

Her One Fault.

From the Somerville Journal.
Now, why does she say, "You don't say so?"
When she knows very well that I do?
She has promised to wait me some day, so
I think that she trusts me. Don't you?
She is charming but for this one habit,
Which she seems quite unable to break.
If a chance ever comes, how I'll grab it,
And tell her it makes my heart ache.
To hear her exclaim, "You don't say so!"
When she knows very well that I do!
She has promised to wait me some day, so
I think she'll reform then. Don't you?

THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT

THE FASHIONS.

Triple shoulder capes attached to braided or velvet yokes deeply pointed are again a favorite wrap.

The rose and reseda shades used separately or in combination, have lost none of their popularity. On the contrary, they appear to gain continually in favor.

Accordian-pleated skirts in silk, tulle, and net, and in plain and bordered textures, are still very fashionable; also straight evening skirts of rich lace or net, with two or three rows of rather wide ribbon carried in and out in the meshes as a border.

Although a princess or redingote effect is still given to a large portion of the new spring costumes, very many of them, instead of reaching in one continuous length from neck to hem, have flat skirt fronts and very often full straight back breadths fastened to a slightly rounded or pointed bodice. Costumes of this description are made with full bi-hop sleeves and a Medecis collar.

On a stylish gown just completed, and made of amber-colored camel's hair striped with white, there are broad pieces of white Angora cloth braided diagonally, pale gold soutache at the edges of the coat which opens over a fancy Empire vest of white silk serge.

Youthful and pretty house dresses for spring wear are made of tartan-plaided saris, combined with French camel's hair. A model imported is of old-rose camel's hair, combined with an effective plaid in reseda, cream-white, old rose, and pale amber. A lovely lilac wool dress has a jacket-bodice disclosing a blouse front of lilac, golden brown, rose color, and the treuse-green plaid in the back, and the full undraped skirt is of the handsome tartan.

China silk and good firm American saris can now be purchased at such reasonable prices that those who desire them can indulge in the luxury of silk petticoats instead of wool or muslin ones, with no great outlay of money. Few women, except on dress occasions, care to wear the sumptuous tinted French skirts of silk, lavishly trimmed, but there are those in black or dark silks, hemmed, and simply brier-stitched or finished with a ruffle narrowly edged with black lace. Others are finished with pretty rows of narrow ribbon. These petticoats are particularly comfortable when a heavy cloth dress is necessary, and to also aid in relieving extra weight a very narrow tournure is added to support the folds of the dress skirt.

Some of the bodices show the bodice pointed at the back and rounded in front. Another diversity is a semi-bodice waist adjusted to the figure by Vandyke points made by fine smocking. New French basque bodices are slashed, forming long slender tabs on some of the medieval art toilets, with close cuirass fronts overlaid with dangle ornaments representing old medal decorations. The sleeves are set in very high on the shoulders and slashed at the elbow.

Judging by the immense invoices of fine corsets of French, English and domestic designing, it does not look as though this article of dress was to be relegated to the shades this year, notwithstanding the revived opposition from various sources to its wear. There are new shapes and styles sent out, variously designed for riding, dancing, rowing, sewing, tennis, and for morning wear beneath "easy gowns" by the boudoir. All these and every costume has now its special style of corset. The corset to be donned on rising is supple, easy, and but little bound—it is also cut very low, while for the plain, severe tailor-gown, a cuirass corset, glove-fitting, exquisitely arched, but not tightly laced, is provided. Tea-gown corsets are a comfort and a blessing, easy of support, yet graceful. They are made of Greek net, and buttons are used instead of clasps. The tennis and riding styles are so short that they look like a child's corset.

Orleans blue is a new shade of that color quite popular both in Paris and London this spring. Velvet of a deeper shade and fine gold passementeries are used to trim gowns of this new dye. The universal becomingness of the color will likely render it a favorite with women of either fair or clear olive complexion brightened by color. Blue in its deeper tones is never obtrusive, it does not easily fade in either wool or silk and wool fabrics, and it is agreeably relieved in certain shades of red, écar, tan, chamamois, white and silver. The shade above designated appears in materials of broadcloth, armure silk, faille, wool, armure, vigogne, cashmere and English serge.

