

Life.
Forenoon and afternoon and night.
Forenoon and afternoon and night.
Forenoon and afternoon and night.
The empty song repeats itself. No more.
Yes, that is life: make this forenoon sublime.
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer.
And time is conquered, and thy crown is won.
—Edvard Zwetland 2311.

THE WISHING STONE.

BY AGNES REPPLIER.

It was only a little pebble, that lay smooth and shining on the beach, and some people might perhaps have passed it carelessly by, but Kalin's eyes were too bright and sharp for any such mistake as that. He was strolling along with his fishing nets slung over his shoulder, when a great wave rippled to his feet, and rolling back again, left lying on the sand the oddest, prettiest stone the boy had ever seen. Like a flash he seized it, and none too soon, for another wave followed quickly on the first, and would have washed the precious pebble out in the great ocean forever.

Kalin stood for a moment examining his prize, which was small and round and very smooth, while all the colors of the rainbow appeared in turn upon its delicate surface. Sometimes it was deep red, and glowed like fire; then paling suddenly to an exquisite rosy pink, it gradually melted into blue, shot with faint golden lights. Always changing, yet always beautiful, Kalin stood lost in wonder at its shifting brilliancy; when the sight of his empty boat riding on the waves, reminded him that his day's work was yet unbegun.

Hastily leaping in, he pushed from the shore, and unfurling his sails to the freshening winds, he prepared to cast his nets.

It seemed to him, after awhile, that the air was full of sound, which, faint and low, was carried over the waters, until it died into silence and a new murmur arose. Stooping over the side of the boat, he fancied that the whispers came from the waves beneath; but when he stood erect he heard them as plainly in the sighing wind. Presently, they grew stronger, or else his ear became better attuned to their gentle notes, for he clearly caught a few words borne on the breeze.

"The wishing stone," murmured the voices. "He has found the wishing stone." And then followed a sweet, low laugh. While up from the crested waves beneath came the same gentle whisper: "He has found the wishing stone—the wishing stone—the wishing stone."

And the words died away into the low splashing of the waters as they broke against the dancing boat.

Gradually the meaning of these strange voices dawned upon Kalin's mind. They were the fairies of the air and of the ocean who were murmuring around him, and it was the possession of the wonderful pebble which enabled him to hear their words. He could see nothing but the white sails above and the green waves underneath, but the voices grew ever stronger and stronger, repeating the same words.

"The wishing stone—he has found the wishing stone." Kalin took out his prize and gazed at it earnestly, listening intently to the whispers, and to the faint, fairy laughter that rang softly over the waters.

The pebble was at first blue as the skies, then darkened into a grayish green, like the waves; and grasping it tightly, the boy thought, with a rapturous heart:

"If it really is a wishing stone, it will bring me anything in the world I choose to ask."

But what should he demand? His wants were so few and simple that his daily toil had always gratified them, and it was not easy to think of things he needed or desired.

At first it occurred to him that instead of waiting all day for the fish he hoped to catch, he could load his nets by merely wishing them to be full. But after all, what sort of pleasure was there in case like this, to the vigorous young fisher-lad, whose whole life had been one of perilous labor?

The dangers and hardships of his work gave to it its sweetest charm, and Kalin felt that to gain his prey without toiling for it, would be to deprive his basket of shinning fish as contentedly as if he had no wishing stone lying snugly in his pocket.

His mother was anxiously watching for her son's return, and to her Kalin proudly showed the result of his day's labor, while she in turn counted out the silver for which yesterday's fish had been sold.

It was not until he had eaten his supper, and was sitting by the glowing fire, that the thought of his stone came back to his mind.

"Mother," he said, "if you could have whatever you wish for, what would you ask?"

Jeannette looked at her son with wondering eyes.

"I am sure I do not know," she said, "except to see you grow up a brave and honest man, as your father was before you."

Kalin was silent for a minute. This was clearly not a thing to be wished for on a stone, although he inwardly resolved that his mother should not be disappointed in her hopes.

