

Fashion Notes.

Plaids of every description and color are the rage.

Shirred belts, pointed front and back, are fashionable.

Quilted satin petticoats will be worn this season.

Poke bonnets of drawn silk or satin are now worn with flower trimmings both inside and out.

A cord, with tassels, is considered more stylish than a belt, with either house or promenade costumes.

Aside from the Grecian style of hairdressing, coiffeurs still continue to be elaborate. Usually the front hair is arranged into a number of bandeaux and rouleaux, while the back hair is looped in thick plaits. Short bunchy curls are worn by young ladies. They are held at the back by a coil of loosely-braided hair twisted around them, or by a jewelled ornament of some description. Many ladies have exchanged the stiff regular puffs for graceful loops of waved hair which they coil in a sort of coronet around the crown of the head.

The prettiest novelty as yet shown for the coming season is a fancy muff of shirred Lyons satin lined with satin sublime. The muff is shirred all over in very close shirrings, the satin forming full double ruffles at the ends. Under these ruffles are placed full ruffles of Breton lace. A knot of artificial flowers is placed at one end of the muff, and a flat, wide gold cord serves to suspend it around the neck. The wadding of these muffs is perfumed, so as to scent the wearer's gloves and handkerchief. Some very handsome muffs exhibited at the School of Art in London are also worthy of note. They are made of silk plush dyed in the most beautiful high art shades, and embroidered with flowers and designs appropriate to the season. On one there was a design of winter roses, worked upon dark purple plush. A dark myrtle-green muff was embroidered with a bunch of mistletoe and ivy, and on a rich black plush ground there was worked a spray of holly, with a robin redbreast busy picking at the berries—bird and berries looking delightfully real.

Every kind of lace worn by fashionable ladies in London is of a pronounced bilious hue; lace, in fact, can scarcely be too yellow to be in style. The color is quite distinct from the peculiar, dingy and much esteemed yellow which time imparts to lace, and to which that delicate fabric used to owe so very much of its extraneous value. Fichus, ruffles, neckties, jabots, fraises, stomachers and collars of this lace are considered quite indispensable to modern toilets. Indeed it is these little nothings, as they are styled, which gives effect to the simplest robe, and without them the richest and most elegant toilet lacks that indescribable something which is termed finish. Collars and cuffs made of black cambric are also worn. They are large as regards the collar, while the cuffs are correspondingly deep, and both are trimmed with saffron-tinted lace. There is, however, no substitute which can ever fully displace white linen. Nothing looks more dainty than a collar and glossy pair of cuffs, and it is a pity that a desire for novelty should ever banish these tidy and ladylike articles of dress.

Drinking too Much.

"Golden Days" gives this advice upon the subject of drinking too much, which applies to grown up persons as much as to the little: "Children are not apt to believe they drink too much water, and yet they do. When you come to the house, panting and thirsty from play, you will take a tumbler of water and drink it down as fast as you can, and then rush to resume play, and perhaps repeat the drink. Now, the next time you feel thirsty, try this experiment. Take a goblet of water and slowly sip it. Before it is half gone your thirst will be fully quenched, and you will feel better for having drunk only that you need. And again, we are all apt to acquire the habit of drinking while eating our meals. Animals don't do it, and it is hurtful to us. Nature gives us all the saliva we need; and if any one will chew his food slowly and thoroughly while eating, the desire to do so would soon leave, and he will require only a few sips of water, tea or coffee after the meal is finished. This practice, too, will do wonders in the way of keeping off indigestion, dyspepsia and sickness."

The Bang.

Oh, the bang, the horrible bang! Worse, even worse than the modern girl's slang. Covering, hiding her forehead so fair, Warning young men of that girl to beware.

See it disfigure the head of a child, Spoiling her features, so fresh and so mild; Cut with the kitchen clip down to her eyes, Leaving her brows an affair of surmise.

Plenty of charms has the sweet little girl, Eyes of clear azure and teeth of pure pearl, Yet we must ask, of her head and its shape, "Is it a human or is it an ape?"

Sae her grown sister, her bang all in curls, Deeming herself the most lovely of girls, Making that bang, with such exquisite care, Look like a plaster or poultice of hair.

Young fellows stare at such girls as they stop, Not to admire, but to quiz their make-up, Saving, with utterance quiet but deep, "Mucilage ought to be plenty and cheap!"

Grandmother, too, must come out with a bang, Nearly as bad as the rest of the gang, Hiding the forehead that grandpa admires Under a frizz that she borrows or hires.

Why should our women, the loved of our hearts, Make themselves frightful by hideous arts? Why should they cover their foreheads so fair, Worse than the male fool who plasters his hair?

Surely the serpent bequeathed us a fang, Left in the garden and known as a bang. Let it depart, and by no more insidious Ways may the beautiful make themselves hideous.

EDWARD WILLETT.

Observe the Birthdays.

