Borrroboola Gha

ger preached last Sunday, And crowds of people came To hear a two hours' servicen
With a barbarous sounding name Twas all about some heathe usands of miles afar, Who lived in a land of darks

So well their wants he pictured That when the plate was par Each listener felt his pocket, And goodly sums were cast For all must lend a shoulder To push the rolling car That carried light and comfort

That night their wants and sorrow Lay heavy on my soul, And in deep meditation I took my morning stro Till something caught my mantle With eager grasp and wild, And looking down with wonder I saw a little child.

A pale and puny creature In dirt and rags forlorn; What could she want, I questi Impatient to be gone "We live just down the street, and mamma she's a-dyin',
And we've nothing left to eat.

Down in a wretched basement, With mold upon the walls, Through whose half-buried window God's sunshine never falls; Where cold, and want, and hunger I found a fellow-creature Gasping her life away

A chair, a broken table A bed of dirty straw, A hearth all dark and firel But these I scarcely saw, For the mournful sight before me, The sad and sickening show-Oh, never had I pictured A scene so full of woe

The famished and the naked. The babes that pine for bread The squalid group that huddled Around the dying bed; All this distress and sorrow Should be in lands afar; Was I suddenly transplanted To Borrroboola Gha?

Ah, no! the poor and wretched Were close beside my door, And I had passed them heedle A thousand times before. Alas for the cold and hungry That met me every day, While all my tears were given To the suffering far away.

In distant lands, we know; Our Lord commands his servants Through all the world to go. Not only to the heathen; This was his charge to them-Go preach the word, beginning First at Jerusalem."

Oh, Christian, God has promised Whoe'er to thee has given A cup of pure cold water Shall find reward in heaver Would you secure the blessing Go, find in yonder hovel-

o, find in youde.

A Borrroboola Gha.

—Religious Hera

THE TWO ROBERTS.

Singing softly to himself, Robert Ed-bury rode "over dale and over down" in the sweet stillness of the July night. Hardly a breath of air was stirring in the branches of the trees. Now and then an invisible night bird piped a solitary note to keep him company, and soft waves of light streamed over the hills as the queenly moon, well attended by her guards, rode indolently down the broad highway of heaven. The blue dome, looking soft as velvet, was, like the fabled path of love, strewn thickly with the golden kisses of the stars.

with the golden kisses of the stars.

As he gained the last hill, whose As he gained the last hill, whose summit gazed on the little watering-place which was for a few weeks to be his destination, he involuntarily drew zein and sat silent a moment, enjoying the moonlight scene. On his left an eld-fashioned brick house reared its twisted chimneys aloft. So close was he to it that its sharp gables seemed to cut the air over his head, and only a strip of green lawn, bordered by horse-chestnut trees, separated him from the windows, gleaming in the moonlight, "Seepter and crown I'd fing them down.

Seepter and crown I'd fling them down, If I might"-Robert Edbury hushed his song when a perceived, for the first time, his very lose proximity to the house and the indows.

windows.

"The substantial home of some substantial farmer," he said to himself. "I had better move on, or his daughters may think I am serenading them."

Too la'e! Just then a window was epened so tly overhead, and a lady's face appeared at it. In the rash of bright moonlight Robert caught sight of the long ripple of gold-gleaming hair, and was sure that the face was lovely. At any rate, the voice was.

"Robert, dear, is it you?"

For half a minute Robert Edbury was mate with surprise, and made no answer.

inte with surprise, and made no answer.
"It is you, Robert. Why don't you

He spoke, then, low, and with hesita-

Hospoke, then, low, and with desirable in the mean of the water of course I knew it was you. There was a flash of petulance in the sweet voice now. "Who else but you sould be riding and singing in that absurd way at this hour of the night, and halting before the house? Have you a cold, Robert? Your voice sounds different from what it usually does."
"Perhaps it is the night air," answered Bobert, wickedly, and getting his wisk partially together. "Or I may have cracked it with singing." But still Robe

he spoke in the most subdued of tones.
"I did not expect the pleasure of speak-

"Ind not expect the pleasure of speaking with you."

"The very idea of your coming up on horseback at this night hour! You know you ought not to be out. Why did you do it? Where are you going? Into Spafield?"

"To be sure."

"But what for?"

"To ace a friend."

"But what for?"

"To see a friend."

