The Female Tonsorial Artist.

Oh, sweet innovation! Whenever the heart
With a burden of sorrow is laden,
We'll put on our hat, for the barber's we'll start,
To be chinned by a beautiful maiden.

We know she won't bore us with talk about trade,
Or baseball, or dogs, or athletics,
Or prize-fights, or ballet girls, lightly arrayed,
Or urge us to buy her cosmetics.

She won't boast of mashing the swells of the town,
Or how many young fellows adore her;
She won't say we're getting quite bald on the crown,
And that we should use her restorer.

She'll talk about parties and hops by the sea,
Of bonnets and ribbons and laces,
Of fashions and dresses and feathers, while she
Is lathering rough-bearded faces.

Ah, who would not joyfully listen all day
To the chat of the beautiful chinner?
And maybe she'd flirt in an innocent way
When the boss has stepped out for his dinner.

Come, let's bid adieu for a season to care,
And fly to contentment's sweet harbor;
We'll rest in the patent adjustable chair,
And be shaved by the young lady barber.

—*Boston Courier.*

AGORDON'S PRIDE

CHAPTER XLV.

scene that met the eyes of Ethel and Sir Oscar Charlcote when they had entered the room in the keeper's cottage. The apartment was small, square, and scrupulously clean; the bed was at the end near the window, and on it lay the dying man. His face lighted up with a gleam of recognition as he saw the veiled figure of a lady standing near.

Sir Oscar never lost his presence of mind. He turned to the nurse.

"We are come to see your patient, and to remain with him for a short time," he said. "Will you go and rest?"

"I will go downstairs and get myself some tea, sir," she replied; and the next moment she had left the room.

Then the dying man held out his hands to Ethel.

"Ethel," he said, feebly, "you are come at last!"

He had committed a felony, he had blighted her life, he had been vilely selfish and cruelly mean; but he had loved her passionately, and he lay dying. She knelt down by his bedside, and took his hands in hers.

"Take away your veil," he said, "that I may look my last on the face that is all the world to me."

She did not remove her hands. Sir Oscar unfastened the thick veil; it fell with the dark cloak to the ground, leaving her shining jewels and silken dress uncovered. The dying man looked at her with a faint, wandering smile.

"You are come to me in all your bravery of jewels and dress, my queen," he said. "My beautiful queen, I only deserve that you should hate me, yet you let me hold your hands in mine."

"I do not hate you," she corrected, gently.

"Thank Heaven for that! I am dying, Ethel—my short, ungracious life is nearly ended. My sins and follies are all over. Ah! my queen, listen to me for a few moments—bend your beautiful face lower—so—I cannot speak clearly, Ethel, listen. I was not always bad. I began life with all good intentions, all great, grand, and generous hopes. I was young, happy, gallant, gay. Oh, for my lost youth, my lost life!"

He broke out into a low, feeble wailing, most pitiful to hear.

"My lost life—oh, Ethel, if I might but live it over again—if I might but have time to redeem it! Believe me, dear, wretched outcast though I am now, I was young, rich, and happy once. Once I was worthy of your love—now I am deserving of your hate."

She bent her beautiful face over his, and whispered to him that Heaven was merci- [illegible] tears fell warm and fast upon his [illegible]

[illegible] said faintly, "that I could [illegible] that all the world might [illegible] my fatal story a [illegible]

[illegible] muured some words that she [illegible] anguish.

[illegible] he cried, in a loud, clear voice, [illegible] standing on the brink of a deep, dark river; it is rolling so swiftly on! White faces look at me from the waters as they pass by, and the river is rising; the dark waters will cover me soon. Hark, how the waters rush!"

She told him it was only the sound of the wind among the trees—the great, tall trees in the woods. He wandered again——

"The wood, the little gate by the wood, and Ethel, my wife, standing there with the passion-flowers in her hand! Ethel, my wife, standing where the changing light from the stained glass window falls on her, and one great gleam is blood red! Ethel, Ethel, my fair young wife!"

She laid her hand on his brow and whispered gentle words to soothe him.

"It is rushing on, Ethel, the dark, swift, silent river—it will take me away. Tell me you forgive me."

He held her hands tightly clasped, he looked in her face with an appealing expression she never forgot.

"Of all the wrongs I have done," he said, "the cruelest was to you. It was the most selfish and cruel deed any man could have done to cloud that sweet young life of yours. Ethel, I remember when your voice was all sunshine, and your beautiful lips all smiles. I remember when your voice was all music; and when I saw you again, my queen, so terribly changed, I knew what I had done. Ethel! oh, if the rush of that dark water would but stop! It drowns my voice and drowns yours. Ethel, say you forgive me—utter my name once more; I have not heard it for years."

"Laurie, I forgive you," she said, gently [illegible] you the wrong you did me [illegible] cruel deceit. I forgive you, as I pray Heaven to pardon me for my folly and pride. From the very depths of my heart I say, Heaven have mercy on you!" and then she stopped, for he was weeping like a child.

