

**Resolution.**  
A feeling of sadness oppresses,  
And my lingering feet would wait  
Ere they press the untrod threshold  
Of the New Year's swinging gate.  
For 'm one of the mighty procession  
Of the millions marching abreast,  
To cross the line at a given time,  
That may neither tarry nor rest.  
I would fain escape from the pages  
That a year ago were so white,  
From my book every blot that defaces,  
But it's too late to do so tonight.  
For 'm one of the mighty procession  
Of the millions marching abreast,  
And must cross the line at a given time  
And pass through the gate with the rest.  
I shall open a new book to-morrow,  
Whose pages are now fair and white;  
Will they bear the same record of sorrow  
When I close them a year from to-night?  
But, mayhap, from the mighty procession  
Of the millions marching abreast,  
I may fall from the line ere the given time  
To cross the next year with the rest.  
The old book, all smeary with blotches,  
With its sad, sad record must stand;  
But the new one I'll guard from defacement  
With the aid of a mightier hand;  
And I'll tread with the mighty procession  
Of the millions marching abreast.  
If I fall from the line ere the given time,  
That Hand will take care of the rest.

### DAGO'S HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"Say, Swivel, what do you row down  
er?"  
"De fellers es kiddin' a Dago—boss  
racket!"  
"Swivel," so titled by reason of an  
uncertain and rotating eye, was a news-  
boy standing on one corner of a street  
opening into Newspaper Row, and  
"Curley," the youth of similar occupa-  
tion, held, by pre-emption and an un-  
written law of the fraternity, the cor-  
ner opposite. In a fall of business the  
latter youth had noticed the noise and  
excitement of a struggling mass of  
howling paper-sellers and bootblacks  
congregated near the distributing celar  
of a popular journal.  
The information, shouted above the  
din of cries, horse cars, and rumbling  
wagons, ended Curley's interest in the  
matter until a rapidly-moving body was  
brought up against him, an eager hand  
clutched the sleeve of his blue shirt,  
and the flushed, earnest face of a 12-  
year-old bare-headed, bare-footed girl  
was upturned, her bright eyes glisten-  
ing through a tangled mass of yellow  
hair.  
"Oh, Curley! that Lankey an' he's  
gang is gettin' a poor Dago down ther'  
they'r abusin' him awful. Go fer 'em,  
sto pet, wotcher?" the excited young  
creature gasped.  
"At et agin, es he?" said Curley, in  
a lordly way; "I 'spect I'll jes' hev ter  
kill that Lankey some ther' days.  
Here, you just take my stock, Yaller;  
I'll lend ter Mr. Lankey's racket."  
Yaller, the girl, received the bundle  
of papers from Curley's arm and took  
up her position on his corner without  
embarrassment and in full conviction  
that the row would soon be settled in a  
manner satisfactory to her, at least.  
The big, stout, and bright-looking  
boy sauntered down slowly until oppo-  
site the yelling mob, then he made a  
sudden plunge—a push in with both  
shoulders and elbows, a pull out with  
both hands, kicks right and left with  
blows to follow soon let him into and  
through the throng, most of those com-  
posing it acknowledging the new arrival  
as a leader.  
Curley cleared a space and looked  
downward at what seemed to be the ob-  
ject of offensive attentions.  
What at first sight appeared to be a  
bundle of velvet was huddled  
up against the steps of a large brick  
building, over this inanimate mass was  
a loose-jointed, stock-headed, long-  
legged fellow who stood with foot raised  
to add another kick to the bundle, and  
a stream of vile language was cut short  
from his mouth, as he was clutched  
by the firm grip of Curley and hurried  
backward with a force that would have  
landed him in the street had not the  
surrounding pressure of boys broken his  
violence.  
"Say, yer skinny rang-tang, can't yer  
find some un'bout half yer size ter  
'use that yer got to jump onto kids  
es ain't weaned yet? Yer want's me  
ter fan yer agin, does yer, yer big  
Chump."  
And now the crowd soon turned into  
humanitarians, while hushed with the  
expectation of seeing Lankey "knocked  
out" in the most approved pugilistic  
style, exerted itself to the utmost to  
hurry the very deliberate preparations  
of the champion, and to prevent the  
evidently intended flight of the cowardly  
assailant.  
