

One day last week I, an uninvited guest, attended an early morning concert at which I longed to have even one of my readers present. "How impolite!" I hear some one exclaim, who hourly makes obeisance to the great god of Fashion called "Etiquette." Yes, horribly impolite I grant, but I do not believe that the songsters had the slightest knowledge of my presence, and if they did I do not think they cared; nay more, I believe that their little breasts throbbled with joy to think that they were filling the cup of pleasure to the very brim for one poor, weary mortal.

It was at an early, very early hour. The first streaks of dawn were scarcely visible on the eastern horizon, and the old-fashioned clock below, in the hall of the country house where I was staying, had just chimed the quarter after four when I became conscious of a gentle rustling sound in the trees on the lawn before my windows. It was as if a light wind had swept through the branches; then all was silent as before. Only a few seconds passed and there came a faint timid note as if the owner thereof was not quite sure of his ground, then followed in rapid succession several notes which were taken up and repeated from side to side, and gradually swelled in volume till the whole air was replete with the sweetest, most musical sounds to which I had ever listened. It was magnificent, grand, and beyond all comparison.

How long I lay listening to this heavenly choir I cannot tell. All my cares and anxieties seemed to float off and become lost in space, while these tiny songsters sang to me of the loving Father's tender care. At last I arose and seating myself at the open window, that I might better listen to this most glorious of all anthems, I could not help but think how careless and ungrateful we were for the manifold blessings bestowed upon us; how we went through life with our eyes closed to the beauties of nature and its many subtle influences; seeing not the numerous avenues on every side purposely placed in our way to help us find "the pearl of great price," but eagerly striving to accumulate that which will seemingly give us a higher position than the one we now occupy in the world of letters or of fashion. Always striving to surpass our neighbors and friends in wealth, dress, arrangement of our homes, or in intellectual pursuits; so intent upon our advancement in these minor points that we fail to hear the sweet, simple words uttered in the long ago, but just as full of promise to us now, as to those to whom they were first spoken.

"Therefore I say unto you, 'Take no thought of your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for the body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the fields, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

Foolish mortals! too blind to see the precious gems, gems beyond all price, which lie in our pathway; will we never find the golden thread woven for us by a loving hand through the gray homespun of our daily life?

Two beautiful sketches provided this week for our readers, are from the artists' studio of the Redfern establishment, and are part of the outfit of a Newport belle whose charming costumes, as much as her beauty of face and figure, have gained her a rich and eligible fiancee. The first No. 1084, is a delicate and most dainty carriage wrap, of pink heliotrope silk trimmed with ruffles of chevron embroidered in different shades of the same color. Between these ruffles are rows of narrow black velvet in the shape of a deep plastron. The hat is of silk mull of the same hue with black velvet loops and a velvet orchid at the back. Parasol matches the wrap in material and trimming.

The other model No. 1085, is a (house dress) of coral pink China silk almost veiled with black lace and finished with deep, black velvet cuffs and velvet ribbon trimming. The fan is of



No. 1085.



No. 1086.

black gauze painted with pink flowers and gold butterflies.

No. 1086, is one of the new chevots, so fine and thin that it is almost transparent. It is a pearl grey ground brocaded with shell pink, and is made up over a skirt of changeable silk in darker shades. This is trimmed with a double row of jeweled passementerie, the plastron is of the silk, decorated to



No. 1086.

match, and the cloth draped below, and caught with buckles under each shoulder. The sleeves are of pale pink silk mousseline, banded below the elbow with the changeable silk. The pancake hat is of pink crepon, with a pleated brim of silver grey lace, and ostrich tips in the two shades.



No. 1087.

No. 1087. This costume is also grey, but the material is India lawn, and the trimming is hand wrought embroidery in an open lace pattern which shows the pale green silk lining beneath. The waist is in the fancy blouse order, and is worn with a belt.

No. 1088. DRESS FOR A GIRL ELEVEN YEARS OLD.—This pretty costume is composed of cream-colored challi with blue figures, blue surah silk, and biscuit-colored embroidery. The full skirt opens "en redingote" over a front of embroidery, while the corsage is terminated by a scarf-like girdle of surah, falling in two long fringed tabs upon the left side. The back and front of the corsage open on a centre of em-

broidery supported on the lining, the front being closed on the left side under the folds of surah. Double bias folds of surah form bretelles on each side of the embroidered centre, and are slightly full across the shoulders, terminating in the back at the top of the arm-holes. Full sleeves finished at the bottom by a pleated ruffle of surah, and cuffs of embroidery. Straight collar of embroidery.



