

dress is to be worn by the young wife when she enters her new home in Berlin, a palace presented to the young couple by the Duke of Anhalt-Dessau, the bridegroom's father. It is of cashmere, dove-colored. As to mode, the skirt is plain to plainness, but above the deep hem is an inserted band of pale pink silk, covered with dove-grey silk net, embroidered. The yoke and sleeves are of pink silk, similarly embroidered. A plain tight bodice at the back has folds in the front fastened on the side. A dove-coloured bengaline mantle is to be worn with this soft and modest gown. It has a high collar and yoke, embroidered in pink and gold, and the cape—now an indispensable addition to the mantle—has a gold fringe and is lined with pink silk. A wire-drawn hat of pink lisse, with a flat crown of velvet—is trimmed with a thick aigrette of pink ospreys. Describing gown after gown is like writing the details of each dish in a menu, and only those who can understand such creations really care to read such descriptions. The Queen presented her granddaughter with some very rare and costly old rose-point lace, and this has been arranged over the skirt of a gown of grey-blue satin, brocaded in gold, lilac tints, in a design of fruit and foliage. There is an evening gown of cream veloutine, with round the bottom a festoon of fine Maltese lace, with buttercups between the festoons. The bodice is treated in the same manner. A pale green ball dress very beautiful, chiffoned liberally in hem, flounce, and little bows. The chiffon is embroidered in silk, moons and crescents.

It seems that if an Arab woman who has lost her husband decides to marry again she visits the grave of her first husband the night before her second marriage and prays him not to be offended. As, however, she feels that he will be offended, she takes with her a donkey, laden with two goat skins filled with water. The prayer ended, she proceeds to pour the water on the grave. The object of the custom is to keep the husband cool under the circumstances, and having well saturated him she departs.

IN MEMORIAM.

Thus my wife died. No more will those loving hands pull off my boots and part my back hair as only a wife can; nor will those willing feet replenish the coal-hod or water pail. No more will she arise amid the tempestuous storms of winter, and hie away to make the fire, without disturbing the slumbers of the man who doted on her so artlessly.

Her memory is embalmed upon my heart of hearts. I wanted to embalm her body, but found I could embalm her memory cheaper. I procured of Eli Undgett, a neighbour of mine, a very pretty grave-stone. His wife was consumptive, and he kept it on hand several years in anticipation of her death; but she rallied last Spring, and his hopes were blasted.

Never shall I forget the poor man's grief when I asked him to part with it. "Take it, Skinner," he hoarsely whispered, "and may you never know what it is to have your soul disappointed as mine has been;" and he burst into a flood of tears; his spirit was indeed utterly broken.

I had the following epitaph engraven upon the tombstone:—"To the memory of Tabitha, wife of Moses Skinner, Esq., gentlemanly editor of the *Trombone*, (Terms 6s. a year, invariably in advance.) A kind mother and an exemplary wife. (Office over Coleman's Grocery, up two flights of stairs. Knock hard.) We shall miss thee, mother, we shall miss thee! (Job printing solicited.)" Thus, like Rachel weeping for her children, did my lacerated spirit cry out in agony. But one ray of light penetrated the despair of my soul. The undertaker took his job printing, and the sexton owed me a little account I should not have gotten any other way.

POLITE GUEST: "My dear Mrs. Smith, you do succeed in bringing the most charming people together!"

Hostess: "Oh, thanks. You are so kind; but I only wish you could have been here last week. Why, I haven't one of my best people here to-night!"

'Tis but a threadbare piece of cloth,
But it recalls the better
The night I mocked her father's wrath
And went and met her.
And as I gently take it up,
Its frayed-out ends remind me
Of how her father's mongrel pup,
Detached it from—behind me!

Farmer Crowder had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew the crows were whetting their bills to pull up the corn as soon as it appeared above the surface.

"I can tell you how to get away with the crows," said neighbour Stokes.

"How?"

"Get you a gallon of whisky and soak some corn in it till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the field. The black rascals will eat it and get drunk, and then you can catch 'em and pull their heads off. That beats pizen or shootin'."

In a few days Farmer Crowder met his friend Stokes.

"Well, how's the crops?" queried Stokes.

"My corn's bodaciously ruind," replied Crowder, dolefully. "I tried that 'ere scheme o' yours, and it's a humbug. I soaked the corn and scattered it one day, the next morn' I went to the new groun' to see how it worked."

"Found m' drunk, eh?"

"Found nothin'." I hearn a devil of a fuss down nigh the branch and went to see what it was; there was a dad blasted old crow what had gathered up all the whisky corn an' had it on a stump, an' he was retailin' it out to the others, givin' em' one grain of that sort fur three grains o' my planted corn, and dinged if they hadn't clawed up that field in sections."—*Wasp*.

NEW ESSAY ON MAN.—Man that is born of a woman is small potatoes and a few in a hill. He rises up to-day and flourishes like a rag weed, and tomorrow, or the next day, the undertaker hath him. He goeth forth in the morning warbling like a lark, knocked out in one round and no seconds,

In the midst of life he is in debt, and the tax collector pursues him wherever he goeth. The banister of life is full of splinters and he slideth down with considerable rapidity. He walketh forth in the bright sunlight to absorb ozone and meeteth the bank teller with a sight draft for \$357.

He cometh home at eventide and meets the wheelbarrow in his path. It riseth up and smiteth him to the earth and falleth upon him and runneth one of its legs into his car.

In the gentle spring-time he putteth on his summer clothes, and a blizzard striketh him far from home and filleth him with cuss words and rheumatism. In the winter he putteth on winter trousers and a wasp that abideth excitement. He starteth down into the cellar with an oleander and goeth backward, and the oleander cometh after him and sitteth upon him.

He buyeth a watch dog, and when he cometh home from the lodge the dog treeth him and sitteth near him until rosy morn. He goeth to the horse trot and betteth his money on the brown mare, and the bay gelding with the blaze face winneth.

He marrieth a red-headed heiress with a wart on her nose, and the next day the parental ancestor goeth under with a fee, arrest and great liabilities, and cometh home to live with his beloved son-in-law.

"Have you ground all the tools right, as I told you this morning when I went away?" said a carpenter to a rather green lad, whom he had taken for an apprentice.

"All but the saw, sir," replied the lad promptly: "I couldn't get all the gaps out of that!"