Business before pleasure, however,  
was evidently the maxim of these street  
merchants, for just as the entertainment  
was about to commence, a small  
voice, some few feet away, piped out,  
"Las' dishuns ready!" and in a moment  
the place of proposed combat was  
deserted by all but the victim of brutality  
and he who had hurried to the rescue.  
Curley, after hurling a promise of  
future punishment after the last re-  
treating Lankey, approached and lightly  
touched with his foot the object on the  
pavement. A slight movement, an at-  
tempt to still further inward shrinking,  
was the only response. The newsboy  
kneel down, threw aside the fragment  
of the broken bit of a bootblack, fum-  
bled about the clothing, and at last  
closed his fingers in a head of thick  
hair.  
"Come, Cully, look up an' less see  
who yer be and wot yer got to say fur  
yerse!"  
But the object only cuddled closer.  
"Shol looker here, I ain't goin' to  
hurt yer! You needn't be skeered of  
me, young feller! Come, show's yer  
might!" and with a little gentle force  
dark-skinned, large-eyed, frightened  
face was turned into view, while lips  
and the entire body trembled with  
terror.  
"Dago, sure 'nuff!" said Curley.  
"Don't belong round these corners, er  
I'd know 'im. Whatcha name, old  
feller? I'll take keer o' yer, whar  
d'ye belong, eh?"  
The great dark eyes of the Italian  
had been studying the face that was  
over his own. The sight had been re-  
assuring. The limp body partially  
turned and straightened out, but a deep  
hoarse groan followed.

"Hurted, eh? Whar 'bonts es it?"  
asked the protector, adding, "I'll knock  
the bloomin' head offen that Lankey  
afro I sleep this night."  
Suddenly two arms were thrust forth,  
ten fingers moved with amazing rapid-  
ity, and from the mouth came inarticu-  
late sounds.  
"Oh, by Jinks! a dummy!" and Cur-  
ley's face set hard. "I'd kill that Lan-  
key this mornin' if I had 'im."  
Tenderly he tried to lift the body of  
the poor boy, but the evidences of pain  
were so strong as to force him to desist.  
Aid came to him in the form of "Swiv-  
el," who was about to renew his stock,  
and "Yaller," the girl messenger of  
mercy.  
"What's the matter of him, Curley?"  
was the question of both, as they ar-  
rived together.  
"I dunno, but he's hurted bad, thet's  
sure. Here, Swiv, yer len' a hand an'  
try help straighten him out. Yaller,  
yer skip round' de block and find a cop,  
an' tell him ter ring fur a am'blance.  
Thes'er es a hospital case, thet's es."  
While the girl went off as ordered,  
the two boys did what they could to ease  
the sufferer.  
"I didn't know es he ver a dummy,  
Curley; wisherwaddle ef I did! An' I  
didn't do nuffin' ter 'im no how. I  
just see 'im a layin' wher Lankey en de  
boys foun' 'im, an' I guess when they  
foun' he didn't talk none, thet put thet  
big skinny up ter maumin' 'im."  
A gong was heard sounding as an  
ambulance came full burst around the  
corner. The injured Italian was gath-  
ered in and away went the horse to the  
hospital.  
Curley had accompanied his charge  
and heard the verdict of the doctors.  
The boy was injured, ribs and arms  
broken, and was in a very feeble state  
of health besides. After the patient's  
injuries were dressed, and he was as-  
leep in a neat, comfortable bed, Curley  
approached the nurse in charge of the  
ward.  
"See here, Mister, that chap?" under  
my special care; now yer jst look out  
for him an' give him de best es is goin'  
an' I'll look out fur yer, honest, I will!  
Oh, yer needn't grin, I'm fixin', I am,  
an' got der boodle in der saved' bank  
ter wack up fur all contracts fur."  
It was early summer, but a few years  
since, when this little drama in low life  
was enacted. The boy Curley who, so  
far as he knew, had neither relatives or  
other name, accepted and met his self-  
assumed responsibilities in regard to  
the Italian in their fullest extent. As  
for the dark-skinned patient, if there  
were other ties to bind him he had for-  
gotten or abandoned them, his being  
being wrapped up in the boy who had  
befriended him, and while he could  
not understand the language of  
Curley, or the latter the signs made,  
yet the two soon established a means of  
understanding by motions of their own  
originating, and were able to communi-  
cate sufficiently for all practical pur-  
poses. It was five months before the  
dumb boy was discharged from the  
hospital, the lung disease from which  
he suffered could never be cured, a life  
of ease and comparative luxury could  
only prolong his existence, and this the  
newsboy proposed to and did give to  
the poor foreigner whom he had picked  
up in the streets; the dog-like reliance  
of the weak on the strong boy pleased  
him; he petted and coddled the Italian  
in spite of the ridicule of all his com-  
panions, but he was repaid by the love  
given in return, unspoken love, but  
shown in every look and action.  
