### SHE KISSED ME.

She kissed me, my beautiful darling,
I drank the delight of her lips;
The universe melted together,
Mortality stood in eclipse.
A spirit of light stood before me,
I heard a far rustle of wings;
The kings of the earth were as beggars,
And the beggars of earth were as kings.

RICHARD REALF.

## MUTINY AND MURDER.

**Man's Extremity Amid Wind and Wave.**

American Rural Home.

We were becalmed in mid-Pacific. The sails swelled no more than if they had been molten sheets in the tropical sunshine. Yet there was something strange about the sea, for it was rough. We had been making good time the day before and I concluded we must have come into a region over which some storm had passed. It was the dry season, too, and I could not account for it. But a man finds a good many things on the high seas that he can't readily account for, however scientific he may pretend to land-lubbers to be.

When a man loves the sea, the deck of a ship is more to him than a palace, and the salt air and the heaving waves, life itself. But there are times when he would give something to have the solid earth to step upon, not in a storm, there he stands to his colors and trusts in Him who can say to the waves: "Peace, be still." But there are uglier things at sea than storms, things that rise up out of a seeming calm. These compared with storms seem to me like the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans—one stormy and fierce, the other tranquil for days together, but with a terrible element brewing in this stillnes.

There was on the deck of my good ship, "Vestigia," an atmosphere more oppressive than the tropic heat with the storm brooding in its heart. Like every sailor, I had faced the thought of shipwreck. But this dreadful, invisible comething hanging over me was different, was a horror undreamed of, unendurable. Yet how could I tell that the dread of danger to my wife and baby boy who were with me had not conjured up a phantasy?

I tried vainly to tell myself that there was really nothing; there was something, intangible, shapeless, horrible, palpable at least to those fine perceptions which transcend the senses and often forerun them. I had not an enemy in the world, yes, possibly one, but if so, a man whom I had never seen, though I had cut sharply across his plans and purposes without being responsible. He was the nephew of my mother's uncle, his wife's nephew. He had been brought up with the old gentleman and expected to inherit the greater part of his property. But my uncle had left it all to me. Pierce Armitage trusted too much to the fact that my uncle disliked my father. Armitage was wild and lawless and when the money came to me, I was glad to be out of reach of his vindictiveness. I would have righted him if he had been dealt with unfairly, but he had been repeatedly warned by my uncle. What was this old story, however, to me in mid-Pacific? Yet, for all my endeavors, the shadow grew nearer.

One day as I sat on deck with my wife under an awning, she whispered to me suddenly:

"I don't like that man." I looked up. The first mate was going by. All in an instant my dread took form. This mate, Griggs, had been in the "Vestigia" when I was transferred to command of her. My own mate had been promoted, and Griggs was highly recommended by the ship's owners. but, as the saying is, I had never "cottoned" to him. I had struggled against my prejudice, now I understood it. As I sat there something happened to confirm my dread. My little boy in his play ran across Griggs' path. The mate swerved aside and passed on, and then I saw him cast at the child a look so venomous that it was with great difficulty I restrained from snatching up my boy in my arms.

At last I was awake, and I saw that I should not have had instincts, or that they should have guided me sooner. It was too late. Some of the men had sailed in the "Vestigia" before, others were of Griggs' own choosing. They were a motley crew, Irish, Swedes, Italians chiefly, good sailors, but men I did not trust, scarcely a Yankee among them. Of late they had obeyed me sulkily, and now that my eyes were opened, I recollected how much Griggs had gone among them on some plea, had flattered one, had relieved another from some onerous task, done a favor to a third, and so on. I recalled significent looks and whispers, and I saw that the crew were in the hands of my first mate, and that he meant mischief. I looked at Mary and my boy. To whom could I turn? I glanced at the second mate, but just then I saw Griggs in passing him thrust a bit of paper into his hand, and a few minutes after I saw this second mate as he stood talking to the man at the wheel give the paper a toss from him into the sea. Instead, it fell against the railing of the ship and caught there uncertainly.

