THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

A. C. HOSMER, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA

THE LITTE COAT.

Here's his ragged "roundabout,"
Turn the pockets inside out;
See, his penknife, lost to use,
Rusted shut with apple juice;
Here, with marbles, top and string,
Is his deadly "devil sling,"
With its rubber, limp at last
As the sparrows of the past!
Beeswax, buckles, leather straps—
Bullets and a box of caps—
Not a thing of all, I guess,
But betrays some wayward ness—
E'en these tickets, blue and red,
For the Bible verses said—
Such as this his mem'ry kept—
"Jesus wept."

Here a fishing hook and line,
Tangled up with wire and twine,
And dead angle worms, and some
Slugs of lead and chewing gum,
Blent with scents that can but come
From the oil of rhodium.
Here—a soiled, yet dainty note,
That some little sweetheart wrote,
Dotting—"Vine grows round the stump,"
And—"My sweetest sugar lump."
Wrapped in this—a padlock key
Where he's filed a touch-hole—see!
And some powder in a quill
Corked up with a liver pill,
And a spongy little chunk
Of "punk."

"Here's the little coat—but O!
Where is he we've censured so?
Don't you hear us calling, dear?
Back! Come back, and never fear;
You may wander where you will,
Over orchard, field and hill;
You may kill the birds, or do
Anything that pleases you!
Ah, this empty coat of his!
Every tatter's worth a kiss!
Every stain as pure instead
As the white stars overhead!
And the pockets—homes were they
Of the little hands that play
Now no more—but, absent, thus
Beckon us.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

"OLD MR. BINNEY."

All their friends had said, when Mrs. Binney died: "Now what a good thing it would be if old Mr. Binney would but marry Miss Bright!"

Miss Bright had not been without her troubles, and very hard ones they had been too, but she bore them with a brave heart, and carried a smiling face, and had a thankful spirit within her, striving always to remember her blessings, and how much they outnumbered any evils she was called upon to bear.

Indeed, to listen to Miss Bright's showing you would have counted her as one of the luckiest persons ever born. She had had the kindest of friends, the most comfortable of situations, and the girls she had taught were endowed with an amiability of disposition which made it a positive pleasure to be with them. The only accusation she could bring against them was that they were all in such a terrible hurry to grow up and get married, and then Miss Bright's occupation was gone, and she had to step out into the world and find a fresh field for her labors.

As years rolled on, each one adding to the score of Miss Bright's age, these hunting grounds of instructions became more and more narrowed. Children of eight began now where girls of eighteen used to leave off, and history and geography, to say nothing of the parts of speech and grammar, were all so altered, that poor Miss Bright had to acknowledge that at times she really did feel quite confused. "Very soon I shan't be left with anything to teach," she would say, pathetically, and then Mr. Binney's nephew, Joe, or some other good fellow who heard her, would declare she should set up a school for wives, for there never were such wives as the girls whom Miss Bright had brought up. She had taught Joe's wife Sally and her sister, and though since then she had had other situations, at holiday time, or whenever she was seeking employment, she always returned to the house of Dr. Brendon, their father.

When Mr. Binney dropped in, as he frequently did, to inquire after his old friends the Brendons, he from time to time found Miss Bright there, and happening on the occasion of one of her visits to bring the news that Mrs. Binney was ill, with no one whose business it seemed to be to look after her, nothing was more natural than that Miss Bright should volunteer, and a great comfort they found her.

So sprightly yet unobtrusive was the cheery little woman that Mrs. Binney herself was influenced in her favor, until, with an eye to their mutual comfort, Mr. Binney proposed Miss Bright staying with them altogether. "Why not?" he said. "We could well afford to pay her a salary." But this word salary, acting like magic on Mrs. Binney, seemed to bring her to her senses immediately. She would be very glad to have Miss Bright as a visitor as long as she liked to stay, but as to living with them altogether, "No," she would not give her consent to that; she had always objected to having in her house a third party. It was then that Miss Bright's friends pulled very long faces, indeed. What would she do? they asked her.

