Rock me to Sleep, Mother.

Backward, turn backward, oh, time in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night.
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore—
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads from my hair—
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take me and give me my childhood again.
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul's wealth away—
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh, mother! my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded—our faces between—
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again;
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like a mother's love ever has shown,
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish and patient, like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old—
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Hap'ly will throng the sweet visions of yore.
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song—
Sing then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been but a dream;
Clasp to your arms in loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Poetical Iconoclasm.

Scottish poets of inferior note constantly speak of the nightingale—as some do of the modern American versifiers, who re-echo the blemishes as well as the beauties of English song, though neither nightingale nor lark was ever heard on the American continent. Even Mr. Longfellow, who is wiser in this respect than many of his countrymen, speaks of "swallows singing down each wind that blows." Swallows may twitter or chirp, but they cannot sing any more than a sparrow. Coleridge, who lived long enough in town to forget the country, says in his beautiful poem of "Christabel:"

"'Tis a month before the month of May,
The night is chill, the forest bare
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light and hanging so high
On the topmost twig that looks up to th sky."

A month before the month of May" is, clearly, the month of April, at which time the forest is no longer "bare," as the poet describes, but has put forth either the tender green leaflets of the spring or the early buds, which have pushed away all the verdure of the previous year, and left no red leaf of the long past Autumn to tremble in the breeze. Dr. Blacklock, of Edinburgh, one of the early friends of Burns, and who was conspicuously instrumental in bringing the genius of that great and unfortunate poet to the notice of the literary and aristocratic society of the Scottish capital—a man who could judge of poetry much better than he could write it, a by no means uncommon case—was the author of a once much admired song, entitled "Absence." In this composition he says:

"Ye harvests that wave in the breeze
As far as the view can extend,
Ye mountains umbrageous with trees,
Whose tops so majestic ascend,
You landscape, what joy to survey,
Were Marg'ret with me to admire,
Then the harvest would glitter, how gay!
How majestic the mountains aspire!"

This poor gentleman was blind, or possibly he would have thought twice before he celebrated the "umbrageous trees" of the aspiring mountains of Scotland. His blindness must be pleaded in excuse for his incorrectness as a word painter; but a very town-bred poet, the late Thomas Haynes Bailey, the author of many hundreds of mediocre songs—popular in their day—had, at all events, his eyesight, and could not, like Dr. Blacklock, urge in extenuation of his inaccuracies, that he could not see. One of his songs, that took the unripe fancy of our grandfathers and grandmothers in the days when they were young and foolish, expressed his desire to be a butterfly:

"I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower
Where roses and lilies and violets meet.'

But butterflies are not born in bowers, whether roses and lilies meet there or not; for truth compels the admission that they are born in cabbages, and that in their youthful state as catterpillars—before they have attained to the dignity of wings—they commit very serious depredations on those useful vegetables, as every gardener knows to his sorrow. Nor is the poet, if a poet he be, which is doubtful, more correct when he says that the butterfly,

"Sportive and airy,
Sleeps in a rose when the nightingale sings.'

Butterflies do not sleep in the roses, or in the petals of any other flower, or in other unsheltered places, but take refuge in nooks and crannies, instinctively afraid of the nightingale, who would be very likely to make a meal of them if they came within his sphere of vision.—*All the Year Round.*

Abandoned Villages.

While roaming through the oil country our interest was excited by having certain localities pointed out to us as the place where once stood a small city. Perhaps no part of the oil region shows this as much as that situated between Oil City and Titusville, and no place as much as Petroleum Centre. We stand amazed and almost doubt the truth of our informant, when we are told that this is the Petroleum Centre we saw ten years ago. At that time, as the name implies, it was the centre of the land of grease. Surrounded as it was the best oil-producing country, it could not be otherwise. Vast numbers of houses, stores, machine shops, etc., were erected in a short time, and in 1868 it was a city of 3000 or 4000 inhabitants. Everybody in oil-dom knew Petroleum Centre. The city had banks, immense hotels, large business houses, and could boast of three or four fine churches. The whole country around the place was a city. At night it was almost impossible to get through the crowd of people collected for all kinds of pleasure. What a change! Nothing can be compared to it except the destruction of war. Instead of fine residences, the ground is now used for potato patches; a road marks the place where the principal street was; the churches yet stand, but nobody remains to attend them. Perhaps there are 100 inhabitants in the town now. North of Petroleum Centre we were shown the place where in '66 and '67 was the famous Benningoff Run. There remains not a sign of anything having been there. As many will remember, this was one of the best oil territories in the country at that time. On the northern part of this farm was a small town of the name of Dublin. It had 200 inhabitants, and was the terminus of the Benninghoff Run Railroad. Not a single house remains. In fact, one would think, not knowing any better, that it had never been cleared. Many towns like this have gone the same way. But perhaps the next of importance is Pithole. Like Petroleum Centre, it is nearly gone.—*Exchange.*

WILD BECKY.

