

Winter.

Though now no more the musing ear
Delights to listen to the breeze
That lingers o'er the greenwood shade,
I love thee, winter! I will.

Sweet are the harmonies of spring!
Sweet is the summer's evening gale!
Pleasant the autumnal winds that shake
The many-colored grove.

And pleasant to the sobered soul
The silence of the wintry scene;
When nature shrouds her in her trance,
In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam,
The wild heath sparkling on the sight;
Not undelightful now to pace
The forest's ample round.

And see the spangled branches shine,
And snatch the moss of many a hue
That varies the old trees' brown bark,
Or o'er the gray stone spreads.

The clustered berries claim the eye
O'er the bright holly's gay green leaves;
The ivy round the leafless oak
Clasps its full foliage close.
—*Ehrlich's Fashion Quarterly.*

THE DIAMOND EARRINGS.

If there was one person in the world more than another that Mrs. Templeton gazed at with eyes of curious regard, it was her husband's cousin, Mrs. Morris, and if she had one ambition eclipsing another, it was to eclipse Mrs. Morris in every direction. If Mrs. Morris set up a wall-basket, Mrs. Templeton compassed a hanging cabinet. If Mrs. Morris had a new ivy pot, Mrs. Templeton would have nothing less than a window garden. A single vase on Mrs. Morris' piazza caused Mrs. Templeton's premises to break out with urns till they looked like a stone-cutter's yard. If Mrs. Morris gave a high tea, Mrs. Templeton had a dinner party out of hand; if Mrs. Morris had a luncheon, Mrs. Templeton had a ball, or what answered for one in the limited round of pleasures of their place of abode; and if Mrs. Morris indulged herself with a new silk, Mrs. Templeton always counted her founces, and made her own phylacteries broader.

When one day, then, Mrs. Morris appeared at church—the usual place in the town of Carleton for ladies to exhibit their toilets—with a pretty little pair of diamonds sparkling in her ears, you can imagine the state of disgust and wrath in which Mrs. Templeton walked home, and the very disagreeable time that Mr. Templeton had of it as he walked beside her, endeavoring to look like the happiest domestic man in Carleton. The sermon was criticised, the minister made out a time-server, the parish denounced collectively and personally, his own peculiar friends among the rest, and finally his cousin Hetty was rebuffed, and her habits, her manners and her dress were made the text on which to hang anathema maranatha of worldliness, affectation, bad taste, low moral sense, irreligion, and last of all, extravagance—his dear little harmless Cousin Hetty, whose red curls lighted such a frank, child-like countenance, and whose two diamonds, he had been guilty of thinking, just matched the limpid sparkle of the clear dew-drops of her gray eyes. But Mr. Templeton had far too much experience to say anything of the sort. "James Morris could not pay his debts if he were sold out to-day," said his wife. "And look at his wife's dress!—Maria, how many times must I tell you to keep those children inside the curbstones?—his wife's dress; just one glitter of satin and jet. And I declare it was impossible for me to fix my eyes on the lectern for the way in which she kept those diamonds twinkling before me, with her head on the perpetual dance. A pretty place for diamonds—church! I know a woman who wore them to her father's funeral; I suppose she would. I should think, at any rate, she could have controlled her inclinations, and waited till next Sabbath—diamonds on Palm Sunday! But it's high time of day, I must say," warming up with her husband's silence, "when I am without a single diamond to my name, and there is James Morris' wife—James Morris, who owes you \$5,000 borrowed money—"

It was very weak in Mr. Templeton to interfere; but one cannot be always on one's guard.

"I understand, Juliet, my love," said he, "that Hetty's Uncle Roberts sent her those earrings."

