

The Forest Republican.

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A Curtain Lecture. 11:30 P. M. What! I go to the country this summer? Now that's too absurd, Mr. B. To bury the girls in a farm-house. Where never a man they will see. How can you expect them to marry? You haven't the money to spend? I tell you that's all stuff and nonsense. You'll find it costs most in the end. When they're left on your hands for a lifetime; You'll wish you had listened to me, And retrenched in some other direction—I tell you, you will, Mr. B. I've told every body we're going To Long Branch, and then to the Springs; And now to come down to the country! They'll be saying all manner of things. Have you thought of the shock to your credit? That's worth more than money, you say: I hope folks will think it is, inessence, And not that you really can't pay. I think you might try to afford it. It don't matter much about me, But the girls will be so disappointed— It's cruel, it is, Mr. B. The Grays have asked Julia to Newport; I worked hard enough, I am sure, To get her invited last winter: Must she write now and say she's too poor To buy a respectable outfit? What excuse she can make I don't know, And it never will do to offend them: Indeed, Mr. B., she must go! They move in the very best circles; It's a chance that she oughtn't to miss: I'd never have given that party, If I'd thought it was coming to this. Don't tell me that coal shares have fallen! That's the way with you—off upon stocks, Whenever I ask for a dollar, Or tell you the girls want new frocks. Seems to me, to be risking your money In this way is very unwise; And if you will do it, why don't you Invest in something that will rise? You know how we all hate the country, And just because board there is cheap To ask us to go there this summer!— Mr. B., I believe you're asleep! —Bazar.

THAT LITTLE PLACE OF BROWN'S.

The place was mine, and we lived as cozily there, my wife and little daughter and I, as birds in a nest, until the Blacks, some old friends of ours from the city, came to live in our neighborhood. We were at supper one night when my wife told me. "They're going to take the French-roofed house around the corner," said Sally, "with the big extension and conservatory, and as I happened to be walking out just as the trucks came down, I couldn't help seeing that the parlor furniture is of crimson satin damask and ebony—I think it's ebony; but I won't be sure," continued my wife; "but at any rate it's inland." "Well, that's a comfort, any way," said I. "If you're positive it's inland, Sally, you can perhaps go on with your supper." "Yes," she said, so preoccupied with her theme that she hadn't eaten a morsel, "and there's the handsome bedroom set for Jane that I most ever laid my eyes on; it's one of those dressing bureaus, Joe, with a magnificent plate-glass that reaches down to the floor." "That's good," said I. "You can run around there when you have your next gown fitted, and see the hang of it." "I don't expect to run around there," said Sally, craning her neck up stiffly, turning up the end of her nose, and drawing her lips down. "Why, Jane's the matter?" said I. "Wasn't Jane friendly? I've done many a good turn for Black in my day, and I hope they're not going to turn the cold shoulder now—" "Oh, she was friendly enough," said Sally; "but we can't expect, Joe, that people living in that kind of style can be upon terms of intimacy with people that live as we do. There are certain restrictions in society—" "Restrictions be hanged!" I cried. "I'm as good a man as Black any day in the week." "You're as good as the President, for that matter," said Sally; "but it's all like a pair of scales, Joe, when one goes up another goes down, and from the way things look, it'll take a pretty heavy weight on the Blacks' side to bring them down to our position." "I must own this kind of logic vexed me a little. I knew pretty well how Black stood commercially, and I told Sally there wasn't a feather's weight on his side, so far as the favors of fortune were concerned. "If he has a mind to live above his means," said I, "he can do it, and take the consequences." "He has just as good a right to live above his means," said Sally, "as you have to live beneath yours." This was her Partisan arrow as I went out the door, and it rangled a little all the way down in the train, the more sharply that I found Black the center of an admiring bevy at the depot. He had quite an imposing make-up and a glib tongue, which he used in inveighing against our system of paving. He complained of the condition of a good many things in our young township, and seemed to gain popularity with every fault that he found. At last he spied me, and was exceedingly loud and effusive in his salutation. "Hallo, Brown!" he said, shaking my hand again and again, and declaring to the people about him I was an old friend whom he was glad to unearth. "I've run you down, you sly fox,