I began with my boy a game of ball such as we often played on shipboard, when the unexpected directions of the ball were a great amusement to the child. To-day after taking different directions, I suddenly rolled the ball close to the paper, and told him in a low tone to bring both balls, the paper and the rubber one. He obeyed, laughing, and I read secretly:

"When the watch changes. Have the men armed and ready. Better dispatch Keefe with the captain, he will make trouble. I'll look after the womon and the boy."

I had, then, an hour of life, and he would look after my wife and boy. He! I looked at them. I would fight to the last. With a silent prayer I sent for Keefe in my cabin. In a few moments we stood looking into one another's faces like doomed men.

"Is there nobody among them all we can trust?" I asked.

"Not an infernal rascal," he answered. "But one thing, Captain, we'd better begin."

He was right, for then we should die like men instead of rats. I armed Keefe to the teeth.

"Let them see you leave," I said. "Then come back here and conceal yourself."

I wrote some letters, took a packet from my strong-box, went upon deck again, gave the packet to my wife, and drawing her toward me, kissed her passionately.

"Keep life and courage for our boy's sake, whatever comes," I said, and took my baby in my arms; his soft grasp nerved me like the touch of steel. I looked about me like one who looks his last. Still the same calm and the same unaccountable movement of the water, only that it seemed to have increased. I went below, and on some pretense sent for Griggs. He came, but at the first glance at my face, drew back. Too late. The door was double locked, and my pistol at his temple.

"Mutiny and murder," I said to him. "How long do you deserve to live? What is it for?"

He answered me by a name: "Pierce Armitage." Then, appeal would be useless. "Shoot!" he said defiantly. "I shall be avenged. I've breathed hell into your crew. Heaven itself can't save you."

I shuddered! "Whatever comes, I deny your blasphemy." I said. At a signal Keefe sprang out. Griggs, or Armitage, was ironed, gagged, and laid upon the cabin floor. Then, double locking the cabin door behind us, we went upon the deck. There I called the crew together.

"My men," I said, "what fault have you to find with your captain?" They looked at me, and at one another.

"We have spoken none," answered an Italian in his soft broken English.

"Not to me," I answered, "but worse than that, among yourselves and to my mate. You should have come to me with your grievances. I am here now to remedy them if you will tell me what they are. How is it with you, Gustave Doneldorf?" I asked a stalwart Swede, whom a moment before I had seen on my left hand. he had disappeared, and another boon companion with him. I was startled. But the keys of my cabin were safe in my pocket and I went on talking to the men, hoping to pass the fatal hour and to gain at least some adherents. Some of the men listened to me, but all were evidently in expectation of the leader, who could not come. I saw and heard everything, and noticed that the waves were higher. I talked on, and the men stood more in bewilderment than attention. What was to have been my death hour was beginning to go by, and no blow had been struck. In spite of lowering glances I had begun to hope, when suddenly I saw Gustave Doneldorf and his companion in their places again, and in another moment there sounded rushing footsteps, and Armitage sprang upon deck, pistol in hand rushed up to the sailors, and began in English and snatches of their own tongue to berate them for cowardice.

Why he did not kill me instantly, I can't tell; perhaps he meant to feed me first with horror, being sure of me, for the men responded to him like a trigger to the hands that pulls it. My boy ran to me.

"Shoot the brat first," shouted Armitage. I took aim at him and fired, but my ball went wide its mark. For the ship at the instant rose upon a great wave, and as she plunged downward there was a cry from many throats. I turned. A mountain of water was upon us.

"Reef sail! Down hatches!" I shouted, as at a look from me Keefe snatched my wife and child toward the cabin. In the common danger the mutineers forgot themselves in being sailors, and as if life hung on my words, my orders were executed with magic speed. It was none too soon. The cabin door was barely closed when the frightful wave was upon us. We threw ourselves upon the deck, faces downward, and hands grasping at whatever gave any promise of holding firm. All but Griggs, who thrust one arm through a coil of rope about the mast, and stood, pistol in hand, ready for fatal aim at me should there be an instant of stillness. He had resolved that in any case I should not escape him. Our last glance showed this before the ship seemed to rise erect upon her stern, to poise herself in mid-air, and to plunge down unfathomable depths. A raging cataract swept over us, it roared in our ears, drenched and deafened us, beat us against the deck, and almost swept us from the supports to which we clung. The vessel shook like a leaf in the whirlwind, staggered and plunged until I thought she was going straight to the bottom. Then as the deluge rolled off from the deck and we sprang to our feet, I saw an awe-struck look on the faces of the sailors, and following their glances, perceived that Armitage's place was vacant.