It was in the holiday times, it was  
the last night of the year. Curley, in  
the reckless bravery of youth and robus  
strength, was marching with muffled  
and overcoat along lower Broadway. At  
his side, wrapped to the eyes in rough  
but warm top garments was his shadow,  
his friend, his Dago. It was late, very  
late; a visit to the theater had been the  
treat for that night. The two hurried  
home to the cozy room that was able to provide  
for his industry.  
They turned off the main thorough-  
fare and walked towards the river front,  
towards home.  
The deep sound, a stroke upon the  
bell, boomed out upon the clear, cold  
air, the newsboy halted, laid his hand  
upon the other and said (it was habit  
to talk to his quiet companion), as they  
stroiled slowly on:  
"Thet goes fust stroke o' 12 o'clock,  
Dago, wait till she's done an' I'll wish  
yer Happy New Year. I think I've  
done de far' thing by yer so far, an'  
I'm goin' ter see yer serene an' out-  
er all yer pain an' trouble, o'e man, I  
means yer ter hev good times fur ever  
after this."  
Still the clock was striking, counting  
on to 12; and the next chimes would  
gloriously ring in the new year. But  
the last sounds of the bell were never  
heard; there were rushing hoof-beats  
on the streets, a stream of sparks flew  
backward from the rapid approaching  
fire engine.  
The boys stood upon the curbing of  
the corner, the heavy machine was  
nearly opposite, the driver gave a sharp,  
quick jerk to the right rein, too quickly  
the spirited horses responded, they  
dashed against, up and onto the curb-  
ing. For once the bright newsboy  
was dazed, for an instant unable to act  
with his usual promptness; a fraction  
of a moment it seemed, then his faith-  
ful Dago sprang from the safety in  
the spot or two had placed him.  
To grasp and drag backward his be-  
wildered benefactor was impossible,  
even if it were not beyond his strength;  
he saw what alone would save the life  
he prized far beyond his own; with all  
the strength of love he hurried himself  
upon the body of his friend; the force  
drove the boy by a hair's breadth in  
front of and beyond reach of the fright-  
ened, curvetting horses. The newsboy  
was saved, but when these animals  
were driven over there lay upon the  
stones a bleeding, mangled, almost life-  
less body.  
The rescued one arose and rushed to  
the spot; he clasped the shattered form  
and carried it a few feet; under the  
bright light of a street lamp he looked  
into the face of him who had saved him;  
the pallor of death was there; upon  
the face so loved; very eloquent there  
was there no sadness, no regret,  
no sorrow, no pain in them; a joyous  
light that seemed to tell of happiness in  
the duty performed, the sacrifice made,

the debt of love paid in full—then the  
light faded out of them forever.  
Poor Dago had gone to a rich reward;  
his happy New Year had begun, a year  
that should know no ending.  
He had laid down his life for a friend.  
**The Title Nuisance in Germany.**  
And then the way a man's titles are  
piled on when addressing him is very  
amusing. I remember how this bother-  
ed my memory in Altenberg years  
ago, when my family was there. At a  
semi-literary dinner was a doctor who  
was assistant professor of rhetoric. He  
was always addressed as Herr Dr.  
Assistant Professor of Rhetoric Schnei-  
der, all the titles being compounded  
into one word; or Herr Colonel Master  
of the Duke's Tables von Reuter.  
Woe to the guest who failed to com-  
pound into one word all of these posi-  
tions when addressing Mr. Reuter or  
who left out the "von!" I made many  
mistakes and finally settled the matter  
by telling them frankly that I was an  
unlettered Yankee. They let me go  
through with the title in addressing  
any one, but I think they very much  
pitied my lack of good form. I do not  
wonder that kings, princes and nobles  
think themselves made of finer material  
than that of common men. The people  
by their adulation teach them so to  
think. Socialists in Germany and Fran-  
ce rail at the privileged classes, Nihilists  
in Russia slay them, but the great bulk  
of the people show that they worship  
them, and when one matter is gotten  
rid of the other, they pick up a lamp  
and try to find, not an honest man,  
but another master under whose feet  
they may lay their necks.  
