

The Chastanogs (Tenn.) Trademark has been making a canvass of the South, and finds that 2,796,948 Southern children were at school on January 1, 1892, as against 1,911,743 on the corresponding date of 1880.

In Vienna, Austria, there is a club of rich men pledged to marry poor girls. If a member marries a rich girl he is fined \$2000, the money being presented to some worthy, impecunious couple engaged to be married.

Kate Field's definition of plagiarism, as a "lack of skill in effacing coincidences," scarcely comes up to a Western clergyman's idea, who describes it as a "case of morbidly retentive memory rejecting upon unusual receptivity of mind and producing unconscious assimilation of ideas."

Colonel John S. Mosby estimates that only seven men were killed with sabres during the Franco-Prussian War and hardly more during our own Civil War, in spite, marvels the Louisville Courier-Journal, of all that has been written to the contrary about "flashing blades" and all that.

A writer in a German newspaper has obtained statistics which show that the number of suicides throughout the world is 180,000 yearly. These figures, the writer observes, have been of steady growth. The greatest number of suicides happen in June, the fewest in September. The first ten days of the month gives the largest number of suicides.

Ex-Governor "Bob" Taylor, who fiddled his way into the Chief Magistracy of Tennessee, is making a great success of his lecture on "The Violin." He talks entertainingly and increases the interest of the audience when he takes up his fiddle and plays an air or sings a song to living things up. Some of the Governor's sententious sayings are almost good enough to be apothegms, such as, "The violin is the poet-laureate of music," and "The hoot of the hoot-owl is sweeter to its mate than the sweetest lay of the nightingale."

"In the years from 1855 to 1870," said a railway superintendent, "if an engineer got \$60 to \$65 per month it was considered good wages, and often the paymaster would be two or three months behind in paying employees; now an engineer who is fit to run an engine gets from \$120 to \$135 per month, and sometimes reaches \$150 to \$155, and there is but one road in this section which does not pay its men by the 25th of each month for services of the month preceding. The engineer makes no more mileage, if as much, as in the earlier years of railroadage. This is a branch of railroad service where skill and reliability are requisite and well paid."

King Lobengula, of Matabeleland, South Africa, has just proclaimed that he will send his regiments on raids no more, but that he will develop his country with the aid of the white man. Four years ago no white man was permitted to enter Matabeleland without a special permit from the King, and missionaries are advised not to attempt to settle in his country if they valued their lives. Lobengula has just made a new treaty with the British South Africa Company by which he cedes to them a large tract of country in addition to Mashonaland, and gives them all the power and privileges they require. The company now controls 400,000 square miles in Matabeleland and Mashonaland.

The crop reports for 1891 show the wealth of unprecedented harvests in this country and the high standing of Michigan, boasts the Detroit Free Press, as an agricultural State. The total number of acres planted in wheat was 39,916,897; bushels harvested, 611,780,000; value, \$613,472,711; number of acres planted in corn, 76,304,519; product in bushels, 3,060,154,000; value, \$686,439,328; acres planted in oats, 28,561,861; bushels, 738,394,000; value \$232,312,267. From these figures it will be seen that the total acreage devoted to cultivation of the cereals named was 141,701,273; bushels, 4,410,338,000; value, \$1,532,224,206. In what Michigan ranked sixth with 1,606,070 acres cultivated, and 30,206,000 bushels raised, the value being \$27,486,910. Of the other States, Indiana was first; Minnesota, second; Ohio, third; Missouri, fourth, and Illinois, fifth. In corn Michigan was seventeenth, 1,035,363 being the number of acres, 31,133,000 being the number of bushels and \$14,343,940 the value. In the production of this cereal Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas and Indiana, food in the order named. In oats Michigan had 931,677 acres, the yield was 30,280,000 bushels, and the value \$9,689,441. The largest producers of oats were Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Nebraska, Kansas and Michigan in the order named. In wheat, corn and oats Michigan had 3,533,710 acres, raised 81,618,000 bushels, the value being \$52,130,291.

A POOL'S ADVICE.

Let us look on the beauties of nature, not school ourselves to be happy by rote and by rule; Let us deem the earth fixed, and declare the sun rolls. If you please, with the moon on his arm round the poles; Let us draw on the skies No meridian lines, Nor straining our eyes, Seek divisions and signs; Let this day turn to night without counting its hours. And the seasons be known by the blossoms and flowers. O, let's not endeavor to fathom the laws Of motion and matter, nor seek for the cause Of form and of color; it's useless to care Why heaven's above earth, if it only is there. We shall only perceive The design of the whole Was the heart to relieve And to gladden the soul; Let us live in this world unmannered, unperplexed, And willingly wait to be wise in the next. —Eva MacDonagh, in Harper's Weekly.

