

## SING A SONG.

Sing a song o' good times,  
Sings a-clearin' up;  
Sings in the sugar-bowl,  
Coffee in the cup.

Sing a song o' good times,  
Crops a-growin' big;  
Cattle in the clover beds,  
Bacon in the pig.

Sing a song o' good times,  
Hear the bugle sound;  
Kiss your wife an' bless your life,  
An' shake hands all around!

[Atlanta Constitution.]

## DELIA'S VEAL PIES.

"He's coming, Deeleey."

"Who's coming?"

"Land!" exclaimed Mrs. Brigham. "I don't believe you've heard a word I've said!"

Delia laughed as she emerged from the closet. "I don't believe I want to hear any more about Deacon Brown's widowed son-in-law," she said.

"He's coming next week with the baby and a nurse."

"Let him come. The baby will be a comfort to Mrs. Brown."

"Praps he'll let her keep it. If he should marry again, Deeleey, the second wife—"

"Now, mother," said Delia, interrupting her by putting both hands upon her cheeks and turning her face toward the light. "I understand you perfectly. But—"

"Now, Deeleey, I ain't no match-maker at all. Only—"

"Only you'd like me to marry the rich widower, with the embezzlement of a baby less than two years old. I understand you, mother mine."

Mrs. Brigham colored under Delia's searching glances. She felt a painful consciousness that she had been too careless in the disclosure of her thought. "He's rich, maybe he'll take a fancy to my Deeleey."

She looked up at Delia almost beseechingly. Deeleey was "odd," the married sisters asserted, but this criticism of her youngest the mother resented. Deeleey was a bit masterful, perhaps, but that was her fault, not Deeleey's, she reflected.

"Confess," said Delia.

"Now, Deeleey, when all I said—"

"Well, well," said Delia, with a kiss, "we'll let the widower drop into oblivion. Only, mother mine, I do not want my name connected with his. So do not let our neighbors even hint at such a thing to you. And—now listen, dear, you are not to try to bring together two people who do not want to know each other."

"I do know why you say that, Deeleey. He's a likely man an' well to do."

"There is such a thing as hearing too much about a person," said Delia. "Don't mention his name again, please, mother. I'm sick of a paragon by the name of Carlton St. John. Such a name!" scornfully.

She glanced at the clock as she spoke.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, "it is past ten! How provoking! I thought we'd have roast veal for dinner, but it is too late. I shall have to make a veal pie."

"I'd make it in the big pie-dish, Deeleey. I wouldn't wonder a mite if one of the girls dropped in about dinner time. I've kind o' felt it in my bones that something would happen 'fore sundown."

"I'll make it in the big dish. There shall be plenty. I'll go for the veal now."

This was another of Delia's oddities. To do one's own marketing was a proper thing, but to bring home brown paper parcels, or baskets packed with groceries was not feminine, the sisterhood declared.

An hour later Delia stood at the table rolling out the rich undercrust, in the making of which she excelled. Over the slow fire simmered the veal; while by the north window sat her mother paring potatoes.

Mrs. Brigham was unwontedly silent. She was sore over her defeat, for so she considered it. How could she have been so careless, she asked herself. Did she not know from past humiliating experiences how "set" Deeleey could be?

She was therefore very silent. Suddenly she dropped her knife upon the floor. "Land, Deeleey!" she cried, "there's a fire somewhere! Don't you hear the bells a ringin'?"

She jumped up and ran to the south window and looked out it eagerly. A fire was always a pleasurable excitement to her. She often felt impatient with Deeleey for being cool and self-contained.

"I can't see a mite o' smoke," she said.

"Go out on the veranda," advised Delia.

Nothing loth, Mrs. Brigham threw her apron over her head and left the room. In a moment she returned. "Oh, oh, Deeleey!" she panted, "it's here! The fire's here! It's our own roof!"

"Nonsense!" said Delia, sharply. "Whoever told you that was joking. Our roof on fire! Well, I guess so! I guess we shall know when our own roof gets on fire without having to be told."

"Spem—Spencer Field said—said—so," said her mother, who was now sobbing.

"Spencer Field is a simpleton!" replied Delia.

Nevertheless she ran out into the back yard. A half-dozen men stood there, looking up at the house-roof. One of them spoke reassuringly.

