"In the Long Run." The old-fashioned saying, So lightly expressed, And so carelessly uttered, Is one of the best. Oh, ponder, young trifler, With young life begun, The deep, earnest meaning Of " in the long run."

For "in the long run," boys The seed will spring up That was sown in the garden Or dropped in the cup. And, remember! no roses Will spring from the week And no beautiful fruit From unworthy seed.

How many a stripling In trouble to-day, By riotons living With comrades too gay; With character ship wrecked And duties undone, Will be sorrows harvesting "In the long run."

And "in the long run," will The toiler fare best Who performs honest labor And takes honest rest. Who, contented and happy, Hastes not, in a day, Or a year, to heap riches That will pass away ! The good and the evil

That bide on the earth, The joy and the sorrow, The pain and the mirth. The battles undeeded. The victories won, Will yield what was sown, lads "In the long run." - Yonkers Statesman

AUNT HILLARY'S LEGACY.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said Aunt Hillary in a tone of despair; "oh, dear, dear whatever shall I do with him?"

whatever shall I do with him?"
She was looking at something which the expressman had just deposited on the floor of the back porch—a stout wooden cage, within which appeared a brighteyed, pink-faced monkey.

"Why, he'll murder us, I shouldn't wonder," continued Aunt Hillary, drawing back as the monkey stretched forthhis little black paw, "or set the house on fire, or something else dreadful. What am I to do with him?" she concluded, in a tone of distress.

"Give him away, aunt, or sell him," I suggested, poking my school-umbrella

"Give him away, aunt, or sell him," I suggested, poking my school-umbrella between the bars of the cage.

"No, no; I couldn't think of that. He was such a favorite with poor Janet. And she left him to me because she was sure, she said, that I would treat him kindly; but how to manage him I am sure I don't know. What do monkeys eat, Rose?"
"Oh coccompute and because and

eat, Rose?"

"Oh. cocoanuts, and bananas, and oranges, and cake, and sugar, and such things," I replied, confidently.

"Pretty dear boarding," said old Ephraim, limping up from the garden, hoe in hand. "S'pose now, Miss Hillary, you try him with a piece o' bread. It's plain, but healthy."

The monkey eagerly grabbed the light roll which Aunt Hillary presented on the end of a fork, and devoured it with gusto. He also accepted some milk which Ephraim courageously put between the bars; and then he crouched down in a corner and looked so quiet and wistful that Aunt Hillary quite pitied him.

"He does look innocent and lonesome,

"He does look innocent and lonesome, poor little thing," she said. "I dare say he misses his old home and his kind mistress; but he shall have at least plenty to eat and drink here. "Only," she added, hesitatingly, "I do rather wish that Janet Waters had chosen anything but a monkey for a pet."

monkey for a pet."
When, two or three days after this, I stopped on my way from school to see
Aunt Hillary, I found her in great distress. Jackey (that was the monkey's
name) had turned out a perfect little
demon, and was giving no end of trouble.
He wouldn't stay in his narrow cage—
in feet harmonic from the control of the contr

He wouldn't stay in his narrow cage—in fact, he wasn't used to a cage, except in traveling; and when she, with Ephraim's assistance, let him out and tied him to the bedpost, he had ripped open the pillows and investigated their contents, which he afterward strewed liberally about the floor. He had then been confined in the back porch, where he wrapped himself in a roller-towel and pulled Tabby's tail, and upset a can of kerosene oil on Puff, Aunt Hillary's little white poodle. Thereupon Ephraim had tied him in the garden, while he pruned the currant bushes, and after a while returned to find all the young radishes pulled up and Jackey industriously searching out the garden peas which had been sown on the previous day.

searching out the garden peas which had been sown on the previous day.

Finally a tall pole was erected in the midst of the grass-plot, and to this Jackey was secured with a rope long enough to admit of his running up and down and around in a limited circle; but, alas! even this expedient failed, for in two hours he had pulled up half the grass and scratched innumerable dust-holes.

holes.

What was to be done with the monkey?

"I don't know which is the worst," said Aunt Hillary, with tears dimming her usual bright brown eye—"the boys or Jackey."

There was an old schoolhouse on the light of the boys of the boys

There was an old schoolhouse on the big lot adjoining Aunt Hillary's pretty cottage at the end of the village street. The teacher was a tall, thin, grave-looking man of middle age—"very neat and threadbare, and with the manners of a perfect gentleman." as Aunt Hillary admiringly observed.

