DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE.

The sun was sinking in the west
A mist rose softly on the lea;
And through the evening's purple shades
We floated o'er the quiet sea.
The oars lay idly in their rest;
We leaned across the low boat's side,
And watched the waters dancing there,
As we went drifting with the tide.

She touched the ripples with her hand,
And when the rising moon shone bright,
She seemed an angel sitting there,
So pure, beneath the silver light.
We floated onward in the dusk,
She sang as sweet as mermaid singe:
Across, through all the waste of years,
The echo of that song still rings.

Hearts, though, are false—so often so:
Her face was fair, her heart untrue;
I thought she loved me, on the night
We drifted in the shadows blue,
Across the waters still and bright,
Beneath the tender summer moon;
Oh! such a dream! Oh! such delight!
And it is faded—past—so soon!

Oh! woman's face is sweet and fair,
But woman's hearts we cannot know;
I thought she loved me—she whom I
Had worshipped in the long ago.
Her path is there, and mine is here;
We each have gone our separate ways
And buried with the vanished past,
The hours of those sweet golden days.

H. M.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

A STORY OF ENGLISH LIFE.

[From the London Magazine.]

"You will be true to me, Margaret? I may trust you?"

"Of course I will, Walter. How can you doubt it?" was the reproachful reply, followed by a burst of tears.

The speakers were a young and handsome man, a graceful and beautiful girl. The arch of overhanging rocks under which they stood surrounded and sheltered them like a canopy, and the waves gently rippling along the shore, almost touched their feet.

"See, margaret; the tide has turned!" he exclaimed, attempting to console her. "May it not be a happy omen of the future—the glorious future, when I shall return a renowned artist, with wealth and fame to lay at the feet of my promised bride? Ah! darling," he continued, "can you wonder that I sometimes tremble lest, during my absence I should lose my peerless flower? Promise me once again that you will never be tempted to forget me for another."

"You may trust me, Walter—indeed you may," was the tearful reply. I will—I *will* be true."

"That's my own Maggie. Now I shall leave Eng land with a light heart: and when I become famous, my darling's beautiful face will be the first trophy I shall challenge the world to admire."

At these words a flush of gratified vanity crimsoned the fair features.

"That will be worth living for," she rejoined. "I hope it will not be long, Walter, before you are rich and famous; then we shall have a London residence, and go to the opera, and to balls," she continued, eagerly. "You have promised me that. Oh! how I wish the two years of your absence were over! It will be so dull here after you leave."

"Look hopefully forward, my darling. With your image before me night and day, I shall strive with fortune till she smile her brightest upon me. And now, my Margaret, I must go. See! it is growing late, and to-morrow I start. One last kiss, and then good-bye."

A long, lingering embrace, a few more whispered words, and Walter Neville had torn himself away from the girl he so madly loved.

What was it to him that her parting words were frivolous and almost cold? her gaze on the future rested rather to the wealth and position, that in his buoyant hope he promised her, than to the prospect of a life shared with one who so fondly loved her?

For years he had bowed before an idol, had endowed the brilliant beauty with every grace and virtue that, to his artistic nature, had seemed incapable of dwelling in a womanhood.

On the morrow, as he stood on the deck of the vessel, and watched the white cliffs recede in the distance, it was with difficulty that he could restrain the wild longing that seized him, to return even then to the country that held his one precious jewel in her keeping.

* * * * * *

Two years have passed away; the scene is London at the commencement of the season—London on a dark, dreary evening in spring, foggy and damp, cold and cheerless: a depressing fog hung over everything, growing thicker and thicker as night crept on.

The uninviting state of the atmosphere, however, mattered little to the denizens of the splendid mansions in Belgravia, which abode of the healthy was already showing signs of life, although the season was yet in its youth.

In one of the finest of those were specially evident, for at the portico a handsome carriage was standing, and a footman was laying down a roll carpet from the brilliantly-lighted hall to the steps.

The warmth and brightness that shone forth seemed to attract the attention of a passer-by—a young and rather thread-bare looking man; for he stopped and waited the appearance of those for whom these preparations were being made.

Just at that moment was heard through the fog the shrill and quavering voice of a street-singer, singing one of the popular songs of the day; the words, simple and common enough, evidently failed to attract his attention, until, in a plaintive tone, rang out the refrain, "Wait for the turn of the tide."

With a visible start, he gazed for a moment in the direction from which the sound proceeded, and now his patience is rewarded. The heavy inner doors are once more flung open, and a perfect vision of beauty disclosed itself.

The young man involuntarily started forward, with the exclamation "Margaret!" upon his lips, but instantly recovering himself, he greedily drank in all the details of the lovely form that was at once "So near and yet so far," clad in richest folds of shimmering white, the satin folds of her opening train heavy with costly lace; jewels of rare value upon her neck and arms; a diamond star glittering amid her coils of raven hair.

Walter Neville behind his once-betrothed bride, marked the haughty bearing, the careless grace with which she wrapped her gold-embroidered shawl around her delicate shoulders.