Had Heaven interfered in my behalf? How could I dare to say so? All that I can affirm is that at the moment of my extremity a tidal wave on its way across the ocean had swept my first mate into the sea. The sailors, however, had no doubt. To their superstitions Heaven had fought for me, and they respected me accordingly.

"It is a strange story," said the captain as he finished, "but if you want something rational and probable, just get somebody to make it up for you."

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The Severn tunnel in England, four miles and a half long, has just been opened. The distance was made by five carriages in 18 minutes. It can scarcely be called one of the great tunnels. These are Mount Cenis, otherwise Frejus, about eight miles long, which took fourteen years to make; St. Gothard, nine miles long, which took eight years to make; and the recently finished (September, 1884) Arlburg, about six miles long, which took only two years to make.

### Another Sermon.

The Salvation Army has been holding forth in Aurora for the past week, more or less, as the case may be. It is not definitely settled how many souls the army has thus far snatched from the burning, but it is certain that their emotional style of presenting the cause has incited some of the hearers to get up and paw the air, and act as though they had been eating green fruit.

We do not wish to cast any reflection on religion, but we do not think this vehement kind is double souled, and with a row of nails on the outside of the heel. That is, we do not think it wears well. The kind of conversion that is the result of sober reflection and reasoning is that which all can respect and approve of. And those who experience it by a process of logical thought will stick, and set examples that will do good to the cause. People of this kind are those who help to build up the churches, and who show that religion can enter their every day life and prove serviceable. That is the kind of a Christian we wish to be.

We know we are a sinner of no mean dimensions, but we cannot be converted by the exclamatory utterances of a gang of young girls and "flip" boys, who sing bad rhymes set to plantation melodies, and who stand up before those who are looking for the light and make the cause appear ridiculous.

Of course, this kind of a thing takes with some. Old man What's-his-name and Sister So-and-so, who are always on the front seat when there is a chance to take a hand in anything of an emotional character, will get up and prance about, and shout at the top of their lungs. But they cool down as soon as the meetings are over, and forget all about them. They are no better for their rantings. It is not religion they have. They get too much steam in their boilers, and such affairs give them a chance to blow off.

We can remember the old-fashioned revivals we used to have in the little church way down East. Every winter some sensational exhorter would appear and the town would turn out, and whoop and howl, and be saved. Bill Johnson and Tom Copp, Sarah Jones and Kate Ketchum, and all the rest of them, would go forward and kneel at the bench. They would nearly scare the life out of the children by their contortions and wild hoots. They thought they were saved, and the whole town rejoiced. After the meeting was through, and the smell of brimstone was cleared away, Bill Johnson and Tom Copp continued to hang about the bar-room, and swear and fight as of yore, and Sarah Jones and Kate Ketchum went to dances, and made food for talk at the quilting bees, and all the rest of the converted proceeded to back-stlide, wihout putting on any brakes, or improving spiritually.

The intention of the Salvation Army is, of course, good and proper, but the kind of religious intoxication which they deal out dissipates the subject, and leaves him with a swollen head and red eyes, and the conviction that he has been living on a wind pudding that has not nourished his soul or improved his ways.

If you feel that you are a sinner, and want to become a genuine Christian, go and listen to reason and sound argument; improve in your out-of-church, week-day life; do not do these little wrong and dishonest things which passion and avarice may dictate; be charitable, honest and humane; join the ranks of those who appear to have an earnest and enduring purpose for good; believe what your reason will assist you in believing; try to point out the right way to others, and you will reach salvation by as sure a route as that denoted by the Salvation Army. You may be a trifle longer on the way, but you will be fully as sure to get there. You will also feel that you have worked your passage, instead of trying to bluff your way with a wind solo.—*Aurora Blade.*

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### John Henry in Disgrace.

