Within my palm, like rose leaves, dainty sweet I fold, with tenderest love, two little feet: Two little feet, twin flowerets, come to bring To mother's heart the first sweet breath of

wearled with play, at last they lie at rest. One satin sole against its fair mate pressed. Dear little leet, fain would this hand e'er shield Thy tender flesh from thorns which lie con-Along the path that, stretchi g through the

Leads on to God through joy and silent tears, Of would that I could pluck from thy dear way Whate'er militg tempt those little feet to stray, What, though my hands be torn by thorn and

stone.
The joy for all my pain would soon atone;
If but thy mother planned thy lie for thee,
No other path as bright as thine should be.
But what am I, that I my love should count
Greater than that of lim who is love's fount—
Who sent from leaven these dainty baby-feet
To make thy mother's leve and life complete;
What truer hand than His could mark thy What greater love than God, thy Father hath?

What greater mercy grant eternal life? When shadows come and clouds obscure thy way, He knows that darkness only heralds day. If bruised thy flesh, though mother's heart may

He, in his mercy, knows thy greatest need. Then, little feet, though mother's prayers must rise
In love and trust, that never doubt implies,
That God thy steps may lead in ways aright,
And keep thy soul from sin's unholy blight,
I'll leave thy future in His hands alone,
And know, at last, he'll bring thee safely

- Religious Herald.

A STORY OF A STAR.

EDITH ABELL.

In her little white bed, hung with pretty lace curtains, lay Ethel listening to a song her mamma sang as she put the nursery in order for the night. She left the curtains open that Ethel might look out and see the stars and the moon before she fell asleep. Ethel liked the moon best, but it was not always in the sky at night for her to see, but the dear little stars were always there unless it rained, and they were so bright, and they winked so funny-just like Uncle Harry when he played with her and told her merry stories. Ah, if she could only reach them! Ever since she had first seen a star she had wished to get near enough to it to touch it, to hold it in her hands and to have it for a new plaything. But somehow she never could have a star. She had a great many lovely dolis and a doll house and chairs and tables, tea-sets and a closet full of costly toys, but they were not like the stars.

Her mamma came to her side, saying, "Ethel must now say her prayers and go to sleep." Then she laid her face beside Etcel's and both said "Our Father," and "God bless papa and mamma;" "and the stars, 'Ethel always wanted to say, but did not because her mamma had only taught her to ask the blessing on her parents. Then mamma kissed her and left her for the

There was nothing Ethel liked better than being told stories. As she looked out of the window at her friends, the stars, it seemed to her they were alive. What pleasant little friends they were! She thought she must talk to them and tell them some stories; they might then come near enough to hear her. She would talk first with the brightest one that she had heard her mother call Venus. It was rather a pretty name, Ethel thought. So she began:

"Once upon a long, long time ago, Venus, when I was a very little girl"-Venus came nearer, so as to hear Ethel better. She seemed to be walk- lawn, and that night when she returned ing down a very long, narrow and shining path and the nearer she came the prettier she looked. She was even prettier than mamma, only she hadn't that nice smile mamma had. Her dress was yellow and her hair was yellow and she was as bright as the moon. She came right in through the window, which she didn't open. Ethel thought that was very queer. She couldn't go through any window that was shut. And she didn't think she wanted to try, because pussy, who became frightened one day, went through the glass and broke it, and she cut her dear little pink nose. Now Venus didn't break the glass and she didn't hurt her pretty nose either; that was very strange, Ethel thought.

Ethel sat up in her crib and stretched out her hands to Venus: "O, you dear lovely, bright Venus!" she cried. "I have wished for you so long, and now you have really come down to play with me and tell me all about yourself, haven't you?"