Nearer and nearer came the street-singer, and again sounded the refrain, "The turn of the tide."

The words evidently arrested the lady's attention, for she, too, turned, and a flash of triumph illumined the beautiful face. Now approached behind her a little, elderly man, who followed the brilliant beauty into the carriage, and gave the order as they drove off:

"To the opera."

Down to the very depths of despair sinks the heart of Walter Neville, as he bends his steps towards home—if home that can be called, where dreary face shines forth a welcome, where poverty reigns supreme, and where the only semblance of a scantily-furnished room, in an unfashionable suburb of London, consists in the evidence of artistic skill crowded on the walls and easel.

Dropping his way up the narrow stairs, he entered the room, and sinking down on the nearest chair, gave way to the bitterest reflections, while the haunting song of the street-singer vibrated like a chord through his brain, "The turn of the tide—the turn of the tide!"

Ay! well has it turned for her; but how for him? Fortune and bride, even hope, all lost! that is left me but to die, only death never fades to the weary at heart. False and fickle! I would that I had never seen you, or could at least forget all that you have been to me!"

At last, worn out with these bitter thoughts, he threw himself and lit the lamp.

As dim rays shone upon something that was plainly not there when he left in the morning, a note, and in the hand-writing of the only friend he may be said to possess in all London. A brother artist, in flourishing circumstances, whose pictures found their way to the Royal Academy, and, moreover, were never "skyed," had insisted on having the most striking of Walter's pictures in his magnificently-appointed studio.

Hitherto they had met with small success, and the funds of their owner had reached their lowest ebb.

But at the darkest hour comes the dawn.

Hope had so long been a stranger to him that the lines were read and re-read before he could quite credit the joyful news they contained.

The note, brief though kind, ran thus:

DEAR WALTER—You will be pleased to hear that I have sold one of your pictures for you. The purchaser is the wealthy Mr. Beresford, and I may expect a visit from him to view the rest of our collection to-morrow about three.

"Yours, STEPHEN LINLEY."

"So the tide has turned at last!" exclaimed the artist, as he paced the room. "I have still a cause to live for, though love is denied me; name and position may yet be mine."

The next morning was spent in arranging his little studio to show off the contents to the best advantage.

Though the few articles of furniture it contained were of the poorest and humblest description, yet the beauty of the rare paintings and sketches that testified to the skill of the artist, and small but choice collection of virtu, delicate tinings and opal-like vases, which, in his Continental wanderings he had picked up, and which, relics of his hard-to-hand struggle with poverty, had not the heart to dispose of, made the humble garrett seem a veritable abode of the Muses.

At the hour mentioned Mr. Beresford, who, among his other virtues, owned that of punctuality, appeared at the door of the studio, his liveried groom equipage drawn up below.

Following him with fairy-like footsteps was a young and lovely girl, who rather nervously glanced around her, as if fearful that her presence might be considered intrusive.

"My niece, Mabel Grant, Mr. Neville. I never go anywhere without my little girl," he said, patting her shoulder as he introduced her. "Now I come to take you by storm, and shall not leave until we have examined everything."

The genial manner of the kind, warm hearted old man soon put Walter at his ease, and his remarks quickly showed that he possessed taste and discernment as well as great wealth.

He was criticising the merits of an Italian sketch, when his niece suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh! here is the portrait of the beautiful Mrs. Murray. Look, uncle! is it not a good one? It is said that she will be the reigning belle of the season. I suppose you know her well, Mr. Neville?" she inquired, placing the sketch before Walter, utterly unconscious of the pain she was inflicting; for in the portrait of the beautiful Mrs. Murray he saw the beloved face of his once affianced bride, Margaret Travers.

"I was but five years old when I mourned the loss of both my parents," he answered, with emotion. "That portrait is my greatest earthly treasure. It is all that I possess in memory of her—indeed, of either of them."

The old man gazed once more, long and earnestly, then, turning to Walter, he said, in a voice that he in vain tried to steady:

"Walter Neville, I heard of you for the first time yesterday as a poor and struggling artist. For her dear sake"—pointing to the picture—"I adopt you henceforward as my son. There is room in my heart for both son and daughter," he added, drawing Mabel whose sweet eyes were moist with tears, closely to him.

Perhaps the spasm of pain that crossed his countenance was not unnoticed by the fair girl before him; for, without waiting for an answer, she placed it again in the portfolio.

She was intent upon a curious Japanese fan that he was presently explaining to her, when a sort of smothered sob caused them to turn in surprise.

The sound proceeded from Mr. Beresford, who had sank down in the greatest emotion before a half-finished sketch of a fair young girl in the costume that might have been in vogue some forty years since.

"How did you become possessed of this?" he cried, in an agitated voice, pointing to the picture.

"That is my mother's portrait, taken when she was a girl," was the surprised answer.