That's a snug little place around the corner—very snug indeed!" I wouldn't have believed it possible I could have been such an ass as to feel flattered by this familiarity of Black's, but I found myself smirking and nodding with great complacency. Here were at least half a dozen of the gentry about me who lived in big houses in my neighborhood, that I had been going up and down to the city with for years, yet scarcely knew them well enough for an exchange of civilities, and here was Black already hand in glove with the finest of them. It makes me sick now when I remember that I turned my back on poor old White, and went tosyding on with this aristocracy. White lived in even a smaller house than mine, and had hard enough work to pay for that. He had failed in business some years before, and I don't know what they would have done without their boy Bob. He was with me in the city, and I knew that a goodly portion of the lad's earnings were given over to the support of the house. It was rather hard for Bob, but he bore his lot with great resignation. He came over pretty often to have a game of cribbage and talk over business matters with me, and I found him sharp enough at both. Then he had a pleasant way with the women. Our little Rosalie was little more than a child, but Sally used to brighten up when Bob came in, till she got into that kink about the Blacks. "You'll stay here with Rosalie, won't you, Bob, till we come back?" I said to young White, and as I spoke I felt Sally give a savage pinch to my arm. No sooner were we outside the door than she began about poor Bob. "If you have no regard for your daughter's future, and choose to throw her away on a poor miserable beggar like Bob White—" began Sally. "Why, my dear," I broke in, "Rosalie's a mere child. Don't begin to plan about her future, I beg of you. She's scarcely left off her pinafores, and if ever there was 'maiden meditation, fancy soap,' any where it lies in the brown eyes of our Rosalie." By this time we had reached the imposing portal of Black's house, and were soon ushered into the presence of the satin damask and ebony. Black's children were none of them grown, but were precocious enough to take the lead in conversation; and we sat for a whole mortal hour and listened to the eldest girl hammer out upon the piano what Mrs. Black called a "reverie." I was glad when Black took me into his library. But a goodly quantity of poison was infused into Sally's system and mine before we left the big luxurious house, and we went home together as changed as if touched by the rod of an enchanter. "Dear me!" said Sally, "what a little cubby-hole this is! I declare it's quite like a baby house!" "I'd like to have a library like Black's," said I, taking up the refrain. "It's nice to have a room," I continued, to Bob White, "where a man can take his friends. It would be far pleasanter, for instance, if you and I could have our game of cribbage without the continual gabble of women in our ears." "Oh, I don't think so," said Bob—"I don't think so at all." The lad looked over at Rosalie and blushed ingeniously. The color deepened in Rosalie's cheeks till it went far ahead of the crimson in Black's satin damask upholstery, and a shy gleam shot from her brown eyes that sent a flood of light into my obtuse cranium. I began to think that Sally was right. Bob White was all very well in his way, but no sort of a match for my daughter Rosalie. She was my one ewe lamb—the bonniest, best, and dearest little girl the sun ever shone upon. And besides all this, there was the secret consciousness that she could, if she wanted to, dress "in silk attire, and siller hane to spare." I hadn't lived in a plain way all these years for nothing. People about me began to realize that although Brown lived in a small house, he was a man of no inconsiderable means. Black had managed to convey this intelligence to them, and I found no fault with this friendliness on his part. Old White never thought of such a thing as taking the seat beside me now on our way down in the train; it was generally filled by more popular parties, and I began to take quite an interest in the social and political points of discussion. All this cost me considerable in the way of time and money. My games of cribbage were few and far between, and I put my name to all the subscriptions they chose to get up; but I didn't mind the money, and I had long since determined that the less Rosalie saw of young White the better. The color grew a little less vivid in her rounded cheeks, and the light less mischievous and joyous in her eyes, but Sarah said—I thought this was really a more suitable name for my wife's years and dignity—that her beauty was growing more and more refined every day. It had even lately attracted the attention of Mr. Percival Green, the junior member of Black's firm, and Green was one of those live, active business fellows who are sure to make his mark in the world. I told my wife to spare no expense for Rosalie's advancement and happiness, but was sorry to see a lack of spirit upon her part, and she quite denied to partake of these new pleasures of popularity. One thing was certain—radical measures must be taken to put a gulf between her and Bob White that could not readily be bridged over. The whole White family were a proud as Lucifer, and I knew I should have very little trouble in convincing them that the old intimacy had better be broken off. My new house on the Boulevard began to take noble dimensions, and had already