"Ethel," he begged, "when I am dead, remember how I loved you. You have been the one star of my life. Try to forget how wicked and worthless I was—only remember my great, deep, passionate love; say to yourself, 'Poor Laurie—poor, faulty, [illegible] Laurie—how he loved me!' There is [illegible] long life before you, my queen, and the grass will soon be growing over my grave. Let my great love plead for me; think what I suffered on my wedding-day when they took [illegible] away. Ethel, grant me one favor. You see that small box?"

He pointed as he spoke to a small, plain, metal box, securely fastened with a lock and key.

"I never thought to die near you," he continued; "I never hoped to die with your dear hands in mine. Ethel, I am powerless to move, will you take the key that hangs round my neck and unlock that box?"

She removed a silken string from his neck, and with the key attached to it unlocked the box. It held nothing but a few faded flowers, so withered, so faded, she did not recognize them. She carried them to him, and wondered at his wild weeping when he saw them.

"They have been to prison with me," he said, "they have been over the seas with me; the hardest officials that opened that little box to see what it contained closed it quickly again and said nothing. I have kissed it when all the diamonds, all the wealth of this world would have been valueless. I have prized it as kings do their crowns—as misers their gold. Do you know what the contents are, Ethel?"

She looked at the withered, faded, dried-up leaves.

"No," she replied, gently, "I do not."

"They are the passion-flowers that you held in your hand as a bridal bouquet on the morning we were married, Ethel; they are not more faded or dead than my hopes."

As he spoke, the whole scene with its surroundings rose vividly before her—the sweet, dewy summer morning, the church, with its stained glass windows, the altar where she had stood in the varying lights, the passion-flowers that she had gathered all shining with dew. She remembered how he had taken them from her.

"They were suitable flowers for you, Ethel," he said, sadly. "I remember how grieved I felt at the time, how the sight of them filled me with dismay; but they were well chosen—they were tokens of what was to follow. Roses would have been unfitting for my bride. Oh, Ethel, they are not so dead or so faded, dear, as my hopes. You will see they are buried with me. Promise, Ethel."

"I promise," she replied, but her voice was almost inaudible.

Then he seemed suddenly to become aware of Sir Oscar's presence. He looked at him long and earnestly.

"Ethel," he said, "place those poor dead flowers on my breast, and let me hold your hands in mine. It is only for a few short minutes, dear. The river is rising and I am sinking. You told me that I had blighted your life, that you loved to part. This is a noble fearless face—the face of a good and noble man. Is it he whom you love, Ethel?"

"Yes," she replied—"I loved him and parted from him."

"I am glad that he is here."

He turned his dying face to Sir Oscar.

"I am glad that you have come," he said. "Your presence will shield Ethel from all harm, from all comment. May I say something to you? She, my poor young wife, is free from all blame. The lilies in the field are not purer than she is. It was all my fault—all mine. I saw her, and she was so beautiful that I loved her at once with a love that has lasted my life, and will end only with my death. I tempted her. I saw that she was proud, and on her wounded pride, her wounded love, I played skilfully. Ethel never loved me. I flattered her, I studied every weakness of her character, and made them all subservient to my designs. I bear witness here on my deathbed that she was not in the least to blame—that no taint or suspicion of wrong could be attached to her—that I sinned against her. I deceived her. She was young, simple, innocent as a child, and I worked upon her through her faults, and tempted her through her pride. I did her so great a wrong in marrying her that I deserved the bitterest punishment, and I have had it. You will not let Ethel suffer for my sin?".

Sir Oscar bent over him, with kindliest pity on his face.

"I believe you," he said earnestly. "I am sure that the fair, sweet girl we have both loved is free from blame. It will make your death-bed happier if I tell you something else. I will do all I can to make the remainder of her life happy. I will give her the greatest love—the greatest reverence. I will do all I can to make her forget the terrible past. You may trust me; we will respect your memory, and I will do what you most desire—make her happy."

A light more tender and beautiful than they had seen before came over Laurie Carrington's face. He raised Sir Oscar's hand to his lips.

"May Heaven bless you!" he said. "You are a noble man," he repeated faintly, "and I am glad that she will be happy. There is no more jealousy or envy left in me; it is all dead. I shall die the more easily for knowing what I do. Life is sweet to us all, but I am pleased that I can die and leave her free."

Then his hand relaxed its hold.

"Ethel, Ethel!" he cried, "the river runs on so swiftly and so dark—it is here—up to my lips. Will you bend down and kiss my face once, only once before I die, for my great love's sake?"

She looked up at Sir Oscar.

"Shall I do what he wishes?" her eyes seemed to ask.

He answered her gravely.

"Yes, it is for the last time, Ethel."

She laid her fresh, warm lips on his, already so cold and numb.

"My beautiful queen," he murmured, "my heart's love Oh, Ethel, Ethel, hold me! The water is here—it is overwhelming me!"

Then the feeble grasp relaxed, the head fell back, he had fallen into the dark river that was to bear him to the eternal shores.

