













## Fashion Notes.

Delicate jet coral fringe is very pretty on black grenadine for light mourning.

Levantine, soft as mull and twilled like satin, comes in metallic changing hues.

Black satin imported costumes are at a low, having flounces and borders of roses.

Low square heels for walking shoes have completely superseded the French and Louis XV heels.

So great is the fancy for the violet that it is even reproduced in purple and green beads upon black slippers.

White Russian lace and bows of gay satin ribbon form the most effective trimming for cotton satin costumes.

The newest lace pin is a miniature peacock in profile, made of real peacock feathers and mounted on gold, with ruby eyes.

Dark blue twilled flannel, "mountain hunting" and similar fabrics are most suitable for excursion and traveling costumes.

A beautiful garniture is white net embroidered in a floral design with straw, crystal, beads and tiny plaques of mother-of-pearl.

Any ornament for a ball dress or an evening toilet is a bow with long ends and loops fastened upon the shoulder by a rather large cluster of flowers.

The grouping of several differently tinted pearls on a gold or silver mounting is a novelty: one may be yellow, another pinkish, another light brown, and the fourth faceted with cut gems.

A dainty little bonnet of plain straw which fits close to the head, is trimmed with ivory satin and ivory satin ribbon and a branch of white lilacs set rather high. It is very pretty. The same style is trimmed with heliotrope satin and shaded violets.

The "Mermaid" bathing suit is quite the best, most sensible and useful design for the purpose that has ever been invented. It is a combination garment, perfectly protective, without being weighty, and consists of only the two pieces, skirts and drawers. The sleeves are slightly full and shirred in at the wrist, a broad sailor collar completes the ensemble. Flannel fifty-four inches wide will be needed, and the trimming may be binding of white braid, or anything else preferred.

A charming costume of pale pink voile de Reims, with round waist and shirred oversleeves of voile de Reims, bordered with small flowers in color of the same shade, arranged over a short skirt trimmed with rows of narrow plaiting of pale pink nua's velvelling in solid color. The oversleeves are trimmed with a plaiting of the same and is draped in the middle of the front with a long bow of pale pink satin ribbon. The waist is finished around the neck and sleeves with gathered ruffles of white Aurellae lace, and confined at the waist by a Turkish sword sash of pale pink satin merveilleux, finished with soft silk tassels and tied at the left side in front.

Some charming dresses for garden parties have been made recently of pink and white muslin, trimmed with pink silk and white lace. The dresses are accompanied by fichus of the muslin, and large laces of shirred mull, trimmed with lace to match, and pink roses. The parasols are white, with pink lining. The black shoes are very dainty having narrow straps embroidered with pink, between which is seen the white silk embroidery of the pink stockings.

Other dresses very new and pretty, are of Madras muslin, the darning done in art colors on a tinted ground, and used in combination with a plain fabric, silk or satin, of an olive, Egyptian red or dull gold color. No trimming is needed, the combination being sufficient, with the addition of old lace which is supplied by the new and excellent imitations of old Brussels patterns. All dresses for outdoor fetes are made short, and this makes it possible to wear more delicate colors and richer fabrics. Complete toilettes of cream satin and lace are not uncommon, and mull, with quantities of lace for garniture, is worn over the most delicate colors in silk and satin foulard.

Charming dresses made in cream and pink satin, but though our belles do not object to pretty cotton dresses, they will not wear muslin over cotton.

It is quite wonderful how many things there are in the world which you do not want, if you can only make yourself think so.

## The Child Angel.—A Dream.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

I chanced upon the prettiest, oddest, faintest thing of a dream, the other night, that you shall hear of. I had been reading the "Loves of the Angels," and went to bed with my head full of speculations, suggested by that extraordinary legend. It had given birth to innumerable conjectures; and I remember the last waking thought, which I gave expression to on my pillow, was a sort of wonder, "what would come of it?"

I was suddenly transported, how or whither, I could scarcely make out—not to some celestial region. It was not the real heavens neither—not the downright Bible heaven—but a kind of fairy-land, about which a poor human fancy may have leave to peep and air itself, I will hope without presumption.

Methought—what wild things dreams are!—I was present—at what would you imagine—at an angel's gossiping.

Whence it came, or how it came, or who bid it come, or whether it came purely of its own head, neither you nor I know—but there lay, sure enough, wrapped in little clouds, swaddling bands—a Child Angel.

