

THE FASHIONS.



This (1) costume is of straw colored silk with broad plaits and passementerie of black silk and velvet bands. The silken skirt forms heavy hollow folds, the right and left, and is embroidered on both sides by silk passementerie. The apron is of Italian pattern, with three large velvet bands or ribbons. The tunic falls straight from the sides and form a large hollow fold behind. There is a small scarf in front falling on the apron, and buried under the sides of the tunic. The corsage is plain, pointed in front and adorned in the middle front and on the side with three bands of passementerie.

The second (2) dress is of old dark blue brocart, old pale blue satin, assorted lace embroidered with pearls and pale blue ribbon covered with pearls. The skirt is of pale blue satin. The upper skirt is of embroidered lace, covering the whole skirt less the under part of the train. The train is square in brocart and mounted in flounces tightened at the waist. The corsage is short with pointed front, cut open square in front and with half length sleeves. The border of the open square in front is set with pearly ribbon and a little strip of pale blue satin. A pearly band placed in the middle of the front of the corsage forms a small plastron. There is a knot of pale blue ribbon below this, and the ornaments of the sleeves are of pale blue silk.

UNGALLANT.



Little Toodles: I WISH YOU HAD SOME SKATES TOO, AUNT MEG.

Aunt Meg (wishing to encourage generosity): YOU MIGHT LET ME TAKE YOURS.

Little Toodles: NO; YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I MEAN. I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE SO NICE FOR YOU TO SKATE AHEAD OF ME, AND FIND ALL THE WEAK PLACES IN THE ICE.

AN IMPRESSION.



Ah! she is a giddy charmer,
On this point make no mistake,
And she vowed a deep impression
On dear Adolph's heart to make.

So her smile was most bewitching
As beside him down she sat,
And she made a grout impression,
But she made it on his hat.

ROUGH ON BROWN.



Snobberly—"Miss Clamwhooper, will you allow me to introduce you to Mr. Brown?"

Miss Clamwhooper—"No, I thank you, I might stand another White or Black, but I've soured on Brown. I know all the Browns I have any use for."

A REMINDER.

'Twas at the depot;—they must part.
Cried he, "Forget me not, dear heart!"

"Never, no never!" she sobb'd in grief.
And the husband left in deep regret;
And the wife, so she might not forget,
Just tied a knot in her handkerchief.

The flowers that bloom in the pot, tra-la,
Have the bulge on the flowers of spring,
For whether it's cold or it's hot, tra-la,
They're placed in a temperate spot, tra-la,
And in fact, have a very soft thing;
So they don't care a jot,
If it freezes or not,
As they feel pretty certain that they
have the pot.
Tra-la-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la-la,
Oh! theirs is a fortunate lot.

A MAN may justly pawn his watch
When he's almost a "goner,"
But save us from the hard-up man
Who always 'poons his honor.

THIS world is full of curious things,
As you from this will see;
When I was only twenty-four,
Miss Jones was thirty-three.

Time hurries on, the years have fled,
I'm thirty-three and more;
And here's the curious thing—Miss
[Jones

Isonly twenty-four.

The maiden sat so near my arm,
Around her waist I threw it;
And then, not meaning any harm,
I kissed her e'er she knew it.
She threw an angry glance at me,
Her face grew red, and then
She frowned and said, "I'd like to see
You just try that agin!"
"Why certainly, sweet maid," I said,
I did—could I be blamed?
This time she only blushed and said,
"You ought to be ashamed!"

LAWYER: Have you made your will?
CLIENT: Yes, I had Mr. Quill draw it
yesterday.

LAWYER: Are you sure it's right
enough to stand a contest?

CLIENT: Oh, yes; but to obviate that,
I left all my property to you.

"Why do you wear those green
goggles?" said a gentleman to a boot-
black, who was briskly engaged in
shining up his shoes. "Are your eyes
weak?"

"No, sir, not particularly weak, but
the shine I put on the shoes hurts my
eyes."

WHAT is the difference between a
good dog show and a bad one?—When
it is a good one the dogs go to the show,
but if a bad one the show goes to the
dogs.

A STATE of Happiness—Before marri-
age. A State of Misery—After marriage.

OPERATIC REFRESHMENT—High screams.

A SIGNAL FAILURE.—A railway acci-
dent.



In connection with the different at-
tractions of the Carnival, it is worthy of
notice that the sport of sparring, boxing,
wrestling, and other athletic exercises
of the sort should be encouraged when
carried on in a respectable manner,
and in such conditions as will admit of
the presence of gentlemen. This super-
intendence is exercised at Mr. W. J.
Carney's Crystal Palace, 539 Craig Street,
where exhibitions of the kind are held
every evening and where the best of
order is always maintained.

THE POET IN HIS FAMILY.

The sun had drawn the golden bars—
The sky a rubied sea;

I must have less noise.)
When twilight brought the evening
[stars,
(Children, I must have this noise stopp-
[ed immediately.)
To greet my love and me.

(Mary! for mercy sake, can't you
stop the noise of this pandemonium?)

The wind with tropic fragrance rife
If you don't keep that baby quiet, I'll
[know why?]

In wanton sport and glee,
It stole a kiss—

(There! take that! I no more crying,
I say—stop!—stop right off, sir. Go to
bed! Go! If you don't instantly start
I'll thrash you within an inch of your
life. By the sacred ephod, I cannot
stand this any longer. Mary, in the
name of goodness, will you put those
confounded children to bed? How am
I ever to finish this poem to night?)

—forlorn your life,
It left my love and me.

(No, I don't know any other name
for a beetle—June bug—boom long—
O, yes, has a boom—oom—om-ni. Any

other bug? O yes, one without any
boom or hum.)

Then to a hidden leafy nook,
On fairy feet and free,

(Forgotten my arithmetic? No! cer-
tainly not. Why, put down one, carry
two, and let the rest walk.)

It told the secret to the brook,

(I dare you to call me that again—
old brute, am I? Good night—Ta ta, I'll
sleep on the floor.)

Of my true love and me.

"If it was not for one thing, boys,"
said an old farmer, as he got down
from his waggon, "I'd bet any amount
o' money on that bay colt o'mine trot-
tin' a mile in ten minutes. I'd bet a
million pounds if I had it."

The crowd laughed derisively.
"What is the one thing?" asked
one of the crowd.

"The distance is too far for the
time."

Mrs. SPRIGGINS thinks that a certain
young lady of her acquaintance has no
sense of proprietorship, because when
the funeral was passing she had her
sleigh driven right through the center
of the cortege.