If there was one thing that the country folks of Millville were proud of, over and above the new organ in their "meetin'-house," it was the Millville boarding-school, which capped the very topmost pinnacle of their village. A light st upon a hill, which shed its literary radiance over the whole place.

Cynthia Adams was the only day scholar; but she was the squire's daughter, and it was a matter of course that her schooling should be something beyond that of the rest of the village girls.

One day, as the scholars were hanging over the school-yard fence, or sitting in groups on the steps waiting for the school bell to ring, they heard a man with a lusty pair of lungs shouting, "Gee, haw, git up thar!" in a voice so loud that it threatened to shake the hills.

"That is one of old Miller's whispers, I do believe," laughed Cynthia. "He's a farmer about here, with a roaring voice. Such a queer fellow as he is to be sure. I wish you girls could see him."

"I wish I might," answered fun-loving Millie King. "Does he live far from here?"

"His house is 'way down by the edge of the town, beyond the pine woods; they call the place Biscuit City."

"Why? Because they have so many biscuits there?" asked a dozen voices at once.

Cynthia shook her head.

"I guess it is because they don't have them," she said; "perhaps they wish they did, and so called it that. All I really know about it is that there does not seem to be any one there to cook much, any way; for Farmer Miller lives alone with his granddaughter, a girl about our age."

"Couldn't she make buscuits?" persisted Millie, unwilling to give up the idea that they abounded at Biscuit City.

"Becky! I'd like to see anything decent that Wild Becky could make. No one in the village will have anything to do with her, for she's such a wild, harum-scarum thing, and so green, too, that you'd mistake her for grass, just as likely as not."

Cynthia stopped abruptly, for the "Geehaws" sounded nearer every moment, and now a pair of oxen came lumbering over the hill, followed by a rickety hay cart, at the end of which was poised a bareheaded young person in a cloud of dust. Her ample bonnet swung from the top of one of the poles which formed the sides of the cart, evidently for the purpose of proving to the passers-by that she possessed such an article, though she did not choose to wear it. She looked up at it rather wistfully, however, as her companion, Farmer Miller, with thundering exclamations, drove the cart up to the school-house gate.

"Pile out, Becky!" he roared, "and we'll soon fix it with 'em here. Don't be skeered, gal. Be you the school-marm?"

The question was addressed to Miss Peters, the principal, who at this juncture came politely forward.

"I haven't much larnin' myself, ma'am," he continued, "but I'm bound that my gal here shall have as good a chance as the rest of 'em. She's a good gal, Becky is, only a trifle wild-like, and needs settling a bit. I'm a better hand at settling bills than lively young creatures like this one, so if you'll tend to one, I'll tend to t'other;" and handing the poor girl over, tumbling her bonnet after her, he was halfway down the hill before Wild Becky had made up her mind whether she would be settled or not.

It was very disagreeable standing there with all the girls staring at her, she thought; and glancing shyly out from under her long lashes, her eyes rested gladly on the familiar features of the squire's daughter.

"How do, Cynthia?" she said, nodding in such a civil way that it surprised herself.

Cynthia looked blankly into her face a moment without making the slightest sign of recognition, then wheeling around on her heels, she turned her back squarely upon her.

A titter went around the yard; every one seemed amused but poor Becky, who shut her mouth tightly, and her heart too for that matter, and fairly hated her kind. As she joined the crowd squeezing into the school-house, she wondered why she had ever consented to be brought to school. The old wild life perfectly contented her. To roll about for hours under the wide-spreading oaks with the friendly squirrels, or to chase the brook as it dashed gayly down the hills, was much pleasanter than the society of other girls, she had always thought.

But the fact was, her grandfather had taken it into his dear old head to make a lady of her, and rather than disappoint the kind soul who had done so much for her, Wild Becky had made a desperate effort to plume herself down that morning into a civilized girl, and mingle with her fellow-beings.

It was harder even than she had imagined; the close school-room almost stifled her, while the dull, monotonous hum of voices had such a stupefying effect that, before she had been seated long, her head drooped on her desk and she fell asleep. She was awakened by something tickling her nose; putting her hand up quickly a great bouncing butterfly fluttered through her fingers and shot up into the air. Now this was a playmate that Wild Becky never could resist; without half realizing where she was, she burst into a loud laugh; and was making a dive for it when, recollecting herself, she slid down again into her seat, with the painful consciousness that all eyes were upon her. The pair that terrified her most were those upon the platform—not Miss Peters' eyes, but those of another teacher who had come into the room during Becky's nap.

"Where did *you* come from?" asked the woman, sharply, for she was indignant at the interruption of her class.