"The engine'll be here directly. The boys'll soon put it out."

Delia gave a swift, comprehensive glance upward. "A bucket o' wall-water 'd put that out without all this fuss," she said, contemptuously.

She hurried back into the kitchen. Her mother was standing in the middle of the room, wringing her hands.

"I do know what to do first, Deeleey," she whispered.

"There ain't nothing to do but lock the doors and keep the crowd out; I ain't going to have a crowd marching through the house."

This was soon accomplished, and advising her mother to resume her work, Delia returned to her pie-crust. Mrs. Brigham resented the suggestion. "I declare, Deeleey," she ex-

claimed, "a body'd think fires never did no damage. An' if you've got nerve enough to stand here and work same as if there wa'n't nothing a-fire, why, I ain't cooler'n a cucumber, an' I'm going up attic to see if they're putting it out."

Delia laughed. "They'll be about twenty firemen up on the roof to put out a fire no bigger'n my hand," she said. "But go along, mother. You'll sleep easier for it, and I'll finish paring the potatoes."

Her mother had hardly left the room when there came a loud rap upon the kitchen door. Delia paid no attention. A second followed. A third, a fourth, and then, as a scowl gathered upon Delia's forehead, a succession of strong blows, as of someone assailing the door with the intention of forcing it open.

Delia threw down her rolling-pin and opened the door. "What's the matter, now?" she demanded, curtly.

Three of their neighbors pressed into the room. "We must go upstairs," they said. "It may have burned through inside, Deeleey."

Delia laughed scornfully. "That speck o' fire'd never burn a house down 'thout there was a gale o' wind," she said, "but I'll let you go up 'long as you're so concerned about it."

"You're a bit upset, aint you, Deeleey?" said one of the trio, as they passed out of the room.

Delia made no reply. She stood with her hand upon the door-knob, eyeing a fourth man, who stood just outside, in the shed.

He was a stranger to her. She looked at him steadily, and as steadily, lifting his hat, he returned her gaze.

"Now's a tramp," thought Delia. "Now I shall hear some pitiful tale."

She steered her heart against it. He was not in need of food, she decided. His clothes were worn and shabby, though they fitted well, and there was an indefinable something about him which suggested a former respectability. Yet he had not that gaunt which told its own sad tale.

She waited a moment, wondering that he did not speak. "Tramps were seldom so slow of speech," she reflected. "He was planning how to get in, doubtless. This fire was his opportunity, he probably felt. Well—"

The tramp interrupted her train of thought. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but coming through a vacant lot back here, just now, I saw sparks lodge on the roof above us."

"His voice had in it a sweetness and refinement which still further surprised Delia. A sufficient explanation of it flashed quickly through her mind. "He is some bank official, a defaulting cashier just out of prison," she decided. Her reply therefore was sharply given. "The firemen will attend to it."

"But—"

"You are troubling yourself needlessly," she interrupted, making a movement to close the door.

He put his hand against it.

"Pardon me," he said, "but if you have a short ladder here, I will run up on the roof and see it—"

"The firemen will!"

"Pardon me, but since I saw those sparks descend upon the roof, I have a fancy to take the part of a fireman myself."

There was a faint smile upon his face, as he thus pressed his desires. Delia resented it. A tramp, an convict, smiling at her, daring to smile at her!

Through her anger, however, she was sufficiently calm to perceive that she was, in a measure, in the man's power. She was alone in the lower part of the house, the outside crowd were congregated in the front yard and upon the lawn, and with the clamor of excited voices, and the din of the engine, she could not summon help.

Strategy must be her defence, she concluded, quickly, and as quickly she answered him. "I don't believe there's even one spark alive and burning up there," she said, a purposely pettish ring in her voice, "but if you're so set about it, there's a ladder down cellar."

"Tell me where to find it," stepping inside the kitchen. "Oh, I'll have to go down with you," ungraciously. "Dear me, I never saw such a piece of work about a bit of shingle as folks is bound to make to-day!" She bolted the kitchen door. "I won't have no more tramps bursting in here without my leave," she said. Her tone was defiant almost to rudeness, but in her heart was a fear lest this tramp, this embezzler of bank funds, might dash into the dining room and the silver closet. Once there he would be monarch of all he surveyed.

