

OUR PARIS LETTER.

Truly, Lent is the season "par excellence" for reunions of all descriptions...

At these reunions are seen many charming toilettes which are worth describing...

Another costume was of red cloth trimmed with designs of jet passementerie...

All costumes are more clinging than ever, but not in the style of last season...

FELICE LESLIE.



No. 943.

A lighter shade. The short under skirt is of silk taffeta finished at the foot with a pleating of the same...



No. 944.

standing collar. Elbow sleeves of velvet with a deep pleating of gauze, and pointed half girdle of velvet.

No. 944. VISITING COSTUME.—Aubergine bengaline, with embroidery in chenille and beads, is the material used for the costume...



No. 945.

No. 945. HOUSE GOWN.—This model is made of fine striped wool goods. The under skirt has a narrow pleating of the goods around the bottom...

In the back, the left front edge of the over-skirt is trimmed with gold galloon and the right edge with loops of ribbon.

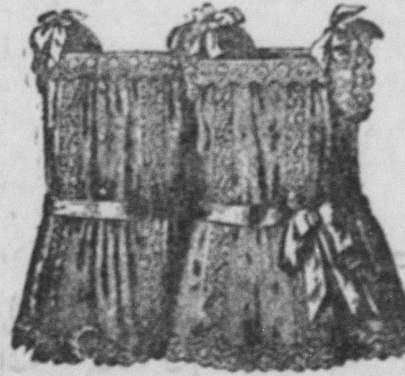


No. 946.

No. 946. GIRL'S ULSTER.—Tan-colored home-spun or beaver cloth with Chestnut brown velvet are combined in this garment...

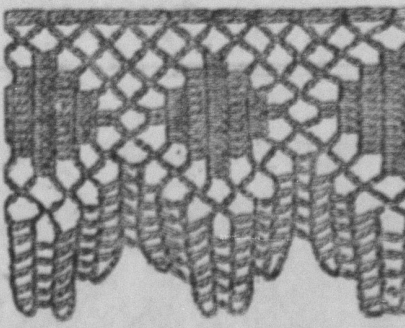
FANCY WORK.

CHILD'S APRON.—This little apron is made of white sateen, with edgings and insertions of crocheted lace.



CHILD'S APRON.

inches wide and seven deep, which is gathered on. For the backs cut pieces five inches wide and eight deep...



EDGING.

The shoulder straps, which are joined to the band, are one and a half inch long, and a half wide at the widest part...

To crochet the insertion begin with a chain of 43 stitches; work back and forth. 1st row.—Pass 4, a treble crochet on the next (for a treble pull the thread over twice, insert and pull a loop through, work off 2 loops, work off 2 more, then work off the final 2), 3 chain, a single crochet on the following 3d (for a single, insert and pull a loop through, work off the 2 loops on the needle), 4 chain, a double crochet on the succeeding 3d (for a double put the thread over once, insert and pull a loop through, work off 2 of the 3 loops on the needle, work off the final 2), 4 times by turns 1 chain and a double on the succeeding 2d stitch, then 4 chain, a single on the following 3d, 4 chain, pass 2, 14 double on the next 14, 5 chain, pass 3, 2 single on the last 2, 2d row.—Turn, 3 chain, a double around the following 2d stitch, 3 chain, a single around the next 5 chain, 4 chain, 10 double on the middle 10 of the 14 double in the last row, 4 chain, a single around the following 4 chain, 4 chain, 2 double separated by 1 chain around the next 4 chain, 3 times by turns 1 chain and a double around the next 4 chain, 2 double, then 4 chain,

up to an cupboard, took out a bottle, poured something out into a large glass, then he took an old box, shook