"You, John Henry," said a Halsted street woman to her belated spouse, "where have you been, and what have you been doing?"

"Been havin' time."

"Been having a time! Didn't you know that I was here alone? What's to prevent burglars from breaking into the house and carrying off everything we've got, and not a man on the premises? Been having a time, eh? You'll have another time right here if you don't take to getting home earlier. Now you go around and see if the house is properly locked up, and don't be all night—where are you going, John Henry?"

"Goin' to lock up housh up, m' dear."

"Don't you leave this room, John Henry. How do I know but there's a burglar under this bed right now? If you wouldn't be carousing around at all hours of the night and coming home drunk you might have these matters attended to before now. What are you standing there for? Why don't you go and see if the house is locked up?"

"I can't be in two plaishes at onsh, m' dear. If theresh burglar under bed no ushe to lock housh. It housh locked no ushe fur burglar under bed. Shee?"

"That's just like a drunken idiot. Look under the bed first, and then attend to the rest of the house."

John Henry crawled under the bed and found a cat, which he caught by the posterior elongation, or words to that effect. To this the cat set up a demurrer, and proceeded to show cause why the same should be sustained, which so frightened Mrs. John Henry that she sprang out of bed just as John Henry backed out from under it, and in his effort to rise he threw her against the wash stand, upsetting it and smashing the pitcher. She screamed, he swore and the cat squalled, and now the neighbors say that John Henry ought to be put in jail for the manner in which he abuses his wife, and her a timid little thing, too.—*Goodall's Daily Sun.*

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A Nevada rancher snared two hundred rabbis in ten days without sensibly diminishing the hordes that ravage his farm.

# A STUDY IN COSTUMES.

## Jennie June Expresses Her Opinion About Modern "Fashion"

## And Gives Some Ideas of Art as Applied to Dress.

### The Cashmere, Greek, Ancient Greek and Graduate Costumes as Applied to the Art of Dressing To-day.

*Special Correspondence.*

NEW YORK, November 11.

The faults in dress and the absence of that freedom and diversity necessary to the development and cultivation of taste seem to arise principally from the acceptance by women of incompetent authorities and the failure to apply to dress the sense and intelligence usually brought to bear on other subjects. It has become a sort of axiom that deviation from "fashion"—whatever that may happen at the moment to be—must be ugly and unbecoming, and beautiful dress, like healthful food, wholesome perhaps, but not in the least agreeable. It does not seem to strike the devout worshipper of "novelties" and "latest ideas" that increased change cannot always be in the right direction, or that the "style," which merely represents the trick of the moment, can have no necessary or true relation to personal elegance and good taste. Both the merits and defects of our mode of dressing are more conspicuous in this country than in others, because the followers of fashion are more numerous, more money to spend upon dress, and the distribution of prevailing ideas more general. It is not means or resources that are lacking, simply knowledge of principles, and this is an acquisition which takes time and implies an education in art. Ignorance of truth in regard to dress is as blissful as in respect to other things. While a woman is declared to be "exquisitely" dressed who wears a heterogenous assortment of colors and "unrelated" forms, that woman will be satisfied with herself and her methods. Forms heretofore had nothing to do with fashion. The increase and decrease of artificial humps and excrescences—the shortening and lengthening of skirts, sleeves and bodices—the drawing in or inflation, have all been conducted on purely arbitrary principles without any reference to truth in art or nature. The imbecility of it all, looked at from an abstract point of view, is more than funny, it is pitiable. Why a woman sensible on all other points should ask anxiously if she must wear a "bustle" or do any other one of the dozen things that fashion ordains to-day that it did not ordain yesterday, would be incredible if it were not common. The false standard set up leads every one astray. If a gown is in the reigning modest is "stylish," if it is of costly material it is "beautiful" or "elegant," and the wearer is "magnificently" dressed, not common. But there is hope for the future. American women are beginning to study form, and when they have once discovered the secret of true beauty and grace they will be quick to apply it. Heretofore, like arithmetic learned at school, they did not think of applying art to everyday life, but even lessons are taking practical shapes and the latest studio idea, that of the "costume class," will perhaps suggest the line upon which improvement must begin—that of nature, not caricature.