So, catching a shawl from a nail and throwing it over her shoulders, she opened the door leading into the cellar.

"Wait," she said, turning back. "It is so dark I must light a lamp."

This done, she led the way. Down the stairs the tramp followed her and across the stone floor to a corner of the cellar where was the rain-water cistern.

It was large and of stone and brick closely cemented. The top was covered by a thick layer of planks. Delia paused at one end and lifted a plank aside. Then she turned to the tramp.

"If you are still bent on having a ladder," she said, "you can climb inside the cistern and get one. 'Twas left in there day before yesterday, when the cistern was cleaned out. I s'pose you may as well go in for it as anybody. Somebody'll have to get it out 'fore a rain comes."

"I'll get it," said the tramp. "There's no time to lose."

"Get it, then. I'll hold the lamp."

The tramp stepped forward, rolling up his sleeves.

"Oh, you won't get wet," commented Delia, with a short, scornful laugh.

The tramp made no reply. He pushed a broken stool to the cistern's side, stood upon it for a half second, placed his hands upon the edge, and drew himself up with an agility and ease which surprised Delia, who was used to seeing the ascent made by laborious struggling. "He's used to scaling walls," was her inward comment.

She waited until he had begun to let himself down into the cistern. Then holding the lamp above her head, and moving slowly backward,

she called: "I wouldn't be a mite surprised if that ladder was away over in the farther end. That Jim Little is a dreadful forgetful!"

A splash of water interrupted her. "Hallo!" called the tramp. "I thought you said this place was dry, and here's the water up to a man's neck!"

"If you're in a hurry to put out those sparks, maybe I'd better run upstairs and see if they've got to blazing yet," said Delia, as she turned and hurried across the floor.

She ran up the stairs, opened the door into the light, sunny kitchen, shut it quickly, and bolted it.

"There," she said to herself, "there, my fine gentleman-tramp, it'll take you some time, I think, to find your way out of that dark cellar!"

She smiled grimly when she went out-of-doors and surveyed the crowd, who watched the firemen upon the roof of the main house. "Such a much-ado-about-nothing," she said, contemptuously. "I could have gone up myself with a dipper of water, if I'd known about it."

But Delia, though cool and scornful, was not destitute of sense. Calling a fireman to her, she directed his attention to the shed roof. Then, returning to the house, she resumed the making of her veal pie.

Half an hour later she was deftly covering the big dish, for which her mother had stipulated, with the rich top crust, for which she herself had a special fondness. Her face was grave, as befitting her task, yet a close observer would have noted a gleam in her eyes, which betokened that her thoughts were not wholly upon her work.

But presently a frown gathered upon her forehead, and she looked toward the door impatiently. It was now open with a touch which was indicative of familiar acquaintance with the old-fashioned latch, and a tall and somewhat stout woman entered, followed at a little distance by a man who Delia at first supposed to be an utter stranger to her. She nodded briefly to the woman. "How do you do, Sarah? Mother thought you'd be along, you or Nancy, or both of you."

"Oh, well, I'm not alone," responded Sarah, good-humoredly. "And I have brought someone that'll do just as well as Nancy. You're making veal pie, aint you? Well, I guess Mr. St. John'll excuse you while you finish it. Mr. St. John, this is my sister, Miss Brigham; Deeleey, this is Mr. St. John."

Delia looked at the stranger, bowing slightly. And then, as she met his eyes, she turned back to her work with an abruptness which brought a sudden color into her cheeks; for in this stranger she saw not only the tramp whom she had decoyed into the cellar cistern, but the man she had resolutely intended to ignore during the coming summer. And it was he, the rich widower, whom she had thought a prison convict, whom she had left wandering in five feet of rain water, in a dark cellar! Her sister was a woman of slow thought. "Land sakes alive!" she exclaimed. "I don't wonder your cheeks are redder 'n peony-blows! Why, this kitchen's just like an oven! What on earth possessed you to do cooking with the house a-fire? Did ever you hear of such goings-on, Mr. St. John? But la, didn't I tell you we'd find her working round as cool as you please? Land, Deeleey, you needn't toss your head. Everybody knows you're an odd sort of a body. Where's mother? She ain't much flustered, is she? Dear sakes, how ever did it catch?"

