

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

My Color.

It glistens in the ocean wave,
It lives in yonder summer sky.
The harlequin and forget-me-not
Are tinted with its brightest dye.
It sparkles in the sapphire's depths,
Its touch is on the turquoise lads;
And in the robin's speckled egg
Its faintest tints are displayed.
So far, perhaps, you have not guessed,
But ah! I fear you may surmise
When I confess this heavenly hue
Shines fairest in the baby's eyes.
—*Marcia D. Bradbury, in St. Nicholas*

Fashion Notes.

White Breton lace wraps are to be worn.
Black satin sleeveless jackets are to be worn.
Colored silk waists will be worn with gowns.
Plain grosgrain ribbons are delightfully cheap now.
Lyons satin looks like silk on the wrong side.
Paniers made entirely of flowers are worn in Paris.
Fan cases imitating pieces of bamboo wood are shown.
Black Spanish lace wraps are trimmed with jet and lace.
Dark blue and green plaids are made up into traveling dresses.
The empress ruff is of Chantilly lace finished with a gold thread.
Shaving fringe is superseding the grass which has so long been worn.
The rough straw bonnets in mixed colors are very simply trimmed.
Worth puts plaitings of colored satin under the flounces of dark walking dresses.
Back net veils with tiny dots of gold and gold borders are new, but unbecoming.
Morning sacks of dotted or striped muslin are to be worn with colored silks this summer.
White bunting is made into morning wrappers, having many tucks stitched with colored silk.
Lengthwise buttonholes are worked around the waist-line of wrappers and the belt is run through them.
Canton crape is used for some bonnets in preference to chip. Silk is not worn at all except in the turban shape.
The Parisian papers speak of a very choice new shade of blue produced by one chemical process with alizarine.
Organdy evening dresses are made up with an imitation of old point lace and a profusion of Persian ribbons arranged in loops.
A gilt lattice, with a wild rose vine running over it, formed the apron of an evening dress recently worn in New York.
It is a great error for a lady to wear a bonnet too youthful for her age. It only serves to make the latter more obvious.
Black silk, black camel's-hair and black cashmere are still the favorite materials for street wear with American women.
Bonnet strings are tied in a large loose bow under the chin, not at the side, or they are simply crossed in front, the ends forming a jabot.
New pocket-handkerchiefs not only have borders of Breton lace, but are divided into four sections by a cross of Breton insertion.
The new sunshades have sixteen bronzed or gilded ribs which are thought to be too pretty to hide, and are set in front of the lining.
Some of the new painted fans are of alternate sections of black and colored satin, with wreaths of painted roses between the sections.
Hats of gold braid with trimmings of gold-colored feathers and ribbons and gilded berries have been imported by Boston milliners for brunettes.
Nearly all of the daily and weekly press of New York city have lady associates in the editorial department, and the same may be said of Boston.
A new brocade cashmere has alternate stripes of plain satin and of wool figured with wreaths of bright flowers. It makes pretty and cheap vests for woollen gowns.
The pinafore hat is trimmed with black velvet studded with steel stars, and has one side of the brim faced with black velvet and caught up by a butterfly bow of white satin.
The papillon bow is the pretty head-dress for the house. It is made of full puffed loops of India muslin, with Breton lace mixed with it, and is more compact in shape than the long-looped Albatross bows. A smaller butterfly bow is shown as a cravat bow.
Another fancy is the scarf of India muslin, to be worn in the street as lace scarfs formerly were. It is outside the wrap, tied closely around the neck, with a bow in front; the ends hang down, have plaited Breton lace across them, and are tied with narrow ribbon to give them the appearance of a tassel.
New pocket-handkerchiefs of sheer linen cambric have Breton insertion forming a cross through the middle of the kerchief, then passing around it as a border, with an edge of Breton lace. Plain handkerchiefs have a shield done in colored embroidery in one corner, while the edge is merely scalloped with red or blue.
One of the quaint and pretty fichus, made up with Breton or old-fashioned point lace, to be worn with summer costumes, is of fine India muslin with a plaited frill of lace. The neck of the fichu is finished with a turned over and very large square collar, which is also edged with a frill of lace and open to show the neck.
Plaited black Breton lace is a novelty which is used to trim light black materials with, such materials as plain and striped gauzes, and grenadines, both plain and striped with velvet. Black silk dresses are also trimmed with this lace. These plaitings are generally placed around paniers and princess waists, with the addition of jet passementerie.
Fichus of white silk muslin, or else of lisse, are squares doubled in three-cornered shape, and all the edges bordered with insertion in which the Breton design is done with colors. A fine knifepointing of Breton lace edges the insertion, and the ends are caught together at the waist by a bouquet of rosebuds or of yellow buttercups, a moss-rose or some favorite flower.
New mask veils are of Breton lace, and may be either black or white. The net covering the face has tiny dots wrought