"Who is it?" came the quick response, "Not—not Nelly Cameron?"
—with a shade of jealousy in the tone now, "Are the Camerons receiving

with a shade of jealousy in the tone now. "Are the Camerons receiving this evening?"

"Not that I know of," returned Robert Edbury, promptly. "I swear to you I was not going to see Nelly Cameron. I have not spoken with a single young lady to-day, except yourself."

"Poor Robert!" and a little laugh rippled lightly on the air. "But do go. You know what your health is, and that you have no business to be riding at this time of night. You ought to take better care of yourself. You will be laid up to-morrow; your voice already sounds strange and altered. Goodnight."

sounds strange and night."
"One moment," cried Robert Edbury,
"One moment," cried from his horse,
he leaped from his horse, earnestly, as he leaped from his horse fastened the bridle to the gate, and stepped inside beneath the window, where gleamed that masterine stepped inside beneath the window, where gleamed that mysterious, enchanting face. "Won't you give me a flower—you can easily reach that clustering vine by your casement. Perhaps—perhaps I shall wish to ask you some time to forgive me some great offense. Won't you give me a flower for a token?"

"How strangely you talk. Of course I would give you a flower; but these are only honeysuckles. and you know we

only honeysuckles, and you know we promised to give each other nothing but roses. But stay!"—the pretty voice caught itself. "I have a bunch of violets on my table. Would you like them?"

them?"
"Anything — anything that comes from your hand!" whispered Robert, more sincerely than he always spoke.
The bright face disappeared a moment from the window and then returned—a white hand gleamed in the moonlight.
"There, take them, and now you must got a long! I hear some one stirring.

"There, take them, and now you must go! Quick! I hear some one stirring. Suppose it should be mamma! Goodnight, dear Robert."

The window was softly closed, and in an instant after Robert was groping for the violets in the wet grass. He found them where they fell. But, as they were falling, the quick eyes of Robert Edbury had discerned something, bright as a star, falling too. The small strip of grass where he had stood was entirely n the shade, hidden from the light by the large horse-chestnut trees, and he of grass where he had stood was entirely not be shade, hidden from the light by the large horse-chestnut trees, and he had to grope in the dark for this glittering thing. An instant's search revealed it to be what he suspected—a lady's bracelet. It was a slender circlet of gold, studded with crystal. The quick movement had unclasped it from her arm; and Robert, with a smile, put it side by side with the withered bunch of violets in his pocket as he rode away. "Seepter and crown I'd flips them down."

"Scepter and crown I'd fling them down.

"scepter and crown I'd fing them down."
sang Mr. Edbury as he rode swiftly on
in the purple dusk of the trees. "Scepter and crown, if I had them, I'd fling
them down for the one bare chance of
hearing that lovely voice once again."
He was alone; there was no one to
see him; and taking the violets out of
his pocket he kissed them tenderly.
It was most absurdly silly of him do it;
but who of us does not do silly things
in the heyday of our youth's morning? in the heyday of our youth's morning?
Silly things that we blush for afterward,
perhaps; just as Robert Edbury blushed
when putting the violets again quickly

Scepter and crown I'd fling them down, If I might"—

If I might"—
But his song got no further than that; it died away in thought.

Passing arm-in-arm down the crowded dancing-room of the Spa the next evening, with his friend Norton, Robert Edbury's quick ear was caught by a note which at once arrested his attention. He had said that he should know that diving voice again, hear it wherever or divine voice again, hear it wherever or whenever he might, and he was not mis-

whenever he might, and he was not mistaken. A certain remonstrance lay in its tone; not to say mischief.

"But who could it have been, Robert, if it was not you? It frightens me to think of it. It—it was somebody of your height and figure. It must have been yourself, Robert."

"But I tell you it was not, Jessie, I should like to know who it was."

"He was a gentleman, I am sure"—with a stress upon the word. "You

with a stress upon the word, need not be put out, Robert."

Robert Edbury turned and saw " You meed not be put out, Robert."

Robert Edbury turned and saw close beside him, leaning on that other Robert's arm, a young girl surpassingly beautiful. Roses mingled with the bright gold of her hair, shone in the bosom of her dress, and a bunch of them was somehow intertwined with the slender gold wrist-chain attached to her fan.

Mr. Edbury caught his breath as

wrist-chain attached to her fan.