Delia made no reply. Words would choke her, she felt. She left the room and went into the pantry.

Sarah looked after her with a smile of amusement and contempt.

"Deeleey wa'n't never like Nancy or me," she said. "She's odder than odd; but, dear sakes, we shall roast it stay here, so come right through the dining room. Mr. St. John, and I guess we'll find mother somewhere to the front of the house."

Delia came forth from the pantry as they left the room.

"I hate him!" she muttered. "I was sure I should hate him!"

Upon a bright morning of mid-December Delia stood in the kitchen. She was rolling pie crust, and as she molded it into the desired shape and thickness the smile upon her face culminated in a laugh. It was so happy a laugh that her mother, sitting by the fire, looked questioningly at her.

"It was just here," said Delia, "that I was making a veal pie that day last spring when—"

The opening of the door behind her and the noisy entrance of her two married sisters prevented a further explanation.

"Well, I declare!" said Sarah. "If you ain't rolling out dough, Deeleey Brigham!"

"Yes," quietly.

"Well, I declare!" echoed Nancy removing her cloak, "if you ain't an odd piece, Deeleey, aint you goin' to get married to-day?"

"Oh, yes," quietly.

"What time?" demanded Sarah. "You said yesterday you hadn't fixed the hour. I s'pose likely you know by this time, don't you?"

"Catch our Deeleey acting like anybody else!" commented Nancy, with sisterly frankness. "I guess you'll find out when you see the minister comin', Sarah Jane, an' not one second aforehand."

"What time?" repeated Delia, ignoring this remark. "Oh, by-and-by, after the work is done up and out of the way."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed both sisters. "What a way to get married!"

Both were silent for a moment. Then in a high, protesting voice: "I never heard of such goings-on!" continued Sarah, "an' I shouldn't suppose you'd want Carlton St. John to find you rolling out pie-crust the day you was going to be married to him!"

"What's this about Carlton St. John?" asked that personage, appearing from an inner room. "Why should not Deeleey make pie-crust, Sister Sarah? Why, Deeleey, you were doing it, were you not, the day I fell in—"

Delia put her hand up with a

warning gesture. "Let me finish," she said. "Yes, I was making a veal pie the day you fell in love with me." Sarah coughed, and Nancy, after a second, echoed that sisterly remonstrance. Their eyes met, and the thought flashed from mind to mind: "How like our Deeleey! To speak—so of—his—falling—in—love—with—her!"—[Yankee Blade.]

## BELGIUM'S WORKING DOGS.

A Curious Spectacle in the City of Brussels.

It is a very curious spectacle to a stranger who visits the city of Brussels for the first time to see in the morning innumerable small vehicles loaded with fruit and vegetable arriving at the market drawn by dogs, whose good-natured barking provokes not only that they experience no fatigue, but, on the contrary, a genuine enjoyment. It is not only the kitchen gardeners and the peasants coming to the city that make use of this sort of haulage, for the butchers, the bakers, the coal dealers, and the milkmen have no other means of carriage in order to serve their customers. As a general thing each cart is drawn by but one dog, but there may be several.

The dog thus employed in Brussels and its vicinity for the traction of small vehicles is a strong and broad-backed mastiff, more squat than a large Dane or German mastiff, generally of a dull fawn color, or more or less black spotted with white, and a somewhat short-haired and rough coat. However the Brabant peasants do not appear to stick to one type of breed with fixed conformation, color, and length of hair; provided he is strong and energetic, that is all that they require of their steed with claws and fangs.

Good specimens are sold from \$20 to \$25. In the course of service these dogs are fed upon bread and horse meat, and their maintenance costs about a cent a day. The dead weight they haul is, on an average, 650 pounds. Bull-dogs haul a much greater weight.

These dogs are very zealous and perform their duty with as much pleasure as hunting dogs do in following the trail of game.

An exercise which well exhibits their qualities and shows the degree of emulation with which they are endowed is that of the races that frequently take place as a consequence of challenges made by their owners. The race course is a highway, and the goal is at a distance of one or two miles. All passers-by can enjoy the spectacle gratis. The competitors place themselves in line, and the impatience of the coursers, which is manifested by voice and action, can be moderated only by vigorous applications of the whip. Finally the signal is given, and they start off at full speed with loud barking. Falls are frequent, and the drivers literally bite the dust. But the automatons in short blouses are quickly picked up and put back in their carts, exciting anew their vigorous steeds, and those that have the oftentimes fallen are not for that reason the last to reach the goal.

