"WHEN EROS CAME."

Long years my Lute was silent, none had heard
Its music in my soul's house where it hung,
Full of sweet songs no voice had ever sung,
Until one moonlit eve when the deer stirred
Softly amid the fern and the night bird
Poured forth a flood of melody that wrung
My heart with passionate longing, then I flung
My Lute away;—slowly, without a word,
One picked it up, his gaze most sweet and wise
Met mine, he placed my fingers on the string:—
"Thy Lute is dumb no more, beloved, sing,"—
And, trembling with an ever new surprise,
I sing,—all I have dreamed,—and more,—my King
Still gazing on me with his grave sweet eyes.

G. H. F. N.

COYOTE-THAT-BITES.

Not every Apache can get his fill of blood before sun-up, and his fill of mescal before noon. Yet Coyote-That-Bites had managed to achieve both these delightful ends, and of all the happy savages on the Colorado desert he was the most riotously, tumultuously happy. With what keen delight he had drawn his sharp blade across the throats of Jose Sanchez and his wife after he had stolen into their wagon in the gray dawn, and what thrills of joy shot through his breast when he silenced the yells of their two little children with the butt end of their father's own rifle. And then, when he had taken what gold was in the Mexican's bag, what mescal was in his demijohn, and had strapped Jose's rather loose fitting cartridge belt about his sun-brown belly, with what fierce pleasure he stole away from the scene of his bloody work, and with the Mexican's rifle on his shoulder, had wandered far down the dry arroyo, sipping from the demijohn the stupefying juice of the agave from time to time, until he felt that he was growing drowsy.

Then he had dragged his uncertain way along, until he had come to the railroad track. He stared stupidly at the bright steel rails, and looked up at the humming wires in an awed sort of way. He would like to lie there behind the rocks, he thought, until some one should come along the track, and then try a shot at him with his newly acquired weapon. The demijohn was growing light and the rifle was growing heavy. Well, it was getting toward noon, and rather warm, even for an Apache, and he would lie down in the shade of the rocks over there and rest.

The humming of the wires is a soothing sound, and no sooner had his head touched the earth than sleep took a mighty hold upon him, and wiped out his realizing sense of joy, as sleep has a way of doing with everybody that has anything to be joyful for. And so he lay, with the rifle by his side, and his unspeakably hideous face turned up toward the blue that arched the desert.

It was quiet there and restful—no sound save the music of the wires. Stay, there were other sounds; but they came some time after Coyote-That-Bites had thrown himself upon the sand, and gone off to the Land of Nod. They came faintly at first, and mingled with the murmurings of the wires. Surely they were the voices of children.

Had the red beast been awake he might have imagined that they were the haunting voices of the wee Mexican children whose blood he had so ruthlessly shed that morning. But he heard them not. They were very far from being ghostly voices anyway—those tones that now piped forth so merrily as Dubs and Gay trudged down the line. They were walking in the scoop-out along the road-bed—not on the track, for that was forbidden.

There were other things that were forbidden, too, and one of them was straying so far away from the station. But Dubs was "taking good care" of his three-year-old sister, and in the pride of his six full years he was equal to the care of half a dozen such as Gay.

To give Dubs all due credit, he did not know he was half a mile from home, and he really was going to turn back pretty soon. But the children had found many interesting and beautiful things to claim their attention. First there had been a chase after a young owl that could not fly, and that made its way along in the most haphazard manner imaginable. Then a horned toad had been captured, and Dubs had dragged the disgusted prisoner along by a string, until he had tired of the sport and had let him go again. Then, always keeping close to the railroad, they had entered a great field of cacti, where Dubs had tried very hard to pick "toonies" without getting the insidious, needle-like spines in his fingers. He was fairly successful, but he would not let the fruit of the cactus go into his sister's chubby hands until it had been stripped of its dangers by his ready jack-knife.

"F I on'y had tum matches to build a 'ire wiv," sighed Dubs, "I'd burn off vese prickles, jus' like ve Injuns does."

"O-o!" came suddenly from under Gay's sunbonnet. "Wot's dat?"

"W'y it's a jug!" and Dubs left the "toonies" and started toward the pile of rocks where lay the Coyote's demijohn, and where also lay the Coyote himself.

The two trudged up the little slope, and Dubs grasped the handle of the demijohn, only to let it drop again and spring back quickly with Gay in his arms. For he had caught sight of the Coyote, and he was smitten with a sudden desire to go home.

But he saw the Indian did not move, and so he suddenly became very brave. He was certainly sound asleep, and no more to be feared than papa, when he lay on his lounge in his midday repose. Then, too, Dubs was quite sure he was "worky Injun," like the Yaquis who shovelled and picked on the railroad, and so his mind became wholly at ease.

The Coyote's cartridge belt, which had been so loosely strapped, had fallen off, and lay by his side. There were a hundred very interesting bits of brass sticking in it, and the children soon had these scattered all about in the sand by the snoring Coyote. In the scramble for her share of the innocent toys, Gay let one of them drop on the Coyote's leg. Perhaps the mescal's influence was on the wane, for a big brown knee was thrust quickly up from the sand, and a big brown hand clutched the ugly knife at the Coyote's side; but the hand fell, and the noble red man snored on.

Dubs tried on the cartridge belt and became an Indian, all but the indispensable knife, and he concluded to borrow that from the sleeper, whose fingers had lost their grip on the buckhorn handle.

"It's bigger'n Mommie's butcher knife, ain't it, Gay?" the young savage asked, as he grasped the handle of the devilish-looking blade. "Now you 'tand over vere an' I'll get 'hind 'vis wock. Ven you tum along, an' I'll jump out and kill you."

Gay demurred.

Oh, it's on'y make b'leve. Vese kind o' Injuns don' kill nobody," and he stuck a contemptuous finger toward the innocent Coyote. "It's on'y 'Paches 'at kills, an' vey's none yound here, Mommie says. I'm a 'Pache, so you better look out."

It was dubious sport for Gay, and when it came to the killing part she screamed lustily.

"You've woked him up an' 'poiled it all," said Dubs in a tone of accusation. "Now he'll want his knife."

Sure enough the Coyote-That-Bites did shake his brown legs and arms quite vigorously, but the last two big swallows of mescal held him down. So, after turning over, and burying his hatchet-like face in the sand, he lay quiet again.