UNCLE DAVY.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

"H E R E S' Uncle Davy" asked Sarah Cobb of her mother. She had run over bareheaded and came hastily in the north door; her hands were all purple with grape juice; she had been making grape jelly.

"He's out under the butternut tree, why?"

"Oh, Caroline's run away again. I tied her up just as strong as I knew how to the front gate with a piece of clothes-line, and gave her two cookies and her doll, to keep her amused while I made the grape jelly, I don't see how in the world she untied that knot. Davy's got to go an hunt her up."

"He'll go," said Mrs. Whitman. "He most cried 'cause you tied her up the other day. He told me he thought Sarah was too bad. He jest sets his eyes by Caroline. Davy, Davy!"

Mrs. Whitman stood in the door and called loudly, but she had to call several times before Davy heard. He was very busy, indeed, gathering in his winter store of butternuts. He had been working hard all the forenoon, and had gathered two bushels, and was well on towards a third. His brown eyes gleamed with a steady radiance under his old straw hat; his fingers flew. The prevalent instinct of the squirrel and bee were upon him; he was laying in his winter store like them, and took a genuine thrifty delight in it. Then, too, he had another object in working fast; he wanted to get the butternuts all gathered by 5 o'clock, because he was going to a party that evening. It was his first evening party, and he was full of delightful, vague anticipations. He was going to wear his best clothes, and he meditated asking his mother for a little of her hair oil with bergamot in it to put on his hair; he was also going to blacken his shoes very particularly. Davy had planned to go in the house about 5 o'clock and commence his preparations, and it was about a quarter before 5 o'clock when he heard his mother's voice calling him.

He obeyed rather hesitatingly. "I shan't get the butternuts picked before it's time to black my shoes," he thought, as he went over the dry October grass to the house. Davy was only twelve years old, and small for his age, although he was an uncle.

His mother and his married sister, Sarah, little Caroline's mother, were waiting for him in the door. "You must go right off and hunt up Caroline; she's run away," his mother called out, as he came in sight. "Don't stop a minute!" Sarah was almost crying. "Here 'tis almost 5 o'clock," she exclaimed, "an' that little bit of a thing! Go right off, Davy."

Davy looked startled, then inquired "Which way do you s'pose she went?"

"Oh, dear, I don't know! I was out in the kitchen making grape jelly. I didn't see her. I didn't know how long she's been gone. Oh, dear!"

"I'll tell you what to do," said Mrs. Whitman with the air of a managing general. She was not a very old woman, although her hair was gray and she covered it with a high blackcap and a severe black front piece. She always wore a large, stiffly-starch apron. "Sarah and I will go up the road," said she, "an' you, Davy, go down. An' don't you take Towser, because that last time Carline run away, an' you took him to track her, he tracked a wild goose chase for two hours. That dog ain't the kind that tracks folks, an' I don't want you to lose any time foolin' with him. It's gettin' dark. You shut Towser up in the barn; then you start. You stop at Mrs. Briggs's when you get there and ask if they've seen anything of Carline, an' you stop at Mrs. Smith's an' Mrs. Wheelock's an' if they have you keep on till you find her, no matter how far you have to go. Don't you come back without her."

"I can't see how she untied that knot," said Sarah. Her pretty face was all streaked with tears and grape juice. Her mother took a corner of her apron and wiped it forcibly as they started up the road. "You keep calm," she said. "She'll be found."

Uncle Davy shut Towser in the barn. Then he walked briskly down the road. There was not a house for some distance, but he peered carefully over the stone walls across the fields. Caroline was five years old. She was very fair and chubby, with carefully brushed, reddish curls and a little blue ribbon to keep them out of her eyes. She always wore a nice little white tire in the afternoon. Davy strained his eyes for a glimpse of that

white tire and those shining curls among the bright October undergrowth. The road was very dusty. He kicked up a white cloud as he walked. "Shan't have any time to black my shoes," he thought, wistfully. Uncle Davy was a very particular boy, and needed a great deal of time for everything.