**California Justice.**  
California in the days of "forty-  
niners" saw the greatest changes! Store-  
keepers dispensed liquor and dry-  
goods, and performed the duties of jus-  
tice of the peace. Rough, ignorant  
miners practiced law and physic, and  
even administered justice of the most  
rough and ready sort.  
One of the alcaldes, or magistrates,  
of Yreka, George C. Vail, had a method  
of trying prisoners which was quite  
unusual among the oft-hand magistrates  
of California. A lad once complained  
that his employer was leaving the place  
without paying him his wages.  
Vail started two constables after the  
man who was arrested and brought into  
court. He did not deny the boy's  
claim, but insisted that he had no  
money to pay it.  
"Constables," said Vail, "stand that  
man on his head, shake him well, and  
listen, if anything drops!"  
The man was inverted, and from his  
pocket dropped a bag containing two  
thousand dollars in gold dust. Out of  
the boy's claim for two hundred dol-  
lars was paid, and three ounces of gold  
for the fees of judge and constables.  
Then the bag of dust was returned, and  
he departed, with less money, but with  
more respect for the law than he had  
before.  
**Why 1900 Will Not be a Leap Year.**  
Says the London Standard: The fol-  
lowing explanation is given why the  
year 1900 will not be counted among  
leap years. The year is 365 days and  
49 minutes long; 11 minutes are  
taken every year to make the year  
365 days long, and every fourth year  
we have an extra day. This was Julius  
Cesar's arrangement. Where do these  
11 minutes come from? They come  
from the future, and are paid by omit-  
ting leap year every 100 years. But if  
leap year is omitted regularly every  
hundredth year, in the course of 400  
years it is found that the 11 minutes  
taken each year will not only have been  
paid back, but that a whole year will  
have been given up. So Pope Gregory  
XIII, who improved on Caesar's calen-  
dar in 1582, decreed that every centennial  
year divisible by four should be a leap  
year after all. So we borrow 11 min-  
utes each year more than paying our  
borrowings back by omitting three leap  
years in three centennial years, and  
square matters by having a leap year in  
the fourth centennial year. Pope Grego-  
ry's arrangement is so exact, and the  
borrowing and paying back balance so  
closely, that we borrow more than we  
pay back to the extent of only one day  
in 3866 years.  
**Extraordinary Absence of Mind.**  
"Hil, there! Where in the name of  
all that's sensible are you going, Miss  
Evans?" asked the manager of the  
Haymarket Theatre, Chicago, the other  
night, when he saw Lizzie Evans in the  
act of taking a cab for home.  
"Sir," indignantly replied the star,  
as her upper lip curled haughtily at the  
unwarranted impudence of the man-  
ager, "I am going to my apartment,  
if the information will in any way  
gratify your insolent curiosity."  
"Well, but great guns, who will take  
your part in the fourth act?" fairly  
screamed the bewildered manager,  
Miss Evans uttered a startled exclaima-  
tion and dove for her dressing-room.  
When the curtain rose the audience,  
which had worn out its shoes in stamp-  
ing and made its hands sore clapping at  
the extraordinary delay, noticed that  
Miss Evans was flustered, panting and  
without paint or powder. She had en-  
tirely forgotten there was another act.  
**Dr. Dastre, a French physiologist,**  
who has been experimenting with ani-  
mals to determine the nature of seasick-  
ness, reports that after they had been  
subjected to various kinds of motion,  
corresponding to the rolling and pitch-  
ing of vessels, he found their intestines  
strangely displaced. He concludes that  
a similar disturbance produces seasick-  
ness on board ships. Cocaine is said to  
be an excellent remedy. Another  
French physician, who agrees with Dr.  
Dastre as to the causes of seasickness,  
claims to have discovered two infallible  
remedies—one a mixture of atropine  
and strychnine, and the other caffeine.  
—Exceptionally elegant brocades  
have four inch stripes of armor, two  
inch stripes of satin, and an elaborate  
pattern in sprays, vines, leaves and  
flowers covering the two weaves.  
These patterns may be disposed in  
stripes or groupings or set figures.

**WHAT WE GIRLS LIKE.**  
The Trifles of Life Which Influence  
Our Choice.  