"But I mean," he said at last, "is there anything you would like to have for yourself?"

Jeannette shook her head.

"Not unless it is a new neck-handkerchief," she said, laughing; "for my best one is getting sadly worn."

"A handkerchief?" thought Kalin. "Now I might wish for that; but I won't. If she wants one, she shall have it out of my earnings, and not a penny will I spend till it is bought. It would be a poor son who could not get his mother a trifle like that, without asking for it on a wishing stone."

And by the end of two weeks, by

dint of working a little harder and spending a little less, Kalin had saved enough to buy his mother a gay silk handkerchief, which he presented to her with much pride; and great was their mutual admiration of its bright colors and glossy richness.

But all this time he had not been able to make up his mind what to wish for on his precious stone; and finally a month slipped by, and yet he could think of no ungratified desire.

"What should I ask for?" he said, wondering, to himself. "My boat is sound, my nets strong. I have a warm fire and a good supper when I come home, and another suit of clothes, if I choose to put them on. There is nothing left for me to want."

Only on one day did he come near using his magic stone, and then a heavy storm arose while he was yet far from land.

Kalin's little boat rocked helplessly on the huge white-crested billows, which lifted it up and tossed it about like a feather in their mighty sport. His sails flapped widely in the gale, and every minute it seemed as if the angry ocean were opening the sudden lips to swallow both boat and owner.

Realizing his great peril, he thought: "Now is the time to wish myself safe on shore."

And he felt for the stone that he always carried with him.

But the instincts of the fisherman's life were stronger even than his sense of danger, and seeing how stoutly his boat was riding through the storm, he felt a great desire to stay and fight his battle with the roared ocean.

"We have weathered gales before now," thought he, "and we will weather this."

And, with sparkling eyes and fast-beating heart, he steered bravely for the shore.

Undaunted by the raging of wind and waves, he guided his quivering vessel with a skillful hand, and baled out the water which rushed over her sides as each fresh wave struck full against her.

For two long hours he fought staunchly with the angry sea, until, white with exhaustion and fatigue, he gained the sheltered inlet, and drew his boat safely up the sandy beach.

"That was a hard struggle," he said, laughing, as he pushed upon his cottage door; "but I am glad, after all, that I did not use my wishing stone."

Two weeks more went by, and Kalin was hastening one morning, to his day's work. This time he neither whistled, nor strode gloomily along with frowning brow and an angry light in his bright blue eyes.

He had quarreled with another fisher-boy, and the bitter words he had heard and spoken were ranking in his breast. The two lads had never been friends, and the present dispute was only one of many.

Kalin was outspoken in his wrath, quickly roused and as easily pacified; but Jasper's wrath smoldered long, and, with real malice, he would wait his chance to harm his adversary when his back was turned.

The day was cloudy and threatening, and the dull, gray sea lay restless and uneasy, with white-caps breaking sharply over its troubled face.

Wrapped in his own angry thoughts, never heeding the lowering weather, Kalin at first pursued his work mechanically, until the accustomed labor and the keen salt air drove away his spleen fancies, and he began as usual to feel more kindly toward Jasper, now that they were apart.

By afternoon, he had forgotten all his wrath, and prepared to haul in his nets, which seemed to be especially heavy. But, to his utter amazement, the stout cord gave way in all directions, the fish, released from their prison, swam fleetly away, and Kalin held his hands his broken nets, well-nigh emptied of their spoils.

Lost in wonder, he examined them, and saw that they had been cut at regular intervals, so that the heavy weight of the fish had snapped the remaining cords when he had attempted to drag them in.

At first, he was stupefied with bewilderment, and then gradually the meaning of it dawned on his mind. Some one had purposely ruined his nets, and his day's labor was for naught. Kalin's brow grew black as night, and his lips closed ominously.

"If I thought it was he!" he muttered to himself.

And at that instant, a low, ringing laugh echoed in his ear. Right at his elbow rocked Jasper's boat, and Jasper himself, with an amused smile, was watching his discomfiture.