Some very smart-looking tailor-made walking coats of dark-blue cloth are made with a single row of gold or gold and blue enamel. Jackets in paler shades of blue are trimmed with mousquetaire collar and revers of brown velvet. These have inner coats of gray-blue cloth braided with brown silk soutache, and fastened with buttons of old bronze. Silver passementerie in points is noted upon French coats of Orleans blue, with vests of fawn color, striped with silver of velvet with all species of fabric will continue to be a feature of costumes for day and of toilets for evening wear. Ribbon velvet is again plentifully used on pretty French gowns just received, appearing, for example, on gowns to be worn during Lent, in conjunction with gray or black mohair, brilliantine, carnelle, and cashmere. The ribbon upon these dresses is set on in straight rows; but for warm-weather gowns are ribbon points, bands, and straps on panels, plastrons, and sleeves, or loops set along the edges and under folds of both skirt and bodice.

Lace for full-dress occasions still prevails, but it is more generally used for petticoats under Directoire redingotes or French polonaises than for entire toilets, though these, made of laces of rare quality and pattern, are still fashionable. Wide lace flouncings, draped over lustrous corded silk skirts, have arranged above them long, straight, panel-like breadths, richly embroidered in silk, or silk and pearl beads. These are attached to a sharp-pointed Josephine corsage. The train falls straight in the back, and is arranged in rich folds on the pointed edge of the cuirass corsage.

Among the oddities in round hats are those shaped exactly like an inverted flat shell, with no crown at all, and a slight point just in front. The huge arch narrows to a few inches in the back, and the hat is fixed to the hair beneath by means of long jewel-headed pins. Three bristled recently wore these hats en

uite with costumes of white cloth trimmed with gold passementerie and fur bands. The hats were of fluted white velvet, with a spray of pink velvet roses going round the arched brim.

The new French and Venetian challies are like the finest silk in texture, and may well be classed among the luxurious and elegant fancies for the coming season. There is a constantly increasing demand for these dainty and really artistic materials, and they are brought out this spring in lovely tints and in very many of the beautiful designs popular the past winter in small-patterned satin brocades, Pompadour silks and matchless. There are, besides these, fine brilliantly colored palms and leaves in Persian colors, and striped and bordered challis, that make most charming easy gowns, boudoir robes, and breakfast dresses. The first-mentioned patterns form really elegant toilets, either in Empire or Directoire styles, velvet and handsome ribbon trimmings being gracefully used in their decoration.

Soft French camel's hair and chudah fabrics are much used just now for gowns for small teas and quiet dinners, these in pale dyes of man's gray, reseda, café au lait, Eifel red, and heliotrope. The majority of these are in Princess style, clinging and full of grace, with Greek draperies, and demi-trained. Others, in Empire form, have full sleeves of velvet with rich waist decorations of silk cord and cut beads made to simulate a Vandyke cuff. The velvet vest is overlaid with passementerie in points to correspond. On other effective toilets, square and oblong buckles, girdles, chateaubains, and clasps in cut steel or steel and gilt, are worn with stylish effect. Luxurious looking Thibet woolsens show the draperies and bodice portions embroidered in silk and metal threads in intricate Eastern patterns. Others are crossed with velvet bars or stripes in ocean blue, reseda, violet, or rich mahogany shades. These are handsomely made with glove-like Princess inner fronts that are warmly covered with fine Gothic passementerie trimmings the shade of the stripes, while the long straight outer fronts are of the barred wool, the bodice part only reaching to the chest, thus disclosing a yoke-like portion of the Princess robe beneath.

The Way to Matrimony.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Every girl makes up her mind at some time in her life that she will never accept any man who does not propose gracefully," said a man who was slipping claret with several of the other guests at a dinner. "He has got to be fully toggled out in a dress suit, and has got to kneel according to the Delors system. That is their idea at first, but I'll bet there isn't one girl in a hundred who ever gets her proposal that way—at least from the one she accepts—and I'll leave it to the present company to decide if each one will give the circumstances of his proposal."

"We're in," said a gray-haired Benedict.

"Begin with your own."

"All right. I took my wife that was to be, and is now, sliding riding. We were talking about sentimental things and neglected to notice that we ran onto a stretch of road which the wind had cleared of snow. We never noticed it until the horse stopped, utterly exhausted. There was nothing to do but to get out and lead the horse back, because he couldn't drag us. I proposed to her in the way back, while I was trudging along a country road with my left hand on a horse's bridle and the other—well, never mind that. She accepted me, but she always said it was a mistake. I refused to let her off, though, or to propose again in a dress suit."