I was lying in my hammock the other  
day—by the way, I had it swung across  
a windowed corner of my room—lying  
there and thinking what the things were,  
which women did especially like in  
men—of course I am writing now of nice  
men and nice women—and I came to  
the conclusion that the things which  
particularly influence us in our choice  
among men were the little things.  
Yes, the little things, the trifles. A  
man may be an Apollo for beauty, but  
if he says "no, ma'am" and "yes,  
ma'am" to you when he should say  
"yes" and "no," adding your name  
when necessary, you cannot thoroughly  
appropriate him, and he will, for all his  
perfection of feature, grate upon your  
keen sense of well-bredness much as  
the squeak of some organ does which  
is out of tune with the music. And  
though the man who wears diamond  
studs and pins and a diamond ring  
flashing on his little finger may be pos-  
sessed of all the virtues under heaven,  
yet do these misplaced gems outshine  
them all in their glaring vulgar brilli-  
ancy. It isn't of course, the jewels  
themselves, intrinsically, any more  
than it is the "ma'am" as a simple part  
of speech. It is the lack of that innate  
sense of the fitness and unfitness of  
things—that dawn of discriminating  
wisdom—modestly christen it—which all  
the sterling qualities and all the heroic  
characteristics taken together will  
never outweigh in the scale of truly re-  
fined women's fancy.  
**THE MAN WHO WINS.**  
Ah, no—it is the man who falls not  
as to little things who wins every time.  
The man who knows by instinct which  
side of the railway car or which end of  
the boat is the shady one, instead of  
gazing helplessly up and down to find  
out, whilst the other man secures the  
desirable seats. It is the man who  
mentally fixes the right station to get  
off at, and consequently makes no wild  
plungings—generally to retrace as he  
discovers his mistake; the man who  
knows the correct entrance at a theatre  
and the portion of the house in which  
his seats are located; the man who can  
put on our wrap without turning it  
inside out a few times first, who can  
get into his own topcoat minus the  
skirmish that causes him to appear as  
if wrestling with some intangible enemy  
—it is this man, master of the little  
things of life—who wins.  
—The amount of it all is that a woman  
must admire before she can love. In  
point of fact, a genuine admiration on  
either side may often be trusted as an  
insurance against an ultimate divorce  
court than many and many of the mad  
"fallings in love" of which we hear  
too much, and which are not inapt to  
guarantee as reckless a "falling out"  
again! If a woman feels insecure  
about a man—is not quite positive  
whether he will do this, or that, quite  
correctly; whether he will be dressed as  
befits the occasion, or if he will be awk-  
ward at a moment when savoir faire  
seems almost a prime factor in being at  
all—then be sure she is no more sure of  
her own heart, her own feelings, than  
she is of his possible behavior. It is  
weak of us, I will admit, but it is,  
and the more womanly pure, sweet and  
charming the woman, the more certain-  
ly she is desirous to admire, to be sure of  
the man she gives herself to, a necessity  
of her nature and a keynote of her dis-  
position and requirements.  
**FAMILIARITY OF SPEECH.**  
Another little thing that is intol-  
erable in some men, otherwise nice en-  
ough, and that is the moment you per-  
mit them to know you at all well, that  
moment they develop that horrible  
trait of an aptitude for familiar intui-  
tively of speech which no relation in  
life under heaven condones, or can long  
stand under the pressure of. Why, be-  
cause two people become engaged to  
each other, or are married to each  
other, they should at once drop the  
little attentions, the little politenesses,  
the little respects for each other's pri-  
vacy and individualities, for, once  
never could comprehend. For my part  
I should think that these relations of  
life, in order to prevent them degenerat-  
ing, as they too often do, into the  
mere conventionalities of an accepted  
code of society and morals, required  
the most gentle deference to just these  
little things that I have ventured to enu-  
merate. The closer the relations the  
more necessary the glamour, if you will  
to call it so, of mere well bredness (it  
is nothing else) to sustain them in their  
supremacy of a mutual affection and  
reverence.  
There is another point upon which I  
must touch in speaking of what we like  
in men. It is simply, briefly, this—  
clothes. I know that some of you will  
scold at the mere idea, but that doesn't  
alter the case. I know and I am in a  
position to speak. There isn't one bit  
of use in denying it; not one particle.  
Girls like to see a man, and be seen  
with one, too, who is smartly gotten up,  
whose garments have the correct cut  
and air, just as much as men like to  
see and be seen with a young woman  
who is attired in a charming, well fit-  
ting gown, pretty gloves, boots, hat.  