"Biscuit City, ma'am," was the prompt reply.

"A land productive of biscuits and rude girls," returned the teacher, facetiously, at which the other scholars, particularly the older ones, laughed most obligingly.

"Unless you can command yourself, you had best return there at once," she continued.

Wild Becky did not need much urging on that score. As quickly as possible she sprang from her seat, and vaulting through the open window, swung herself down to the ground as neatly as a boy could have done it, for she was in wrath. So off she trotted, never looking behind her until she brought up at her kitchen door.

Through the opening she could see her grandfather bending over the big brick oven.

"Sakes alive, school ain't out yet, be it?" he asked, lifting himself up to get a good view of the clock.

Becky flung herself down on the steps and poured forth her injuries, winding up with a declaration of independence.

"I'll never go again; never. You will not ask it of me, will you grandfather?"

"Not if you're set ag'in it," said the old man with a sigh; and he passed into the buttery and brought out a heaping dish of pancakes.

"I thought as how you'd come home hungry, and so I made a lot of 'em."

Becky had a weakness for pancakes, and was quite touched with the attention. She moved a chair near them and tried to eat; but somehow they seemed to stick in her throat. The idea that her grandfather was sorely disappointed made them very hard to swallow.

"What makes you care so much about my being a lady?" she said at length, laying down her knife and fork and looking fixedly at him.

The old farmer wiped his glasses carefully.

"I dun know," he answered; "p'r'aps it's 'cause your mother would have liked it; she used to take to larnin', and to gentle ways, and grand folks, as nat'rally as horses take to hay. I wanted you to be like her; but laws me! 'tain' in natur, that you could be that kind any more than hen could be a gosling. It don't matter."

"Yes it does, grandfather;" and Becky, jumping up, wound her arms around his neck and shed a tear or two on the back of his old waistcoat.

"It isn't that I'm so against the learning," she continued; "it's the folks I can't stand."

"Well, some of 'em's rather tryin'," answered the farmer; "but there is one powerful queer thing in human natur'. If you feel ag'in a man, do a favor for him, an' you're sure to like him better. There's Squire Adams, I used to hate him like fury; but since I've been in the habit of lending on him my yoke of oxen, I've got the better on it."

"Well, grandpa, I'll go to school just one day longer to lend 'em to his daughter. Such fixed-up city girls havn't the slightest idea how to have a good time. I might bring them down here and show them how it is done."

So, to the surprise of everybody, the following day Wild Becky appeared at school. The scholars all laughed as she came tearing in, and making a queer little bob which did duty for a courtesy, begged to be forgiven yesterday's misdoings.

Perhaps Miss Peters knew by instinct what a penance this was to the child, or it may be that, in spite of her prim little way, she had a real sympathy for Becky, and disapproved of the offensive manner of her assistant. At all events the matter was lightly treated, and the "wild girl" was soon established in her own seat.

At recess the girls paired off two by two, but no one spoke to her.

"Dear, dear," thought the child; "nobody isn't nobody here unless they are a couple, and I ain't!"

When the afternoon session broke up that day, a hay-cart with two big work-horses stood drawn up before the fashionable establishment. The floor of the cart was strewn thickly with fragrant hay, while old Farmer Miller in his shirt-sleves, held the reins. Cynthia Adams was one of the last to leave the school-room. Who can describe her astonishment when, upon gaining the yard, she beheld Wild Becky standing on a horse-block, and actually inviting these city girls to "hitch on." Most of the scholars looked as horrified as Cynthia had expected; but Millie King and four or five other jolly souls tumbled in for the fun of it.

Farmer Miller shouted to Miss Peters that he'd bring 'em home safe and sound afore bed-time, and cracking his whip, they were soon rattling down the hill, the girls getting such a shakeup as they had never had before; but they held on to the poles like monkeys, filling the way with their merry shouts and laughter, and by the time they reached the long winding road through the pine woods, they were thoroughly enchanted with their novel mode of riding.

Such a queer homely house as it was before which they stopped! Becky didn't try to hide any part of it, but made them welcome to the whole, and to the great barn, too, with its numberless hiding-places, initiating them at once into the most approved way of sliding down haymows, and riding on the great swing doors. She took them across the meadows to the stream, with the little grove beside it, and there they fished for trout; not that they caught enough to boast of, for only the most venturesome of fishes would bite in that uproar of voices. When they got tired of that sport they chased the colts in the orchard, and hunted out the squirrels, with whom Becky carried on such a droll make-believe conversation, that the girls, as they said, "almost died of laughing."

The sun was getting low, and the grass was all purple with shadows, when she brought out a table and said that they would have their supper under the shade of a great butternut-tree.

"This is the time they'll laugh," thought Becky; "but let 'em; I couldn't get up a genteel tea, to save my life, and I shan't try."