But the boys! the whooping, yelling crew, who made twelve o'clock hideous with unearthly noises, and who climbed Aunt Hillary's garden-palings, and snow-

Aunt Hillary's garden-palings, and snow-balled Puff and Tabby in winter and stole banes ruff and Tabby in winter and stole her choice plums and cherries in summer, and at all seasons enriched her garden with old shoes, tin cans and discarded hoopskirts!

Ah, what pathos there was in that

Ah, what pathos there was in that simple remark of Aunt Hillary's: "I don't know which is the worst—the boys or Jackey!"

She was the most retter that the boys or large the state of the boys or large the boys of large the boys or large the boys o

Jackey!"

She was the most patient and good-humored person in the world, and the last whom any but a schoolboy would have taken pleasure in worrying. A neat, trim little woman about thirty-five, with bright, kindly eyes, a fresh complexion, and a face still so comely and expressive of gentle and womanly feeling that I often wondered why she should be an old

often wondered why she should be an old maid.

Once, when I expressed to her this wonder, she colored like a girl, smiled, and answered frankly that no one had ever consultation with the danked her to marry except Sam Lane, and just set the broken limb.

he, poor fellow, though good enough in other respects, had been too dissipated for any sensible woman to think of.

For the rest, she might have married, maybe, if she had been more forward and pushing; but men don't generally funcy bashful girls, so she and poor Janet Walters had been left in the lurch, while all their young friends got married; and secing how badly some of them had turned out why maybe it was all for the best that she had remained single. She had her own house, and money enough to live comfortably; and, if she did feel lonesome at times—mostly in the winter evenings—why, there were the neighbors, and Tabby and Puff, and, in short, she complained of nothing, except the boys and Jackey.

Jackey.

Ephraim—who lived across the road, and came over every day to do the out-door work—had undertaken the manage-

and came over every day to do the outdoor work—had undertaken the management of Jackey, but the experiment
proved a failure.

The monkey had taken a special dislike to him; and when, at length, the old
man declared that judicious chastisement
was as necessary to monkeys as to boys,
and attempted to carry that theory into
practice, Jackey fairly turned the tables
upon him, forced him to an ignominious
retreat, and remained victor of the field—
that is, of the grass-plot, to whose central
pole he was still attached.

"I'll go right over," said Aunt Hillary,
desperately—"right over to Squire Sanders, and ask him what I had best do
with that monkey. If I only knew how
to manage him, I wouldn't part with
him for gold, on account of Janet; but
he's worrying the life out of us all, and
something must be done."

When, on her return from Squire
Sanders', she came in sight of her own
house, she knew that the climax of her
woes was reached. All the boys just
dismissed from school were collected in
a crowd in front of the cottage, whooping and yelling, while on the roof in full
view sat Jackey, attired in Aunt Hillary's very best Sunday bonnet—an
ancient Leghorn, of rather obsolete pattern, which she had that morning carefully trimmed for its third summer's
term of service.

Jackey, it appeared, had watched her

term, which she has that thorning carefully trimmed for its third summer's term of service,

Jackey, it appeared, had watched her proceedings as she stood trying on her bonnet at the open window, and on her departure had gnawed asunder his fetters, appropriated the bonnet, and mounted with it to the roof, where he could examine his prize at his are.

Poor Aunt Hillary! It was not so much the injury to her bonnet which now troubled her, as the greater mischief which the boys were doing. On pretence of capturing or driving down the monkey, they were climbing her choice flower-beds, and throwing missiles, which had already smashed more than one pane in the upper-room windows.

In vain, she implemed them to design

In vain she implored them to desist. In vain she represented to them that she did not care for the bonnet, and that if Jackey were only left alone he would come down of himself. They were too much delighted with the fun to listen to her, as she stood, with flushed face and tears in her eyes, on her rose-covered porch, while her tormentors howled and screeched, and threw wet clay and mudballs against the hitherto immaculate white walls of her cottage.

Suddenly a hush fell upon the crowd. The little front-gate opened, and the boys fell back, as along the walk came the tall form of Mr. McLean, the schoolmaster. The pale, thin man spoke to them quietly, but with an air of command, and they sliently trooped out of the gate into the street, where they stood awaiting further proceedings. Then he advanced to Aunt Hillary, and lifted his hat.

"I perceive madam that you are in In vain she implored them to desist.

"I perceive, madam, that you are in some trouble. Can I assist you in any

"Ah, sir," said Aunt Hillary, her eyes

All, sir, said Aunt Hinary, her eyes brimming over with tears, "if you could only send away the boys, and—and get the monkey down!"
"The boys will not trouble you again, madam, and "—he lookedsdoubtfully up at the roof—"I think I may possibly se-cure your pet." I will try."

at the roof—"I think I may possibly secure your pet." I will try." Ephraim came limping up with the garden-ladder, and on this Mr. McLean mounted, advancing cautiously to the edge of the roof, near which Jackey was now seated, deeply absorbed in picking to pieces the yellow rose which had adorned his mistress' bonnet.

