CLARA BELLE'S GOSSIP.

Close Studies in the High Art of Dress by American Girls Who are Stylish.

An Observation of Costume and Manner in the Bowery—Latest in Winter Garments.

Superiority Claimed for Women Over Men in the Matter of Presentability.

The Sad Adventures of Two Philanthropic Dear Girls--A Pretty Blonde's Story.

New York Letter.

I like dearly to take an occasional walk in the Bowery, because the sights there are so different from what we are accustomed to up here in Fifth avenue. I did it yesterday afternoon. And one thing that struck my investigatory eyes was the solid fact that the belles of that democratic thoroughfare were immeasurably superior to the beaus in aspect. Here is a couple that

illustrate the point convincingly. The girl was a tall, handsome, stately creature, with the imperious air of a young queen. She wore a jersey waist, light blue in color, and her skirts, of figured stuff, fluttered in a saucy, graceful manner when the December wind blew them. Her hat was away up atop of her head, and its trimming reached proudly heavenward. Of course, her style was distinctly loud; but I would guarantee to turn her into just the rousingest belle in an hour of redressing, if she would submit to my alterations.

BUT LOOK

at the miserable, stooping, hollow-chested, shrimpy chap beside her. I have not exaggerated the characteristics of either in picturing them. Now, I suppose they belonged to the same stratum of society and culture, but observe how much better she looks than he does. You will find it so everywhere. We girls are finer than you fellows. The case that I have pictured was in common with all that I noted in the Bowery. In any crowd the women were more excusable in their Boweryism than

the men. Put that in your pipes and smoke it, lords of creation! Your servile vassals of femininity beat you all to pieces in presentability.

To make one's dressing express one's general character is the height of taste and judgment.

SUPPOSE

you are a pale brunette. If your complexion is not you may wear rose color, dark copper, but not pale or dark blue, some shades of violet and lavender and brown and tan shades. A dress of dark copper-colored cashmere may be trimmed with velvet or velveteen of a darker shade of color, or with seal-brown velvet. Black velvet will not look so well with it as brown or copper shades, unless you outline the same with gold tinsel braid of a reddish, coppery hue. The buttons may match. The bonnet or hat worn with such a dress should match it in colors, no matter what the materials. It is best, however, to put the brown or darkest shades in the confection nearest your face. Velvet and plush, gold and tinted beads or braid, dark feathers or ribbons in two tones of copper and brown will trim it prettily. With such a dress you may wear a spray of yellow flowers—say nasturtiums—for a corsage bouquet. A large, long brooch of red gold and black silver, with a yellow dog's head photograph under a convex glass for a central setting, will give a character expression to the toilet. But if you are a sentimental as well as pale brunette, choose a pin with a yellow bird or flower for the setting.

THE LATEST NOVELTY

which has found its way here is an oper hat for women constructed on the same principle as a man's crush hat. It is only in the New York stores as yet, but is coming into pretty general use in London as well as in Paris. It is made of silk, cashmere and other hat-covering stuffs. It is ornamented with a bow or Russian cockade in front. They are said to be immensely liked by those theater-going American ladies abroad who have tried them. They are conical in shape, and when on the head look like any other simple, neat, quiet walking hat. The idea is to wear them to the theater or opera over the hair ready dressed for evening toilet, and upon taking her seat the woman removes he hat, crushing it flat, holding it in her lap or placing it on the seat beside her.

I NATURALLY THOUGHT

when I reported the doings of those young lady friends of mine who started a pious billiard-room and club for reforming young men that, as I never had heard of such folly before in the course of my life, it was not at all likely that I would hear of such a thing again. And yet a month has scarcely passed, and I am compelled to chronicle something equally imprudent, and attended with even worse consequences, all growing out of the startling new craze among city women for reforming evil young men. I say I am compelled to chronicle it; well, by that I mean that I have told my readers in the Enquirer my secrets for years, and it would be a pity if I should stop the practice now. A girl would not be natural if she did not have some way of making her secrets public, in a husband's, or a sweetheart's or a parent's ear, or, as in my case, through a great journal. Why, I would not give a button for a girl that could really keep a secret. There is no art in keeping a secret—the art is knowing how to tell it when it will relieve your own mind and do no harm to any one. Any how, the other day I got