in it, usually two or three in a group, and the edge is finished with Breton lace two inches wide. Longer veils, to be crossed behind the head and tied under the chin, are made of black net, dotted with gold thread. The newest grenadine scarf veils are of tan-color or light blue, with a gay Roman striped border on each selvage.
Dress fans are in the Pompadour shape, half of a circle being formed by the sticks and the feather tops. The sticks are of red tortoise shell or ebony; the feathers of different birds supply the tops; curled ostrich, peacock-eyes, peacock feathers are much used. New fans to be worn with the summer dresses of moulie cloth or cambric have ebony sticks with Pompadour silver tops; these fans are mounted with linen, and have ebony and silver chateleains.

News and Notes for Women.

English children wear pinafores of pink, blue and white washing silk.
Women's underclothes are cheaper in New York than anywhere in Europe.
One hundred and seventy-four of the 632 students of Boston University are women.
A grand ecumenical council of women who believe in woman's rights is to be held in St. Louis in May.
Mr. Gladstone's constant assistant is his daughter, who knows every book in his library and the contents of it.
Young women are almost universally employed as typewriters in the printing establishments of San Francisco, Cal.
Mrs. Ann Simpson, of Yorkshire, England, has been appointed surveyor of roads for the parish of Kirby Grindalath.
Twenty ladies have been authorized to write M. D. after their names by the Women's Medical College in Philadelphia.
There are real walking hats for those who like them this season—hats totally unlike the bonnets, and intended to droop over the eyes.
Miss Hovey, of Boston, has offered \$10,000 at once and more in the future to Harvard University, on condition that it opens the door of its medical school to women.
The Princess Louise has taken the trouble to deny in emphatic terms the report of a London society journal that she was being greatly bored by her Canadian experience.
It is related of the late Mme. Bonaparte that she never adopted the new-fangled notion of gas, but always used candles, and she would not allow a carpet to be laid on her bedroom floor.
The first women employed in the National Treasury were appointed in 1862. There are now 1,300 in the departments of Washington, who receive salaries varying from \$900 to \$1,800 yearly.
The chapel belonging to Grace church, New York, was the gift of Miss Catharine Woolf, and cost \$35,000. It was occupied for the first time at the celebration of the conversion of St. Paul.
A Minnesota man found a beautiful young squaw almost frozen to death. He took her to his camp-fire and tried to thaw her out. When she had melted a little he proposed marriage and was accepted.
It is said that Queen Victoria, in her favorite books, uses paper-marks upon which are inscribed in Latin these words of Holy Writ: "Their hope is full of immortality, and he lives even though he be dead."
The eldest daughter of Bishop Huntington not only writes newspaper articles and provides for charities, but walks frequently twenty miles a day, taking an umbrella in her hand, a la Dr. Franklin, for storm or sunshine.
An intelligent schoolgirl, by name Eva Schlemmer, of Memphis, Tenn., has received a gold medal from the Howard Association for meritorious services performed in the midst of the pestilence which raged last summer, and which were unremitting from the beginning to the close.
Some of the insurance companies of New York have written letters of congratulation to an up-town lady on her bravery when she discovered that a room in the third story of her magnificent house was on fire. Calmly wrapping a rug about her shoulders, she entered, and closing an open window and the doors kept the flames from spreading, and then telegraphing to the nearest station for aid, the flames were quickly put out, but not until every article in the room was reduced to a cinder.

Old Maids and Old Bachelors.