Sun-threads—flimsy beams—ran through the celestial drapery of what seemed its princely cradle. All the winged orders hovered round, watching when the new-born should open its yet closed eyes; which, when it did, first one, and then the other, with a solicitude and apprehension, yet not such as, stained with fear, times the expanding eyelids of mortal infants—but as if to explore its path in those its unhereditary palaces—what an inextinguishable titter that time spared not celestial visages! Nor wanted there to my seeming—Oh the inexplicable simplicity of dreams!—bombs of that cheering nectar.

—Which mortal could care below—Nor were waiting faces of female ministrants,—stricken in years, as it might seem—so dextrous were those heavenly attendants to counterfeits kindly similitudes of earth, to greet with terrestrial child-rites the young Present, which earth had made to heaven.

Then were celestial harpings heard, not in full symphony as those by which the spheres are tutored; but as loudest instruments on earth speak oftentimes muted, to accommodate the better to the better to the weak ears of the imperfect born. And with the noise of those subdued soundings, the Angelote sprang forth, fluttering its rudiments of pinions—both forthwith flagged and was recovered into the arms of those full winged angels. And a wonder it was to see how, as years went round in heaven—a year in dreams is as a day—continually its white shoulders put forth buds of wings, budding the perfect angelic sentiment, anon was shorn of its aspiring, and fell fluttering—still caught by angel hands—forever to put forth shoots, and to fall fluttering, because its birth was not of the unmixed vigor heaven.

And a name was given to the Babe Angel, and it was to be called *Ge-tha-bia*, because its production was of earth and heaven.

And it could not taste of death, by reason of its adoption into immortal palaces; but it was to know weakness, and reliance, and the shadow of human imbecility; and it went with a lame gait; but in its goings it exceeded all mortal children in grace and swiftness. Then pity first awoke up in angelic bosoms; and yearnings (like the human) touched them at the sight of the immortal lame one.

And with pain did then first those intuitive Essences, with pain and strife to their natures (not grief) put back their bright intelligences, and reduce their ethereal minds, schooling them to degrees and slower process, so as to adapt their lessons to the gradual illumination (as must needs be) of the half-earth-born; and what intuitive notices they could not repeat, they noticed that their nature is to know all things at once! the half-heavenly notice, by the better part of its nature, aspired to receive into its understanding; so that Humility and Aspiration went on even-paced in the instruction of the glorious Amphibium.

But, by reason that Mature Humanity is too gross to breathe the air of that super-subtle region, its portion was and is to be a child for ever.

And because the human part of it might not press into the heart and inwards of the palace of its adoption, those full-natured angels tended it by turns in the purlieus of the palace where were shady groves and rivelets, like this green earth from which it

came, so Love, with Voluntary Humility, waited upon the entertainment of the new-adapted.

And myriads of rays rolled round, (in dreams time is nothing), and still it kept, and is to keep perpetually, the child, and is the Tutelar Genius of childhood upon earth, and still goes lame and lovely.

By the banks of the river Pison is seen, lone-litling by the grave of the terrestrial Mirzah, whom the angel Nari loved, a child; but not the same which I saw in heaven. A pensive hue overcasts its lineaments; nevertheless, a correspondence is between the child by the grave, and that celestial orphan, whom I saw above; and the dimness of the grief upon the heavenly, is as a shadow or emblem of that which stains the beauty of the terrestrial. And this correspondence is but by dreams.

And in the archives of heaven I had grace to read, how that once the angel Nari, being exiled from his place for mortal passion, tripping on the wings of parental love, (such power had parental love for a moment to suspend the else irrevocable law), appeared for a brief instant in his station; and depositing a wondrous Birth, straightway disappeared; and the palace knew him no more. And this charge was the selfsame Babe, who goeth lame and lovely—but Mirzah sleepeth by the river Pison.

## Domestic Economy.

SUMMER VEGETABLES, to be good must be absolutely fresh. Those that have been forced into unnatural forwardness, or are stale and withered, are neither palatable or wholesome. All vegetables should be cooked with judgment and nearly all need boiling water and a little salt besides, the use of which requires judgment also. Too much salt would be worse than none, and water that from long boiling has lost all its gases and becomes flat and tasteless, will injure both the color and flavor of green vegetables.

The time of cooking varies with the age and degree of freshness, the youngest and freshest taking the least. The faster they boil after they once begin, and the sooner they are served when done—not over-done or under-done but just done—the better they will be.