"Uncle Roberts, indeed! I should like to see Uncle Roberts for once, if he is not a mythical personage altogether," cried his wife, with the air of expecting Mr. Templeton to produce the alleged Uncle Roberts immediately. "Uncle Roberts! Uncle Roberts. It is always Uncle Roberts. And you 'understand' forsooth! Why didn't I understand? Why were the earrings concealed from me? For all I know, you gave them to her yourself. Perhaps you are this Uncle Roberts who is always brought to the front at every piece of extravagance. For my part, I wish I had even a husband, not to speak of an Uncle Roberts, who would not see me tread under foot by any

little minx who chooses to toss her head above me—"

"My dear! my dear! just remember where you are; just remember the children," murmured Mr. Templeton, floundering in a little farther.

"Where I am! I suppose you don't want all Carleton to hear how I'm outraged. You'd like to keep it a secret. You'd like to have me endure it in silence. Of course you don't want the children to hear their mother tell the plain story of your neglect, your outrage—"

Here Mr. Templeton took off his hat and made a low bow with a glittering smile to a gentleman and lady passing in an opposite direction.

"What in the world is the matter with Mrs. Templeton?" asked the gentleman. "She looks like a thunder-cloud full of lightnings."

"Hetty Morris' earrings, I guess," was the answer. "She has probably seen them at church to-day. Poor Mr. Templeton! What a life that vixen leads him!"

"I don't know about that. He is tremendously in love with her."

"How can he be?"

"Force of habit, maybe. And she is a beauty, you know. And when she is good-natured there's nobody like her."

"Well, by Easter you'll see her with a pair of solitaires, I'll wager another pair. Take me up?"

"Not I. I shouldn't have any use for them if I won, except to give them back to you; and I couldn't afford to lose. Besides, I don't bet on a certainty," said the careful Mr. Bowman. And just then, Hetty Morris coming up, they stopped to admire her precious acquisitions; and Hetty heard of the wager, and shamed Mr. Bowman into taking it, before they parted and went their opposite ways, more merrily than was their Sunday wont.

Not so Mr. Templeton. As soon as his wife had banged the door behind her she tore off her bonnet and threw herself on a sofa, and called for Jane to bring the shades, and her husband to drop the shades, and Maria to take the children where she could not hear them, for her head was splitting with pain, as any one's would be, treated as she was. And she would not go upstairs to bed, and Mr. Templeton's Sunday romp with the children was abrogated, and his dinner was made an act of silent and solitary penance; and if he told his wife he was going to afternoon service, and did go over to his cousin Hetty's, she, at least, had no right to blame him.

But woe for Mr. Templeton when he came home that evening! Mrs. Templeton had been removed to her own room, which reeked with steam of camphor and alcohol; she lay there in her white nightgown, with her black hair streaming over the pillow, with her great black eyes rolled up and fixed on a remote point of the ceiling, and with the foam standing on her lips—ghastly, stiff and immovable. It made no odds to Mr. Templeton—I mean Templeton—that he had seen her so fifty times before; in fact, always when she wanted something she could not have. Cold terror struck to his soul lest he should lose his torment; all her virtues swelled into the hosts of heaven, all her faults were wiped out as with a sponge. He was down on his knees beside her in a moment. "Oh, my darling! my Juliet! my love! speak to me! Tell me you know me!" he cried. "Run for the doctor, Jane. Where is Dr. Harvey? Why haven't you had him here already? Get him at once. Give me the brandy. Heat those soapstones. Where are the hot-water bags?" And he was bathing her lips, and rubbing her hands, and kissing her forehead, and adjuring her to give any sign of life. But it was not till the doctor's steps were heard that Mrs. Templeton vouchsafed the least indication; and then her breast began to heave, her hands to tremble, her long supple body, that had been stiffly resting on its head and heels only, began to sway and subside, her feet to twitch, and presently those feet were beating a tattoo on the footboard, and the lips parted in shrieks, and the shrieks turned to sobs, and the doctor was pouring chloral between the teeth, and the sobs sank away into sleep, and the hysterics were over.

"What could have excited you so, my dearest, and thrown you into such a terrible convulsion?" Mr. Templeton was saying next morning. ("Hysterics" was a forbidden word. Mrs. Templeton would have had another attack at the sound of it.) "It must have been the heat of the church; it was overpowering. Thurlow has never learned to regulate that furnace."