Old maids are useful. They can cook, sew and take care of children, nurse sick people and generally play the piano. Old bachelors are useless. They do not even know how to drive nails or split wood.
Old maids are amiable. If one wants anything done that requires patience and kindness of heart, a single lady is sure to be the one to do it.
Old bachelors are ill-natured. They snub children, despise babies and hate young mothers, and are always so busily employed in seeing that other people take good care of them that they have not a moment to give to any one else.
Old maids are nice looking and "young for their years." Old bachelors generally have red noses, rheumatism in their knees, bald heads, and mouths that turn down at the corners.
Old maids can make a home of one little room, and cook delicious meals for one over the gas jet in cunning little tin kettles, besides making all their own wardrobes. Old bachelors need an army of tailors, waiters, cooks, distant relatives and hotel landlords to keep them comfortable. When old maids are ill they tie up their heads in pocket-handkerchiefs, take homoeopathic pellets out of two bottles, alternately, and get well again. When old bachelors are ill they go to bed and send for four doctors, have a consultation, a mantelpiece full of black bottles, all the amiable married men who belong to the club sit up with them at night, besides a hired nurse; they telegraph to their relations, and do their best to impress the world with the idea that they are dying.
When an old maid travels she takes a sandwich, a piece of pound-cake, a bottle of lemonade in a hand-basket, and lunches comfortably in the carriage.
When an old bachelor travels he orders a dinner in courses at the station, and raves because he has not time to eat it before the "fifteen minutes for refreshments" are over.
Old maids drink weak tea, and it cures their headaches. Old bachelors drink strong liquor, which gives them headaches.
Old maids are modest; they think they are over and their beauty gone. If, after awhile, some autumnal love is given them, they take it as a sort of miracle, and hope people will not

laugh at them for "marrying so late in life."

Old bachelors believe that all women are in love with them, and that they must carefully guard themselves from traps laid to inveigle them into matrimony. They also fondly cherish the belief that, should they eventually become married men, the world expects them to exhibit great taste in women by their choice, and that the "other fellows" will laugh at their portion be not tender youth and beauty; also that when they marry, many women will expire of jealousy.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Concerning Tight Lacing.

An outspoken English clergyman, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, recently called the women of his parish to task for criminal ignorance and thoughtlessness in tight lacing. Perhaps there are American ladies who will be nervous when they read his denunciations of unwholesome practices in dress. "When the door," he exclaimed, "closes on the light and splendor of the revel, the veil is drawn quickly across—the public are shut out; but the true physician, of souls as well as of bodies, will invite you to enter that gloomier apartment, and hear the stern verdict upon another which tomorrow may be pronounced on you—'Death from natural causes!' Lay no such flatteringunction to your soul. 'Death from rut in the liver and corn on the heart, produced by tight lacing.' These are the very words of a leading physician of the day to me. I plead for nothing impossible—for nothing which cannot be, and which is not accomplished every day by sensible women in the best circles. My plea for the mitigation of a public eye-sore against which our present fashion of following the natural lines of the body, instead of creating false ones, protests as loudly as do the doctors themselves. I want you to be reasonable, and, knowing the terrors of the violated law of nature, I pray to be persuasive; and this is the spirit in which I plead with you this morning against the evils of excessive compression in tight lacing, that systematic outrage upon the human skeleton—that fatal attack upon the sacred organs of circulation, respiration and nutrition."

Styles in Hosiery.

The style in expensive hosiery is embroidered Lisle thread and embroidered Balbriggan. What are known to the trade as boot-stockings are a favorite design and are brought out in solid and contrasting colors, as for instance cherry tops and blue feet. Old gold in combination with other colors is in great demand, and comes either with or without embroidery, as suits the buyer. Plain silk, also plain Lisle stockings in violet and in citron color, are desirable, as are those in sapphire shades to match the new dress silks. Gendarme, the new army blue, is yet another favorite color in hosiery. Ribbed hosiery remains fashionable and lace stockings are having a decided run. Real Balbriggan in eru color, with hand-embroidered instep of dainty hues, are designed for ladies who are averse to the more showy styles. In cheaper goods plain colors, with embroidered clocks, fancy checks, hair-line stripes and polka dots on a plain ground, prevail, both in ladies' and children's hose.

Self-Defence Among Plants.