"Oh, something is sure to turn up," she would say, hopefully. "Whenever I have come to my last ebb an opening has been made for me, so I am not going to despair now."

And she said this all the more emphatically, because in spite of her confidence she could not help feeling that a voice which she could not still kept repeating: "What will you do when you grow older? Teaching will get harder than ever." That was true enough, but what else was there for her to do?

When Mrs. Binney died, which happened quite suddenly about a year before, there had been some talk as to Miss Bright going to Mr. Binney as housekeeper, but this proposition had been made without the knowledge or consent of the principal person concerned, who, as soon as the hint was given, negatived it.

Mr. Binney thoroughly appreciated Miss Bright, but he had lost his taste for matrimony; he remembered that he had spent forty excellent years without a wife, and, notwithstanding that he was now a widower, he could not conscientiously say that he felt his state to be so very unhappy.

Susan the cook, respectable and staid, would, he felt sure, manage his household properly, and if it proved that she should give way to extravagance, as people seemed to say, Mr. Binney fancied he could better put up with that evil than with too much of the economy from which he had suffered already.

So all the hopes that on the death of Mrs. Binney, Joe and Sally and the Brendons had cherished for Miss Bright were ruthlessly dashed to the ground. Evidently Aunt B. was not to have a successor.

"If we could but have got her there as housekeeper," said two of these arch-conspirators, "the rest would have been easy." But though they returned to the attack several times, no good came of it. Mr. Binney shared in their regret at the loss of Miss Bright's pupils, wondered as they did what would become of her, and, his visitors gone, to make his sympathy apparent, he sat down and wrote a kind little note with a check for £10 folded within it.

"He's an old stupid," said Sally, "and now she is going away altogether, ever so far"—for Miss Bright had had another piece of news to tell. An old pupil of early days had been recently left a widow; her health was as delicate as her heart was kind, and when she made the proposition that Miss Bright should come and spend the remainder of her days with her it was not entirely of her own comfort she had been thinking. Miss Bright had readily accepted her offer, and she had written to tell Sally that the next week she should come up and see them.

She could only stay a few hours with them when she came. The farewell visit was to be paid later. "But I think," she said as she was going, "I will call on my way home and say good-bye to Mr. Binney in case I might not have another opportunity."

"Do," said Sally, and away she went.

Mr. Binney was at home. He had not been quite well lately; nothing more than a cold, but it had kept him a prisoner. To-day he might have gone out, but he had not felt inclined to, and he gallantly said he was glad to be in, as he should have been sorry indeed to have missed seeing Miss Bright.

"And so you are really going to leave us," he said, and almost regretfully, too. "Well, you will be very much missed. I don't know what the Brendons' will do."

"They will not miss me more than I shall them," and the brave little woman made an effort that her voice should not sound shaky; "but you know, Mr. Binney, I am not growing younger, am I?"

"No," he said. "That is true. I was saying the same to myself of myself only to-day."

"Yes, only with men it does not seem to matter, but with women the thought always comes with a little shudder, that when we get old and want quiet and rest and a comfortable arm-chair by the fire there is a doubt whether we shall be able to get them."

Mr. Binney did not answer, and fearing she was saying too much about her own feelings she altered her tone, which had been a little sad, and went on in her usual cheerful way: "But then I ought to feel so thankful that this opening has been made for me. I told them that I knew something would come; it has always done so; I have always been so lucky."

"It's your happy disposition makes you say so, my dear Miss Bright; a cheerful spirit shortens the longest day. I wish I could follow your example. I often feel condemned at my want of contentment—of gratitude, I ought to say."

But that Miss Bright would not allow; she reminded Mr. Binney of the many kind actions he had done, and in her own quiet way thanked him for the thoughtful present he had sent to her.

"No, no, no, now you must not speak of that," Mr. Binney hastily interrupted her; and to give a turn to the conversation he said she "must have some tea," and ringing to order it, he hoped she could stay.