Venus nodded and shook out her golden hair. "Dear Ethel," she said, 'I know all your thoughts up there in the sky, and when a nice quiet night came, I said I would come down and chat with you. I wish you could go back with me. We stars have such a nice time! We play (that's when you see us twinkle) and we dance with the clouds-you can see us rush along with them, can't you? And we make chains of tiny little stars that we catch as they Your folks call them meteors, but that's not at all a pretty name for

our toys. "O, yes," said Ethel, "I knowthose are the stars that fly along and go out."

"No," said Venus, "they don't go t. We catch and hide them from each other, and such fun we have finding them! But we cannot always have them. Some summer nights when it is very hot we find ever so many.' 'I thought those were fire-flies,'

said Ethel. "No, they are our star balls, and there is a time in winter when we have to put on our mittens and play. But we can always play ball with them; they have rough, bright edges that don't hurt and we catch them easier than you do your balls. Aunt Cassi-opeia, who doesn't leave her chair, oks after us, and she is very kind and holds us in her lap if we fall down and hurt ourselves, but we don't fall often. We had a nice, dear little play-mate, one of the little Pleiades girls. She fell down, poor little thing, and slipped through a hole in the sky, and we've never found her since, though Uncle

has hunted everywhere for her."
"Pernaps," said Ethel, "sne tumbled down on the earth and some nice little girl h s her for a playmate."
"O, no," said Venus, "we all know how to get back from here, and besides we should see her here; we have such bright eyes we can see every one." seven of "Venus," said Ethel, "I wish you going."

had brought one of the meteors to play THE with. It must be such a pretty toy.

never had one.'

"Well," said Venus, looking around, "I think perhaps this room is rather small to have a real good time with ore. You see they fly pretty far, and one might fly out of the window and get lest, and then if some boy found it he would have to put it back in the sky, and perhaps he wouldn't know how to get up there."

Ethel thought that was quite likely. She asked Venus then if she should be a very good girl, would she not come some warm night when there were a great many meteors and carry her up to the great fields where the stars and Aunt Cassiopeia were, and let her play with them all.

Venus said, "Yes, if she could walk along the path, but it was only just wide enough for her feet and Ethel might fall over." "What do you do, Venus, dear, when there is a dreadful thunder

storm? "O," replied she, "there's nothing they are our fireworks. You see the wrong side of them, but we see the right side and they are very handsome -better than those you have on the Fourth of July. We always have them on our birthdays and on holidays.'

"And where do you go day times? I never see you then," said Ethel. "Well, Aunt Cassiopeia puts some of to bed, though some of us go round on the other side of the world to see our cousins and relations there. We don't have as good a time as we used to have, preceded by a long line of ushers with long things they call telescopes and are always staring hard at us. We don't England to preside over the congress; like it at all.

"I shouldn't like it either. I'm sure I couldn't play it men stared at us when we rnn about the garden.' Here Venus began to look uneasily around her. "Dear Ethel," she said, "I think daybreak is near, it is growing so light, and I musn't lose my path

home; it will all fade away in the sun-Ethel and promised to come back some other night. She slid through the window and

vanished along the path of light. Poor little Ethel grieved to lose her friend and stretched out her hands crying and calling, "Venus, dear, dear Venus, come back to me!" She cried so hard she awoke and found herself lying in her mother's lap by the fireside. "What does my little girl want?" said her mamma.

Ethel tried to tell her about Venus and her visit, but fell asleep again before she could say much, and her smiling mamma tucked her up again in her pretty crib, drew the window curtains and she only awoke to see the sunshine. Venus's little path was quite gone when she looked, but she saw her up in

the sky the next night, and she fancied the star smiled and winked at her, but she never came again .- American Agriculturist.

Exact and Truthful.

Tommy is a very literal boy. He is quite capable of "standing on the burning deck," like that other lad who interpreted a command according to the letter of the law, until he should be roasted and toasted to a crisp.