Mr. Edbury caught his breath, as, turning her face, the girl's soft violet-blue eyes rested for a moment unrecognizingly on his.

"Who is she?" he whispered eagerly to his friend. "How lovely she is!

What is her name? By heaven! I never believed in divine loveliness before; but here it is, pure and undefiled. What is her name?"

her name?"

"It is Miss Chassdane," was the answer. She and her mother live at the Grove, half a mile out of town."

"A farm-house," remarked Robert.

"No, it is not. It looks not unlike one. They are people of property. Yes, she is very pretty. I'll introduce you if you like."

she is very pretty. I'll introduce you if you like."

Half an hour later Robert Edbury was bending over the young lady's hand in the pretty secluded gloom of a vine-wreathed window. They were as much alone as it is possible for one to be in the heart of a busy, unheeding crowd. The first notes of a Strauss waltz were beckoning the dancers, and gay couples went langhing, hurrying by.

"You are not engaged for this valse?" said Robert eagerly.

Some remembered cadence of his voice struck the young girl's memory, and, forgetting to answer him, she looked at him doubtfully, while a rosy blush swept over her forehead. She half knew him and half did not.

"Will you let me look at your card?" he pursued, as, with perfect courtesy in his voice and manner, he took the bit of gilt and enameled pasteboard which she hald tacked away amid the roses at he wrist.

"I—I half promised this dance to Robert," she stammered, flinging a

quick glance over ker shoulder into the swaying crowd. "Then I shall claim it," answered the Then I shall claim it," answered the other Robert, with an audacious smile. He stooped and picked up a rosebud that had fallen, and then held it triumphantly before the flushed and startled face by his side.

"See!" he said, gayly; "I saved it

by his side,
"See!" he said, gayly; "I saved it
from being crushed under foot. Will
you not give it to me?"

But she reached out her hand impulsively. "I—I never give roses to
strangers," she replied, with a cold,
frightened. angry air. "They are Mr.
Robert Stonor's roses. Give it back to
me, if you please."
"My name is Robert, too," he said,
in the same gayly-tender voice, though

"My name is Robert, too," he said, in the same gayly-tender voice, though his dark face changed a little at her frank confession. "My name is Robert, too, Miss Chassdane. Therefore, may I not claim the rose?"

The soft blue eyes, filled with tears, flew up and met his. She knew him then. Frightened and ashamed, and trembling from head to foot, she rose impulsively to her feet. He took a step backward, and they stood so, facing each other a moment in the gay unheeding crowd.

each other a momentum as gasted or a sing crowd.

"I know you now," gasped Jessie.

"How dare you speak to me again—you are very presuming, sir. I will not bear it. Give me back my flower and leave

"Nay," he said gently, but in the tone of a master, "is there cause for anger?" And in a low, reasoning, persuasive voice he spoke to her for some moments, and the rising spirit was calmed. In spite of herself and against her will she was becoming irresistibly at-

ed. In spite of herself and against her will she was becoming irresistibly attracted to this man.

"Give me this one waltz, Miss Chassdane, and then I will give you back your rose. It will be a fair exchange. But mind what I tell you, as sure as there is a heaven above us the day is coming when you will offer me a rose unasked. Come!"

The old rose-red flush drifted over the young girl's face; his words, and more than all, his manner, impressed her as he meant they should. He stood, her as he meant they should. He stood, with proffered arm, courteously still beside her, and, though protesting inwardly with all her might that she would not dance, she gave him her hand, and in another moment they were floating deliciously together to the strains of the sequentive masic.

ductive music. When it was over, Robert led her to her seat near some friends; her mother had not gone to the rooms that night. She looked very pale. The pretty rose color had all died out of the sweet round

cheeks.

"Are you faint?" he asked anxiously, bending over her. "Are you tired? Shall I get you some water?"

"No, no!" she cried, shrinking away from him. "I am not faint—but look at

from him. "I am not faint—but look at Mr. Robert Stonor. I have offended him. He is angry because I danced with you. Oh, what shall I do? He is my cousin, and has ill-health, and he must not be excited."

Robert Edbury turned, and saw standing near him that other Robert, who threatened to be—or perhaps was—no mean rival. His ill-health was evident. One hand was pressed to his side as if

One hand was pressed to his side as if to still some pain there, and on his handsome blonde face, which was marked by unmistakable traces of confirmed sickness, a cloud of jealous anger rested

The eyes of the two men met, and

The eyes of the two men met, and each knew the other for a rival.