The swiftness of a team of dogs is such that bets on speed have been made on a good horse harnessed to a cab against one of these teams and been won by the latter.

The Belgians say that a good draught dog costs less to keep and sells at a lower price than an ordinary ass, while at the same time doing as much work. It is quite curious to find that among civilized countries Belgium is the only one that exhibits to us the common spectacle of dogs in harness.—[La Nature.]

## Human Resemblance to Animals.

There is a very curious point connected with the more pronounced animal faces—namely, those in charge of animals grow to be like them. Thus, a hostler in charge of tramway horses has himself a fine Roman-nosed horse type of head, growing day by day more like his horses. Men in charge of cattle on the farm become essentially bovine, and in Shropshire it has often been remarked that the sheep breeders resemble their own race. I cannot explain these singularities, which, however, are wholly or partly true. The sheep type of man is not indicative of great intelligence, and it is usually found in remote agricultural districts. The bulldog characters in man denote courage without refinement, but in the case of a lady—like her favorite pug dog—with nez retousse, the refinement was not wanting. The Eskimos or Lapps in the water are so like seals that a man has been shot in error, the wistful expression of countenance being common in both, as the head only appears at the surface of the water. I have seen a comfortable-looking bear man in the train, and a wizened, bat-faced old woman in Brittany.—[Pall Mall Gazette.]

## An Electrically Lighted Colliery.

A big colliery in Lanarkshire, Scotland, is to be lighted by electricity throughout. The electric light plant, as proposed, is divided into three parts. In the first the dynamo will run 800 lamps in the colliery itself, to be distributed both through the pit and above ground. Another is devoted to the lighting of thirty-four workmen's cottages, which are about 700 yards from the colliery, there being three lights in each cottage, or a total of 102 lamps in all. The third consists of a complete electric pumping plant, capable of delivering 100 gallons of water per minute from the adjacent river to the colliery. The dynamo for the lighting of the pit and the workmen's cottages are being so constructed that each dynamo can be used for either purpose. Both machines are designed to give a constant pressure of current at the cottages; that is, no matter what demand for current there may be at any time in other parts of the plant, there will never be a dim light in the workman's cottage.—[New York Sun.]

A Russian scientist has succeeded in tracing all a man's disease to the fact that he wears clothes.

## WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

### STYLES FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO LOOK PRETTY.

In Tailor-Made Gowns the Girls All Look More or Less Alike—Styles for Her Who Will Not Don a Uniform—Striped Collars and Cuffs Are Swagger.

Talk from a Big Town. New York correspondence.

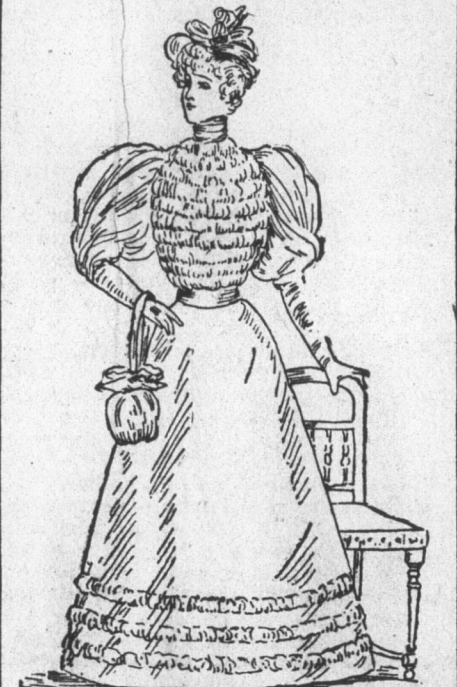
RITICISM can be made on the current styles, for so many tailor gowns are seen that it seems as if fashion has, indeed, established a uniform for street wear. The girls all look more or less alike, and that is well, for the very best taste dictates that woman should not attract distinctive attention on the street. Her personal charm of carriage, her beauty, or her grace may individualize her, but not her dress. There should be a general standard of correct and suitable wear for the street, which should be adhered to by all women. Just now such a standard seems to have been established, and it is the tailor-made. Every other woman is thus arrayed, the usual model being the two-piece gown worn with waistcoat and "flap." Light mixed cloth of close texture in the tweed variety is the best selection, and the mixture of color results usually in a dull tan tone. Gray is less generally adopted. A few street gowns are made up in suitings like those used by men, but these stuffs can be better secured at some tailoring establishment than at a ladies' goods store. Lap seams prevail, and in all cases these gowns are self-trimmed and are without braiding.