FOUR LETTERS,

unquestionably the most thrilling, audacious, awfully paralyzing missives that ever a young girl received. The first was a sort of round-robin, signed by three of the most charming young girls of my acquaintance—all "brown stones," as we say in slang when we wish to indicate the moral (that is the financial worth of a friend). The letter set forth that the subscribers were all under suspicion in their own families, were distrusted a little by mothers and fathers and brothers, and yet, while guilty of nothing but mere imprudence, did not dare confess the truth and clear themselves. The letter closed like this: "So, dear Clara, our confessions are made in writing and inclosed herewith, with the prayer that if worse comes to worse—if the villains who are pursuing us do not let up—or our stern parents actually talk of thrusting us from their doors—then you can rescue one or all of us as may be necessary by committing our stories to heart and coming to our homes and revealing the truth." The first missive was from Minnie Blank, a dear friend of mine, who may be described pictorially by means of her interpolated statement that she wrote to me on her return from the opera, where she had worn her white gauze, high neck, no sleeves, and long black gloves to match her mass of hanging, inky hair. She is a gusher from Gush Center—dressy, young, short, plump, black hair and eyes, very attractive to men; father a broker, a German, member of "the little German band" in Wall street. The letter began: "You must know I belong to the Episcopal church, and had the mission-

ary fever bad a week or two ago; so I (and two other girls) set out each to reform a young man from among the great masses. With my heart in my throat, feeling exactly like a big fish-bone gone down the wrong way, I walked up to a nice-looking young man loafing in front of a corner grocery, on Sunday afternoon, and asked him if he would let me speak to him. I had on my new green bonnet and Newmarket to match—" but there is no use quoting the whole letter. The young loafer, amazed, walked with her, and, at her solicitation, went into her Sunday school, joined the Bible class, took her address, and promised to call and see her at her home. In three days he called, and she prayed with him. He pretended to take

A GREAT INTEREST IN RELIGION,

which he said was a new racket. He seemed so anxious to get work and buy a new suit of clothes so as to look fit to go to Sunday school that Miss Minnie loaned him $40, which he was to pay back when he could. The next Sunday he did not come to school, but on the following Monday he again called at Minnie's house. He had the same clothes as before and smelt of gin—so the butler says, though Minnie calls all those smells "wine." She charged him with having had wine, and he quite insolently asked her if she took him for a dude. She was sorely troubled what to do, and finally had recourse to prayer, but, horrible to relate, while she was praying with her face in her hands and her elbows on a chair, the tipsy man came bumping across the parlor on his knees, flung an arm around her waist and kissed her, while she screamed and screamed. The butler rushed in and flung the ruffian out, and the whole story appeared in a police paper three days later, all written so as to reflect on her character and with pictures showing her praying in a dress only reaching to her knees. Her name and address were only slightly altered, and marked copies were sent to her parents.

Number two, Little Grace, as we call her, is a stout blonde with yellow hair, a sunny disposition, and a father who is in oil in some profitable way or other. Her letter was short enough to be printed in full: "My story is simply this: I undertook to lead a Chinese laundryman to salvation. I called at his shop and did what I could to teach him English and Christianity. At first nothing would do but I must get him the family washing—they are so mercenary. I got him that and continued my visits. At the next to the last visit he frightened me terribly. He showed me one of my ch——s folded away in a sandal-wood box, which he took up and pressed to his heart. I demanded the garment, but could not get it. I went next time determined to get it or have the wretch arrested. It was too bad. He was getting along so well; could read a primer, and had renounced

THE WORSHIP OF IDOLS.

But I would have my garment and I told him so. We were alone in the back of the shop, and suddenly it was invaded by at least two dozen Chinamen, half the number with musical instruments and the rest with grotesque food. A Chinese feast was opened, and much music of a diabolical kind was indulged in. I could see I was somehow the heroine of the occasion. Alas! I was soon to understand it. An alderman was shown in and introduced to me. Glad to find a civilized being present, I asked him what was the matter. "I am sent for to marry you to the proprietor of the shop," he said; "ain't you taking a bold step?" Well, I guess he found out what I was taking. I just opened a few floodgates of wrath at him, walked over and boxed young Lung Qu's ears (that was the heathen I had been teaching) till he crawled under the table, and then I walked out like a tragedy queen. The idea! Just to think of it—the silly fool thought I was courting him all the while I was teaching him he had a soul to save. Ugh! I will give the other girl's adventures next week.—Clara Belle in Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Next to Reading."

"Why," said a funny printer at 3 o'clock yesterday morning, "is the foreman in this news room like the 'flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la?'"

"I don't know," replied the make-up, as he pied a stickful of minion editorial; "I have no idea."

"Because," said the printer, "he has 'nothing to do with the case.'"

He was not dropped down the elevator, as is usually done, but he was collared, taken down into the basement, and, when a few papers had been run off, he was run through several times between the heavy rollers as the edition came off. He was about a sixteenth of an inch thick, and filled about s'teen columns, "next to reading matter."

Timely Information.

Puck's Annual.

They say you can tell how much a man loves a girl by the way he buttons her gloves. This may be; but you cannot tell how much a small boy does or doesn't love his big sister, who compels him to strap on her skates when his fingers are so numb that he can't grapple them around an apple.

A Buffalo Bellow.

Buffalo Express.

The aborigines showed bad taste when they named Slab Hollow, Vt., but their descendants who have had it changed to Hazel Dell deserve crucifixion. The former name was at least "redolent of the soil," but Hazel Dell is the inspiration of a fourth-rate female novelist.

