

trust to such young mistletoe! But this fine fellow, do you love him still?"

"No, indeed, I despise him!"

"Then why do you weep?"

"Because of the affront he has offered me. I can love no man but one who loves me for myself—"

"I know a man," said the old woman gaily, "who loves you for yourself alone. One whom you have hardly noticed, but who has loved you long and continues to love you although the river has swallowed up your dowry. Your neighbor's son—don't blush so Guillaumette—will spend this Christmas eve with you. I wonder, now, what answer you would give him if he should ask your hand!"

The girl pondered for a minute, then said timidly, her eyes cast down:

"Perhaps I ought to have a sprig of your mistletoe for luck."

"Here is a nice sprig for you, my dear, red as gold, with berries white and clear as pearls—fine ripe mistletoe which will not play you false. Keep your money, child, this mistletoe is not for sale; it belongs to your neighbor's son, and it was he who sent me to you! Remember what I told you more than a year ago—there are different kinds of mistletoe and different kinds of love."

Translated by Isabel Smithson from the French of Paul Arene.

THE FASHIONS.

Among the absolutely novel gowns which have made their appearance this season, there is one especially striking and worthy of note. It consists of a plain skirt with a short zouave jacket of black Astrachan, reaching to the waist, the Astrachan having the wide curl in it, and known in the trade as "Caracule." The dress has a short bodice with double frills down the front and large sleeves of shaded heliotrope velvet of the palest mauve to the deepest purple. Another charming dress is made of a violet faced-cloth having a hem and ornamented, with seven folds of black satin; the bodice, a blouse of black satin, has a front like a man's shirt, fastened with gold buttons, three shoulder capes of violet cloth, edged with satin folds and plied into a yoke-piece of Caracule, being worn over same.

For out door garments, suitable for winter wear, both coats and cloaks will be worn long whether for walking or driving. We may notice one style of coat made of seal-brown cloth, squirrel lined, and semi-fitting back and front having a Watteau from the neck outlined with black passementerie ending at waist and back with long fringes, while round the shoulders is a deep sealskin cape and edged with Astrachan.

Our illustrations for this week consist of two very handsome cloaks giving the



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front and back view of each. No. 1 being a Russian Pelisse trimmed with sable, and No. 2 a large tippet mantle having large dolman sleeves with trimming and muff of feathers.

RECEIPTS.

Marrow (To Pickle).—Choose the marrows carefully; let them be rather small; pare and slice them; pick out the seeds. Also peel and slice some large onions, the quantity to be determined by personal taste. Put them all together in a strainer, sprinkle them very thickly with salt, let them drain over night, then put them into a stone jar, stand it on the hot hearth, and pour scalding vinegar over the contents. Close the jar, keep it hot; strain off the vinegar. Boil it again, and repeat the operation. Finally, boil the vinegar with loz. of white pepper and of bruised ginger respectively, 2 drachms of cloves, and a bruised nutmeg, some mace, and allspice. When cold, nearly fill the jars with the marrow and onions, cover with the pickle; tie down, and use when desired; though it is better to keep it for some time. Or, choose larger marrows, peel, and cut them up into large squares; sprinkle with salt, and drain as above for three

or four hours. Bring to a boil about two quarts of good white vinegar, with loz. of ground ginger, ½ lb. of sugar, loz. of turmeric, cayenne to taste, and half a dozen shalots. When it has boiled, take out four shalots, put in the marrow, boil for five minutes more, slowly, and put into jars when cold.—Tory.

Tell them the old, old story,
Its charm will never fail,
Mark the good up higher
And call it a special sale.

Teacher (who has been explaining the word epidemic)—Now who can give me the name of an epidemic here in America. Remember it is something that spreads.

Tommy (wildly waving his hand)—I know; it's strawberry jam.

Mrs. Struckile—"Is this an intelligence office?"

Clerk—"Yes, Madam."

Mrs. S.—"Well, I would like to secure a few ounces for the stupid servant you sent me last week."

"Sairy, these letters from New York smell powerful queer."

"As like as not they have been posted in some dead letter office."