

THE FASHIONS.

Turbans are still in favor. The fashion in children's suits varies but little.

Solid dark colors prevail in the latest styles of hosiery.

All dresses for little girls are now made high in the neck.

Some of the new black stockings have red bands woven into them.

The "washerwoman's overskirt" is worn with very showy dresses.

Plaid stockings are the rage, and the Macgregor colors are favorites.

The boots worn by little girls are higher than those of last season.

Black gloves are always in order, and are worn this season more than ever.

Silver is now produced in delicate buff tints, so as to be a perfect imitation of bamboo.

The newest gold cloth is of fine net, wrought with leaves and blossoms and bright colors.

Renyon is a new shade of coppery yellow that is very handsome and luminous for evening wear.

Some of the new chemisettes are made of rows of lace placed with the edge pointing upwards.

Military-looking mantles with double capes in front for young ladies, and even for school-girls, are in favor.

The new packs of cards that De la Rue has sent over have backs in a cashmere pattern with that blending of color which just now is the rage.

The most fashionable low shoe for the house is so low that it would appear difficult to keep it upon the foot.

A new device for a bridemaid's present is a silver arrow with the initials of the bride and bridegroom in gold.

The latest freak in finishing a basque is to cut the lower edge into leaves and insert a pleating between the leaves.

Surtouts are especially meant for the street, but are often worn in the house, though not made as part of house dresses.

Bridemaids sometimes wear short dresses made of mull, trimmed with embroidery or with Languedoc lace.

The belt which once went all round the waist is now seen in front only, and soon nothing will be left of it but the buckle.

Large sleeves form the conspicuous feature of the new cloaks this season, fur-trimmed garments taking precedence in that respect.

Note paper with comic designs in bronze at the head of the page is a new wrinkle, but is not likely to be considered "good form."

One of the most pleasing features of the present toilettes is the profusion of lace. Cascades of it run and ripple all over the costumes.

The fancy for red is displayed this season in cloaks made of fine scarlet cloth and trimmed with a new braid called vermicelli.

On one of the French pattern bonnets this season is a coronet of eight humming birds, each in its nest. The bonnet is called the aviary.

Street costumes are now generally made up with warm linings, so that a supplementary wrap may be dispensed with as long as possible.

The first thing to do after buying a ready-made plush jacket is to remove about two-thirds of the wadding, which is quilted into the lining.

The solitary jewel for finger-rings has ceased to be in favor. Instead, two or three stones are set slanting on a heavy gold band, or a blazing diamond is guarded by two pearls.

For plain wraps just now the choice lies between the serviceable diagonal cloth with inside fleece and the loosely-woven, yet heavy chevrons.

A present which is placing a genuine spinning-wheel, or the smaller model of one, in the drawing room, among other objects pertaining to a picturesque past.

The proper paper-knife to accompany the Greek and Roman trifles seen on a lady's secretary is a double-edged dagger, with a little classic figure on the handle.

Amethyst, bronze, myrtle green, and garnet are the colors that are the most effective in plush. The best qualities are all silk, with smooth deep pile as heavy as that of moleskin velvet.

There is nothing "patchy" in the new arrangements of two materials in a dress. As a rule one fabric is used for the upper part of the costume and another for the skirts, though this rule has its exceptions when plush, or brocaded borders, or drapery, are necessary or of the lower skirt.

The Medical and Surgical Journal is disposed to think that any present attempt to find relief for shop-girls, exposed to ill-health from long-continued standing, is impracticable, and that it is more than probable that the matter will again be quietly shelved. Dr. Roger S. Tracy, one of the Sanitary Inspectors of the New York Board of Health, has lately made an investigation, under instructions from the board, into the extent of the injuries complained of, and found the girls and their parents, as well as the employers, averse to giving any authentic information. He so reported, and the result is that the investigation was abandoned. The vigorous agitation recently begun by the London *Lancet*, in regard to the treatment of shop-girls in London, has been equally fruitless of results.

The Motu Dialect.