"He is dead, Ethel," said Sir Oscar, gently; "let me take you away now, dear."

Of her own accord she bent over him and kissed the cold brow—he had loved her so dearly. She laid the withered flowers on his breast, and then turned away.

"Good-by, Laurie!" she said; while tears fell from her eyes—"good-by!"

She left him then, silent in death, with a smile on his lips, and the faded passion-flowers on his breast.

In a few words Sir Oscar told the nurse what had happened. She did not evince the least surprise.

"My only wonder is," she said, "that he has lasted so long. It seemed to me as though he could not die."

Then Sir Oscar drew Ethel's arm within his own.

"We must hasten home, my darling," he said, "you are cold and tired."

She wept silently as they went home in the silence of the night together. When the towers of the hall appeared in sight, she turned to him.

"How am I to thank you, Sir Oscar?" she said. "What should I have done without you?"

"I want no thanks, Ethel," he replied; "I am only too happy that in the hour of your distress I was by your side."

Once more she stood alone in her room. Lisette had been most faithful; no one knew of her mistress' absence, and she was there to open the door. She looked wonderingly at the beautiful white face before her.

"I am afraid you have walked too far, miss," she said; "you seem quite exhausted."

"I am very tired," acknowledged Ethel. "But I need not keep you any longer."

The maid went away, and she was left alone. She did not stop to remove the jewels, nor to take off the silken dress. She lay down on the pretty white bed, exhausted beyond the power of words to tell.

It was all over at last; the strain of long years, the torture of silence and suspense, the terrible secret, the weight of which had been greater than she could bear—it was all ended. Laurie Carrington, the man she had married, the man whom for long years she had dreaded, lay dead. There was no more to fear from him. He could injure her no more, and the secret of his folly would be buried with him.

She was free. She felt like one who had been for years in a dark prison, and suddenly finds himself in the broad open light of day. She could only repeat to herself over and over again that her long torture was ended—that she was free.

For the first time since that terrible day at St. Ina's she slept a long, dreamless sleep—the sleep of exhaustion—and the rest was so deep and so sweet that she was almost sorry when the light of day awoke her. It was a rest so sweet she fain would have slept on. It was so new and strange to awake without deadly fear as her companion, without dreading what the day might bring forth. A new sensation of life came over her. The tortures of shame and sorrow, the long hopeless despair, were ended at last—she was free.

She did not leave her room that day. It was a respite. She wanted to calm her thoughts, to still the tumult of heart and soul before she met people again. Lady St. Norman advised rest. It would quite restore her, she said, the fainting fit that had alarmed them was caused, no doubt, by over-fatigue.

When she came downstairs on the following day, Sir Oscar was the first person she saw.

"Are you better, Ethel?" he said. "I have been very anxious about you."

A faint flush brightened her face. It was new and sweet to be cared for by him.

"I am quite well," she replied; and she was both pleased and touched to notice how, from the distance as it were, he seemed to watch over her. He said little to her, and that pleased her best, while her heart was filled with memories of the dead man.

She was tried almost beyond her strength that evening, when she heard Lord Leighton tell how he had heard from the nurse that some of his own friends had been to see the dying man.

"They told me also," he continued, "that on his breast was found a bunch of faded flowers. I know nothing of him, but I cannot help thinking that the clue to the mystery of the man's life lay in those faded flowers."

He was buried in the churchyard at Holme, and Sir Oscar Charlcote said he would place a tombstone over the grave. Years afterward, when Ethel went to see it, she was touched to find that passion-flowers grew round it.

She never forgot the morning of Laurie Carrington's funeral—a beautiful summer morning, when the sun shone and nature wore its brightest garb. Several of the servants from the park attended, and some of the visitors went also.

"Ethel," said Sir Oscar, "would you wish to go to the funeral to-morrow?"

"I do not know," she replied. "I had not decided."

"If you would wish to go, I will make it easy for you, by asking you to go with me."

She raised her eyes to his face with that look of implicit trust which always touched him so deeply.

"I will do whatever you think is right," she said.

"Then I should say—go. It is the last and only mark of respect you can pay him. Go, Ethel, it is the right thing to do."

She went. He made it easy for her, as he said, by making his request during breakfast in the presence of Lady St. Norman, who, looking at the beautiful, sorrowing face, added kindly—

"Go, my dear, The walk in the sunshine will do you good."

So, while the sun poured down his warmth and light, while the summer wind made sweet music in the trees, while the birds sang and the flowers bloomed, they laid poor erring, guilty Laurie Carrington in his grave; and of all those who, from sympathy or kindness attended the ceremony there was not one who suspected that the proud, beautiful, sorrowful Ethel was the dead man's wife.

Two days afterward Sir Oscar said to Ethel—

"I am going away, Ethel. I know that you, as well as myself, would wish to pay all due respect to the memory of the dead. I will visit Norman's Keep in six months' time, if you are there; and then, my darling, if, for the third time, I ask you to be my wife, what will your answer be?"

"It will be 'yes,'" she replied, and he went away happy and content.