A PRIVATE'S GLORY.

Sweet little Major, he mounts my knee,
And the tender blue eyes look at me.
"Tell me, Popsi, just once more,
What did you do when you went to war?"

And then I tell of the autumn day
When the Forty-seventh marched away;
How Cromwell died at Jackson town,
And Miles on Corinth's field went down.

"But how many rebels, tell me true,
Did you kill then, the whole war through?"
And I tell him then with eager zest
How Jo Reed blew up a limber chest.

But the Major sticks to his question still,
"How many rebels did you kill?"
So I tell him how, near the set of sun,
The charge was made and the battle won.

And how, the day McClure was shot,
When Vicksburg's fight was fierce and hot,
Brave Sam Law took C Company in
Through flame and smoke and the batteries' din.

How over our heads the battle broke
With screaming shell and sober stroke,
And he wanted to know, the little elf,
"But how many men did you kill yourself?"

"Say, tell me, Popsie, say you will—
How many rebels did you kill?"
So I told him the truth, as near as might be—
As many of them as they did of me.

—R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

THE WOMAN'S GLOBE.

Solilioquy in Rhyme of a Beauteous Belle Upon the Necessity of Securing a Matrimonial Prize.

Ideas Which a Season in New York Stirred Up in the Mind of an Observing Western Girl.

Late Fashion Plates Which Will Make the Dear Girls Look Like the Horrid Men.

Britain's Famous Barmaids Not Such Abused Creatures--Various Spicy Odds and Ends.

THE BELLE'S SOLILOQUY.

"The die is cast, or rather it is casting.
This season sees me settled, or I fear
My maiden name must bloom on everlasting,
Although, of course, 't may change some other year.
I've danced three winters till I'm almost sated,
But ma has five more rosebuds to get mated."

Thus spoke Miss Gladys Sinjin D'Ersby West,
A belle as fair as she was chic and clevaire,
Unto herself, although 'twas half addressed
Unto her maid, who would not tell it, nevaire—
Her maid Elize, who combed her raven tresses,
And for her pains got many cast-off dresses.

"Yes, I must dance and trip upon the green,
I mean the carpet—pshaw! the waxen floor,
And talk sweet nothings 'mid the palms unseen,
To some great stupid monetary bore.
For love, you say, Elize? You stupid goose!
I tried that once. Poor Charley!—'twas no use.

"I must on money smile—the die is cast;
Papa is poor—comparatively so;
He's worth a million, still that's but a drop
In one small bucket when it comes to pop.
The man who wins me must at least command
Five times a million ere he sees my hand.

"The Patriarchs, of course, shall have the honor
Of murmuring linguistic bon-bons in my ear.
There's one dear girl—I've got my eyes upon her—
Who tried to cut me out at that same ball last year,
But oh dear, no, not this time, gentle Julia,
Although your methods are, I own, peculiar.

"Those dear, delightful ladies' balls at Delco's—
Poetic name for one whose fine cuisine
Surpasses Lorne's or Teck's or even Eicho's.
At those I always pose as beauty's queen,
And there the men are so select and charming
If I don't charm one then 'twill be alarming.

"For charity, of course, I shall take in the dances;
There wealthy fellows with bald heads appear.
And hearts like tinder melt before sweet glances;
Perchance I'll meet my fate—it would be queer!
And then the Guards, dear fellows, how I love them!
But then they've always got some General above them.

"For private balls I'm booked, I'm sure, for dozens.
There are the Astors, Roberts,—more than I could wish,—
The Gallatins and all my female cousins.
So many casts, I'll surely land my fish;
At all events, Elize, I must be wed,
And now—as Lady Caudor says—to bed!"

—New York Journal.

AN OBSERVING WESTERN GIRL.