When he reached the Briggs house there was still no sign of Caroline. He went around to the side door and found it open, and Mrs. Briggs sitting there eating a coat. She was a large woman and seemed to quite fill up the doorway. "Have you seen anything of Carline?" asked Davy, standing before her.

"Carline," repeated Mrs. Briggs. "Yes, Carline, Sarah's little girl. She's run away, and I'm tryin' to find her."

"When did she go?"

"I don't know—a little while ago."

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Briggs. "I dun know but I did see her. There was a little mite of a thing run by a little while ago in a white tire an' I wondered who she was. I'd just come out here with this old coat of Mr. Briggs's to mend. I didn't want to get any dirt around in the sittin' room. I guess 'twas her fast enough."

"Which way was she goin'?" asked Davy, eagerly.

"Oh, she was goin' down the road. She couldn't have gone back, 'cause I've been sittin' here every minute, an' I should have seen her. I ain't been in the house but once. I got a spoon of thread, and then I went a long way 'nough for a mouse to get past. You keep right on an' you'll find her."

Uncle Davy was out of the yard before the last words were out of Mrs. Briggs's mouth. He hurried up the road, looking more hopefully for that little white tire—it seemed to him that he must see it. Many a time had he pursued his little niece Caroline when she had run away, and had always found her easily. Caroline, although she had a venturesome spirit, never ran very far. But tonight it began to seem as if she had. Her Uncle Davy reached the Smith house and went to the door to inquire. But the door was locked and all the curtains were drawn; the Smiths were evidently all away.

Davy kept on to the Wheelock house; that was a quarter of a mile farther; there was still no sign of that little white tire. He ran through the waddy yard to the door and knocked. Nobody answered, although he could see quite distinctly the motion of a rocking chair beyond the kitchen window, and knew there was somebody at home.

He knocked again louder, nobody came. He could still see the tall back of the rocking chair away. Finally he went boldly to the window and pounded on it; a startled face turned toward him from the calico back of the rocking chair, then somebody went across the floor, and the door was opened. "Who is it?" asked a gentle, drawing voice. Mrs. Wheelock was very tall and pale, with pale sweeps of hair over her ears, and a mildly bewildered, spectacled face.

"It's Davy Whitman," replied Davy. "Have you seen Carline?"

"What?" Mrs. Wheelock was not deaf, but she was as slow of comprehension as a heavy sleeper. "My sister Sarah's little girl has run away. Have you seen her go by here?"

"No, I dun know as I have," repeated Mrs. Wheelock, slowly, while her look of bewilderment deepened. "I ain't been settin' to the window since dinner. When did—" But Davy was gone, and she stood staring after him. She stood there quite a while before she went back to her rocking-chair. The Wheelock house was the last in that direction for a mile. Davy walked on about half a mile, then he stopped before a narrow lane that led over through the fields to the woods. "I'm 'fraid she went into the woods," he said. "I'm 'fraid she went into the woods."

The dusk was increasing fast; however, the full moon was rising, and it would be still light enough to see the white tire a long way ahead. Davy trudged on. He emerged from the lane into a cart path through the woods. It was darker there. He called all the time at short intervals: "Carline! Carline! Here's Uncle Davy! Carline!"

But there was no sound in response. Davy's voice grew husky as he went on; it seemed to him he was walking miles, but he did not know how many. It was now quite dark except for the moon, but that lighted the open spaces quite brightly. He had had a plan of taking a circuit through the woods and coming out in a point further down the road. He knew there was a path, but somehow he had missed it, and did not come out, although he was constantly expecting to.

At last he sat down on a rock in an open space to rest a minute. "I've just got to," he said to himself. His legs trembled under him and he was panting for breath. In a few minutes he called again: "Carline, Carline, O Caroline! Here's Uncle Davy! Where be you, Carline?" but he could scarcely speak. Davy was a slender boy, and besides, he was worn by anxiety for Caroline, of whom he was very fond, and agitated, too, by a secret remorse.

He put his head down on his knees and groaned. He had completely forgotten the party, even the blacked shoes, the best clothes, the bergamot hair oil, "I ain't never goin' home without her, anyhow," he said, but his voice was little more than a whisper. The sharp notes of the autumn insects ran together in his ears. Uncle Davy had not found Caroline, but he was so worn out that he fell asleep. It was a long time after that when a cold nose and a sharp bark awakened him. It was Towser, who for once had tracked folks instead of woodchucks. Davy sat up straight and everything came back to him. He heard noises and saw lights moving through the trees. "They're after Carline!" he thought with a pang, "they ain't found her yet."