"My proposal," said the gray-haired old man, "was made also during a sleigh ride. My wife and myself were in the back seat in a four-seat sleigh, and in going over a bumpy road of some kind the seat, with us in it, was thrown off. We landed in a nice, comfortable snow drift, and the sleigh went on for a mile before we were missed. When it came back for us, however, we were engaged. We weren't in a dignified position, but we were fairly comfortable and we had the seat still with us. Since then my wife has frequently stated that she had intended never to accept a man unless he proposed in the true novel form, but she did."

"I'll give you a summer story," said a young man but recently married. "I did my courting in a place full of romance, but the proposal never came at a romantic time; in fact, I don't think a man is responsible for the time he proposes. It just comes, and that is all there is of it. I had had the most favorable occasions in romantic nooks. Finally I had a two-mile row in the hot sun. I apologized and took off my coat; then I apologized again and took off my vest. It wasn't romantic, but it came on me and I said it. The boat drifted half a mile, and I wouldn't have cared if it had drifted ten miles. We were engaged. And I looked like a tramp at the time."

"And I'll tell you that sentimentality does n't go," said a lawyer. "I know, because I've tried it. I proposed to my wife first at a summer resort, when the moon was full and I was sober. There was everything to inspire sentiment. But she refused me. I let it go. A little later I met her again in the parlor of the hotel and suggested marriage again. She accepted me then."

ENTRE NOUS.

Little Things Which Ladies Like to Hear of.

Apropos of the things men wear, you must drop your sleeve links, and substitute for them a very narrow ribbon which is tied in a stiff little bow through the two buttonholes. This is the *derrière crin* in Paris, and most of surprises come up as to how the fashion arose. Most fashions have their birth from accidents, and it is fair to conclude that Alphonse, in a spirit of gallantry, gave his sleeve links to Therèse, Elise, or Marie, and that she, returning the compliment, drew the pretty little ribbon from amid the numerous laces that formed her lingerie, and fastened together, in a feminine fashion, the cuffs that were linkless. Why don't somebody weave a romance about this new style?

An English notion growing out of the great appreciation of American dainties by British women is to have nothing on the table but sweetmeats and flowers. Bonbons are made of any color to match the table, but the maple sugar dainties seem most popular of all sweets. Some of the newest and prettiest things for dessert in the opinion of the English hostess are the cream dates which open to show a fleck of creamy confectionery and as they describe "coconut toffee" is the most delightful of dainties. An enthusiastic woman writes:—"There is a new form of toffee to English tastes which has the appearance of light biscuit-colored straw cloth, which is extremely good to eat and look at. Snow balls and walnuts well covered with cream make the prettiest dish imaginable, and any way, they are the fashion, and the smartest dinner table is loaded with them."

Artificial flowers so perfectly made that you hesitate as to whether they shall be called artificial or not are used to decorate the fashionable dressing table. The table itself is a Marquise one, draped with figured silk or cretonne, and then having an over-drapery of bolting cloth, lace edged. This is looped at intervals by clusters of roses, violets, lilacs, or whatever may be mademoiselle's favorite flower. The mirror which stands in the centre has its curtains fastened at the top with a very huge bunch of the flowers, and when they reach the table they are drawn back again by another bunch of sweetness and color, and after that allowed to fall. Long, slender glass vases on each side are filled, if possible, with the natural, and if not, with the artificial flower to match. The effect is, of course, a little bit like that of a fancy fair, but after all, it is dainty and pretty, and certainly very womanly.

A new method of preserving natural flowers has been discovered by an English lady, whose process is well worth considering. The flower buds were cut just as they were about to open, and the ends of the stems covered with sealing wax. Each was then wrapped separately in paper and laid away in a box. When they were wanted she clipped the stems just above the wax and immersed them in water, to which a little nitre had been added, and though the flowers had been gathered nearly a month before, on the morrow they opened with as much beauty and fragrance as if freshly plucked.

Quite the latest and most daintily novel of banquets are the seaweed dinners. The graceful arrangement of this light and artistic decoration is so fairylike when well carried out and lighted that one wonders if the table represented them in water, to which it does not fade, like flowers, and may be kept in the house ready for emergencies. The tints which the algae assume are extremely delicate and lovely, and were arranged at a dinner in tones of "underest pink shading, and softening until they merged in brown. The receptacles for the seaweed were all shells, as were the menu holders and holders for guest cards. In the centre of the table represented a high arc of shell and seaweed, and on either side a satin scarf the length of the table embroidered with traceries of seaweed.