"Don't take off your rubbers Tommy," said his mother one morning, as she left him running about the wet from her visit, and looked into Tommy's room, a strange sight met her gaze. The new Casabianca was fast asleep in his little bed, and from beneath the clothes were sticking two

black feet bedaubed with mud. Tommy had not taken off his rubbers! How was it possible to corrupt so obedient a child by telling him that he should have used his judgment? It is well understood in the family that the children are not to eat cake. Tommy, visiting at an aunt's, remembered this on the first morning of his

"Will you have a piece of Johnny cake?" asked Aunt Laura. "I can't if you call it that," said he,

honestly. "I'm not allowed to eat cake, but I could if you named it corn bread.' One morning the little boy's mother chanced to touch his hand, and was

surprised to find if icy cold. Why, Tommy!" said she, beginning to chafe it. "Are your feet like this?"
"No'm," said he, a little surprised. 'My feet are larger, and have shorter fingers on 'em, and more meat. Not at

all like it, mamma!'

A Happy and Favored Spider.

Far up in the corner of my room is a big black cobweb, and a big black spider dwells therein. He has dwelt there quite a year now, and although many surreptitious feminine glances of horror at the wretched housekeeping of some people steal up to that corner my happy spider is never disturbed. I think he almost loves me now; he comes down often, dropping inch by inch, by a thin golden thread, and he runs rapidly and twinkling-legged over my table and papers, pausing for moments at a time to look at me with bright, unwinking eyes and motionless body.

Happy, happy fellow! He has his health, his spirits, and his home with a tiny sweetheart locked therein, where

no covetous eyes may find her. What more could he ask to make him happy? But one day—ah, me!—some one else will come into this room with an alert eye for cobwebs and a strong hand to remove them, and then—then—when he is homeless and friendless and hope-less my spider may understand how right down good I was to him.

HIS PUNISHMENT-Mother-"Bobby, the teacher sends word to me that you are a very bad boy. You don't learn your lessons, and you are late at school, and you whisper and play during school hours. Now, what shall I do with

Bobby-"I'm pretty wicked, ain't Mother-"Yes, Bobby, you are." Bobby—"Well, mamma, if you've got to do something with me, you'd better let me go to the circus. I know seven other very wicked boys who are

INDIAN CONGRESS.

COMPOSED OF HINDOO, MAHOME-TAN AND PARSEE.

National Aspirations - The Pundita Ramabai Speaks For Hindoo Women.

The recent National Congress of India held its sittings in an immense tent at Byculla, one of the northern precincts of the lordly city of Bombay. A huge canvas admitted more than 4000 persons to its grateful shade. The interior was arranged like an amphitheatre, with crimson hangings, and the columns of support were decorated with red, green and gilt. Here in concentric rows sat thousands of native people, their red, white, pink and purple turbans, with here and there the gilded turbans of Mahometan or the black hat of a Parsee, with the many white garments, made a most we like better than thunder storms; picturesque scene. The dark faces were full of intelligence and aglow with enthusiasm. And the Hindu or Mahometan or Parsee of such an assemblage as is the "chosen of the people" is an exceedingly handsome man, particularly if he wear his native dress.

Expectancy was at its highest pitch, when, precisely at the hour appointed, a little band of men was seen making because a great many men have taken gilt rods. Here were Sir William Wedderburn, who had come from Mr. Hume, its promoter; and Charles Bradlaugh, M. P., who has earned the title, through his advocacy of measures for the benefit of this country, of 'Member for India," and who is now a revered visitor to this people. There was clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs and hearty English hurshine and I shall get lost here." And rahs from Hindu throats, as the Engshe bound up her golden locks, kissed lishmen mounted the platform and took their seats. Confusion there was none in that great audience from its beginning to its end. No meaningless stamping or shuffling of feet, a fact explained by the reason that everybody was barefoot.