He took no notice of the schoolmaster until the latter quietly stretched forth his hand, artfully displaying a spectacle-case, when he started up, seemingly in doubt whether to retreat or to seize the tempting lure.

doubt whether to retreat or to sezze the tempting lure.

"You can ketch him now, sir, easy!" bawled Ephraim, from the foot of the ladder. "Grab hold of him at once, or he'll be right off like greased lightning. It's a trick o' his'n.'

It's a trick o' his'n."

Alas, in his eagerness, Ephraim forgot
that his duty was to hold the ladder
steady. He let go his hold of it and stepped back to see the results of his advice. steady. He let go his hold of it and stepped back to see the results of his advice.

The schoolmaster, with a quick motion, seized the monkey by his long arm, as it was outstretched to snatch at the spectacle-case. The impetus threw him off his balance—the ladder slipped slowly along the edge of the roof—and before Aunt Hillary's horror-stricken shrick had fairly ceased, Mr. McLean lay, very still and white, on the bed of violets beneath the parlor window.

He was not dead—though we all thought so at first. Aunt Hillary ran for water and blackberry wine, and knelt down and bathed his face and rubbed his hands, while her own face was as colorless as that of the injured man

Meanwhile the boys had rushed off—some for the doctor and the rest to spread the news that the schoolmaster had broken his neck, back and skull, in consequence of which the yard and street were soon filled with an eager crowd.

The doctor and Squire Sanders conveyed the unconscious man into Aunt Hillary's parlor, and laid him upon her broad chintz sofa, where, with proper restoratives, he was soon revived. And then, after an examination, it was officially announced by Ephraim to the anxi-

then, after an examination, it was offici-ally announced by Ephraim to the anxi-ous public without that there was nothing more serious the matter than a

nothing more serious the matter than a broken leg.

"Hooray!" cried Bill Davis, tossing up his cap—"hooray, boys! there won't be any school to-morrow!"

Upon which Aunt Hillary hastened to the front gate, with more indignation in her eyes than I had ever before seen there.

her eyes than I had ever before seen there.

"Boys, ain't you ashamed of your-selves!" said she, severely. "If you have no more feeling for your good teacher, at least go away from here and don't disturb him with your unchristian noise. It is a wonder to me," she added, as she went back to the house—"a wonder to me that, considering the badness of boys, there should ever be any good men in this world."

After a while, I saw her in earnest consultation with the doctor, who had just set the broken limb.

"He is uneasy lest he should be a trouble to you," I heard the doctor say, "and is anxious to be taken to his lodg-ings, but to move him is simply impossi-ble as yet."

ble as yet."
"Of course," said Aunt Hillary,
promptly, "I don't dream of his being a
trouble, poor man; and am sure he is romply, "I don't dream of his being a souble, poor man; and am sure he is release to whatever I can do for him. I is for unate that he is in my house, as have no family to take up my time nd so shall be able to pay him proper ttentien. Just tell me what I can do or him, doctor."

"At present," said the doctor, in a low, rave voice, "he needs only quiet and—

oice, "he needs only quiet and-ing food."

nourishing food."

Aunt Hillary did not take in the full significance of these words until a few hours later, when Ephraim returned from Mr. McLean's lodgings, whither he had voluntarily gone for certain articles of clothing, and to see the schoolmaster's graces, properly secured during his

had voluntarily gone for certain articles of clothing, and to see the schoolmaster's effects properly secured during his absence. And then he told Aunt Hillary a pathetic story of bare walls and a straw bed, chair and table; the latter with the schoolmaster's dinner set out upon it.

"Pea-soup and corn-bread, as I live," said Ephraim, "with brown sugar and coffee in a cupboard, and no butter. And the shoemaker's wife, who lets him the room, says he cooks his own victuals and don't eat enough to physic a snipe, and mends his own clothes occasional."

Aunt Hillary burst into tears. She knew, as did everybody in the place, that the schoolmaster was very poor; but she had not dreamed of poverty such as this. And then he was a stranger, with no friends near to do him a kindness, or to look after him in his illness. What wonder that her tender heart was touched?

Thereafter, despite his helpless condition Leonaidered Mr. Mel can a fortune

touched?
Thereafter, despite his helpless condi-tion, I considered Mr. McLean a fortunate man. I never entered the house without finding in Aunt Hillary's kitchen (a per-fect model of a kitchen, by-the-bye), vari-ous dainty dishes, the very sight of which caused my schoolgirl mouth to water.