Davy staggered to his feet, there was a crash through the underbrush, and his father took him by the arm. "Here he is!" he shouted, and there was a glad shout in response. Then Sarah's husband and Mr. Briggs came up. "Ain't you found her yet?" panted Davy half sobbing.

"Found who?" cried her father shaking him.

"Carline," she was found all right. She wasn't lost. She didn't run far. She went back to the house whilst her mother was gone, an' Sarah found her eatin' grape jelly when she got back. She'd eat a whole tumbler, but I guess it won't hurt her any. It's 12 o'clock at night. What did you come in here for?"

"I was huntin' for Carline," Davy was so tired and bewildered now that he was crying like a baby, although he was twelve years old. His father grasped his little cold hand fast and pulled him alone. "Well, there's no use standin' talkin'," said he. "You'd better get home. Mother's got some supper waitin' for you. Mr. Briggs's team is down here a little piece; so it won't take long, and you won't have to walk."

Davy would not have walked far. Sarah's husband took hold of his other hand, and he and his father nearly carried him between them to Mr. Briggs's wagon, which was tied under an oak tree. "It's lucky he ain't no older," said Mr. Briggs, as he got in, "or he'd got his death with rheumatism, sleepin' out there side of that swamp."

Davy fell asleep again as soon as the wagon was under way. He never knew how he got home nor how his father pulled off his little damp jacket and wrapped him in his own coat, but the flash of lights in his face and his mother's voice awakened him thoroughly when he got home. Sarah was over at her mother's waiting, and Carline had been put to bed on the sitting room lounge. Sarah hugged him and cried, but his mother hurried him into the bedroom and took off his damp clothes and rolled him in hot blankets, then he sat out by the kitchen stove with his feet in the oven and drank a great bowl of ginger tea and ate a plate of milk toast, of which he was especially fond. Everybody stood around him and petted him.

"They didn't have the party to-night," said his mother, "they were so upset about you. They're going to have it tomorrow night, so you won't lose that."

Sarah leaned over and stroked Davy's little damp head lovingly. "To think of Uncle Davy's goin' out to find Carline an' stayin' out till midnight," she said, tearfully. "Sister'd never forgive herself if anything had happened to him."

Uncle Davy looked up at her suddenly, his honest face gleaming out of the folds of the blanket. "You mustn't feel so bad, Sarah," said he. "Untied Carline."—Atlanta Constitution.

An Unassuming Monarch.

"The Emperor of Austria is one of the most unassuming monarchs in all Europe," said W. P. Eldridge, a gentleman recently returned from Europe. "While in Vienna I had occasion to visit the palace and found the Emperor's audience chamber crowded with Generals and noblemen who had come to thank his Majesty for promotions and decorations; but mingling with these were authors, inventors, professors, widows and orphans seeking pensions, and a number of very poor men and women who had petitions to present. There are few countries in which persons of this latter class would ever have chance of seeing their sovereign, but in Austria anybody who has anything reasonable to ask of the Emperor is sure of an audience. On one or two days a week his Majesty receives all comers who have applied to be received, and he receives them alone. Every applicant takes his turn. A master of ceremonies opens a door, the visitor walks in and finds himself face to face with the Emperor, who is usually unattended. The door closes and the petitioner may say to the Emperor what he likes. There is no chamberlain or secretary to intimidate him. The Emperor stands in a plainly furnished study in undress uniform without a star or grand cordon, and he greets everybody with an encouraging smile and a good-natured gesture of the hand, which seems to say, 'There is no ceremony here. Tell me your business, and if I can help you, I will.' The Emperor of Austria has a clear, penetrating eye, and quick catching manner. By a glance he makes people feel at home, and by a word draws from them what they have to say. Then he gives his own answer straight out and fearlessly, but generally with an acquiescent smile, and whatever he promises is faithfully performed. There is nothing petty or evasive in him. He is a monarch who replies by 'Yes' or 'No,' but always with the greatest courtesy. A most lovable trait in him is, that whenever he sees anybody nervous in his presence he makes the audience last until by his kind endeavors the nervousness has been entirely dispelled."—St. Louis Star-Banner.

Superstitious Turks.