Life in New York, as Seen Under the Stimulus of a Very Gay Season.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—Dear Grace: I suppose you thought the gayeties of a country house on the Hudson at this season would make one forget everything else. But if you know me thoroughly you will understand that nothing starts me to thinking quicker than seeing a lot of people who make amusement the business of their lives. And this New York society is such a wild, wierd thing. I tell you, my dear, what are called society girls have opportunities for studying their own kind which are absolutely unsurpassed in ancient or modern times. Now, for example, here I am 24—commonly called a lucky girl—and the longer I live the more I am convinced that the Chinese are right in certain customs. When a girl child is born in China the father retires to his private chamber, goes to bed, groans, and weeps, and mourns, and laments for four days. The household wears mourning, and all say to sympathizing inquirers: "Woe to this house; a girl child is born." In the lower ranks of life a simpler and more comprehensive action often takes place. The baby is quietly dropped into the nearest river, and so its troubles are ended. But for us, with our boasted civilization, there is nothing for the luckiest of us but a feverish existence of pleasure which is half pain. And, Grace, American women are better off than any in the world. Don't forget this. Now you'll probably want to know something of what has made me a weeping philosopher. It is the extraordinarily gay time I'm having, dear. First comes the house party. You know I was invited to this charming country place to spend Christmas week according to a fashion first started in New York. There are nine of us, including the host and hostess. These last, which should be first, are very nice, but spoil everything by trying to make it more English than it is in London. As the lady is of Irish extraction and her husband one of the old Dutch families of New York, you may imagine the thousand incongruities that result. Then there are two more girls, one young married belle, her husband, and two society swells—all from New York. I won't bother about the girls, they are well enough. But the men, Grace! I declare I could almost weep. Here I have a trunkful of Paris dresses, and you know I look much better in a house dress than a street dress—and I never had a chance to show myself in one of those drawing-room gowns to a man of sense yet. My dear, it's a dreadful thought, but I am afraid men of sense in this country don't frequent drawing-rooms. Indeed, the great want of American society is men of sense who are men of leisure. Well, I was to tell you about the party here. They all condescend to me, as I am Western. But my ignorance of the East ought not to be any drawback to me, for they talk of nothing but London, Paris and Vienna, and you know very well, dear, that folly is contagious—and I am fast becoming as great a snob as any of them. What do you think of my telling them last night at dinner about Sir James Savile sending me those flowers to the steamer when I sailed? And you know he is the most senseless little puppy living, and I ought to be ashamed to be seen talking with him. And they talk about the "hunt balls" and how various men look in pink, and the fox they hunt is an anise-seed bag! I told them one evening, in a burst of honesty, that they ought to go to Virginia to see real English fox-hunting, and they fairly jumped out of their chairs at my presumption. The men have very good manners, but they studiously repress everything like originality, and it always strikes me as if they were playing an elaborate part. We dine at 7:30 and the men are very particular in always wearing evening clothes. One night the host brought a man out from New York to dinner and spend the night. He was a New England manufacturer of some kind, and at the table he told the most delicious stories about his work people, and gave some very interesting details about his factory. After dinner the hostess made a kind apology for his introducing such subjects at dinner. "But he isn't used to society in New York," she explained. You may imagine my disgust when I tell you that he didn't take the slightest notice of me, or, indeed, any of the girls, but stayed in the smoking-room with the men all the time, and mumbled something to us when he couldn't get out of our way about "he wasn't a ladies' man—society girls, as a rule, didn't like him." Now, isn't it hard that a man of sense should give us the go-by like that? I can't imagine why women should not always go in full dress to the theaters—that is, in demi-toilet without their bonnets. Here, when we go to the German or Italian opera, we go in ball dresses, decolette. But when we go to the theater we wear our street dresses, just as we do at home. Our hats and bonnets are not only very much in the way of people behind us, but they absorb the sound. Besides, a theater has so much more of a gala look when hats and bonnets are dispensed with and something gayer is worn than the tailor-made suit of somber tone. By the way, tailor-made suits are not so dreadfully plain as they were. They are in handsome combinations, elegantly finished, as only a tailor-made suit can be, and trimmed with fur, or velvet, or some appliqued trimming. And there is a terrible row over the afternoon teas. The papers are all laughing at them—I can't think why, except that there are usually too many persons invited. A very nice way, and one which will be the fashion this winter, is to have four teas, inviting different people each time, so there will be no crush and things will be pleasanter and more informal. I'll tell you some more about that house party in my next.—Maude, in Chicago News.

TRIANGULAR MIRRORS.

A Charming Device for Ladies who Like to See Their Back Hair.

Philadelphia Press.

"Women, as everybody knows, are the hardest people in the world to please," said a wan, pale-faced clerk in a large jewelry establishment after wrestling for an hour and a half with a fat girl in a red hood who had bought only a silver bangle-bracelet for $1. The pale-faced clerk sighed and then continued, in a dull and listless sort of way:

"But I think we've got something now that even the pettiest and meanest female in the world can't complain about. You know (or mebbe you don't know; you don't look as though you were married—say, I've been married two years), every woman would rather see the back of her head just after she has put up her hair than any thing else on earth. Well, they've been straining their necks and using hand-glasses in front of their mirrors for a long time, and the result has not been particularly satisfactory. It has at length occurred to somebody to invent something to remedy this. There is a three-sided glass. It's rather expensive, you see. French plate, with ivory backs. The sides are movable and adjustable. A woman can arrange that thing so that she can sit in front of it and see her back hair without turning her head. The advantage is simply beyond calculation. She can catch her dressing-maid in a lie regularly every morning.

JUST LIKE THE HORRID MEN.

The Fashion Plates Predict Startling Changes in Ladies' Attire.

"I venture the prediction that within a very few years, say three or four, the dress of fashionable women will be quite like, in many respects, the garments now worn by our gilded youth," said a stylish male designer of ladies' dresses to a reporter recently.