"Your mother!" exclaimed Mr. Beresford, placing his hand on the young man's shoulder; then he said: "It is a portrait of the woman for whose sake I am what you see—an old bachelor. We were lovers in youth, until a rival won her from me; and in all the after years, though I have seen women far more beautiful, I could never forget her enough to make one of them my wife. She was won from me fairly and honorably, and I revere her memory. She must have died when you were a child, Mr. Neville!"

With the filial reverence he would have shown to a parent, Walter stooped and kissed his hand, too much overcome to express his gratitude in words.

"And now," said the kind old man, assuming a lighter tone, "we will go and prepare for the reception of a new inmate. I see you would prefer remaining here to-night, to protect your valuables; but expect us the first thing to-morrow morning to carry you off. Till then, adieu, Walter, my son!"

As the young artist retired to rest that night, the last in which poverty and privation would haunt his pillow, his heart overflowed with gratitude towards his new-found benefactor, and the last vision that filled his excited brain was that of the sweet fact of Mabel Grant.

* * * * * *

Two more years have passed away. Again the scene is London—London in early spring, at the commencement of the gay season. It is evening, and the mansions of Mayfair show their usual signs of life in its most attractive form. Through the windows of the palatial residence near which Walter Neville once stood, threadbare and desolate, shines the same blaze of warm light. Now, as then, the carriage stands in front of the spacious portico; but this time it is a woman that, in passing, lingers to look on; a woman that once was beautiful, but on whose features poverty and disease have set their seal. A racking cough tears her frame as she leans against the railings, and gazes upon the splendid mansion that two short years ago was hers.

Yes, the careworn woman is Margaret Murray. Her brief and brilliant career had ended in sorrow and misery. The banker that had married her for her beauty, and whom she had accepted for his wealth, had gone down to a dishonored grave, upon the failure and ruin of his schemes, leaving his widow dowered with penury and disgrace.

During her short reign of triumph she had gained no friend; those who admired her rare beauty disliked her hauteur and coldness. No hand was stretched to raise her out of the mire; the few that pitied soon forgot her.

She remembered having heard that their splendid mansion was taken by a rising artist upon his marriage with a fair and wealthy bride, whose portrait adorned the walls of the Royal Academy. Held, as if by an invisible hand, she waits to hear them appear, and now, his handsome head bent lovingly to the fair vision at his side, she sees the man who once so madly loved her.

Tenderly he places his bride in the cushioned carriage, and stepping lightly in after her, once more is the order given, "To the opera."

So in by-gone days had the carriage waited to take the unhappy Margaret to that brilliant scene, and with overwhelming bitterness came the memory of a night when, passing out in her proud beauty, she heard the voice of a street-singer, and caught a refrain that brought the blush of triumph to her cheek—"The turn of the tide."

The rush of feeling is too much for the overstrained heart. It is not a fainting, but a lifeless form that falls to the ground, as the carriage containing Walter and his Mabel drives off.

No more in this world will the tide of life turn for Margaret Murray. She is dead.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

[From the London Bow Bells.]

It was in a draughty lobby of La Mode Theatre that Harry Wyndham said "Good-bye," to little Lina Fernlie.

So sweet she looked in her stage dress of white silk, slashed with crimson velvet, that the parting was more painful than he had anticipated.

At the door of her dressing room he murmured, "Good-bye, Lina!—I may call you so this once? Yesterday, it was my intention, before sailing for the States, to beg from you a promise of this dear hand on my return, but your father has become so wealthy, that it is impossible. Though I can honestly say I am glad for your sake, still you must know what a terrific blow it is for me to give up all hope of ever winning you!"

"Is it possible you care for me a little?" he asked, eagerly. "But don't answer, darling! Your father says you will leave the stage now, and enter into quite a new world, where your wealth will gain you a position, and henceforth our lives will run in very different grooves. Lina, dearest, I had so hoped they would have been as one!"

There was a passionate emphasis on his last tones that somehow sent a thrill straight to Lina's heart; but she only replied, "Please don't talk like that!"

"Lina, if I thought there was a chance of your remembering me, I would ask you something!"

"What is it, Harry?"

He stooped, and picked up a leaf from the dusty floor—only a glittering tinsel thing fallen from a "property" May-pole required in the coming burlesque, but to these two hearts it possessed an intrinsic value now and evermore.

"Dearest, if, when winter comes, you can give me any hope, will you send me this? Is it asking too much? You will be perfectly free, and should I never see it again, I will try and hope that another, worthier than I, has won what I would give my life to possess.

"I will send it Harry!" she said simply; and pressing a kiss on her red lips, in silence he left her.

Mr. Fernlie and his daughter were great favorites throughout the profession, no less than they were with the play-going public; for though neither could boast of real genius, still there was a deal of quiet, undemonstrative talent in both father and daughter.

And so it was rather a mistaken idea when Mr. Fernlie thought it would be better—now that their living did in nowise depend on it—to remove Lina from public life entirely.

But with him thought meant action, and a fortnight after Henry Wyndham sailed for New York, he and his daughter were comfortably installed in Beulah Road, near Regent's Park.