Let your vegetables then be fresh and of medium size. Wash and cleanse them well, removing all decayed or imperfect parts; and lay cabbage, cauliflower and spinach in cold salt water for an hour before cooking. Salt the water, and put in the vegetables when it is just beginning to boil. A teaspoon of salt to a pint of water is the average rule. Peas and asparagus need less, and green corn is better to be cooked with little or no salt. Those vegetables which should look green when done must be left uncovered; those that should look white are best boiled in a mixture of milk and water. If cooked too long or too long they will lose both color and flavor. If not boiled tender they will be tasteless and indigestible, and after all is said and done, a great deal depends on the final seasoning.

A small particle of carbonate of ammonia mixed in the water in which green vegetables are cooked will preserve the color, but fresh young vegetables look and taste well enough without resorting to such devices, which are mainly employed by professional cooks.

A piece of charcoal washed and put in the water in which cabbage, onions or any strong smelling vegetable or meat is boiled renders the odor while cooking less disagreeable.

GREEN PEAS.—Keep them free from dust and leaves while shelling so that washing will not be necessary. Put them into fast boiling water with a little salt and a small lump of sugar; have only sufficient water to cover well and put no lid on the saucepan. Boil from twenty to forty minutes; drain and serve with butter, pepper and salt, or roll a large spoonful of cream or rich milk to the peas and let come to a boil before serving.

SPINACH.—Pick over and trim carefully; wash through three waters; lay it in salt water for an hour. Cook in boiling salted water until tender, which will be in from ten to twenty minutes. Drain in a colander, pressing out all the water, then chop and heat the spinach in a frying-pan with a large spoonful of butter, some salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Serve with slices of hard boiled egg laid over the top. Sometimes a teaspoon of cream is added, the vinegar must be used with a cautious hand.

And the spinach, cream and butter cook well together and serve with little diamonds of fried bread.

## NEW CABBAGE RECIPE.

Cabbage coarsely and par-boiled in boiling water for five minutes, then drain and add rich milk enough to cover. Cook until tender and season with butter rolled in flour, salt, and white or red pepper.

WHITE SAUCE.—Stir an even tablespoonful of flour into an ounce of melted butter. When well cooked, add a pint of rich milk, stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Season with salt and white pepper.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE.—Stir an even tablespoonful of flour into an ounce of melted butter; cook well together, and add a teaspoonful of boiling water. Stir this into the yolks of four beaten eggs, and return all to the fire for a minute; add a little more butter cut into bits, and season to taste with salt, pepper and lemon juice.

To Cook Egg Plant.—Choose the medium sized fruit, cut it in slices a little more than a quarter of an inch thick, and remove the skin. Sprinkle salt on each piece, put it in a dish and cover with water, placing a plate on top to keep it under. Leave it in this water for an hour or two to draw out the bitter taste, then wipe each slice dry, dip it in beaten egg, then in fine cracker crumbs seasoned with a little pepper, and fry in equal parts of hot butter and lard until it is done to a light brown. The lard should be heated in the frying pan and the butter added just before putting the egg plant in. Do not cover while cooking as the steam would prevent that crispness which is a feature of nicely cooked egg plant.

LIMA BEANS.—Put a pint of shelled beans in boiling, salted water, enough to cover. Cook until tender, then drain them. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg, and mix an even tablespoonful of flour with it, add a little meat broth to make a smooth sauce, or use water instead. Put the beans in the sauce and set them at the side of the fire for fifteen minutes. Just before serving add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and season to taste with salt and pepper.

STEWED ONIONS.—Peel the onions and boil them in salted water with a little milk, until they are perfectly tender, then drain and put them into a white sauce to simmer ten minutes before serving.

BAKED ONIONS.—Boil in milk and water until just done, then drain and place the onions in a buttered baking pan. Put a bit of butter and some pepper and salt over each one, and add a little of the water in which they were boiled. Brown them quickly on the grating of the oven and serve hot.

SALAD OF VEGETABLES.—A very nice salad may be made by mixing a variety of cold boiled vegetables together. Asparagus, cauliflower, string beans, beets, carrots, turnips and peas may be used. These vegetables of different colors look well, but one can use whatever is most convenient. Supposing that the salad is to be made of carrots, turnips, and peas, boil a pint of peas in salted water until tender, then lay them in cold water. Parse a carrot and a white turnip and cut them into uniform pieces, boil them in separate waters and lay them in cold water until needed. Just before serving, arrange the vegetables neatly on a small platter, contrasting the colors well, and pour over them a vinegar dressing.