That same evening Lord St. Norman said to his wife:

"Helen, do you perceive any difference in Ethel?"

Helen laughed.

"Yes; and I venture to prophesy that after all Ethel will be Lady Charlcote," she said. "Sir Oscar looks too happy for the state of his affairs to be unprosperous."

"I was astonished at her to-day," observed Lord St Norman. "She looked bright, beautiful, and wilful as the Ethel of old. She gave me the idea of one who has had a cloud over her life, and suddenly sees it drifting away."

And for the first time for many years Lord St. Norman took courage about his beautiful Ethel.

CHAPTER XLVI.

There was a chime of wedding-bells, sweet and low, with a strain of plaintive music ever and anon recurring in the jubilant sound—wedding-bells from the church of the little town of St. Normans where Ethel was married.

She had wondered why she had wished the wedding to be so quiet—why she almost prayed them to let her be married in the silence of the early morning, without ceremony; but Lord St. Norman would not consent.

"My only daughter," he said, "about to be married to a man whom I think a hero, to desire a quiet marriage—I could not agree to it. The traditions of the Gordons forbid it."

So the marriage was grand and magnificent. Honored guests, both rich and poor, were bidden to the feast.

Once more Ethel stood before the altar. This time she carried no passion-flowers in her hand—no crimson gleam from stained-glass windows fell over her. Her husband's heart gloried in her beauty, and on her fair face there was no shadow of the past.

People said afterward that it was the most beautiful wedding they had ever seen, for it was all flowers. Look where the spectators would, there was nothing but flowers. They said also that so fair a bride had never been seen. The wedding veil fell in graceful folds to her feet, the wreath of orange flowers crowned her like a queen, and the face that shone beneath the veil was more exquisite with its dainty flush and tender light. Children strewed flowers beneath her feet: people wished the newly-married joy; the wedding-bells chimed merrily; the air seemed filled with sunlight and music.

Lord St. Norman held his daughter in his arms as he bade her good-by.

"You will be very happy, Ethel," he said. "You have married a hero—and I may tell you now that the dearest wish of my heart has been accomplished."

The baronet and his wife went to Fountayne for the honeymoon.

* * * * * * *

There is not a more beautiful or popular woman in her county than Ethel, Lady Charlcote; fair children are blooming around her, brave young sons and lovely daughters rise up and call her blessed. But, in the midst of all her triumphs—of her tender love for husband and children, of the homage that is her portion—of the honor that is her due—in the midst of it all she preserves the greatest humility of heart, remembering the folly of her youth, and how terribly she suffered for it.

Loving, beloved, happy, and honored, Ethel, Lady Charlcote, lives in the present. Her husband's heart rejoices in her. She takes her fair-haired children on her knee, and tells them the virtue dearest to Heaven is humility, and that the sin that brings keenest, swiftest, surest punishment is pride.

THE END.

A new industry in the southern forests is the utilization of the needles of the long-leaved pine (Pinus palustris). The leaves are soaked in a bath to remove the glazing, and then "crinkled" for stuffing cushions and other upholstering purposes. They are specially valuable on shipboard and other places where furniture is in danger of becoming infested with insects. The turpentine which remains in the leaves makes a most inhospitable abode for these annoying visitors.

San Francisco's death rate for the past year 19.59 per 1,000, is lower than that of thirteen foreign and of 11 American cities and the lowest of any city of its size in the world.

A colored man, 96 years old, carries the mail between Carthage, Ga., and the depot, a distance of about a mile.

THE ROYAL FAMILY AT THE WEDDING.

The Queen Looks Cross and the Prince of Wales Ill at Ease.

Prince Henry of Battenberg has been described as one of the handsomest men in Europe; but, as far as looks are concerned, he is distinctly behind his elder brother, Prince Louis. He is, however, very stalwart and soldierlike, though he looks as if he had a temper. He is all over a Prussian officer, but happily does not require to wear the *pince-nez* with which three German officers out of five are disfigured. The Prince had done his best for himself by wearing a very becoming white uniform, with high jack boots.

Princess Beatrice kept her head well up, unlike any other royal bride I have seen, for they have all buried their faces in their bouquets. She looked very flushed and rather nervous. Her veil of Honiton lace was worn to fall over the back of the head. The Princess wore some splendid jewels and the insignia of five orders, while she carried an immense bouquet of white flowers.

The Prince of Wales (in a Field Marshal's uniform) seemed ill at ease and out of sorts; and so also did the Queen, who looked exceedigly cross, and who was dressed, as she always is at State functions, in black satin with a white tulle cap and veil. Her Majesty had magnificent diamonds, including the Koh-i-noor, and a small tiara on her head. She wore the star and ribbon of the Garter, and the insignia of five other orders, including the Golden Lion of Hesse, which was also worn by the bride.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who wore a naval uniform looked even more sour and supercilious than usual; and the sullen expression which has become habitual to the Duchess appeared to be accentuated for the occasion although she ought to have been delighted to see the son of her mother's favorite brother achieving such a marriage.