CASHMERE COSTUME.

Here is a study of a walking costume in cashmere which is very simple, yet very charming, almost perfect in its grace of outline and freedom from all conventional restraints, such as pads, tie-backs, steel bars and other encumbrances. It is a copy of one of Liberty's water-color designs, and is made in two shades of Umritza cashmere, or any other soft, self-colored all wool material. Brown and ecru two shades of gray, currant red and dark green or garnet and fawn go well together. The red in either case, the brown and the darker of the grays being used for the skirt, which should be laid in fine knife plaits. The overdress is smock-shaped, but rather narrow, the fulness, what there is of it, which is only just enough for ease over the enlarged portion of the body, being gathered into the honey-combed shirring at the throat, and more slightly pulled in at the waist, under the soft sash, which holds it without any gathering string and admits of its being drawn up to the left side, where it opens and falls in a series of draped folds. The only shaping is under the arms. The armholes are left nearly straight, so that the arms move with ease and freedom and give abundant space to the sleeves, which are a modification of the old "leg-of-mutton" and may be tacked here and there to an inner lining or to tapes attached to the inside of the lower part of the arm and to the top of the shoulder. The shaping of the lower part of the sleeve can be seen by the position of the left arm, which is turned so that the hand touches the bodice. The hat matches exactly the upper part of the dress, the bunch of feathers the tint of the skirt.

GREEK COSTUME.

This costume is the adaption made from the pure Greek dress by Mrs. Emily Pfeife, the author of the "Lady of the Rock," "Flying Leaves," &c., and a well known figure in London literary and artistic society. The peculiar and very graceful style of costume she has adapted to all her needs, and some years ago illustrated in a series of articles in a London periodical. Last year Mrs. Pfeifer with her husband, also and author and a musician of ability, though an ameteur, visited this country, and many will recall the tall, graceful figure in its lovely drapery of white and gold or pale yellow with embroidery of Pompeian red, or the quieter olives wrought in leaf tints, which characterized her everyday attire. There was nothing so absolutely different in this dresss as to attract attention; it was only conspicuous from its soft flowing lines and the absence of the usual humps and high contrasts.

The underdress of this costume is an absolutely plain, straight morning gown, which may have an upright tucked bodice (the tucks very fine) if the wearer is thin, but is otherwise shaped under the arm and gathered into the belt, or it may be cut all in one and a belt arranged simply to mark the line of the waist. The drapery needs no cutting, it may be arranged from a shawl or a square of any soft, double-width material, nun's veiling, cheese cloth, fine wool, silk or lace. The embroidery is easily and quickly done in outline stitch in one or two colors or two shades of the same color, but it is better to use only one color, unless two colors or two shades can be so judiciously used as to produce a good result, and this can be attained by knowledge and experience only not by direction through a medium so liable to misconstruction as words. It should be understood from the beginning that all colors used in art costumes are soft and possess depth rather than surface color, so that they adapt themselves readily one to another. The original of the Greek dress was made in Tussore silk, in its well known delicate ecru or stone-colored tint; and the embroidery in flame color, which has a lambent quality, not in the least like the brick red, which is often called by its name. The corners of the drapery are united together on the shoulders with clasps of inwrought stone, or metal, and the rushings are of the silk, feathered upon the edge, or of embroidered lace.

