

"EVER BELIEVE ME AFFECTIONATELY YOURS"

Ever believe you true? Dear friend,
Your words so precious are that I
Can but repeat it o'er and o'er
And kiss the paper where they lie,
How shall I thank you for this pledge,
This sweet romance, which destroys
The doubt that you my love repaid,
And changes all my fears to joy?

Ever believe you true? I will!
I hold you to this written gaze:
This shall console me, now your gone:
Still near my heart I'll bear the page:
By day and night, where'er I go,
It shall my prized companion be:
And if a thought would gainst you rise,
This from all blame shall set you free.

Ah, need I say believe me true?
You know how tender, yet how strong,
The heart's emotions are how half
Of all its throbs to you belong;
How fast 'twould burst its prison walls
To nestling beat against your own:
How joyous 'twas when you were near,
How sadly yearning now, alone.

Ay, till the weary life is done,
Though we again my never meet,
Let's not forget the by gone days:
That like a dream passed, swift and sweet:
Still let thy knowledge of my love
Thy faith in humankind renew;
Let that great love still for me stand,
And to the last, believe me true!

[For the Torch]

FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

White is the reigning color in Paris just at present, but Worth does not like it, and is entering into a crusade against it by threatening all manner of extremes in the way of bright shades.

The Princess of Wales, inclining also to a fancy for violent contrasts, has a new, pink feather muff as an accompaniment to a costume of sapphire colored velvet. The Princess seems, in a measure, to be taking the place left vacant by poor dethroned Eugenie, but still as regards pink muffs and sapphire dresses it would take something more than royalty to scatter the fashion in the broadest manner which usually attended the vagaries of the French Empress.

Hoop ear-rings are becoming fashionable again, so all those who have had them lying in abeyance for the last few years, can bring out their hoops and yet not look out of date.

The fashion of roller skating has been revived in New York on account of the lack of ice. If the kind of weather we had for the last fortnight should become a permanency, we shall have to go and do likewise, though where are we to roll? Probably some of our funny contemporaries will tell us "in the mud."

The fancy for wearing black kid gloves with full dress does not seem to diminish among stylish ladies, New Yorkers conspicuously. Certainly the fashion has a more economical side than most of such furores.

The latest Parisian novelty is high heels, studded with steel sparks. We give the information in good faith, but we leave the "funny man" of the staff to comment upon it, the subject being too light and luminous for our grave official capacity.

A fashion exchange speaks of perfumed hair as "a new freak," but we fail to see the novelty. Any person, having a large acquaintance with novels, must remember innumerable cases in which the perfumed hair of the heroine was one of the leading charms which placed in thralldom the senses of the hero, and, to say nothing of this, need we go further than the next country town, or the next country meeting house, to see whole rows of perfumed heads on the persons of young gentlemen as well as ladies.

Tea is more fashionable now, as a beverage for receptions, than coffee, but we doubt whether it is quite so nice. The rule is to place it in the library, or reception room, with cake, and allow the guests to serve themselves at will.

A New York paper thinks that ladies who wear Devonshire hats and plumes to the thea-

tre should be charged the triple price of admission, on account of the manner in which they obstruct all view of the stage, for those sitting behind them. Another critic says in commenting upon this, "There are none so mad as those who cannot see." And yet another, a local this time, says that when it is his unlucky fate to get behind such a hat, he quotes:

"Oh would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts which arise in me."

Perhaps it is quite as well for the lady that in this particular instance he is tongue-tied.

A new style of dressing the hair is to separate it in the back in two long braids, which are joined near the nape of the neck by means of a shell ring. Then the two ends of the braids are taken up, joined again in the middle of the head, and fastened by a shell comb matching the ring. This is a very funny way of hair-dressing, and will hardly suit, we fancy, those whose locks are scanty.

The latest Worthian extravagance are opera cloaks made from gold embroidered India shawls, and fastened in the front with heavy golden clasps. Perhaps the great designer borrowed his fancy from Homer:

"And next she threw around her an ambrosial robe, the work
Of Pallas, all its web embroidered o'er
With forms of rare device. She fastened it
Over the breasts with clasps of gold."

As an incentive towards studying the classics, it might be suggested to young ladies that by a patient perusal of the same they would often stumble upon inspirations which would help them to out-Worth Worth or *Hannond*.

[For the Torch.]

NO. THREE OF THE WIDOW McKILLIGAN SERIES.

Presently there was a soft perfumed sort of rustling and Aggy stood before us, Up sprang Nic in amazement.

"I protest," he exclaimed; "I neither saw or heard you, till you stood like a spirit—a beautiful one"—giving her hand an elegant squeeze at my elbow.