Such fragrant tea and delicate waffles. Such fragrant tea and delicate waffles, served on the French china that ha been a wedding-present to her mother. Such savory beef-tea, and fresh strawberries and translucent jellies! Such omelets-such broiled steaks—such white, feathery rolls; and all so temptingly arranged on the large japanned tray, ready to be carried to the invalid's bedside, where stood a round table always adorned with the very choicest of Aunt Hillary's flowers—not in a big bouquet, but simply a blossom or two, fresh and sweet, in a little Dresden-china vase that had been longer in the family

obuquet, but simply a biossom or two, fresh and sweet, in a little Dresden-china vase that had been longer in the family than Aunt Hillary herself.

And then, how neat and cool and pleasant was the room in which the invalid lay. Kind neighbors supplied him with papers and books, and Aunt Hillary sometimes read to him; and I more than once heard her singing in the twilight in a low voice, much as a mother might sing to her fired baby.

As he grew better and could sit up in bed, Mr. McLean began to make himself of use to his hostess. He retouched a faded crayon portrait of her father; he repaired and renovated a much-prized workbox; he instructed her how to clean gilt picture-frames; how to fix colors in carpets and dress goods by chemical carpets and dress goods by chemical combination, and, best of all, he took charge of Jackey—the cause of this un-expected change in Miss Hillary's house-hold—and, subjecting him to a course of careful training, transformed him inte-

or careful training, transformed him into a tractable, intelligent and well-behaved member of the household.

It was wonderful, Ephraim declared, how changed the beast had become, and how implicitly he obeyed the least word or sign from the schoolmaster, who was the only person for whom he ever mani-fested the least respect.

the only person for whom he ever manifested the least respect.

Aunt Hillary did her best, by means of feeding and petting, to win his regard, but he appeared to look upon her with a certain contemptuous indifference, sometimes expressed in his conduct, except when sternly rebuked by Mr. McLean.

when sternly rebuked by Mr. McLean.
And so the sweet flowery June passed;
and one day. Mr. McLean, with the
assistance of a crutch and Squire
Sanders' arm, limped out of Aunt Hillary's rose-wreathed porch to a carriage
which was waiting before the door. I
saw him turn to Aunt Hillary and take
her hand, and say something in a low
voice about her goodness and his gratitude; and I thought his eyes were moist
and his voice somewhat faltering.
And when he was gone (not to his old
lodging, but to Squire Sanders' hospitable home). Aunt Hillary went back into
the house and wandered about in a lost
kind of way, and finally sat down in Mr.
McLean's armchair, and then, without
a word, began to cry.

When I asked what ailed her, she wiped her eyes and laughed, and said that she felt at a loss, as if her occupation was gone—and she must get another patient to attend to or go into a benefit a pure of the said that a loss is a surface of the said that a loss is a surface of the said that a loss is a surface of the said that a loss is a surface of the said that a loss is a loss is a loss in the said that a loss

other patient to attend to or go into a hospital as nurse.

After this I used to occasionally see Mr. McLean seated in Aunt Hillary's front porch, or leaning on her gate, as she gathered a rosebud for him. Once I heard him talking about his little girl. Lillie—he was a widower—at school somewhere away in the South, and of his longing to see her; and then I knew that it was for this child—to dress her nicely and give her a good education—that the schoolmaster had saved his little earnings, to the sacrifice of his own cofort.

fort.

He did not go back to his little schr
Through Squire Sanders' influence he
obtained the position of principal of
G— Academy, with a good salary;
and now he began to dress well and look
so handsome that the single ladies of
G— began to take quite an interest in
him. They invited him to society meetings and ouilting suppers; but it was ings and quilting suppers; but it was very seldom that he accepted an invita-tion, and it came to be understood that he was not a marrying man, as they ex-

tion, and it came to be understood that he was not a marrying man, as they expressed it.

One day, on my return home from school, my mother desired me to dress myself very nicely, as she wished to take me out with her. We went first to Aunt Hillary's, whom we found attired in a very neat gray pongec dress and a brandnew bonnet, with white trimmings, in place of the one which Jackey had destroyed. She looked strangely nervous, whether from trouble or happiness I could not decide, as she was alternately smilling and wiping the tears from her eyes. Then Squire Sanders came in and gave her his arm, and we all went together to church.

church. I conjectured that there was to be a onjectured that there was to be a service, though it was a week day; but, on entering, I saw Mrs. Sanders and her sister and daughters, with Mr. McLean—the latter also dressed in new clothes and wearing a rosebud in his buttonhole.