No. 1088.

No. 1088. DRESS FOR A GIRL THIRTEEN YEARS OLD.—A striped deep blue, wool goods, shaded to white, and combined with blue bengaline in this elegant costume. Plain skirt of the wool goods cut on the bias; back of the bodice of the same, but used straightway of the cloth. Front of the bodice composed of bias folds of the striped material open in V shape at the neck.

Side bodies and basque of plain bengaline, with pocket laps of the striped goods. Flat collar of cream embroidery and a narrow edge of the same ornamenting the front and back edge of the side bodies. Puffed sleeves of bengaline held at the elbow by a band of the dress goods; lower part of the sleeve plain and finished with a cuff of the striped goods. Belt pointed in front and crossed in the back with tab ends.



No. 1089.

DRESS FOR A BOY FIVE YEARS OLD. No. 1900, shows a frock made of blue bengaline trimmed with white guipure and points of embroidery in blue silk. The body of the garment is of blue bengaline made double breasted and ornamented with a double row of buttons; it is finished by a flounce of guipure over a little skirt of the silk. This flounce is finished at the top by a pointed band of guipure. Large rolling collar in bengaline edged with pointed guipure; full sleeves with wrist-bands of the same points.

No. 1091. BOY'S BLOUSE.—This blouse for a boy eight years old is of fine, light-gray flannel. It has a plastron of blue silk which is fastened to the blouse by buttons on the under edge; the lower edge of the blouse has a rubber draw-string which confines it at the waist. The sleeves are full with broad wrist-bands. The rolling collar, band of the plastron, wristbands, fronts of the blouse, and the pocket laps on each side are ornamented with an embroidery of blue broad. A blue silk cord passes beneath the collar and is knotted in front over the plastron.

No. 1092. CHILD'S FROCK.—This little white pique frock has a box-pleated waist and a straight skirt trimmed with embroidery. The skirt is sixty inches wide and ten inches long without the



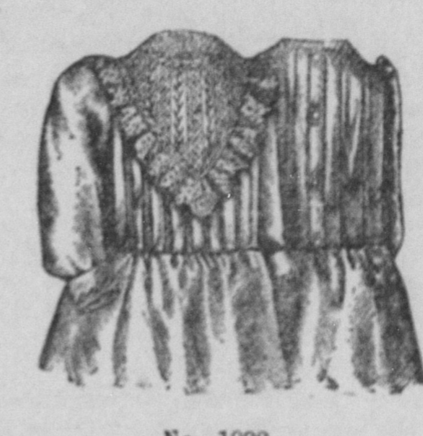
No. 1092.



No. 1091.

trimming. It is edged with a frill of embroidery headed by insertion and several rows of feather stitching. The top is gathered and sewed to the lower edge of the waist with a narrow facing which is turned up on the wrong side. The yoke is made of alternate bands of embroidery, and bands of pique which are ornamented with feather-stitching; a band of pique with this feather-stitching joins the frill of embroidery, with which the yoke is finished, to the yoke. A similar band, but narrower finishes the neck. Full sleeves with narrow wristbands ornamented with feather-stitching.

No. 1093. SUMMER CLOAKS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.—Coat in plaid chevot, with cape over sleeves, and pleated epaulettes. The pointed facings on the front are cut on the bias as is also the pointed belt.



No. 1093.

No. 1094. The second cloak is of brown vicuña cloth striped with blue. Around the wrists, the pendant sleeves and above the hem of the skirt is placed a band of embroidery. Collar of the same material and sash of Ottoman ribbon, knotted in front with long loops and ends.



No. 1094.

No. 1095. CHILD'S APRON.—This neat model is made of cream-colored batiste; the bottom of the skirt is finished with a broad hem and an edge of embroidery, and the top is gathered and joined to the waist under a narrow band of feather-stitching. The front of the plain waist is ornamented with a V shaped piece of open-work embroidery finished at the upper edge with a narrow edge to match; this front is bordered with bretelles of the same embroidery, with an edge matching that on the skirt. Bows of blue ribbon ornament the shoulders.



A PAPER advertises for "girls for cooking."

There are only two words in the English language which contain all the vowels in their order. They are "abstemious" and "facetious."

Among the anomalies reported concerning the past winter is that the weather in Iceland was the mildest remembered. There was not, we are told, a flake of snow, nor a single hour of frost.