"The heat," sighed Mrs. Templeton, faintly, "and the glitter of those diamonds. They kept dancing so before my eyes with their bright spots that they dazzled the brain. I am afraid I was very cross yesterday, James. I didn't know what I was saying. Oh, I never want to see any diamonds again."

"You shall have a pair of your own before I am a week older," exclaimed the feeble husband.

"Oh, no, no, no! I should be so

ashamed. I don't deserve them. I—I couldn't think of it. Indeed, indeed, I wouldn't have you, James darling; I should feel just as if I had begged for them."

But when Mr. Templeton returned from the city that night, as pretty a pair of solitaire earrings as he could buy with the bond he sold glittered in a velvet case marked with her name.

As he opened the case and held it before her, Mrs. Templeton shuddered, and turned her glance away from the beautiful white sparkle, and said they looked at her with two great eyes of reproach, and she ought not to have them, and they were as heavenly as twin stars. And presently they were glittering in her ears, and all the faintness and languor were gone, and she was running to the glass and holding her head on this side and on that, and admiring herself, and turning to her husband for admiration. Looking, with her large liquid dark eyes, her pale face, her perfect features, her dazzling smile, all illumined by the shining drops, as beautiful as the most beautiful Juliet that was ever loved. And her husband felt twice and a hundred times repaid for the sacrifice of his little savings in the only bond he had yet been able to buy and lay by for the future by the vision of her and by the delighted kisses she showered upon his lips, and the warm embraces of the long white arms.

It was not once, but twenty times, that Mrs. Templeton looked at the flash of her new splendors in the mirror, took them out of her ears and put them back again, tangled her hair in them so that her husband might loosen them and be struck afresh, as he did so, with the pale pink sea-shell of the ear, the curve of the throat, the exquisite oval of the cheeks; and she went at last to the window and shielded the pane with her hands while looking out and up at the stars. "I declare," she said, "the glistening of Orion's belt is no more splendid than my diamonds. I never thought I should have diamonds, James."

Nor did she have diamonds after that one evening of ecstasy. The little borough of Carleton was no better than other places, and while she stood at the window comparing her gems with Orion's pair of enterprising burglars—who at that moment were not "burgling," chanced to obtain a view of their opportunities, and they went through the house that night, and the diamonds went through their fingers the next day.

Alas for Mrs. Templeton! It would have been idle for her to have another convulsion. Her husband had not another bond for another pair of stones. And so the mother of the Graechi could not have played a more magnanimous part than she did.

"Oh, what do I care for jewels!" she cried, when Hetty ran over to survey with her big, pitying eyes—eyes much more beautiful than the sparkle in her ears—the scene of ruin, where the burglars had left their matches and eaten their cold cakes and coffee—"what do I care for jewels? They might have taken the children. Oh, Hetty, how thankful I am they didn't take the children!"

"As if," said Hetty to her own husband afterward, "any burglar under heaven would want those horrid Templeton children, the worst imps ever born of hysterics and temper! Now if it had been our children, Louis!"

"I think you had better tell her, though, that your diamonds are only Alaska crystals," said Louis. "Pretty bits of glass, but only genuine glass, that Uncle Roberts sent for mischief."

"Well, I don't know but I will. But I think I'll lend them to her to wear to church on Easter first, for I do want Clara Bowman to win her earrings—they'll be the only genuine diamonds among us all. And she brought him money enough for Mr. Bowman to afford her whatever she wants; and I heard her lay the wager with him myself that Mrs. Templeton would wear a pair of solitaires to church on Easter."—*Harper's Bazar.*

From This to That.