There are many curiosities met with during a lifelong study of language. Herodotus understood the fact when he said of the Persians, "They had one peculiarity which, though they were not aware of it themselves, is notorious to us; all those words which are expressive of personal or of any other distinction terminate in the Doric *sigma*; which is the same as the Ionic *sigma*; and attentive observation will further discover that all the names of Persians end, without exception, alike." Having fulfilled a twelve-months' engagement on the subject of language, I will only speak in brief of one of the characteristics of the Motu dialect of New Guinea, which is the duplicating of words. The word *antani* means to eat, or food; *bakibaki*, cane armet; *dimuradinura*, very small; *dodo*, high tide; *huhu*, bananas; *kerukeru*, to-morrow; *katikati*, double teeth; *tuatua*, dig; *matilamataila*, very difficult; *paipai*, call; *varavara*, tattooed; *silisili*, flying-squirrel; *tautau*, distant; *uanana*, small bananas; *varavara*, scar. I have arranged a list of about 100 of these repeated words, and have compared them in order to ascertain the general meaning or cause of repeating the tones. It seems that the idea must be to increase the strength of the word by speaking it a second time, as a child would do in its demands for attention. There is one practice among the natives of New Guinea, as also among our own aborigines, which seems to sustain this hypothesis. I refer to the plan of explaining distance. The one giving directions will make a wave motion with his hand in the desired direction, then repeat the action from its terminus. We find this repetition of tones more among aborigines and children than among adult civilization.

Progressive Journalism.

A St. Louis correspondent says: The other day I met here Col. George Knapp, proprietor of the daily *Republican*. He is a medium-sized, gray-haired, ruddy-faced gentleman, not apparently over 60 years old—quiet, interesting, pleasing in manner. He was with his large and genial editor-in-chief, Mr. Hyde, both of them enjoying a mutual interview and a lean against the iron railing alongside the magnificent architectural pile, the "Republican building." Our conversation turned on the past and present of journalism, and their contrast. Col. Knapp indulged in this interesting bit of retrospect:

"Fifty-three years ago I began with the *Republican*. It was a weekly then. We had nothing but a wooden hand press. Our city circulation was less than 200. I delivered the papers myself. It took two stout men several hours each week to work off on that press our small city and country edition. The entire edition was only 600 or 700. Our office was in a little old frame building then."

"And what is the statistical difference now, Colonel?" was asked.

"Oh, it can hardly be stated in words. You see this morning's issue (opening a copy). Well, our new press prints both sides at once, and cuts the pages and pastes them together and folds them up as this is, at the rate of 30,000 copies an hour. I have thrown up the job of delivering our city edition, as I've grown old, and concluded to let the poor boys 'tend to that.'"

The Careful Irish Law Breaker.

No Irishman ever breaks the law without having one eye watching over his shoulder, to be sure his way of escape is open. I remember when I first went over a characteristic story was current. A man was under sentence of death for some bad crime. A gentleman whom he used to live near chanced to know that the man had meant to shoot him. He went to the jail the day before the man was to be hanged, and said to him: "You might as well tell me, Pat, since it can now make no difference to you, why you did not shoot me; for I know you meant to do it?" The gentleman was a capital shot, and always carried arms, and was known to be very resolute. The answer was: "Well, your Honor, it's true it will make no odds to me now; so I'll tell ye. I had ye covered twice from behind a ditch, and as I was going to pull the trigger the thought went through my head, 'By heavens, if I miss him, it's all up with me.'"—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

Dr. J. MARION SIMS, who has returned from Europe, tells a New York reporter: "There never was anything in the world that excited such an interest as Tanner's fast. Everywhere I went in England, at the tables of the aristocracy, among all kinds of people, nothing else was talked of. First it was Tanner's fast, and then Tanner's subsequent feast. The subject pervaded all classes. When I was in Paris I sent him that telegram to encourage him. I was satisfied he was an honest man. But he made mistakes. I would not have let him go to the park every day. I would not have let idle visitors go to see him every day, and so use up his nervous energy. When I went to London the day after I sent the cable telegram I found that half the people did not believe in the fast simply because of the way in which it was conducted."

HOUSEHOLD.

A few slices of potatoes put in the lard while frying doughnuts will keep them from burning.

Buff: One egg, teaspoonful any powder yeast, one gill milk, one pint flour, salt, and butter size of a walnut.

