the end of each mile. Murphy's horses will be J. O. Nay, A. L. C., Bluestring, Ghost and De Barry.

-John E. Turner says the Point

Breeze track is as good as any in the country, and he predicts that it will remain a race-track for many years to come. He gives his string of trotters work over it every good day, and has commenced repeating them. He complains of the backwardness of the season, and says that his horses are all big and fat, but strong. Trinket, he says, goes better than for two years, and he expects to win some money with her this year. The ch. g. Edwin Thorne, 2.161, is also looking and acting better than he did last year. Billy Button, 2.184, will trot in the Philadelphia circuit. Overman, 2.194, will be campaigned this season. He looks better than at any time since coming from California. Dick Organ, 2.241, has been roaded by his owner, Mr. Peter Foy, since the close of last season's campaign, but he willebe driven for money again this year, starting first at Poughkeepsie. The b. g. Faro, 2.29\frac{1}{2}. by Mambrino Gift, dam a thoroughbred, is getting sharp work. The little b. g. Matchless, (Mattie Lyle's colt) record 2.37\frac{1}{4}, will be campaigned and so and ch. m. Lady Alext paigned, and so and ch. m. Lady Alert, 2.241, by Mambrino Lance. Vargrave, b. s. by Woodford Mambrino, dam Virginia, by Alexander's Abdallah, is expected to make a trotter. Others in ribbons in mauve color are worn. Turner's string are: Frank Ellis, b. s. Charming dresses are made of mauve

FASHION NOTES.

-Sateens multiply in every important phase of progression

-Brilliant scarlet has again become the fashionable color for all dresses. -Colored laces will combine with the

silk foulards for stylish summer cos--Every material has embroidery,

even cotton, and almost all these have box robes. Bridal slippers have a couple of white

ostrich tips well curled where formerly

was a spray of orange blossoms. -All the decorative pieces of glass, china or silver on the fashionable dinner-table are tall and high at present.

-Marvellous are the designs for

summer ball dresses, where black lace figures largely as a material and the bead ornamentation is exquisite. -High collars of solid jets are worn with black costumes, and are very be-

-Fine embroideries and effective aces are used with sateen as trimming. -Venus pink is one new shade and

Labrador blue is another. -White lilac is a favorite in Paris among the artificial flowers, which are this season both more beautiful and

more reasonable than ever. —A pretty scarf of pale pongee has discs of gold-colored silk inclosing conventionalized pansies in shaded purple. Between the discs the ground is darned

with pale violet silk. -A pretty French model for next season's summer gowns is in a somewhat novel fabric. It is an all-over embroidery of fine nainsook in a delicate shade of blue made over a lining

of shell-pink silk. -Sashes of black and watered silk ribbon are worn with dark wool, velvet -John S. Clark has sold his standard and velveteen dresses. They are placed stallion. Jersey Wilkes, by George Wilkes, dam Lady Patchen, to W. P. Hams and T. C. Jefferson, and the dress.

-Bonnets are made of light, coarse straw, loosely plaited with fine strips of velvet of all colors, or else of plaited rushes, with binds of gold, white or mile heats, three in five, to harness, colored beads. There are also capotes, over Belmont Course. Mr. Bair has with crowns forming a network of black, colored beads. There are also capotes, placed in Robert Steel's hands \$250 as a garnet or other beads.

· -A sash, with a full bow, is work with nearly all cotton dresses. Sashes a, formerly owned ery or lace, or they may be of surah, is now negotiating ribbon, silk grenadine, or faille, according to the occasion and the goods with which they are worn.

-- A sult for a young girl, in brown and white homespun, has the skirt arranged in irregular pleats. It has graceful over-drapery looped back. The basque has a vest of surah, pleated with velvet on each side. Collar and cuffs are also of the velvet.

-Elegant sunshades are of glace silk, shot of two shades of color-blue and garnet red, pale blue and cerise, green and crimson, blue and gold, seal brown and blue, and so on-with pretty handles of carved olive or orange wood.

-A mourning novelty is a fine English crape with applique figures in fine bombazine or drap d'ete with black silk embroidery. It is cut out between the figures and leaves a semi-transparent fabric of great effectiveness. It comes in full-width goods for wraps, and in several widths of flouncing for edgings and trimmings.

-There are a very few fancy feathers on imported hats, and those shown do not present any new features. Some aigrettes of herons' feathers, and some very choice bird-of-paradise feathers in closer curls, will be worn; but birds will be used to a limited extent, humming birds and other tiny specimens having the preference.

-Waists may be full, in surplice style, or nearly plain, with tucks either perpendicular or across, the latter, however, being only suitable for very slight figures. For ordinary dresses a turned over or standing collar is equally appropriate and turned back cuffs of embroidery are desirable. Small ball pearl buttons are best for closing the waist.

-Petticoats for dark toilets are made of black or dark colored silk; they are trimmed with a thick ruche of faille of the same color, pinked at the edges, or perhaps with several ruches of black lace. There are also petticoats of moire, or watered stuff in all colors, adapted to the dress with which they are to be worn, a dark petticoat being worn with a light dress and a cream or mastic with a light dress.

-The old forms of porcelain have been revived for afternoon tea services and some of them are very quant. The favorite colors are black and gold, pink and gold, brown and coral red. The service consists of teapot, cream and milk jugs, water-kettle, sugar and slop basin, a covered muffin dish and six cups and saucers on a circular tray.

-For young ladies, pretty walking costumes are made of woolen etamine, and consist of a plaited skirt and tunic of some dark shade or color, trimmed with narrow fancy braid, woven with gold or silver braid. The skirt is arranged in flat treble plaits, and is trimmed with braid, put on in series of seven, five and three rows. The tunic is open at the top in two large revers, edged with braid, over a plain plastron, striped across with the same. This tunic is arranged into a short drapery in front and limp puff at the back. The belt is entirely covered with braid. The sleeves have facings to match.

-There are many indications that blues, purples and lavenders are to be much worn this summer. The Parisian correspondent of La Bon Ton, one of the most reliable of French-American fashion publications, says in a recent letter: "From time to time we come back to our old idols. For a long period back we have not worn any violet, but for this season this charming color will be recalled from the exile to which it has been so long banished. Even now for ball dresses a great many flowers and Charming dresses are made of mauve and straw-colored silk. Is there anything more pretty than a garniture of white over a straw-colored tulle or brocade dress, or a garniture of glyceria over a white or black lace toilet?"