In a recent lecture Mr. Francis Darwin gave some curious instances of the way plants are protected from insects and other dangers. Opium, strychnine and belladonna, he said, three of the most deadly poisons, were all formed by plants as a means of defence to preserve them from cattle, etc. A curious use was made of this poisonous property, as recorded by Livingstone, who states that at one place in South Africa the natives were in the habit of catching the zebras by mashing up some poisonous plant in their drinking places. Poppies are protected by poison from the attacks of goats, probably of other cattle. The strychnine plant was a good example of the way in which poison was limited to the part of the plant where it was needed. Almonds were also protected by poison, cultivators generally sowing the bitter kind, as the sweet kind was eaten by mice. Other plants were protected, not by strong poisons, but by some aromatic substance. The fennel, anise and caraway seeds were examples of this, which were not eaten by the birds on that account. The lime, which was protected by this aroma, was able to grow wild and hold its own anywhere, whereas the orange, the citron and the olive requires to be carefully preserved and watched. The mint was another example of a plant protected against cattle by this aromatic principle. Flowers are often more aromatic than the leaves of the plant on which they grow, and owe to this principle their safety from attack, and caterpillars will even starve to death sooner than eat the flower of a plant the leaves of which they readily devour. Water plants are unprotected, for the reason that water was protection enough. The most peculiar protection perhaps was that enjoyed by the common lettuce, which, when pricked, even by an ant's foot, spurted up a sticky juice, and enveloped the intruder, who, biting the leaf from vexation, drew down upon himself a fresh shower of cabbage wrath, in which the unfortunate ant was drowned.

Just a Day Too Late.

A few days since there was a wedding in Des Moines, Iowa. The bride was a general favorite in society and an especial favorite with two young gentlemen, each of whom aspired to the honor of her hand. One of them secured it, but as the wedding was entirely private, the other did not hear of it. The evening after the wedding, the last named went to call on the lady, whom he supposed to be still single. There he found his rival, the groom, with his bride. Laying aside his overcoat, he engaged her in lively conversation, constantly addressing her by her maiden name. He progressed so well that he concluded to "sit out" his rival. About twelve o'clock a remark was made that informed him of the changed relations of the parties, and he concluded that the freezing-out process wouldn't do, and he inconspicuously departed, a wiser and sadder man.

During the prevalence of a gale in Virginia City, Nev., recently, tall pillars of sand were to be seen waltzing about on the deserts far to the eastward, showing that things were also rather wild that way. At times such clouds of dust rose above the desert that the Humboldt range and other high mountains in that direction were hidden from view. No doubt any one who might have happened to be out on these deserts would have found the entertainment but little inferior to that afforded by the sand storms of the great desert of Sahara.

THE WONDERS OF LEADVILLE.

Astonishing Facts About the New Silver Region—What Has Been, What is, and What is to Come.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post writes from Leadville, Col., to the following effect: It was about the middle of last summer that the value of Leadville as a "carbonate camp" was discovered. California, Utah, and the present town stands was an old mining camp, having been worked for gold from 1859 to 1867, the yield running down from \$3,000,000 in 1860 to about \$150,000 in 1866, when the diggings were abandoned. In those days it is said the gold miners caulked their log cabins with what they supposed was mud, but was really carbonate worth \$400 a ton. Who discovered the carbonates is a disputed question, but there is no doubt that W. H. Stevens, of Lake Superior mining fame, a resident of Detroit, was one of the first, if not the first, to undertake systematic mining operations for silver in this camp. Old California and Nevada miners scoffed the idea of finding anything of value in the carbonates. They were soft, not hard. They were "pancake deposits," not veins. The oldest and wisest among them had never seen any metal extracted from such stuff. Still, Stevens had his adherents, too. Numbers of men swarmed upon the hills and began to sink shafts. They were speedily rewarded. The Little Pittsburgh, which has enriched all its owners, was struck at thirty-eight feet below the surface, and other discoveries speedily followed. Romantic stories are told of the early discoverers—how the Gallagher brothers wandered from store to store vainly begging for a sack of flour to enable them to go on with their work, and next week struck mineral, and sold out for I know not how many hundred thousands, on which they are living in splendor in the Champs Elysees; how Long and Derry were just about to give up in despair, when old Long struck his pick into the ground in his rage, and uncovered the wall of a fissure vein, one of the very best in camp at this present time; how a small grocer "grub-staked" a hungry miner who struck mineral within a couple of weeks; how the small grocer bought out the miner, sold a small interest in his mine for a fortune, bought other mines, made money out of all of them, and is now Lieutenant-Governor of W. A. Tabor, president of the Bank of Leadville, and a man whose income is reckoned in millions. Whatever truth there may be in these attractive tales, there is no doubt of the fact that by August of last year layers of carbonate, carrying silver varying in quantity from 800 to 40 ounces per ton, began to be discovered throughout the range of hills which encircle the town of Leadville on the east, and that great fortunes—solid fortunes—began to be realized by the lucky discoverers. The carbonates were in every case save one nearly horizontal deposits, lying at depths varying from thirty-five to one hundred and thirty-five feet below the surface. In scarcely any case was blasting required in the shafts. Two dollars a ton was a common estimate for the cost of extracting the ore.