a single around the next 4 chain, 5 chain, 2 singles, one on the treble and one on the succeeding stitch. 3d row.—Turn, 4 chain, a treble on the following 2d stitch, 3 chain, a single around the next 5 chain, 5 chain, a single around the next 4 chain, 4 chain, a single around the chain after the following 4 double, 4 times by turns 1 chain and a double around the succeeding chain, then 4 chain, a single around the next 4 chain, 4 chain, 6 double on the middle 6 of the 10 double in the last row, 4 chain, a single around the next 4 chain, 5 chain, 2 singles on the treble and the succeeding stitch. 4th row.—Turn, 4 chain, a treble on the second, 3 chain, a single around the next 5 chain, 5 chain, a single around the next 4 chain, 2 double on the middle 2 of the 6 double in the last row, 4 chain, a single around the following 4 chain, 4 chain, 2 doubles separated by 1 chain around the next 4 chain, 3 times by turns 1 chain and a double around the chain after the succeeding 4 double, then 4 chain, a single around the next 4 chain, 5 chain, a single around the next 5 chain, 5 chain 2 singles on the treble and the succeeding stitch. Continue the work with the help of Figure 3, which gives the pattern of the edging to match.

For the edging begin with a chain of 49 stitches. 1st row.—Pass 5, a double crochet on the next, 5 times by turns a chain and a double on the following 2d, then 4 chain, a single on the succeeding 3d, 5 chain, a single on the succeeding 4th, 4 chain, pass 2, a double on the next, 4 times by turns 1 chain and a double on the succeeding 2d, then 4 chain, a single on the following 3d, twice by turns 5 chain and a single on the succeeding 4th, then 3 chain, pass 2, 2 tribles on the succeeding 2. 2d row.—Turn, 1 chain, 2 singles on the next 2, twice by turns 5 chain and a single around the next 5 chain, then 4 chain, 2 double separated by 1 chain around the next 4 chain, 3 times by turns 1 chain and a double around the chain after the succeeding double, then 4 chain, a single around the treble and the succeeding stitch. Continue the work with the help of Figure 3, which gives the pattern of the edging to match.

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This lace pattern is very desirable, as it can be used for a variety of purposes; it is also very handsome when made of wool.

THE SHAM CANARY.

It was raining one Sunday, great heavy drops. The birds were hanging their little heads sadly, and a woodpecker was grumbling bitterly about the bad weather.

"Ah! never complain of rain," chirped a learned starling. "I will tell you a story in which the rain plays a very important part."

"There was once upon a time an old deaf mother sparrow, whose wings and legs had grown so heavy with age that she had to lie still in her nest while her son flew out to seek for food. But he always brought her honestly whatever he could find. In winter he had to fly far away into the city, and search on the street with great pains, but he liked to do it, and was very glad when he could carry home to his old deaf mother a morsel of bread or a grain or two of oats."

"Now it happened one day that the old ugly chemist with the hair as red as a fox, and the hunchback, had put a roll in front of his garret window. The very day, as chance would have it, our sparrow could not find anything, and as he was very hungry he flew boldly in at the window.

"Click! click!—It shut behind him, and he was caught. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the ugly little chemist, "you fool you have let yourself be caught?" and then he wanted to take hold of the poor sparrow; but he flattered about the room in terror, and slipped away each time when the chemist fancied he had caught him.

"At length the man threw his great black hat over him, and then pulled the poor wretch gently out with his hand.

some powder out of it into the glass, and stirred the liquid smartly.

"Oh! oh! oh!" moaned the sparrow, but the next moment the liquid was poured over him, and rubbed in with a sponge, as if he were being washed.

"There now, you can fly away again," the chemist cried, laughing, opened the window, and threw the sparrow out.

"Look at the canary!" yelled the children on the street; "look at the canary; he has flown away from the red chemist; catch him, catch the thief!" and they threw stones up into the air at our sparrow. He sat on the eaves and shook his wet feathers, and when, however, he heard the cry from the street growing ever louder, "Look at the canary," and the stones began to hail more thickly, he looked about him anxiously, and saw to his terror in a little window that he had grown quite yellow, like a real canary.

"Whiz! at that moment a window pane flew in splinter; and whiz, there went another! Down below the boys in the street were fighting, till bleeding heads and lumps were going, and the neighbors were scolding out at the broken windows, and two policemen came running up, and each seized two boys by the collar, and marched them off to the police station.