cost me a mint of money. Its marble halls were spacious enough to chill me to the bone, and there was quite a melancholy expanse of mud and masonry in its vicinity. It rather surprised me, when I put our snug little place in the hands of the agent, that my wife was so willing to part with the furniture too. I thought a few of the familiar old time-servers might be used to advantage somewhere in the new house, and I confess to a feeling of keen disappointment when she decided that everything must go. "We don't want to set up a second-hand junk-shop on the Boulevard," said Sarah; and I was ashamed to foster these old-fashioned sentiments, till one morning I found Rosalie crying over my old arm-chair in the sitting-room. It was a bungling old trap, covered with a queer pattern of chintz, where the tail of each bird-of-paradise had gradually faded with many a washing. But the bulgy back seemed to have fitted itself to my weary spine, and the well-worn arms of the chair were always cordially held out to me. "I am glad you've got a tear or two to spare, Rosy," I said, "at parting with old friends. I'll never get another so lenient with my rickety bones." "I'll never part with it father," said Rosalie. And I didn't care to tell her of her mother's decree. In the meantime, however, I had broken the intelligence to poor Bob, as kindly as I could, that it would be better to cease his visits at the house. I think, as well as I remember, that I did put the blame upon my wife. I was glad to see that he took my communication in a manly, practical way, and bore up under it wonderfully. It troubled me that Rosalie seemed to take the matter so much more to heart. Young Green's turn-out was seen quite frequently at our door that winter, and I was tired of my wife's apologies about the house and its appurtenances. Every day that drew me nearer to the draughty chaos on the Boulevard lent a warmer charm to the snug little home I was leaving, and I found I was not alone in my appreciation. No sooner had it become known that my little place was in the market than offers began to pour in from different quarters. All these offers were referred to the agent, who told me one morning as he was passing that the house had been rented and the furniture sold some time since to a young married couple. "Here's another pair in search of a nuptial nest," I said, as I propped up an ingeniously carved bit of a cigar box on the maple tree beneath my window. I felt a little blue as I went in to my breakfast, and had scarcely broken my egg when the bell rang, and I found Black at the door. His face was ashy pale, and his hand trembled upon his good-headed cane. "No more bad news?" I stammered out, for some speculations of ours had turned out very disastrously late. "I'm a ruined man," said Black, sinking into a chair by the parlor door. "Big beads of terror started to my own forehead. "Green has disappeared, the scoundrel," said Black, "and of course I shall be accused of complicity with the defaulter." "Naturally," I said, dryly, for I was too wretched myself to have any sympathy to spare. "This is a confidential visit, Brown," continued Black. "I shall have to fall back upon what little money remains to my wife, and I've come around here at her suggestion to hire this little place of yours for the coming year." "My good gracious!" said a voice behind us; and there stood Sally, as red as the feathers in the duster she held in her hand. "Yes, Mrs. Brown," said Black, "we've always been fond of this little place, and I really believe we shall be as happy here in our adversity as you will in your fine new house." "Perdition seize my fine new house, and every one that has led me into this middle!" I cried, beside myself with fright and vexation. "You know that I shouldn't have the money now to go on with. It will be all I can do to keep from bankruptcy myself." "God forbid that I should refuse to aid my husband in this extremity!" said Sally, with great nobility of accent and manner. "We'll make the sacrifice ourselves, Joe; we'll keep our own little place; we'll go on in the old way, dear. We'll stay here ourselves, Joe." "I'm obliged to you for your consideration, madam," I replied; "but when the horse is gone, it's too late to shut the stable door. The house is let, and the furniture is sold." "My furniture sold!" shrieked Sally. "Oh! oh! oh! my furniture, my dear old furniture, taken from me! It ain't yours. They can't take my things for your debts." "Just wait," said I, "will you, till you're called upon to pay my debts! You gave orders for the furniture to be sold and the house to be rented yourself. The agent told me this morning that a young married couple had taken them. We'll have to go to town and take a furnished flat." "A furnished flat!" echoed my wife, sinking into a chair, and covering her face with her apron—"a furnished flat!" And although I can safely swear she had time and again held this way of living to be a domestic felicity, there was an unspeakable misery in her view of it now. "I wish I was dead!" she said. "I'd rather go to my grave than to a furnished flat—just in the lovely spring time, when the Brambles are beginning to set, and the strawberry bed is one mass of bloom. Oh, my poor child!" she cried, to Rosalie, who had run in and thrown herself at her mother's