Such astonishing bonanzas created an excitement far and wide—a furor far exceeding the Black Hills fever, and which can only be compared to the California gold of 1848. Ten thousand people poured into Leadville during the last three months of 1878, and huge machinery for smelting works and sawmills was hauled over the mountains at an enormous expense. You must remember that these fortune-hunters were going not to a pleasant region like California or Nevada, but to a barren wilderness ten thousand feet above the sea, where the soil will not even grow potatoes, where snow falls every month in the year, and a man had his hands and feet frozen one night last August. Still, no hardships deterred the adventurers. Trade and business were dull throughout the world, and during the three months ending March 31st, 1879, at least fifteen thousand men found their way to Leadville, a large proportion of them sailing painfully on foot one hundred and twenty miles through snow from Denver to Canon. When I first visited Leadville in March last it was full of men who had no home, who slept on the sawdust on barroom floors, who all seemed to have money enough to get food without working, and who spent their days in barrooms, gambling-houses, dance-houses, or on the sidewalk in Chestnut street, discussing the last great strike. Half a bed in a miserable attic was worth from \$1 to \$2 a night. Stores rented for 100 per centum of their cost. Mechanics' wages were \$4 or \$5 a day. To force one's way into the postoffice through the throng which beset it from morning till night required no small exertion of strength. Business was "boomng." Small storekeepers turned over their entire stock in two days, and then vainly wrote and telegraphed for fresh supplies. Town lots worth \$50 in October, 1878, recently commanded \$3,000 in March, 1879.

I returned to the "camp" (Leadville, though an organized city, with mayor, aldermen and all other civic functionaries, is still called a camp by all but "tenderfeet") a week ago, and a marked change was evident. Prospecting on snowshoes in snow from four to eight feet deep had exhausted the patience of many, and the three stage lines reported that they carried nearly as many passengers to us from Denver and Canon. Both in Chestnut street and at the postoffice the crowd had diminished. Lodgings were easily to be obtained. Of the 1,500 houses (mere board huts) that were under way on the 20th of March, many were finished and many were unoccupied. Storekeepers complained of the dullness of business. Real estate had ceased to move, and the unfortunate owners declared with tears in their eyes that the best bid they could get for lots which cost them \$50 six months ago was \$1,500 cash. It was possible to get fair board and lodging for \$12 a week. A whisper, which subsequently became a general public remark, asserted that the greatest of the Leadville mines, the Little Pittsburgh, had "pettered out," and not a few declared that Leadville had had its day, and would hereafter be numbered among the dead towns which strew the treacherous slopes of the Rockies.

It may, however, be questioned whether these persons have not mistaken a natural reaction for the final collapse. Leadville's prosperity resting wholly on the product of the mines, it is pertinent to inquire about them, and the answer is this: In January last there were about twenty paying mines in this neighborhood; there are now forty-nine; of these, several, notably the Australia and the Judge Pender, have struck pay ore within the last week. The Australia

could have been bought for \$3,000 ten days ago. To-day the owners would not listen to an offer of \$100,000.

Again, there were ten smelters at work in January. There are now twenty-eight at work, and under way. These establishments cost from \$20,000 to \$125,000. They are owned by men experienced in mining matters. It is scarcely reasonable to suppose that such men would spend such large sums of money if they had any doubt of the permanent value of the mines.

Again, three lines of railroad are aiming at Leadville—the Colorado Central from Georgetown, the Denver and South Park and Webster, and the Atchison and Santa Fe from Canon. Each of these three companies expects to blast its way through miles of solid rock, to climb grades of one hundred and fifty feet and more to the mile, to surmount frightful precipices, and each of them has thousands of men at work at \$2 and \$3 a day. Each announces that it will be in Leadville this summer. Are the managers in all these companies deluded as to the value of the Leadville mines? In view of the summer prospect, a writer incurs a grave responsibility who encourages emigration to Leadville. From all the information that can be obtained it seems probable that not less than forty thousand people will come here this season from the three States of Kansas, Missouri and Tennessee alone. If the other States contribute in even an infinitesimal ratio, the slopes of the Grand Divide and the Mosquito and Buffalo Ranges will be whitened next fall with the bones of men who will have died of hunger and cold—for it is impossible for the country to feed so many. In this, the richest camp ever known in mining history, only fifteen per centum of the prospectors discover anything; eighty-five per centum fail, and in this region and climate will be likely to perish.