Well, yes, she thought she could spare time for that—indeed, to be plain, she was not in such a very great hurry. The fact had been that Joe had an unexpected holiday: and she saw that, only for her being there, he had come home to go out somewhere with Sally.

"So I hope the little fib I told will be forgiven me, for when I said that I was wanted at home, although it was quite true perhaps, I need not but for that have left quite so early. But it was so nice of Joe to come home. I do love to see husbands and wives companions to each other."

"Ah, indeed, yes; that is the object of matrimony, too often, I fear, lost sight of in our day, by the young and the old, too."

But Miss Bright did not agree. "No," she "knew so many united couples. There were the Brendons now—" but at this moment the tea was brought in, and Miss Bright asked should she pour it out. Her offer was accepted. "Only," said Mr. Binney, "you must take off your cloak, or you won't feel the good of it when you go; and your bonnet, too; wouldn't you feel more comfortable without that?"

Miss Bright said: "No," she would not take her bonnet off.

"Haven't a cap with you, I suppose?" said the old gentleman slyly.

"Yes, indeed I have—a present from Sally—and a very becoming one, too."

"Put it on then, and let me pass my opinion."

Miss Bright hastened to obey, and when she came for his inspection the smile on her face and the soft pink in her cheek made her look ten years younger.

"Well," she said, "now what do you think of it?"

"I think if you take my advice you will never wear any other."

"Really," and she laughed softly, "but it is for high days and holidays, you know!" And she tip-toed to look in the chimney-glass, saying that it certainly was a very pretty cap, and then she sat down to pour out the tea. "The best tea things!" she said, admiringly; "I am so fond of pretty china!" And then searching in the sugar basin, she added: "I have not forgotten that you like two lumps of sugar, you see."

Mr. Binney smiled complacently; a feeling of well-being and comfort took possession of him.

Of a certainty it was very pleasant to have a congenial somebody to bear one company, one who could talk well, listen well and hold her tongue well, if necessary. Experience had assured him that Miss Bright possessed each of these good qualities. When she had stayed there when Mrs. Binney was first ill, their evenings had passed very pleasantly, and recalling the things they had done, he asked:

"Do you often play chess now?"

"No, never."

"Cribbage, backgammon?"

"I've no one to play with. That is one thing in my going away," and she swallowed a sigh—"my evenings will be less lonely."

"Ah, yes, I find the time very long after dinner. I don't like to go to bed before half-past ten, although I often feel inclined to."

"And the days draw in so quickly now, there is no afternoon—it is all evening, which reminds me that it is getting time for me to go, for it takes me quite an hour to get to the station."

"Not in a cab?"

"No, but I am going to walk; it is quite fine and dry, and if I feel tired at the Conway road I shall wait at the corner for the omnibus passing."

Miss Bright began to put on her bonnet. Mr. Binney walked to the window; for a minute he looked out, then he rang the bell.

"I shall go as far as the Conway road with you."

"Oh, Mr. Binney! No, pray don't think of such a thing; it might give you a cold, and there isn't the slightest occasion—I am so accustomed to go about alone."

But Mr. Binney remained firm; his hat and coat were brought to him, and away the two set off together. They chatted pleasantly as they walked along. "I shall hope to come and see them all sometimes," Miss Bright said. "I know as long as the Brendons have a home they will take me in."

"And remember that so long as I have a house there will be room for you in it."

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Binney," she said softly. "I am sure I do not know why people are all so good to me."

Mr. Binney apparently was no better able to inform her, and they walked on silently until the Conway road was reached.

"Now, then," said Miss Bright, "here we say farewell," and she held out her hand, but Mr. Binney did not take it; he was engaged in hailing a cab he saw; then he drew out his purse and Miss Bright knew that he intended settling with the man for the fare. She shook her head at him reprovingly.

Mr. Binney gave the directions to the driver and then he held out his hand, hesitated, opened the door and said, "I don't see why I should not go with you as far as the station."

