

"A Sister Sweet Endearing Name."

A sister, sweet endearing name! Beneath this tombstone sleeps; A brother (who such tears could blame?) In penitence anguish weeps.

MY HUSBAND.

It was with a feeling of inward rage I could not repress, that I stood dressed before my mirror the night of Mrs. Irvington's ball, and saw reflected in its depths the white muslin which had done duty so many times before. True, the scarlet flowers fastened on the shoulders and in my hair served as an excellent foil to my clear, dark skin, but when, a half an hour later, I stood in the dressing-room of our hostess, surrounded by gay, laughing faces, with shimmer of satins and silks as a background, I dreaded taking off my cloak, and exposing to these merciless feminine eyes the same dress, altered only by a few fresh flowers. I who loved the beautiful so, who had longed all my life to gratify the taste which seemed to have been given me only to make me wretched, could only peer longingly into the future, as I gazed shudderingly into the past, and see no silver lining to the cloud.

bird caroled sweetly in his cage. Was it all a dream, then? No! The vividly the scenes of the morning again came before me. I moved restlessly upon my pillow. In a moment Jean stood by my side.

HOW I WRITE MY NOVELS

"The Dutchess" Tells How Her Stories are Born and Written. To sit down in cold blood and deliberately set to, to cudgel one's brains with a view to dragging from them a plot wherewith to make a book is (I have been told) the habit of some writers, and those of little reputation. Happy people! What powers of concentration must be theirs! What a belief in themselves—that most desirable of all beliefs, that sweet propeller toward the temple of fame. Have faith in yourself, and all men will have faith in you.

knew not her own heart; but years have taught me the value of the jewel I threw away."

As I bade my guests good night a few hours later, standing by my husband's side, my eyes reflecting the voiceless content in his, Belle Raymond, stooping to kiss me, whispered: "You have found your happiness at last, Kate. I have read it in your face. Keep and prize it. It is priceless."

FASHION NOTES.

Heavy ribbed black velvet is strikingly effective when made up in long cloaks. Orange lace, satin, brocade, orange colored velvet bonnets, opera cloaks, bonnets, tea gowns and theatre jackets made up in conjunction with bronze or recede velvet shot with gold, are a late French fancy in dress and garniture.

my saddest. All things seem open then to that giant imagination. Here, lying in the dark, with as yet no glimmer of the coming dawn, no faintest light to show where the closed curtains join, too indolent to rise and light the lamp, too sleepy to put one's foot out of the well-warmed bed, praying fruitlessly for that sleep that will not come—it is at such moments as these that my mind lays hold of the novel now in hand, and works away at it with a vigor, against which the natural desire for sleep hopelessly makes battle.

Just born this novel may be, or half completed; however it is, off goes one's brain at a tangent. Scene follows scene, one touching the other, the characters unconsciously fall into shape; the villain takes a ruddy hue; the hero dons a white robe; as for the heroine, who shall say what dyes from Olympia are not hers? A conversation suggests itself, an act thrusts itself into notice. Lightest of skeletons all these must necessarily be, yet they make up eventually the big whole, and from the brain-wanderings of one wakeful night three or four chapters are created for the next morning's work.

HORSE NOTES.

Daniel G. Eagle, Englewood Stock Farm, Marietta, Pa., will send his stock to the Woodland sale in Kentucky in a patent padded car provided with air brakes. Since the present Monmouth Park Association was organized in 1878 it has given in added money \$1,131,190, of which amount the contribution last year was \$210,850.

As for me, I have to be awake of nights longing and hoping for inspirations that oft-times are slow to come. But when they do come, what a delight! All at once, in a flash, before me—a delicate diorama, vague here and there, but with a beginning and an end—clear as crystal. I can never tell where these inspirations may be coming; sometimes in the dark watches of the night; sometimes when driving through the crisp, sweet air; sometimes a word in a crowded drawing-room, a thought rising from the book in hand, sends them with a rush to the surface, where they are seized and brought to hand and carried home in triumph. After that the "dressing" of them is simple enough.

As for the work itself, mine is perhaps strangely done, for often I have written the last chapter first, and finished my whole story on the one episode that it contained. As a rule, too, I never give more time to my writing than two hours out of every day. But I write quickly, and have my notes before me, and I can do a great deal in a short time. Not that I give these two hours systematically; when the idle vein is in full flow I fling aside the pen and rush gladly into the open air, seeking high and low for the children, who (delighted though I am to see them, and to see toward that state of frivolity to which the sunshine outside has tempted me to aspire.

THE DUCHESS.

There is no power of love so hard to get and to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is not one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work and at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere.

—The turban and the toque still take precedence of all other shapes in hats. The new shapes sit gracefully upon the head, and many of them are covered with the soft plumage of the dove, the gold or silver lophorous, or the golden brown merle. In spite of all that has been said against the destruction of birds, and notwithstanding the rigid rules and resolutions drawn up by humane societies, there is but little diminution in the demand for bird decorations for hats and bonnets. Empire veils are worn, and the wearer looks as if she had her head shired into a lace bag.

—Among well dressed women dark green and dark blue, trimmed with beaver, figures conspicuously. The fur appears round the edge of the skirt, mostly only on the front breadths and wide revers on the coats. A band of it often forms the deep, cleft-fitting brim of the toque, while cloth matching the costume is folded and drawn up to form the crown above it. Some of the Vienna skirts have a band of watered silk about five or six inches deep placed at the same distance from the edge, and wide sashes of the back. This style is carried out in black, white and bright red, terra cotta and watered silk on dark green, and bonnets and hats are crimson. The bodices have wide revers and revers of the silk. The hat is usually of soft felt, prominent in front, much pinched up at the back, and adorned with wide black moire ribbon. All skirts are hung simply.

A Sweet Voice.

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