A half smile of scorn, as he looked, curled Robert Edbury's lips. In a case like this a man has no pity for the ailments of another. With a grave face, he took from his pocket the rosebud and laid it in Miss Chassdane's lap.

"Here is your rose," he said, quietly.

"I restore it to you at your wish. But remember what I said; and believe me, time will prove me to be no false prophet."

Without waiting for an answer, he bowed and disappeared amid the throng of dancers, seeking her no more that

night,
"Is Miss Chassdane engaged to that
man?" he questioned of his friend Nor-

man? he questions ton.

"I believe there is no positive engagement," was the reply. Mrs. Chassdane, it is said, objects to it."

"On what score does she object? Money?"

"Oh, no; Stonor has a small, compact estate close by, and is well off. On the score of his uncertain health. Also, they are cousins."

they are cousins."
"What is it that is the matter with

"What is it that is the matter with him?"

"Bome complication, connected with both the lungs and the heart, which, I conclude, renders treatment difficult."

"Do you think Miss Chessdane cares for him?"

"I don't think she loves him, Edbury—if that's what you mean. It seems to me that she likes him more as a brother. When eligible attentions are paid to girls, they feel flattered, you know, and respond accordingly. Nine out of ten of them understood nothing of their own feelings, and mistake friendship for love. Robert Stonor and Miss Chassdane have grown up together—have been like brother and sister."

Frequently they met after that. It was an unusually gay season at Spa field, and entertainments abounded accordingly. In the morning drinking the water, or making believe to drink it; in the afternoon sauntering in the gardens, or on the parade; in the evoning at the rooms, or at private parties; two or three times did Mr. Edbury and Miss Chassdane meet, and linger together, and converse with each other. Robert Edbury's time was his own, and he staid on. He could have staid forever. The two or three weeks' sojourn he had intended had more than doubled itself; for he had learned to love her passion ately; and all the world might see it for aught he cared. She too, might see it, if she chose; but whether she did or not, he could not tell, judging from the grave and sweet dignity with which she met and bore back his eager attentions.

At length there came an evening when he was determined to put his fate to the test; to go on in this uncertainty was worse than torment. They had not been much disturbedby Robert Stonor; a paroxysm of his complaint had confined that gentleman to his own home. And so Robert Edbury went up to the old gabled house, before which his horse than halted that first night, and sought an interview with Miss Chassdane. She was quite alone. The long French win-

dow by which she sat was flung wide open, and the low red sunlight, streaming in over her, lighted up her fair gold hair and the roses in her dress.

"How beautiful she is!" he thought as he took her hand in his. "What if I should not win her after all! But I will make a hard fight for it."

Jessie looked up inquiringly into his face. "You are very silent," she said; and then, catching the earnest look in his eyes, she blushed violently and drew away her hand.

"I love you," he passionately broke forth in a low tremulous tone, breaking his emotional silence. "I have come to you this evening to risk my fate by saying this, to win or to lose all. Jessie, you must know how I love you; how I have loved you all along, from that very first night that I spoke to you, neither of us knowing the other. Will you not give me some hope of love in return? Do not send me from you an utterly broken and discouraged man!"

Jessie was silent for a moment—one long, cruel moment to Robert Edbury—then the small, sweet face was turned

long, cruel moment to Robert Edbury—then the small, sweet face was turned to him with gentle dignity. He knew his doom beforehand, ere she spoke the

"You must know how useless it was to speak to me of this," she said. "You knew—surely, you must have known— that I was engaged to my cousin, Rob-ert Stoner."

ert Stonor."
"Engaged to him?"
"Yes. We are engaged."
Neither spoke for a time. The scent of the flowers, blooming in the lonely grounds on this side of the house, away from the dusty and busy highway, seemed to mock them with its sweetness; the clustering shrubs and trees waved cantly in the summer evening breeze.

gently in the summer evening breeze.

He could not speak at once; the sense of his bitter loss was too great. The setting sun streamed in upon him, lighting up his distressed face. It seemed to him that the great old-fashioned clock in the hall ticked out the jerring works.

"Lost! Lost! Lost!! Lost!!"