It is human, man's nature, just precisely  
as it is human, man's nature, to be  
pleased as to beauty! Trust me, all you  
ugly fellows, we don't care that about  
it in your faces. We are content to  
monopolize that ourselves. If you are  
only manly and brave and tender and  
nice we are prepared to adore you.  
**Kissed the Wrong One.**  
A Yarmouth (N. S.) paper is respon-  
sible for the following: "A respectable  
gentleman went to the cars one  
day to see his favorite daughter off.  
Securing her a seat, he passed out of  
the cars and went round to her window  
to say a parting word. While he was  
passing out the daughter left her seat  
to speak to a friend, and at the same  
time a grim old maid took the seat and  
moved up to the window. Unaware of  
the important change inside, he hur-  
riedly put his face up to the window  
and said, 'One more kiss, sweet pet!'  
In another instant the point of a cotton  
umbrella was thrust from the window,  
followed by the pious injunction, 'Scat,  
you gray-headed wretch!' He scatted."

**FASHION NOTES.**  
—Among the prominent features of  
midwinter fashions are the extreme  
elegance of the fabrics, the stylishness  
and perfect fit of the new garments,  
and the modifications of the Directoire  
and Empire styles, that are to a cer-  
tain extent influencing almost all of  
the garments seen in the new importa-  
tions.  
—Upon stylish dinner gowns of  
China silk very deep monogramme col-  
lars of dark velvet, combined with a  
flesh or scarf ends, are worn with excel-  
lent effect. The collar is so shaped as  
to leave a bit of the throat exposed,  
and is cut off sharply just beyond.  
Scarves are then added—these of  
crepe lisse or silk net. They are draped  
lightly over the chest, the one on the  
right side being long enough to lap  
over the darts and extend to and cover  
the ends of the shorter scarf on the  
left side just below the belt.  
—Dress an average woman in close  
fitting serge or quite neutral tinted  
tweed; give her a spotless linen collar  
and cuffs to match; take away chains  
and gewgaws, and say if she ever  
looked better unless it was in a pink  
cotton cambric on a summer's morn-  
ing with a rose at her throat instead of  
a brooch. Well built women will do  
well to remember this when they seek  
to cover themselves with ribbons,  
braids and gimps that serve only to  
fritter away the figure, and are abso-  
lute death to the clear, fine outlines  
that should be followed with the great-  
est exactitude.  
—The more elegant brocades have  
plain silk matching the ground in  
weave and color. It is also allowable  
to match the leading color in the bro-  
cade pattern. For example, a brocade  
with a ground of silvery gray and fig-  
ured designs of old rose may be match-  
ed with either the gray or the rose in  
the plain fabric. Changeable effects,  
while to some extent popular, are less  
so than heretofore, at least in pro-  
nounced combinations. There are very  
delicate shadings made by combina-  
tions of colors that are not at all con-  
spicuous, and merely suggest irides-  
cent effects.  
—A great deal of plain velvet will  
be used in combinations with brocade,  
fancy silk, plain silks and wool fabrics  
of various sorts. Very deep toned  
yokes of velvet are popular for dresses  
of Henrietta cloth, fine cashmere,  
light grades of camel's hair and similar  
materials. The yoke is plain, and very  
long in front and back, in some cases  
extending almost to the waist line. It  
has a high collar, and the wool fabric  
is laid in full plaits from shoulders to  
the waist line, the edges of the plaits  
turned toward the middle, overlapping  
the velvet on either side.  
With yokes of this kind there may  
be plain skirts of velvet, deep cuffs,  
into which slightly failed sleeves are  
gathered, and occasionally puffs of the  
velvet at the shoulders.  
When velvet and plain silk are  
combined the arrangement may be  
somewhat varied. The plain skirt of  
velvet is, however, admissible with all  
materials.  
—After simplicity—a costly sim-  
plicity, if you will, or rather as a con-  
sequence of it—comes freshness, that  
most desirable quality which to a wo-  
man's dress is much the same as a fair,  
healthy skin to her face. To say to a  
woman she always looks so fresh is the  
greatest compliment you can pay her.  