The coming umbrella for use at the watering places is one of the large Japanese ones, gaudy in color and in design. But to have the stamp that makes the caste of Vere de Vere, even in umbrellas, there must be just on top a huge bow of very wide black moiré ribbon. Without the ribbon, the parasol would not be chic.

A wonderful pin to be stuck in an evening bodice is the fac-simile of a hand mirror. The glass part is formed of that very unusual stone, a flat diamond. It is framed in tiny diamonds, and the handle is of diamonds a little larger. So clear is the large one that forms the glass that one could, with perfect success, put a miniature photograph under it, and it would be exactly as if a face was represented; it is a diamond framed edition of a pretty woman as in a looking glass.

The last rosette that the shoemaker has evolved is for the benefit of women whose insteps are very low. In shape it is round, large and very high; it is made of plaitings of tulle, with loops of narrow ribbon standing between; it is placed far up on the slippers, and conceals the deficiency of nature, making it appear as if the wearer had the blue blood arch.

The woman with a pretty throat will have an opportunity to display it during the summer months, as with her demure skirt and round bodice she must wear a deep rolling collar of white lawn, finished with a frill of lace, and accompanied by

MARCH WINDS.

cuffs to match. The effect is picturesque, and what a knowing young woman called "Van Dyck-y."

You are frowned upon by the tailor, who condescendingly makes your gowns, if you speak of the braid or the fur, or a passementerie as "trimming your costume." Instead of that, you must look coolly at him and say: "What do you advise to enhance the suit?"

An interesting contest has taken place in a north London collegiate school for girls between two factions which have been actively divided on the question of corset wearing. Arguments and discussions simply added fuel to the flame, and it was finally decided to settle the discussion by an athletic contest, consisting of a high leap, a long leap, a tug-of-war and a foot race. There were sixteen competitors, eight of which were laced into whalebone girdles and eight wore simple blouses. The non corset faction were easily victors, their champion distancing all rivals with a leap of twelve feet.

The Duchess d'Uzes on a recent visit to England became so much impressed with the physical development of English women that she returned to her native land fired with the ambition to introduce some sort of physical training and systematic exercise among French women, who are more deficient in this regard than the women of any other nation. In accordance with her new purpose, she has founded lawn tennis clubs, supplying the nets and balls at her own expense, and paying an English professor to give the necessary instruction. Her own daughters take part in the exercises, and she has also rowing clubs and races for the daughters of her tenantry.

THE COMFORT OF UGLINESS.

People of Beauty Seldom Contented and Happy.

A pretty man is a nuisance, says the New Orleans *Picayune*. This is the professional pretty man, whose hair curls, whose cheeks are red and who poses in public places where he may be easily seen, and who always wears a sozzled countenance on his thoughtless face. He is a nuisance because of his conceit. Girls have grown weary of looking at him, but he still keeps in the way, believing he is giving them a treat. The handsome man is always welcome. He may be large and strong, and have big hands and feet—he must be brave and honest—yet he will be sought after by girls when they want protection, after they have danced with fools, and by patrons of husbandry who want to marry their aging and flirtation-worn daughters.