A new spool factory in the town of Alpena, Mich., turns out 80,000 spools daily. Last year the twenty-three mills in the town put out 202,000,000 feet of lumber, 52,000,000 laths and 33,000,000 shingles.

QUEER ILLUSIONS

Something of Interest Concerning a Peculiar Malady.

Starting and Singular Forms of Insanity Developed in People Otherwise Apparently Sane—It Is Hard to Detect and Difficult to Cure.

Not long ago an old man, looking like a rich, retired merchant or banker, walked into the office of one of the foremost publishing houses of New York and asked to see the head of the firm. That gentleman recognized his caller as a man who twenty years ago had been the junior member of a great Wall street firm. He also remembered that the senior member had been one of Lincoln's most trusted advisers in financial matters. The ex-banker said: "You will remember that my partner, who died about six months ago, was very prominent during the civil war. Everyone in New York knows that Lincoln many times followed his counsel. Now, I have in my possession papers and memoranda showing how very much Lincoln was indebted to him. This information is of a deeply interesting, and, I might say, of a startling character. I thought, perhaps, you might make some arrangement to write a memoir. I feel certain that it would pay, besides being a fair tribute to my friend and throwing much light on history."

The ex-banker went on to tell that he had proof that his partner drew the original draft of the emancipation proclamation, besides doing many other things of vital importance. The publisher was delighted, and made arrangements for a writer to call at the ex-banker's house on a certain day and begin work. The publisher talked with the ex-banker for an hour or more, and they separated, equally well pleased. At the appointed time the writer called and began to discuss the forthcoming book. After some time the ex-banker said:

"There is one thing I have not yet told you, and it is the most important of all." His voice sank to a mysterious whisper: "My partner assassinated Mr. Lincoln."

"No," said the writer, drawing back and looking at the ex-banker in an astonished way.

"Yes," said the ex-banker, "he killed him." And then he proceeded to relate a wild and rambling story. The writer questioned him, and was soon satisfied that he was stark mad. On all other subjects he was perfectly sane. On this one of his partner's connection with the Lincoln administration he was insane.

Instances of this kind are not uncommon, and yet it is a form of insanity that is almost incurable, and is liable to become dangerous at any time. It was this form of mania that possessed Dougherty who murdered Dr. Lloyd. Generally, however, it is content with manufacturing a great hoax and stirring up an excitement.

A few years ago the police of New York had an experience of this kind, about which they decline to talk even yet. One day a man of respectable appearance, walked into police headquarters at Newark and said: "I am a dry goods merchant from Chicago. I was passing through here and stopped off at the station. I had a valise with twenty-seven thousand dollars in bills in it. I left the valise on a seat in the waiting room while I stepped out for a moment. When I came back it was gone. I am fortunately not entirely without money, as I happened to have a few hundred dollars in my pocket."

The police were at first inclined to doubt, but when the man told of two men who had followed him from Chicago and acted suspiciously, the chief was interested. He ordered diligent search for the robbers. Circumstances came up which verified the man's story, and the result was a great hue and cry. The man went to a hotel to await developments. He spent his own money freely, and encouraged the police in every way. Several days passed. The story and the descriptions of the supposed robbers were telegraphed all over the country. Would-be detectives in small towns made arrests. The newspapers were full of it, and the mystery grew each day. Finally the man from Chicago took up one of the detectives and said to him:

"Perhaps I should have explained the feature of this case sooner. It may have an important bearing. The fact is I am Jesus Christ. I think these robbers may have been the devil in disguise."

The detectives stared at him and then called in other detectives, who put the man under arrest. At first it was thought that the loss of the money had turned his head. But it at last came out that, aside from the fact that he was a Chicago merchant, the story was false in every particular. The police were enraged, and locked the hoaxer in an asylum as soon as possible. They still remember the great laugh that arose all over the country.

Inspector Byrnes tells a story of the same nature. A merchant who lives here and is reputed as sane as anyone could be came to him one day and said that his wife was being annoyed by anonymous letters from a woman who was trying to blackmail him. He went on to tell all about the contents of the letters, and the inspector began to feel greatly interested in the case, which he realized was difficult. At length he said:

"I can see only one way. We must bring this woman face to face with your wife."

"No, no," said the merchant, "that would never do. You see my wife is a wonderful woman. She can read people's thoughts. She can look right into my mind and see what is going on there. All she has to do is to take hold of my great toe. Then she reads my thoughts."