And sure enough, the girls did laugh. To see such great platters or smoking-hot sweet corn, such huge pitchers of creamy milk, such stacks of freshly picked berries, was enough to make any hungry girl laugh, and in a way very pleasant to hear.

Then followed a shake down on the smooth floor of the barn, accomplished by the aid of Farmer Miller, who whistled the tune of "Over the hills and far away," from the corn bin.

It wasn't until the young moon shone out clear and silvery that the girls found themselves in the hay cart riding briskly toward the school.

"I believe I never had such a good time in my life before," cried Millie, as she saw, with regret, the outline of the building through the trees.

"Nor I, nor I, nor I," was heard in answer.

Farmer Miller recognized one of the voices; and blessed it in his heart. It was Wild Becky's. As the others left them she crawled over to her grandfather's side and laid her hand warm from the grateful grasp of the school girls, on his arm.

This started a better state of things with Becky. She began to truly like the girls; then she loved one or two dearly in true school-girl fashion, and to be worthy of their love, she tried to improve her manners. Next came ambition in her studies, and as under it all lay a deep affection for the good grandfather, she came out at the end of the year one of the brightest, happiest girls in the school.

There were outbreaks of mischief now and then. As the old man roared to the teacher one day, "She couldn't be tamed all at once;' 'but his little girl had at last found the golden key. And so, in brightening the lives of the unhappy, and in making sunshine for all, Becky became in time a lady in every sense of that much misused term.—*St. Nicholas.*

A Farm-House Dirge.

I.

"I thought you would come this morning
ma'am. Yes, Edith at last has gone;
To-morrow's a week, aye, just as the sun right
into her window shone;
When with the night, the Vicar says, where
endeth never the day;
But she's left a darkness behind her here I
wish she had taken away.
She is no longer with us, but we seem to be
always with her,
In the lonely bed where we laid her last, and
can't get her to speak or stir.

II.

"Yes, I'm at work, 'tis time I was. I should
have begun before;
But this is the room where she lay so still, ere
they carried her past the door.
I thought I could never let her go where it
seems so lonely of nights;
But now I am scrubbing and dusting down,
and setting the place to rights.
All I have kept are the flowers there, the last
that stood by her bed.
I suppose I must throw them away. *She*
looked much fairer when she was dead.

III.

"Thank you, for thinking of her so much.
Kind thought is the truest friend.
I wish you had seen how pleased she was
with the peaches you used to send.
She tired of *them* too ere the end, so she did
with all we tried;
But she liked to look at them all the same, so
we set them down by her side.
Their bloom and the flush upon her cheek
were alike, I used to say;
Both were too smooth, and soft, and round,
and both have faded away.

IV.

"I never could tell you how kind, too, were
the ladies up at the hall;
Every noon, fair or wet, one of them used to
call.
Worry and work seems ours, but yours pleas-
ant and easy days,
And when all goes smooth, the rich and poor
have different lives and ways.
Sorrow and death bring men more close, 'tis
joy that puts us apart;
'Tis a comfort to think, though we're severed
so, we're all of us one at heart.

V.

"She never wished to be smart and rich, as so
many in these days do,
Nor cared to go in on market-days to stare at
the gay and new.
She liked to remain at home and pluck the
white violets down in the wood:
She said to her sisters before she died, "'Tis so
easy to be good."
She must have found it so, I think, and that
was the reason why.
God deemed it needless to leave her here, so
took her up to the sky.

VI.

"The Vicar says that he knows she is there
and surely she ought to be;
But though I repeat the words, 'tis hard to
believe what one does not see.
They did not want me to go to the grave but
I could not have kept away,
And what ever I do I can only see a coffin and
church-yard clay,
Yes, I know it's wrong to keep lingering there,
and wicked and weak to fret;
And that's why I'm hard to work again for it
helps one to forget.

VII.

"The young ones don't seem to take to work
as their mothers and fathers did.
We never were asked if we liked or no, but
had to obey when bid.
There's Bessie won't swill the dairy now, nor
Richard call home the cows,
And all of them cry, 'How *can* you, mother?'
when I carry the wash to the sows.
Edith would drudge, for always Death the
hearth of the helpfulest robs.
But she was so pretty I could not bear to set
her on dirty jobs!

VIII.

"I don't know how it'll be with them when
sorrow and loss are theirs,
For it isn't likely that they'll escape their
pack of worrits and cares.
They say it's an age of progress this, and a
sight of things improves,
But sickness, and age, and bereavement seem
to work in the same old grooves.
Fine they may grow, and that, but Death as
lief takes the moth as the grub.
When their dear ones die, I suspect they'll
wish they'd a floor of their own to scrub.
—*Austin Dobson, Contemporary Review.*

Diseases of Our Own Causing.