Prince Chrisian appeared far older than either the Queen or the Duke of Cambridge, and the Princess, who is a somewhat smaller edition of the Duchess of Teck, entirely lacks her cousin's right royal air and presence, which makes her one of the most stately figures that could be conceived.

Princess Louise looked well, but she has a very flighty manner. Lord Lorne has something of his sire's bantam-like air. He was in tartans but certainly looked very common.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught appeared as kindly and pleasant as usual, but they have not benefited in appearance by their stay in India, and the Duke is by far the oldest looking of the Queen's sons. With them walked their little girl, a charming child, who was very nicely dressed.

Prince Albert Victor wore the uniform of the Tenth Hussars, but he is so meek and timid looking a young man that when in military garb he always reminds one of a lamb in the skin of a wolf. Prince George of Wales in naval uniform seemed thoroughly well pleased with himself. He is a very ordinary looking lad, but apparently has more "go" about him than his brother.

The Princes of Wales, who entered last, was (as at all recent royal weddings) decidedly the most beautiful and graceful of the party, and she was well suited by her white dress, with its trimmings of natural roses She carried a splendid bouquet.—*London Truth.*

Nothing Dearer to a Man than a Woman Talking Baby Talk.

We don't know much about the spirits who people the beautiful hereafter and the beautiful beyond, but if the angels do not step on tiptoe and listen with a new taste of glory whenever a young mother talks baby talk to a big bunch of clothes containing a small lump of infinite possibility, we would like to know the reason why, and we want to know it in time to shun their company unless the reason is satisfactory. When a woman is rolling out baby talk faster than fire can eat up wealth she is no longer of the earth earthly, but becomes a being of light and love. For the moment you forget that her ways are past finding out, and her whims many and diverse. You no longer remember that she may be at times spunky, cross-grained and snappish. You cease to cherish resentment on account of too much saleratus in the biscuit, or too little of gladsome nutriment in other things incinerated to tasteless crisp. You hear nothing but the divine melody of love, and forget the maltreatment of language that carries the strain. You pause not to think that her words are weak, bow-legged and deformed It is enough that they are strong alone in that which makes cold clay divine. Love is the brightest jewel in the crown of life, and in absolute purity it is probably the hardest to sequester. But when you find it with a baby cooing in its arms in response to grimaces that might scare a horse or make a cow hold up her milk, communing with a reckless volubility that defies all rule of speech, you can anchor a hope to the immovable rock of certainty that you have cornered it at last, purified from all trace of selfishness. Nothing on earth is purer, dearer to man than a woman talking baby talk, and nothing is more fragrant with the buds that blossom in the heart and grow into fruit treasured in paradise.—*Inter-Ocean.*

What They Needed.

Investigation by those interested reveals some surprising things among indigent people. They classify singular things under the head of "necessities." A lady writes: "Hearing of a case of marked destitution in the vicinity of my home I determined to investigate it and render such assistance as I could.

"I found the family in actual want. They had been living for a week on potatoes alone. The family consisted of a widow with a grown daughter and several smaller children.

"The mother and daughter affected absurd and amusing airs.

"'We're used to better things,' said the daughter, who had evidently spent half the morning curling her hair.

"'Indeed we are,' said the mother. 'We were born and raised ladies.'

"'And we know what fine society means.'

"'Indeed we do. We've went in the best in our day.'

"'And could again with a little help.'

"'Our hands have never yet been disgraced by common work.'

"'Nor never will be if we can help it.'

"Feeling sorry for the little children, I said, as I rose to go:

"'If you will tell me what you need most, I will see that you have it.'

"After a prolonged and whispered conference between the mother and daughter, the mother said with the utmost complacency:

"'If you will get the little girls some blue-kid shoes a beaded Jersey jacket for my oldest daughter, and a set of Langtry waves and an embroidered shopping-bag for myself, we will try to get along for the present, as our most pressing wants will thus be relieved.'

"Their 'pressing wants' are still unrelieved."

Poor Old Bazaine.

Of all the men who shared the glories and failures of the second empire under Napoleon III., Marshal Bazaine, the surrenderer of Metz, is the worst off. He has drifted into Madrid, where he lives in an impecunious condition by sponging on such Frenchmen as visit him. He is now only a common vagrant, a sort of a bum-Bazaine so to speak.—*Peoria Journal.*

All that is left of a burned Wisconsin village is a cheese factory and a saloon. The Wisconsinites are wondering why the cheese factory should have been spared.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Fresh Fashion Notes.

Colored and black beads must be sewn on with silk, as cotton changes color with wear.

Wool canvas costumes are very stylish, and are trimmed with wool lace matching the dress in color.

Dresses of printed cotton materials, such as sateen, toile-de-Vichy, percale and others, are made with plain skirts.

The leather belt is especially fascinating to the small boy, for it fastens in front with a fine steel or oxidized silver buckle.

A saucy cap of the same material or color is set rather back on the head, with a clasp or buckle in front; the boots are half high.

