

Recent statistics show that there are in the United States 79,800 divorced persons, of whom 44,582 are men and 35,218 are women.

In Massachusetts nearly two hundred miles of State roads have been built under the direction of the State highway commissioners.

A wealthy and blue-blooded Englishman has just married a poor American girl. "It's a long lane that has no turning," comments the St. Louis Republic.

Says the Raleigh (N. C.) News and Observer: In the past twenty years it has cost the State to transport the convicts to and from the penitentiary the sum of \$180,000. How much better it would be if all the counties would follow the example of Mecklenburg and Wake and use the convicts on the public roads.

"In France, Spain, Italy, Austria and the South American States having pure food laws the sale of salicylic acid has been forbidden. And in Pennsylvania its use in food has been prohibited by Mr. Wells, the Dairy and Food Commissioner. This acid," according to the Agricultural Epitomist, "hinders fermentation and is contained in many of the food preservatives sold as being entirely harmless, although its action is directly opposed to the process of digestion. For this reason its use is being quite generally condemned. Sound fruits, carefully prepared and properly heated and sealed, are O. K. without resorting to the use of preserving compounds."

The rupee is coined as freely in India to-day as it was before the Government closed the mints. When the mints were open, more rupees were coined by private coiners than by the Government. The savings of the natives are made in silver bracelets, rings and other ornaments. When it became necessary for them to turn a part of their resources into money they did it by employing a native coiner to turn the metal into rupees. It is a country of vast distances, and the natives could not send their ornaments to a Government mint perhaps 1000 miles away. The native coiner traveled from place to place and hut to hut, just like a country tinker. He was glad to work all day turning silver bangles into rupees, weight for weight, for perhaps one rupee as his reward. And very good rupees they turned out, too. They are current everywhere, and nobody questions them. Of course, the practice is illegitimate, and when the mints were first closed the Government tried to put a stop to it, but not with much success. Now it is winked at by the authorities, for the situation in India to-day is too threatening for any interference which is not absolutely necessary. It is probably the first case on record where counterfeiting has been tacitly sanctioned by a Government.

The Atlanta Journal says: "The public schools of Kansas City, Mo., are among the most progressive in the country. The enterprising superintendent of public education in that city has made an innovation by introducing newspaper text books. For several years past many of the teachers of the advanced grades of the Washington, D. C., public schools have encouraged their pupils to discuss topics of the day which are touched on by the newspapers, but Kansas City, we believe, is the first city in this country to adopt newspapers as regular text books. The experiment is the subject of much discussion and a very decided difference of opinion as to its advisability has developed in Kansas City. We should say that nearly everything depends upon the sort of newspapers that are used. There are many newspapers in the United States, some of them very rich and very widely circulated, which not only should never be introduced into a school-room, but which should be excluded from every decent home. It is probable that the leading local newspapers of Kansas City will be used in the local schools. These are clean and well conducted journals, but it is questionable if even such newspapers should be used as school text books. Certainly such use should be restricted to the older and most advanced pupils. The modern newspaper is a very lively thing, and there is danger that the study of newspapers would direct the attention of the average public school pupil from the regular lines of scholastic education. The Kansas City experiment will be watched with interest, and we may expect from the able school superintendent of that city a full and fair account of the results of his innovation as soon as he is able to form a definite opinion thereon."

THE KLONDIKE.

Wrapped in a robe of everlasting snow,
Where icy blasts eternal revel hold,
Where giant pines shiver in the piercing
cold,
Where mellow summer noontides never
glow,
And sleety crags no spring-time ever
know—
Thus, like a miser, in his freezing fold,
The Arctic King has gathered heaps of gold
To lead deluded wanderers into woe,
So in his radiant diamond palace there,
Amid white splendors of his thousand
throne,
Where keen auroras glitter, blaze and glare,
And like a Wandering Jew the wild wind
moans;
He smiles at wretches in their last despair,
Who dig for gold among their comrades'
bones.

II.
About my home I see the spring-time
bloom,
The sheaves of summer or the autumn
fruit,
To make me glad, the robin lends its lute,
The lilacs blossom, lilacs breathe perfume,
The red leaves flutter, golden asters loom
Around my tones of loved ones, never
leave.
Are sweeter than the viol or the flute
Through June-time gladness or December
gloom,
The daffodils their golden treasures pour
By lamplight to my children as they play;
The vines, with clustered rubies at my door,
Gladden my good wife through the live-
long day.
So in this humble nest, my wealth is more
Than all the gold and silver dug from clay.
—Walter Malone, in Harper's Weekly.