Now, when Lina had a handsome pair of bays for her barouche, unlimited money at her command, and had become acquainted with the fourth-rate set who inhabited the rather imposing looking dwelling in the neighborhood of Beulah Road—and who, by the way, considered this wealthy "actor fellow" rather an acquisition than otherwise—she was a supremely happy, and already felt that it was perhaps as well as not that Harry had left her perfectly free.

This happiness lasted some time, before the glamor of her newly-acquired wealth began to wear off. Then Lina was not slow to see that the female portion of her friends desired either to patronize her graciously or trample the little rebel under foot.

Before Mr. Fernlie's arrival here, the belle who reigned supreme over this little world was Miss Catherine Davenport, a lady of some dignity, and whose family mansion was directly opposite. But now, as Lina's beauty, matchless of its kind, had successfully deposed Miss Davenport, she ruled in her stead, and the followers of the elder lady, objecting very strongly to be led by a little vagabond player, let no opportunity pass of sending veiled sneers at Lina's former life.

Amongst the visitors at Mr. Fernlie's was a Sir Digby Shaffleton who in right of his baronetcy was looked on kindly by all those beauties (and they were many) who were matrimonially inclined. And previous to Lina's appearance on the scene, Miss Davenport had marked him as her own.

Sir Digby's title was only twenty years old. Of his ancestry all that anybody knew about them was that his grandfather had been only moderately successful in the tea line, while to his father had been reserved the honor of the family, for when in the civic chair, Majesty had been graciously pleased to confer on him a baronetcy.

As Sir Digby was the match among their set, Lina was not sorry when he attached himself to her train and soon became the most assiduous of all her admirers.

As fast as Lina gained ground with the men she lost it with the women. But being such a vain little thing, she found great delight in keeping all the men round her listening to her brilliant talk.

Witty it was, without doubt, but perhaps a trifle too free. Nobody but herself knew how it wounded her to catch a wondering expression on a listener's face, telling her, as plainly as possible, that her brilliancy savored too much of her old life—the life that had introduced her to so many different phases of human nature, of which Beulah Road knew little, and wished to know less.

With something like malicious pleasure it was that Lina entertained the idea of becoming Lady Shaffleton.

Never had Lina thought Sir Digby so insufferably conceited as on one evening when, taking his accustomed place by her side, he said, alluding to the Misses Davenport, who were playing a rather brilliant duet at the piano, "Nice girls those, if they would not run after one so much; are not they, Miss Fernlie?"

"They never run after me, Sir Digby, and what I have seen of them I don't care for," replied Lina.

"Ah! jealous, poor little thing," mused the Baronet, pulling his mustache indolently, "They play well together," he said.

"Yes, though they always seem to run down the piano by easy stages. But how is it you are not turning their music?"

"How can I when you are here?"

"I cannot see how my presence has any bearing on the case."

She felt vexed with him, for what she could have hardly expressed had she been called upon to do so, but there was an expression on his face that implied so much condescension that she was hardly prepared for this.

"Lina," he said, suddenly, "your presence is everything to me. I have loved you some time now, and it is the wish, the first wish of my heart, to make you Lady Shaffleton."

It was out, and Lina felt a little contemptuously at the emphasis on the "Lady Shaffleton."

Involuntarily her mind flew back to a night eight months ago, a dimly-lighted lobby, an earnest face aglow with love for her, and in her heart of hearts she knew that not for an instant had her maiden love swerved from that "third-rate actor."

"In refusing your offer, Sir Digby, believe me I am highly sensible of the honor you have done me—although it was quite unexpected," she answered.

Was ever such a look of surprise depicted on man's face since the "Laird o' Cockpen's" rejection?

"Will Miss Ferndale take a little time to consider my offer?" he was saying, hastily, when they were interrupted by a general demand for Miss Ferndale at the piano, a request for which she was grateful.

"I wonder how I have put up with the stupid fellow so long," mused Lina, when in her room that night. "I don't like this life at all, and I know papa is miserable, or he wouldn't have taken so much wine at dinner," she went on, discontentedly, throwing down a bracelet. "He was happier when we were at La Mode, or even as we were long ago in the country. I did not have to dress for our dinners then—a mutton chop and a glass of sixpenny ale. He is sure to take more than he ought to-morrow, again. I wish we were not going to have that party. Oh, dear! what a great mistake it is to be taken out of one's natural element."

The next evening Lina beheld the confirmation of her fears, for on stealing to the dining-room door, she saw her father, with his head resting on his chest, talking incoherently to himself, and totally unheeded by his guests, among whom was the Baronet.

"Yes, all through an ungrateful public, that never thinks of the real laborers! There's Mercia, only been on the boards two years, and commands a handsome salary; and here am I, look at me—worked hard day and night for years, and am not a sixpence the richer. Do you think they would give me sixpence if I was starving to-morrow? No! If I was dead they might bury my old body, but I doubt it!"

"Shaffleton, I thought you were making a fool of yourself with the little Fernlie last night; didn't come to anything serious I hope?"