Notwithstanding the progress the Turks have made of late years in the arts of civilization, all from the highest to the lowest, over the length and breadth of the Ottoman Empire, are a prey to the devious superstition. The office of Manjina Bashi, or Court Astrologer, still exists. The man's duties are not of a very complex kind, but they have an important bearing on political and social movements. For every action of the Sultan and his ministers he has to calculate the most propitious day, hour, and even minute; and he publishes annually an almanac, in which, for the benefit of the whole Mohammedan population, the days are specified on which it is best to have the hair cut or the nails trimmed, to take medicine or to be bled, to visit friends; to buy houses, lands or slaves, to undertake a journey, and even to do nothing. Next to the Koran no work is more widely studied among the Sultan's subjects, and it is very doubtful whether even the great Evangelist of the Prophet is more scrupulously obeyed.—Once-A-Week.



THE NEWEST HAIR ORNAMENT.

A new hair ornament is shown in the form of a diamond-set gold ribbon that fastens about the head like an ordinary ribbon and ties in a bow just a little to the left of the centre. The ornament is in two parts and can be easily converted into a necklace and bow knot pin for the throat.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

COLLEGE GIRLS ON BOAT CREWS.

Running, boating and cycling are systematically taught at Wellesley College, and Miss Hill, the instructor, intends to train four boat crews, selected from the best material of the freshman class, and from these will be chosen the eight young women who are best at the oar to be captains of the freshman crews on "float day," in June. The Ling system of gymnastics has been introduced in the college, and regular practice is compulsory in the freshman class.—New York Press.

KEEPING THE HAIR IN CURL.

Women who have trouble keeping their hair in curl might try wetting the hair with the following mixture before curling: Put into a small earthenware vessel about half a pint of olive oil and a piece of beeswax about the size of a large walnut. Let this stand in a warm oven until it is dissolved and then add a small quantity of some perfume. Add enough of the perfume to the mixture so that when cold it will be a liquid. Boils for use. Some people prefer more beeswax and less oil. When prepared in this way it takes the form of a pomade and naturally makes the hair stiffer.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE WEARING OF BLACK PATCHES.

How singularly fashions change! The custom of wearing small patches of black court plaster on the temple or chin to make the skin seem fairer originated in the sixteenth century. A fashionable coquette discovered that these were becoming, and brought them into use in France, whence the custom spread into Europe. They were worn not only by women, but by exquisites and the clergy, though their use was not general among men. No fashionable woman was considered well dressed without them. Now in France to wear a black patch or "mouche" on the face is an unerring mark that the woman who wears it is a coquette. An American girl, known to the Press, who innocently put an infinitesimal piece of black court plaster on her face to cover an actual eruption of the skin, was told by Mme. La Grange, her famous music teacher, not to wear it.—New York Press.

MARRIED WOMEN AS BREADWINNERS.

One of the most important pieces of information brought out at a recent labor commission investigation in England was that in relation to married women who labor for a living. It was found, first, that of 8000 adult women employed in the Bradford district only sixteen per cent. were married, and, secondly, that all were paid at the same rate for piece-work as the men. In view of the prevalence of piecework in the textile industries, this means much, says the Paul Mall Budget. The investigations, therefore, have exploded what many people were ready to accept as a typical state of things, justifying the most arbitrary legislative interference with women's work. We have always admitted that the working wife, in the sense of the economic struggle which, like many other phases, we view with regret. It is a great pity, no doubt, that we cannot set them all free to-morrow by a stroke of the pen to devote themselves to their home duties, which are probably arduous enough without the aggravation of having to toil in a factory to keep the home itself going. But the way in which people proceed to draw extreme inferences is a striking instance of the need for the most vigilant care of the interests of the working women on the labor commission.

GLOVES, SHOES AND VEILS.

Gloves, boots and veils are a serious item in a girl's yearly allowance for dress. Here are the sage counsels of a Parisian upon the method of making these necessities of life as durable as possible under the circumstances. The hand should be at ease in a glove, and care should be taken to choose fingers every whit as long as the fingers of the hand. Well fitting gloves wear the best; therefore we find that economy, elegance and a coquette's eye are more nearly allied than may be imagined. It is a science to put on gloves for the first time. The hands must be perfectly fresh and dry and cool. After putting in fingers and thumb, fasten the second button from the bottom, coming to the first one last. Remove the gloves from the hands and dot by the fingers, and leave them turned thus inside out, so that all moisture may be dissipated. When putting away gloves do not roll, but lay them lengthwise in a sachet. Place white flannel between pairs of light gloves. A little new butter rubbed on perfectly new chevrete gloves tends to keep them in good condition. Light gloves can be cleaned with four and rubbed places in black suede or kid covered with a mixture of olive oil and ink and left to dry.