Collecting a Crowd.

A gentleman passing by an unattractive show window the other day stopped and began looking at an old-fashioned square clock exhibited for sale (price \$1.75). It so closely resembled the time-piece that he had so many times gazed upon with affection in his old home, that he began to examine it, musing meanwhile on the many scenes of his boyhood days that would come back to his memory. He seemed so absorbed in what was before him that another gentleman passing thought he would take a look, and likewise came to a standstill in front of the window; an old woman, going by with a basket, had her feminine curiosity aroused, and partly to rest, sat down her burden, and, adjusting her shawl, turned her eyes in the direction of the big square clock; a couple of small boys, rolling hoop, next stopped to see what was going on; and all the time the nucleus of the gathering was undoubtedly ruminating on the happy past, unconscious of his surroundings. In about five minutes a crowd of twenty-five people from the different walks in life had halted before that same window, all eagerly stretching their necks to get a peep at what was the central object of view. The crowd grew larger each succeeding minute, and the man inside rushed down to the back of the store to black his boots and smooth down his hair, in anticipation of a big rush of trade; and the original cause of the commotion was still revolving in his mind the joys of his boyhood, utterly oblivious of the rapidly gathering multitude, who by this time had begun to push and crowd each other, in order to see what was the matter. In a moment more the clerks in the various stores near by had started on a dead run for the spot, and the fever spreading five hundred or more, men, women and children, all broke into a canter, bound to reach the scene of disaster in time to get a good seat. Every man that came down that street reined up, and, in less time than it takes to tell, the street and sidewalks were one surging mass of humanity, horses and wagons, yelling, swearing and fighting, and the first man that stopped was still indulging in reminiscences of the days of his pastoral simplicity. Just then a policeman strolled in sight, and, noticing something a little unusual, became a little nervous and somewhat mixed, pulled the fire alarm hastily, and another guardian of the peace down the corner of the block let drive in the same way, pulling in an alarm from another box. Whang, whang, whang, went the fire bell, box 4-11-4, and every other conceivable number. The fire department started out in three different directions, with the entire town at its heels, yelling, "Where's the fire?" and the black smoke from the steamers, and the rumbling of the heavy wheels, with the gongs and bells of the horse-carriages and hook and ladder trucks, made up a bedlamatic compound of racket that would have awakened the dead, if it were possible; but the man that was the prime cause of all the hubbub had his eyes fixed unmovedly on the object that first attracted his attention, apparently dreaming of the golden days of the past. After a time the confusion came to an end, and he walked off, having won a bet of five dollars that he could stand still and draw a bigger crowd than any walking-match in the country.—*New Haven Register.*

Decision of an Oriental Judge.

The Rev. H. M. Scudder, D. D., who was for many years a missionary in India, tells the following old story: "Four men, partners in business, bought some cotton bales. That the rats might not destroy the cotton they purchased a cat. They agreed that each of the four should own a particular leg of the cat; and each adorned with beads and other ornaments the leg thus apportioned to him. The cat, by an accident, injured one of its legs. The owner of that member wound around it a rag soaked in oil. The cat, going to near the hearth, set this rag on fire, and being in great pain rushed in among the cotton bales where she was accustomed to hunt rats. The cotton took fire and was burned up. It was a total loss. The three other partners brought a suit to recover the value of the cotton against the partner who owned this particular leg of the cat. The judge examined the case and decided thus: 'The leg that had the oiled rag on it was hurt; the cat could not use that leg; in fact, held up that leg, and ran with the three legs. The three unhurt legs, therefore carried the fire to the cotton, and alone are culpable. The injured leg is not to be blamed. The three partners who owned the three legs with which the cat ran to the cotton will pay the whole value of the bales to the partner who was the proprietor of the injured leg.'"

Central Park, New York, has cost something like \$15,000,000.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

The King of May.