"Why do you think so?" the reporter inquired.

"Because within the last few years rapid strides have been made in the direction I have indicated," was the reply. "Two

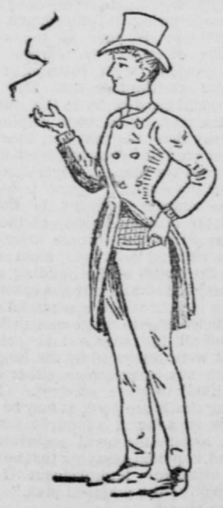
THE FIRST STEP.

years ago an English tailor, who is also a designer of dresses, established himself in business uptown in this city. He made one coat for a well-known society lady, and soon after orders for similar coats began to

A LITTLE CLOSER.

pile in on him. Those long, masculine-looking coats worn by ladies are all the handiwork of men."

The designer exhibited a picture of which the first cut in this column is a copy, remarking as he did so: "This was the first



ALL THERE.

step taken in the direction of making the attire of the two sexes similar.

"This shows the second move made by ladies toward appropriating male attire as their own," said the designer, exhibiting a second picture. "Here we have a hat, coat and vest which a man could wear with impunity. The vest is the latest article appropriated by the ladies. They need but one more garment and then there will be no use for dressmakers."

"And that garment is?"

"Gaze on this picture," said the designer, as he handed the reporter a picture of a society belle in masculine attire. "I am making a suit of this description for a leader of fashion."

THE BRITISH BARMAID.

Apparently Not Badly so Abused as Has Been Supposed.

There is in reality no reason why a barmaid's should be a less respectable situation than that of any other class of working women, says the Pall Mall Gazette. In the low public houses and country inns, indeed, where a barmaid is kept the situation is different, but it is mostly girls from a very low class who enter such a situation, while the great majority of young girls who serve in restaurants and refreshment bars come from the middle class. They are generally the daughters of tradespeople, railway officials and restaurantkeepers, and are, in the social scale, considered one degree below the young ladies who teach in elementary schools and hold places as nursery governesses.

A girl who wishes to take a situation as barmaid should not be under 18 years old. On applying for a place she is required to produce one or two references as to her respectability. She has then to pass a short examination in writing and simple arithmetic, her proficiency in the latter being one of the chief requirements. The examination satisfactorily passed, she is engaged on a month's trial, during which time she earns nothing beside her board and lodging. If, at the end of the month, she has satisfied her employers, she is permanently engaged and begins her work at once. I should, perhaps, say here that this manner of training is only adopted in establishments where large numbers of barmaids are kept, while in small places the rules and regulations are less strict. What the work consists of need hardly be explained, for it is apparent to everybody who casts a glance at a public bar. Besides serving the customers, the barmaid has no duties but those of keeping her department neat and tidy. But, although it may at the first moment appear very easy to provide hungry visitors with refreshments, the attentive, civil young lady must nevertheless have a keen eye to business.

The hours of work can hardly be fixed. At some refreshment bars, such as, for instance, those at large railway stations, work begins very early in the morning; at others, again, very late hours are kept; but, as a rule, nine to ten hours a day, with the usual intervals for meals, make up the working day. One evening a week is generally free, and one Sunday every month. The wages vary from 8 shillings to 10 shillings a week. There is no doubt that only strong and healthy girls can be successful in this kind of employment—in which they are exposed to draughts and cold. The monotony and drudgery many women of which so complain in their work, are entirely absent from the barmaid's life. The temptations to which she is said to be exposed, though they are not altogether fictitious, are exaggerated—a steady girl finding no difficulty in keeping a proper distance between herself and her customers without becoming rude, and a girl with a tendency to flirtation being as a rule, no good business woman, and therefore apt to be discharged. To many girls the bustling, hurrying life, the new faces, and the many topics discussed in her hearing are of great attraction, and as a rule barmaids are not a discontented class of women. After they have served for some years they may, if they do not marry, which, however, they often do, aspire to the post of a restaurant manager, who has the supervision of the establishment. As such they earn from 20 shillings upward a week, and if at the head of a large restaurant they are sure to be able to put up some savings. Many a woman who has begun life as a barmaid has, as a hotel keeper, later on made a little fortune, and if she has any power of organization and understands housekeeping, no woman with a small capital to begin with will find it difficult to make a good living in this way.

DECORATIVE NEEDLEWORK.

Ups and Downs of Artistic Taste in the Revival of Embroidery.

London Art Journal.