## Telephoning Heaven.

A mother living not far from the post-office in this city, tired with watching over a sick baby, came down stairs for a moment the other day to rest for a few seconds. She heard the voice of her little 4-year-old girl in the hall by herself, and, curious to know to whom she was talking, stopped a minute at the half-open door. She saw that the little girl had a telephone chair up in front of her, and she stood upon it with the telephone pressed against the side of her head. The earnestness of the child showed that she was in no playful mood, and that was the conversation her mother heard while tears stood thick in her eyes, the little one carrying on both sides as if she were repeating the answers:

"Hello!" "Well, who's there?" "Is God there?" "Yes." "Is Jesus there?" "Yes." "Tell Jesus I want to speak to him." "Well?" "Is that you, Jesus?" "Yes. What is it?" "My baby is sick, and we want you to let it get well. Won't you now?" No answer, and statement and question again repeated, finally answered by a "Yes." The little one put the earpiece back on its hook, clambered down from her chair, and with a radiant face turned to her mother, who caught her in her arms. The baby whose life had been despaired of began to mend that day and got well.

UNDERGROUND CABLES for telegraphic purposes are being laid in France from Nancy to Paris. A line of twelve insulated wires placed in a large tube of cast iron. At suitable distances doors are constructed so that a section can be removed and replaced without having to open the ground, as in Germany, where the cables are imbedded in asphalt.

A photograph of an improved construction is to be tried at Paris for teaching pupils the pronunciation of difficult words in foreign languages.

## For the Old Men that Smoke.

Daughter, stop smoking! Don't worry and fret, work yourself into such fret, I smoke by the warm kitchen fire, I smoke in the corner in peace, if he can, though the clouds of tobacco may choke; there is no one can tell, but a lonely old man, how much comfort there is in a smoke.

It is a great bliss that death from limb unto limb, Your routine of joys you go through; And some of them look just as foolish to him As smoking looks foolish to you. We're none of us perfect—all this you be-leave—Ourselves should with charity shine, Like the golden threads that the weavers weave In and out of the dark design.

Should you live to be old—though you may never smoke—Yet I'll wager a penny or two, You will have some strong habit to tease other folk, Bad as this that is worrying you; Let him smoke in the corner in peace, if he can, though the clouds of tobacco may choke; there is no one can tell, but a lonely old man, how much comfort there is in a smoke.

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## The Scuttled Ship.

In June, 1880, the brig Polly Deane, Captain Jay Payson, sailed from Boston for a port in Turkey, laden with cotton goods. She was a new, fast little vessel, with plenty of storage room, and had accommodation for two passengers.

The crew consisted of the captain, mate, four sailors, a black cook, and a cabin-boy.

Captain Payson was a conscientious man, who treated his crew neither to jokes nor grog, but who lodged and fed them better than would five out of six of the masters sailing from New England ports.

"Old Job," the mate, who was from the West, used to say he was "a hard man, but one you could tie to, in fair weather or foul."

His crew were picked men, and, with the exception of Dan, the cabin-boy, had been with him for years. This was Dan's first voyage, and he felt that the captain and crew eyed him with suspicion. He was on probation, and he felt that not a grain of favor would be allowed him.

Dan was a farm boy, who knew nothing of the world beyond the village in which was his mother's church. Shipboard, the sea, Europe, Turkey—here were new and bewildering ideas to burst at once on his narrow experience, scarcely wider than that of the house dog sleeping at the barn door.

"Keep your eyes open and your hands ready, to see the work of the moment and to do it before the moment is over," was his mother's last advice. "For the rest, Daniel, ask the Lord's help. You will find him just as near to you in Turkey, as in your own home here."

Dan, in the hurry and excitement of getting under way, and of his new duties, repented this advice over and over to himself. It seemed to keep his mother near him. Several days after, while he was carrying the dinner dishes into the cabin, he overheard the mate say:

"That boy is clever enough for a raw hand, captain!"

"Aye," grunted Captain Payson, "turns out better than I expected. I took him for his mother's sake. Wid-ow. Old friend of mine."

"Rather gentlemanly fellow, this passenger?" ventured the mate, finding Captain Payson in an unusually talkative mood.

"He is a gentleman, sir! One of the Farnells of Springfield. Ill-health. Doctor prescribed a long sea-voyage. A gentleman and a scholar, Mr. Briggs!"