"Serious!—pho!" replied the Baronet. "I never meant anything serious, as you say, with that little party; though she seemed to think so did not she?"

Her sallow face tingled as she heard this dishonorable lie! "And I had thought to be happy with these people!" she muttered, bitterly. "I cut them all, if they don't cut me first. Thank goodness, I'm not likely to become Lady Shaffleton!"

A week later, and across the broad Atlantic aboard the good ship Hope, was speeding a leaf, of which we have before made honorable mention.

And November had but just put in an unusually damp appearance, when the *Era* reported the marriage of Henry Wyndham and Lina Fernlie, and announced "La Mode has changed hands, and under the able and enterprising management of Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham, promises to be more the fashion than ever."

Theirs was a quiet honey-moon, passed by the river at Chiswick, for the theatre, which was undergoing redecoration, required some little attention.

This month has been the happiest one of my life, Lina, and it is but a foretaste of our future, dearest," said he, as they wandered by the moon it Thames on the eve of the opening of La Mode. "At one time I almost feared you would be married to one of your wealthy admirers before I returned from the States," he continued, throwing the end of his cigar away, and giving her a little embrace.

"Harry," she said, "if you knew how stupid they were, you would never have given them a thought."

"There is a kiss, darling, for preferring a poor, undeserving wretch as I am, to even a Baronet, though I don't see how you could do it."

She lifted her head, and returned his kiss with wifely grace, before she answered a little saucily, "I don't know that I *prefer* you now, only, you see, we are Birds of a Feather."

WIFE AND HOME.

Servians are not remarkably patriotic; they are too faithful as husbands, lovers and fathers to become good soldiers.

A man was once brought before Tchernayeff, the Russian general, charged with having cut off two of his own fingers in order to render himself unfit for service. The soldier denied that he had himself performed the act of self-mutilation, but subsequently admitted that a comrade had served him only too faithfully in the matter.

"And were you not ashamed," asked the general, to "abandon the field when the Turks are on the soil of our fatherland?"

"Excellency," replied the soldier, "I am quite willing to fight the Turks, but I wanted to see my home again."

"Indeed," replied the commander-in-chief. "Well, you shall have a long leave of absence. Say your prayers. You will be shot this moment."

The platoon was drawn out, and the man, who was really no coward, and would have died willingly in defence of his home, made the sign of the cross, and was stepping in front of his executioners without a word, when he suddenly stopped, as if he had forgotten something, then walked up to the General, and placing in his hands a few pieces of money, he said:

"To be given to my wife after—"

"Go and take them to her yourself," blurted out Tchernayeff, whose eyes are said to have filled with tears.

The man was of course pardoned. He seems to have been a veritable type of his countrymen, who cannot understand why so many men should sacrifice all that earth holds dear simply that another man should play at royalty.

HOW TO CURE SLEEPLESSNESS.

Thousands suffer from wakefulness who are otherwise in good health. To some of them this becomes a habit, and too often a growing one. Some resort to soporific drugs, and this is how the opium crave is initiated. Others find wine or spirits occasionally effectual, and are thus induced to take alcohol every night, and not a few, it is to be feared, have in this way laid the foundation of intemperance. There have, however, never been wanting people who have found a way of going to sleep without resort to such measures. The mesmerists at one time were popular, and from them a host of people learned that looking at any fixed point steadily would often succeed in inducing sleep. In the dark, however, this is not as easy; but this difficulty was not felt in Bradism, which consists in closing the eyes and trying to think they are watching attentively the stream of air entering and leaving the nostrils. It was asserted that whoever would will to see this stream, as if it were visible, would infallibly soon fall asleep. We have known the plan to succeed, and it is evidently the same in principle as fixing the attention on any single visible object. Another plan has just reached us proposed by an American physician, Dr. Cooke, who tells us that in numerous cases of sleeplessness it is only necessary to breathe very slowly and quietly for a few minutes to secure a refreshing sleep. He thinks that most cases depend on hyperæmia of the brain, and that by this slow breathing the blood supply is lessened sufficiently to make an impression. Certainly, when the mind is uncontrollably active, and so preventing sleep, we have ascertained from patients whose observation was worth trusting that the breathing was quick and short, and they have found they became more disposed to sleep by breathing slowly. This supports Dr. Cook's practice, but at other times his plan quite fails. It is certainly worth a trial, for there are times when we are occasionally sleepless to give it a trial. In doing so they should breathe very quietly, rather deeply, and at long intervals, but not long enough to cause the least uneasiness. In fine, they should imitate a person sleeping, and do it steadily for several minutes.—*Medical Examiner.*

Mr. N. H. Bishop, the young man who started from Quebec in the summer of 1874, in a frail paper canoe, on a trip to the Gulf of Mexico, and of the result of whose journey nothing was ever definitely known, has been heard from in a private letter to a Charleston, S. C., man, in which he states that he accomplished his purpose, and is now engaged in writing an account of his adventures.