When he had thus turned over, was brought into view the rifle, which had been concealed by his dirty blanket. Dubs eyed the weapon with covetous eyes. He could not withstand the temptation of feeling it all over, standing it up on its butt, and trying to shoulder it, but this last feat he could hardly accomplish. Just what it was that kept his fingers off the hammer and trigger, and prevented a sound that would surely have brought the Coyote to his feet with a yell, I am sure I cannot tell; but Dubs played with that fascinating weapon for nearly an hour, while Gay poured sand over the cartridges, hiding nearly all of them from view.

By this time the sun's rays were on the long slant, and the children were very hungry. By this time, too, the Apache was growing restless, for the mescal had nearly lost its grip upon him. A train thundering by, or, much less, a "swift" brushing against his black foot, a spider dropping on his leg, or even a big fly buzzing at his ear,—any of these would have set his demon force into play again.

But the children could not wait for such demonstrations as these, though why it did not occur to Dubs that the Coyote's ear needed tickling with a grease-wood twig, the Lord only knows. The wind was up, and the wires were murmuring louder than ever. The wee ones had sported in the black shadows long enough,—had played with the fangs of the deadly serpent until they were tired and their stomachs were empty. So they set off on a trot for home.

Just as they turned the bend and came in sight of the low roof of the station, a "dust-devil" swept by the rocks where lay the Coyote-That-Bites. He jumped to his feet, grasped his empty sheath, gave a mad whoop, and stared about in feverish rage. There was his knife, half-covered by the sand, and there was his rifle, far from his side. Here was the cartridge-belt, empty, and all about him in the sand were countless little foot-prints.

A bewildered look stole over his face, but it passed away when his eye rested on the empty demijohn. The expression that replaced it was one of demoniacal ferocity, and the lust of slaughter lay heavily upon him. But the cartridges,—where were they? He saw Gay's mound of sand, and kicking it, gave a grunt of delight to see the brazen capsules that were scattered right and left by his foot.

He picked them all up, grunting over each one. Filling the belt and grasping his rifle, he started off in the direction in which the small footprints led. Like a bloodhound, he chased along the track. His eyes scanned the plain at every turn, and his breath was hot and strong. But when he turned the big curve and saw the station, he knew that he was late,—too late,—and he gave a grunt of disgust, and was off like the wind over a side trail that led toward the sunset.

In the low-roofed station-house the mother crooned to tired little Gay, lying so soft and limp in her arms. She looked out over the desert, saw the sun touching the tips of the solemn giant cacti with purple dots; saw the prickly pear shrubs, holding their grotesque arms above the great sweep of sand that ran down to the low horizon, and felt the inspiration of the scene as she had often felt it before. For the desert has a beauty that is all its own. She knew that other women in the great cities, and in the cool, green valleys, might pity her in that desolate spot, but she felt that she needed not their pity. Dubs came and leaned his head against her arm, where she sat, and little Gay nestled down with a tired sigh. Yes, there was much, she thought, for which to be thankful.

And, in truth, there was.—(Frank B. Millard in "The Overland."

SAN MARINO'S NEW REGENTS.

INSTALLED WITH ALL THE CEREMONY OF ANCIENT TIMES.

San Marino, Oct. 21.—The semi-annual inauguration of the Capitani-Reggenti, the two Regents of the miniature Republic of San Marino, has just taken place, with little comment from the outside world. Political excitement in the mountain-bound State did not run high during a campaign of months. The people were not called upon to combat the corrupt practices and usages of a powerful and unscrupulous organization. Speeches were unnecessary; assessments would have been out of place.

The election of the State's representatives was a simple matter in Europe's "Lilliputian Republic." A few days before the expiration of the terms of Signori Martelli and Filippi, who have occupied the highest office in their native country since last April, the names of their successors were drawn by lot from the members of the Great Council of Sixty, the "Generale Consiglio Principe," the chief ruling body of the State. The Constitution requires that the Great Council be composed of twenty nobles, twenty burghers, and twenty peasants or rural landowners, and that one of the regents be a noble, and the other either a peasant or a burgher. The drawing took place in the "Pieve," the State cathedral, in the presence of the members of the Great Council and the smaller Council of Twelve—chosen from the larger body—the Regents and the principal officers of the State. The priest, who conducted the ceremony, drew the names of Professor Michetti, a nobleman, and Signor Busignani, a burgher and peasant, and proclaimed them as Regents-elect.

The inauguration, the principal event of each semester, was conducted, as usual, with great pomp and display. For several days prior to the interesting event the houses and palaces of the hilly little city were decked with flags and bunting. Crowds of people came from the various towns and rural parts to be found in the thirty-three square miles of territory which make up the Republic. Pilgrims and strangers, attracted by the prospective spectacle, came, too, from the neighboring cities of Italy.

The roaring of the two cannon presented to the Republic by Victor Emanuel, and the pealing of all the bells in the State, awakened the inhabitants and visitors early on the eventful morning of the installation. Each citizen hastened to prepare himself for his traditional part in the ceremonies. The Counsellor, whether peasant, burgher or nobleman, drew on his dignified robe; the young patrician, his brilliant uniform of the Nobles' Guard, and the soldier, who does duty only twice a year, the blue-white coat and the plumed helmet of the Republic's militia.

As the great town-clock struck 9, the imposing procession left the Palazzo Valloni, the Governmental palace, for the ancient cathedral, followed by hundreds of curious sightseers. Easily might a pilgrim from over the sea imagine himself looking upon a scene in the Middle Ages. To the inspiring tones of the military band and the music of the cannon from the "rocca," the soldiers in their blue-white clothes, led by Lieutenants Grazia and Cesarini, moved at the head of the column. The Nobles'-Guard, under Lieutenant Brachi, wearing uniforms similar to the officers of the Italian Carabinieri, with drawn sabres, and hats crowned with flowing plumes, followed the militia, both bodies of troops being commanded by Major Ciardini. After the soldiers came the retiring Regents and Regents-elect, clad in Spanish costumes, including the knee-breeches, silk stockings, shoes with the silver buckles, velvet caps, white gloves, flowing robes, and swords. About the necks of Signori Martelli and Filippi hung the chains with the Order of San Marino, the insignium of their lofty office. At a respectful distance from the chiefs, followed the members of the Council, the Chamberlains, the members of the Ministry, including Signor Belluzi, Secretary of the Interior; Signor Fattori, Secretary of Foreign Affairs; Signor Tonnini, Secretary of War; the Italian Consul, the Prefect of Rimini and delegations from various Italian cities on friendly terms with the Republic. At the head of the delegations was Signor Anterio Zagnoni, of Bologna—where the sons of San Marino attend the university. The heads of the San Marino cloisters, the principals of the schools and the nine gendarmes brought up the rear of the stately and picturesque procession.