The clergyman advanced to meet us, and Mr. McLean, offering his arm to Aunt Hillary, the two stood before him, and there, to my utter astonishment, the pair were married—Squire Sanders giving away the bride.

This was two years ago; and I think that in all my circle of friends, I don't know a more quietly happy and contented couple than Mr. McLean and his wife. Lillie, of course, came to live with them—a sweet, lovely girl of about my own age, of whose place in Aunt Hilary's affections I might be jealous, but the fact that she is my own particular bosom-friend. bosom-friend.

A Son's Ingratitude.

In the Essex Market police court, in New York, William Flannelly, 81 years of age, bent and infirm, accused his son of defrauding him out of his home and then turning him out in the middle of the night, at the end of a pistol, to die in

the night, at the end of a pistol, to die in the streets.

"What is the trouble between you and your son," said Justice Murray.

"Your honor, pardon me if I have at last been obliged to come before you. But, your honor, in 1852, after many years' hard work, I managed to buy the and on which my house at 303 East Tenth street is built. There, your honor, I raised my family. But my wife and my children, with the exception of this boy, are all dead. God help me, your honor, for ever having to come before you in my old age and to ask your protection. Since my wife died, your honor, and my last son was buried, I have had no one to care for but this one. I didn't care how much he drank, and I was willing to bear up with much. No didn't care how much he drank, and I was willing to bear up with much. No matter what hour he came home, and sometimes it would be way in the early hours of the morning, I was always up to open the door. But lately, your honor, he has been brutal to me. He has told me that I ought to be dead long ago, that I was no good to anybody, and has frequently kicked me out of the house in the dead of the night. I never drank a drop in my life, your honor, but he told me that he would never forgive me if I didn't drink on his last birthday. Then he was forty years old. I drank me if I didn't drink on his last birthday. Then he was forty years old, I drank that day and the liquor went to my head. He made me drink more and kept me drunk until I could stand it no longer, and he said he would force me to drink until I signed a paper. I did sign it, your honor, and when I got sober I found that he made me assign to him all that I own."

that I own."

"Does any one in court know you?"

sked Justice Murray.

The old man turned round, but before he could reply Court Roundsman Reilly said: "I have known him for many years. The old man has always been regarded as a kind, sober man."

William Flannelly admitted that he heid full possession of his father's property, and that the old man had on several occasions left the house after midnight and remained out until morning.

ing.

"And you did not go to see what became of him?" asked Justice Murray.

"No." answered the son, with a smile.

"What did you do on those nights?" asked Justice Murray of the old man.

"The neliceman or nost will tall you.

"The policeman on post will tell you, your honor. I didn't want to bring dis-grace on my own house, so I walked, and walked the streets the whole night

long."
Young Flannelly was required to give
\$1,000 bail for good behavior, or go to
the penitentiary for six months.

Fresh Air and Moderate Eating.

A capital sermon on fresh air and moderate eating is preached by "Game-keeper at Home," in the Pall Mall Gazette: "It's indoors, sir, as kills half the people; being indoors three parts of the day, and next to that, taking too much drink and vittals. Eating sas bad as drinking; and there ain't nothing like fresh air and the smell of the woods. You should come out here in the spring, when the cak timber is throwed (because you see the smell of the woods. You should come out here in the spring, when the cask timber is throwed (because you see the sap be rising, and the bark strips then), and just sit down on a stick fiesh peeled—I means a trunk, you know—and sniff up the scent of that there oak bark. It goes right down your throat and preserves your lungs, as the tan do leather. And I've heard say as folk who work in tan-yards never have no illness. There's always a smell from trees, dead or living I could tell you what wood a log was in the dark by my nose, and the air is better where the woods be. The ladies up in the great houses sometimes goes out into the fir plantations—the turpentine scents strong, you see—and they say it's good for the chest; but bless you, you must, ive in it. People go abroad, I'm told, to live at the pine forests to cure 'em; I say these here oaks have got every bit as much good in that way. I never eat but two meals a day—breakfast and supper; what you would call dinner—and maybe in the middle of the day a haunch of dry bread and an apple: I take a deal of oreakfast, and I am rather lear (hungry) at supper; but you may lay your oath that why I am what I am in the way of health. People stuffs themselves and by bread and an apple; I take a deal of oreakfast, and I am rather lear (hungry) at supper; but you may lay your oath that why I am what I am in the way of health. People stuffs themselves, and, by consequence, it breaks out, you see. It's the same with cattle; they're overfed, tied up in stalls and stuffed, and never no exercise, and mostly only food, too. It stands to reason they must get bad, and that's the real cause of these here rinderpests and pleura-pnumoni, and what-nots. At least that's my notion. I'm in the woods all day, and never comes homes till supper—'cept, of course, in breeding time, to fetch the meal and stuff for the birds—so I gets the fresh air, you see; and the fresh air is the life, sir. There's the smell of the earth, too—'spely as the plow turns it up—which is a methir's; and the hedges and the grass are as a sugar after a shower. Anything with green leaf is the thing, depend upon it, if you want to live healthy."