Beautiful printed jersey foulards are used for children's dresses made in Greenaway styles. These are both pretty and durable.

The Lindley consists of a simple box-pleated skirt attached to a yoke and a double-breasted blouse with two box-pleats in the back.

The jacket is larger than those of last season, and may be decorated behind with fanciful coils of braid, in addition to being slashed and trimmed with frogs.

This, as well as the cuffs, is trimmed with three rows of gold braid, or, with more serviceable suits, mohair braid. The coat is buttoned down in front and there is an additional row of buttons on the left side.

The kilt skirt must quite cover the tops of the stockings. Boys of 10 years assume dignity in knee-breeches, the coat descends below the hips, of a low-cut, double-breasted style with a wide collar, opening low enough to disclose the pretty-striped shirt-front.

Boys, according to their style and size, wear kilt skirts from the age of 4 to 7. The finest styles are made of dark blue or the fashionable green crepe cloth, but for daily wear there are cheviots, and pique, white duck, linen and plaids of light wool, embracing several colors.

When promoted to kilts a year or two older, the present kilt may be trimmed or left plain in front, and the side-kilts are either narrow percales or piques. Madras and Scotch ginghams and plain shirting cotton are used for shirt-waists. Those with plain white grounds are covered with heads of dogs, horses, whips, caps, bridles, spurs, helmets, bars and hair stripes.

The demand for Oriental, Spanish and Escurial lace is still unabated, although these are dividing honors with the various colored wool laces.

The old-fashioned buffs in cotton are fashionably used for children this season, and make up charmingly with the white and ecru embroideries for yokes and ruffles.

Some of the prettiest dresses for little girls are made in strawberry or old sateen, in the very tiniest checks, in blouse styles, trimmed with tinted lace and bows of ribbon.

A pretty "dog collar," suitable for the most dressy wear, is made of pale blue velvet completely covered with pearl beads and finished with a dainty bow of velvet ribbon to match. Any shade of velvet and ribbon may be chosen.

Gold and brown beads look well on brown net; lead color and silver on gray net; two or more shades of blue or gold and silver on blue net; pearls or white beads on white; black jet and dull beads on black net. Various colored beads may also be used on black or white net.

Very elegant little visites are profusely trimmed with lace put on in thick ruches, flounces and ruffles. Often the sleeve is entirely made of lace embroidered with jet. The reverse is also seen occasionally, the body of the mantle of lace and the sleeves of plain or brocaded silk.

A handsome mantle, suitable for carriage-wear, is a deep circular of thin cloth of the rich dark red tint called Nacarat. It is gathered at the top on to a shoulder-piece, which forms a sort of hood; the fronts are completed by a plain plastron of silk or velvet. Slits for the arms are placed on each side of this plastron.

Most charming little coats for girls of 3 to 5 are made of cream wool in the form of a short close-fitting sack, deepened by a scant flounce, which forms the skirt, and upon which is laid upright above the hem, a fine, wide border of cream woollen lace. A deep Mother Hubbard collar of the wool is edged with yak lace to match, in a graduated width, forming a cape which covers the shoulders and partly the arms, otherwise protected by sleeves with cuffs of lace.

A handsome costume intended for a garden party is composed of ecru foulard, plain and figured, embroidered, in ponceau red; rich ecru lace, red ribbons and Marechal Niel roses. The bodice open in pointed form, tight-fitting, pointed and laced down the front from the opening, the neck of the bodice bordered with a double quilting of the ecru lace and finished in front with a cluster of the roses; sleeves to the elbow, trimmed with the same garniture as on the partitions of the skirt. Skirt of the ecru in partitions bordered with red, and at the bottom a plain plisse flounce of the ecru. At the left side of the waist on the skirt a cluster of loops and ends of red ribbon and two roses are placed, and at the back sash loops, with long ends figured with the red, and edged with a fine plisse of the ecru. Bonnet of ecru, trimmed with ribbon, red feather tips and roses. Red gloves, red boots, with an ecru rosette at the toe. This toilet would look equally charming in any other two colors preferred.

The Care of the Hair.

The care of the hair is an important branch of fashion at all times, though often fashion dictates an injurious treatment and prescribes modes against the rules of health and reason. Such importance has been given to the hair that some philosophers make the chignon, coils and puffs the index of civilization, and show how eccentricity in headdress and coiffure marks the degradation of the time. It is well understood that masses of false hair injure natural growth, but freak of fashion which seems harmless may be made equally hurtful. This apparently innocent fashion is that of fluffiness and lightness of the hair produced by continual washing. The best specialists on treatment of the hair say that the hair should be washed once in six weeks and not oftener, and that castile soap and not borax soda, or any other drying material, should be used. After washing it is well to rub the scalp with some reliable ointment. The natural oil, which to some appears objectionable, is the life-giving ointment of the hair, and should not be destroyed. Dry hair has a dead appearance, the ends split and growth is retarded. The fine comb is most hurtful, but a soft brush used judiciously gives vigor to the scalp and keeps it in a healthy condition. The practice of cutting the ends of the hair is useful, and can be accomplished easily by braiding the hair and then cutting the ends. The care of the hair is certainly as important as that of the teeth, but is much more neglected. The rules of its preservation are simple and important. Vigorous brushing, cutting the ends when necessary, washing with castile soap once in six weeks, and the desirable avoidance of false hair should preserve and strengthen the hair. But if the hair comes out and becomes lifeless and thin in spite of this treatment the best remedy is to seek a reliable specialist on scalp diseases, and to submit to thorough professional direction.