Plain corn bread: One pint of sour milk, two eggs, one teaspoon soda, salt, make soft enough with corn meal to pour out.

The color of ferns can be preserved, we are told, by dipping them in strong brine colored with verdigris—in short by pickling them before drying.

Sago pudding: Two tablespoonfuls sago, four or six apples, four tablespoonfuls sugar, one quart water, flavor with wine and rosewater, bake in a deep dish.

Tart paste: One-half cup water, one-half cup of lard, white of one egg, three tablespoonfuls white sugar, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one-half of soda, flour.

Ella's cake: Two eggs, one cup of sugar, two cups milk, one-half cup butter, one teaspoonful soda, one and one-half cups flour, flavor with lemon or vanilla.

The following recipe makes a most agreeable wash for clearing the complexion: Benzoin, two ounces; pure alcohol, one pint. A tablespoonful to a basin of water.

In washing silk handkerchiefs wash in water in which the best white castile soap has been lathered. Then snap between the fingers until nearly dry, fold and press under a weight. Never iron.

Spice cake: One-half cup molasses, one-half cup of sugar, butter size of an egg, one egg, one-half cup sour milk, salt, one teaspoonful soda, one cup of raisins, chopped, two cups flour, spice to taste.

Ginger cookies: One-half cup molasses, one cup sugar, one-half cup sour milk, one cup part lard and part butter, one teaspoonful soda, salt, one and one-half teaspoonfuls ginger, flour to roll out and cut.

Stewed oysters: One quart oysters and one pint of water; boil until oysters are done, then strain, putting the liquor back on the stove and adding to it one pint of milk, piece of butter and salt and pepper. Heat boiling hot, pour over oysters and serve.

To remove grease spots from bright colored carpets, scrape French fuller's earth on the spot, let it remain several hours, then brush it off with a clean brush and apply a hot flat iron over a piece of ordinary brown wrapping paper until all the grease is on the paper.

Doughnuts: Two eggs beaten with one cup of fine granulated sugar, salt and nutmeg; add three teaspoonfuls baking powder or two of cream tartar and one of soda; stir into the egg and sugar, then add one cup milk and stir in flour at once. Mix not very hard; if they should soak fat, roll in a little more.

Delicious pumpkin pie: Pumpkin the size of a two-quart bowl, steamed and sifted, three pints of milk, one cup of cream or two tablespoonfuls of butter, four eggs, quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon, the same of ginger, one-half a nutmeg, sugar and salt to the taste. Bake in a slow oven one hour and a half.

Learn to cook without scattering about, for your own comfort and ease, and without gathering many utensils around. After a while thought and practice will simplify the work, and one is surprised to see how few things are necessary to work efficiently and well, and how much confusion and running is saved by a little management.

Strip barberries, cover them with water, put them over the fire and be careful they do not burn; don't boil them, but when cooked squeeze and strain them carefully; to one pint of warm juice add two pints of sugar; put the sweetened juice into a pitcher, which pitcher put into hot water until the juice is dissolved; then bottle it.

A nice way to cook chickens: Cut the chicken up, put it in a pan and cover it with water; let it stew as usual, when done, make a thickening of cream and flour, adding a piece of butter and pepper and salt; have made and baked a pair of shortcakes made as for pie crust, but roll thin and cut in small squares; this is much better than chicken pie and more simple to make. The crusts should be laid on a dish and the chicken gravy put over it while both are hot.

Cream pie: Outside—three eggs; one cup white sugar, one cup of flour, one-half teaspoon saleratus, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, and lemon to suit the taste. Inside—three eggs, one cup of white sugar, one cup flour, one pint of milk, scald the milk, and when scalding, pour in the mixture, let it boil, when cold, add a little lemon, cut the pie in halves and bake on separate plates. Spread the mixture on evenly.

Justice Smith said, on opening his court at Connorsville, Tenn.: "William Henry Smith is arraigned for assaulting his father." The magistrate had on the previous day knocked his father down with a club, and it as himself that he was now arraigning. He continued: "The evidence is conclusive, and I'm not sure but I ought to send myself to jail for ten days. But as this is my first offense, and I certainly had a good deal of provocation, I will simply impose a fine of ten dollars."