knee, "your Mr. Green has turned out to be a nasty defaulter. A young married couple have robbed us of house and home, and your father has the cruelty to talk to me of a furnished flat." "He isn't my Mr. Green," Rosalie broke in, "nor ever was, and the married couple won't rob you of anything but—but a—a—bad, undutiful daughter. You shall stay here, mother dear, and— and Bob—and I will go to the city and take the furnished flat." "Am I to understand," said I, advancing to this dear blushing, weeping child, and feeling a singular warmth and cheer creep about my fainting heart—"am I to believe that you and Bob are the married couple in question?" Rosalie hung her sweet head, and my wife cried out to me, with the coolest assurance, that she told me how it would be all along, and that all further opposition on my part would be useless. "You'd better go to the train, Joe," she said; "poor old Black has been gone this ten minutes. And bring home some garden seeds with you, and bring Bob to supper. We'll all live here together. And please God, my darling," she said, clinging her arms about our little daughter, "we'll all be happy yet!"—Harper's Weekly. Mrs. Muffin's Misgivings. He was a genteel young man, of pleasant, open countenance, intelligent and polite. Most boarding-house keepers would have admitted him at sight as a most eligible candidate, but Mrs. Muffin appeared to have misgivings that must be allayed before a decisive answer could be given. "My boarders is a mighty particular set," she said, "and I have to be careful who I take, or some of 'em is sure to get luffy and leave. I can't say as I so much object to music myself, but some folks won't stand it in no way at all. I hope you're not leaning to play on the fiddle, are you?" "Oh, no," said the young man. "Well, I'm very glad to hear you say so. That would never do at all. You might as well try to keep boarders on one kind of meat as to put a green bean with a fiddle in among 'em. Do you blow any sort of a horn?" The gentleman shook his head. "Well, then, tell me, do you belong to the Festival chorus? I had one of 'em, but he had to mosey. His rehearsal almost ruined my prospects and I had to send him away. I felt bad about it too, for he was a light feeder and never grumbled. You never sing? Well, that's pleasant. I didn't much think you did, but it's best to be on the safe side. I hope you don't practice on the 'cordeon!" "Oh, no." "I was almost broken up by one of them brain-rackers getting smuggled into the house once last summer, and it makes me cautious. Four of my best boarders left before the first week was out, and nobody would have dreamed of any harm in him, either. He was a real innocent, solemn-looking young man, with blue eyes, as quiet as a body could want, till he got into his room all alone with that 'cordeon, and then, mercy! what a villain he was! And that wasn't the worst of it, either, by a good deal. He not only drove away nearly all my boarders, but got in debt to me for five weeks' board, and then sloped. I tell you, sir, we have to be careful, and many's the question I'm very glad to hear, though, that you don't waste your time that way, and if you'll promise that you won't as much as bring a jewsarp into the house I'm sure I shall be very glad to have you make your home with us. I know there's lots of people who claim that music is soothing and elevating, and all that sort of thing, but it's a mistake, sir, a mighty big mistake, so far as boarders are concerned, any way. They'll put up with a good deal in the way of having things warmed over, but they won't stand music no way you can fix it up, and get away from it as quick as they would from the small-pox.—Cincinnati Breakfast Table. Remarkable Self-Cremation. Two novel kinds of incendiarism lately appeared in Rome. Two or three weeks ago the Royal Carbiners at Porta del Popolo were attracted by an unusual light which appeared on the road outside the walls leading from the Porta del Popolo in the direction of the ancient Porta Pinciana. On drawing toward the scene of the illumination they heard cries of "Vittoria! Evviva!" and found that both the light and the cries proceeded from a man who was enveloped in flames. Before they could extinguish the flames the man was reduced to carbon before their eyes. He had soaked his garments in petroleum and set fire to himself. A box of matches and an empty petroleum flask lay near him, and his hat, which had mourning crepe round it, was hung on the adjoining hedge. His features were horribly disfigured. The gentleman who thus committed self-cremation was a vice-secretary in the office of the minister of war. He was a good intelligent public servant and was noted for his steadiness and diligence. He was unmarried, and somewhat taciturn and gloomy at times, but gave no indications of insanity. The other instance of incendiarism was the burning of the marriage notices which hung up in frames under the portico of the palace of the conservators, at the capitol. The motive for this burning was set down as jealousy. The burning had no effect in delaying the marriages, many of which have been celebrated between members of the aristocracy.