"But the little chemist was grinning at his garret window, and he cried: "'Look, dear neighbors, to-day you have the red heads; to-day you have the humps upon your backs, and I laugh at you, and look down upon you. Ha, ha, ha! he, he!"

"Then our sparrow wanted to fly away to his dear little mother. Ah! he had but raised his wings, when the boys down below began to make a noise again, and three stones at him, and the other sparrows commenced to peck at him, and cried:

"Why come you here, You creature queer! To eat our bread? Peck on your head! We'll peck you dead!"

"Then the sparrow got away as quickly as he could. But in the next street the sparrows flew angrily at him, and cried:

"Why come you here, You creature queer! To eat our bread? Peck on your head! We'll peck you dead!"

"And wherever the poor tormented sparrow flew the cry was repeated. Then he wept bitterly and thought: 'If I were only with my own dear mother,'

"At last he reached the little nest tired to death and all bedraggled. 'Ah! my dear mother,' he cried; 'ah! my dear mother!'

"But the old deaf mother sparrow looked at him without recognition, and said:

"Why come you here, You creature queer! To eat our bread? Peck on your head! When comes my son, He'll peck you dead!"

"At that the sparrow cried in terror: 'But, dear mother, don't you recognize me? don't you see I am your son?'

"But the old mother sparrow could not hear, you know, and fancied the yellow bird was some strange rogue. So she shut the door in his face, and left him standing outside. Then the unhappy sparrow flew to the gold fishes, and chirped:

"Oh! gold fishes, look at me, pray. Have you too forgotten me, say?"

But the gold fishes stared at him, shook their heads, and swam away.

"Meanwhile it had grown dark. The thunder was rolling and lightning tongues were flashing through the black sky. All the birds were covering in their soft, warm little nests; only our poor sparrow was sitting quite alone on the branch of a lime-tree thinking: 'Ah! now I must die, for my mother does not know me any more, and the other birds will peck me to death to-morrow, if I seek for food. And then my poor mother must die of hunger too. Oh dear! oh dear!'

"Thus thinking, he fell asleep. When he awoke next morning he saw that he was not dead yet. But as he felt a great thirst, he flew to the pond where the gold fishes were, to drink again.

"The gold fishes cried: 'Good-morning, little sparrow!' and when the sparrow, quite frightened, looked into the water, he saw that he had again just the appearance he had before—he was grey like an ordinary sparrow.

"Then he chirped aloud with joy, and flew off to his mother; and there was such rejoicing that all the neighbors gathered round to hear the wonderful story.

"A heavy rain had fallen during the night, and had washed the whole of the yellow color off the sparrow.

"And when the sparrow flew into the city again, the soldiers at the Brandenburg gate were crying 'Hurrah!' and presenting arms, and the old Emperor was driving past, and the sparrow swayed to and fro on the branch of a tree in the warm rays of the sun, and cried, 'Chirp! How I do love my life.'"

"And so," said the old starling who was telling this true story, "you should never grumble at rain."

The men in Lapland had dressed in the same style for a thousand years.

THE SPIRIT OF EVENING.

WILLIAM STRUTHERS. Equisite spirit of evening! Thou, treading the dim paths of air, Dost thy mysterious secrets share. The white vague twilight echoes ring Across the hills in faint sweet peals. And on Day's wearied eyes are laid the seals, And all her mirth and sadness, smiles and tears, Have joined their fellows of the vanished years. Slowly the last van glimmering fades, Reverent of the day's untamed, Night comes with crescent unillumined; Her floating mantle overcasts the hills, The valley lands with softness blends, And silence, who so much can still express, Waits by her side, awaiting buds of peace, Whose fragrance seems to breathe: "soon pain shall cease."

THE INDIAN POLICE.

BY BASIL REEVE.

During the Indian war in the vicinity of Pine Ridge, frequent reference has been made to the Indian police, and many readers have doubtless seen pictures of this queer constabulary.

Outside of the Indian agencies and the War Department, very few people know anything about this organization, its number or duties, yet it plays a very important part on the frontier.