MIND.

BY A FOREIGNER.

When I arrived first in the country of England, my foreign acquirement of the language did not keep me from difficulties with some words and their several meanings and applications. The old story of a person situated as I was, and the word "box," made me escape from mistakes in that word. But another word was as difficult for me. It was the word "mind." All the association I had before of that word were of the intellect—the soul; naturally, therefore, I was surprised and confused by the use of this word in circumstances utterly incompatible with my previous ideas! Large as the power of the *mind* must be as the *spirit*, I found its power as a word almost equally great! Its use I first discovered at Calais, where I commenced the use of my knowledge of the English language. That I spoke it well was shown by the Commissionaire addressing me as an Englishman, for, as we passed along the pier in the dark to the Dover boat, he constantly called out "Mind de rope!" This, at first, puzzled me, but I have found he meant "avoid de rope." I have since found the English never "take care." They always "mind!" "Mind what you are about!" "Mind your own business, and don't mind me!" "Now, then, stupid! mind your eye!" exclaims the cabman who has nearly run over you. "Mind how you get down!" says a polite omnibus conductor. "Mind and don't miss the train!" These instances might be increased *ad infinitum*, but are enough to show one's mind the different uses of the word.

But notwithstanding all this telling people to "mind," there is a counter phrase, quite as often used. It is "never mind!" If a little child falls down, it is told to "never mind!" If you lose anything, you are told to "never mind!" In fact, I found in England you are constantly cautioned against evils and accidents, by being told to "mind!" And when the ills of misfortune do come on you, you are immediately told the contrary—you are to "never mind!" This, doubtless, has a good effect on character, producing carefulness to guard from ill, and a stoical, or philosophical bearing of it, when the care taken has proved unavailing.

This little treatise on the word "mind" will, I trust, be useful to other foreigners, who may come to England, as I did, with some knowledge of the language. I recommend them to study the use of the word "mind" before they come over, so that they may "mind" and make no mistakes. But if they do not take care, or "mind," and do make some—why then—"never mind!"

A STRANGE story of the hardships of Russian captivity is related by a German engineer named Neumeyer. He was busily engaged in superintending the construction of a new railway in the South of Russia, when he saw himself suddenly surrounded by a body of police and made prisoner. On being shown a photograph portrait, he innocently exclaimed: "Where have you got this picture from? I have never had my likeness taken." This extraordinary resemblance of his to Louis Hartmann, or rather Wolkoff (the alleged author of the Moscow attempt on the Emperor's life), and a scar on his right hand, brought poor Neumeyer into a serious predicament. He was put in chains, taken to Moscow, submitted to a wearisome investigation, then dragged across the country on foot to Warsaw, with no nourishment other than bread, cabbage and spoiled fish on a journey of forty-four days. After spending about six weeks more in prison on bread and water, surrounded by a low set of criminals awaiting their transportation to Siberia, he succeeded in forwarding a letter to the Governor General of Poland, whose brother had formerly employed Neumeyer on his estates in Estonia. Thanks to Count Kotzebue's intercession, Count Loris Melikoff allowed the poor victim to return to Germany in a penniless condition, covered with vermin, and wearing the same clothes in which he had been seized, and which had never been washed.

His Breakfast Order.

Mr. Setemup came down stairs to a 10-o'clock breakfast with a vacant countenance, and a backward tendency in the hair that made his two eyes ache. He sat down at the table, and, picking up a knife and fork, glared in uneasy wonder at something in the platter before him. It had evidently been fried in butter, and was intended for food. Mr. Setemup harpooned it with his fork, and lifted it up bodily, gazing at it with ever-increasing wonder.

"What under the sun," he exclaimed at last, "is this thing?"

"Well," replied his patient wife, with just a shadow of a sigh, "it looks like your new soft-felt hat, and that is what I thought it was, but you pulled it out of your pocket when you came home this morning, and said it was a porter-house steak, and you wanted it broiled for breakfast. You needn't give me any of it; I'm not hungry."

And Mr. Setemup, who was just wild to know what else he said when he came home, and what time it was, for the life of him didn't dare to ask.