To be simple then, to be fresh at  
every point, are two long steps gained  
toward being well dressed. The third  
is a longer and harder to take; it is to  
dress suitable, not only to your station  
and age but your house. Take your  
complexion first. If you are fair, with  
blue eyes, then you can wear every  
shade of blue from azure down to vio-  
let; but if you have green, gray or  
brown eyes you will only create a dis-  
cordancy if you suffer a morsel of blue  
near you. On the other hand, a per-  
fectly fair, green-eyed woman adds  
freshness and charm to her fairness  
when she arrays herself in all the paler  
shades of green.  
For brunettes scarlet and amber,  
white and orange, though if there be  
the smallest tint of yellow in the skin,  
orange may only be ventured on at  
night. Some women who might come  
under the heading of blondes, stand  
vivid yellows and oranges well, but  
they must have some color and a skin  
transparently fair. But up to the age  
of 40, and sometimes beyond it, the  
typical healthy, fresh looking woman  
is at her best in white, and at her very  
best in black. Give her a white  
morning wrapper, or even a white  
muslin bid to her dark dress, and she  
looks shades fairer and more rosy than  
in an unrelieved winter gown.  
—One of the notable features in  
winter wraps is the elaborateness of  
the garniture with which they are  
trimmed. Not only the quality but  
the quantity is remarkable. Some of  
the more expensive wraps have entire  
front, long sleeves, collar and deep V  
in the back in almost solid embroidery.  
The redingote style is among the most  
popular for these garments. The  
backs are in almost every case close  
fitting, and favor is almost equally di-  
vided between newmarket and half  
loose fronts. Sleeves vary greatly in  
style, some models showing pelisse  
sleeves with the back of the sleeve be-  
low the waist line gathered very full  
into the side form seam. Other sleeves  
are in dolman shape at the shoulders,  
and fall straight almost to the bottom  
of the skirt, either in a long point or  
with the front edge straight, and the  
back slightly curved and set into the  
side form seam. This gives a side ef-  
fect of a two-thirds length garment.  
Inside of these drooping sleeves are  
other sleeves which are half fitting and  
extend to the waist. A caprice of the  
moment is the straight sleeve falling  
from the shoulders half way down the  
skirt, perfectly square at the lower  
ends and open in the front almost to  
the shoulders. Inside of these sleeves  
are close fitting sleeves of the same  
material. This style is more in favor  
for the very long garments, and may  
be worn by tall and slender ladies.  
Loop or sling sleeves are more in de-  
mand for temperate latitudes or for  
traveling than for our severe winter  
weather, as they afford but little pro-  
tection to the wrists and arms.

**HORSE NOTES.**  
—Jack Chinn has been reinstated by  
the Latonia Jockey Club.  
—The 3 and 2 year old sisters to Cad  
have been named Vesta and Veta.  
—A. J. Cassatt purchased only the  
racing qualities of the filly Abaca, full  
sister to Foxhall.  
—David Bonner has decided to ac-  
cept the Presidency of the New York  
Driving Club, and a new election is to  
be held.  
—William Easton has purchased in  
England the bay horse Prince Jo, 6  
years, by Prince Charlie—Mystery, by  
Trumpeter.  
—It is reported that George Covington  
who rode for the Chicago Stable  
last year, will ride for Senator Hearst  
next season.  
—John S. Campbell says that the  
offer of \$25,000 for Sam Bryant's Pro-  
ctor Knott was made in a joke by him-  
self and Matt Byrnes.  
—The latest English advice contra-  
dicts the report that the Duke of West-  
minster has sold Ormonds for 17,000  
guineas or any other price.  
—Old Barnum was 10 years old last  
Tuesday, January 1st, and he celebra-  
ted the day by winning the Happy New  
Year handicap at Clifton.  
—A man who persistently backed the  
favorite in England last year would  
have come to grief. During the year  
823 out of 1417 favorites were beaten.  
—A. J. Feek, of Syracuse, N. Y.,  
has purchased of J. L. Case, Racine,  
Wis., for \$5000, the b. g. James G.  
record, 2.30. Feck purchased the  
horse for parties in Germany.  
—Falls b. s., foaled 1873, by Election-  
eer, dam Felicia, by Messenger  
Duroc, recently purchased by A. J.  
Alexander of Hon. Leland Stanford,  
California, has arrived in Kentucky.  
—The gray stallion A. W. Rich-  
mond, by Simpson's Blackbird, sire of  
the pacer Arrow, 2.13, and Ewood,  
2.23, the trotter Roberto, 2.19, and  
of the dams of Ant-v, 2.16, and An-  
tevelo, 2.19, died recently on the  
ranch of John Hill, at Ventura, Cal.  