Garibaldi.

The correspondent of the London Times at Rome says: "Now that the rumors as to the object of General Garibaldi's visit to Rome have proved groundless, it is asserted that he has come to the Eternal City to die, His friends distinctly assert that politics are wholly unconnected with his coming here. He found that his health was not improving at Caprera, and thought the s wholly unconnected with his coming here. He found that his health was not improving at Caprera, and thought the mineral springs near Civita Vechia might benefit his gout. Garibaldi, replying to the Syndic, who visited him on his arrival, said he did not himself know the reason of his visit. A more pathetic scene than that on Garibaldi's arrival at the railway station has seldom been beheld. Shouts were raised as the train entered the station, but they were speedily silenced by the circulation that the general was ill. He was carried from the train on a mattress on a large litter. He lay extended and motionless, with eyes closed, and a red handkerchief bound his head. It looked as though a corpse was carried in state. It was so found impossible to remove him from the litter, which was placed on an open carriage, which was driven, accompanied by a silent crowd, to the house of his son, Menotti Garibaldi. It was so hard to move the general that at Civita Vecchi the side of the railroad saloon had to be cut to admit the litter.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

In the wane of the year, when the sunshin

brings,
With its soft suggestions of summer days, Memories of half-way forgotten things-When the mountains are wrapt in a misty haze,

And the fleeting birds to each other call-Then the red leaves fall, the red leaves fall. Oh, a sacred sorrow comes over the heart As it ponders the sunshine of other days, And from under the eyelids the tears start

For the faces that gleam through a misty For the faces that memory doth recall,

When the red leaves fall, the red leaves fall. Ican never forget when the sunshine streams In the wane of the year, through this purple

haze, Those faces that haunted my boyish dreams The mystical faces of other days: Back to my heart God gives them all. When the red leaves fall, the red leaves fall. -A. C. Gordon.

All About Street Suits.

All About Street Suits.

Street sunts this season are almost invariably short enough to swing clear of mud and dust and to show the pretty beots which are the order of the day. The usual width of a short skirt at the bottom is two and a half yards; very tall ladies have them a quarter of a yard wider—very short ladies as much narrower than this. For plain walking dresses the usual finish to the lower skirt is a killted flounce from eight to twelve inches deep. Above this the tunic is draped in various ways; so many indeed that it is difficult to specify any particular style as the leading fashion. Perhaps the preference is for tunies distinct in front and gathered in easy horizontal folds. The backs are straight and looped in every conceivable way, but the ends are almost invariably square. The panhier is out in full force, but it is formed, not by crinoline underneath, but by full soft drapery of the dress itself. One stylish model has a single deep full puff hanging at the back; another has two puffs, one above the other. styles model has a single deep full pull hanging at the back; another has two pulls, one on each hip, and yet another has three pulls, one above the other, directly behind. All the fullness of the lower skirt is drawn to the back by means of an elastic tape run in a casing across the back breadths half a yard from the foot of the skirt. Fichu wraps are much worn with walking suits, as well as with carriage-dresses, but the preference is for the double-breasted English jacket, or still more for the Louis XV. jacket, opening to display the long vest of striped or brocaded material below it. Very often the vest is of plain silk or satin. The Incroyable coat is much liked, both for walking suits and for full dress toilets. This is double-breasted, fastened with four or five buttons at the waist, showing the vest

and for full dress tollets. This is doublebreasted, fastened with four or five buttons at the waist, showing the vest
above and below. Very often the jacket
has revers both at bottom and top.
These may be easily made by facing the
fronts and turning them back, when the
jacket need not be cut unless desired.