"Where are all your fish, Kalin?" he called, mockingly. "And why don't you mend your nets?"

Kalin turned fiercely, but his adversary was too far off to be reached, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the situation. White with wrath, and trembling with ungovernable passion, all the blood seemed to rush madly into Kalin's head, and a thousand tiny voices whispered in his ear, "The wishing stone! Where is the wishing stone?"

Hardly conscious of what he did, he grasped the pebble, which lay red as blood within his hand.

"I wish that your boat would sink into the sea," he gasped.

And instantly, before his dizzy eyes, Jasper's skiff reeled, trembled, and sank rapidly into the dark waters.

Like a flash, he beheld the white arms of the sea fairies, as they seized the boat and dragged it under. Then all was quiet over the sullen ocean. The first use that Kalin had made of the wishing stone was to commit a great crime.

For an instant he stood horror-stricken at his own deed, and gazing blankly at the magic pebble which had wrought so terrible a harm. It was black now as night, and, with a keen loathing, Kalin flung it far into the seething waves, which closed over it forever. Then throwing off his jacket, he waited to see Jasper rise for the first time, and plunged into the ocean after him.

A few strokes, and the boys were clinging together, fighting for their lives amid the lonely waters, Jasper well-nigh exhausted, but Kalin bearing him up, and striving to regain his boat. Strong and supple, fearless and bred to dangers, the lads swam bravely on, until a hanging rope enabled Kalin to climb into his little vessel, and drag Jasper after him.

"We are all right now," he cried, and Jasper opened his dark eyes

with a strange look of grateful love lingering in their depths.

"You have saved my life," he whispered, "and it was I who cut your nets."

Kalin flushed crimson.

"And I would have drowned you," he said, brokenly; "and your boat is gone. But you shall use mine until we can save enough to buy another. Everything I have shall be yours."

Jasper made no answer, but from that time forth the two lads worked together all day long, sharing their mutual earnings and their mutual home.

"I have now two sons instead of one," said Jeannette, proudly, when the orphan Jasper sat at her humble boat beside her own boy.

And Kalin thought, with a happy smile, "At least, the wishing stone has given me a brother and a friend."

NOT A DUMB ANIMAL.

The Sacred Bird of Siam Smuggled into San Diego.

"Ha, ha, hal! Why don't you get a chair to sit down on?"

The voice was rather loud but not disagreeable, and the tone somewhat muffled, as of a person half choking with laughter.

The salutation came to the newsgatherer as he was on his daily perambulations about the city, and was traced to a handsome blue-black bird in a cage hanging under the shade of a fig tree at the residence of Dr. Gildea, on Sixteenth street, near H.

As the reporter approached nearer he was received with more laughter and inquiries as to whether he came to see the "Mino." If his health was good, etc.

A few inquiries directed to a pleasant-faced lady near by elicited the information that the bird was the sacred Mino of Siam, which as a nestling had been smuggled from the temple where it was bred by a roving sea captain and sold to Dr. Gildea at Honolulu some eight years ago.

Minnie, as she is called, is about half the size of a crow and nearly black. In the sunlight the feathers take a blue and green tinge, and there is a spot of white upon each wing and a necklace of bright yellow about the throat.

The bill, which is large and strong, tapers to a sharp point and is orange-hued near the head and lemon-colored at the tip.

The prominent eyes are dark and bright, the feet and legs lemon-colored.

The bird is valued at \$250, but specimens have been known to bring \$1,000 in the United States where but few of them have ever been brought.

The species is carefully guarded in Siam, and as none are ever sold they can only be obtained surreptitiously.

A Youthful Editor.

The youngest editor in the United States is a boy 12 years old, named Tello d'Aperry. He is the editor of a little monthly paper called *The Sunny Hour*, published in New York. He is a bright-eyed, well built, handsome lad, with a remarkably frank countenance. He was born in Philadelphia.

