

## MISS EDITH HELPS THINGS ALONG.

BY BRET HART.

"My sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait, if you please, and says I might stay 'till she came, if I'd promise her never to tease, nor speak 'till you spoke to me first. But that's nonsense, for how would you know? What she told me to say, if I didn't? Don't you really and truly think so?"

"And then you'd feel strange here alone! And you wouldn't know just where to sit; for that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit. We keep it to match with the sofa. But Jack says it would be like you to flop yourself right down upon it and knock out the very last screw."

"S'pose you try? I won't tell. You're afraid to! Oh! you're afraid they would think it was mean!"

Well, then, there's the album—that's pretty, if you're sure that your fingers are clean. For sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only says that when she's cross. There's her picture. You know it? It's like her; but she ain't as good looking, of course!

"This is me. It's the best of 'em all. Now, tell me, you'd never have thought that once I was little as that? It's the only one that could be bought— for that was the message to Pa from the photograph man where I sat—that he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his money for that."

"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often she's longer than this. There's all her back hair to do up and all of her front curls to friz. But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me. Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do! But don't come like Tom Lee."

"Tom Lee. Her last beau. Why, my goodness! He used to be here day and night. Till the folks thought he'd be her husband; and Jack says that gave him a fright. You won't run away, then, as he did? For you're not a rich man, they say. Pa says you're poor as a church-mouse. Now, are you? And how poor are they?"

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am; for I know now your hair isn't red. But what there is left of it's mossy, and not what that naughty Jack said. But there? I must go. Sister's coming. But I wish I could wait, just to see if she ran up to you and she kissed you in the way she used to kiss Lee."

—Independent.

## FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

According to the best Parisian authorities the age of "pull-backs" has really become one of the things that were and decidedly fuller drapery begins to be the order of the day. Some of the leading modistes, even insist upon a small *tourure* being worn under their latest creations, but though this is undoubtedly preferable to having the material twisted into a wisp from its own weight and clinging to the figure, a fear lest it herald the re-introduction of crinolines, prevents many ladies from hailing the introduction with delight.

The newest ornaments for hats and full dress are long needles, or skewers, upon which hang rows of plump green and gold birds. Unnecessary to add, they look simply barbarous and seem to demand adverse criticism from

moralists, though such a spiteful worn in the hair or on the bosom, is a terrible temptation for gastronomists.

The "coming bonnet" has arrived and proves, on acquaintance, to be somewhat more sensible than its predecessors, being larger in the head and more close fitting in the front, though, not otherwise so radically different as novelty lovers might desire.

The *Lavansu*, or washer-woman's tunic, so fashionable in Paris at present, promises to reach us by the time our summer fabrics will need making up. Its distinguishing feature is a short, wrinkled apron, with the lower edge turned up on the right side in careless fashion, and the back hanging in two ends nearly straight or else slightly lunched up.

Fur caps are going out of fashion for gentlemen—one or two of whom have already appeared on our streets with straw hats.

How hedged in the devotees of fashion have to become! The latest law laid down by their goddess is, that it is not *commis il faut* to tie up bonnets, parcels, small presents, etc., with narrow ribbon; everything should be fastened with a silver or golden cord, and the very initiated among young ladies, sever this cord by means of the spear, dagger or rapier worn in their chignons. Many people tie their parcels with twine and cut the twine with the scissors, but this is a progressive age, and having the law to go by, we can avoid such solecisms in future.

Even in writing paper this same goddess is exercising her power with such effect that if the pen were not too bad, we would say that *stationery* is no longer *stationery*. The newest specimens are paper and envelopes either of Nile-green with red and gold initials; Egyptian paper with silver flowers and diagonal lines; gray paper besprinkled with flowers; or lemon paper with the artistic design of insects crawling over it. Each pattern specified is uglier than the one which preceded it, and yet none are worse than the Dolly Varden paper which struggled through an ephemeral existence some few years ago.