The bodice is in coat fashion, made with full skirt set on, and the most stylish have the skirt reach to or even below the knees. Stylish rigs are also planned with cut-away sack coats. Much of the little of the waistcoat may be seen, it is made like a man's and fits exactly with a slight conventionalizing of the figure. It may be of pique, of cashmere or of any of the many vestings in vogue. There is the widest latitude in color. Scarlet or scarlet showered with tiny black dots is in perfectly correct taste and not conspicuous. White is all right and very dressy. Tans are worn, and white dotted with red, tan or blue. Light and gray-blue and navy-blue in cashmere or in wash are all good. The tie is either white or black, or of pique to match the vesting. The linen in the best taste is quite plain. At the same time,

lower edge with points of guipure finish, are expensive. Nets of all kinds are almost as pretty as lace, and many clever women combine cheap net and cheap guipure, cutting the patterns of the latter, and applying them into the former, with excellent effect.

A reception dress made of watered silk, a material which is just now very popular, is displayed in the fourth sketch. The bottom of the skirt is finished with a ruffle, put on with a small head and garnished with large jet ornaments at regular intervals. The draped bodice hooks at the side, and its sole garniture consists of a large simulated jet yoke, made of somewhat larger ornaments than those on the skirt.

There is in home dresses and simple ball toilets a fancy for a bodice of light silk sprayed with a flower of contrasting color. The bodice has a serpentine sash, belted at the waist, the color of the flower matches the sash, being lined with satin to match the ground color of the bodice and enriched with hip hoop-frills of ribbon of the same color as the flounce. A lovely gown of this sort has a bodice of India silk, having pink roses sprayed on a pale amber ground. The sash and skirt are rose pink. The two rows of amber lace are set about the hips, and the skirt is lined with pale yellow satin. Rose color stockings and slippers are worn. This style of dress commends itself, because the skirt may be of any light cashmere or crepon. A dainty evening dress is the artist's last contribution to this color. It is made of India silk, crepe, strewn with small, faint pink flowers, and is trimmed with moire. The full drooping sleeves are of black moire, and across the neck and around the



FOR HER WHO WILL NOT DON A UNIFORM.

striped collars and cuffs are recognized as swaggers. If the waistcoat is bright, it is usual to have a touch of corresponding color in the hat.

Now it is, of course, quite possible to have your street dress in excellent taste and without the least bit of loudness and yet be quite unlike the most prevalent mode. Many women will consider it desirable to have their costumes different from the styles which have been adopted so generally as to constitute almost a prescribed uniform. The attention of such women is called to the two dresses of the first two pictures here. Both are dressy and correct, despite the entire absence of tailor cut. In the first one the trimming of the gored skirt consists of seven lengthwise narrow bands of silk lace, with twenty-inch spaces between each, bordered with soutache. The bodice has revers that form a round collar in back and overlapping fronts. The bottom has a blunt point in front, but the back is round and the revers and the bottom of the bodice, as well as the cape-collarette and the sleeves, are all garnished with narrow bands of silk, headed by rickrack soutache. The other dress is composed of mordore voile, with the bodice gathered and puffed as shown, both in front and back, and fastening at the side. The sleeves, collar, and belt are made of mordore silk, and the circular skirt is garnished with three gathered puffs around the bottom.

There are shown for wear indoors very pretty apron-like overdresses with a deep point in front, short over



A CONTRASTED INDOOR COUPLE.

the hips, and two long sash ends falling in jabot folds half way to the edge of the skirt. These are particularly becoming to short women. The right-hand overdress is seen on the right-hand dress of the third illustration. Its two points reach nearly to the skirt hem, but in back it measures but fifteen inches. The tail is made of mode-colored cloth, and its skirt has a six-

inch band of white bengaline around the bottom, covered with parallel rows of copper-colored soutache braid. It is lined with the same shade of taffeta and has a full of the same inside. The costume is completed by a white bengaline blouse and modified Eton of the cloth, having white bengaline revers turned-down collar, and cuffs also trimmed with copper-colored soutache. The blouse is finished with a standing collar, and a bengaline belt, also showing soutache garniture, hooks in front, with two fancy mother-of-pearl clasps.