At the railway station they had but a very short time of waiting. Miss Bright stood near the carriage which she had chosen; nothing remained but to say good-by and enter.

"And you will let us hear how you get on?" for she had not said she was coming up again.

"Oh, I shall often write to the Brendons and Sally. You will hear of me through them."

"And I hope so very much that you will be comfortable and happy."

Miss Bright tried to smile, but her eyes filled rapidly, and to hide the tears she half turned away.

"I wish that you were not obliged to go away; couldn't anything be managed for you?"

She shook her head sadly. "No," she said: "I tried everything I could," and here a sob would come, "but nobody seemed to want me."

"I—I want you." Mr. Binney was stammering out his words excitedly. "Miss Bright, can you—will you stay for me? Could you consent to become Mrs. Binney?"

"Mrs. Binney!—I!"—everything seemed to swim around her—"but, Mr. Binney, such an idea never once occurred to me."

"I am very sure of that," my dear," he said, earnestly, "and it has taken some time to come to me, or I should have made the offer long ago; however, better late than never—that is, if you will accept me."

"Oh, but I think it is too good of you—and you feel sure that I can make you happy. What will the Brendons and Sally say?"

"Say that I am more lucky than I deserve to be for not asking you before. Now, I understand why I wouldn't consent to your being my housekeeper; I was wanting you for my wife, you know."

Miss Bright held up her hands in dismay.

"Oh, my!" she cried. "There's the train off—gone, I declare!"

"What of that if it is?—another will soon follow, and while we are waiting for it, we can arrange our plans and fix the day."

And if any one wishes to know how it all ended, I can satisfy their curiosity by telling them that a more happy, cheery couple never were seen than the present Mr. and Mrs. Binney.—*Temple Bar.*

[illegible] in Monmouth I took one solid order." "The thunder you did," ejaculated his unbelieving listeners. "Yes, boys, and I'll tell you how I did it. It's a pointer for you. You know that big Dutchman that keeps a grocery there on the square near the post-office, I s'pose. Didn't you call on him? Well, I did. I was desperate, too, and was bound to sell or talk him to death. I stuck to him three straight hours, boys, but I fetched him. Just as I was getting hoarse he turned around kind o' quick and business-like, and says: 'I poot a stop on this, bye Gimminy! I gif you an orter, und I vant it villed pooty quick, too! I know ven I'f enoof. I'm no delephone to schtan oop und be dalked at all de day long!'" "Bet it made you feel good," said the Chicago man; "first customer in thirteen days. But what did he order?" "That is the worst of it," replied St. Louis. "He ordered me out of his store!"—*Chicago Herald.*

A Democratic Necessity.

There is an interesting phase of the situation of the Democratic party which it would be well generally to hold in mind. Whatever conclusions it may come to with respect to the tariff or any other public question, there is no chance for it to succeed at the coming National election if it does not lend its support to a gang of politicians in New York City who have long been a disgrace to popular government. The better citizens of the metropolis are struggling to free themselves from the control of the successors of the Tweed ring, while the whole Democratic party must put its shoulders to the wheel to uphold these political plunderers in their grasp upon their prey. The Democracy can not win this fall unless it carries the State of New York, and it can not carry the State of New York unless it secures that large majority in New York City which can not be gained without the co-operation of Tammany. It may be defeated notwithstanding the aid of Tammany with its fifty thousand votes, but it is certain that it can not succeed without it. Tammany support is beyond all manner of doubt the *sine qua non* of Democratic success.