With boots, if damp, it is a good plan to fill them with paper and leave to dry far away from the fire. Paraffin is used to soften leather hardened by mud and rain. To make the soles of boots rain-tight and durable, paint with copal varnish and dry. Repeat the process twice or thrice. The secret of keeping veils fresh is to smooth and fold them immediately on coming indoors.—New York World.

HUNGARIAN WOMEN.

In the Hungarian woman we purposely overlook any foibles that may exist, for, without palaver, the Hungarian women are among the most beautiful in the world. They are not languishing, dispirited creatures, composed of cobwebs and the odor of musk, with a sickly pallor or a hectic flush in their cheeks. No erect and straight as a candle, heavy and vigorous to the core, the hazy pictures of good health and abounding vitality. They are gifted with small feet, full arms, plump hands with tapering fingers, and wear long braids. The sun has spread a reddish-golden tint or a darker tone over the complexion. The Hungarian woman is not a beauty of classical contour, nor does she perhaps frequently present a riddle to the psychologist, and ethereal poets will scarcely find a theme in her for hyper-sentimental reveries. She is rather the vigorous embodiment of primeval womanhood.

As her exterior, so her whole character is enchantingly fresh and positive. She likes to eat well, is fond of a drop of wine, takes naturally to swimming, dancing, gymnastics, and has not the least objection to being admired. Although not specially inclined to sentimental effusiveness, in one sense of the term, she may, in moments of love and passion, give a profoundly stirring expression to her emotions; she may clothe her sentiment in words of enrapturing naïveté, drawn from the depths of the national temperament, if it does not find utterance in the all-expressive "ai," whispered in the acme of ecstasy, accompanied by an ineffably blissful glance. This is true of the so-called girls of the people no less than of the women of the higher classes, for grace and beauty know no difference between high and low, and often bestow upon a poor, barefooted, short-skirted peasant girl (with her face in a kerchief tied over the chin) the same enchanting form, the same magically attractive glance, as upon her more favored sister.—Harper's Magazine.

A pretty bracelet is made of linked daisies in enamel. Pearl passementerie comes in bands, fringes and rosettes. Many silken petticoats are made of black and black taffeta. Colored bengaline is suitable for yokes of black woolen gowns. Lizard green is a new shade, and it velvet is extremely rich. Beau de soie is utilized for some very handsome wedding gowns. Short mantles are fashionable for evening wear, and they are of the most delicate shades, with the handsomest linings. A combination of black and white is used not only for half mourning but also for ordinary purposes, particularly for full-dress occasions. The Elizabethan amphitheatrical collar in passementerie is making its quiet debut, as is also the high ruff which stands out around the throat. Skirts remain very close around the waist and are fitted by three darts on either side, while they are fuller around the lower edge than they have been. Seal, sable, mink, astrakhan, fox and bearskin are the most popular furs this year. An attempt has been made again to reinstate ermine in public favor for certain uses, but with little success. Poinced corset-belts of shirred colored plush, drawn three times round the waist, are a fine trimming to pale woollen dresses. They must be arranged so as to make no useless thickness on the waist. A great number of pretty and useful morning wrappers and breakfast gowns are made of figured flannels. These flannels are in great variety of beautiful patterns and they are temptingly cheap. Fathers and mothers, stop grumbling about the miserable lives you lead; teach the boys and girls to see the beauties surrounding them on every hand and which are inaccessible to the city dwellers. Small capotes continue to be the mode, whether with round crowns or without any at all. The newest shapes have tiny soft crowns of cloth, velvet, fur or plush, with projecting or round goffered and fluted velvet brims. A jacket for a girl of ten is made of navy blue cloth, closely fitted at the back and loose in front, where it is double-breasted and fastened with buttons. Turned-down collar and cuffs embroidered with black passementerie. Favorite trimming for the skirts of plain evening and afternoon toilets are velvet and fancy black and gold braids. Narrow velvet is generally seen in many straight rows, beginning a few inches above the hem and with equal spaces left between.

FASHION NOTES.

The bos proper is one of the leading toilet accessories of the season. The really modish bos matches the trimming of the mantle. They are not only made of feathers and fur but of little loops of serried baby ribbon in velvet. These last are delightfully soft in effect.