—The Clifton management paid  
George Taylor \$1000 and Walter Why-  
burn \$500 on New Year's day for  
being the most successful jockeys at  
Brighton and Clifton during the past  
season. Taylor having sixty winning  
mounts at the two tracks and Why-  
burn forty-eight.  
—Mr. E. L. Robinson's new pur-  
chase, the gray pacer mare Sallie C.  
(record 2.17), and the black pacer  
mare Bessie M. (record, 2.16), should  
be the fastest double team in Philadel-  
phia, and as they are both pleasant  
drivers, there is no reason why they  
should not go in 2.20 or better. Mr.  
Robinson is one of the new subscrib-  
ers to the Belmont Driving Club.  
—The ch. m. Mary Howard, foaled  
1874, by imported Harrington, dam  
Annie Butler, by Uverston, died on  
the night of December 30 at the farm  
of Walter Payne, at Lexington, Ky.,  
from inflammation of the bowels. She  
was the property of Edward Corrigan,  
was the dam of Pearl Jennings, Isaac  
Murphy and Mary Payne, and was in  
foal to imported Ill-Used.  
—Of the lot nominated for the  
Withers there are such performers as  
Mr. Withers' Faverdale colt, Cyclone  
colt, Majority colt and Sluggard; Mr.  
Haggins' Fresno, Winfield Ransom  
and Florentine; Mr. Belmont's Lady  
Margaret and Forest King; Mr. Gid-  
don's French Park, Captain Brown's  
Reporter, The Don and J. A. B.; Mr.  
Cassatt's Eric and The Tartar; the  
Castle stable's Diablo; Mr. Blunt's  
Seymour; Dwyer Bros.' Oregon, Long-  
street and Long Island; Mr. Walden's  
Howe and Harrisburg, and Mr. Bald-  
win's Caliente.  
—Guaranteed stakes are becoming  
popular. The first one of any note was  
the Eclipse stakes of 1886, ran at San-  
derson Park in England. It was opened  
in 1884. The club guaranteed to make  
it worth \$50,000 by making up what-  
ever sum should fall short after the  
subscriptions were added. It is becom-  
ing quite popular in England, and even  
the classic Derby at Epsom, which for  
a hundred years has existed on owner's  
subscriptions, closed last season for  
1891 as a guaranteed stake. This sea-  
son the Suburban is a guaranteed stake,  
and so is the Brooklyn Handicap, and  
also the new Great American stakes, to  
be run at the Brooklyn Spring Meet-  
ing.  
—On the first day of the Flemington  
races at Melbourne, Australia, on  
November 6, the attendance was 19,000.  
The Melbourne cup was won by the  
4 year old Mentor, with 115  
pounds, next to the top weight, from a  
field of twenty seven, the two miles  
being run in 3.30. On the third day,  
November 8, Mentor also ran a dead  
heat with Cyclops for the Royal Park  
Stakes, two miles, in 3.36, carrying  
eight pounds more than the 6 year old,  
his impost being 133 pounds. On Novem-  
ber 10 Mentor also won the Canter-  
bury Plate, three miles, in 5.46, with  
128 pounds, defeating Cyclops and  
Australian Feet. Ensign, winner of  
the Victoria Derby three days before,  
started for the cup, but broke his fore  
fetlock and was immediately shot.  
—James Grimshaw, the noted Eng-  
lish jockey, died at Parkside, Bohemia,  
December 12. The deceased was  
at one time the most popular jockey  
in England, and between 1860 and  
1868 it was quite the custom to back  
his mounts. In 1864 he had 164 win-  
ning mounts to Fordham's 137, while  
in 1866 he had the fine average of 112  
wins out of 372 mounts. He never  
won the Derby, but was on Marksman  
when the latter ran second to Hermit  
in 1867. He won the St. Leger of 1870  
on Hawthornden, and the One Throu-  
sand the same year on Hester. He  
won the Cesarewitch twice on Hart-  
ington and Thalesia. Grimshaw was  
a man of great power for his size, and  
hence could ride a punishing flash  
very cleverly. His natural tendency to  
dash drove him into the ranks of the  
trainers, however, and latterly he had  
been employed in Germany, Russia  
and Austria. His brother, the equally  
noted Harry Grimshaw, who rode  
Gladiator in all his great races; died  
from the effects of an accident twenty  
years ago.