On an average one-half of the number of out-patients treated by a hospital surgeon suffer from diseases due primarily to a want of knowledge of the laws of health and cleanliness. First, the ignorance of the hygienic laws which affects so disastrously the health of the rich as well as the poor, exists chiefly in regard to dress, ablution and ventilation. This statement may, at first, appear startling; but an enumeration of the diseases that can be traced to the above causes will show upon how sound a basis this statement rests. The following are examples: Varicose ulcers from dress; skin diseases from want of cleanliness; chest diseases and fevers from defective ventilation. The vast number of ulcerated legs treated in the out-patient department of hospitals, in work-house infirmaries, and in private practice, arise from varicose veins. Now, a varicose ulcer is caused by a distended condition of the veins of the legs, which have to sustain the pressure of the blood caused by gravitation. In varicose veins, the valves which help to support a column of blood are to a great extent destroyed, through the veins having been distended by mechanical obstruction to the free return of the blood from the extremities, thereby distending the lower veins and separating the edges of the valves. Thus the weight of an uninterrupted column has to be borne by the veins. This, of course, causes further distension, giving rise to congestion of the capillaries of the skin and causing swelling, eczema, and ultimately ulceration. This is the varicose ulcer so common in the laboring classes. It is difficult to heal, and often impossible to heal, except by prolonged rest in bed. Hence it is the dread of surgeons, and the cause of misery to thousands. Varicose ulcers are seldom admitted into general hospitals, so that hundreds of poor families are driven to the workhouse, and such cases form a majority in the workhouse infirmary. The most frequent and flagrant causes of obstruction is the ordinary elastic garter. Children should never wear them at all, as the stockings can be perfectly well kept up by the attachement of elastic straps to the waistband. If garters are worn, it is important to know how to apply them with the least risk of harm; at the bend of the knee the superficial veins of the leg unite, and go deeply into the under part of the thigh beneath the hamstring tendons. Thus a ligature below the knee obstructs the superficial veins; if the contraction is above, the hamstring tendons keep the pressure off the veins which return the blood from the legs. Unfortunately, most people, in ignorance of the above facts, apply the garter below the knee. Again, in nine out of ten laboring men, we find a piece of cord or a buckled strap tightly applied below the knee, for what reason I could never learn. Elastic bands are the most injurious. They follow the movement of the muscles, and never relax their pressure on the veins. None lastic bands during muscular exertion become considerably relaxed at intervals, and allow a freer circulation of the blood.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

SPRING FASHIONS.

The new spring goods are unavoidably more varied in design than in texture. With a few exceptions the foundations are identical with those that have come to us for many springs in the past. The twilled woolens come to us chiefly in unique plaided and striped designs. The percales, ginghams, calicoes, etc., are principally in light grounds embellished with exquisite floral designs. Thus a very pale blue cambric has its surface sprinkled with lilies of the valley or very tiny white daisies. A pale pink cambric is broken with a delicate vine of very small pale green leaves with red berries. Fabrics with dark grounds have light embellishment and vice versa. A deep snuff-colored cambric is overrun with small, pale pink leaves. A deep blue has stars in pale blue. A very pale green has dark green leaves, and so on. Foliage predominates, especially in the more neutral tints. For instance, a pale drab foundation has a garniture of foliage also in drab but of a darker shade. Dark gray foundations have pale gray embellishments. Very pretty fabrics have the foundation tint and that of the design so interwoven that it is difficult to distinguish one from the other. The pin-striped goods will also find considerable favor. These are very delicate in color, being principally in the palest green, blue, pink, etc. In the dark tints they seem common. White muslins are very showy with their floral designs. A beautiful white organdie is sprinkled with great luscious blossoms in a pale golden shade. Another has pale blue morning-glories trailing over its snowy surface. In one specimen there are morning glories worked in silver. A pretty fabric has a plain stripe of satin alternating with one in muslin of the same width. These come in all colors—the color, however, only being varied in the satin stripe. They will make very stylish evening dresses for the summer. Concerning the way in which these fabrics are being

MADE INTO TOILETS,

there is little at present to be said. There are several new styles that must necessarily last, but as to any great variety it will be a few weeks hence before they are actually upon us. Still, those that are here, as we say, are reliable, and anyone is safe in patronizing them even at this early day. The prettiest cambric suit that we have seen was in the palest blue broken by tiny white specks. It was made very stylish, but in perfect harmony with the laundry. The skirt was cut demi-train and trimmed around the bottom with three rows of double box-pliats. These pleats are all fastened so as not to interfere with the process of ironing. When ironed the plaits can be be separated and their original fluted appearance restored. Each row of plaiting was about five inches in depth. The overdress consisted of a plain apron front and two side gores that were intended to lace almost together at the back. Down the space between these gores was a long square section of the cambric laid in broad folds. The monotony of these folds was broken by three scarfs of the cambrick which crosses them at regular intervals and was tied in a generous bow in the middle. This made an exceedingly dressy back, and one that by untying the scarfs can esily be washed. The edges of the apron front and side gores were finished with the box plaiting. The waist was made with a yoke and plaits extending half a yard bolow the waist. A pretty belt was made from the material and ornimented with a bow of the same. The sleeve was the long, tight-fitting coat with a deep cuff ornament with flat, medium-sized pearl buttons, similar to those used on the waist.