There are many new and pretty skirt
trimmings, many of which may be easily made at home. Newest of these is the
shirred plaiting. For this a straight
flounce is cut twelve inches deep and
three times the length of the skirt's
breadth. It is laid in inch-wide kilt
plaits, and each plait is stitched (like a
tuck, indeed, more than a plait) to within a finger's length at the bottom, where
they are pressed flatly. The tucks, or
plaits, above this are shirred on the edge
by a single row of fine hand gathering,
and this draws the shirring up into a
succession of scantily puffed plaits. The
flounce is then stitched on an inch from
the top, and again at the head of the
plain plaiting at the bottom. Shirred
plaitings are also made in clusters, three,
in a cluster, and a space between. Anthe top, and again at the head of the plain plaiting at the bottom. Shirred plaitings are also made in clusters, three in a cluster, and a space between. Another stylish flounce is the fan plaiting. This is cut straight also to the depth required and then plaited in clusters of five plaits, piled one on another. The plaits are pressed and stitched across near the top, and again a few inches from the bottom, so that the lower part spreads out in a succession of open fans. Very much liked, but scarcely new, is the Vandyked flounce with only fullness enough to allow it to set smoothly around the skirt over a fan plaiting, the fans of which come in the open spaces between the Vandykes. Another popular heading for flounces is a shell trimming formed of a strip of the dress material piped on both edges and box-plaited into triple plaits. Between the box-plaits the edges of the band are caught together to form the shell. Scarf draperies are much worn both on short and long dresses. For walking dresses they are still folded in upturned plaits across the front and knotted behind. Some tunics are slit straight up through the middle of the front breadth for from six inches to half a yard. The sides of the openings are then faced and turned back in revers. A bow is placed at the apex of the triangular opening thus formed, and the plaiting bow is placed at the apex of the triangu-lar opening thus formed, and the platting in front extends high enough to cover all that part of the lower skirt disclosed by Perpendicular trimmings are very fashthe opening.

Perpendicular trimmings are very fashionable. Long revers, extending from the belt to the edge of the overskirt, or where the dress is in one to the trimming at the foot, appear on many suits. A great deal of fine shirring is used, especially on thin dresses. Shirred plastrons of silk or satin are favorite trimmings for black grenadines. The shirring is usually done in clusters—inch wide bands of horizontal shirring twelve inches apart, from the top to the bottom, drawing the plastron into long flat puffs. A great deal of Pekin is used. All material in alternate raised and flat stripes is known as Pekin, whether it be velvet, satin, silk, wool or cotton; or, as is often the case, a mixed fabric. This forms bands, revers, folds, vests, etc., upon solid-colored materials. Usually the Pekin matches the dress in tint—violent contrasts having lost favor. The fancy just now is to use it in cross-cut bands, straight across the goods, as ruffles are cut. The edges of basques are trimmed with these bands from three to eight inches deep—a fashion which affords an easy method of lengthening any bodice left over and unfashionably short. A stylish suit noticed recently had two folds, one of plain satin the other of satin Pekin edging the basque as far as the back side-seams; then they were left loose and extended to torm aknot with long ends rather low on the dress. Above this the back of the

plain and flowered cotton goods, satteens plain and flowered cotton goods, satteens, mummy cloths, percales and even calicoses. The choice in washing materials is very wide. There are many imported costumes in new cotton fabrics. Among these pocket handkerchief costumes are prominent, with parasol, hat and dress all made of colored spotted cambric handkerchiefs, thirty of which are required for one dress. The borders are so contrived that the reare cross-bars at the corners of collars, cuffs, etc., or wherever a decided corner is wanted. The prettiest possible dresses are made of the corners of collars, cuffs, etc., or wherever a decided corner is wanted. The prettiest possible dresses are made of Pompadour cottons, copied from the materials worn in the French court of Louis XIV., XV. and XVI., the sprigs being fac-similes from those which appear on Sevres and Dresden china. They are so silky in appearance that they are now much used for dinner wear, with plain colored satteen of most delicate coloring. These are made up frequently with Watteau sacque trains and colored front breadths, but oftener just walking length, the petiticoat in plaits headed by Ragusa lace, a Watteau tunic coming as a sacque from the neck, bordered with lace and plaiting a la vicille, caught up on either side with bows of ribbon, and opening from the waist, showing the plain-colored petiticoat trimmed with lace in front, the front of the bodice having a pointed stomacher, and fastening at the side.

A most successful design for a walking-dress is a chocolate-grounded cretonne, with blue and pink bouquets. Round the edge of the skirt are three brown kiltings; above that, on the front, some broad box-plaits of pink and brown; and a short tunic gathered up the center, bordered with lace and frilling, forming a long drapery at the back, caught up with loop bows of brown and

some broad box-plaits of pink and brown; and a short tunic gathered up the center, bordered with lace and frilling, forming a long drapery at the back, caught up with loop bows of brown and pink. The waistcoat is pink; the bodice has a long-all-round basque and gathered frilling of pink and brown, and lace falls over the waistcoat. This costume has a most dressy effect. All-round deep-basqued jackets and a variety of jackets and waistcoats are applied to washing dresses. Jackets opening to display waistcoats made of the plain material, gathered at the waist, are fashionable, for most of the imported washing dresses are mixed, either plain and figured, or two shades of plain. With the figured materials plaitings and bias bindings of the plain color are fashionable, while into the front and sleeves of some of the dresses oval slashings of color five or six inches long are introduced with good effect. A useful style of making a simple washing dress consists of a poionaise of striped cotton, gathered in the front at the waist, and at intervals the whole length of the tunic; a bow of ribbon at each gathering. A band encircies the back of the waist from the side scams, and the tunic is draped at the sides and back and bordered with a box-plaiting with heading, the plaits set wide apart, and a band of plain color threaded through them; a similar flounce, only wider, borders the skirt.