Give men or women minds big enough, and they will not think of and the world will not worry itself about their faces, though they may be as plain as Charlotte Cushman, as rugged as Ralph Waldo Emerson, as ugly as George Eliot. Poor, little mishapen Pope said:—"The mind's the standard of the man," and the world said:—"Amen." He had the mind. It is useless arguing with a young girl that beauty is not a blessing. It is in her nature to want to be pleasing and admired. She sees roses loved and worn because they are beautiful, and she would be of them and with them in the rose-laden longings of her spring in the world. Homely girls have set up nights to cry and, thinking of fairer faces that have been more courted because fairer, have fallen asleep on pillows wet with tears that have come from kindly eyes and dropped from homely cheeks in sympathy. Tell them that beauty is only skin deep, and that it brings unhappiness, and they will still sob:—"Give me the beauty." It is like telling a poor, tired, overworked man that "great wealth only brings misery." He will still wish to take the chances on a little wealth. But all the same there is lots of comfort for the homely. They can be good and wise, and having much time away from their mirrors and their flatterers, can think and do great things. Let a woman speak. One writing for the *Ladies' Home Journal* says:—"In my life I have known many women well. Among them is a fair majority of what the truly appreciative would call happy, for which fact I thank God, as it has helped me to take, on the whole, a hopeful view of life, as well as of human nature. Now, are these women, blessed as many of them are with devoted husbands, cheerful homes, cultivated society, and leisure for the exercise of any special talent they may possess, beautiful women? With one or two exceptions, no. Indeed, more than a few of them are positively plain, if feature only is considered, while from the rest I can single out but two or three whose faces and figures conform to any of the recognized standards of physical perfection. But they are loved, they are honored, they are deferred to. While not eliciting the admiration of every passer-by they have acquired, through the force, the sweetness or originality of their character, the appreciation of those whose appreciation confers honor and happiness, and consequently their days pass in an atmosphere of peace and goodwill which is as far above the delirious admiration accorded to the simply beautiful as the placid shining of the sunbeam is to the phenomenal blaze of an evanescent flame."

Frau Lilli Lehmann-Kalisch, who is a lady of much originality and decision in regard to her own costuming, refuses to hook her soft draperies over a stiff corset despite her size, and produces most majestic and artistic effects. There were no whalebones and steels beneath the soft clinging loveliness of Marie Jansen's famous yellow gown in which she sang her captivating "Tale of Woe," and yet the piquant mischievous Marie, with her pretty naughty *chic*, is quite the reverse of slender.

Georgia Cayvan reverses the order of proceedings and discards corsets entirely when on the stage. Those who admire the Lyceum's charming leading lady, (of whom, perhaps, the best and truest thing that can be said was expressed recently by a man not over-sentimental:—"When I see the ordinary actress on the stage I think

MEN'S WOMEN.

What They Are, and Why They Charm.

From Scribner's Magazine.

"What are 'men's women'?" asked, only the other day, the most charming of hersex; "men are forever saying of so and so, whom, by the way, I detest, that she is a 'man's woman.' Teach me how to be one, please. Wherein lies the charm? Must I smoke like your Venetians? Must I talk horse? Must I adopt all the other of your dreadful ways?"

Certainly not, dear madam. Yet it is quite true that while one man's ideal differs most fortuitously from another's, as one star differs from another star in glory, there are those who are known among us as "men's women," for a happy combination of qualities somewhat difficult to describe.

"A man's woman," to begin with, is old enough to know the world thoroughly; yet, though she need never have been beautiful, she must have kept her youth. She is in no sense a light woman, neither is she over intellectual; she would not speak Greek, even if she could. She is a creature of infinite tact, whom every being with the outward semblance of a man interests profoundly. With him she is always at her best, and she contrives to get out of him the best there is. She listens well, grows sympathetic as she listens.

Has he a special weakness? She half tempts him to believe it is a virtue. At adept in the subtlest forms of flattery, she would force the meanness of us to shine even when he is ill at ease. And yet, above all, she remains sincere. Her interest in him is real, and survives the fleeting moment. He is a man; that is to say, for her, the brightest page in nature's book. She respects convention, knowing well when she may venture to be unconventional; yet she is unapproachable and irreplicable. In return he adores her.

This is all very well, you say, but I don't like that woman. Dear madam, as it never enters into her calculation that you should, she does not take much pains with you. She makes dear foes among you, of course. Sometimes, even, she does not escape calumny. But this, having no actual basis, falls of its own weight, and in the end, as you yourself will admit, you stand in awe of her. Your question proves it. I have tried to tell you what we like her; and if you must have a word of definition, here it is:—She is one who has the gift to study men, and who, having studied many, finds the process still amusing. If you lack this primal requisite, abandon the unequal contest, and you will never become like her by a servile imitation of her tricks and her manners. In spite of these, which set you so against her, let me entreat you to believe her a deserving woman indeed.

The Anti-Corset Crusade.

It is rather surprising that the most susceptible converts to the anti-corset reform are the women whose beauty of figure forms one of the most important elements of their stock in trade. It is perfectly astonishing," said a well-known actress, "how fast the craze is spreading, and how many actresses will not have a costume even fitted over a corset, much to our disgust; for if there is one thing more perplexing than another, it is to fit a plump woman without a corset. It is like fitting a dress waist on a down pillow; you can't tell anything about it. You get it nice in one place, and it bulges out somewhere else. You take it that piece, and make it smooth, and you'll find a lump of a lump waiting on the other side. You see, they get accustomed to going without the corset by wearing some of the old Shakespeare costumes, and nothing will induce them to put it on again."