The first number of *The Sunny Hour* is a little eight page sheet, and its contents cover a wide variety of subjects. Here is the opening editorial of the first number:

With this issue I present the initial number of *The Sunny Hour*, modestly, as I become a young editor, but hopefully, because I mean to try and make it worthy of a place in every home where there are children.

If I find as much encouragement in my subscription list and advertising patronage as I hope, I shall enlarge my paper every three months and add new features. In any case it has come to stay one year.

I shall devote my paper to such literature as mothers will approve and as will be no Indian scalping nor as shall stir any such thing. I shall always uphold the cause of temperance and morality and so shall not touch upon politics, and it shall be my earnest endeavor to deserve well of the public.

If my paper ever falls below expectations, please remember that I am only 12 years old.

THE EDITOR.

The proceeds of the publication are to be devoted to charity, and on this point the author has the following to say:

"In publishing this paper I have an object; and, as I cannot accomplish it without the aid of the public, I shall take it into my confidence and state briefly what my object is.

"In New York there are thousands of little children, some orphans and some with poor parents, who suffer greatly with being barefoot in cold weather, and I wish to get together as many shoes and stockings as possible before next winter. I could find thousands in one week who need them."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Margaret Sangster each contributed a poem to the first number, and the editor says that the next number is to be far and away ahead of the first. Many prominent literary people are interested in the lad's enterprise, and the subscription list is growing with gratifying rapidity.

Mrs. Frank Leslie, who has great faith in the paper, has sent in her subscription for four years.

—The Belmont Driving Club will have a grand opening at its course on June 5, when, in addition to a free-for-all race to road wagons, there will be a double-team race and a race nearest to 3 minutes. Great preparations for the event are being made. A number of chairs have been ordered for the grand stand, a part of which will be reserved exclusively for ladies. One of Philadelphia's best bands of music will be on hand, and the club house and grand stand will be decorated with bright colors.

DOLLY'S BACHELOR HOME.

The Dainty Little Nest of an Independent Young Spinster Uptown.

A *Mail and Express* reporter was counting on his fingers recently the girls he knew who have set up apartments or installed themselves in establishments of their own. He ran over the digits of one hand, then of the other, and repeated the operation so often that he lost all track of reckoning. The girl bachelor grows enterprising. She no longer boards. She makes a bachelor home. She takes rooms. She lives in them with a chaperone. Her conduct is unquestioned. There is no limit to the pluck and the independence of the young and unmarried and perfectly decorous and entirely delightful unmarried woman. She is no longer an unprotected female. She has found out that after all a girl's best protection is a girl. The last decade evolved a phrase. The present decade is now at work evolving another. Bachelor suites is called in the language. Maids' suites or Dorothy apartments, as somebody in conversation the other day christened them, is going to find place before very long.

Recently the reporter drank a cup of tea with brown-eyed Dolly. Dolly has a small fortune and is 22. Her father died, her relations with her only relative, an aunt, were strained. The two did not thrive under the same roof.

The kettle sings on the hearth most merrily since Dolly has hired a flat and a butler, and set up a buffet and receives calls on her own responsibility. Novel situation. Piquant experience. Delightful days. No surveillance and no "larkiness." Dolly is a lady and behaves like one. She is careful whom she entertains. She is as demure as a Puritan damsel, as jolly as a Parisian bohemienne. She plays at housekeeping most cheerfully.

Gray-eyed Dolly is a young wood carver. She supports herself by one of the newest occupations found practicable for women. She has three dainty rooms in the last place you would dream of, over a stable. Delightfully pretty rooms they are, where brio-a-brac pickers up in all manner of odd places, summer sketches and winter studies, old plaster casts and new panels, inexpensive hangings with sudden flashes of color in scarlet ribbons, stained floors and Koush rug, make one forget that such things as Turkey carpets, silk divans, Louis XVI. chairs and old Sevres china were ever by anybody deemed desirable. Gray-eyed Dolly is wholly self-dependent. She has supported herself since she was 15. She is tired of hall bedrooms. She doesn't like the dreary atmosphere of the average city boarding house. She does like her own little nest of a stable home where she has a cat and an open fire, and can follow the innocent inclinations of her own sweet will.

