

game; a kindly manœuvred introduction of those young girls, less known than the rest, into the gay whirl of pretty dress and happy voice;—very little things like these will make one a welcome guest in a palace or a tenement. Most unattractive is the dread some cherish of being treated with less deference than is due. It was once said of a charming woman: "She is too much of a lady to mount guard upon her own dignity."

In the general admiration for those who converse delightfully,—and Bishop Huntington tells us that conversation is a fine art—we are apt to forget that there is need of good listeners. This is a comfort.

Simply avoiding listlessness on the one hand, and on the other, a too great readiness to press forward our own opinions, if we listen with real interest to whatever is said, any one of us may excel in this *next finest* art.

Yet perhaps we are in less danger of rudeness among strangers than with those to whom we owe even greater consideration. Suppose in the "Hearth," we speak of "Courtesy among Friends."—[Cottage Hearth.

Fashion Notes.

The Kangaroo Mantelet will be worn in early spring by young ladies. It is fitted to the waist at the back, with the sleeve rounded off over the shoulder and doubled up to take in the arm. These are made largely of plush, either seal-brown, or of a lighter tint matching the toilet. The lining is either of the same color, or crimson, old-gold or heliotrope.

The latest style of jacket is double-breasted and has a deep collar of plush or velvet continued in one reverse tapering from the shoulder to the waist. These jackets are made of fine plain cloth. Dress



bodices are seen with yokes which are of a different material from that of the bodice. This yoke is cut with a deep peak, or is rounded, scalloped, notched, or cut in small points. The bodice may be put on plain, in gathered or small pleats.

Pearl-edged ribbons are still used in great profusion for trimming dresses and mantles, as well as hats and bonnets.

A pretty style of out-door jacket is tight fitting in the back with loose fronts, fastened with one button at the neck and lined with some bright, pretty color.

Velvet is as much employed as ever for trimming.

Frocks for girls under thirteen are made without overskirts.

Beaded woolen fabrics are much used this season.

Veils are mere masks, and should be put on before the bonnet is donned.

Young ladies are again wearing turn down collars of lace and embroidery.

Costumes composed of combinations of plain and striped goods bid fair to be very popular.

New light woollens come in black or white, blue, scarlet, green, olive, primrose and heliotrope.

Pale pink veils are taking the place of the red ones so long in favor. They are more generally



becoming, and are worn with bonnets of all descriptions.

Cardinal and navy blue are combined as much as when first introduced.

The present style of hair-dressing is without a parting; all the hair is turned up and slightly puffed out, or rolled over a light puff, as in the Marie Antoinette style.

In making a basque, one may choose between a plain front, a vest front or a full-pleated front.

Ladies need not hesitate to wear tan-colored gloves upon any occasion, as their popularity is likely to continue indefinitely.

The fashionable linen cuffs are wider than heretofore, and round at one end and square at the other. Striped and figured percales are used for morning wear, but plain white linen has the preference for general use.

Round yokes and long sleeves are the arbitrary rule for babies' frocks on all occasions, and the frock should measure forty-two inches from the neck to the hem.

Foundation skirts should be two yards and a quarter in width, and should have a foot pleating even though covered by the draperies.

To clean decanters, rinse the bottles and put a piece of lighted brown paper into each; stop close, and when the smoke disappears, wash the bottle clean. This will remove all stains, but if any spot should remain, the process should be repeated.

Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES.—Another month has rolled away, and again Uncle Tom greets his boys and girls. I hope you who have the privilege of attending school, have put in a month of solid work, improving and developing those faculties given to you by a generous Hand. As I look upon boys and girls now, I think what a pity it is that we who are older did not realize in the earlier years of life how much we lost by idle habits. One of the painful remembrances of the past is thought of many misspent hours, and thus it is that I would speak to you in all earnestness on this subject. As most of you are in all probability school-boys and school-girls—in your "teens," at least—let me give you what authors call "a leaf from my Journal."

'Tis many years now, since I, a freckle-faced farmer-boy with wilful hair which never allowed people to know that I had a forehead, went to the dear old-country-school. (Though I liked books well enough and can not remember of going a day unwillingly to school, I liked mischief a great deal better and "Thomas" in tones of reproach was a well-known sound. "Thomas, stand here in the corner," was not unfamiliar, while "Thomas, hold out your hand, sir," was by no means a dream of the imagination in which silvery cadences chorde with the soft music of lute or harp. One day I had been unusually perverse—I had stood in the corner and held out my hand too—I know now I was just the most provoking of "towzie"-haired boys, but at that time I thought I was shamefully used, and unjustly concluded, as all pupils of that stamp will do, that the teacher had a "spite" at me. I harbored this thought all afternoon, at least all the time I was not busied in devising how I could in some way torment and annoy him. It was near Valentine Day; could I not send him a great ugly picture of a cross teacher "lickin'" a poor little innocent boy, or could I not make up a sham parcel on the first of April and have the pleasure of knowing his great and utter humiliation when he would open it. Of course I could, and how *mean* he would feel over it. Thus reasoned the sage Thomas, too blind to see that he, and he alone, was in fault. When school was dismissed the teacher said he wished me to remain for a few minutes, as he would like to speak to me. With a very ill grace I obeyed—I didn't want him to speak to me alone. I well remember, however, how kindly, yet firmly, he spoke to me—showing me that I was not only wasting my own time, but influencing others in the same direction. Here was a new phase of the question to me—I had never thought that I was the means of leading others to waste their time. I had not then learned the great truth that no one can live unto himself—that a most potent influence is unconscious influence. I had not then read "Tom Brown's School-days" to learn that "in no place in the world has individual character more weight than at a public school. Perhaps some of my nieces and nephews have not thought of this before either. May I ask has it ever occurred to you that your influence may be made to tell in a public school, and that most forcibly. Diligence on your part may be an incentive to diligence on the part of another—prompt obedience on your part may more than you ever dream of tend to the maintenance of good order in the school. If I could only speak to you as earnestly and kindly as did my teacher on that evening—if I could only convince you, as he convinced me, that idleness injures not only yourselves, but others, I should rest satisfied that one grand lesson had been learned in the month of March. I have spoken