ANOTHER SUIT.

This was made from a pale pink cambric with an embellishment of small blossoms in deep red. Generous quantities of valenciennes face were used in the make-up of this pretty dress. The skirt was demi-train. Around the bottom were placed perpendicular sections of the material cut on the bias. These sections were about three inches in width, twelve inches in depth, and pointed at the top. The edges were finished with a delicate white cord and a row of the valenciennes lace. The sections were the width of themselves apart. The long apron front which seems destined to come back in all its ancient glory was trimmed from lower edge to waist with a narrow, scant ruffles edged with the cording and the lace. The side gores lapped over on to the front, and being edged with the cord and the lace, made a pretty and neat finish to the ruffles. The other sides of the gores were turned back on the gores in the form of revers. A long cascade made of spiral ruffles and lace filled in the space at the back of the overdress. The basque waist was tight-fitting and deep. The bottom was trimmed with sections similar to those on the skirt, only narrower and shorter. A yoke was also formed from these sections, and likewise the sleeve cuff. The effect of the entire suit was very charming. The lace used was about an inch in width.

In the making up of lawns and muslins we are told that shirring will be extensively used, shirred yokes, plain yokes with rows of fine shirring just below them, and shirred apron fronts with four or five fine rows of gathers down the middle and down each side of the front breadth. Lawns and muslins will not be combined with any other material this season. Silks nor ribbons will not be admitted as a garniture to dresses made from them to any great extent. This of course, is because the majority of these goods are now so showy in themselves.

However, we must not allow things that cannot be utilized till some distant day detract our attention altogether from the apparel that we are now wearing, some of which is quite new and very beautiful despite the opposition of the time.

A WALKING SUIT.

This is one of the prittiest and most sensible suits that we have seen for some time. The material from which it is made is a rich dark brown silk with a garniture of embroidered leaves in all the tints from the darkest to the palest. The skirt is cut to clear the ground, and is finished around the bottom with a heavy milliner's fold which imparts the stiffness required to prevent the skirt from flapping. Above this finish is an artistic trimming made from the silk and the embroidery. Large half wheels are formed from fluted sections of the silk and the outer edges of these wheels are encircled with a vine of the embroidery. They are placed close together with the rims standing up. The polonaise is also finished around the bottom with a similar trimming, only narrower. The front of the polonaise is turned back in the form of revers and the revers are covered with the embroidery. Embroidery also trims the waist and sleeves, and covers the collar, cuffs and revers, and pockets of the English jacket. The accompanying hat is something in the turban shape, is made of dark brown velvet, and trimmed with brown tinted tips.

ANOTHER HAT.

This is made of rich black velvet and has a garniture of short black ostrich tips and handsome gold ornaments. It has a low crown and a narrow curled brim. At one side is the cluster of tips that sweep over the crown. Around the base of the crown is a cluster of velvet folds. These folds are clasped together at short intervals with the gold ornaments. Just visible under the brim is a fine white ruche.

HINTS FROM ELSEWHERE.

Embroidery of all kinds will be the rage for some time to come, the handwork taking the lead, affording an excellent opportunity for young ladies of industrious habits to enrich simple material and render them beautiful.

Caps will be the distinctive head-dress worn with the short costumes, especially by young women. They are of three kinds—the turban, the melon and the soft "Pouf," or Polish cap.

A new thing in buttons, which follow close upon the hand-painted ties, bows and the like, are of wood or vegetable ivory, painted in sets, each one in a different design. The essential point is this, that the objections shall not be incongruous, but have some relation to or correspondence with each other, and also be proportionate in size.

The few buttons of this kind that have been seen have been painted either for or by private hands, but it is stated that at least one or two of those houses that deal in choice fancy wares will shortly have them for sale.

New designs in jewelry consist of golden shells, plates or salvers in miniature, upon which is a little gem in the rough, incrusted or imbedded in its natural rock.

Another most exquisite novelty consists of small skeletonized insects, grasshoppers, butterflies and the like, executed in the most exquisite gold filigree, and placed as ornaments upon bonnets, headdresses and the like. The execution of it is so fine, as to be really marvelous.