As the solemn notes of the Te Deum resounded in the old church, the Regents ascended for the last time the high throne, crowned by a red silk canopy, and, surrounded by their successors and the dignitaries of the State, listened to the celebration of mass.

With the singing of the National hymn, "Salve Rupe Del Monti Regina," the religious part of the ceremonies ended, and the procession returned, as it had gone, to the Palazzo Valloni. There the Regents surrendered their places to their successors. After a short address by Professor Tattori, Secretary Belluzi read the oath of office in Latin. With their hands on the Bible, the new Regents repeated the words: "Ad laudem et reverentiam Dei optimi maximi ac beatissimae Mariae semper Virginis beatique Marini Patroni ac Defensoris Communis . . . vos Domini Capitanei nuper vocati et electi ad Reipublicae regimen pro sex mensibus futuris hodie Dei gratia inchoandis, et ut sequitur feliciter finiendis jurabitis ad Sancta Dei Evangelia, etc., etc."

After the new captains had sworn to fulfil their duties to the Government, the people, the poor, the orphans and the widows of the Republic, the retiring Regents descended from their seats on the throne, placed the order of San Marino on the necks of their successors, made their obeisances, and took their places in the ranks of the Counsellors. The official ceremonies ended with the salutations and congratulations of the Italian representatives.

San Merino begins its new semester under auspicious conditions. It is unnecessary to add that it is at peace with all the world. Its citizens are happy and contented with their lot. They are prosperous and unburdened with taxes. Their share of the customs of Italy is sufficient to pay Governmental expenses, and they live on, from year to year, "envious of none, generous to all."

TRAINING HIGHBINDERS IN FEROCITY.

From The San Francisco Examiner.

At the corner of Sansome and Clay sts. yesterday morning half a dozen Chinamen were bidding for a dead wildcat in the hands of a quail pedler. The beast was shot in Marin County the day before, and the eagerness of the Chinese, together with the spirited bidding, was a source of much amusement to the crowd that collected.

Representatives of the dreaded Chee Kung Tong society were there, and so also was a member of the Ping Ong Tong, and both sides were determined to secure the cat.

Two dollars and a half was first offered, and from this the bids rose to $5.

The old man who had the cat merely smiled.

A truce was declared while the body of the feline was examined. Many grunts of approval emanated from the warriors when it was found that the wildcat was fat.

"Fi dolla hap," said one of the Chinese.

"Six dolla hap," promptly came from a member of the Pings.

The other side held a conference and raised the amount another dollar.

At the close of the contest the representative of the Ping Ongs marched proudly away with the bob-tailed cat, after having deposited $15 in gold for it.

"That's nothing," said the quail pedler, "I sometimes get more than that for 'em. They eat them so's to get brave."

Last night about twenty members of the Ping Ong Tong society regaled themselves on wildcat, and consequently increased their bravery.

The custom of eating tigers, lions and other animals of a fierce nature by the Chinese dates from the days of Confucius.

Moy Sing, one of the most intelligent Chinamen in San Francisco, thus gave his opinion on the subject last night:

"A Chinaman believes that if he eats a portion of a lion or tiger the bravery and courage of the animal will enter into his system and he will become daring. In China the smallest piece of a tiger is valuable for this reason. I have eaten lion meat, and the effect is to make a man brave. Here in California we eat wildcats and foxes, and think whenever we eat of the flesh of either kind we become brave or cunning like those animals. I think the man who sold the wildcat to those Chinamen made them believe it was a young lion, or they would not have paid so much for it, because the flesh of a wildcat is not of near as much value as that of a lion."

GIVE THE CHOIR SOME CHANCE.

From The London News.

"Please do not outvoice the choir." This notice has not yet made its appearance, but it may perhaps be looked for by way of a compromise to the more decided measures recommended by a correspondent of "The Guardian." This person attended the commemoration services at Ely Cathedral, and when the choristers and chapter, after meeting the bishops at the west door, came singing up the nave and turned south and east into the procession path round the choir, and so out again under the lantern, he desired nothing better than to listen. Unhappily behind him was what he contemptuously calls "a voice with a young parson attached." The voice was a tenor; it was even a good tenor, correct in time and tune. Its fault was, in brief, simply its existence then and there. For this voice behind seemed to fill the place. Might not the cathedral authorities, asks the sufferer, request curates, women, and ecclesiastical laymen (the others don't sing) having voices, or "voices having curates," to send in their names the day before, that so they might be penned away in the north transept or perhaps even outside the west door?

THE FASHIONS.

WHAT CHILDREN ARE WEARING.

GOWNS, COATS AND HATS—HAIR IN THE DUTCH STYLE.

The sensible English fashions generally prevail in children's attire, though dresses are somewhat shorter this season than they were last. The extremely long frocks worn by tiny toddlers in their first walking clothes—frocks which were often so long that they barely cleared the ground and impeded the progress of the child—are done away with; the child's dress is now made of suitable walking length.

The materials most used in general wear for school girls up to twelve and fourteen years of age are plaids and fancy cheviots in bright colors. Cornflower-blue, India blue, the cobalt or Delft blues, browns, dark-greens and deep crimsons are the colors most sought for. The various shades of blue, however, are more worn than all the other colors together. The plain, straight skirt without any trimming on it is more often seen than any trimmed skirt, though it is varied in plaid dresses by making it on the bias, and in plain cloths by making it in bell-shape with a bias seam down the centre of the back and trimming it with a narrow gimp not over an inch wide, or with three-inch folds of velvet. There are other trimmed skirts which are edged with an inch band of fur on the bottom or bordered above the edge with triple rows of fur, each an inch wide.