The proceedings opened with a patriotic address by the chairman of the reception committee, Mr. Pherozesha Mehta, a Pasree, and a most eloquent speaker. He referred to the political bonds which hold together such a diversity of peoples in the great America republic, and expressed the belief that the people of India were also "on the way to a common national existence." He was followed by a Mahometan gentleman, who had a most eculiar and amusing fashion of shricking his emphasis in long sentences, standing on one foot while he did so, and giving a jump at the end, but who also commanded much respect and atention, although he reminded one of nothing so much as a grain of parching corn. The Mahometan was followed by a Brahmin (the highest Hindoo caste), who supported the motion, calling Sir William Wedderburn to the chair. Thus three nationalities had their representation, to be followed by the fourth, and tue excellent address of Sir William.

Day by day it grew warmer while the congress lasted, and the pretty crimson hangings on the outside of the pavilion changed to a pale pink under the hot sun. From the first the English residents of Bombay were conspicuous by their absence, and the Times of India tried in vain to prove that other nationalities were poorly represented. Day by day, however, the delegates came up fresh and clear in their snowy garments as though no inconvenience to them resulted from the extreme heat. On the last afternoon, when enthusiasm was high, contributions began to flow in for the expenses of maintaining the Congress. Forty-five thousand rupees were asked for, but bag after bag of silver was brought up by excited delegates, pr mise after promise given, until a glittering pile of silver coins lay on the floor and a rough count showed sixty-two thousand rupees, Mr. Hume, who had every year supplied deficits from his own purse, tried to thank the audience, when for fifteen minutes he was unable to say a word, the cheering was so hearty and prolonged.

In the social conference there was much discussion about the postponement of the marriageable period for girls to the age of twelve years; also the passage of a law forbidding the disfigurement of a widow by shaving her head before the age of eighteen, and then only with her full consent. Here was an opportunity for the Pundita Ramabai (a recent visitor to the United States), whose work for the education of widows is gradually growing in public esteem. As the little white-robed figure rose in the great crowd, men eagerly crowded forward to get within reach of her voice, and there was considerable confusion. As soon as quiet was restored, the soft voice was heard to say, "It is not at all strange, my countrymen, that my voice is small and weak, since this is the first time a woman has been allowed to exercise her voice among vou."

As the laughter subsided, she went on earnestly, making a motion that the age for shaving the head be limited to no period, but an attempt be made to abolish the custom altogether, and painting in glowing words the shame and mortification of young wemen with shaven heads, and she had never met with one who was willing to have her head shaved. She had been told that a widow's long hair bound her husband in hell, but did not see how that could be. She would like to know, however, how many men would shave their heads on the death of their wives. "If you come to the conclusion," she exclaimed, " not to disfigure your widows, you may find your women, like the Spartan dames of old, People who are purse-broud set the ready to cut off their tresses and give exact mark of their intrinsic value

to their husbands as bow-strings." There was much amusement and cheering at her naive way of putting the widow's case before them, and not a few were moved to tears as she affectingly described the suffering of her unfortunate sisters.

Pundita Ramabai is a unique figure in this stirring community of Bombay, and there is no doubt, if her life be spared, that she will live in history as one of the great reformers of the age, as she is one of its most remarkable women. Her position among her pesple is rather peculiar; because of her change of faith the orthodox Hindoo fears and distrusts her. He is inclined to associate all kinds of chicanery and deceit with the adherents of Christiani-

ty. The native Christian, with the English or American missionary, entertains the same feeling, because her methods are not his methods, and because she does not share his contempt for her ancestral religion.

The educated men of the Hindoos, however, treat her with great respect -by the educated, meaning the more advanced. At the close of her address before the Social Conference, friends and strangers crowded around her, and one man said to her, "I have given up my religion, will you tell me of yours?" It is not uncommon, either, for her to be reverently approached by some one. with hands pressed together at his forehead, in token of the highest reverence. The American people are fa-miliar with her remarkable career, which promises even greater things in the future; but there is a strong wall of prejudice to be broken down, and it can only be done by "simple living, on a lofty level."

Poultry-Yard Police.