The inspector caught on at once and remarked that this was a strong objection. He got rid of the man as soon as possible and never saw him again. As he is still doing business, it is supposed that he keeps his crazy to himself and carefully guards his feet from his wife.

One day a man rushed into police headquarters much excited. He was deaf and dumb. He seemed almost prostrated with terror. After this his father called him a little, he explained that he had been robbed of four thousand dollars by some men, who had thrown him down and nearly choked him to death. The inspector had a searching examination made, and after a day or two proved conclusively by the man's friends that he had not been robbed, and that he was not even deaf and dumb. The inspector was not pleased at having this sort of a trick played upon him. So he set the man down in a chair and engaged him in conversation. One of the detective sergeants slipped up behind him and jabbed a pin into his back about two inches. The deaf and dumb man rose straight up and yelled:

"Great God, Inspector, what was that?"

"That," said the inspector, "is my cure for dumbness. Git!"

He was gone, and seems to have been permanently cured.

Captain Kelly tells of a man who called on him a short time ago with an odd complaint. He was a quiet, gentlemanly person, well advanced in years. He said: "I am much troubled with large steamboats plying up and down near my house at night. They make a great whistling and blowing, and I cannot sleep for them."

Captain Kelly supposed the man lived near the water front, and said:

"Where is your home?"

"I live on Seventeenth street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues," said he. "The steamboats go up and down Seventeenth street. It is very annoying."

"It must be," said Captain Kelly. "I'll have it stopped."

The next day he sent a woman and told the man that he had had the steamboats stopped. A few days afterward the man called and thanked him. "They have stopped entirely," said he, "and I can never repay you."

"That's all right," said the police officer. "Seventeenth street is not a water thoroughfare and we never could allow it. You will not be disturbed any more."

Dr. Douglas, of the insane board at the Bellevue hospital, says that these cases are generally difficult to detect. A few days ago a young German woman was brought to the asylum to be examined as to her sanity. They watched her night and day for five days, and she neither said nor did anything out of the way. The sixth day she told the nurse confidentially that God had appeared to her in a vision, and had told her to go and marry a certain white-haired old man who would meet her in a certain place. She complained bitterly of the hardness of a lot which would compel her to waste her youthful charms, but she said she must do as the Lord bids her.—N. Y. Sun.

A Short Editorial.

An Anglo-Indian editor once relieved his feelings and increased his circulation thus: Somewhere in the fortnight there was a paper called the Muffins. The great ecclesiastical dispute, Gorham versus the Bishop of Exeter, was at that time occupying men's minds and filling the columns of the newspapers at home; and though a very absorbing topic in England, it had but faint interest for Anglo-Indians. There was then no telegraph to India, and only a monthly mail to keep in touch with Europe. Any curtailment of the supply of suitable news by such a controversy was, therefore, rather a serious matter, and it was no easy thing to make a presentable appearance. The infliction was borne in silence for some time; but when, at length, after months had gone by, and the stream of dreary disputation continued, the editor could bear it no longer. He indited, perhaps, the shortest leader that ever was written; but that leader told the whole story of his woes. It consisted only of four words, and those words were:—"D— the Gorman Case." The effect on the public was wonderful. The paper sold like wild-fire, and its circulation was permanently increased by at least twenty per cent.

Unlucky Room No. 13.

"Yes," said a hotel clerk, "we have a room numbered thirteen in this house. There are plenty of people who don't care whether their room is thirteen or thirty, but we have frequently had travelers refuse to sleep in this room. If they happen to get in there without noticing it they will ask to be changed on some pretext or other, usually alleging anything but the truth. We have got so, however, that we understand this feeling, and often ask a man if he has any objection to thirteen before we assign him the room. Men, as a rule, are not superstitious, but when they are accompanied by ladies they are usually governed by the superstition of their companion. I never saw a woman take thirteen in this house if her attention was called to it, or who would keep it as soon as she found out the number. Some hotels get around this foolish superstition by skipping that number, or using the room as an ante-chamber to some other one."

Those who are truly married are neither masters or servants. The idea of obedience is lost in the desire for the happiness of each. Love is not a contract, to be detailed with bolts and chains. Love is the highest expression of liberty. Love neither commands nor obeys.

Selfishness may be said to be at the root of most of the sin of this world, but vanity is a form of selfishness that does an intolerable amount of harm, and usually works woe to all who come in contact with it, as well as eventually to its possessor, undermining character, till the whole being is like those timbers that, perforated and honey-combed by decay, suddenly one day fall in powder.—Gleanings of Europe.