Frenchmen are eating more and more horseflesh. The first horse butcher in Paris opened his shop in 1866. Last year 9,000 horses, 548 asses and 31 mules were eaten in France. A philanthropic Frenchman has offered 1,000 francs and a medal to the first horse butcher who shall establish himself in London.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE CUT OF DRESSES AND THE POISE OF HATS.

What to Get and How to Wear It—Bonnets, Dresses, Flowers and Trimmings, With Descriptive Styles, Such as are Worn on Fifth Avenue and Murray Hill.

The new bonnets are capote-like in shape, and are so decidedly bonnets that they are no longer in danger of being called hats. They have close fronts, clasping the sides of the heads, and projecting upward very slightly on top in order to admit a small face trimming, or else they have rolled fronts turned back from the face. The crowns are large, high, and the newest are square on top, though the pointed high crowns are also shown; the back of the crown tapers downward abruptly, and in some cases has an inch-wide band like a curtain below it. There are both large and small bonnets, but the greater number have small close fronts with ample crowns that cover the head well.

STRAW, CHIP, AND LEGHORN.

Yellow Italian straws of silken lustre and fancifully braided make up the bulk of the importations of spring bonnets. Creamy white chips are not abandoned, but they are no longer the first choice, and, when used, they seldom constitute the whole bonnet, a part of it, either crown or brim, being of fancy braids. What are called twist braids, some of which are smooth and glossy, while others are the rough English twist, promise to be the popular choice. Some of the prettiest capotes have crowns of smooth satin twist as soft and pliable as chip, with brims of rough-and-ready braids in feathery patterns, or curved and festooned in scallops. Sometimes there are three lace-like rows of yellow Italian braids around the fronts of smooth bonnets, and again this pla is reversed, the border being plain and the crown rough. A novelty is the open straw, dotted or perforated like lace. The rolled fronts are somewhat in cornet fashion, but are more modest in size than the Cornet bonnets lately worn, and when fitted out with lace ruches look like a child's bonnet. All these capote shapes are worn quite far forward. The newest chips are braided in the style of pearl braids, and are roughly finished. Black chips have yellow braid brims, or else are striped with white, or they have an inch-wide band of rough black twists, or of lace straw in lattice pattern. There are also marron brown chips with brims like those of the black bonnets.

Finest of all are the genuine Leghorn bonnets of soft and flexible quality. The ample crowns are of the plain Leghorn, while the brims, either rolled or straight, are plaited and braided in rich designs, and embellished with satin braids. Straight curtain bands are seen on most of the Leghorn bonnets.

ROUND HATS.

The rough twists of substantial English straw, not quite so deep in color as the Italian braids, are most used for round hats, which are now only worn for undress occasions, such as traveling and shopping. Some of the new shapes have high, large crowns, square across the top, and not unlike the silk beaver hats worn by equestrienne; the brims are rolled backward, making the straw double, and the upper layer is pressed in concave shape. Others are large English walking hats with deep sides, while the greater number are various modifications of the Dunstable, of Devonshire or Gainsborough hat worn last summer. The new Devonshire hats are smaller, and the brims are more shapely, one side and the back rolling upward, while the other projects outward without being pressed closely to the head. For little girls are Italian straws of cardinal red, navy blue, or brown striped with white, and bound with ribbon to match. They are worn far back on the head. The cardinal sailor hat is a novelty that promises to be popular, as the first importations are already exhausted.

THE NEW COLORS.

Yellow predominates in the spring colors. The delicate cream tints have given place to darker shades as deep in color as the yellow of the fine straws they are to trim. First of these is Mandarin, a vivid yellow to the hue which is the imperial color of China; then comes butterscotch color, maize, tea-rose, Isabel; and last of these shades is *vieux d'or*, or old gold, a quaint brownish-yellow that needs to be lightened by the brilliant red shade that are shown in great numbers. Scabiosa, or heliotrope, the greenish-gray tint so popular two years ago, is retained in favor. The blue shades are very light, and the most stylish is *clair de lune*, or moonlight blue, that is only a little off white. Marron, or chestnut, is the brown shade most largely imported; Brilliant shades are deeper than those of the present season. Verve, a brilliant flame-color, promises to replace the cardinal now worn. There are also a number of coral shades, from pink coral-just color to the darkest red coral. Odd shades of rose with gray tints are shown, and one of the richest shades is geranium red, which will be worn effectively on pale yellow braids. Thus it will be seen yellow shades lead, then green, and finally red. *Blanc cassé* is the name of the dead white shown, and there is also ivory of deeper yellow tint than the green ivory shade lately worn. Black, it is said, will be much used for trimming, in the way of lace and satin, and will combine effectively with all the colors on the list just given.

MATERIALS FOR TRIMMING, ETC.

The newest materials for trimming bonnets have plush-like effects. They are of light quality, with looped threads, loosely woven in, and are called by the dealers plushettes. These come in all the yellow, green and red shades that promise to be fashionable. The ribbons most largely imported are called double chain satin ribbons, and are very rich, rather heavy, indeed, for summer use. They are satin on one side and gros grain on the other. The widths known as Nos. 12, 16 and 20 will be used for bonnet-strings and for streamers that hang behind.