Mme. Modjeska is one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the anti-corset theories. She insists that it is simply impossible to be graceful in a corset, and that she never wears one in any part she plays. An ingenious little invention of her own combines all the excellencies, and does away with all the disadvantages of the ordinary corset. It is a tightly fitting bodice of buckskin coming up well under the armpits and down over the hips, and so readily yielding to every motion that whatever pose she assumes it preserves the contour of the body without in the least restricting it. The idea was suggested to her while wearing the outer garment of a lump waiting on the other side. You see, they get accustomed to going without the corset by wearing some of the old Shakespeare costumes, and nothing will induce them to put it on again."

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only of the actress and her art; but when I see Miss Cayvan I think always of the woman—not the artist—should meet her in the woman's kingdom—home—to see her at her best. There, in one of the picturesque little house gowns of which she is so fond, softly outlining the graceful curves which whalebones and steels may mar but cannot make, she will convert you without a single word, no matter how skeptical you may be, to the anti-corset theories even while she gives you greeting and welcome. If a few more charming women like these enlist under the banner of reform, the corset, like the bustle and the Chinese, will have to go.

The Penalty of Feminine Greatness.

One penalty the fashionable woman pays to her greatness in being debarred from the privileges and delights of the bargain counters—a shrine at which her less distinguished sisters may worship with impunity. The truly well matron does not "shop" in the ordinary acceptance of the term. She drives to her dressmaker and spends a morning planning her season's gowns, and the modiste buys all the materials in the goods she wishes, keeps her size, and sends an assistant with an assortment of bottles and slippers to the house for her inspection and trying on, and in addition pieces of certain dresses are sent to him to match in kind or satin when footwear is needed to correspond. An hour at the furrier's gets her sables and her gloves are purchased by the dozens in boxes to last through a season. All her street and travelling bonnets and hats are ordered with its individual costume, but some opera and reception trifles admit of choice, and on occasion, she permits herself to loiter in the parlors of a French artist for discriminating purposes. Even her Christmas shopping she takes with aristocratic leisure and calls it choosing gifts. Having no interest in saving a penny and desirous only of getting the best assortment, she goes to such stores as are recognized leading dealers in the goods she wishes, makes her selections, has her purchases charged and sent home all of which is shopping reduced to a science. It sometimes happens, however, that the real labor of Madame's system is brought out when the bills, monthly or quarterly, as the case may be, reach Monsieur's office.

Deceived About Complexions.

"Mam'selle Chic" says women should be more particular in choosing the colors which set off to best advantage what charms they possess, especially when they have passed the point, which they rarely own, of thirty years. They all seem impressed with a fallacious idea that a good complexion once a good complexion forever. More particularly is this true of such women who possessed an unusually good complexion in their youth. Mam'selle remembers a case which illustrates this perfectly. A woman of some thirty odd summers and winters had a habit of recommending to every other woman, young or old, a certain cream for the skin, accompanying her recommendation with the following words:—"I tell you this because it has served so well for me. I may not have anything else, but certainly I have a good complexion." And she believed it, while her skin was yellow and blotchy and not smooth. Her contemporaries did affirm that in her girlhood her skin was a marvel of waxen purity. And so we deceive ourselves, and go on wearing unbecoming things.

Women Who Dress in Two Seconds.

The woman who can dress for the street in two seconds, says a Boston *Transcript* writer, and boasts of it, has very nearly cured herself of not fastening the belt of her cloak, so that there is not so much fun in walking behind her as there was a few years ago, but a new source of pure delight is opened by the narrow, thin bands which serve as bound strings this Winter. She never remembers to fasten them and sails along with the two tape-like ends dangling behind her ears and suggesting Aesnet's comparison in "Hitherto," until somebody puts an end to the exhibition by telling her of her error, and then the scramble which she makes to finish her toilet is something to see. By the way, why is it that persons who go about the world saying, "her pardon, ma'am, but you are losing" this, that or the other, never have a pin or a hairpin with which to repair damages.

EPYPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist any tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria