



FIG. 32.—No. 4861.—LADIES' RECEPTION DRESS. PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Brocade (21 inches wide) for 32, 34, 36 inches, 11 3-4 yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 12 yards.

Quantity of Plain Silk (21 inches wide) for 32, 34, 36 inches, 4 yards; 38, 40, 42 inches, 4 3-8 yards.

FIG. 32.—This elegant and entirely novel

Bangs Make of Badies Curls.

Baby curls on the brows of grandmothers! It is a fact that a great many false bangs are made out of the soft, silky curls that grow on the heads of little folks. A deal of the hair is imported for the purpose from France and Germany, but much is bought right here in New York. The dainty golden curls of the four-year-old, who has grown too mannish to wear long hair, are now bedewed with mamma's tears and wrapped in silken tissue and put away in a treasure-box, but they are snipped off scientifically in a hairdresser's shop without sentiment, and sold for a goodly sum, which will perhaps buy a cup to cover the shorn head.

The short baby curls that cling closely to the tiny heads are more in demand than any other kind. They keep their kinks and crinkles seemingly forever, and they do not have to be dressed or recurred. Even crimps that grace the brows of women who can part their hair in the middle and look like St. Cecillas are made out of baby curls.

No one would dream that the seductive little waves that have such a very natural air once were tangled curls that befringed a baby's head.

To the question, "Do many women wear wigs?" the answer was: "Oh, yes; but wigs are so nicely made that hardly anybody could tell that the hair does not grow on the wearer's head. Here's a wig which, when worn, would deceive even an expert hair dealer" the hair vender said with enthusi-

asm, pointing to a coiffure that looked like a luxuriant head of hair artistically dressed. There was a heavy coil on the crown, and dainty baby curls cleverly concealed the tell-tale edges at the neck and around the face. The baby curls have a softer look and retain the freshness a long time that belongs to natural hair growing on the head. Now that elaborately dressed coiffures are coming into style, false hair is in demand, and baby curls, whether black, brown or nondescript in hue, are golden in sale.

The French Ambassador at Tangier has made a demand upon the Sultan of Morocco for the necessary permission to construct a railroad between western Algeria and Fez, one of the capitals of Morocco. The Sultan has appointed a committee of eight of his subjects to study the project. Morocco is known to be rich in many resources, and nothing but the fanaticism of its inhabitants prevents it from reaching a development second to that of no other African country. It is more favored by nature than Algeria, and the day is doubtless coming when Europe will demand that so rich a region so near the northern nations shall be utilized for the purpose of European commerce. It is not known that the Sultan of Morocco himself has any special objection to railroads. He has in the palace grounds at Morocco a little railroad about a mile long, complete in all respects, on which he and the ladies of his harem often make the tour of the grounds.



FIG. 61.—No. 4852.—LITTLE GIRLS' DRESS. PRICE 20 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide, for 3 years, 6 yards; 4 years, 6 1/2 yards; 5 years, 6 3/4 yards; 6 years, 7 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 3 years, 3 yards; 4 years, 3 1/4 yards; 5 years, 3 3/8 yards; 6 years, 3 1/2 yards.

For each size, 7 1/2 yards of ribbon will be required.

This pattern is No. 4852, and shows an excellent model of a little girl's dress, with a high-puffed short sleeve, a belt adorned with rosettes and sash ends, the skirt having tree frills, and the top of the waist a flat ruffle. Price 20 cents.

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday—
The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be;
O, Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

Lighten mine eyes, O Savior,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry:
"Against him I have now prevailed;
Rejoice! the child of God has failed."

Anonymous.

Tuesday—Union is power. The most attenuated thread when sufficiently multiplied will form the strongest cable. A single drop of water is a weak and a powerless thing; but an infinite number of drops united by the force of attraction will form a stream, and many streams combined will form a river, till rivers pour their waters into the mighty ocean whose proud waves, defying the power of man, none can stay but He who formed them. And thus forces which acting singly are utterly impotent, are, when acting in combination; resistless in their energies, mighty in power. And when this great union of the several powers of the church shall be brought to bear unitedly on one point, its triumph will be the subjection of the world to Christ, which now defies the solitary efforts of single forces.—*Salter.*

Wednesday—
Nay, for a little while we live, and life hath mutable wings.
A little while and we die; shalt life not thrive as it may?
For no man under the sky lives twice, outliving his day.
And grief is a grievous thing, and a man hath enough of his tears.
Why should he labor, and bring fresh grief to blacken his years?

Anonymous.

Thursday—There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength; to consider that she is to shine forever with new accessions of glory, and brighter to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay; it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself to see His creation ever beautifying in

His eyes, and drawing nearer to Him by greater degrees of resemblance.—*Addison.*

Friday—
I who have spoken for freedom at the cost
Of some weak friendships or some paltry prize
Of name or place, and more than I have lost
Have gained in wider reach of sympathies.

O Freedom! if to me belong
Nor Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvel's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on
thy throne.

When Freedom, on her natal day
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptized her infant brow in blood;
And through the storm that round her swept
Their constant ward and watching kept,
—*Anonymous.*

Saturday—
The fire that burned so high and strong
Has burned away at last;
And we are left—who loved so long—
The embers of the past.

And yet—we linger dumb and chill
With thoughts the dead may know
And shiver o'er the ashes still,
That warmed us long ago.

—*Chas. F. Lummie.*

Knee Breeches.

Whether the saying of a celebrated American humorist—no man can be supremely happy whose pants bag at the knees—had any influence in deciding the genius who presides over the New York *Herald* sanctum, it appears as the apologist of the knee breeches, it would be hard to say. Certain it is, however, that he is thoroughly disgusted with existing male fashions. Witness the following abuse heaped upon the unoffending pants: "Ordinary trousers are an abomination, a nightmare. They represent the distressing delirium of dress; are ungainly, awkward, uncomfortable and altogether atrocious. The moment you struck the Adirondacks last summer you hung them on a peg and wished they might hang there forever. You could run, jump, row, hunt, fish, with perfect freedom, and it was a delight to take all sorts of manly exercise. We shall never attain the heights of physical excellence, never reach a perfect comprehension of what civilization and religion mean until the fashion changes and we take to knee breeches." Then this no advocate of art as the supreme civilizer could utter anything stronger. The assertion, too, that the correctness of a man's apprehension of civilization and religion is vitally connected with the length and style of his nether garments will arouse the suspicion in many minds that the editor in question has become somewhat mixed.