A toilet for the theatre consists of a fourreau dress of slate-gray faille and black satin and old-gold faillie striped pekin. The tablier and waistcoat are of the striped pekin. The train, without any trimming, and the middle of the back are of slate-gray faille; the bodice, low and square, has revers of striped pekin, as well as the sleeve, which is finished at the elbow with a fluting of crape lisse. There is a small white chemisette inside the bodice.

Childrens costumes are principally made of vigogne, cashmere, velveteen, or light cloth. Elegant dresses for little girls are trimmed with velvet, of which are also made waistcoats almost as long as the short frock, deep collars and facings. Thick Irish guipure, so durable and so effective, is much employed for trimming juvenile costumes for both sexes. Children do not wear light colors as a rule, and the white guipure is put on over navy-blue, bronze-green dark garnet, or iron or beige gray fabrics.

A short costume for a young girl is of plaid tartan with a dark blue gronnd. In front, the skirt is kilted Scotch fashion. Second skirt, forming a tablier with folds across, turned up at the side so as to show a waistcoat simulated by cross strips of blue velvet. At the back, the second skirt, edged with blue velvet, is turned up to show the velvet lining. The bodice, also edged with velvet, slit open at the bottom in the middle. Long tight sleeves. Large buttons to match at the waist behind and upon the sleeves.

Evening and dinner dresses are made this year in two different styles; or falile and brocaded silk of rich dark tints, and quite high in the neck, with jacket opening with *ineroyable* facing turned back to the shoulder, and showing a waistcoat of the richer and more effective material. A light ruffle of white lace completes this style of toilet, somewhat sober, but extremely elegant. Long facings of brocaded silk, similar to the waistcoat, commencing from the hips, a little to the back, come down over the train, and are edged with tiny flutings. The sleeves are long and very narrow. The other style of toilet is of light colored silk fabrics, such as failie, satin, moire, or brocaded silk, or two or three of these combined. The dress is made with paniers, and a low necked, square or oval shaped bodice; the sleeves are short to the elbow, and finished with white lace frillings and loops of narrow double faced satin ribbon. The tablier, which also forms the front part of the bodice, is covered with white lace, gauze flutings, and narrow ribbon.

New Fashion Items of Interest.

Spanish lace veils are again in fashion.

Wide collarettes of fur are again fashionable.

Valenciennes is no longer used for collarettes.

Tiny brooches are used to fasten bonnet-strings.

Black kid gloves, buttoned with small pearls, are novelties.

French heeled boots for dancing must match the dress.

Lace mittens are worn only at parties where there is no dancing.

The old "Normandy" shape is being worn for evening bonnets.

Combinations of colors in fabrics for party wear are decidedly striking.

Sulphur-colored velvet, with figures of scarlet and azure blue flowers, is a novelty.

Many handsome ball dresses shown by the leading dress-makers are without a train.

At a fashionable wedding the other afternoon, the bridemaids wore white silk bonnets.

White net bonnets, trimmed with Breton lace, are worn at receptions and afternoon teas.

Chambery gauze, showing lovely bouquets of flowers and gay stripes, is a favorite party fabric.

Lace mits, lace long gloves, and pale-hued kids with numerous buttons are all now fashionable.

Throat bows are made of long loops of gay Persian ribbon. Some of them are fastened by a tinsel lizard or bee.

Striped velvets, combined with silk or satia, form very elegant full dress toilets; the garniture should be lace.

Very handsome ball dresses are arranged in crape lisse, imported especially for costumes. There are various colors.

Satins showing clear cream hues and pomegranate tints form admirable combinations by strong gaslight.

A rich damask of a clear straw color has small palm leaves and pink flowers scattered over the pale-tinted ground.

Skirts are noticeably short in front, giving an excellent opportunity to exhibit fine hose and handsome slippers.

There is a novelty in sleeve-buttons of very light tortoise-shell representing horses' heads, with the bit, bridle and headgear of gold.

"Crape cloths" are employed in the construction of full-dress toilets. This style of goods bears a strong resemblance to English crape.

A New Haven woman recently applied for a dvorce the day after she was married.

Sets, comprising a collar, a handkerchief and cuffs, of the old-fashioned tatting, made of the finest thread, are new and beautiful.

It appears that satin showing the decided old gold hue for the ground, with the shadings of royal purple, is classed as one of the latest novelties.

Hose are very richly finished on the insteps. Slippers of satin brocade and damasse goods correspond in tint with the dress or the garniture.

New handkerchiefs have centers of white linen, borders of colored silk, and are ornamented in one corner by the embroidered figure of a grenadier.

The Princesse model shows a change for the better. The skirt is not flat; an extra width is placed in the back, giving quite a bouffant expression.

Jewelry for the hair and imitation jeweled ornaments for this purpose are seen in great quantities and variety in the jewelry and fancy stores.