Bright buckles are used considerably on children's dresses. The somewhat frivolous fashion of "suspender dresses," introduced last season by fashionable tailors, is now relegated, as it should be, to children's dresses. One of the prettiest styles for school wear is a princess dress, which is often made up in shades of brown, cross-barred by a line of cardinal. The dress is low in the neck and without sleeves. It is in one piece, the gores which fit it closely to the waist extending from the top to the bottom of the skirt, exactly like the Gabrielle dresses so much worn by children twenty years ago. The dress is worn with a blouse of golden-brown silk, with full sleeves. It is held on over the shoulders by suspenders of scarlet wool, fastened down by jaunty little buckles of gold. This dress furnishes an excellent model to mothers who so often make up their children's dresses at home. Children's dresses which are imported are quite generally made over a foundation skirt like their mammas'; but the best children's dressmakers do not make up the skirts in this way. On the contrary, they simply line the skirt, if it is a handsome dress, with silk; if it is a plain dress, with cambric. In the case of the one-piece dresses worn by children under twelve years of age the skirt, which requires about two breadths of double-width goods, is shirred on to the waist by three or four rows of shirring placed quite near together. In the case of the dresses of two pieces worn by children of fourteen years and upward, the skirt is shirred on to a band, or more frequently on to a little fitted underwaist of muslin, which prevents it from sagging down, as two-piece dresses too frequently do. In all skirts, whether the bell-skirt or a simple round skirt, the use of a piece of foundation muslin, about an eighth of a yard wide, is recommended around the bottom. This is put under the hem and extends up above it between the lining and the dress, if the hem is not turned up to this depth. One of the prettiest dresses recently made in two pieces for a girl of sixteen was finished at the waist-line by a row of five or six shirrings and a cord of velvet in place of a waistband. The bodice of the dress extended below the waist, and the skirt was caught up on the bodice at the waist-line by hooks and loops, to prevent its sagging. The skirts of such dresses with a round bodice are also finished with a velvet girdle fastened at the back with two full choux of velvet.

The variety in children's waists is almost as great as that shown in ladies' waists. Where a child is slight in figure, full blouse effects are used, with the Marie Antoinette sleeve, which is full above the elbow and close to the forearm. When the young lady is inclined to a more rotund figure, the princess style of dress and surplice effects, fitting smoothly to the form, with a leg-o'-mutton sleeve of moderate dimensions, are preferred. There are many blouses worn with laced bodices extending as far up as the armpits. Such bodices are laced in the middle of the front; on each side of the front about where a second dart would come; and in the middle of the back. Jacket fronts worn with full blouse fronts of silk or some softer material than the wool of the dress are very popular. The lower part of the sleeve below the elbow is then of the material of the blouse, and the upper part is draped over it to give the effect of a second sleeve extending to the elbow or a little below it.

Children's dresses for more elaborate wear are made of fancy woollens and cashmeres of various kinds trimmed with silk or velvet. For dancing and for other "dress" occasions there are also many dainty little gowns of chiffon made up over India silks in the same color or of India silks in brocaded patterns and delicate evening colors trimmed with chiffon. Fine woollen dresses are often combined with velvet this season. In some cases the entire front of the bodice is of velvet, with a narrow velvet cuff, and frequently with an eight-inch panel of velvet extending down either side of the skirt; or such a fold of velvet may be used a few inches above the hem to border the skirt. A dainty dress of mode-colored Bedford cord has a deep fold of velvet in a slightly darker hue than the dress placed above the hem of the skirt. The lower part of the sleeves are also of velvet. The full upper part of the sleeve is draped over the lower part, and slashed to form a deep point which displays the velvet sleeve beneath it. The front of the dress is ornamented with a vest of fancy silk, laid on in a cluster of fine pleats in front with a jabot effect at either edge, given by the deft manner in which the edge of the silk is caught down at the sides. Dancing dresses for little girls are made in the simplest manner of the sheer materials already mentioned. Some of the most aesthetic effects are seen in the Kate Greenaway gowns imported from Liberty's London house. A charming gown for a child of ten is made of the palest tint of sea-green India silk. It has a full waist fastened at the back as all children's dresses are, and a full skirt gathered in at the waist by a soft sash of the same material. The high sleeves are in leg-o'-mutton style, and are close at the forearm, but artistically wrinkled and long. A soft ruffle of chiffon in palest rose tint finishes the bottom of the dress. Full ruffles of the same material fall over the hand, and there is a deep ruche of chiffon laid back flat around the throat, and wide enough to cover the shoulders.

There are many pretty little gowns of white India silk, printed with bouquets of roses and other flowers in natural colors, made up in the simplest fashion, and trimmed with ruffles of chiffon. Where a child has a clear brunette complexion, or is a blonde with considerable gold in the hair, dresses of yellow chiffon made up over yellow silk and worn with a white guimpe are chosen by fashionable mothers.

Mothers prefer long cloaks which completely cover the dress for little ones up to ten years of age. After this the choice is between a long cloak and a jacket, but older school girls usually wear a jacket of some simple shape, like the reefer with its loose front. Some exceedingly artistic cloaks have recently been made of cashmere in aesthetic shades. These cloaks were in full shape, depending from a yoke with long epaulets of pleated cashmere hanging over the sleeve from the shoulder to the elbow, giving the effect of a second sleeve. These cloaks are made warm by linings of silk and soft interlinings of wool and are worn with hats of broad-brimmed felt, finished with full Angelo crown of dark velvet and a cluster of tips coming from the back. For elaborate wear for church and for gala occasions such cloaks are made up with high yokes of velvet and velvet sleeves. They are usually finished with fly-fronts without displaying any buttons. Bronzed green, dark shades of blue and rich shades of crimson and other fine colors are used in these coats. Little children under three or four years of age usually wear a white coat or one of pearl-gray or some tint of color. For school and general wear there are many sensible coats of shaggy camel's hair and heavy tweeds in rough diagonal weave. These are made in long coats and jackets, with trimmings of fur, or with no other trimmings than buttons of polished pearl.

Children's hats may match or contrast with their coats. When the hat matches the coat, it is usually trimmed in some bright color to give it a smart appearance; where the hat is of mode color or gray to contrast with a coat of dark brown or blue it is trimmed in monotone, with merely a touch of color. There are many shapes shown in hats. The felt hats with full crowns of velvet and trimmings of tips, already mentioned, are exceedingly popular. There are also Tyrolese hats, with peaked crowns of soft felt, trimmed with velvet ribbon and a cluster of quills usually stuck jauntily through a loop cut in the felt of the hat. There are other hats of brown or navy-blue felt, with broad brims and low crowns, trimmed with great cart-wheel bows of many loops and ends of velvet ribbon, shading from pale cherry on one edge through a gamut of rich cardinal colors into a deep crimson. Brown sailor hats are frequently trimmed with a cluster of full rosettes of soft silk, one brown, one white and another soft rose color. A strap of velvet around the crown completes the trimming. The great white hats of soft, rough felt, trimmed with many white tips and a few loops of white velvet ribbon, are for little ones under four years of age. When the mother does not desire to burden her child with so large a hat, she can select a quaint bonnet of shirred silk and velvet, finished with trimmings of embroidery and lace.

Children's hair is still worn in Dutch fashion. It is cut short in the neck, with the ends curled in, and the full, fluffy bang is short above the forehead and the ends are curled under.