"We don't know much about it, of course," says the editor of the *Burlington Hawkeye*, "but we should think after a man has been secretary of the treasury for three or four years, and had occasionally dumped \$50,000,000 into Wall street to relieve the market, and had called in \$20,000,000 sizes at one time, and bought \$2,000,000 of bonds every week, and disbursed \$11,000,000 one week and \$18,000,000 the next, we should think it would grieve him awfully to go back into his law office when the administration changed, and make out an abstract of a farm away out in Bucksaw county and sell it for an old woman down in Kickapoo township to an old fellow out in Waukindaw settlement, and only get a fee of \$32, and have to wait four months for that, and then have to take a sorrel colt for it. Perhaps the ex-secretaries of the treasury don't mind it much, but we just say we don't like to get used to it."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The Young Queen of Spain.

The present queen, says a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Telegraph*, seems likely to live and do well. Notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, there is no prospect for the advent of the son for whom both she and her young husband long so passionately. She is very happy in her summer retirement at La Granja, driving her four and sometimes six spirited ponies about the grounds, and giving a smile and a pleasant word to every one she meets, for even that stiffest and most formal of courts lays aside etiquette and royal observances in the free, pleasant atmosphere of that summer residence. Donna Christina is said to look very pretty in her fresh, white muslin dresses, trimmed with delicately-tinted ribbons, and in the shady hats wreathed with silk gauze, which are her usual wear at La Granja. Such attire fits her far better than do the cumbersome robes and rich satins and velvets which she must assume on state occasions. She has an extremely pretty figure, straight, trim, and finely molded, its only defect being that it is too straight, the queen carrying herself so erect that her waist has a backward curve. She is a devoted mother, and may often be seen driving out with the little princess and holding the baby's soft hand in her own. But they say that neither as mother nor as queen will Donna Christina be content until she is the mother of a son. The young king, I am told, makes a most exemplary husband, and his brief passion for a beautiful foreign lady during his widowhood having been replaced by a very genuine attachment to his sprightly and sensible wife.

Christmas Presents.

"Immediately after the holidays," writes "E. W. B." in the *New York Evening Post*, "every woman who has endeavored to present each of her friends (and the number increases at this time somewhat after the manner of the modern Sunday-school) with a specimen of her handiwork resolves that she will begin next midsummer to prepare her holiday gifts, so that, allowing for interruptions and delays, she may have them ready a few days earlier the next Christmas. This woman, wherever she may be, will perhaps be glad to be reminded gently of this resolve, and to have a few suggestions given her in regard to some of the pretty things she can make without too great an outlay of time. A gift to baby, which the mother will appreciate, is one or more fancy bibs; a new and really striking way to make them is to embroider little figures, after the Kate Greenaway style, on the front of the bib. Suppose the material to be fleece-lined pique, which is both pretty and durable; bind the edge with a narrow bias band of white color, or trim with Hamburg or torchon, button-hole it with working cotton; then trace some quaint figure on it, either in the center or at one side, and work it in outline stitch; the embroidering may be done with marking-cotton, or with soft, untwisted silk, but first take the precaution to try the silk in lukewarm water to make sure that it will not fade, and so love's labor be lost. Serviceable splashes to be put on the wall back of the washstand are made of linen moccie cloth or common white linen, or Java canvas. Trim the edge with torchon, and work in the outline stitch; a border and center-piece, two figures like Jack and Jill or Old Mother Hubbard and her dog are pretty. Hammock pillows are desirable. Make a cushion about half a yard square, or a trifle longer, according to your taste; cover with cretonne of some bright color, make a puff to go around the edge, and put it on so that the edges will make a little ruffle for a heading. The under side of the pillow does not need any trimming; the upper angle may be ornamented in any way to suit your fancy. A simple and effective way is to put a handsome, wide ribbon diagonally across it, and at each side work some fancy stitches with silk, or you may work a border and put a monogram in the center. Table covers and scarfs are as popular and handsome as ever. Elegant ones are made of brocade velvet or plush, with borders of different colored silks, satins or plush. A beautiful scarf is made of cardinal plush, with a border of green plush, with blocks of tan-colored silk with pansies embroidered on them—one pansy and two or three green leaves on each block. Less expensive but really handsome ones are made of double-faced Canton flannel, with a border of some richly-colored and heavy ribbon; at one side applique work in the form of a bouquet or some quaint figure may be put on; fringe is needed across the bottom. By exercising a little ingenuity an appearance of originality is given."