Flowers are arranged in boquets, wreaths, and in half wreaths for face trimming. Roses with mignonette, or rose-buds with fern leaves, make beautiful clusters. There are many salmon tea-roses that have much coral pink in them. Twists of silk knotted, pleatings of raveled silk, and ruches of tulle will be worn inside the Normandy and capote bonnets, but the novelty for the face will be a half wreath of dwarfed roses of three or four shades worn inside the front of the bonnet.

The manner of trimming the bonnet is very simple. Loosely folded ribbons or else scarfs of bias silk are laid around the crown, and a bouquet of flowers is on one side near the top, or else there is a cluster of loops instead. When flowers are used in profusion, they form a broad wreath that almost covers the brim of the little capote, and some tendrils climb up the crown. Strawers will not be be given up by those who like them, but many prefer having the tapering back of the crown accentuated by the pinionets of its appearance, and the absence of loops, sprays, or streamers.

NEW WHITE MUSLIN DRESSES.

Correspondents who do their summer sewing in the quiet Lenten season ask for hints about making white dresses. Plain Swiss muslin and the figured muslins will both be worn next summer, and in some dresses both materials will be used. For lighter sheer muslins have sprigs, dots, stars and lace-like arabesques in them. For dressy occasions there will be princesse dresses made of many graduated muslin puffs, with insertions between, and lace on the flounces. For other dresses the Breton style will be made up in muslin and lace, with colored ribbons or silk laid under the lace. The peculiarity of the Breton dress is the two broad bands at the back that confine the fullness of the over skirt drapery into a soft puff. These bands begin low down on the side gores and cross the back. They are made of insertion and lace laid on silk. The over-skirt has a long clinging wrinkled front, edged with the lace trimming. A long pocket of pleated muslin is on one side, and a succession of long loops of ribbon and pointed ends hangs from the belt to the foot on the opposite side. The long basque is made of pleated gores tapering in at the waist, and separated by insertion; a jabot of lace is sown in the front, and ribbon bows on the neck, back and sleeves. Plainer suits of Swiss muslin omit the lace, and have for trimmings pleatings so fine that they look like crimping done by machine. Long princesse polonaises will be made of figured muslins, and worn over plain Swiss muslin skirts. The trimming will be puffs of plain muslin, with colored ribbons run through them, and finely crimped pleatings.

MORNING JACKETS.

Morning jackets for dressing or for breakfast are of twilled wools and of flannels of pale or of dark shades of blue, rose, or cardinal, and are embroidered lightly with white floss. They are made with a deep sailor collar, and are slightly sloped in with the figure. Opera flannels are also used for this purpose, and are trimmed with pinked bands or with bias bands piped or corded with white. These are imported unmade with the embroidery all complete. Ladies who have learned point Russe, and can do button-hole scalloping neatly, embroider their own jackets. The fancy this year is to trim all colors with white work. For those who do not like needle-work, the linen Smyrna lace is commended.

NEW FRINGES, GALLOONES, ETC.

The fringes just imported are as elegant as lace, and quite as expensive, some of them being as high as $8 a yard. The netted heading is as broad as the drooping fringe, and there are "dies" or double tassels of crimped silk caught in the netting. Others represent three or four rows of tassels, and these are especially liked by rich silk for trimming silk wraps. For the woolen Dolmans that will be worn in the spring, in gray and brown shades, are woolen fringes to match, in prices beginning as low as 50 cents a yard, and extending up to $1.25. These will be considered more appropriate than the more expensive silk fringes for wool garments.

New galloons are from one to three inches wide, and are in flower designs, showing two or three colors. They are of silk for silk suits, and of mixed silk and wool for woolen dresses. They cost from 75 cents to $2.50 per yard.

For the Breton dress are bands of white muslin wrought in Greek and Smyrna patterns in deep blue or scarlet, or else with heavy scallops of color. The Hamburg embroideries are now shown in thick work as well as in the open patterns so long in vogue.

For information received thanks are due to Messrs. Worthington & Smith; Hallard & Halley; Arnold, Constable & Co.; A. T. Stewart & Co.; and A. Sohg.

THE GUARD OF DEATH.

The horrors of war have been detailed in almost infinite variety—affording themes of inexhaustible abundance for the moralist, the poet, the historian and the romancer. Abundant in such details of suffering must have been the disastrous campaign of Napoleon in Russia—or, rather, the most disastrous portion of that campaign, the retreat from Moscow.