HOW SHE WAS REVENGED.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

Mrs. MURRAY was only a teacher—only a teacher in Madame Morelli's French and English Day and Boarding School, at a salary so meagre that she sometimes wondered how she managed to live upon it at all. But nevertheless, live she did, and kept up a pretty decent appearance, too, by dint of freshened ribbons, turned silks, and bonnets skillfully trimmed after the fashion of those she saw in the Broadway milliners' windows, and, as was natural enough in a woman, Miss Murray looked forward to marriage as the only escape from this life of drudgery.

"For I'm tired of it all," Miss Murray said to herself. "French verbs, Thursday compositions, German exercises and drawings in crayon and water colors. I don't think it was ever my vocation to teach the young idea how to shoot. I'd a great deal rather go out to housework, if it was only genteel."

Miss Murray was what the world calls "a very fine girl." Tall and rosy with deep wine-brown eyes, chestnut hair, slightly rippled, as if stirred by some invisible breeze, and a healthy English complexion, like a rose in full bloom. She had a sort of stately grace in her movements, that made even her turned dresses and dyed gloves look stylish; and altogether, Katherine Murray was the prettiest girl in Mrs. Leatherwing's boarding-house.

"I really think you've made a conquest of him, my dear," said Mrs. Leatherwing, a lady who had been very pretty once, and still kept up the illusion with pearl powder, false curls and a touch of rouge.

"Nonsense!" said Kate, with her eyes shining and her cheeks very pink.

"But just look at the common sense of the thing," persisted the landlady. "Bonquets every day, invitations to the opera, whenever there's anything worth hearing; new kid gloves; all the latest novels. Of course, he means something serious, Miss Katherine, and I'm glad of it, for he's got a nice income, and isn't much over forty, and it's really time he thought of settling himself. I hope, Miss Katherine, when you're married to him, you won't be too proud to notice your old friends."

"I shall always be grateful to you for your kindness, Mrs. Leatherwing, whatever lot in life may await me," said Kate, flinging both arms around the good-natured landlady's waist and kissing her heartily.

In fact it had become, so far as appearance went, quite a foregone conclusion. Kate was a sensible girl, not apt to fly off at a tangent, nor to be misled by a mere chance concatenation of circumstances; and Kate really believed that Mr. Appleton Arkwright "meant something."

"But I wonder why he doesn't propose?" Kate asked herself, one night, as she was musing, in her little, fireless room, after an evening among the Italian lakes and Swiss sunsets of the Academy of Design. She was kneeling at the window, looking at the three chevaux de frise of chimney-pots, with her pretty pink nostrils buried in a bouquet of cream-colored roses, edged with white carnations. "I thought surely he was going to, when he squeezed my hand so, in the carriage, coming home. Oh, how happy I shall be when—"

And then, blushing and dimpling all over, Kate extinguished her lamp, and went to bed. And all through her dreams went one refrain—

"He loves me! He loves me!"

For it is only once in a lifetime that one can be eighteen and in love!

"Mrs. Hayes, who would have thought of meeting you?"

"Kate Murray, is this yourself, or a pink-cheeked vision of May? Well, I declare I am delighted to meet you! Where are you staying now? I am only in town for a few days, but I must see something of you."

Kate gave her address, with a bearing face. It was seldom she encountered an old school-friend like Nina Hayes.

"Seventeen Domino Place! Well,

was there ever such a curious coincidence?" cried Mrs. Hayes. "Then, of course, you know Appleton Arkwright?"

"Katherine?"—Kate colored like a whole cluster of apple-blossoms. "I—yes—that is, I sit opposite him at a table."

"Isn't he a fine fellow?" cried out Mrs. Hayes, effusively. "It's he that has brought me to town, partly. He is engaged to be married to a dear friend of mine—Patience Eldridge—and I have come to New York to select her trousseau. The wedding is to be next month."

The deep crimson surge over Kate Murray's neck, cheeks and brow. "Engaged! Appleton Arkwright! It can't be possible!" she spoke, almost before she knew that she was uttering a sound.

"Oh, but it is," nodded Mrs. Hayes. "It's quite a long-standing affair. Patience is an heiress, and her uncle wished her to be quite sure of her own mind before anything was irrevocably settled. She's a dear love of a creature—not pretty, perhaps, but the sweetest, most sensible girl I ever knew. We are staying at the Moreland House. Mr. Arkwright is to spend this evening with us. Won't you come, too? It will be so pleasant, as you are acquaintances."