And Tammany does not sustain the Democratic ticket as a labor of love. That sort of thing is not what it exists for. It demands and gets a high price for all the political goods it has to sell. It is troubled by no principles or scruples whatever, and is commanded by a man who has both the will and the nerve to array it against the Democracy whenever it has not been duly promised the remuneration insisted on and the payment is not amply secured. But a few years ago Kelly himself ran as an independent candidate for Governor for the sole purpose of defeating the regular Democratic nominee, and did it. The price Tammany insists on is the control of the fat offices in New York City, and that price the Democracy must pay it so far as it lies in its power to do so. It goes without saying that the party will sign and seal the compact. And what is it that the Democracy of the Nation must aid in its hold on New York City? The State Legislature has been besought to investigate it with a view of instituting some kind of reform, and a committee has been delegated to do so. It has made a report which the *Times* says, "contains a record of corruption and abuses in the public service of the City and County of New York which would be astounding if we were not accustomed to look upon that service in the light of past revelations as a system of plunder carried on by professional politicians of the lowest order."

The report is not merely general in its nature. The particulars are definitely given, and they constitute an extensive system of blackmail on the people of the city, who have grown so accustomed to it that they have actually learned to grin philosophically as may be and bear it. There are occasional rebellions and efforts at reform, but they have hitherto all died down, and matters have resumed their customary course. The particular attempt which is made now is to cut down the avenues of plunder as much as possible by legislative enactment, and to remove from the Board of Aldermen the power of confirming the Mayor's appointees. This latter is something of a leap in the dark, for Tammany says it would rather have the Mayoralty under such conditions than the Presidency of the United States. The hope of securing relief through the change rests in the belief that an honest Mayor can be elected, while an honest Board of Aldermen is an impossibility. But this is digressing. What we mean to show is that the Democratic party at large, in order to elect its President, must lend itself to the defeat of the efforts at reform in New York City, and obey the behests of the political brigade composed of the criminal classes, pluguglies and riff-raff generally, which rises into large and powerful proportions in the chief city of the Nation.

Many will be inclined to scout the proposition that a body of fifty thousand voters, crowded into the space of a few square miles, holds the destinies, or rather all the chances of success, of the whole Democratic party in the Presidential election in its hands; but such is the living fact, and the more it is looked into the more will its truth appear. If the Democratic party does not agree to permit this low-lived crew to go on with its plundering it can not elect its man. At times the more decent elements of the New York Democracy have revolted at the degradation of keeping such men in power, and several years ago they had a grand reorganization which was indorsed by virtually all the party in the State. Tammany refused to disorganize and was left out in the cold. But it stood as firm and fixed as Napoleon's hollow squares in Egypt. It might get nothing itself, but the regular Democracy should get nothing either. It adhered to its policy, and the regular Democracy weakened and fell. The same weapon which Kelly holds over the Democracy of the State, he holds over the Democracy of the Nation. No general account, or plan of action, can be made up without Kelly. And this is the party which depends mainly on the cry of purification in high places for its campaign material! There is a law of compensation in politics as well as in other things, and this apparently unavoidable bargain with Tammany, though it may bring in to the Democracy a large number of votes in New York City, will probably enlarge the Republican majority in other parts of the State sufficient to offset it. And Tammany is certainly an element which is expensive to the Democracy in the country at large.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—The plan of using the enormous water-power of the Alps for working electric railways in Switzerland appears to have taken a definite shape, the idea being to connect the towns of St. Moritz and Pontresnia by an electric railway four and three-fourths miles long, the motive power to be supplied by the mountain streams, the line, in case the plan proves a success, to be extended a considerable distance.

—A quarrelsome husband and wife signed a treaty of peace in a Brooklyn court the other day, in which they agree to live together but never to speak.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Mr. Tilden's Little Game.

Our readers will do well not to conclude that Mr. Tilden isn't to be the Democratic candidate because of his telling the Atlanta *Constitution* that "this house is opposed to the old ticket." The old ticket was Tilden and Hendricks, and the old man probably made the statement to show his opinion that the Hendricks part can as well be dispensed with. Tilden is sly. He showed his opinion of Hendricks by naming Payne, Hoadley and Randall as good men for the nomination and forgetting his old comrade in tribulation of 1876. That settles Hendricks and the old ticket as a whole, but leaves the Tilden end open to suitable persuasion. Mr. Tilden understands the Democratic mind. Horatio Seymour was feeble, and played the dodge of not wanting to make the sacrifice of being a candidate with such success that he got the nomination by acclamation, and then we never heard anything more about his inability to attend to the campaign and all else.