In the eastern aviary at the Zoological Gardens among a very varied assortment of birds, are a pair of cariamas, says the London Daily News. These birds have something the look of the secretary vulture, as they perambulate their cage in a dignified fashion; at intervals they startle their neighbors by uttering a series of piercing shricks, which seem quite uncalled for, and do not appear to be produced by any cause, except sometimes by a spirit of rivalry, provoked by the equally loud screams of another bird which lives in an adjoining cage, and is appropriate-ly named "the Scream-

As both birds hail from South America they probably have had many oppertunities of such friendly contests retires deafened by too close proxim- called. ity to the cage will be quite unable to decide which has the loudest voice.

The cariama is one of those birds which does not fit into any system; some ornithologists look upon it as a crane, while to others it seems to have the heart to designate him by any disan unmistakably hawk-like appear- respectful name. ance; finally, its name, which is more properly, and perhaps therefore more rarely, written "seriema," seems to signify "little Rhea."

There is thus a wide fie'd for speculation about the relations of the cariama, which are at the best only very distant. It is indeed, a very "friendless" bird, and the most careful search into the fossil bird remains of South America has failed to bring to light any ancestral form which might give

a clue to its affinities. Though probably of ancient and respectable descent, its origin remains a mystery. The cariama is so far unlike a hawk that it has the greatest dislike of quarrelsome birds. This feeling. coupled with the fact that it is very easily tamed, has led to its introduc tion into poultry yards, where it performs the duties of a policeman. .

If two young cocks simultaneously inspired with a passion for the same hen attempted to settle their differences by an appeal to the duel, the cariama quickly steps in between the rival lovers and insists upon a friendly termination of the quarrel by a series of pecks directed impartially at the heads of to express the estimate formed by the

A Disgusted Count.

Count Gleichen's "Twelve Hours in New York" is a brief but delicious page in the diary of that humorous observer. He reached the Jersey City Station in the morning, and timed his arrival so as to allow a whole day to see the beauties of that city. He paid half a dollar to the hotel "busman, who declined to take his bag in for him. The colored servants seemed equally supercilious. As he was not sleeping at the hotel he was told that a bath would cost two dollars and a half, and the man at the "trunks bureau," Anglice cloak-room, eased him of a quarter of a dollar for taking care of his bag.

The Count then went in an omnibus -a one-horse one-to Central Park, which he describes as a weird-looking "piece of wooded ground, intersected by paths which run up and down and underneath artificial hills and rockeries and you are forbidden to go on the grass." The pavement, the policemen, and the post-boxes nailed to telegraph poles amazed Count Gleichen. He drank at the Hoffman House bar, and went back to the Metropolitan for dinner, where, on the principle of eating foreign food in foreign lands, he ordered clam soup, pumpkin pie, hom-iny, buckwheat cakes, sweet potatoes, very nasty wild turkey and cranberries.

He then went to Daly's Theatre and paid a dollar and a half for ten minutes' drive to the Britannic. Count Gleichen, who had just re turned from Canada, regrets that he did not spend the day there. After accounts led him to regret that he did

not dine at Delmonico's. Many peo ple will agree with the first regret at congratulate the Count on having lost an oppor unity of making still bitterer reflections on New York City and its "goings on."

PRESIDENTS' NICKNAMES. TITLES GIVEN TO THE NATION'S CHIEF EXECUTIVES.

Washington "The American Cincinnatus." "Independence Forever" Adams.

"The American Cincinnatus!" This grand appellation was the sole pseudonym that the American people ever found suitable to the traits and be anticipated. characteristics of George Washington, the first President of the United States.

Mr. Thackery attempted to furnish material in a certain portrait which he has drawn of Washington, for a nickname of another sort, much less dignified, but the popular canonization, even in England, of the great man had too long before begun, and the hints of the satirist were universally rejected.

The fondness for designating each President of the United States by some name supposed to be appropriate by the public was not developed until Washington had gone to the silent, undiscovered country.