Kate hesitated an instant.

"Yes," she said, at last; "I will come."

But a strange, curious glitter had come into the brown liquid depths of her eyes—an unwonted hardness around the exquisite curves of her deep red mouth, as she turned away.

"So that is the end of it all!" she said to herself, with a short, hard laugh.

Miss Murray was none of your sentimental heroines who dissolve into sudden grief. There was plenty of heartbreak in the recesses of her inner being, but you saw no outward traces of it. She went through her school duties just as usual, although her heart felt cold and dead within her, like a lump of ice, and the whole world seemed changed. But when she got home, she went straight to her desk, took out a certain little journal, gilt-edged, and tied with ribbon, in whose pages she had written out her heart. Deliberately she inscribed the one word, "Finis," underneath the last entry, and tearing it into a score of pieces, opened the window and flung it out to the keen February air, like a flock of fluttering doves.

"And now for my revenge," said Kate, quietly to herself. "Mr. Appleton Arkwright shall discern that I have not forgotten all the delicate little attentions he has shown me of late. He shall learn, also, the truth of the good old rhymes:

"It is well to be merry and wise;
It is well to be honest and true;
It is well to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new!"

Mrs. Hayes had spoken the truth when saying that Patience Eldridge was not pretty. She was dark, with black tresses and great wistful eyes—a girl with a face that interested, but had none of the Hebe bloom and freshness which attracts the masculine mind as a general thing. She sat by the table in her prettily furnished private parlor, at the Moreland House, looking at some rare cameos which had been sent in for inspection by a famous jewelry house, while Mrs. Hayes eagerly expressed opinions, and Mr. Arkwright, bending in a true lover-like attitude over the little bride-elect, awaited her decision.

"For I know, love," he said, "that your artistic taste is simply perfect." Patience smiled and colored, and her dark eyes flashed into positive beauty for the moment. It is passing sweet to hear flattering words from one we love.

At this instant there was a tap at the door.

"Oh," said Mrs. Hayes, with a knowing little nod, "it's my other guest! An old school friend of mine, Patience. Dear—a friend and acquaintance of yours, Mr. Arkwright. Come in, Kate! Miss Eldridge"—as the door slowly opened and a superb girl in black silk and rose-colored ribbons, sailed in like a queen—"allow me to present Miss Murray. Mr. Arkwright, I don't think you need an introduction. My dear"—to Kate, as Patience rose with a welcoming smile, and Mr. Arkwright turned red and pale in a breath—"who is this servant with a basket? It is some mistake, I think."

"No mistake at all, Mrs. Hayes. Pray allow the man to enter," said Kate, regally, motioning for the basket to be set down at the heiress' feet, and then dismissed the porter with a second imperious gesture. "Miss Eldridge, I believe you are to be married to this gentleman. As his wife-elect, I make over to you all the presents he has bestowed upon me in the course of the last six months. There are eighteen faded bouquets, a pearl opera glass, a glove box, three rings, a Russia leather fan, a photograph album, a silver card case, six volumes of poetry, a gold bouquet-holder, a bracelet and a point-lace handkerchief. Of course, they are of no further use to me. I am only sorry that I cannot return to you the tender hand-pressures, the expressive glances and one kiss bestowed during a moonlight walk in the park about six weeks ago."

Mr. Appleton Arkwright was a tall, muscular fellow, lacking not much of the regulation six feet in height, but he seemed to shrivel and grow small and contemptible, as he stood there, under the scorching fire of Kate Murray's grand eyes.

A cold sweat broke out in beads on his brow. He pulled uneasily at his waxed moustache.

Patience Eldridge turned to him.

"Is this true?" she asked.

He cleared his throat with an effort.

"I—that is—a young lady has no right to suppose that because—"

"Did you give her these things? Is

it true what she says?" reiterated Patience.

"Y—yes; but—"

Quick as lightning, Miss Eldridge pulled the diamond cluster from the fair finger of her left hand, as if it stung her.

"Take this to bear them company!" she said. "I accept no divided homage! As for you, Miss Murray"—turning to Kate—"you have acted like a woman of spirit, and I honor and respect you for it."

The male coquet sneaked out of the Moreland House, feeling excessively cheap and small, while Kate and Patience cried in each other's arms—for they both liked him far better than he deserved.