In this very Atlanta interview Mr. Tilden is careful to say that he is not the played-out person he has been represented, and also speaks of Mr. Payne as a suitable candidate, though Payne is the older of the two and of much less mental vigor. This leaves the matter free from all obstructions, except the unwillingness of Tilden to undertake the labor, and that can be surmounted easily; for, if Seymour could regain his vigor in a week, there is plenty of time between now and the day of the convention for Sammy to get strong enough to knock Sullivan out in three minutes.

The naming of Payne, Hoadly and Randall is another significant straw and evinces Tilden's shrewdness. Tilden sees that the Democratic majority, as shown by the organization of the House and the course of Morrison, is in favor of as much free trade as the Morrison bill contains, and is going to make it an issue, and hold the party on the issue. This being so, neither of the men he names can get the nomination, and all must go to the wall and become malcontents to be conciliated. Somebody must be nominated for whom these men can work, and he must be able to carry New York; and if it shall be made to appear that Tilden is the only safe man to do it, the call for him will be made and yielded to.

Tilden has not given his views on the tariff, and will not if he continues to work on the present line. He will let the tariff men infer that his preference for Payne and Randall is evidence of his concurrence with their views, and he will shout reform so loud that free traders will be stunned into the belief that tariff reform is included, and Carlisle, Morrison, Watterson, Springer, Randolph Tucker and Hurd will all be asked to name their individual preferences for Cabinet positions. Probably this will be to them a satisfactory assurance that he is at heart a tariff reformer; but if it should not be enough, he can go further and promise to sign any bill they can get Congress to pass. The very silence of the old man on the tariff is proof that he has not retired from the field. Were he out he could have no motive for concealment or ambiguity, but would express himself as boldly as Hurd or Watterson does. He is to be a platform in himself, and there is never such a thing as a platform explaining itself by a supplement and commentary. It must be accepted as built.

In this case there is more than usual reason for appearing not to be a candidate early. To be in the field is to be in the way of all aspirants, and subject himself to their fault-finding criticisms and hostility. Out of the way, the contestants can spend their force in stabbing each other. Out of the field, Tilden need not be questioned, or if questioned he can be evasive out of delicacy and for the sake of harmony.

The country need not be surprised to learn in the early summer that Tilden's health has wonderfully improved. Dana understands the old fellow, and sees the necessity for taking him who is coming. He is doing his best to help it along and to smash all slates but Tilden's.—*National Republican.*

Jeff Davis Opens the Campaign.

The Democratic campaign has opened in Mississippi by an address from Jeff Davis to the two houses of the Legislature. This unreconstructed and unrepentant rebel declared that he had no pardon to ask of the Federal authorities for his conduct in the past, and avowed with emphasis that if the same things were to be done over again he would not change his conduct in the least. By this the arch-traitor meant to be understood that if the flag of treason was again to be unfurled and the country plunged into a civil war he would sustain the same relation to rebellion that he did in the past. The sentiments thus uttered were received by the ex-rebels of the Legislature with applause, and when he further congratulated the members upon the South having regained its autonomy in the sisterhood of States, and prophesied that a solid South was about to take "the helm and steer the ship of state into port," his voice was drowned by thundering plaudits. On this occasion, with the voice of the unpardoned rebel chieftain ringing in their ears, the true spirit of Southern Democrats cropped out. The fuss made over Davis and the applause which greeted his remarks plainly show that the "lost cause" still lives in the hearts of a people who treacherously murder Republicans for presuming to exercise the right of American citizens. The fell spirit which inspired the dastardly assassination of Matthews in Copiah county is the spirit which prompted the Mississippi legislators to applaud the envenomed remarks of an outlawed traitor. It is the same spirit which animates the Bourbons of Mississippi and every other Southern State, and which inspires the political outrages and crimes which disgrace that section, and cause emigrants from other countries to shun it as though it was a land filled with leprosy. Jeff Davis and the Bourbons may fondly dream of commanding the "ship of state" once more, but it will be found that the Republicans of the North will have somewhat to say concerning the matter.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Reservoir Square, New York, is to be called Bryant Square, and have the poet's statue.