Thanks are due for information received to Messrs. Lord & Taylor, Best & Co., and Aitken, Son & Co.

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT'S "PROPHET" BEGINS A NEW "BOOM."

From The Anti-Jacobin.

It is ours to announce that the Harris cult is amazingly on the increase; and that the cult is likely to take the proportions of a boom. Since Mr. Harris was last in England (many years ago) he has persistently refused to allow any propaganda to be carried on in his name until within the last few weeks. Perhaps he was not too well content with the results of his visit; perhaps the converts he then made did not turn out satisfactorily enough to inspire him with a wish for more. Be this as it may, he suddenly ceased preaching, ceased writing, and even refused to allow what he had already written to be read. About three years ago he shut himself up in what he calls his mountain retreat; and there, for a week together, he would not exchange a word even with his own most devoted followers. The few inquirers who made their way to Fountaingrove met with but scant encouragement to remain; in those days it was easier to gain an audience with the Czar of all the Russias than with Thomas Lake Harris. We have no evidence that his disciples were impatient at this long seclusion, or fretted that efforts were not being made to win the world over to their side. On the contrary, their confidence in their leader seems never to have wavered. If the Prophet chose to hold himself aloof from his fellows, it was, they said, because he had more important work in hand for the moment than the spreading of his doctrines. He was seeking a solution of the World Problem. When that was found the grand propaganda would begin: a propaganda which would rival, in fervor, in zeal and in success, that of Mahomet.

At length the auspicious moment has arrived. Mr. Harris has solved the World Problem, and has issued a notice to the faithful informing them of the fact. The following is an extract from this document: "The final access to the solution of the World Problem was won in the early autumn of last year. Since then Mr. Harris"—the Prophet habitually speaks of himself in the third person—"is passing gradually from the state of internal concentration required for the former study into such direct relations with the world as shall enable him to be of service in the weaving forth of the creative truth into a practical adaptation to the immanent social problems that agitate and appal society. . . . In January of this year, still advancing, he took up the problem of social reorganization in America, and hence abroad, from the high ground of the divine evolution; adapting it, as far as possible, to the limited faculties of reformers whose minds operate merely in the natural degree."

Mr. Harris has not yet revealed, at least not to the profane, the precise nature of this World Problem, the solution of which is so fraught with importance to mankind. From time to time, however, he drops a hint to the effect that neither physically nor mentally is he now as other men; that, in fact, since he solved this problem he has been raised to a higher plane than that on which ordinary mortals live—a plane where all things are made clear and death is unknown. It is the knowledge that he has gained upon these heights that now induces him, he says, to cast aside his habit as a recluse and step forth into the world as the regenerator of society. "My retirement is at an end," he declares. "This American people whom I love, and to whose best interests my life is pledged and consecrated, will now hear from me, and find me, as events move on, as an enunciator and demonstrator of supreme vital laws and of verified facts, of largest value when applied either to the individual or the public good. . . . We have been waiting till certain final demonstrations might be at hand; waiting also till the state of growing anxiety in the public and social mind, in view of the dangers to society from the industrial situation, should require to be met."

The day of waiting, however, is now past, and Mr. Harris and his followers are prepared to take the field in earnest. For reasons which may not be unconnected with the wide advertisement of Mr. Harris which the discussion of Laurence Oliphant's life has spread in England, it is our country that has been fixed upon as the field of operation. Mr. Harris's works are being hurried through the English press—three of them are to be published immediately—while a constant stream of letters, pamphlets, lyrics, "Battle Songs," "Verse-Studies in Social Humanity," are being sent here from California. An English department of the Brotherhood of the New Life has already been established, under the supreme direction of the Prophet himself and the direct superintendence of the most beloved of his disciples. Here, slowly but surely, in twos and threes at first, but (unless we read amiss the signs of the times) before long in greater numbers, will make its way that motley crowd of zealots who revel in the new and strange, and who as often as not have every good quality except common-sense. For all such the Harris cult is irresistibly attractive. The halo of mystery the Prophet has contrived to cast around himself has for them a certain fascination of its own, and so have some of the weird traditions that have gathered around his name. The very brutality with which he rules his followers adds to the somewhat morbid interest he excites. A man who in our day can exact from men and women immeasurably his superiors an obedience more complete than even Ignatius Loyola dreamed of exacting from his disciples is a phenomenon. Oddly enough, too, his influence on those around him seems nearly always permanent, they who are once subject to his sawy are never able quite to recover their balance. More than one illustration of that fact could be given. But of all that has come to light during the recent controversy on this subject, the most ghastly thing is an incident which a personal friend of Mr. Laurence Oliphant's relates. This friend asked Mr. Oliphant, a few days before his death, whether he connected his rather curious illness with a threat Mr. Harris had once uttered. "Oh, I have no doubt that Mr. Harris's devils have been at me!" was the reply. Yet at that time Mr. Oliphant had been for years a fierce opponent of the Prophet's, and was firmly convinced that he had detected him in acts of extremely dubious morality.

ROYAL AND IMPERIAL DAMES.

From The London Queen.

In the opinion of the leaders of fashion in this city, the Queen of Portugal is the most dressy lady in Europe. She buys costumes, bonnets and hats wholesale. Her pale complexion and auburn hair permit of any kind of headgear, and she takes advantage of this circumstance by trying all and every whim of fashion. The Empress of Russia wears everything small and neat, to harmonize with her delicate type of beauty. Pale blue, mauve, and several new shades of green are the colors she prefers. The Grand Duchess Vladimir is also very stylish and elegant. She delights in flowers, her favorites being chrysanthemums and violets. The Countess of Paris only wears round hats, and no bonnets at all. Both she and her daughter, the Duchess of Braganza, dress in a very simple style, mostly in brown or black. The Duchess of Chartres and her daughter, Princess Waldemar of Denmark, rank, on the other hand, among the most fashionable Royal ladies. Both are, moreover, exceedingly graceful, and capote bonnets in black and gold, or cream, white or red, as well as combinations of these colors, are very becoming to them.

A RATTLESNAKE FARM.

From The Philadelphia Record; Gainesville (Mo.) dispatch.

Probably the oddest occupation ever followed by man is that of an old Tennessean who lives about three miles north of here in the Ozark Mountains.

It is George Jaynes, or, as he is known in this neighborhood, "Snaky George." Jaynes came here from the mountains of Tennessee several years ago, and followed the occupation of hunting for a living. He never got very much ahead, but managed to eke out a good living for himself by the sale of game and skins.