John Adams called himself "a President of three votes." He was known long after his death by a certain title which he also supplied himself indirectly.

On the morning of the 30th of June, 1826, an individual who was chosen to give the oration of the Fourth of July at Quincy, John Adams's home, called at the house of Mr. Adams and asked him to propose for him a subject as a patriotic toast, to be drank after the oration.

"I will give you one, the noblest you could choose," said the philosophic President, forgetting for the nonce the restraint and frigid dignity of his

"Independence forever!"

The words were reported in the slow way of the time, but the people, as soon as the phrase came to their ears, applied it at once as appropriate to the philosophic grandeur of the character of John Adams.

No one ever presumed to think of a nickname in connection with the name of Jefferson, notwithstanding his simplicity eulogized as democratic-practically, the greatest foe of undue familiarity in the world. He himself baptized his favorite

plants, and gave them names to suit his classical fancy; but none ever dared to dub him with a nickname.

James Madison was never known other than as one—the least—of Jefferfor supremacy, and the visitor as he son's "political family," as it was

James Monroe was known as a man of such purity and simplicity, his manners were so touchingly complaisant and appealing, that he won friends and not a single enemy. No one ever had

John Quincy Adams was called, almost from the beginning of his political career, "Tribune of the People. "Columbus" and "Publicola" were other names that were given him by

the people.

Neither Jackson nor Van Buren were given distinctive names, but Jackson's great victory at New Orleans gave occasion for many heroic titles which were used during his life, but none of them have been preserved to go down to posterity with the fame of their posses-President Taylor was never known

by any other name than "Zach." It seemed to his countrymen to convey a perfect idea of the fidelity and rare persistence of the man.

General Pierce was called Frank. His qualities were negative-a great virtue in a President of the Republic.

President Pierce had a peculiarly unfelicitous manner in making promises. Any one who came to him was sure to be told that he should receive just what he desired in the way of office. Possithe name Frank, short, insignificant, gave just the meaning necessary people of their president.

President Buchanan was always known as "Buck," "Bucky," and "Breck," a happy reference to Mr. Breckinridge, were familiar and oftrepeated words in the fifties.

General William Henry Harrison's appellation, "Tippecanoe," is immor-

A reflected immortality belongs to the hyphenated name given to President Tyler. Abraham Lincoln had many nick-

names; they were given by different classes of the citizens of the United States. They were homely, most of them, but they all possessed one great Homeric propriety -- appropriateness and absolute epigrammatic force and power of definition.

The man was one of the people grander in intellect than most of them, but of such simplicity and soundness of heart that his fellow-countrymen had no difficulty in choosing names to express their appreciation of his genius by familiar means.

land's celebrated private secretary were the titles under which the ex-President most often appeared before the public during his administration.

President Harrison has been supplied with a nickname by the citizens and and youth, especially of the city of New York.

"White Wings" is the pseudonym that has been given him. Its application is obscure, unless it is to be imagined as descriptive, figuratively, of the present President's extreme pallor of

In the Aberdeen district in North Scotland, latitude 57 degrees, it is too cold to grew corn, yet this region produces some of the finest cattle in the world. They are fed largely on barley, oats and rye.

Our Paris Letter.

Long live summer! When we think of the many and varied pleasures which this season brings to us, not the least of which is the grand opportunity of displaying our many charming and elegant costumes, we can truthfully echo the above cry but at the same time we hastily stifle a sigh of regret as the thought quickly follows, that the summer is now on the wane and will soon be counted among

White costumes, not alone of muslins, silks and cottons, but also of wool materials are in great favor and universally worn.

the pleasures to be remembered, not to

They will continue to be a la mode till late in the fall and even then, so popular are they, they will not be en tirely abandoned.

All grey colors, especially those of the clear dove tint so greatly loved by artists, still stand high in favor not only for house, but fete, coaching and driving costumes. Silver and steel passementerie have been used in trimming these soft aesthetic grays, but now white is chosen in silk mull, marabout, braid and lace borders.