"Engaged!" he said, at length, with
a long-drawn breath. "I did not know
it. But engagements, where no love is,
have been broken many times before

"Hush!" cried Jessie. "Do not speak like that again. It would kill him! You do not know what you are

"Kill him!" "If he heard it, I meant. He says he trusts me."
"And you are sacrificing yourself for

him!—for a fancy! Hear the truth Jessie. You care not for Mr. Stones except as a cousin or a brother. Ex except as a cousin or a brother. Examine your own heart, and it will tell you that you do not. You care for me. You love me. Many a half word, a half look has betrayed it to me. Yes, my darling, it is Robert Edbury you have learned to love, not Robert Stonor. Your blushes, my love, are betraying it now. You"—

"What was that?" shricked Jessie A low, smothered sound, half groan alf cry, came in from the open window

Allow, Sathered sound, half groan, half gry, came in from the open window. It was so full of pain that a man would not care to thear it twice in a lifetime. Before either could rush out Robert Stonor stod in the opening.

It was a gure never to be forgotten. His handsome face was distorted with either pain or anger; his lips trembled; his left hand was pressed, with the old familiar gesture, upon his heart.

"False, false that you are!" broke at length from his bloodless lips, as he seized Jessie with his right hand. "You told me that you did not care for Robert Edbury! You told me"—

A pause, a stagger; and with a frightful shiver he fell on the carpet. Robert Edbury broke the fall partially, but he was not quick enough to quite save him from it. Jessie flew from the room for assistance.

"Robert Stonor here!" cried the hear

"Robert Stonor here!" cried the be-wildered Mrs. Chassdane. "I thought he was confined to his chamber at

home."

He had been confined to his chamber; but, alas, he had crept out of it that evening, and come up to the house to see Jessie. With the fond hope of surprising her in the usual evening-room, he had gone round the shrubbery, intending to enter by the window, and had heard all.

On the floor, there were the strander of the floor, the floor the strander of the strander of the strander of the floor, the strander of the stran

On the floor, there as he lay, his head raised on a cushion by the hands of Robert Edbury, he died. The medical men said he could not, in any case, have lived many months, if weeks, but that the agitation had killed him.

It was many long days after that, when she had risen from the sick bed to which this shock of sudden death had brought her, that Robert Edsbury came

brought her, that Robert Edbury came to say farewell to Miss Chassdane.

The interview was brief, studiedly brief, for, with the shadow of that dead man lying between them, speech was difficult to both.

"Good-bye," she cried, reaching out to him an attenuated hand. "I hope you may find happiness and peace!"

"But we shall meet again," cried Robert, eagerly. "Surely—surely—some time in the future I may come to Robert, eagerly. "Surely—surely—some time in the future I may come to you."
"Hush!" she cried, the tears rolling

you."

"Hush!" she cried, the tears rolling piteously down her cheeks. "You must not speak of that. Robert's shadow would always come between us, as he fell there on the floor. We killed him!" and she wrung her pale hands togother in strong excitement.

"Stop!" said Robert Edbury, quite sternly, "You are taking an altogether mistaken view of the truth. Ask your mother; ash any one. But you are weak and ill yet, Jessie, and the time has not come for me to insist on this. Let us think of him, poor fellow, as one who must, if he had lived, have suffered much, and who has mercifully found peace in the rest of death."

He stood for a moment looking with a lond longing into the small, sweet face, from which the summer roses had fled with grudging haste. Then taking from his pocket a fragile gold and crystal circlet he held it out to her. It was the bracelet she lost that first night of their meeting.

"I found it under the window that night with the violets," he said. "It fell from your arm. Will you take it back now?"

A faint lovely tinge of red flickered into her cheeks once more.

"No!" she answered, looking into his dark face with tender, gentle wistfulness; "I—I don't want to regall that

night, or anything connected with it.
You may keep it if you like."
So he kissed her hand and said farewell. But he left a whisper behind him.
"When the roses bloom again, remember me."
A year went by, and no message came. The second year he said to himself, "Surely she will send for me now!" But May and June crept by, and July came; but not one word came from Jessie Chassdane. He was growing sick with a wild and helpless despair, for he felt how worse than useless it would be to go, uncalled, when one day a letter came fluttering like a white bird to his heart:
"The roses are in bloom, and there is one for you!"