There are girl bachelors who write, who paint, who act, who are shorthand writers and typewriters, all living by themselves, or, if prosperous, indulging in the society of a maid. One of the pleasantest of these new establishments belongs to a woman in her mid-twenties who earns \$1,800 a year as buyer in the children's cloak department of a big dry goods house and takes in two other girls on smaller wages to share in her luxury. All this new race of independent women keeps itself free from scandal. Ten years ago their life would have been impossible. Now it is scarcely commented on. All hail to the young old maid.

The Care of Babies' Eyes.

The number of children who wear spectacles has become a serious subject of remark. That a radical wrong exists somewhere, when children only 4 years of age are thus hampered for life, is only too palpable, but whose the blame, and what the remedy for this evidently increasing affliction? Are future generations to be sans eyes as well as sans teeth? No one impresses the necessity of care in the management of eyes until the damage is done, and then it is too late.

Young mothers who cover the baby's face with a veil, or who wear spotted lace against their own eyes, and who allow their children to read by insufficient light, are laying up trouble for themselves, though oculist and optician will be better off for their criminal ignorance. As to the school rooms, where children spend so many hours of the day, do parents ever ask or know how they are lighted and whether the scholars see windows, and whether they are obliged to strain their eyes by blackboard exercises in half lights. A little precaution in the use of the eyes and some knowledge on the subject of improper lighting would be a pound of cure in this matter of spectacles.—*Boston Herald.*

The Well Bred Girl.

A social authority gives prominence to the following as things of which a well bred girl is never guilty:

She never laughs or talks loudly in public places.

She never turns around to look after any one when walking on the street.

She never accepts a seat from a gentleman in a street car without thanking him.

She never takes more than a single glass of wine at a dinner or entertainment.

She never snubs other young ladies, even if they happen to be less popular, or less favored than herself.

She never raises her lorgnette and tries to stare a people she doesn't know out of countenance on the street.

A New Detergent.—Mr. Martin, of the Health Department of New York city, suggests the use of Bromine, as an effective cheap and inodorous deodorant.

Bromine is a by-product in the manufacture of salt, and can be had for 70 cents per pound. One pound dissolved in 100 gallons of water may be used with safety and is effective in deodorizing stables, manure heaps, garbage, privy-vaults, cess-pools, etc.

Mr. Martin suggests its use upon the earth thrown up in laying electric subways. Care is necessary in handling it, for, if it touches the skin, when undiluted, it causes a painful burn.

It might be of great value in fighting yellow-fever and other contagious diseases. There would seem to be scarcely any limit to its usefulness in sanitary reference.

HOISE NOTES.

—Spain's book is still selling well.

—Lady Barefoot, 2,203, has been bred to Reputation, 2,21.

—It is said that Pierre Lorrillard is soon to return to the turf.

—Jerry Belmont, 2,203, was sold to a man in Phoenixville for \$745.

—Jim Jim, the paces, worked a mile and repeat in 2,25, 2,25, at New York.

—Baby Lambert, 2,271; Katy B., 2,28; Hamletta, 2,29; Reid Wilkes, 2,231.

—The roan mare Lowland Mary, 2,25, has been bred to Hinder Wilkes, 2,204.

—Philip Dwyer says that he would not run a race course for \$20,000 a year.

—John Shepard recently drove Mill Boy and Arab a quarter over Mystic Park in 34 1/4.

—Phil Dwyer recently said that he "hadn't a first-rate 2-year-old in his entire string."

—A record of 2.18 1/2 will not be a bar for horses eligible to the 2.19 class stallion race on June 1.

—Porter Ashe is expecting to start his report of California horses for the East in a few days.

—About 150 horses that ran at Nashville have been shipped to the West Side track, Chicago.

—John Murphy is able to move about the house, but he is greatly reduced, weighing less than 100 pounds.

—Sam Brown's Reporter is getting in form and Sam expects him to do great work in the near future.

