

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

Scoop bonnets are worn.
Poke bonnets are fashionable.
Jabots grow longer and longer.
Plush will be worn all summer.

and a bow of each is placed on the front above the face trimming.

Bouffant draperies, whether on the hips or back, are placed higher and higher, the fullness more often being placed just below the waist line than lower down on the skirt.
The newest white lawn and cambric waists have the fronts in fichu style, made with a separate piece in six plaits on each side, sewed in the shoulder seams, and tapering to the waist.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

The First Primrose.
A primrose awoke from its long winter sleep,
And stretched out its head through its green leaves to peep;
But the air was so cold, and the wind was so keen,

NOVEL FISHING.

The Manner in which Cormorants are Utilized in Japan.
I was invited one evening, says a writer in the Argonaut, during my sojourn at a small town not far from Kyoto, the old capital of Japan, to accompany some yakunins (officials), who were then traveling with me, to the neighboring river, for the purpose of witnessing the manner in which cormorants are employed in the catching of fish; at the same time I was informed that a pleasure boat had already been engaged for the occasion. I accepted the invitation eagerly, and lanterns being provided, together with a guide to show the way, we set out, carefully picking our way along the narrow paths dividing the rice fields, the myriads of frogs in the water all round us keeping up a deafening roar, rendering it almost impossible to carry on conversation, while the mosquitoes were anything but friendly in their demonstrations.

Tobacco Poisoning.

Numerous and almost endless have been the charges brought against tobacco from the time when James I. led the van of opposition in his famous "court banquet." But, although almost every thing has been said that could be said against the weed, as consumed in the ordinary form of smoke, it seems that there are other and new enormities to be alleged against it when differently employed.
A correspondent of the London Lancet, writing from Lincoln (Eng.), declares that tobacco is not uncommonly used in neighborhood for the purpose of stopping painful wounds, and he gives a very striking example of the effects that may follow from the practice. The case was that of an unfortunate woman who had inflicted a wound upon herself by knocking her leg against the sharp corner of a sewing machine. As the bleeding was profuse and difficult to staunch, she adopted the device which is familiar in the district, with this difference, that instead of applying merely a "pinch" of the tobacco, she affixed quite a large bundle of it to the wound. Having done so, she had the injured limb tightly bandaged up, and had no suspicion whatever until the doctor arrived that she had done anything foolish or rash. The man of science accordingly found her in a most dangerous condition, subject to constant fainting fits, and presenting all the symptoms of a dying person. As she had no sort of idea that the wound had anything to do with her other ailments, the physician might have utterly failed to discover the real cause of her sufferings. Fortunately he insisted upon taking off the bandage, in spite of all the assurances of the family that it had been properly put on, and then for the first time discovered the bundle of tobacco, which had in the space of less than an hour infused a virulent poison into the blood and reduced the patient to a state from which it was exceedingly difficult to recover her. It is to be hoped that the incident will put an end in Lincolnshire, and wherever else it prevails, to the practice of using tobacco instead of lint for bandages.

To Make a Place Prosperous.

There can hardly be a greater sign of prosperity in a community than a disposition to assist one another—lift a little when a neighbor's wheel gets stuck in the mud. We know of a place where a man's barn, with all its winter stores of grain and hay, was consumed by fire in the night. Immediately all of the men of the country side mustered and hauled up timber for a new barn, and then a big raising came off. After that the sound of twenty hammers was heard until the whole was shingled and sided. But their deeds of kindness was not done yet; and one after another they offered to take a head or two of his stock and winter them for him, thus greatly reducing his loss and assuring his heart of the more durable riches of brotherly love and neighborly goodwill. None can compute in money the value of one such example of liberality in the community, especially in its influence on the young. And when this spirit prevails there is sure to be progress in a place, even if all the improvements are in their infancy. People will come and settle in a place that bears such a name. Now, if you desire to see your place growing in popularity, do all you can to show yourself a good neighbor, especially to those who need a little extra help. If a man starts a tin shop or a blacksmith shop in your place, don't harness up and drive off five miles to buy your pans and get your horse shod, just because you have been in the habit of doing it. Patronize the new comers when you want anything in his line. Speak encouragingly to him and well of him to your neighbors. Little words of approval or censure go a long way; when once you have spoken them you cannot recall them. Help the sick, especially when they are poor, for poverty and illness are indeed a heavy burden. Perform all acts of loving charity which fall day by day in your path, remembering Who it has said: "Ye shall in no wise lose your reward."—Country Gentleman.

French Fan.