JONES AND THE BABY.

BY FANNY RAYMOND.

"It seems to me," said Jones to his wife, who was walking around the room, with the baby in her arms, "that women make a great deal of unnecessary fuss about putting a child to sleep. Now, I would chuck him into bed, and let him equal it out."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Jones, quietly, "that all men are born idiots." Jones couldn't, for the life of him, see what that fact had to do with putting the baby to sleep, but he wisely held his peace.

The next evening, Mrs. Jones came into the sitting-room, where Jones was reading the market reports, and said:

"I am going down to mother's after that recipe for yeast. Baby is asleep, but, if he should wake, I presume you could put him to sleep again—men are so handy with babies."

"All right! I'll put him to sleep again in less than no time; run along, my dear," said Jones, cheerfully.

Mrs. Jones vanished, and Jones resumed his paper.

Soon after his wife's departure, Jones heard a little premonitory grunt from the vicinity of the bedroom.

"Hullo! what's that?" exclaimed, as he assumed a listening attitude.

He soon found out, for the juvenile member of the Jones family set up a series of yells that would have done credit to a prima donna.

Jones dropped his paper, rushed into the bedroom, seized his offspring, and carried him wrong end up back into the sitting-room.

The suddenness of the attack, and the unusual position, so astonished his baby-ship that he forgot to scream for a few seconds, but when Jones righted him up, and offered him a pair of sleeve-buttons for playthings, Johnny shut his eyes, opened his mouth, and began again with renewed vigor and determination.

Jones abandoned the sleeve-buttons, and tried to "cuddle" the baby up after the maternal fashion, but baby sternly refused to "cuddle;" and, with a degree of energy for which Jones was wholly unprepared, and which evinced a total lack of respect for the "author of his being," Johnny grabbed the paternal whiskers with both hands and howled louder than ever.

Jones released himself, smoothed his cherished whiskers, deposited his heir on the sofa, retreated to a safe distance, rubbed his face carefully, smiled in a vague kind of a way, as if he didn't know exactly where the fun came in, and wondered "what the dickens Maria would do under similar circumstances."

Baby put his fist into his mouth, and looked as if he wondered what his paternal ancestor would do next.

"There, now," exclaimed Jones, immensely relieved, "he's papa's pitty little sonny, so he is."

"Sonny" promptly resented this by a long-drawn yell that struck terror to the soul of his dismayed parent.

Jones was at his wit's end. He grew reckless. He whistled to that baby; he sang; he made faces; he cut a series of antics that would have driven a ballet-dancer mad with envy; but all to no purpose. Baby had evidently taken a contract to furnish so much yell in a given time, and was bound to do the square thing.

When Mrs. Jones returned, she found a demoralized-looking man wandering around the house, with a baby on one arm, while with his disengaged hand he wiped the perspiration from his manly brow with the tail end of the baby's night-dress.

"It seems to me," remarked Mrs. Jones, as she took the baby, "that men make a great deal of unnecessary fuss about putting a baby to sleep. Now, I—"

The front door closed with a bang—Jones was on his way down street to "see a man."

New York appears to be the only State where the pressure of population toward the cities, which was in 1875 the most significant feature of its State census, continues. The advance in the population of New York city from 942,292 in 1870 to 1,300,000 in 1880 is out of all proportion larger than the growth of any Western city, and it has almost all taken place since 1875, when the population was but 1,041,886. The increase now reported is scarcely credible. It is matched, however, by the growth of Brooklyn, from 395,099 in 1870 to 554,693 in 1880, with 482,493 as an intermediate figure in 1875. By comparison, Cincinnati—1870, 216,239; 1880, 252,000—makes an advance altogether smaller; and Chicago, with an increase from 298,977 in 1870 to 502,000 now, is the only Western city which equals the growth of the cities about New York Harbor. St. Louis, which had a private census of its own in 1876, returning a population of 498,192, is put in a ridiculous position by the present Federal census, giving it 375,000, as against 810,864 in 1870. Philadelphia, whose census in 1876 gave 817,448, fares better, as it is now found to have a population of 842,000. In 1870 its population was 674,022. Pittsburgh shows an increase on an even-larger scale, jumping from 66,076 in 1870 to 153,883 for 1880.