The revival of embroidery was the natural outcome of the general revival of decorative art to which the great exhibition of 1851 gave such an important impulse. At no time in the history of English art had decorative needlework reached such a state of absolute debasement as in the first half of the present century, nor was it alone in that unenviable position. It is both interesting and humiliating to look back at the illustrated catalogue of the great exhibition and gain an idea from what was then thought worthy of engraving, of the condition of the art of the day. Decorative needlework, however, had ceased to be an art at all. For ecclesiastical purposes it still lingered on, but secular embroidery had sunk into the abomination of desolation known as Berlin woolwork. A better state of things no doubt exists now; but while it is well to measure our progress by looking back and noting how short a time has elapsed since the decline of the decorative arts had reached what we may hope was its lowest ebb, it is painful to think how much of this improved taste is mere fashion—the reproduction of good models rather than a real renaissance of art, on which any reliance can be placed. The very rebound carried us into a phase of low-toned monotony which was certainly less aggressive, but scarcely in itself more reasonable, than the showy and pretentious style which preceded it, because it was a craze rather than the result of any perception of true art principles. Hence we had forms of construction which were passed as artistic by the would-be cultivators of the beautiful, mere productions of a past era which had come into fashion again, but which were not beautiful in themselves, and in coloring it only needed to be dingy enough to be admired. There was, if possible, greater absence of any thought-out harmony of color than in the old Philistine days, when people did at any rate guide themselves by complementaries, even if of a most crude and primitive kind. The result was, as we have said, generally less aggressive, but, in a true sense often not more artistic.

SPECIALLY FOR WOMEN.

Delicate Fancies in Embroidered Underwear.

Short under petticoats, daintily and elaborately made, are very much the fashion just now, and some of them are marvels in the way of embroidery and lace and ribbon trimmings. The more useful, if not loveliest ones, are made of very fine flannel in soft, pale shades of pink, blue and creamy white. The seams are all felled and feather-stitched with silk of some contrasting color, and the hem and the band, which is of narrow ribbon or silk braid, with long ties, are similarly finished. Then there is at least one lace ruffle added to the foot, and sometimes ruffles upon ruffles in overlapping ruches. Woolen lace may be used, or the fine Medicis and torchon varieties, or if a single band of lace is used it is exceedingly pretty crochetted or knitted of the very finest split zephyr the color of the flannel. But whatever kind of lace is used it is run in the most open meshes, with fine ribbons, matching in color the silk used in the feather stitches. Then there are fine cashmere skirts, with satin facings and finishings, and silk thread embroideries in bands or in separate flower clusters placed near the foot of the front and side breadths. A particularly elaborate and elegant little petticoat of pale cameo pink cashmere, with white satin facings and a quilted border of white satin six inches deep. A narrow double ruffle of lace falls from under the border and above it on the front and side breadth clusters of roses are embroidered of white silk, mixed with the finest of seed pearls. The most fashionable skirts, however, are of fine white surah silk, ornamented with groups of tucks and innumerable frills of Valenciennes lace or fine embroideries of silk alone or mixed with tinsel. The embroideries are sometimes in a pale color, and delicately tinted ribbons may be run through the lace flounces or frills, but the skirts par excellence are those all in white, and are so extremely delicate and dainty that only those of unlimited wealth can afford to wear them ordinarily.

A Decorated Goblet.

An interesting home-made method of natural decoration consists simply in taking a glass or goblet and placing in the interior a little common salt water. In a day or so a slight mist will be seen upon the glass—hourly this will grow until, in a very short time, the glass will present a beautiful appearance, it being enlarged to twice its thickness, and covered with beautiful salt crystals, packed upon one another, exactly like some peculiar fungus or animal growth. It is necessary to place a dish beneath the glass, as the crystals will run over, if the term can be used. The glass can be made additionally beautiful by placing in the salt and water some common red ink. This will be absorbed, as it were, and the white surface covered with a rich red coat, which in turn can be covered by blue or any color, by the introduction of inks or tints. No more simple method of producing inexpensive and beautiful ornaments can be imagined, and by using different shapes of vases and shades an endless variety of beautiful forms can be produced, pleasing alike to young and old.—Scientific American.

A Remarkable Toilet.

One remarkable toilet, which looked as if no hands could have fashioned it, might have taken its rise from the foam of the ocean rather than from an atelier in Bond street. The silken foundation of the skirt was invisible, so completely was it effaced by folds upon folds of clear tulle massed together, and giving the effect the utmost simplicity, and cast upon this fairy-like structure were cords of pearls and beads so mingled as to introduce rays of light. The cords were caught together at intervals by medallions composed of larger pearls and beads, but of the same description, terminating on the right side with a bunch of ostrich feathers, while the left had a short folded drapery or panier of white velours frise to correspond with the low round bodice, which was made of that material, trimmed with pearls and a bunch of feathers similar to that on the skirt.—London Queen.

Gloves, Kerchiefs and Collars.

Jersey gloves of fine cashmere wool are worn by some women of fashion in New York in copy of the English custom.

Long silk gloves are worn at receptions and with the demi-toilette.

Embroidered China silk handkerchiefs take the place of linen ones.