He brought with him from his old home the art of making snake oil and sold several pints during each season to the various druggists in this part of the State and always got a good price for it, as it was of an excellent quality. The rocks of the Ozark Mountains abound with rattlesnakes, and it was not long before Jaynes saw that if he went at it right he had a bonanza in the business. He looked about and found a piece of rocky land on the south side of the mountain, which was utterly worthless, as far as agriculture was concerned.

He entered this land as a homestead, and began improving it in a most peculiar way. Instead of clearing off the rocks, he tried to get more there, and soon he had built a veritable snakes' retreat. The hillside was honeycombed with holes, and everything that a snake could desire to make life a pleasure was added to the spot. While he had entered 160 acres, he only utilized about forty of them. He built a house of stone, but cemented it thoroughly inside and out, for, while he made a living off of snakes, he did not care to have too close a companionship with them. Having arranged his farm to his satisfaction, he set about getting inhabitants for the place. In this he experienced little trouble, for the hills abounded with the reptiles and he knew how to catch and handle them without danger. His daily excursions were taken with a view of bringing home a new resident for his farm, and his live-stock increased with wonderful speed.

About four years ago he completed his work of stocking his place, and now he is reaping the benefit of his acumen. Snakes are everywhere on the place, and on a warm day the sight on the hills back of the house would give a drinking man the impression that "he had 'em again." Rattlesnakes of all sizes and conditions are seen lying around in profusion or crawling over the rocks, squirming and twisting in heaps, while the deadly whirr of the rattle makes music which strikes terror to the heart of one unaccustomed to the situation. Above all is that terribly nauseating odor which fills the whole air and drives away one not accustomed to such an offensive scent.

"Snaky George" estimates that there are 10,000 full-grown rattlesnakes on the place, and says that he kills an average of 2,000 every season. He only kills them during the months of September and October, for then they are the fattest and are full of oil. They are getting ready to go into winter quarters, and are in prime condition. His method of catching them is simple.

He has fed them in a certain cleared spot ever since they have been on the place, and they now come there regularly. When he wants to begin work he stands on an elevated rock near the place, and with a slip-noose of wire catches as many as he can use, and kills them. He then takes the bodies to his house, where he throws them into a cauldron and renders out the oil. This he packs in heavy bottles and ships to various wholesale druggists throughout the country, it being used in the preparation of various liniments.

One good sized rattler will make a pint of oil, and this brings $1 50 a pint, or nets Jaynes about $1 after all expenses of rendering, bottling and shipping are paid.

A WHITE ONE.

The air was thick with steam and impregnated with the smell of soap, and the temperature was by no means low, more especially as the sun was streaming in through the uncurtained windows. But the laundry-girls were used to these inconveniences and thought nothing of them. They chattered continuously over their work, not because they were happy or because they had anything particular to say, but because they had no conception of the dignity of silence. The conversation was, perhaps, not of the most edifying description, and the language employed was forcible, garnished by slang, and not free from superfluous expletives, for these girls were not of the highest type. There was a curious tawdriness or rather gaudiness about their, for the most part, ragged dresses; they had big, heavy fringes, which the steam had taken out of curl, so that in nearly every instance they straggled into the bold eyes beneath them; their faces, too, were in a striking contrast to their hands in the matter of cleanliness, for it was not compulsory to put them in the water in order to earn a livelihood; but they were better in this respect than they would be nearer the end of the week, for to-day was only Tuesday.

The only exception to the universal untidiness was manifested in the person of one whom the girls called 'Liza (the i being pronounced as if it was the diphthong ai). This 'Liza, the preliminary "e" of whose name was invariably dropped by her acquaintances, was a hunchback, and her face, though it possessed the merit of cleanliness, was almost repulsively ugly. The complexion was sallow, the mouth badly shaped, the eyebrows obtrusively dark and heavy; very sad were the eyes beneath them, had there been anyone to note their wistful look, but 'Liza did not encourage scrutiny, and, indeed, the brown eyes were not remarkable in themselves, and were moreover half hidden by the drooping lids, from which she glanced in a sideways, half-sinister manner. 'Liza was not very popular among her companions, partly because she chose to be exclusive, and partly because she could on occasion say unpleasantly sharp things. But there was one person whom she loved, and that was Miss Callender.

By and by the ringing of a bell created a diversion among the workers. Almost simultaneously eight pairs of red, soapy arms were drawn out of the wash-tubs, eight pairs of red, crinkled hands were wiped on some portion of convenient apparel, and eight pairs of ill-shod feet tramped into an adjoining room.

At a table in this room stood a young lady, very sweet in appearance and prettily dressed. She nodded in a friendly way to the girls, and shook hands with each one as they passed. She had their interest at heart, and made it her duty to come two or three times a week and provide them with dinner. This dinner consisted usually, as on this occasion, of a plate of soup and a large slice of pudding, for which they paid a penny; a second helping of either could be had for a farthing, so the payment was merely nominal; but the girls were exempt from the feeling that they were the recipients of charity.

The coppers were "dabbed" down on the table in a little pile, and Miss Callender ladled out the soup, which was quickly and noisily consumed. The young lady watched the other women, smiling. Perfectly dainty herself, their roughness did not seem to repel her.

"Girls," she said presently, in her quiet, clear voice, "I am going to give a party in the Mission Hall. Will you come?"

There was a chorus of delighted assent, accompanied by a general clattering of spoons on the almost empty plates.

"Lor, Miss; what sort of a party might it be, now?"

"Oh, friendly," said Miss Callender. "Music, and plenty to eat, and—you may bring your sweethearts."

This caused a prolonged giggling.

"Might we bring more than one?" inquired Polly Blaines who enjoyed the distinction of being the prettiest of the girls.

Miss Callender shook her head disapprovingly. "You oughtn't to have more than one," she said, smiling.

"Oh! as for that, Miss, I don't want any. I'm sure; but there, the more you draws off, the more they comes on. That's how it is with men, and that's why them as don't want 'em, always has the most admirers."

And Polly, conscious of a fascinating retroussée nose and a dimpled chin, tossed her head in the air.

Whereupon all the girls, not to be outdone, and by no means reticent on the subject of their love affairs, fell to talking about them, finding the topic eminently congenial, and treating it in a manner which displayed no more vulgarity of heart than is concealed by certain ladies. Miss Callender rather encouraged than checked them; she liked them to be perfectly natural before her, and was glad of anything which gave her an insight into their lives and characters.

Two there were who kept silence; one a little newly married woman, to whom love was too sacred for common speech; and 'Liza.