"Never mind, dear," said Kate; "it's like having a tooth out—hard, but wholesome!"

"We shall get over it in time," sobbed Patience; "for of course one can never marry a man whom one despises."

Mr. Appleton Arkwright secured a new boarding-house at once. He did not care again to meet the pretty school-teacher who had turned so unexpectedly upon him. But he had lost his heiress; and Miss Murray had the satisfaction of feeling that in this particular instance she has vindicated her sex.

DEADLY RUNNING FIGHT.

Eagle Killed by a Locomotive Engineer's Pet Cat.

That famous cat which has been the constant companion of an engineer on the Delaware and Hudson road for some years narrowly escaped an inglorious death.

For a week past the engineer and fireman had noticed a large eagle sitting in a hemlock tree near the tracks at South Windsor, N. Y. Whenever it saw the cat it would flap its wings and show signs of anger. The cat would sit upon the running board of the locomotive, paying no attention to the huge bird.

On Saturday morning when the train left Lenoxboro the cat crawled out upon the pilot of the locomotive and prepared for an enjoyable sun bath. Rounding a curve near South Windsor the engineer noticed the eagle sitting in his accustomed nook in the old hemlock tree. When the locomotive was just opposite the tree the eagle, with a low scream, dashed down upon the locomotive and fiercely attacked the cat, which at once put up a good fight.

For several seconds there was a battle royal. The eagle made half a dozen attempts to carry away the cat bodily, but each time the cat would make a savage onslaught on the bird with teeth and claws, and the air was full of feathers. As the train dashed ahead the two men in the cab looked upon the strange battle with much apprehension, fearing the result. The whistle was blown, but neither combatant noticed the sound in the least.

The engineer armed himself with a bar of iron and started out upon the running board to aid his pet, but before he reached the scene of action the cat had torn a great hole in the eagle's throat, and the bird was in its death struggles. It was carried into the locomotive tender, where it died in a few minutes. The cat crawled into the cab, considerably the worse for wear, but still in the ring. The cat no longer ventures outside the cab,—New York Press.

How Worry Affects the Brain.

Modern science has brought to light nothing more curiously interesting than the fact that worry will kill. More remarkable still, it has been able to determine, from recent discoveries, just how worry does kill.

It is believed by many scientists who have followed most carefully the growth of the science of brain diseases, that scores of the deaths set down to other causes are due to worry, and that alone. The theory is a simple one—so simple that any one can readily understand it. Briefly put, it amounts to this: Worry injures beyond repair certain cells of the brain; and the brain being the nutritive centre of the body, other organs become gradually injured, and when some disease of these organs, or a combination of them, arises, death finally ensues.

Thus does worry kill. Insidiously, like many another disaster, it creeps upon the brain in the form of a single, constant, never-lost idea; and as the drooping of water over a period of years will wear a groove in a stone, so does worry gradually, imperceptibly, but no less surely, destroy the brain cells that lead all the rest—the organs, so to speak, the commanding officers of mental power, health and motion.

Worry, to make the theory still stronger, is an irritant at certain points, which produces little harm if it comes at intervals or irregularly. Occasional worrying of the system the brain can cope with, but the iteration and reiteration of one idea of a disquieting sort the cells of the brain are not proof against. It is as if the skull were laid bare and the surface of the brain struck lightly with a hammer every few seconds, with mechanical precision, with never a sign of a letup or the failure of a stroke.

Just in this way does the annoying idea, the maddening thought that will not be done away with, strike or fall upon certain nerve cells, never ceasing, and week by week diminishing the vitality of these delicate organisms that are so minute that they can only be seen under the microscope.—Pharmaceutical Products.

A Stamp That Represents \$5000.
Of the 250 United States stamps which have been issued, the values have ranged from one cent to \$5000. Five dollars is the highest value among postage stamps, but newspaper stamps reach the hundred dollar mark, while a revenue stamp may represent \$5000.



Berlin Ladies Use Canes.
The latest freak among the Berlin elegants is to use canes. One can notice scores of fashionably dressed women strolling down Unter den Linden any fine day with gold-headed or jewel-mounted or silver-incrusted canes, many of them entwined with fluttering silk or satin ribbons.

War on Feathers.
Stirred by the sight of thousands of cigarette plumes and dead birds shown by the milliners for fall and winter bonnet decorations, the Illinois Audubon Society is to call a mass meeting of women to protest against the wearing of the feather ornaments.