Linen cuffs and collars are heavily embroidered.

Many beautiful fans have most aggressive handles, such as dagger hilts and the like.

Sashes are very fashionable and are worn by young and old alike.

Slippers and Shoes.

Black satin slippers are fashionable.

Polish boots with a lining of woolly sheepskin have a most comfortable look for overshoes.

Slippers in peau de Suede are made to order in any shape.

Brocaded shoes are worn with evening dresses in which brocade forms a part.

Bed-Room and Boudoir.

Toilet sets in earthenware, with a mahogany glass, are the latest things in this line.

Embroidered muslin window curtains are taking the place of those of lace.

White muslin bed curtains are used on the again fashionable high-post bedsteads.

A new photograph frame is made of tussore silk, embroidered.

A novelty, and a useful one for the writing-desk, is the little brass frying-pan, in which to cook one's sealing-wax. This method avoids smoking the wax and spattering one's desk. The wax is cut in little cubes for use in this manner, and may be bought in that form.

Pretty bed-room screens are made of fine Canton matting in colors, on which some design is painted in a broad and effective style. These are mounted on bamboo frames.

Hand screens for service while sitting in front of the fire are made of the common palm leaf covered in satin and edged with lace. A wide ribbon bow finishes the effect.

Styles for the New Year.

Modistes, both in Europe and America, have tried hard to sustain the fashions set early in the season for plainer styles in dresses, but without avail, for women will not accept the plain full skirt.

The style of draperies has been modified; that is to say, they are plainer and more artistic in their straight lines than in their high bunchiness, and when trains are worn they flow quite plain, the only trimming being a large cord around the edge. Ninety inches is the fashionable length, and it takes an artist of no mean order to cut and hang one of these trains. They must sweep gracefully or the whole effect of the costume is spoiled.

In the fashions for January, 1886, one finds the same low bodice worn in January, 1885. It is cut open to a point both back and front and, among the most modest of women, is filled in with lace, tulle or embroidered gauze. A leading society lady had an evening dress opened to the waist line in front, but the space was filled in with straps and puffs of the rich materials of the costume.

The Grecian bodice was revived during the past year, but did not become popular. During the winter of '85 debutantes largely monopolized white silk tulle over satin merveilleux, or white surah. The regulation order of confirmation dress was white muslin, but those with ample means donned a plain white satin costume.

The plain silk tulle introduced one year ago was handsome, but many improvements have been made in the fabric, until now it is gorgeous in its rich embroideries of gold and silver or shimmering beads in all imaginable hues.

The silk industry of this country, which, despite all discouragements, has made a most remarkable progress, now takes front rank in the manufacturing enterprises of the day.

Surah silks have become a standard article. They are firmly fixed in the good will of the ladies, and their introduction marked one of the most important advances in the domestic manufacture of silk goods. It is one of the most durable and satisfactory of all dress materials, and American surahs stand at the head of this class of fabrics.

New figures in American brocaded silks are the poetry of design and color and pass all description in words. The combining of new colors in evening silks shows a masterly hand and are particularly noticeable for their delicacy. The patterns are choice and the goods in all respects bear favorable comparison with imported stuffs that are double the cost. Entirely new designs are shown in the dark colors. Heraldic figures and emblems are small and clearly defined in gold, or gold and green upon black grounds.

This is Just as Good as New.

Chicago Times.

As an evening train was pulling into Sawyer, on the Buffalo, New York & Philadelphia railroad, a young man and his best girl happened to be the only occupants of the rear coach. The young man was improving each opportunity to do a little hugging and kissing just at the moment the brakeman stuck his head into the door and yelled "Saw-yer! Saw-yer!" As soon as the young man recovered he retorted: "I don't care if you did; we've been engaged more than two weeks."

The Same Pig.

Texas Siftings.

A newly-married lady, who recently graduated from Vassar college, is not well posted about household matters. She said to her grocer not long since:

"I bought three or four hams here a couple of months ago, and they were very fine. Have you got any more of them?"

Grocer—Yes, Ma'am, there are ten of those hams hanging up there.

"Are you sure they are off the same pig?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then, I'll take three of them."

Something No Feller Can Find Out.

Yonkers Statesman.

Will some of the prolific writers on the subject please rise and explain to us why the woman who cannot come within two blocks of hitting a hen with a stone can throw a rolling-pin at her husband with such minute accuracy.

RESULT OF A TRAGEDY.

The Wife of the Victim of Hanley's Murderous Hand.

Alone in the Cold She Seeks Help for Herself and Babes.

A little more than three years ago a tragedy was enacted on Cedar street, in which John Ryan, a blacksmith, lost his life by a bullet, shot from a revolver in the hands of Thomas Hanley, a fellow-workman, who is now serving out a life sentence in the penitentiary at Sillwater. Ryan, at the time he was shot down, was a man in good circumstances, and his sudden death cast a cloud of sadness over a home that was cared for by a loving wife of more than ordinary comeliness and accomplishments, and which was brightened by the prattle and smiles of a promising child.