The hat of the passing moment is the equestrienne, in rough gray felt, banded with three narrow ribbons placed at intervals around the crown.

A Parisan fancy is to use several yards of white India cashmere in the place of a *sorit du bal* in which the wearer envelops herself from head to foot.

Birds of paradise, butterflies and insects of all sorts in the form of gold filagree and Impegan feather ornaments are worn in the hair for full dress.

The belted Josephine corsage, the corset basque and the corsage with long points back and front are all worn for evening toilets with low, square necks.

The favorite style of wearing the pendant is suspended by an inch-wide satin ribbon around the neck, though the necklace and neck-chain are still worn.

Mummy cloth, rough-surfaced cotton fabrics, in all the fashionable shades for upholstery, are all the rage at the moment for portieres and window draperies.

For street wear, under all circumstances, a very simple dress, although it be a little shabby, is preferable to one more elaborately draped and trimmed that has lost its freshness.

All morning toilets for the street should be short and very dark or black. The materials may be vigogne, cashmere, camel's-hair, and all woolen goods, but the trimmings may be of silk.

The furnishing houses are selling panier bustles of dimity and brilliantine, with steel springs in them to support short or demi trained dancing dresses, but the sale is as yet very limited.

The fancy of the moment in short costumes is a skirt and jacket of seal brown cloth, the wrap also of the same in English coat shape, trimmed with a color, revers, cuffs, and pocket straps of fur seal.

Musical lace pins are small bugles, cornets, flutes, clarionets, flageolets, guitars, horns of all kinds, and sometimes an open music book, with an enameled bird singing on the lines of the bars of music.

All sorts of stones are cut in cameos—chalcedony sardodenyx, topaz, amethyst, odyx, agate—and all sorts of translucent, opaque and straited stones and shells of various kinds are used for these artistic gems.

A pair of fox tails, of either the common red, the silver, blue, gray, black or white fox, mounted with a silver or gilt bell top and chains, is a pretty ornament to fasten near the horses' ears in sleighing weather.

Very wide bracelets are worn half way between the elbow and wrist with the elbow sleeves universally adopted for *toilets de ceremonie* this season; another narrow gold or jeweled bracelet is sometimes worn at the wrist.

Nacarat red and reseda are favorite combinations of color for full stately evening dress. That is, the under dress is of nacarat plush, satin, velvet or moire, and the over dress of reseda brocaee, satin, or gros grain, or a striped silk fabric.

The costliest pendants are made with one large jewel—a solitaire diamond, a sapphire, opal, emerald, amethyst, topaz or cat's eye—for the center, embelished with gold traceries or small diemonds all around, and fine gold or jeweled fringes or tassels.

In cambrics, a striking novelty appears, in that of reversible patterns—the colors being so stamped in, that the stuff can be made up with either the right or the wrong side as the outside; and in these cambrics the colors, though not in the figures of the patterns, differ on the right and the wrong side.

The French prints are, indeed, unusally interesting as manufactures, and unusally neat and tasteful in design and coloring. English chintzes of excellent quality and very desirable are in old china-blue, in minute designs imitative of ostrich feathers—these in set clusters, or confusingly entangled.

Some of the polka-dotted and other cambrics, of simple patterns, have striped or lace edge in white; and this edge is intended for trimming or bordering. For children, these cambrics are of white ground, called *toile d' Irland*, in the dots, dashes, and other small figures, in black and other dark colors, which distinguish printed linen shirting.

As before stated, there has been a reappearance of percales in navy-blue, brown, the dark neutral colors, and in black, in patterns of polka dots in white, Polka-dotted prints are also shown in a ground of myrtle-green, and in rich dark mulberry-color. There are percales in navy-blue, brown and black, crossbarred in very old-fashioned patterns of white and old-gold, the mingled colors and confused figures of bourette; and reminders of bits of chintz surviving in the patchwork quilts of our grandmothers, in cambrics of grounds of dark-brown, invisible green and blue, in patterns of sprays with leaves of old-gold and white blossoms.

The grenadines which have come in are mostly in very delicate colors, embracing the palest shades of *Mexiaue* and *ceil*-blue rose, lavendar, lilac, the most delicate *jaune* tints, and cream and ivory white; with a marked contrast in an occasional piece of ruby and Bordeaux-red, plum and mulberry colors, navy-blue and myrtle-green; and a clinging to the *bourette* fancy, in black, cross-barred in cords of vivid colors. In texture, the grenadines present the damask, or *damasse* variety; of alternate soft, smooth silk-and-*crepe* cross-stripes, half an inch wide, and *crepe* stripes alternating with fancy plush stripes; the plain canvas mesh; and a novelty *crepe* texture, closely resembling *crepe de Chine*. These goods are of silk-and linen texture, and sell at from $1.75 to $2.50 per yard.