Fashion Notes.

Bells remain in vogue. Paniers continue in fashion. Basques are much trimmed. Capes complete cloth costumes. Raven's feathers are used for turbans. V-necks have superseded square necks. Combination costumes are out of fashion.

Coral-red is a favorite shade for dinner dresses.

Derby felts bid fair to remain a permanent fashion.

New Derbies have low crowns and no roll to the brim.

Red plush basques are worn with black silk skirts.

All sorts of Rhine crystal ornaments are in high favor.

Ombre (shaded) stockings come in all the new colors.

Shaded feathers are a marked feature in winter millinery.

Invincible green is revived for walking jackets and cloaks.

Garters are completely superseded by stocking suspenders.

Moire is the only decidedly new feature in winter fashions.

Untrimmed striped skirts still continue to be much worn.

Bodices show a variety of styles both in shape and trimming.

Fancy jewelry has multiplied itself ad infinitum this winter.

Small round pelerines appear on many of the imported dresses.

The hair is dressed close, flat, and with very little fluffiness.

Snails of moss agate are favorite ornaments for hats or lace pins.

Wreaths of roses and other flowers are revived for ball coiffures.

Spanish lace, both black and white, is as much the rage as ever.

Cuffs are made very deep, reaching sometimes almost to the elbow.

Tinsel effects are introduced with admirable taste into fabrics, trimmings, and millinery goods.

Seal brown cloth, with plush to match, is the favorite material for elegant promenade costumes.

Ribbons striped in moire and plush, or moire and satin, are in high favor for bonnets and hat trimmings.

Large hats with obelisk crowns and halo brims are the first choice of the most fashionable young ladies.

Shoulder capes, with long mantle-like ends in front, will be much worn until the weather becomes colder.

Gros grain silks in the rich blue and olive shades make up beautifully, associated with broadened velvet.

The best style of silk garments are trimmed with plain rich fur; the absence of passementerie is marked.

Heavy brocade silks, with the designs impressed in the fabric, will be much in favor for cloaks and rich winter costumes.

Fringes and passementeries for mourning wear are of dull jet and as interlaced as the crepe which it accompanies and adorns.

Pelerines will be extensively worn. These fur shoulder capes come in all sizes. This style is well suited to a person of delicate form.

The most elegant buttons have the cameo head of Queen Elizabeth, or Marguerite cut in mother of pearl. Price fifteen dollars a dozen.

The Sand Blast.

Says the *Journal of Science*: Among the wonderful and useful inventions of the times is the common blast. Suppose you desire a piece of marble for a gravestone; you cover the stone with a sheet of wax no thicker than a wafer; then you cut in the wax the name, date, etc., leaving the marble exposed. Now pass it under the blast and the sand shall cut it away. Remove the wax and you have the cut letters. Take a piece of French plate glass, say two by six feet, cover it with fine lace, and pass it under the blast, and not a thread of the lace will be injured, but the sand will cut deep into the glass wherever it is not covered by the lace. Now remove the lace and you have a delicate and beautiful figure raised on the glass. In this way beautiful figures of all kinds are cut in glass and at a small expense. The workmen can hold their hands under the blast without harm, even when it is rapidly cutting away the hardest glass, iron or stone, but they must look out for finger-nails, or they will be whittled off right hastily. If they put on steel thimbles to protect the nails it will do but little good, for the sand will soon whittle them away; but if they wrap a piece of cotton around them they are safe. You will at once see the philosophy of it. The sand whittles away and destroys any hard substance—even glass—but does not affect substances that are soft and yielding, like wax, cotton, fine lace, or even the human hand.

Where Roses Abound.

There is in Roumelia a valley known as the Keuzanlik, entirely given up to rose culture. During the flowering season it is from the top of the hills on either side one mass of flowers. So saturated is the air with the perfume that it clings to the hair and the clothes, and the scent remains for days on the latter. The essence sells wholesale in Paris at 2,500 and 3,000 francs the kilo, and is retailed at 5,000 francs and over.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Our taste recognizes a solution of one part sulphuric acid in 1,000 parts water.