How to Be a Gentleman. Do not betray the confidence of any

Never laugh at the misfortunes of

Never give a promise that you do not intend to fulfill. Never give a present, hoping for one in return

Never fail to be punctual at the time Never make yourself the hero of your

Never pick the teeth or clean the nails n company. Never fail to give a polite answer to

civil question. Never question a servant or child about family matters.

Never present a gift, saying that it is if no use to yourself. Never read letters which you may find ddressed to others.

Never call attention to the features of m of any one present. Never refer to a gift you have made or a favor you have rendered.

Never associate with bad company.
Have good company, or none.
Never appear to notice a scar, deformity or defect of any one present.

Never look over the shoulder of another who is reading or writing.

Never call a new acquaintance by the first name, unless requested to do so. Never answer questions, in general ompany, that have been put to others.

Never pass between two persons who are talking together, without an apology. Never lend an article you have borrowed, unless you have permission to

Never enter the room noisily; never fail to close the door after you, and never

slam it. Never fail to tell the truth. If truthful, you get your reward. You will get your punishment if you deceive.

Never enter a room filled with people without a slight bow to the general company when first entering.

Never fail to answer an invitationa either personally or by letter, within a week after the invitation is received.

Never accept of favors or hospitalities without rendering an exchange of civili-ties when opportunity offers.

ties when opportunity offers.

Never borrow money and neglect to pay. If you do you will soon be known as a person of no business integrity.

Never refuse to receive an apology. You may not receive friendship, but courtesy will require, when an apology is offered, that you accept it.

Never examine the cards in the card-basket. While they may be exposed in the drawing-room, you are not expected to turn them over unless invited to do so. Never, when walking arm in arm with a young lady, be continually changing and going round to the other side, because of change of corners. It shows too much attention to form.

Diphtheria and its Treatment.

Diphtheria is a disease which springs from the growth of a real fungus on some of the mucous surfaces of the system, more generally of the throat. It may be ally of the throat. It may be spread by contact of the mucous surfaces of a diseased with those of a healthy person, as in kissing, and is to a limited degree epidemic. From the local parts affected it spreads to the whole body, affecting the muscular and nervous systems, vitiating the lymph and nutrient fluids, and producing paralysis. As soon as the bacterium or fungus appears in white patches on the threat, it should no more be neglected than a bleeding gash or a broken arm, and there is almost as little need of a fatal termination of one incident as of the other. It has been found by actual experiment, both in and out of the human system, that this bacterium is killed by several drugs, the safest and most certain of which is chlorine water, diluted with the addition of from two to four times the volume of water. This certain of which is chlorine water, diluted with the addition of from two to four times the volume of water. This wash is harmless, even when swallowed, and pretty certain to arrest the disease. The great cyclopedia of Ziemessen on the practice of medicine gives the highest place to this method of treatment. To keep the patient well housed and warm, with additional flannel clothing if necessary, and to keep the system well nourished and the bowels open are matters of nursing often neglected; but, with care in these respects and early application of the remedies above suggested, there is no need of the disease proceeding to a fatal termination, or even to the debilitating illness and painful cauterizations which go together in its later stages. As to the origin of diphtheria, the weight of testimony is that it belongs to the class of filth diseases, but further than that its source is not clear. Families which would be scandalized at the suggestion of untidiness are attacked, while others of filthy surroundings escape. This simply shows that our sense of cleanliness needs cultivation, so that we may discriminate between what is offensive to the system and what offensive to our falsely-educated tastes. The farmer's wife, to whom the closed and carefully-dusted parlor or the proternaturally scrubbed floor are the essentials of neatness, may endure the proximity of a sour swamp or of the kitchen cesspool for years without taking offense. To many a careful

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Washing, mopping, baking, churn Next day ironing must be done, And the busy housewife findeth Little rest till set of sun.

Then the knitting and the sewing With the buttonholes to make; Oh, the patching and the darning, How they make our fingers ache But of all the varied duties

That we busy housewives find, do think that washing dishes Is the most provoking kind. Why, the times they must be had O'er and o'er, day after day, lmost makes one wish the china Were in bits for children's play

But somehow, when I am wear Dishes make me feel so blue. And the only cure I've found yet Is a paper or a book, When my family are settled Each in his own cosy nook. I know well that very many

I know that as well as you :

Have obtained the needed grace; With a patient, cheerful spirit, All life's petty ills to face. Oh, that I were of that number Then, with heart for any fate, I might, with cheerful spirit,

New York Fashions in Furs.