Let the birthday of each member of the family be always remembered when it comes. Let there be something a little out of the ordinary routine in the arrangement of the table; cookies fashioned as Jennie likes them best; one of Frank's favorite plum puddings or Julia's special liking, a loaf of ginger cake, or a wonderful lemon pie, such as only mamma can make.

Then there must be presents; sometimes people may think they can not be afforded; but reflect. The little one needs shoes, dresses, aprons and many other articles.

Purchase one or more for the birthday. It will seem just as much a present to her as though she was not obliged to have it.

Next come school books and story books, a set of furs and a pair of skates (should the birthday occur in the winter), a pretty little dinner basket, or if the parents can afford it, a little gold band for one of the white fingers, a necklace, a watch with a shining chain, or the pony that has been wished for so long.

Encourage the little ones in giving to each other, and remember father's and mother's birthday too, and, believe me, it will be bread cast on the waters; the days will only be a few ere some returns, and there will be a never-failing supply as long as you and your children live.—[Memphis Baptist.

CORBETT says of his early life: "To buy a pen or a sheet of paper I was obliged to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half-starvation. I had no moment of time to call my own, and I had to read and write amidst the talking, whistling, laughing, singing and bawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men, and that, too, in the hours of their freedom from all control. Think not lightly of the farthing I had to give now and then for ink, pen and paper. That farthing, alas! was a great sum to me. I was as tall as I am now. I had good health and great exercise. The whole of the money not expended for us at market was twopence per week each man. I remember, and well I may, that on one occasion I made shifts to have a halfpenny in reserve, which I had destined for a red herring in the morning, but when I pulled off my clothes at night, so hungry then as hardly to endure life, I found that I had lost my halfpenny. I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug, and wept like a child."

Peruvian Women.

Lima is called the paradise of women. They are called beautiful; so they are, if you admire black eyes and ebony tresses—not the dreamy black eyes of the Syrians, nor the sparkling black eyes of the Egyptians, but the black eyes that easily reveal the different types of character. Peruvian ladies have characters and are not afraid to show it; yet we hear nothing of equal rights and privileges among them. For them to lay claim to a right is to possess it, for they can easily win over the priesthood and thus have the most powerful class of Peru on their side. They are generally occupied, but do not work; they look upon work as degrading. They rise early, take a cup of tea and go to Mass. Their toilet requires but a few moments. Their walking suits are neat and pretty; in this respect they surpass us. The dress is black and never touches the ground, there is no fussing and fumbling with trains. A white skirt is sometimes seen a little below the dress with a deep hem and two tucks, and always white and clean. Prunella gaiters are generally worn; the hands are bare; the manta is thrown over the head, falling gracefully almost down to the bottom of the skirt. The subject of dress claims most of their time and attention; their ball dresses and opera and soiree suits are magnificent. Their boots, especially, are beautiful. No people have naturally as small feet as the Peruvians. The Peruvian made boots are too small for foreigners. Peruvian ladies are not very intelligent; as soon as they pass beyond the school-girl period they care little for books or literature. Many learn to play the piano when young, but do not care to continue when married. They are excessively courteous in their manners, but we are not to be misled by appearances. Their mode of salutation is more of an embrace than anything else, and they always say: "My house and all that I have is entirely at your disposal, and we are to be as one family." They are always wealthy in imagination—at least they never speak of poverty. They love to smoke. The ladies are good at shopping and making bargains; they never tire or find a thing to trivial to occupy their time; they are never in haste; there is always a manana (to-morrow) and then another. Call a laundress and she promises to return your clothes in eight days, never sooner, except at the steam laundries, where the price is about one-third the value of an ordinary garment. Eight days pass—the laundress does not appear. She must then be looked after. The things are not ready, she says, but come to-morrow—and to-morrow means another week. By the time that she fully understands that you are in a hurry for your clothes, she says you can have them sure este noche (this evening), but she raises her price about three-fold. Take your clothes and pay the price agreed upon—no more. The same delay may be expected in all business transactions with the Peruvians. In making any purchase everything must either be bargained for or two or three times the value will be demanded.

A Woman's Experience with Ferns.

I would like to tell the readers of this good paper how I came to have a fern bed. In nearly every garden there is a shady spot or corner, in which ferns can be grown. I had just such a spot, and planted everything that was recommended, but without success. One day, while tramping through the woods, it occurred to me to try ferns. I began by making a bottom for the bed, by laying two inches or more of cinders; then all the broken earthenware and bits of brick I could find, and upon that sand and gravel. Next I cleaned out the wood-house, for the dirt and fine chips. Then I started, one fine day, with my man and girl-of-all-work for the woods; and while he tilled the wagon with rich, light soil; we dug out all the rotten wood we could find. It is the best thing in the world for ferns. We were very careful to take up plenty of their natural soil with the ferns. Before dark the ugly, bare spot that had been so long an eyesore to me, was a thing of beauty. The next year it was still more lovely; and now as I look out of the window it is beyond description. I put on fresh earth every year, and cover the bed with moss in the fall. They never fade; seem to grow naturally; and I can see the ferns trying to get their lovely heads through the moss.