Domestic Recipes.

If you wish to give an extra touch to your cottage pudding after it is in the tin ready to bake, put little lumps of butter on the top and scatter sugar and cinnamon over it.

A necessity in every household is a little closet or cabinet hung out of reach of children where the mother can keep the bottles containing remedies for burns, bruises, sprains, etc. Much suffering, if not life itself, is saved by knowing where to go at once for some simple medicine.

A delicious filling for a layer cake is made of one cup of stoned raisins and one lemon peeled, chopped together; mix with this half a cup of cold water and one cup of sugar. Beat this well together; if the cake is well baked, so that there is a crust on the top, put the filling in while the cake is still warm. Be sure to remove the seeds from the lemons.

Chocolate jelly will sometimes be relished by one who has a delicate and uncertain appetite. Boil three gills of sweet milk and two bars of chocolate together until the chocolate is entirely dissolved, then add sugar and vanilla until the flavor you like is imparted. After dissolving half a box of gelatine in cold water, stir this in with the chocolate and milk, let it simmer gently for a few minutes, then pour into moulds or bowls and set it in a cool room.

A pretty way to arrange a chocolate pudding is to make a corn-starch blanc mange; before it is hard at all, take out enough of it to fill a border mould, mix with it enough grated chocolate; when this is hardened sufficiently, take it out of the mould, put it on a small platter, and heap the rest of the blanc mange in the centre; if you wish it to look particularly nice, make the filling for the centre after the border is cool and on the platter; then the filling will take the shape of it and will be smooth, and it is then a very ornamental dish for dessert.

A good ginger cake wherein no eggs are needed is a boon to man with eggs from forty to fifty cents a dozen. Take a good tablespoonful of butter, one cup of sour milk, half a cup of sugar, and two-thirds of a cup of molasses. Then add half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little water, and a scant tablespoonful of ginger; stir these all together and sift flour enough in to make a moderately stiff batter. Bake in a deep cake tin, and cut in thick slices; half a cup of stoned and chopped raisins is an excellent addition.

A treat for the children can be made in place of the conventional pie or pudding. Make a crust, as if for roly-poly pudding or baking powder biscuit (using, however, just as little baking powder as will answer, and a few experiments will convince any conscientious cook how little may successfully fill the place of the much she is often tempted to use); roll this dough about as thin as if for pie crust, then cut it in small squares, heap berries or preserves of any kind, after draining the juice from it upon them, wet the edges and fold and press closely together, so that there will be no waste of juice; then put them in a deep tin baking pan with a little lump of butter on each one, a little water also in the pan, and scatter some sugar over each little pudding; when these are done serve them warm with a not too rich pudding sauce, or they may be eaten cold without sauce.

A Ring and a Lock of Hair.

Among the many touching incidents in connection with the death of General Grant none seem more pathetic than those which are suggested by the title of this article. They will be kept by the historian like a fly in amber. They emphasize so delicately and yet so firmly the tender relations existing between the great man and his faithful wife that the people must needs love and admiration for him increase. We have always known that his happiest hours were passed within the limits of the family circle, but in these two incidents we have a romance of affection which is intensely pathetic. Years ago she placed on his finger a ring. He wore it as a kind of talisman, whose magic influence could repel impending danger. In war, in peace, in the imminent breach and in the calm pursuits of leisure it was the token of undimmed and undying affection. When through long continued sickness his hand became emaciated the ring was removed; but after death the son bent over the rigid body and placed the mother's gift upon that cold finger again, that the dead might bear it to the grave.

The other incident is still more pathetic. The dying man wrote a letter to his wife, to be delivered to her when all was over. In answer to that letter, whose contents are far too sacred to be told, which was doubtless filled with expressions of an affection which will outlive the tomb, she wrote another letter, enclosing a lock of hair, filled with the hope to meet him on the other side of the mist of death, and that letter was placed in the pocket of the dead warrior to go with him to his last resting place.

We are not inclined to be sentimental, but as simple facts in the married life of wife and husband these incidents are well worth recording. They tell a long and sweet story of the happy past, and who shall say that their reference to the future is unfounded?—*New York Herald.*

He Had to Do It.

"You see," he said to the captain as he was walked into the station yesterday, "I came to town to whoop'er up for old Liberty."

"Can't help that."

"My granddad fit the British, my dad fit the Mexicans, and I fit the rebels. Our family has allus fit and fit for this blessed old republic.'"

"Yes; but you must obey the law."