The companion figure in the picture displays a gown of cocoa-brown cloth trimmed with dark-brown silk. The skirt is lined with black taffeta and is bordered with a narrow row of dark-brown silk. The bodice is draped with cloth and hooks in front. It is finished by a short velvet jacket that has no seam in back, but is fastened to the bodice with the under-arm seams. The fronts turn back in draped revers and a cape collarette furnishes the epaulettes over the shoulders. The jacket is finished by a standing collar that hooks in back, and a large jabot of mull and lace, or entirely of lace, is placed in front. Around the waist, below the modified Eton, is a folded bias belt that hooks at the side with a cloth bow and has one end pendent on the skirt.

Lace is as popular as ever, but less is used in white than ever before. Black and unbleached lead. The latter comes in a dull yellow, and in imitation of this there are any number of cheap guipures dyed in vivid yellow. A gray lace is also used, and gray-yellow and ivory tints are all blended together in some of the choicest designs. Vandyked lace is much in vogue, and laces with deep net finished at top and



OF WATERED SILK JET TRIMMED.

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There is in home dresses and simple ball toilets a fancy for a bodice of light silk sprayed with a flower of contrasting color. The bodice has a serpentine sash, belted at the waist, the color of the flower matches the sash, being lined with satin to match the ground color of the bodice and enriched with hip hoop-frills of ribbon of the same color as the flounce. A lovely gown of this sort has a bodice of India silk, having pink roses sprayed on a pale amber ground. The sash and skirt are rose pink. The two rows of amber lace are set about the hips, and the skirt is lined with pale yellow satin. Rose color stockings and slippers are worn. This style of dress commends itself, because the skirt may be of any light cashmere or crepon. A dainty evening dress is the artist's last contribution to this color. It is made of India silk, crepe, strewn with small, faint pink flowers, and is trimmed with moire. The full drooping sleeves are of black moire, and across the neck and around the

hem there comes narrow trimming of the same material. The gown opens under the left arm and its fastening is concealed by a fall of lace, which is secured to the sleeve by a moire rosette. On the bodice portion the crepe is gathered in the center, and, if desired, the dress might open there and the opening be hidden by the gathers and another moire rosette.

Already it is time to think of summer dress on the street. Summer materials of the more durable sort are made up exactly as tweeds have been. Linen is a favorite material, and solid colors and tailor finish prevail, to the point of taboing frills. Wash braid and bias bands of wash material in the color contrasting with the body of the gown, lend charming effects. A charming rig in gray-blue (of course there is a new name for this color; there is every season, but it is the soft gray shade which, since its introduction some twelve years ago as "cadet blue," has hardly changed save in designation) is made with a double skirt, the upper skirt, jauntily rounding down in front and shortening over the hips and at the back. There are three rows of bias folds of white on the edge of both upper and under skirt. The bodice is little Eton affair which sets so snugly down at the back that the short skirt of the overskirt seems to be rather the skirt of a coat bodice. The cotton shortens toward the front, exposing the white pique waistcoat. The latter is so high as to show only a little of the linen. Collar and cuffs are blue and white stripes, and the rest is plain.



ELEGANCE IN BLACK AND WHITE.

There are 172 known species of the fly.

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

### THE TWO LITTLE MEN.

There were two little men of ye olden time  
Of their manners so very proud  
That each would try to outdo in grace  
The other, whenever they bowed.  
They would bend, and bend, and bend so low  
That finally, it was said,  
Their three-cornered hats would touch the ground  
And then each stood on his head!

[Malcolm Douglas, in St. Nicholas.]

### "ALL BUT" AND "EXACTLY."

"Did you do exactly as Mr. Wilkins told you?" inquired mamma.

"Yes," answered Bobby, "all but—"

"All but—all but putting the covers over!" interrupted Fred.

"Putting the covers over!" said mamma.