An elegant costume of silver grey, made by one of our leading houses for a garden fete, had a round skirt embroidered on the bottom of the left side with a boquet of jessamine flowers tied with a white ribbon. The corsage was draped in pleats across the chest, and fastened under the left arm in a manner completely invisible. On the left. side of the corsage, near the shoulder, was embroidered another boquet of

Around the waist was a small sash pleated in the centre of both back and

The sleeves were of white faille, very full on the shoulder, but not so high as they have been worn. The fullness of the sleeves, or rather their height, was laid over the shoulder so that it completely covered it, almost to the neck. This style of mounting the sleeve is quite new and has a very original effect, one that will not, we imagine, be much employed

A carriage dress of white crepon was very simply made; the skirt was plain and finished with three narrow rows of gold galloon studded with jet nails, the lowest row of galloon being placed close to the bottom edge of the skirt. The corsage was gathered at the waist and a band of gold galloon, like that on the skirt only broader, encircled the waist. A collarette of white crepe lisse fell over the shoulders, headed by the same galloon, three rows of which trimmed the white silk sleeves at the

The capote, which accompanied this costume, was formed of three bands of gold galloon studded with jet, and a fourth band passed from side to side beneath the chin; the garniture was two clusters of black plumes, one placed in front, the other in the back. The parasol was of white silk with inserted medallions of lace and finished on the edge with a deep flounce of

white lace. Jackets are very much worn here this season: the newest models have tight fitting backs, and straight fronts to be fastened or left open at will, in which case the insides of the fronts, forming revers when opened, are lined with fancy silk, or are embroidered or

braided. These jackets were mentioned in our last Paris letter.

They are made in fine black cloth, although grey in the soft, dark shades is much sought for. Among the most stylish jackets, are those having the sleeves and revers ornamented with fancy embroidery. Military cloth is generally used for these.

There is still such a demand for the sailor hat that milliners are employing them for dress hats, using the simple, low-crowned shapes for delicate creations in black nets and shirred tulle. Black lisse on invisible wire in sailor shape, and trimmed with folds and

loops of lisse, gold passementerie, blackbirds, and long, gold pins. Cream-colored straw hats have bands of gold or silver galloon with clusters of white ostrich tips and fancy jeweled pins as ornaments.

For garden fetes, are found dainty sailor hats of cream-white crepe shirred on gold wires, with loops of the crepe and pleatings of gold lace as garniture. The fashion now is to knot the hair.

It is drawn upon the crown of the head, tied invisibly, parted and knotted in a double Grecian or Alsatian bow. This arrangement is very pretty and becoming to most all faces. The almost invisible fringes of fine, soft, naturally curly hair worn on the forehead, are extremely light, not injurious, and require only a few tiny pins to fasten them securely to the natural hair. FELICE LESLIE.

Snufters.

"Here burns my candle out."

Our grandmothers set great store by silver snuffers, particularly if upon them were rich traceries of bud and that their value was enhanced by the ownership of a delicately graven silver tray goes without saying, and a place of honor was given them on the high mantel-piece of drawing-room or best parlor.

Since candles are greatly in request at the present time for fete-day even-"Grover" and "Sire," the one un-due familiarity of the people, the other reverently applied by Mr. Clevedesigns reproduced, and much time and study will be given by skilful craftsmen to insure "perfection of elegance."

A Boy's Prayer.

Smart children's sayings are rather overdone, but there was a good deal of diplomacy about a little fellow who prayed long and earnestly for a double ripper. Finally his mother told him that perhaps God didn't think best for him to have a double ripper, and his next prayer was formed a little differently, "O Lord, please send me two sleds and a board."

Whatever doubt there may be in regard to morality being taught, there is no doubt about people being wicked, and the fact that a man can be taughtwickedness proves that nature is not responsible for all men's acts.