The ordinary disasters of a retreat through an enemy's country were, in this instance, fearfully aggravated by the intense severity of the cold, and that, of the multitudes who perished, there were thousands who sank beneath its rigors for hundreds who fell beneath the lances of the Cossacks. Yet the assaults of these roving warriors of the desert were fearfully destructive. Hovering in small bands around the divisions of the retreating Frenchmen, and never failing to strike whenever a small party of the enemy became separated from the main body on its march—and such separations were daily becoming more frequent, through the relaxation of discipline and the increasing want of provisions—there was no possibility of either resisting or escaping their attack. Well mounted on their fleet and hardy coursers, such was the rapidity of their movements that they seemed to spring up from the earth, always appearing when least expected, and, if repulsed, scouring away with a celerity that defied pursuit, even if the worn and harassed Frenchmen had been able to attempt it. For them, indeed, there was but one resource. To keep as closely as possible together; when attacked by the Cossacks to form in solid squares and meet the shock—and, above all, to pursue their march with the least possible intermission; for those who halted, died.

Thus were the remains of Napoleon's great army toiling back across the frightful wastes of that inhospitable region, but daily leaving thousands of their number suffering on its shows; the troops of Cossacks sweeping around them, and bringing up their rear, ready to pick up every straggler whom fatigue or the hope of greater safety in isolated progress had separated from his fellows.

The main body had passed on; and there was solitude on the vast and naked steppe which they had traversed. The cold was dreadful, and a driving storm of snow was whitening the ground to which that intense frost had given the rigidity of marble. Afar off, in the remotest verge of the horizon, a dark object might be seen dimly through the snow; and from another quarter comes whirling on a troop of Cossacks with many a wild hurrah. Their lender points to the dark object in the distance, and away they scour across the plain in the direction of his spear. As they approach they see with grim delight that a band of Frenchmen is before them; but this, it seems, are prepared for the attack. The square is formed the bayonets at charge. The Cossacks gallop round and round, as if seeking for a point of vantage to attack—the Frenchmen stand firm, presenting everywhere a bold and steady front, which seems to dash the courage of the assailants. Meantime the snow comes down in wreaths, and is fast gathering in white masses on the dark uniforms of the brave Frenchmen. Round and round the Cossacks wheel, approaching nearer every moment—yet not a hand is stirred in that human citadel; not a murmur is heard, not a sign every shot might tell. At length the leader of the assailants shouts, "Forward, to the charge!" and, with a rush, they fling themselves upon the—dead. At the first shock the foremost rank of Frenchmen falls, arow of stiffened corses, on the plain. They had been frozen to death, there where they stood; and there, perhaps, they would have stood until the next summer's heat had given relaxation to their rigid muscles, but for the wild attack of the fierce desert warriors.

ANECDOTE OF BANK OF ENGLAND.

An extraordinary affair happened about the year 1740. One of the directors, a very rich man, had occasion for £30,000, which he was to pay as the price of an estate he had just bought. To facilitate the matter, he carried the sum with him to the bank, and obtained for it a bank-note. On his return home, he was suddenly called out upon particular business. He threw the note carelessly on the mantel-piece, but when he came back a few minutes afterwards to lock it up, it was not to be found. No one had entered the room; he could not, therefore, suspect any person. At last, after much ineffectual search, he was persuaded that it had fallen from the mantelpiece into the fire. The director went to acquaint his colleagues with the misfortune that had happened to him; and, as he was known to be a perfectly honorable man, he was readily believed. It was only about four-and-twenty hours from the time that he had deposited his money; they thought, therefore, that it would be hard to refuse him a new bank-note. He received it upon giving an obligation to restore the first note if it should ever be found, or pay the money himself if it should be presented by any stranger. About thirty years afterwards (the director having been long dead, and his heirs in possession of his fortune), an unknown person presented the lost note at the bank, and demanded payment. It was in vain that they mentioned to this person the transaction by which that note was annulled; he would not listen to it. He maintained that it had come to him from abroad, and insisted upon immediate payment. The note was payable to bearer, and the bank was obliged to pay him. The heirs of the directors would not listen to any demands of restitution, and the bank was obliged to sustain the loss. It was discovered afterwards that an architect, having purchased the director's house, had taken it down, in order to build another on the same spot, had found the note in a crevice of the chimney, and made his discovery an engine for robbing the bank, in which he was completely successful.

A JAPANESE HOLIDAY.

No excuse is too trivial in the eyes of a Japanese of the old school for a holiday—Saints' days, anniversaries of the births, deaths, and deeds of the great of old times, the first and last days of the four seasons, festivals in honor of the great tutelary deities, and, in addition, the particular white days of every private family, are all seized upon as pretexts for a temporary escape from the counter, the desk, the field, and the workshops. Sundays, in our sense of the word, they have none, but "*ichirin*," or one day in every six, is always a strict holiday, the shops and public offices being closed and the pleasure resorts crowded.

The citizen of modern Jeddo holds the historical associations of Uweno of far less account than the fair which is annually held there in the month of March, when the cherry blossoms are in all their glory, and when every one deems it his duty to make a holiday and go there to enjoy the first signs of spring. From a very early hour the streets leading to the park are crowded with holiday-makers of all grades of society and of all ages. Every man, woman, and child has donned his or her clothes of the brightest holiday hues, and the usually sombre streets are ablaze