Yesterday morning, when the biting north wind was dancing over the hills, whirling the glistening snow in clouds before it through the early rays of the chill January sun, a woman with care-worn face, in the lines of which traces of early beauty still lingered, crept from beneath an unsightly pile of rags in a miserable hovel on the old Como road and readjusted the tattered coverings to protect the two children with pinched faces from the wintry air that stole through the cracks between the thin walls of the shanty, and laid the snow in miniature drifts across the bare floor and miserable bed. There was no fire in the broken and battered stove; no wood in the yard.

A PLAINTIVE WAIL

from the two-months-old child that lay among the rags near her, attracted her attention, and turning to it she soon wooed it back to fitful slumber. A vicious gust of wind shook the miserable hovel in its heartless grip, and with a look of desperation, the woman threw a thin cloak over her shoulders, and stepping out into the snow, fought her way against the blasts to the police station, where she asked for assistance. She said that she had twice applied to the board of control for help and all she received was half a sack of flour, but she wanted wood to keep her and her children from freezing. She was once more sent to the board of control, but it was not in session and through the streets she wandered from point to point in search of the officers of the board. Just as night began to settle over the city she came back to the station, looking sad and dejected. Her search had been fruitless. This woman was the once happy wife of the man whose life had been sacrificed to satisfy the mad passion of the man who now dwells within the walls of the state prison and is pleading for pardon—Tom Hanley. Two years after the death of her husband she was wooed and won by the plausable tongue of a Minneapolis man by the name of Carr. Their honeymoon was brief; he soon showed himself to be a criminal by nature and is now a convict, while his wife and helpless babe are paying the heaviest penalty for his sins.

FAIRIES AT FINGER-TIPS.

Fantastic Shapes Given the Nails by Expert Manicures.

New York Journal.

Several of the large dry-goods establishments in the city now oblige their clerks to have their finger-nails attended to by a manicure at least once a week. The practice is rapidly spreading in society circles, too, and the man who cuts his nails with a scissors will soon be as rare as a century plant.

THE DIP.

A manicure artist is usually a pretty girl, who handles the visitor's fingers as softly as if they were made of pie-crust. The finger-tips are first placed in tepid water, where they are allowed to soak for half an hour. This softens the hard flesh around the nails and renders it an easy matter for them to be trimmed in any way desired. The pretty artist cuts away the flesh with a dainty little scissors, chips the nails into presentable shape and then files them into the prevailing style. Just now it is oval, although a short time ago ladies took a pride in having their finger nails pointed until they resembled a new pen.

MANICURE IMPLEMENTS.

After filing the nails the finger-tips are squeezed into a small compass by a patent compress until they acquire a shapely form. Then the nails are polished with white and pink powders, and when the pretty girl gets through with her task, which usually occupies an hour, the visitor feels that he is well rewarded for his outlay.

HIS FEE WAS TOO SMALL.

A Washington Lawyer Who Wasn't Expensive Enough.

One day last week the senior member of a firm of local patent attorneys received a call from a gentleman who represented a syndicate of English stockholders in a valuable patent. There was some dispute as to the priority of invention, which resulted in the gentleman in question being sent to this country to engage the services of a competent attorney to make the necessary research and report. The fee finally agreed upon was a retainer of $250, and $50 a day additional for every day employed. The retainer was paid, and the Englishman left. He returned the following morning and asked for a private interview with the senior partner. When they were alone the Englishman, with some embarrassment, said:

"I have come to speak with you about the retainer you received yesterday. I would like your permission to change the amount."

"I am sorry you regard my charges excessive," the attorney began, when his visitor interrupted him with: "Not at all. I've called to learn if you have any objection to making it larger. You see," he continued, "if I wrote to my people that you had charged me only $250 they might think you a second-rate man, whereas if you increase the amount they will value your services accordingly. I know you are all right, because I inquired particularly about you, but the syndicate I represent do not, and I am first of all desirous of pleasing them."

The attorney was equal to the occasion. "Very well," said he, "suppose we call it $500." "Can't you make it $1,000?" said his visitor, anxiously. The attorney nodded affirmatively, whereupon the Englishman laid down the money and left the office with the air of a man who had won a great victory.

A SEASONABLE RHYME.

A go-out-a-hunting young man,
A gamebag-and-boot young man;
A love for his rifle that nothing can stifle,
A something-to-shoot young man.

A come-back-crestfallen young man,
Bedraggled-and-lame young man,
With his rifle and Rover he sought the field over,
This brought-back-no-game young man.

A stay-in-the-house young man,
Avoiding-his-friends young man,
With a swallow of whisky to make him feel frisky—
This laugh-that-offends young man.

—Columbus Dispatch.