It was discovered a number of years ago that the Indian agent could issue orders, but that only he himself was likely to enforce them. There were soldiers and United States marshals in plenty, but none of them admitted the rule of the Department of the Interior. So, when an agent wanted anything done, he was obliged to do it himself, or call on the aid of a certain aid of the friendly Indians or the employes of the reservation.

This worked very nicely when the friendly or employes desired to see the order enforced; but, if it displeased them, it had better never have been made, for they only laughed at the agent, and even occasionally refused to obey the orders of the Indian Commissioner, unless the "Great Father" backed it up with an array of bayonets and deputy marshals. So the force, which has lately for the first time gained notoriety, was found to be a necessity.

An order from the Secretary of the Interior first allowed the agents to employ friendly members of the tribe of tribes under their charge to "preserve order and protect the property of the government and its wards."

At first two or three members were chosen on each reservation. The police were sometimes under the charge of a native captain, more often they were captured by some white man.

They were paid the munificent salary of ten dollars a month to officers and eight dollars a month to non-commissioned officers and privates. From the time of the appointment of the police the discipline of the reservations became better.

Only the best men, morally and physically, were accepted by the government, which was thus able to secure the best material for its force at the smallest remuneration paid to any of its numerous employes.

The entire Indian police now numbers about one thousand men, who are the sole agents of the Interior Department for the enforcement of its rules and the preservation of the peace. Besides their salary, they receive the usual rations and supplies of wards of the government.

Their duty, as prescribed by the general orders, is "to obey the instructions of agents, protect the property of the government and the natives against cattle thieves, prevent the sale of liquor, the imports of outlaws and bad whites, and to suppress every kind of vice and lawlessness on the reservations."

The Indian police wear a uniform, or, at least, are supposed to. This uniform, which is made of the national blue cloth, partakes of both the civil and military habit. It approaches the cavalry in the cut of the blouse and the trousers with the high-top boots. But the military aspect is lost in the broad sombrero and the cartridge-belt and Winchester.

Occasionally the uniform is discarded, and then the members of the force dress as they please. Sometimes a cast-off cavalry suit, or a coat belonging to a missionary or agent, finds the back of a member of the force its last resting-place before being cast into the rag-bag.

But among this brigade, the members of which stand between the natives and their white guardians, the most absolute discipline is maintained.

Most of the men belonging to it are married, and live near the agency of whatever reservation they may be attached to. They have no general headquarters, being distributed among the various agencies.—Golden Days.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. CUSTER-CALHOUN, the sister of General Custer, has been offered the position of Librarian of the State Library in Michigan. Mrs. Calhoun is well known as a reader, and has recently made a successful tour through Richmond, Wilkesbarre and Washington. Some time in March she will read to an assembly of the veterans at Harpers, and on that occasion Mrs. Custer has accepted the urgent invitation of the veterans, and will accompany Mrs. Calhoun.

BARON VON HAUSEN, architect of by far the greatest number of the monumental buildings that adorn modern Vienna, died last month. He spent his youth at Athens, where he built the Academy and the University, and going to Vienna managed to introduce the classic style of Greece into that city.

The daughter of Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the Norwegian novelist, is an accomplished musician, and intends to become a public singer.

The Margaret Winthrop Hall, at Cambridge, is supervised by Miss Pinckney, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Gilman. The effort is to make a real home for girls away from home at school.

MA. BURNE-JONES, it is said, by no means approves of, and does not read the stories written by his nephew, Mr. Rudyard Kipling. It certainly would be a little difficult to imagine the painter of "The Briar Rose" bestowing his blessings upon the art which has produced "Under the Deodars," and "The Light that Failed."

By the provisions of Dr. Schlemm's will, a mausoleum is to be erected in Athens to contain his remains and those of his Greek wife and their two children. To this second wife he left the antiquities in his house at Athens, while to his first wife, from whom he was divorced a number of years ago, he bequeathed \$30,000. Her two children and the two of his Greek wife share alike in the provision of his property.