"I know, but I was in a saloon up here, and a feller suddenly yells out:

"'Whoop! Rah for me!'

"'And who are you?' says I.

"'I'm the man as licked the feller who rung the Liberty bell,' says he.

"'Maybe you are down on continental cocked-hats, George Washington, and the goddess?' says I.

"And with that he gave three cheers for the tyrant Nero, spit on his hands, and yelled that he could knock the glorious republic into the middle of next week."

"Well!"

"Well, I had to paralyze him. If I hadn't done it I'd been ashamed to go home and look a calf in the face."

"We must look you up."

"You must? Bring on your old bastile, then. Whoop! Rah! Yr-r-r-r! Lemonade—fireworks—oratory—proud oil bird—whoop! That's me, and don't you forget it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The International Arbitration Society has sent a cable message to the Marquis of Lansdowne, Governor-General of Canada, expressing the hope that he will commute the sentence of death passed upon Louis Riel, the leader of the Northwest rebellion.

The feeling of the Scotch people at the appointment of the Duke of Richmond as Secretary for Scotland is very truly compared to that of that lady who opens a Christmas bon-bon expecting to find a clove motto, and discovers a colorless conundrum.

In early days in Scotland, people that felt sleepy during the sermon used to shake off drowsiness by standing up; but poor human nature made this, at times, an occasion of display. At Old Monkland, a man who had on a rather gaudy vest stood up more than once, and threw back his coat, apparently to let the vest be seen. Mr. Bower, the minister, said at length: "Noo, John, ye had better sit doon. We have a' seen your braw waistcoat."

Emperor William of Germany always has a chapter from the Bible read to him immediately after dinner.

THE MOUTH OF THE WHALE.

A Wonderful Sieve of Gigantic Dimensions.

In all the Greenland whales there are no teeth in the lower jaw, while in the upper jaw the teeth are replaced by those unique horny flakes which go by the proper name "whalebone," and are rightly termed "baleen." In the seas which are the resort of the Greenland whale the great octopods which constitute the chief food of the cachalot cannot exist, and the only inhabitants of the water on which the whale can feed are of very small size. Chief among these creatures is the odd little mollusk called *Clio borealis*, which seldom exceeds an inch in length, and usually is much less. It is evident that the narrow lower jaw of the cachalot, with its great teeth set at some distance from each other, would be useless in the capture of such prey. It is also evident that vast numbers of the *Clio* must be taken in order to nourish so enormous an animal. Therefore the structure of the head must be modified as far as concerning those portions of it which are used in the procural of food.

In the first place, the skull is exceedingly narrow and elongated. Next, the cavity of the mouth must be greatly enlarged. The two halves of the lower jaw, instead of being pressed closely against each other, as in the Denticete whale, are strongly bowed outward, much in the form of a parenthesis ( ). Then the bones which form the upper jaw, instead of being depressed, flattened and projected directly forward, are curved upward so as to form an arch. Here, then, is plenty of space, but as yet there are no means of inclosing prey within it. The want is supplied as follows: The lower jaw is, as has already been stated, without teeth. But from the upper jaw there issues a series of long, horny plates, called "blades" of "flakes" by the whalers. These blades are comparatively short at the angle of the jaw and at the end of it, and are longest in the middle. In a fairly large whale the central flakes will be about twelve feet in length, but in exceptionally fine specimens they are considerably longer. For example, some flakes of baleen in the museum of Newcastle-upon-Tyne are sixteen feet in length, about a foot in width and nearly two inches in thickness at the back. They always assume a slightly wedge-like form, such as may be seen in the blade of an ordinary pocket-knife, the edge of the blade being directed inward and only the back being visible on the outside. Like the horn of the rhinoceros, the baleen is nothing but an aggregation of hair, and if it be boiled for some time and then beaten with a mallet, it can be resolved into a mere tuft of bristles. In its natural state the thin edge of each flake, as well as the tip, is naturally broken up into its component hairs, so that it forms a sort of bristly tinge, which lines the side of the mouth. There are about 350 of these flakes on each side of the upper jaw, and they are set so closely side by side that an ordinary playing card can scarcely be inserted between them. Thus we have the cavity of the mouth inclosed within a vast triangular case of baleen, the loose fibers on the interior surface forming a far more perfect hair sieve than can be found in the best-appointed kitchen. This living sieve is of such gigantic dimensions that, according to the sailors, a whaleboat would be able to row in without the oars touching the sides of the mouth. As a rule, we only know the baleen in its dried state, and can, therefore, form but little conception of it as it appears during the life of the animal. It is then quite soft, far more elastic than in the dry condition, and not in the least brittle. If we take a strip of dried baleen (such as is beloved by milliners and hated by physiologists) and try to bend it double, we shall find that it will crack at the point of tension, and that its elasticity has greatly vanished. Indeed, one of the chief complaints against corsets is that the "bones" are apt to give way. But, during the life of the animal, the baleen is as unbreakable as if it were made of India rubber, and is nearly as flexible. So, when the mouth of the Greenland whale is closed, the baleen bends back