—The time of the Kentucky Derby, 2.34 1/2, is doubted by outside timers, who say it was fully a second slower.

—Proctor Knott is reported to be quite a sick horse, but Bryant thinks there is nothing serious in his ailment.

—Chicago sports predict that Salvatore or Sorrento will beat both Spokane and Proctor Knott in the Chicago Derby.

—At the Elmendorf sale of yearlings recently the twenty-one Geneises brought \$28,825, the twelve colts bringing \$22,475.

—Knox Gally's foal, by Dictator Chief, was fatally injured by a kick from Gretchen while in a paddock at the Sunnyside Farm.

—Edward Barber of Warrenton, Virginia, has imported the black horse, George, six years old, by Cremorne out of Strategy.

—Sunrise, the ten-year-old thoroughbred mare owned by J. G. Frothingham, Jr., of Boston, dropped dead on the track at Mystic Park recently.

—The Fresno California Fair Grounds Association has decided to offer a \$20,000 purse for a two and one-half miles repeat running race over their track this fall.

—Ed. Corrigan will put his old jumper Tennessee in training this fall, and, if he stands its ordeal, send him to England when steeplechasing commences early in the spring.

—The great American stakes, to be run for at Gravesend, are worth \$20,000. There were two hundred and eight nominations and the race will be the most important two-year-old event of the season.

—The three-year-old bay colt by Rayon d'Or out of Judith, broke a tendon at Lexington, recently, rendering him useless. J. D. Hughes, owner of the colt, was offered \$4,000 for him before he went on the track.

—The Czar, a full brother to Emperor of Norfolk, died in Iowa, recently, a couple of weeks after his owner, Theodore Winters, had refused an offer of \$55,000 for him. He was a grand colt and promised to eclipse the great record of the Emperor.

—The guaranteed stakes for the coming trotting races of the Charter Oak Park Association of Hartford, Conn., are as follows: Charter Oak stake for 2,20 trotters, \$10,000; Standard stake for 2,30 trotters, \$3,000; Insurance stake for 2,20 pacers, \$4,000.

—The Pacific Coast Blood-Horse Association is looking for a new track. The discomforts which attend the Bay District Track have caused so much discontent that it is felt that some place is necessary where the horses will not be lost in the fog on the homestretch, and where greater accommodations can be secured for the meetings.

—During the Louisville meeting W. L. Cassidy, of St. Louis, paid F. B. Harper, of Midway, Ky., a small sum as an option on the choice of any three animals in the Nantura Stable, for which the price was to be \$30,000. Mr. Cassidy selected Libretto, Lavinia Belle and Valuable, but upon reflection, the following day, concluded not to take the animals at the price named, and surrendered the forfeit.

—While the horses for the Myrtle stakes were being saddled in the paddock at Gravesend on Thursday May 16th, Morris King Idle let both his heels fly so suddenly that they caught a stableman and lifted him several feet off the ground. The poor fellow lay almost unconscious for some time, but finally was removed. The King is a noted kicker, and has tapped one or two individuals with his racing plates.

—Rena C., by Messenger Chief, dam by Foreigner (a thoroughbred), foaled on May 14, at the farm of B. J. Treacy, Lexington, Ky., a fine filly by Bermuda, record 2.20 1/4. This is Rena C.'s fourth foal, the other three having been colts. Her first foal, Messenger Wilkes, by Red Wilkes, was sold for \$2000 when a yearling. Ben V., by Red Wilkes, her second foal, was sold for \$2500 as a 2-year-old. Her third foal was also by Red Wilkes, and is now a yearling.

FASHION NOTES.