The pudding she had begun to attack seemed to stick in 'Liza's throat, and she had great difficulty in gulping it down, for the other hunger of which she was often conscious, the hunger of the heart, now so asserted itself as to make her oblivious of bodily needs. Something there was, too, of bitterness in her mind as she listened to the talk of these others. Perhaps Polly's words did more to cause it than anything else: "Them as don't want 'em always has the most admirers." Looking up, she suddenly met the eyes of this girl. To her morbid imagination they expressed pity, perhaps scorn. She crimsoned.

There was a momentary lull, so that they all heard her when she said in a peculiarly loud, harsh, defiant voice:

"Mine isn't livin'; mine isn't."

"Yours? Did you have a sweetheart once?" asked the married woman, not ungently, though there was the slightest perceptible accent on the pronoun.

"And why not?" asked 'Liza, and her voice was louder than before. "It isn't only pretty girls as has people caring for 'em. There's other things besides looks."

"Of course there are, dear," said Miss Callender, soothingly, for 'Liza's eyes flashed ominously. "Goodness is worth much more to a good man."

"What was his name, 'Liza?" asked Polly Blaines.

Polly was conceited, and 'Liza, hypersensitive, scented patronage.

"I ain't going to tell yer," she said. Then, with swift contradiction, "his first name was Charlie."

"Was he handsome?" asked Polly, pinching her neighbor under the table, so that the latter, a high-colored, coarse-looking girl, gave a little squeak.

"I never see anybody better looking," said 'Liza, with promptitude. "He wasn't any of your pink, dolly men." (Polly's favored suitor happened to be fair.) "He was dark, and his nose was straight, like a gentleman's, and his teeth was white, and" ('Liza warmed to her subject) "and he used to wear a red silk tie, with a pin in it. And," she went on, "he always gave me lots of presents—lots, and he loved me so, as he couldn't bear me out of his sight. Oh," she cried excitedly, "he did love me, and we was so happy, keepin' company, and he was a-goin' to marry me——" She paused abruptly. Indeed, her shrill voice had got almost beyond her control.

"What did he die of?" asked one of the girls, with genuine compassion in her tones.

'Liza looked at her—gasped—hesitated a moment—then rose, and pushed back her chair.

"That don't matter to no one," she said, in a hard voice, that yet had a catch in it. "He's dead, and that's enough; and you needn't any of you ever talk to me about him. So there!" And she went back into the laundry.

There was a moment's silence. Miss Callender sat looking thoughtful; then she rose, and followed 'Liza into the next room, closing the door. The other girls regarded one another with some surprise. 'Liza was usually silent, and was considered morose, but her affliction had made them kind to her in their rough way, though she was certainly not a favorite among them. But now that they realized that she had a romance in her life, the love of sentiment, which is in every woman, made them feel a sympathy for her hitherto unknown. There is often a delicacy of feeling among the very poor, which springs up in unexpected places, like a little flower in the cleft of a rugged rock.

'Liza was standing by her washtub, and she had already plunged in her hands, and begun to vigorously soap one from the heap of towels she had to wash. Her lips were set tight together, her bosom was heaving, and a tear had rolled down her cheek, and dropped off it on her coarse apron. She put up her arm, her hands being soapy, and laid her elbow across her eyes for a minute.

"Eliza," said a soft voice, in accents more tender than she was wont to hear, so that her name sounded quite musical.

She looked up.

"Eliza," said Miss Callender again, and then she came close up to the girl, and drew her toward her.

'Liza was unused to any such demonstration. Perhaps that was why she half-pulled herself away.

"My dear," said Miss Callender, "we must be great friends, you and I, for we have a sorrow in common. Nothing binds people so close together as to be linked by mutual trouble. Two years ago I was engaged to be married, and he who was to have been my husband was—was shot, in Afghanistan."

"Oh, Miss!" cried 'Liza, "Oh, Miss!"

"So you see," said Miss Callender softly, "you and I must be a comfort to each other."

'Liza did not speak. She began to pull at her apron-strings, then getting them into a knot, busied herself undoing it.

"It don't seem as I could do anythink," she said presently. "You always seems happy and bright-like. You're mostly smiling. I don't see how you can be it when any one as has cared for yer has died."

"God helps me to be happy," said Miss Callender simply. "Besides, I have many things to be grateful for."

"Ah, there yer are," cried 'Liza, almost passionately; "you ain't poor, and lonely, and hugly. You could have love if yer wanted to; you don't go longin' and longin', and a pain in your heart mostwhiles. I wouldn't tell any o' them," (pointing to the door) "for they wouldn't understand, but you ain't like them, and you won't make a mock at me, but there's times, specially in the evenings, when I ache for some one to say quite gentle-like to me 'Liza,' and just to look at me a bit lovin'. Why shouldn't I have what others do? 'Cause I ain't pretty? Ain't my heart as good as Polly's there? Wouldn't I be truer than her? May be I won't mind later on, but I ain't so old now as all that come to. And natur's natur, whether we're ladies or poor girls. Ain't it natral to want to be loved?"

"Most natural, dear," said Miss Callender, to whom 'Liza was just then a revelation.

"Then," went on the girl, emboldened by the sympathy which was rather in manner than words, "when folks are kind to me it's mostly pity as makes 'em; and I hate to be pitied. It ain't because they wants me with 'em; there's even some, I suppose, as wouldn't care to keep company with me in case folks should stare. And, oh, I'm proud, I am—I'm awful proud. There's none so proud as them as is despised, you know."

"I don't despise you, Eliza," said Miss Callender, spontaneously. "And I'm sure others don't."

"If I thought you liked me a bit, not 'cause you pitied me, I'd be uncommon glad," said 'Liza, shyly. "I s'pose," she went on, half-ashamed at her own confidences, "it wouldn't make no manner o' difference to you, me likin' you?"

"Indeed it would," Miss Callender answered, and she bent forward and kissed 'Liza on the forehead.

'Liza turned away quickly. "I reckon I'd better get on with my work," she said, huskily.

And at that minute the door opened, and the others came trooping in. Miss Callender exchanged a few words with them, and then went back to get her things.

'Liza rubbed steadily for a few minutes, then suddenly she threw the towel, with a splash, into the water, and her hands and arms covered with soap-suds, rushed into the room where they had had dinner.

Miss Callender, with her hat and gloves on, and her parasol in her hand, was just giving some directions to the old woman who did the washing-up. "Well," she said, seeing the girl.

"Miss," said Liza, looking down. "There's something I'd like to ask yer afore you go." She hesitated, glancing at the woman. Then coming closer, said wistfully, in a low tone, "Do yer think you would ha' p'raps kissed me just the same if it hadn't been for that."