The unhappy man who had been run over was carried into the police station, where the surgeon examined him and said:
"It's a mercy the wheels passed over him as rapidly as they did, for if the carriage had gone slowly there would have been no hope of his recovery—none whatever."
"Precisely," cries the radiant hackman, desirous of backing up this favorable opinion as strongly as possible; "when I saw the gentleman crossing the street a little in front of me, instead of pulling up the horse I just gave him a clip with the whip and yelled 'Get up there!' and that's how I saved the gentleman's life."

Friendship.

What is it? Do smiles, words of cheer and kind actions constitute it? Are those who never upbraid, but meet all our needs with words of praise, who flatter us on every possible occasion, to be considered true friends? Their attentions may be pleasant to our vanity and conceit, and keep us in the best of humor with ourselves, and we may think their company very desirable, yet they will not do to put faith in, for their amiable behavior is often the cloak for self-interest. The person who will tell us our faults—kindly, of course—who will try to teach us to see ourselves as others see us, who will show by acts rather than words that he kindly regards us, is more worthy of trust than one who agrees with all our sentiments, right or wrong, and who is equally ready to coincide with some one else, even if the subject should happen to be our short-comings. Give me the friend who has the same love for me as I have for myself, who is ready to "speak up" for me in the midst of enemies, and repeat what he considers my virtues as an offset to the failings they may release, and who will hold fast to his faith in my truth and goodness in spite of defamations. Such friends may be scarce, but when found, are priceless treasures.—Nation's Droptail.

Horrors of a Prairie Fire.

A Topeka (Kan.) correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat writes: Another terrible prairie fire is reported from Bittle Creek, north of Lincoln Center, Lincoln county, which destroyed everything in its path, and resulted in the death of three persons. It appears that about four o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Montgomery, one of the well-to-do farmers of that section of the county, and his son, a boy of about twelve, were in the field at work, when they discovered a fire coming from the west, and they stopped their work to keep the fire from the hedge, when the wind suddenly changed to the north, blowing very hard and cold, and bearing before it a second fire, which came with the fleetness of a horse, on either side, and seeing their danger, the boy started to one field and the father to the other. The boy was caught in the flames and fell to the ground instantly. A neighbor by the name of Isaac Pfaff, who was passing near on a mule, galloped up to Mr. Montgomery and induced him to mount the mule behind him and ride to the field. Mr. Montgomery mounted, but, seeing his boy fall, lost all presence of mind and threw his arms around Mr. Pfaff, catching the horse's head and holding the mule still while they were enveloped in the flames. Both men dropped to the ground, and the fire passed over them. The mule ran a short distance and fell dead. The two men arose to their feet, and the wind and the fire took their clothing from them as they walked to the nearest field about one hundred yards distant. Mr. Pfaff's feet were so badly burned that his boots fell from him as he walked. A Mr. Manning came to them from the nearest house with a couple of quilts, which he wrapped about the two men and carried them to the house. He then carried the dead boy to the house. Both men were perfectly rational, and conversed freely with those around them up to within a few hours of their death. Mr. Montgomery lived about two hours, and Mr. Pfaff lived until about seven o'clock that night. Mr. Montgomery leaves a wife and seven children, most of whom are grown. Mr. Pfaff leaves a wife and one child, having buried two children quite recently, on just a day previous to losing his own life while attempting to save that of another. Both were well-to-do and highly-respected farmers. Mr. Montgomery was about forty-five or fifty years of age, and Pfaff about thirty. The fire burned one mule, two horses, several head of legs, about two thousand bushels of corn and considerable other grain belonging to Mr. Montgomery, and his stable and house, with everything in them, the family barely escaping with their lives.

A Laughable Episode.

A laughable episode occurred in this city, in which the practical joker had the tables turned upon him in a manner so casing no end of fun to the party and his friends. A certain disciple of Esculapius, who loves a joke, is the owner of a fine skeleton, set up in such a manner that by opening the door of the receptacle and touching a spring, the bony object will walk forward several steps out of the case. Among the many pests and detriments to study and thought which this physician is daily subjected to, is the frequent intrusion of apple, orange, and other fruit vendors in the shape of small boys. The other day while in close proximity to the door of the closet in which the skeleton is kept, the good doctor's reverie was broken by the entrance of one of these youthful vendors with a shrill cry: "Want to buy any apples?"