Great simplicity, in pronounceable correctness are the orders of fashion. Such fancy fleecy woolen goods are worn. Designs are formed upon the Selvages. On one side the design is a little wider for the bottom of the skirt or coat, the narrow design is intended for the corsage. For richer fabrics, dressier toilets, there designs simply woven and forming stripes are replaced by beautiful embroideries. To the most beautiful and elegant are added lace trimmings. Some dressmakers mingle these striped designs of which we have just spoken in a charming manner. They cut a redingote so that the stripe folds form the entire length of the front. It makes a pretty and effective trimming. Foulards of more fanciful designs and colors than ever before will be worn, as we said in a former number, the larger the design the more elegant. Young girls will be faithful to simplicity which best becomes them, Cashmeres, Bengaline silks and China crepe make for them very pretty costumes. We have not said much of ball dresses. We will content ourselves with speaking of dresses for matinees. The custom of dancing in the day time has much increased within a few years. Mammas who have children and young daughters, not yet having made their debut are glad to have them dance and organize for that purpose matinees, called children's parties, those even twenty years old attend them. For these gatherings young girls who affect elegance have dresses specially prepared, which are not however properly speaking ball-dresses. Every fabric such as gauze and light tulle are excluded. The preference is given to China crepe, Bengaline, Pompadour black tulle embroidered with chenille, Tosca and Greek tulle and pretty empire embroideries which are bordered at the bottom. These dresses deviate a little in style from the ball-dress. One does not go to a matinee in a décollete corsage with short sleeves, which is fashionable even for young girls. Elegant dresses are made décollete but with long sleeves. Here are descriptions of two, the style of which is not common place. The first is a dress of China crepe, "Chinchilla". The skirt is slightly turned up at a Marguerite of Faust, and the edge of the underskirt is trimmed with a band of steel passementerie. Steel passementerie also trims the neck, it also forms the belt which is closed in the back with a little puff. The sleeves are long meeting the grey suede gloves of the same tint as the dress. Speaking of gloves, let us remember that the three rows of stitching have had their time; they are no longer the fashion. Now the three rows of stitching are very small and of the same shade as the glove. The second matinee dress of which we spoke has a skirt of black tulle embroidered with chenille pompons. The corsage is a *Figaro* of velvet embroidered with jet, in front is a chemise of tulle. A ribbon ending in two long loops behind finishes the bottom of the waist. The sleeves are long, very full at the shoulder and small at the waist. Many young girls wear dresses of Greek or Tosca tulle. The corsages are round unless one prefers a vest. Many fashions are adapted for the vest corsage. Sometimes it is of classic waistcoat in white wool or pique buttoned closely. Sometimes it is a draped tulle. A ribbon ending in two, long loops behind finishes the bottom of the waist. The sleeves are long, very full at the shoulder and small at the waist. Many young girls wear dresses of Greek or Tosca tulle. The corsages are round unless one prefers a vest. Many fashions are adapted for the vest corsage. Sometimes it is of classic waistcoat in white wool or pique buttoned closely. Sometimes it is a draped tulle. A ribbon ending in two, long loops behind finishes the bottom of the waist. The sleeves are long, very full at the shoulder and small at the waist.

What is entirely new is that the collar is very high, rolled and ornamented with a regatta cravat of black silk, which gives to the entire toilette a little the air of a cavalier which is very piquant. Shoes are pointed or square, but the last style is a novelty a little eccentric, which every one has not adopted. For summer warmer shoes of glazed or polished kid are the most practicable. The boot is worn unless made of f.g.v. twilled stuff with vamps of glazed kid. As for slippers they should never cross the threshold of the house. They are never worn in the street. The question of stockings is always of great importance. Some elegant women have resolved to wear black stockings exclusively knit or embroidered in floss silk, or of silk. It is certain every one is not obliged to do as they do and one can if it is desired wear colored stockings, provided they be of a dark tint marine blue, otter, garnet, or they should be the color of the costume. In conclusion we should state that Greek tulle is made plain or is embroidered. Tosca tulle has larger meshes which are hexagonal in form. This summer tulle dresses are going to replace those of lace. It is a charming fancy, they are convenient to carry and wear well.

How Long a Child Should Sleep.

A healthy baby for the first two months or so spends most of its time asleep. After that a baby should have at least two hours of sleep in the forenoon and one hour in the afternoon, and it is quite possible to teach almost any infant to adopt this as a regular habit. Even to the age of four