"He was very pretty,
He wasn't very wise,
And he stood, when asked a question,
In paralyzed surprise.
A freckled lad, a speckled lad
Who would turn in his toes,
And—though not absolutely bad—
Had such a funny nose!
He hadn't any manners,
He didn't know his books,
And I must own, his principles
Did not belie his looks.
He was clumsy at work, and awkward at play;
And every hair grew a different way—
Then why did they make him King of May?"
Yes, blithely, in a circle,
They whirled around their king;
And there he stood, half crying
Half pleased to hear them sing.
Till in his heart, a mighty part
Was given him to do;
Emotion thrilled his little breast
And gave him fervor new:
'I'll do it! that I will!' he thought.
'It isn't much, I know I ought—'
'Oh, do! Oh, do! Oh, do!' sang they,
'And we will crown you King of May!'
'I'll do it! Yes, I'll do it!'
His heart sang back, again,
Until a ray of loveliness
Came to his face so plain.
His eyelids quivered; he almost shivered,
His young form stood erect—
When manly thoughts stirred his soul
What else can you expect?
And still they sang their roundelay,
The circling girls so sweet and gay,
About their king, their King of May!
Hark! The king is speaking.
The eager girls press near.
He says aloud: 'I'll do it!'
In ringing voice, so clear.
And from his pocket, as from a socket,
Slowly he drew forth—
He looked to east, he looked to west,
The skies their bluest assurance gave,
'Twas noble to be kind and brave.
He drew it forth; he gave it over,
As though he were each maiden's lover,
As though it were his life.
The thing they'd begged for hours and hours
To out the May-pole vines and flowers—
That little rascal's knife!"
Ah, see them! see them! well-a-day!
How gleefully they skip away,
Leaving alone their King of May,
His brief reign ended. Well-a-day!
—*St. Nicholas.*

The Caterpillars—A Fable.

"See, my son," said a farmer one morning, "the caterpillars have begun to build a nest upon a branch of our favorite apple tree."
'I'll put a stop to their work to-morrow,' said the boy.
A week went by.
'My son,' said the farmer again, "I notice that our friends, the caterpillars, have built an extension to their house."
'I'll burn them down this very afternoon,' was the boy's reply.
Another week went by, and the farmer called his son and showed him how the caterpillars had not only inclosed the entire limb but even begun work on another bough.
'There'll be no fruit on that branch this year, my son,' said the farmer calmly; "your industrious little friends have eaten every leaf."
And observing that his son's face was red with shame, the father thus continued:
'I shall not regret the loss of the beautiful apples, my son, if you will only henceforth bear in mind the lesson you have learned. Each day has its duties, and it is always a dangerous thing to put off attending to even the smallest of them until the next.'—*American Rural Home.*

Loobers as Playthings.

Not long ago, in Sweden, two girls used to watch for an old boatman who, in the season, would bring up the fiord or creek a whole boatload of loobers at a time. Then the girls would beg their nurse Johanna to let them play with the queer things. Generally leave would be given, and the sisters would fetch in loobers with great glee as many of the loobers as they wanted, and stand them up all around their play-room, stroking each on the head as they did so, and thus putting it to sleep.
They had to keep a sharp eye on the creatures, though, and, as soon as one threatened to wake or waded its terrible claws, they had to run and tickle it on the head—when it would go off to sleep at once!
Lizzie says it was funny to see these play-soldiers—"marines," she calls them—standing up stiff and straight, as though they were on their best behavior at parade drill!
Before you try this game be sure that you have the right kind of loobers to deal with, for it would be awkward if they should turn on you and give you a tit for tat by "stroking" and "tickling" you in their fashion with their claws.—*St. Nicholas.*

For Boys.

You were made to be kind and generous and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a dull one help him to get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, these are two great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is to have a real soul than a great fist.—*Horace Mann.*

The royal plate at Windsor is reported to be worth £1,800,000. It includes a gold service ordered by George IV., which will dine 140 persons, and the same monarch added to the collection one of the finest wine coolers in the world, a shield formed of small boxes, worth £9,000, and thirty dozen plates, worth £10,000. There are also a variety of pieces brought from abroad and from India. The latter include a peacock of precious stones of every kind, worth £30,000, and Tipoo's footstool, a tiger's head, with crystal teeth and a solid ingot of gold for his tongue.