Horn silver, or chloride of silver, contains seventy-five parts silver and twenty-five parts chlorine.

The coloring matter of the jelly-fish has been found to consist of minute particles imbedded in the protoplasm.

The worm-like fish, amphioxus, has no special heart, but a number of contractile bulbs in the veins. The eel has an auxiliary heart in its tail.

There is in the Paris Electrical exhibition an induction coil capable of giving a spark forty-two inches long and piercing a block of glass six inches thick.

The telegraph lines between Paris and Nancy, a distance of 200 miles, are being placed underground. The wires are enclosed in iron tubes, provided with manholes.

M. Dohrn has introduced the telephone in connection with his scientific explorations of the bed of the Bay of Naples. By its use the diver and the boatsmen overhead are able to communicate with each other quickly and intelligibly.

MM. Moleschott and Fabini find reason to believe that the elimination of carbonic acid from animals increases under the influence of light, and that light acts not only through the eye, but over the whole surface of the body.

Observations by M. Rene Thure show that the telephone is remarkably sensitive to lightning. He stretched a metal wire between two houses, connecting one end with the earth and the other with a telephone. During every thunder-storm since 1879 he has been able to hear sounds in the telephone at the instant of the lightning-flash, and this even when the lightning was estimated to be twenty or twenty-five miles away. At times the sounds became quite loud.

Wigs.

A century ago little boys of four years had their heads shaved preparatory to putting on a wig. This not only distinguished rich men's sons from the masses but was regarded as much nester than wearing one's own hair. The French revolution and its revolt from artificialities killed the fashion of wig wearing, but then it had died and revived a score of times before. Its modern revival in Europe was an imitation of the long and beautiful hair of the young Louis XIV. of France, who had recourse to artificial locks when his own supply gave out. A century after his time all men who could afford it were wigged, though during the latter half of the seventeenth century the lawfulness of the practice was bitterly debated among theologians, Catholic and Protestant. A Leyden professor, Riviers by name, shocked all conservatives in both churches by writing that the use of a wig was sanctioned by Christian liberty. On the other side, the Catholic Dr. Thiers assailed wig-wearing priests in a good-sized volume. The fashion seems dead enough now, except among those who have become bald, but the ancient Egyptians and other nations wore wigs, and the early Christians would not take them off. Tertullian in vain declared them devices and inventions of the evil one, and Clement, of Alexandria, warned his hearers that when the sacred hands of the clergy were laid on their heads, the blessing would not pass through the false hair. It is to be hoped that the civilized people of our own day and of future generations will be satisfied with their natural hair or accept baldness as incurable, but we observe with some alarm that the gentler sex is going farther and further toward actual wig wearing. No longer are braids sufficient, no more is long back hair the main requisite, but actual front and top pieces, really little better than the "frons" of old ladies, are being advertised as Vienna and Lisbon waves, etc. White horsehair perukes are not yet called for by our young men, but there is no knowledge that they are very far off. Fashion, like the semi-circumference of a water wheel, disappears only to return to sight again.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

How to Live on Ten Dollars a Week.

A man with \$10 a week and another to support must live at home. If he lives out he will get inferior food and those dependent on him will have to go short at home. He should spend on lodging \$2; on food for two, \$5; on coal, light, dress, etc., \$3. Pieces of fried meat are extravagant; stews, with vegetables, are profitable; fish, dressed with sauce and vegetables, to make meals, is profitable; so are fish-pies; good, well-thickened soups; fruit puddings; small pieces of roast for Sundays with accompanying vegetables and well-selected pudding. A small piece of chuck beef roasted and well-covered during the process with a Yorkshire pudding, a few patnips and some baked potatoes, is a desert, some peas stewed, a home-made cake and a little cold meat, with home pickles of brussels, for tea or supper. These are the combinations.—*New York Food and Health.*