Every one of the big millinery openings has been attended by a member of the organization, and the magnitude of the feather fashion has been noted. The constitution provides for a fall meeting of the members, but it is intended, in view of the manifest increase in the number of birds slain for fashion's sake, to hold an open meeting and to get speakers of note to appeal to Chicago women to leave every bonnet which bears any feather save an ostrich plume or a cockerel's tail on the shelves of the shops where they are shown.—San Francisco Examiner.

Mrs. Green, Captain.
Many a grand old man and weather-beaten marine has commanded the fine steamers of the Louisville and the Cincinnati Mail Line Company during its long and successful existence, and none of them in their day and generation ever dreamed that the time would come when a woman would walk the roof of a steamer in the same line, a "monarch of all she surveyed."

But the time did come, and it came yesterday. The H. K. Bedford arrived from Cincinnati last evening in the service of the company, under charter, and returned again, and it was a novel sight to see a woman on the roof in command of the boat. She was Mrs. Mary B. Green, who, with her husband, Capt. Gordon Green, owns the steamers Bedford and Argand—she in command of one and he in command of the other, and both experienced boatmen, commanders and pilots.

Mrs. Green is a regularly licensed master and pilot and her experience, fine judgment and business ability place her among the successful people of the marine fraternity. Mrs. Captain Green met with a cordial reception here upon the occasion of her first visit and trip in the Mail Line service, and Commodore Laidley certainly appreciates her services and abilities or she had not pulled the biggest string on a steamer in his famous line.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Two New Women.
Two of the very latest types of the new woman were discovered by a Pittsburg Dispatch reporter in the woods back of Wall's station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, last week. These two women—or rather girls, as the oldest does not appear to be over twenty years of age—have broken in on the occupation immortalized by Abraham Lincoln. They split rails and make pit posts and caps for the Spring Hill Coal Company, whose works are between Wilmerding and Wall's.

Annie and Mary Wilson are the names of these two new women. They are sisters. When the reporter made their acquaintance they were swinging an eight-foot cross-cut saw through an oak tree with apparently as much ease as some women run a typewriter. They do all the work of felling the trees, sawing them into proper lengths, and finally with their axes splitting them into pit posts. They are assisted to some extent by their younger brother.

They came from Indiana, where it is a common thing for women to work in the timber. "The work is not hard when you get used to it," one said, "and then we can make more splitting rails and making pit posts in a day than we could in a week working in a kitchen. What's the difference, so long as the work is honest, how one earns a living?"

"Although I work hard every day, rain or shine, I never get sick. The people never sick here all talk about us, but we don't care for that. We are earning a good living and don't owe any one a cent."

By this time the tree was sawed through and ready to split into posts. One of the girls set an iron wedge into one end of the log and with a large mail weighing about twenty pounds drove it in, splitting the log from end to end. The operation was repeated until the log was split into sizes for posts. Then the axes were brought into play and the posts trimmed up and shaped.

The Australian federation convention has rejected a proviso favoring female suffrage.

The Montana State Land Department employs two women to draw township plans in different land offices. Miss Susan Randall, daughter of the late Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, is a clerk in the Friends' Library in Germantown, Penn.

Carmen Sylva, Doctor of Philosophy, it will be hereafter, Emperor Francis

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Birds as Insect Destroyers.
The wanton destruction of our most beautiful native song birds to ornament ladies' hats is doubtless responsible for much of the great increase in the most pestiferous insects. If birds had been protected by law, as they now are in this State, their increase would have kept pace with that of insects, and would prove their most efficient check.

Threshing Smutted Grain.
Those who neglected to treat their seed wheat, and as a result have a smutted crop on hand, should be very careful to thresh it only when thoroughly dry, for then the smut will be blown away as dust, whereas if the crop is damp when threshed the smut balls will be broken and the smut will adhere to the grain, discoloring it and rendering it impossible to get the wheat in good milling condition, and this means a greatly reduced price. We must not think of sowing smutted grain without first treating it thoroughly with approved fungicides.—The Epitomist.

Cribbing Corn.
This should not begin too soon in any year, and particularly not this year, on account of the lateness of the crop in many sections. We have seen large cribs badly damaged in the centre as a result of cribbing too soon, although by scattering the corn as much as possible and piling it up at the ends of the cribs first, it may be safely bulked somewhat sooner than where it has to be thrown in a single pile. On the other hand the husking should not be allowed to drag into the slushy, stormy weather of early winter. Some farmers never push their work until pushed into it by force of circumstances, then it is always a hardship. Corn-husking is one of the jobs requiring considerable push in order to have it progress in a satisfactory manner.—The Epitomist.