The janietts of the new spring wraps are the coats which fasten over the breast with a single button, showing the vest below. They are not very long, as indeed none of the new wraps are, but are very close-fitting and shapely, outlining the figure without compressing it.

The latest style as to names on ornaments is to wear them run through with a spit, all the letters being unseen and falling about as if shuffled, and there are names on everything. Instead of having suffered an eclipse, the monogram mania seems to have only grown more extended, for now young ladies in fashionable American cities go about the streets, as it were, labelled with the names given them in baptism.

Our prophecy regarding the popularity of jet trimmings is now an accomplished fact, the fancy extending even to the brims of bonnets which are often bordered with cut beads. And yet as if to prevent imposition, as for instance bringing forth old jet-trimmed garments with intent to make people believe that they are the off-spring of this season, it is impossible not to distinguish the difference between the old and new fashion, so entirely changed are the methods of trimming, and even the beads themselves.

A mule's hind leg has only one season. It is always beautiful Spring.—*Philo Chron.* The man who collides with a mule's hind leg is willing to swear that a severe Fall follows the beautiful Spring.—*Norristown Herald.*

If he goes up high enough it Autumn make him turn a Summer-sault

Perhaps you don't know it,  
But a very great poet  
Is in the Parliament pie,  
You can put in your thumb  
And pull out a PLUMB,  
And say "Oh, what a poet have I!"  
—Grip.

The following lines from a St. Andrew's boy in California, sent to his mother, we cheerfully give insertion. Many here have loved ones in that distant land:

## TAKE THIS LETTER TO MY MOTHER.

Take this letter to my mother,  
Far across the deep, blue sea;  
It will fill her heart with pleasure,  
She'll be glad to hear from me.  
How she wept when last we parted,  
How her heart was filled with pain!  
When she said: "Good-bye, God bless you,  
We may never meet again."

Take this letter to my mother,  
It will fill her heart with joy;  
Tell her that her prayers are answered,  
God protects her absent boy.  
Tell her to be glad and cheerful,  
Pray for me where'er I roam,  
And ere long I'll turn my footsteps  
Back towards my dear old home.

Take this letter to my mother,  
It is filled with words of love,  
If, on earth, I'll never meet her,  
Tell her that we'll meet above.  
Where there is no hour of parting,  
All is peace and love and joy,  
God will bless my dear old mother,  
And protect her only boy.

—St. Andrew's Standard.

[The above lines are pretty but ancient. About ten years ago, when they were popular in Minstrel Troupes, and nice young men with silvery tenor voices warbled them, accompanied by darling Argelina on the pianer and small boys whistled them incessantly on the street—they were thought to be very nice; but that is no reason why any bad boy should impose on Brother Smith by passing them off as original. Adam should have been old enough to remember that they were not new.]

## GOOD GLIMMERS.

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers is always first to be touched by the thorns.

It is best not to be angry; and best, in the next place, to be quickly reconciled.

To be utterly ignorant of vice is almost as dangerous as to be vicious.

"Just one little drink" has made all the drunkards in the world.

He is no true friend who has nothing but compliments and praise for you.

Sharp and intelligent rascals are more respected by the world than virtuous fools.

Half of the pleasure of riches consists in seeing others suffer the pangs of poverty.

To be unkind or rude to others, and yet expect to be treated by them with courtesy and affection, is as selfish as it is absurd.

I have found four reasons for being an abstainer: my head is clearer, my health is better, my heart is lighter, and my purse is heavier.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

A man's wedding day resolutions of reform are never trustworthy, because for a time the wings of his great happiness carry him high above all vicious influences. The hour of trial comes later.

Come, billious business men, where'er ye languish.

Come to the Printer, and bring on your ads.  
Here cure your poverty, here end your anguish.  
Ink will bring patronage, try it my lads.

—Rome Sentinel.

The *Yankee Blade* speaks of Hymen's bowyer.  
Which knave is it?—*Turners Falls Reporter.*  
Knave of Hearts.