ANCIENT GREEK COSTUME

The design from the ancient Greek, it will be seen, is a modification and combination of of the other two, with features of its own that are different from either. The foundation dress is very much the same as in Mrs. Pfeifer's Greek gown, except that being made in print and for ordinary use the sleeves are cut to the wrist. The overdress is hollowed a little at the neck, front and back, but otherwise gathered in at the waist (only with more fulness) exactly like the "Cashmere Costume"—excepting that the drapery is lifted somewhat to the right of the opening and held by the clasp at the belt. The body part is also cut in more to the arm, the sleeves being less full and requiring less space. The material of the overdress is what is known in London as Arabian cotton. It has a naturally crinkled or crepy surface, irregularly ridged and falling in very close and graceful folds. It was used by Miss Anderson for her Galatea dress, designed by a London artist, and proved more amenable to artistic requirements than the China crepe at $10 per yard which she had previously employed. The skirt of the underdress may be gathered or pleated, (understand *pleated* not plaited), for plait was formerly only used in the sense of braiding or weaving together, and is not properly applied to straight folds; but gathering in more suitable for figured prints, such as that of which this skirt is made, as it does not conceal any part of the pattern and is more easily laundried.

These costumes are all that would be called æsthetic, yet they are beautiful, graceful, simple, convenient, and easily adapted to different uses. They are also, especially the cashmere costume, so nearly like the modes of to-day that with proper treatment, they could be worn as they are, and have been, without exciting unusual attention. But one of the reasons why this can be done is because conventional fashion, while sneering, reviling and ridiculing the æsthetic idea, has stolen its thunder and incorporated it, in fragments and without unity, into its changing and capricious repertoire of the modes. It has done this in self-defence and because it was demanded. Ideas are scarce in a conventional atmosphere, and the æsthetics had an idea to begin with—several of them—and they dressed themselves to the taste and common sense of thinking, intelligent women. The extravagances of unthinking and senseless followers who endeaver to gain notoriety by exaggeration undoubtedly disgusted them, but underlying all this they could not but discover an adaptability to lovely forms and simple materials, which was better than mere cost, so long the test of taste and elegance, and a sincerity which is an essential element of morality in dress as well as in the qualities of mind and heart. Thus, whatever may be said of it, it will be found eventually that the so-called æsthetic element is the truest and most important contribution made to the ethics of dress in this generation, and the one that will exercise the most decisive influence upon the future.

PRINCESS OF WALES IN CAP AND GOWN.

The eagerness with which a new idea is seized if it comes from an authoritive source is seen in the effort to utilize this sensation created by the appearance of the Princess of Wales in the dress of the graduates upon whom a degree is conferred at the College of Music in Dublin. Upon the occasion of the visit of her Royal Highness in honorary degree was conferred upon her and she was formally invested in the cap and gown, which proved very becoming, for though no longer very young and strikingly beautiful, she possesses an interesting and expressive face, which retains its charms and even gains something with increasing age from the exercise of a lovely disposition.

The gown and cap are practically the same as those worn at Oxford, and the formal investment of the Princess of Wales, her willingness to wear the costume as a sign of her fellowship with the body, settled forever the mooted question of propriety, so far as women graduates are concerned, and made the cap and gown the badge of student graduates without reference to sex.

The gown that is usually worn is black. In this instance it was of red satin damask, lined with satin and faced with velvet. Above the straight high collar are three folds of soft crepe de chine and the pin is a diamond lyre with fine, twisted gold strings. The cap is commonly called the "mortar-board," and has been the subject of campoons innumerable, but it is suddenly discovered to be very striking and picturesque, and English milliners are employing it or a modification of it extensively for misses and little girls. The "gown" is in effect the "surplice" of the Church of England. Its feature is the high-set, rather full flowing sleeve—the top of which almost joins the collar and the seam of which is on the outside, where it is made slightly full as well as wide and flowing instead of under the arms. The rest of it is simply a long, straight sacque shaped under the arms, on the shoulders, and with a gathering or Watteau pleat in the back, which flows out from the figure and it is not fastened down. A word here may not be out of place in regard to the adoption of the English word "gown," instead of "dress," as commonly used in this country. Like much other adopted phraseology, it is both well-used and miss-used. It is a great mistake to suppose that it is used by all of those, who do use it "simply because it is English, don't you know?" It has the positive merit of correctness and good usage to justify it. When a "dress" is made all in one piece from neck to feet it is a "gown;" formerly, when cut at the waist, it was a "frock." It is wrestling dress from its original meaning, which was generic and inclusive, to limit it to the upper garment which completes a woman's dress. The modern dress vocabulary contains French words which have become naturalized. Why not "English," which is our mother tongue? We use costume and toilet without a sneer and without referring to where they came from. Why not gown, which is needed to designate the long garment for which we have no name except the incorrect and inexpressive one of dress?