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Household Hints. To RESTORE COLOR.—When color on a fabric has been accidentally or otherwise destroyed by acid, ammonia is applied to neutralize the acid, after which an application of chloroform will, in almost all cases restore the original color. The application of ammonia is common, but that of chloroform is but little known. To TAKE OUT MILDEW.—Get the drier chloride of lime you can buy, and, for strong fabrics, dissolve four table-spoonfuls of it in one half-pint of water. Let the mildewed article lie in this solution fifteen minutes. Take it out, wring it gently, and put immediately into weak muriatic acid, one part acid and four parts soft water. For delicate fabrics the solution of lime should be made much weaker; three or four times the quantity of water should be put to the lime. Let the article lie in it only five minutes, and then put it into the muriatic acid. FLAVOR OF TEA AND COFFEE.—The tea or coffee pot used for steeping should be kept as clean and bright inside as out; after continual steeping a thin coating collects around the sides and on the bottom of the steeper, which becomes rank in taste, and therefore impregnates the fresh tea or coffee, spoiling its delicate flavor. Have the steepers brightened inside at least once a week; throw in a teaspoonful of pulverized borax, fill nearly full of water, and let it boil fifteen or twenty minutes; then scour the coating or discoloration off, using pulverized borax and a very little soap; rinse with hot water. THE HAIR.—German women of the better classes are universally noted for fine and luxuriant hair, and this is the way they manage it: About once in a fortnight boil for an hour or more a large handful of bran in a quart of soft water; then strain it into a basin, and cool till tepid. Rub into it a little white soap, then dip in a soft cloth and wash your head thoroughly, parting aside the hair all over, so as to reach the roots. Next take the yolk of an egg, slightly beaten, and with your fingers rub it well into the scalp. Let it rest a few minutes, then wash off entirely with a cloth dipped in pure water, and rinse the hair well till the egg has all disappeared. Afterward wipe and rub dry, and comb the hair upward from the head. Then oil slightly if needed. The most harmless of hair dressings may be prepared from the following formula: Pure castor oil, two oz.; cologne-spirit (95 per cent.) sixteen oz.; perfume according to fancy. Medical Hints. TO MAKE A MUSTARD PLASTER.—Take a tablespoonful of treacle, more or less, as desired; stir thick with mustard, and having spread it on a cloth, apply it directly to the skin; it will not blister, even if kept on for an hour. REMEDY FOR BURNS.—One ounce of pulverized borax, one quart of boiling water, half ounce of pulverized alum. Shake up well and bottle. Wrap the burn up in soft linen, and keep constantly wet with the solution. Do not remove the linen until the burn is cured. TO REMOVE CINDERS FROM THE EYE.—A small camel's hair brush dipped in water and passed over the ball of the eye on raising the lid. The operation requires no skill, takes but a moment, and instantly removes any cinder or particle of dust or dirt without inflaming the eye. TO CHOOSE A PHYSICIAN.—To choose a physician, one should be half a physician one's self; but this is not often the case. The best plan which a mother of a family can adopt is to select a man whose education has been suitable to his profession; whose habits of life are such as to prove that he continues to acquire both practical and theoretical knowledge; who is neither a bigot in old opinions nor an enthusiast in new; and, for many reasons, not the fashionable doctor of the day. KNOCK-KNEES.—A correspondent's advice and testimony are as follows: "I commenced the practice of placing a small book between my knees, and tying a handkerchief tight round my ankles. This I did two or three times a day, increasing the substance at every fresh trial, until I could hold a brick with ease lengthways. When I first commenced this practice I was as badly knock-kneed as possible, but now I am as straight as anyone. I likewise made it a practice of lying on my back in bed, with my legs crossed and my knees fixed tightly together. This, I believe, did me a great deal of good." How to Make Cows Give Milk. A writer in the Southern Farmer says that his cow gives all the milk that is wanted in a family of eight, and that from it, after taking all that is required for other purposes, two hundred and sixty pounds of butter were made this year. This is in part his treatment of the cow. "If you desire to get a large yield of rich milk, give your cow every day water slightly warm and slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find, if you have not tried this daily practice, that your cow will give twenty-five per cent. more milk immediately under the effects of it, and she will become so attached to the diet as to refuse to drink clear water unless very thirsty. But this mess she will drink almost any time, and as often more. The amount of this drink is necessary is an ordinary water-pailful at a time, morning, noon and night."