"For what, Eliza?"

"Him—Him as you kep' company with bein' dead."

"Of course, Eliza."

"Even if it hadn't been for what—what I told yer at dinner; do yer think, now, you'd ha' kissed me if it hadn't been for that."

"Of course, I would," said Miss Callender again heartily. "Why not?"

"I was only a wantin' to know," said 'Liza, and she went back to her work.

She sighed heavily two or three times, and the others, thinking that she was sad because of that lost love of her's, were markedly kind to her, and Polly Blaines even suggested that, if she was inclined to go to the party she would be delighted if she would do so, in company with her and Tim Croftie, though she experienced great relief when the invitation was refused, for Tim was of an uncertain temper, and might not approve of the arrangement.

Indeed, from that day began a new era for 'Liza. Whether it was that Miss Callender singled her out for special attention, or because they were really capable of a lasting impression themselves, it is impossible to say, but it is certain that she was differently treated by the other women, and equally certain that this treatment had a salutary effect upon her. Repellant at first, she grew daily more approachable, less suspicious, more gracious, and her better qualities came into play. Perhaps the influence of Miss Callender had not a little to do with this, for from the beginning 'Liza had loved her, and now her feeling was little less than worship. And to love another is so good for a woman's soul that it works like magic on her whole being. It made possible to 'Liza the comprehension of a love higher than Miss Callender's; and the little London heathen, being taught by her dear lady concerning those things of which she had been ignorant hitherto, became what the girls called "religious." Toward the end of the summer, she consented to be confirmed, and went to classes, and this seemed to the others to make 'Liza more important, especially when she explained that "there was ladies at the classes."

'Liza was nearer being happy now than she had ever been in her life, and yet she seemed sadder too. Often she heaved great sighs that made her neighbor turn and look at her, and frequently there were marks of tears on her face; so that by-and-by it grew evident to the others that there was something weighing upon her.

One day the little married woman, who had developed a sort of friendship for her, ventured to ask if anything was the matter with her.

"I can't help seein' as you ain't quite yourself 'Liza," she said, "you ain't in no sort o' trouble, are yer?"

'Liza shook her head.

"'Cos if there' any way of helping yer, 'Liza, it ain't much as I could do, but what I can, I will, yer know. Might it be as yer 've quarrelled with some one, or is it yer rint, now?——or perhaps may be ——," coloring, in doubt as to how 'Liza would take it, "may be you're caring for some one agin, which we can't help our feelings."

'Liza shook her head.

"It ain't nothink o' that, Mrs. Jones," she said.

"It wouldn't be religion, as is depressin' you, I hope?" said Mrs. Jones, with as much severity as she was capable of. "It do take some people like that, which there was a young man our way, as came nigh goin' off his head; but that ain't nateral. It ought to make us 'appy. My Jim, he's sort o' religious hisself, which he pays great rispeck to Sundays, and always washes hisself, and I'm sure a brighter man you couldn't see."

"It isn't religion," said 'Liza, "and yet it is. Everything gets sort o' turned upside down, when one looks at things that way, and all what seemed nateral once, seems wrong now. It's interestin' seein' how things twist round, but it's sad, too; it's disturbin'. There's past things I'd wish different now."

"P'raps you could undo 'em," suggested Mrs. Jones, who was eminently practical. "Anyway, God knows, don't He? if you're sorry?"

'Liza sighed.

"I s'pose," she said, with apparent irrelevance, "one didn't ought to care if one was loved or not; and there ain't no doubt as pride is my besettin'!"

Mrs. Jones shook her head meditatively. She was afraid "religion was upsettin' 'Liza," she told her husband that night.

As the time for her confirmation drew near, 'Liza looked graver than ever, and more worried. At last it came to the day itself. She had obtained a holiday from the laundry, through the influence of Miss Callender. What was the surprise of that lady, and the others, therefore, when, in the midst of the mid-day meal, in rushed 'Liza. She had on a clean print dress, made for the occasion, but her hair was disordered, her face pale from fatigue and excitement, her eyes shone brightly.

"Hullo," exclaimed the girls in a breath. "My! ain't she a swell." They thought she had come to show off her dress.

"Eliza," said Miss Callender. "What do you want? You will be late for your confirmation."

"Oh, Miss," gasped 'Liza, almost breathless, as she was, I had to come. I've tried and tried to say it, and I never could; and at first it seemed a white one. But, lately, it's come 'atween me and God. And I've thought on it at night, in bed, and when any of you has been kind to me, it ha' cut me like a knife. And, oh, Miss, when yoe've spoken of him, I've been a near fallin' down and explaining 'to yer, but somethin' held me back. And I told God, but he seemed to say it wasnt any use my just tellin', unless I undid it. Oh, please, all of you. I don't care now what you think of me, or if you despise me. I can't go to church until I've told yer. Him as I talked of was only what I dreamed about when I was lonely, evenings and times; and there wasn't no Charlie, really, and no one ain't never loved me, nor wanted to marry me."—(The Ludgate Monthly.

THE MAKING OF COFFEE.

From The British Medical Journal.

Notwithstanding the reduction of the duty on coffee, and the fact that the best coffee is sold in Great Britain cheaper than anywhere in Europe, it is steadily falling, we read, in consumption. There are many theories put forward to explain this. One is that coffee is more adulterated here than on the Continent. That is certainly not the case. It is easier to get pure coffee here than in France, Austria, Italy or Germany. The next and most common explanation is that we don't know how to make good coffee here. But that again is a fallacy, and its terms a misstatement. We all know how to make good coffee, and there is no one who cannot make it. All coffee-drinking races, that is to say, all the Latin people and some few of the Teutonic, understand very well that the infusion of the decoction of coffee, and, unlike tea, coffee may be and is made all over Europe almost as well one as the other) is not a fluid like tea, to be imbibed in copious draughts. A weak infusion of coffee is a tasteless and almost nauseous draught; it loses all its aroma and delicacy of flavor when dissipated in an ocean of hot water. The only way to drink coffee in large draughts is to make a small quantity of strong coffee and add to it an ample amount of hot milk; of course cold milk is out of the question. That is what we all drink abroad for "the first breakfast," and find it excellent; but in England we miss the lesson, and demand of the breakfast coffee an impossibility. Half a pint of an aqueous infusion of coffee, is made still more tasteless very often with cold milk. So long as the British coffee-drinker persists in treating coffee as if it were tea, and swallowing it by the pint, he will always find that he gets something unpleasing to his palate.