Marketing Turnips.
To get the best prices for turnips the grower must calculate to sell a large part of his crop from house to house. It is a vegetable that almost every householder will buy one or two bushels of and not like the potato, which must be secured in sufficient quantities to supply the table twice a day through the winter. It is best always to grow both the white for early use and either a late yellow turnip or rutabaga for use in spring. If brought to their houses the turnips can always be sold at about the prices charged by the grocers per bushel. If the difference between the turnips for early and late use is explained most householders will take a bushel of each. It makes extra work for the farmer to peddle his turnips, but the double price he gets over what the grower would pay make it worth his while. It is for the consumer's interest also to buy turnips fresh from the field, rather than the grocery stock that for days, or perhaps weeks, have been exposed to the air.—Boston Cultivator.

Oil Your Harness With Coal Oil.
I have for years been using the clear, refined coal oil to oil my work harness with, and find it cheaper and better than any other harness grease I ever used. I need not wash the harness when I grease it. I am not compelled to put it on the barn floor, unbuckle, get it all mixed up in hanging it around on poles or anything that comes handy when I grease it. This extra work is avoided by using coal oil. I have a galvanized tub or barrel which holds twenty or twenty-five gallons; use no wooden vessel for your oil—you lose too much—I tried it. In this I put ten or fifteen gallons of coal oil, into which I dip the harness, about two minutes, clear under the oil and let the leather soak full. Then I rinse it out, let the oil drip off into the tank and hang it back in its place. All harnesses can be handled in this way, except collars and cushions, which will take up too much oil and consequently take the hair from the horse's shoulder in the course of time. To these the oil should be applied with a rag. In fifteen minutes one man can thoroughly oil four sets of harness—they should be oiled at least once a month.—Fruit and Farm.

Manure For Orchards.
The following mixture, containing nitrogen, phosphoric acid and soda, has proved destructive to all grubs and worms that either live in the ground or go into it in order to pass through the pupa state, and come out as full fledged flies to work their devastation on fruit and foliage, and to lay their eggs for the perpetuation of their kind:
500 lbs. quick lime.
300 " common salt.
100 " phosphate lime.
100 " nitrate of soda.

The quick lime should be slacked, the salt then mixed with it and allowed to remain for twenty days for chemical changes and combinations to take place, in the meantime shovelled over three or four times to have it intimately mixed. Then mix with the powdered phosphate of lime and nitrate of soda. The mass is then ready for use and will cost about \$8.00. Use one thousand pounds of this mixture per acre, spread broadcast on orchard; it can also be used on lawn, meadow or pasture in the same quantity.

The use of this mixture not only increases the quality of fruit, but also gives the fruit a better flavor, a higher quality and larger size, and puts the trees in vigorous condition for future yields. The ingredients can all be easily procured in any quantity at market prices, and the mixing can be done on the farm. It does not deteriorate in quality by keeping.—Andrew H. Ward.

Small buckles are used on collars of silk or velvet folds, one back and front, with the lace ruff appearing only at the sides, or in the back as well if becoming.

Neat black gowns are relieved by collar and belt of black satin fastened with gilt buckles, a row of small gilt buttons down the side opening and a scroll braiding over the waist front of black satin ribbon edged with gilt soutache.

An exquisitely pretty hat is made of velvet. The brim is moderately wide, rolled up at one side and completely covered on the upper side with thick ostrich plumes. Ends of the plumes fall over each side of the brim at the back, and upright feathers are supported against one side of the crown.

The new poke bonnet is a dream when it frames a pretty face. It is a rare specimen just at present, but it is here, made of velvet, both shirred and plain, with a medium high crown and a medium wide brim, which disappears entirely at the back, and trimmed with feathers and a rose or two tucked inside near the hair.

A beautiful dress for a bridesmaid is of net lace. Through the meshes of the lace are run daisy ribbons, forming diamond-shaped figures about ten inches long from point to point. Three or four rows of the ribbons are put in, crossing at the points in basket fashion. At the lower edge of the skirt, there the last row of diamonds finish, are clusters of loops of the ribbon, which may be further embellished with jewels or fancy beads.