Dan while waiting on the table at dinner, could not help noticing the passenger. "Some of these days," thought the true born Yankee lad, "I too, shall be a gentleman and scholar."

## Doctor Farnall was a tall, lean man, carefully dressed, with sandy hair and mustache, but with eyebrows and lashes almost white. His eyes, too, were large and pale. They never met the eye of any other man fairly. Once, when Dan happened to look at him, he turned quickly away, and he glanced furtively and suspiciously at the boy, at times, during the rest of the meal.

"Don't like him," thought Dan. "Looks sneaking and tricky, and not like a gentleman."

But Dan, of course, kept his opinion to himself. Even Job, the cook, snubbed the "raw hand," and tolerated no remarks from him.

Fortunately, the lad was not seafarer. He learned his duties quickly; was alert, neat and always good-natured. In the course of one week, Captain Payson had twice grumbled approval.

Dan worked harder than ever, and, between times, for recreation, when the passenger was on deck he watched him.

Dr. Farnall talked fluently and brilliantly, as even Dan's uncultured mind could perceive. But his talk was leveled far above the heads of either the captain or Mr. Briggs, who listened with half-comprehending admiration.

But there were days when the doctor was absolutely silent, ate nothing, and paced the deck wrapped in a profound gloom, his light eyes darting suspicious glances from side to side.

On one of these days, Dan going down just at twilight to find something he had left in his bunk, saw a tall figure, which he could not recognize, with a candle groping about among the chests of the sailors.

"Who's there?" he shouted. The man came quickly toward him. The candle threw a yellow glare over his set face and glaring eyes. It was the passenger. He caught Dan by the sleeve.

"Here, boy—what do they call you?"

"Dan," he said.

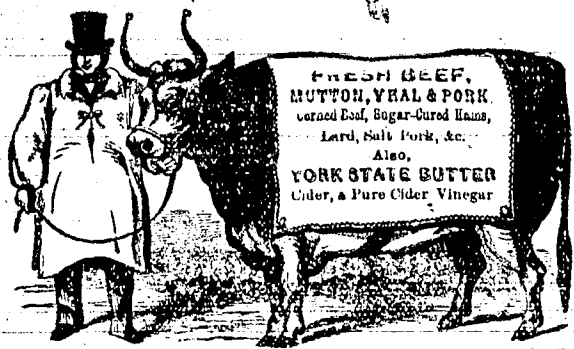
"You're surprised to see me here, Dan?" with a guilty laugh. "Took me for a ghost, eh?"

"I



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There is a manifest design on the part of the Church to make the use of tobacco a church question. Several religious bodies this year have adopted anti-tobacco resolutions. Possibly they would strengthen themselves by making a definite issue with the common sins of smoking and chewing.

Lexington, Ky., had a reminder of the good old times of slavery the other day, when the services of two colored paupers for one year were sold to the highest bidder. A forlorn looking old negro, about seventy years of age, was knocked down at \$34, and the other, a strapping six-footer, went off at \$112.50, railroad contractors being the purchasers in both instances.

I do not know why it is, but in Texas, as in Missouri, all the live young towns are Republican. Dallas, New Braunfels, Palestine, Brenham, Fort Worth and Austin--six leading towns--are all Republican. If you see a dying town like Bryan, you may put it down as Democratic; and, if you see an utterly dead town, you will find no Republican vote there. Republicanism, I find, in Missouri and Texas, means youth, enterprise and prosperity. St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Slaster and Warrensburg, in Missouri, all Republican cities, prove this statement, while Hannibal and Jefferson City prove that Democracy's twin sister of death and decay. Somehow or other the immigrant dreads a Democratic town as he dreads a pestilence. I suppose this is because the Southern Democrat is not a Democrat at all, but an aristocrat. The Southern Democrat doesn't work. He looks down on the laboring man. He was once a slave owner and a slave driver. The working emigrant doesn't like to live next to a un-democratic Democrat. He prefers to live in a community of democratic Republicans. Many immigrants ask the question, before settling in a town, is it Democratic or Republican? If it is Republican, they stop and look at the land; while, if it is Democratic, they pass by on the other side.---Eli Perkins in Chicago Tribune.

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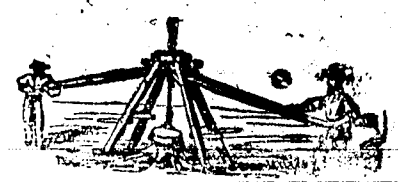
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