It would be a real advantage to the public, and save much confusion as well as eternal iteration and explanations, if the proper word could be applied to the thing—in woman's dress—as in garments worn by men—for example. We took the word *toilette* (twi-let) from the French, and now we call it indiscriminately, toilette, or toilet. This last word is not properly employed, it is forced from its correct usage when it is made to mean only a part of itself. A French-woman will speak of making her toilet for the evening, but she uses the word in its generic sense, her toilette, forming part of her toilet; and so well is this understood outside of fashions and fashion writing that the article of furniture in a lady's dressing room which contains the toilet accessories and appurtenances is known as the "to let" table or "toilet" bureau. It is getting to be pretty well understood now that "costume" means all the outside parts of a walking outfit composed of a combination of materials; while a "suit" means the same composed of one material. Suit and costume are more or less "complete" as they are made to include jacket, bonnet, muff or their equivalents.

Children are much more naturally, as well as more beautifully, dressed now than of late years, or any time since they were made the copies in miniature of the follies of their elders. This change we owe partly to the wider distribution of knowledge of physiological law, partly to the advance all along the line of practical ethics, and partly to the modern art and æsthetic element as applied to the dress of children as well as women. A costume in two shades, or two colors, of cashmere for a girl is copied from one of Liberty's designs, and is adapted to a girl of from fourteen to sixteen—that difficult age to deal with, when girls approach the woman without having parted from the child. The design consist of a square-cut, sleeveless tunic, shaped in to the waist and drawn up to the left side in natural folds over the skirt of the frock, which may be plain, tucked, or trimmed with rows of velvet. The shirring at the throat and upon the sleeves is done in honeycomb pattern, with Kensington wool, in Kensington stitch, or the ordinary shirring may be overlaid with herring bone stitch in wool, in a different shade, or a contrasting color. In this case the design may be rendered more complete by trimming the skirt with five rows of velvet, spaced between, and put on with herring bone stitch in wool upon the upper and lower edges. For younger girls, say of ten and twelve years, an adaptation has been made of the carters' "smock frock," a shapeless garment, made full, with full sleeves, gathered in at the top and at the neck, and honeycombed with strong linen thread in a by no means inartistic fashion, by the poor woman of the agricultural districts. Soft, dainty, materials, pretty shadings and contrasts of color and a more decorating effect in the honeycombing at the throat and upon the top of the sleeves, transformed this one despised garment into a picturesque frock. the soft folds of a fine wool or silken sash adding the effect of drapery to the straight, simple folds of the skirt. At ten and twelve a girl has no shape, and the awkwardness of a waist which measures more inches than the width around the shoulders is made painfully conspicuous by a fitted frock or elaborate costumes; the gathered "smock frock," on the contrary, gives her ease and displays the grace of free, untrammelled movement, while it is readily adapted to her increasing growth

GIRLS COSTUME.

A conventionalized costume adapted from the Russian for a girl of twelve is effective, but requires a rather slender and naturally graceful figure. It is made of silk and velvet, gold and wine color, red and black, or a peaceful shade of blue with dark green. The underdress of the bright shade in silk, the bands of the same, covered with diamonds, in narrow black, dark green or blue colored velvet. The tunic is of plain velvet in the dark shade.

These sketches may suggest to young girls the use of a study of form, as it relates to the practical work of providing covering for it, and not only the economy but the opportunity for the exercise and development of artistic taste in becoming the own dressmakers. One of the most valuable ideas to be derived from the study of art and from the dress of the æsthetic school is the folly and impropriety of superfluous ornament—of trimming that has no purpose and no relation to the article it is intended to adorn. This one idea well impressed upon the minds of our young women would moralize their dress and exercise a beneficial influence upon our entire social and domestic life.

JENNIE JUNE.