



From London Queen.

THE FASHIONS.

The diagonal serges will be very generally worn this "fall," and this material hangs, looks, and wears well to the last. They will be in almost every shade, with stripes both broad and narrow. Plain corduroys are also in vogue, the surface of those in black being relieved by having a pretty little knot at regular intervals. For mantles, there are some of rich broches, matelasses, and broche's reps will be a favorite material for married ladies' cloaks. New dresses are of a walking length, the edge of the skirt finished off with rows of braid or foot frill which presents a trim appearance suggestive of neat ankles and spotless boots. There is also a graceful "fall" costume made of plaid woolen with a good deal of green in its colouring; the bodice being of forest green cloth buttoning up the back and edged with cord; shoulder puffs of plaid with close fitting cloth sleeves.

Our illustrations this issue represent:

No. 1. Mercury Hat. Hat trimmed with a large bow in Ophelia ribbon, ostrich tips, and antennae. Large bows in coral velvet under the front and back of the curved brim. The ostrich tips curl to the right and left in a graceful manner.

No. 2. The Beatrice Bonnet. Helmet-shaped bonnet, ornamented with a bow of velvet shot mauve and absinth-green and a large bow in plain mauve ribbon, together with velvet loops standing for wings, from amongst which rises a tuft of antennae. A scarf of cream Bruges lace is draped over the projecting brim.

No. 3. (centre) Costume of Dark Green Crape. Trimmed with a galon composed of small loops of narrow black satin ribbon. A corselet with long tabs in front, is of green and black passementerie intermingled with gold. The full plastron and smooth yoke back are of cream-coloured embroidery. Large

sleeves of crepon cut on the cross, extend only to the elbow, where they are met by close sleeves of embroidery. The shoulder-knots are of black satin ribbon. The view of the gown shows the broad Watteau pleat at the back of the skirt and its border of galon.

THAT CLAMMY HAND.

BY CHAS. M. SKINNER.

My family was in the country, so that I was alone in the house. On the night of the venture herein related, I had locked the doors and lower windows carefully, read until I was drowsy and gone to bed at eleven o'clock, falling asleep almost immediately.

It must have been two o'clock when I awoke. The night was intensely dark and still, but as soon as my eyes were open, I was conscious of something wrong, something oppressive. A weight was upon me, and instinctively I made a movement to throw it off. The thing lying on my chest was a human hand!

What had happened? Had a burglar entered the house and complacently gone to sleep beside me? Had I been chloroformed, kidnapped, and carried to a strange place? I cautiously felt again and took up the hand. It did not move, and was cold and clammy. In surprise and apprehension I dropped it, and it fell back upon my loudly-beating heart like a piece of lead.

I was in bed with a corpse!

Coolness, now, above all things!

Yes, the doors must be safe. I remembered locking them. How had this person, this thing, come into the house? Had he come to rob it, been shot or injured, dragged himself to my side and died there? Had a murder been committed, and had the perpetrators, with fiendish audacity, dragged the body of their victim into my house and left it there? If so, was it done to throw suspicion on me?

The heavy shade of trees before the house favored such a deed, and they

might have entered by a ladder at one of the upper windows, but why should the ghastly thing be brought to me? I had so enemy so far as I knew. After all, was not this a nightmare? No, I could desecrate the window, and there was the edge of a gilded picture-frame that caught a faint light from the street-lamp on the corner. I was wide awake, and a dead man was lying beside me.

It takes time to write this. It needed but a second to think it, and as I thought it, my blood began to chill with horror, and my hair to stir. Yet, was it safe to move? If a corpse had been brought into the house, perhaps it was a maniac who had done it. At that moment he might be lurking in a corner with knife or bludgeon, ready to take my life, too; and my only weapon was in another room.

I listened. Everything was as still as the tomb, except for the beating of my heart. Come what might, the situation was too dreadful to sustain. I grasped the dead hand, flung it off, heard it fall on the counterpane with a soft thud, and then gathered myself for a spring. Why! what had happened? Where was my right arm? I tried to rise on my right elbow, but could not do so. In placing the body there, had my arm been injured? Here was a complication, truly: a mystery beside me, and all means of solving it destroyed. I put my left hand to my right shoulder and felt slowly down the arm; I lifted it with my left hand, and on letting it go, it fell lifeless. Picking it up again, I found that the hand was cold and without feeling. By rubbing and shaking it I restored sensation and the power of movement. Then a light dawned on me. I reached over to the right; there was nobody else in the bed. I had been lying in such a position that my right elbow was cramped under me and the circulation had been checked, producing that temporary paralysis which we allude to when we say that our legs or arms are "asleep." The palsied forearm had fallen across my chest, had cooled in a draught from the open window, and when I lifted it, there was no feeling in it to apprise me that it belonged to me. Such, however, was the case. That dead, clammy hand was my own. I went to sleep again.

PUBLIC DINNER, NEARLY OVER.

"Gentlemen, I think you are eminently qualified to criticise the works of some of the best English carvers."

Quaker.—Verily, friend, we are more nearly allied to a table of contents at the end of these works.

Young Mrs. Nagger.—Fancy, John! I've just been reading that a cat has nine lives. John (who is very much married).—Thank goodness that a man hasn't!