Short dresses will, without doubt, be the fashion of the season for washing materials. Sleeves will be worn narrow at the wrist, put in high, and full on the shoulders, Breton lace, knife-plaited, will appear on most of the lighter shades of such costumes. This is also the favorite trimming for white muslins, white mull and organdies. Victoria lawns are trimmed with Torchon and with Hamburg embroidery.

Very pretty suits, both for ladies and children, are made of Madras zinghams

Very pretty suits, both for ladies and

children, are made of Madras ginghams trimmed with colored embroidery and with plaitings of the material, the plaits being so arranged that a particular plaid is brought on top every time.—Philadel-

Very many of the dresses for girls from Very many of the dresses for girls from two to ten and twelve years old present the effect of a kilt and coat. The kilt plaiting is made up of either very wide box or very wide side plaits. Often these dresses are nearly all in one piece. The trimmings, instead of giving a princesse effect, simulate a long cut-away coat with a Franklin vest extending to meet a deep kilt flounce sewed on underneath the coat, and repre-senting a kilt skirt. Again, the coat effect is brought about on princesse dresses by is brought about on princesse dresses by the addition of broad pockets placed low

is brought about on princesse dresses by
the addition of broad pockets placed low
down on the sides.

For schoolgirls wash dresses are made
of pretty Scotch ginghams, percales and
chintzes, with polka dots and borders
and bandana plaids. The principle of
mbination rules alike in ladies' and
children's costumes and in silk, wool and
cotton fabrics. In all, solid colors are
made up with figured stuffs to match. A
favorite way of fashioning the gay
plaided bandana and percale dresses is in
a kilt skirt set on a deep yoke fitting
about the hips closely, and a yoked or
plaited blouse, belted in.

For younger girls, in wash goods, come
little slips, with the whole front of the
garment laid in box plaits down to a
Spanish flounce, while the back is gathered into a yoke and the neck of the
dress is finished with a deep sailor collar.

One of the simplest ways of making up
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One of the simplest ways of making up dresses for little girls is the Gabrielle shape, fastened at the back and finished

dresses for little girls is the Gabrielle shape, fastened at the back and finished around the bottom with a kilt plaiting. White dresses are in many instances finished with a Spanish flounce, box-piaited on instead of being gathered. These flounces are in turn edged with lace, embroidery or Hamburg edging.

The fashions in infants' clothing vary but little, if any, from the forms in use for several seasons past. Although there has been an effort to revive the lownecked, short-sleeved dresses of long ago, the sensible French-yoked and long-sleeved robes remain in favor. Long dresses make way for short clothes at at about six months of age, when silk and worsted boots are adopted until such time as soft kid shoes with light leather soles become a necessity. Circular cashmere cloaks with round hoods, lined with silk and trimmed with pipings of satin, afford a popular style of wraps. Pique cloaks embroidered and further trimmed with Russian or Irish hand-crocheted lace are among favorite wraps in wool material. Little caps, composed of lace and finished with full ruchings, either of ribbon or lace, are much worn, both by infants and little girls five and six years old. During early spring these are all lined with silk, but on the approach of warm weather the linings may be dispensed with.

Among new fabrics shown for children's wear are fancy orduroys of light

pensed with.

Among new fabrics shown for children's wear are fancy corduroys of light quality, which have the merit of washing well, and, trimmed with Prussian lace and pearl buttons, making an effective garment. Heavy Russian laces, by the way, are also largely employed on woolen garments for children. White muslin dresses have displaced the stiff and heavy Marseilles and pique once formerly worn. A new muslin, somewhat they were left loose and extended to form a knot with long ends rather low on the dress. Above this the back of the basque was finished with loops of satin, forming a double fringe. Festooned flounces are much used on the front and side of trained skirts. They form from three to five curves, are cut on the bias and edged top and bottom with lace, knife-plaiting, or a fold of silk or satin. Brocade is much used for trimming handsome silks, and is put on in the same way as the Pekin.

A great many pretty suits are made of