"Ha, ha," laughed the widow, gaily, but gently; "hi hantipate hi took you by surprise."

She seemed to use 'anticipate' in the future tense.

"You did, indeed" he continued; "and how fair and sweet you do look; better and better every day, Aggy."

"Flutterer," she murmured softly, blushing.

"How can you, my dear Aggy, hurt my feelings so; 'tis quite true, only I'm like the Queen of Sheba, I don't tell you half."

Aggy laughed, at which he seemed slightly nettled.

"Why do you laugh se," he enquired.

"Laugh," she said; "ow can hi elp hit. The hiden of a great strapping six footer like you resembling the Queen of Sheba. Though to be sure you 'ave got a 'orrid lot of gold about you."

"Why," said he, "I'm like the Queen of Sheba, because she came to see Solomon, and I came to see you. You got something good for dinner. Aggy, my afactories tell me so"

"Your oil factories."

"Oh! oh!" said he, laughing; "hold me some one."

"'Twould take a cable to 'old you," she retorted, spitefully; "har you so rude has that."

He saw it 'twas time to stop.

"I beg pardon Aggy, here on my bended"—trying to get down "knees"—as he floundered on to the floor—three buttens snapping off in the herculean effort; "Aggy forgive or I swe—swe—"

"What," she cried, in horror; "a minster of—"

"Well, well, I'll never rise—"

"Good 'eavens," she exclaimed.

"Oh Aggy," rising, "the smell of that dinner," smacking his lips with a grunt—"I suppose I must substitute 'sigh' for ears polite—"is most too much for me;" and he threw himself indolently along the sofa like a great box constrictor, showing off his brawn and muscle to great advantage; also his elegant vest, gold or gold plate watch chain, with its ponderous seal; his white beringed fingers, his perfumed locks, and round shining red face. I, Peacelove Fowler, whom he had completely ignored from the moment of Aggy's entrance, could not help thinking what an excellent hand he would be in the woods felling trees with an axe.

"If 'twere not for the cloth," said he, bringing down his elephantine hand on our brawny leg; "if 'twere not for the cloth I should say the smell of that dinner might tempt the d—!"

"No dear," said Aggy; "no dear, 'ow you do shock me, han hi must say hi like to see professors not to speak hof—hof—ministers—hexistent," meaning consistent.

"Bravo Aggy" he returned, keeping down a laugh; "I second that motion, and that's why I want my dinner"

"Gourmand," she said, touching a bell beside her; a domestic entered, to whom she gave directions about the dinner.

"Aggy," said he, "I tried to get past your house this morning, but the smell of the turtle was too mu' for me—knoo'ed me off my horse like a bullet—kuc'd me into the honso like a rive-pin—floored me here like a flounder. There's no place like home," said the Rev. gentleman, looking round the cosy apartment with a solemn air of appreciation; the red hot coals glowing behind the polished grate, the open piano, the flowers, the books, the easy chair beside the window, containing Aggy's basket of dainty needle work, the snowy damask laid for dinner, the side-board glistening with silver and plate. "Oh dear, what a treasure a home is to a wandering Arab like me; a Nomade—" and springing up he tried to throw one ponderous arm round Aggy's waist, heaven knows what for—but with a little cry she eluded his grasp, but the impetus his thoughts had given that mighty fin could not be easily shut off, and round it swung like an iron gate, sweeping four Rose-Geraniums, and six Christmas Pinks, and two ink bottles and one of Mustang Liniment off the window, scattering the contents broad cast over Aggy's dainty ruffling, and knocking the kitten into the fire, whence she emerged spitting and howling like a pack of jackals, her fur stuck full of live-coals, her tail as big as Fox's-brush, standing at an exact perpendicular between heaven and earth, and charged I ead-long into the kitchen, bringing up full tilt against Bridget who was just bringing in a tureen of splendid mock-turtle soup.

"Tare an' ages," shrieked Biddy, "phat is it?"

"Mew," yelled the frantic kitten, taking her off her pins, and down she came, the empty tureen balancing in the smell of her back, looking exactly like a huge mud-turtle floundering in a puddle.

Alas for Nic's dinner; Bounce ran in and licked up the precious condiment in a trice.

MORAL.—There's many a slip between the cup and the lip.

GLOW WORM.

The *Norristown Herald* has an article on the Lord-Hick marriage which has caused so much excitement in New York. The article is headed "Why did she marry him?" The only answer we can think of is—The Lord only knows why. Or perhaps it was so that she could "lord it over him."

Cleopatra's Needle has arrived at its destination at last. It's perhaps needless to say the world breathes more freely.