"Yes, over the pails. After we had bored the holes and put in the plugs and hung the pails on the tree-trunks, Mr. Wilkins told us we'd better put covers over them, 'cause it would keep the sticks and bark and everything out of the maple syrup!"

"But there wasn't anything in the syrup!" declared Fred, "so it's every bit as good! I don't know where it has gone, mamma, for there was 'most a boiler full, and Mr. Wilkins said, 'Boil it hard and fast, boys.' That is just what he said, mamma!"

Two sorry little faces looked into the boiler, now nearly empty. The "saps" was as thin and white as water, and in spite of all Bobby's endeavors, with a big iron spoon as an aid, not a tiny bit of sugar could be found.

Mamma tried to look very sober, but her eyes would twinkle.

"What have I always told you boys?" she asked.

"Always to mind everything you tell us!" answered Bobby and Fred together.

"We had a severe storm last night, and what do you think your pails were full of?" mamma inquired.

"I don't know," said Fred.

"Full of rain-water!" said mamma.

"But they were half-full before yesterday," asserted Bobby, "half-full of really and truly sap, mamma!"

"And then the rain came," continued mamma, "and filled the pails over and over again till there 'as no sap left."

"It would have been such fun to make our own maple sugar!" sobbed Fred.

"Supposing you do it all over, and do it exactly," suggested mamma.

"Maybe we could," said Bobby.

So they made their maple sugar after all.—[Youth's Companion.]

### SID AND THE PORPOISE.

A dilapidated yawl lay high and dry on the beach, and leaning carelessly against it was a lad who had made a good study for an artist. His blue-jeans overalls were rolled up to his knees and held in place by one suspender, his check shirt was fastened at the throat with a piece of rope-yarn; on his head was a straw hat with a tattered brim and a fringed hole in the crown, through which protruded a lock of very curly hair; his face was covered with freckles, his hands and feet were brown, and his name was Sid Brown.

His father kept the marine railway on which the fishing-smacks, oyster-sloops, and coasting-schooners were hauled up for repairs.

Sid was what the boys in the neighborhood called a "tough nut"; he could swim like a duck, run like a deer, and sail a boat "into the wind's eye" with the best man on the beach.

He was about ten years of age, and spent the summer in clamming, crabbing, and fishing in the bay, and in the winter attended the district school on the main land.

As he leaned against the boat he was whistling softly and shaping with his jack-knife an oak block into a thole-pin for his little dingy, that lay at the water's edge and from which protruded the handles of an eel-spear and a crabbing-net. Having finished his whistling to his satisfaction, he fitted the thole-pin into its place, pushed off his boat, jumped in and paddled slowly up the bay where the tide being low, the sea-grasses were plainly visible, making dashes here and there with his net at a stray crab and dropping the astonished and wriggling shell-fish into his boat.

He had not been long at this work when he spied the tail of a large fish about a foot above the surface of the water, right in his path. Quick as a flash and noiselessly he skipped to the bow of his boat, made a slip-noose of the painter, and waited patiently as he dropped slowly down on the fish.

As he came within reach he dropped the noose over the flukes of the tail, and with a quick jerk drew it tight; the fish felt the tightened rope and plunged and struggled to free himself, breaking through the sea-weed and making for the shore.

Sid sprang into the stern of his boat and was soon flying down the bay, surrounded with spray and foam, toward the outer bar.

Several fishermen were there catching oysters in deep water near the channel were very much surprised to see a small dingy harnessed to the tail of a big fish flying through the water, while a small boy with arms folded sat calmly in the stern. As the apparition flew past they instinctively pulled up their anchors and gave chase, but as a "stern chase" is a long chase" they had covered several miles before the tired fish relaxed his speed and came to the surface to breathe; then, attacking him with clam-rakes and out-burts with great vigor, he was soon obliged to give in, and several boats having "hitched on," he was slowly towed ashore, where it was discovered that Sid had harnessed his little boat to a porpoise nine feet in length.

The fatty parts were distributed among those who had participated in his capture, for porpoise-oil is highly prized by fishermen as a sure cure for sprains, bruises, and the rheumatism, and the good housewives preserved it with care, and, recommending it in cases of emergency, would never fail to recount the adventure of Sid and the porpoise.

[Frank Leslie's.]