Thinking to have some sport at the apple vendor's expense, the worthy physician suddenly threw open the closet door, and touching the spring, forth stalked the skeleton in all his bony majesty. A basket was instantly dropped to the floor, a half bushel of apples rolled broadcast over the room, while a terribly-scared youth was seen disappearing through the floor door with shrill cries. After enjoying a quiet laugh, the physician busied himself in picking up and restoring to the basket the scattered fruit, expecting the lad would return in a moment for his stock in trade.

After a brief interval the physician noticed from the window the lad standing in the street, gazing spell-bound at the office door. Seeing the lad evinced no disposition to return for his basket and fruit, the doctor carried the same to the door, which he opened, and calling to the lad, requested him to come and get it. Judge of the doctor's surprise when he was greeted with the following response to his invitation: "No, you don't. You can't fool me if you have got your clothes on." Now it happened that a friend of the physician, who is tall and thin, and not blessed with a single ounce of superfluous flesh, was passing the office and heard the remark of the lad, and having ascertained the cause which called it forth, the situation was too ludicrous to keep, and the various friends enjoy many a laugh at the doctor's expense over the incident.—Syracuse Journal.

A Story of Carlyle.

We all know he is a worker; but not all men know how severe a test his industry, patience and courage were once put. He lent his manuscript of the French Revolution to the late Mr. Mill, who in turn lent it to Mrs. Taylor. She, through some unaccountable carelessness, allowed it to drop from her hand to the floor (the lady cannot have slept over the most glowing and picturesque of narratives) without picking it up, and the next morning a housemaid duly lighted the fire with the priceless leaves. Mill went to recollect the mishap to his friend, and looked so thoroughly miserable that Carlyle, so far from uttering a syllable of reproach, was at much pains to console him. But the loss was a real calamity, for Carlyle had kept no copy, and the rewriting of the work he has described as "anguish." It was accomplished in six months.

Tried to Save the Colors.

One of the most heroic incidents of the massacre of the British camp on the borders of Zululand, in South Africa, is related by a correspondent of the London Daily News. It seems that when all was over, the ammunition being exhausted, and nothing remaining for the men to do but to sell their lives as dearly as possible, a desperate but triumphant effort was made to save the colors from the foe. Melville, the adjutant of the Twoero's, Sir Bartle Errol, Sir Bartle Errol's aide-de-camp, managed to fight their way through the enemy who was surrounding them, Melville having torn the colors from the poles and carried them off. They reached the Buffalo river, about nine miles off, in safety, though closely pursued by the enemy; but in attempting to swim the river both their horses were carried away by the stream, and they just succeeded in reaching the opposite bank still grasping the colors, where they were so exhausted that they were unable to go any further. A volunteer, who had been with them up to this time, with difficulty effected his escape, being, of course, unable to give them any assistance in their defenceless condition, and the last he saw of them was that a crowd of the enemy was closing round them.

Different Replies to a Question.

Statisticians usually concern themselves with the facts of the past and present more than with the speculations of the future. But in gathering its figures this year relating to the condition of workmen, the Massachusetts labor bureau has gone outside of the beaten path and given us a specimen of what may be called psychological statistics. Its officers questioned a considerable number of workmen as to their hopes of securing a living competence at the age of sixty-five, with the following results:
"Expect to lay by enough to support myself after I am sixty-five"..... 25
"Prospect are good, and I hope to do so"..... 18
"Do not expect to lay by enough to support myself after I am sixty-five"..... 58
"As times are now, no"..... 16
"Not with present pay"..... 15
"Expect to die a pauper if these times last"..... 4
"Not at my present business"..... 4
"Can just live now on my wages"..... 5
"Can't save anything now"..... 11
"Cannot save a dollar"..... 8
"Do not pay my way now"..... 3
"Not by day labor"..... 4
"Life insurance and savings banks broke me"..... 1
"With present condition of business, don't want to live to sixty-five".....

A Singing Book.

Another curious phenomena of sound is the singing book, now a philosophical toy. Thanks to M. Pollard, navy engineer of Cherbourg, it is within every intelligent person's reach. You place a small book on the table, the floor or a chimney-piece, and presently it distinctly emits songs, sacred and profane, or duets by a piano, or harp and violin solos. The book is composed of ordinary paper, leaves of the latter, alternating with some of tin. The metal leaves are united, the last two with an electric current, forming thus a condenser. The top and bottom sides of the volume communicate with an electric wire running along the wall, but concealed, and terminating in a pile in another room, where the speaker or the singer, etc., "deposits" the sounds of his voice in a wooden mouthpiece containing a metal plate and a stylus, which, touching a spring, sets free the electric currents and transmits the sound to the book, where it is repeated—a phenomena not yet capable of being satisfactorily explained.—Paris Letter.