Items of Interest.

Close quarters—the laundry. Always open to conviction—a thief. Export of cheese from this country in 1877, 107,364,666 pounds. Allspice got its name from the supposition that it contained all spices. Algebra was taken from the Arabs, and by them called algebr wal mokabala. The first silver dollar coined is held by forty-seven different American citizens. Many a man of truth and veracity has been found lying at the point of death. There are United States postage stamps of the denomination of \$36 and \$60. Chocolate was first introduced into England from Mexico, A. D., 1420. It was made from the flower of the cocoa nut, and soon became very popular and universally used in the London coffee-houses. Among the inventions to which the war in the East has given birth, is a preparation of tea and sugar for camp use. It is put up in boxes, and a spoonful of the mixture is sufficient to make a cup of tea. It has been discovered that the sun is about five hundred thousand miles nearer the earth than has been supposed. Perhaps, after a while, the man who is sunstruck will get a chance to strike back.—Savannah News. Robinson (after a long whilst bout at the club)—"It's awfully late, Brown. What will you say to your wife?" Brown (in a whisper)—"Oh, I shan't say much, you know—'Good morning, dear,' or something o' that sort. She'll say the rest." "Didn't you guaranty that that horse wouldn't shy before the discharge of a cannon?" said a cavalry officer to a horse dealer. "Yes, I did, and I'll stick to it," replied the dealer. "He never shies until after the cannon is fired." It is said that a project is on foot looking to the management of railway trains by the use of mirrors so arranged as to reflect a complete picture of the road in the President's office. That's the way the ladies have always managed their trains.—Breakfast Table. The salaries of some of the railway presidents are stated to be as follows: Col. T. A. Scott, Pennsylvania, \$24,000; Mr. Isaac Hinkley, Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore, \$24,000; Mr. F. B. Gowen, Philadelphia & Reading, \$30,000; and Mr. Hugh J. Jewett, Erie, \$40,000. White flowers more frequently have an agreeable scent than colored ones. In one hundred white specimens there are, on an average, fifteen with an agreeable smell and only one disagreeable, whereas among a like number of colored flowers, only six have an agreeable and one a disagreeable odor. Russia's expenses in the war were a pretty serious consideration, even when taken into account with her victory. The war lasted from April 12, 1877, to March 4, 1878—322 days. Exclusive of the money required to take the troops home, it is stated that the war expenses amounted to \$600,000,000. Two tramps slept one night last winter in a lime kiln near Baltimore, and were stupefied by the fumes. One died, and the other was burned so badly that he lost an arm. The kiln was, however, so comfortable a lodging place that the survivor tried it again, on a recent night, and was found dead in the morning. Fashion Notes. Guipure sacques will be worn with black silks. Chenille bourette grenadine is something new and stylish. Children's dresses are being made longer by an inch or two. The Iceland floss is much used for crocheting shawls and sacques. Reticules are now carried on the arms of young ladies, as in the olden times. For second mourning gloves are stitched across the back with lilac or gray. "Modesty, rare, delicate and lasting" is the name and the claim of a new perfume. Princess dresses are shirred in the front, and trimmed with passementeries. Basques are made with long tabs at the back. Some are tastefully trimmed with lace. Old-fashioned French calico is again popular, the favorite pattern being the pug leaf. Menu cards with colored bows of ribbon tied in the corner are among the novelties. Short dresses are so much favored that train dresses are made only for house wear. The favorite flowers for the hand-painted hats are bluebells, forget-me-nots and poppies. Home made trimmings are much used for ladies' lingerie. It is more durable than the Hamburg. New combs for the back hair are no longer high and towering, but show merely a single row of jet, silver or pearl beads, that fit closely around the front of the coil or the puffs that are now worn far forward on the hair. French ladies decorate black parasols with loops and ends of double-faced ribbon set around the edges in eight or ten different colors, and floating bows and ends on top and on the handle. Lace is not put on as a ruffle, but "applies" as a bordering, and embroidery on lace and gauze is also used.