The fashionable furs of the season are seal, beaver, otter, chinchilla and mink—seal and otter leading the list. Undoubtedly the richest-looking fur that is worn is sealskin, hence its continued popularity over all others. The beauty of sealskin consists in the density of its fur, and its dark, rich color. For fineness of fleece and depth of color the Shetland sealskins are chosen, but these are very scarce and very high-priced. The strong Alaska skins, with thick, warm pelt, are preferred for garments that are to be subjected to hard service, as they are more durable. Well-made seal sacques have the pile of the fleece turned upward, as it then naturally falls backward and opens slightly, thus showing the depth and thickness of the pile effectively, and giving a darker look; for this reason, when stroking the fur with the hand the strokes should reserved. New York Fashlone in Furs. for this reason, when stroking the fur with the hand the strokes should pass upward, as down strokes make the fur too smooth and glossy. Sacques that have the fewest seams are commended. have the fewest seams are commended, as the pile is apt to wear off in the

New seal sacques are made slightly longer, and now the favorite length is from thirty-five to thirty-eight inches; individual height has, of course, a modifying influence. Double-breasted fronts are stylish, and may fold over straight from the throat down, or else be turned back en revers like a gentleman's coat. The collar is broader than that of last year. Coat sleeves without cuffs are preferred, as cuffs are thick and clumsy about the wrists. In the way of fastening, passementerie and links of fur are both used. Occasionally seal sacques are found reaching almost to the wearer's feet, but, although very handsome, they are exceptional rather than in accordance with the general style, and from their great warmth better adapted to a colder climate than that of New York. There is a fact connected with New seal sacques are made slightly to a colder climate than that of New York. There is a fact connected with sealskin that ladies would do well to remember. After it has been exposed to rain or snow it should not be left damp, but should immediately be well shaken and spread out to dry in a room where there is no artificial heat; i brought in contact with the heat of a fire while wet the fleece will be matted together and defaced.

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A great advantage that fur has over every other fabric is that it is so very and so universally becoming. Its depth and softness lend a charm to a fair complexion greater than that imparted by dark velvet. A princess dress exhibited at the Paris exposition was made almost entirely of the darkest and finest seal fur, opening on a plaited train of mag-

entirely of the darkest and finest seal fur, opening on a plaited train of magnificent black faille. The opening was tied with knots of ribbon, the tablier was of plaited faille, and extended to the bodice, forming a plastron.

Silk circulars and dolmans are exceedingly fashionable, and the majority of these wraps are lined with squirrellock fur, but exclusive styles show elegant and expensive linings of ermine, sable or chinchilla. A very rich garment is lined with chinchilla and trimmed with the same. A very handsome dolman has deep, wide sleeves, and its length is forty-eight inches some dolman has deep, wide sleeves, and its length is forty-eight inches—long enough for distinction, but not to conceal the trimming upon the bottom of the dress or to be felt as a burden. It is made of thick black silk, lined with squirrel and bordered with beaver, with the with harm which have

It is made of thick black silk, lined with squirrel and bordered with beaver, pointed with the white hairs, which are set in with the needle and form a charming addition to a deep, dark fur. This trimming is five inches in depth, and imparts to the garment a most elegant appearance, which is heightened by the thorough and harmonious design of the fastenings.

A very popular garment, of French design, is a sacque cloak of medium length, with short side forms somewhat in coat shape; the front lays on the left side, and the collar is shawl shaped. This is very handsome made of black satin, lined with squirrel fur and bordered with beaver.

Sealskin hats and bonnets, the latter trimmed with ostrich tips, are very dressy. One of the most fashionable shapes worn is the countess, a large hat with raised brim and of dashing design. It is trimmed with a long, full brown ostrich feather placed across the front and around the crown, the stem concealed by a bird, made of seal fur. The turban, the Brighton and the princess are other shapes, the latter being in the style of the English walking hat and is trimmed with an ostrich feather.

Herald.

"I have opened and read your free

"I have opened and read your fra-grant epistle, dated the fourteenth day of the third month of the year 1878, ac-cording to your honored reckoning," writes Kusumoto Masataka, prefect of Yeddo, to his excellency Charles S. Grundy, prefect of the city of Manches-ter, acknowledging the receipt of some desired information as to municipal management in Great Britain. The communication is inclosed in a beautiful