Beating His Wife.

The story was all over town. Everybody was talking about it. It was too bad, they said. What was too bad? Why, the new minister had been beating his wife! Was it possible? Yes; there could be no doubt about it. Mrs. S., who lives next door, heard a shriek about 10 o'clock last night—a woman's shriek from a chamber in the parsonage. She looked across, and through the curtain she could see that a man and woman were running about the room in great excitement. He was flourishing a stick, and striking with it. The blows could be plainly heard. And as he struck, she screamed.

Mrs. S. could hardly sleep that night, she was so excited by what she had seen. She was up early next morning. She hurried through her breakfast, and then started out—to see the poor abused minister's wife, and comfort her? Not a bit of it. She went to Elder A.'s, found the family at the table, and told the news. Then she footed on to Elder B.'s and Deacon C.'s, and over half the town. The half that she had not time to call on soon heard it from the other half, and before noon there was a great excitement in Ballville.

The officers of the church discussed the matter with heavy hearts. Such disgraceful conduct could not be endured. Something must be done. But what? Call at once on the minister and his wife and inquire into the matter? Oh, no; that would not be dignified and official. Beside, there could be no doubt about it. Did not Mrs. S. see the beating with her own eyes? So they called a meeting of the session, and summoned the minister and his wife, he to answer to a charge of unministerial conduct, and she to testify in the case.

They came, greatly puzzled and surprised. The case was gravely stated by the senior elder, when the culprit and witness burst into a laugh. Checking themselves when they saw how serious and sad the session looked, they explained:

The minister's wife, though an excellent woman who loved everybody, especially her husband, did not love rats. But, the house having been vacant for some time, the rats had taken possession. When they went to their chamber, a huge rodent ran under the bed. The wife screamed; the husband caught up a stick and tried to kill the intruder. Every time he struck at and missed the rat the lady screamed again. How could she help it? It was an exciting scene, and must have looked very funny to their neighbors, who were watching through the curtained window. They laughed heartily when it was all over and the rat was dead, and they could not help laughing whenever they thought about it.

The session were in a fix. They wire down on Mrs. S. for making fools of them. They told her, "Why didn't you go over to the minister's and make sure about the matter before you reported it?" And she retorted, "Why didn't you go and inquire into it before you called a meeting?" And all the town that talked about how the minister abused his wife is talking about what an awful gossip Mrs. S. is, and how she fooled the elders of our church.

I am mortified and disgusted. Is there any way to cure these mischief-making gossips? Would it be right to hang them? It seems to me that the passage in the third chapter of James about the tongue ought to be printed in big letters on a card and hung up in all our churches. Don't you think so?

A Mushroom Metropolis.

A strong force of Uncompahgre Utes camped last summer on the site of Gunnison, their tepees now being replaced by 300 houses, with a population of 1,000 or more. A number of these structures are occupied with stocks of goods worth \$40,000 to \$75,000 each, from which sales are made to the extent of \$10,000 to \$30,000 per month each. The Bank of Gunnison is a striking example of the rapid creation of solid commercial institutions in a wilderness, its directory representing \$10,000,000 of capital, and comprising such men as Gov. Tabor, Colorado's bonanza king. A \$15,000 court house, \$20,000 hotel, and \$7,000 public school house, beside several churches and excellent business blocks in course of erection, are a few of the surprises in this three-months-old town. But the strangest of all are real-estate values. The lot occupied by the Bank of Gunnison, which cost \$40 last fall, is now worth \$1,500. Across the street from the bank is a log cabin that cost about \$100, and its occupants pay their \$40 monthly rental cheerfully. Jack Haverly, our eccentric theatrical manager, bought something like a thousand lots and a neighboring ranch in May for \$30,000, and could probably double his money by their sale now. Late last fall the Gunnison postoffice was the unimportant occupant of a dry-goods box. It now handles some 3,000 letters daily, and daily receives regularly 200 different publications.—*Gunnison (Col.) Letter to New York World*.

It is charged by counsel for the prosecution in the Currie case at Marshall, Texas, that at least one of the jurors who brought in the verdict of acquittal was bribed.