Feminine Fancies.

Basques are not changed in shape from those worn during the winter, with pointed front, short sides, and square postilion plaited back. The most youthful-looking jerseys have a vest of a contrasting color, made of jersey cloth, such as red, cream, or gray inside black wool jerseys, and their rolling collar and the buttons and cuffs and postilion plaitings are of velvet. A great deal of silver braid and metal bees and butterflies will be used on the velvet collar and cuffs and vests of such garments. Buttons are inconspicuous and small, as they are usually hidden either by a soft vest or by the velvet ribbon bows.

Clover blossoms are among the most popular of the new spring flowers. In their natural colors, white and a pinkish purple, they are remarkably pretty, and trim most effectively. They are much used for trimming small bonnets of delicate gray.

Straight back breadths are one of the features that promise to find favor, but, although this drapery is straight, it is so stiffly lined, is itself so voluminous and is worn over so large a pad bustle that a very bouffant effect is given. Three breadths of silk are thus arranged in two triple box plaits, with an erect heading at the top, which is hooked over the end of the basque.

The only universal feature of new draperies is that the fulness begins at the belt, not several inches below it, as its design primarily is to enlarge the hips, and secondarily to soften the severe outlines of the whole costume; otherwise this drapery may drop down far below the knees, or else be very short, or it may be bunched up in a quite short pouf in the back, with straight box plaiting hanging below this pouf to the foot of the skirt, or else the entire back breadths may hang straight from belt to foot.

The newest jerseys are really short postilion basques, and are fitted by front darts and side forms precisely as other basques are, their only special feature being the webbing of which they are made, and the fact that they have no lining and are cut so very small that they are easily stretched into a smooth, close-fitting garment.

An important feature of the new costume is the appearance of fullness and width given to the lower skirt; this fullness is confined to the outside, however, as every French dress is made up on a foundation skirt of silk, alpaca or silesia, which remains very narrow and closely gored, measuring not more than two and three-eighths yards around its lowest edge.

Panniers, flounces, sleeves and Moliere vests are made of escurial net, which forms a most attractive combination with lustrous silk or satin, and which is more popular at present than ever before. An entire dress of escurial net over satin makes a very handsome toilet.

A striking costume of very pale fawn colored cashmere for spring wear is trimmed with sapphire velvet and blue shot with fawn.

Polonaises are straight princesse dresses in the back, with a basque front that may be pointed, or belted with velvet and a clasp, or else in square coat shape a la Louis Quatorze, with square pockets piped with velvet on each side, and a full lace cravat that reaches from the throat to the waist line. Straight full box plaited back breadths are on some of these garments, while others have the middle forms cut off in a point on the tournure, and to these, gathered in a great roll over the pad, are added three straight breadths of silk that hang to the end of the lower skirt; these breadths are lined with stiff lawn, are caught with a tape underneath sewed across half their length below the waist, and are buttoned (invisibly) to the low skirt on each side near the foot.

The long paletots or jackets, with pointed sides and short backs, once in favor for outside wraps, are now revived in the richest black materials, such as gauze velours, jetted net, and Spanish or thread lace over satin surah linings. If the dress is black, it is well, at this intermediate season, to choose black satin rhadames, or else merveilleux, and have jetted net for a soft vest, and puffed skirt front with tucked satin side panels and full, long black drapery.

Gowns for visiting and afternoon wear will be made of biscuit cashmere or fine ribbed ottoman cloth, another new material, combined with shot silk, velvet or ottoman broche in various shades of color, the most popular being crimson, chaudron, sapphire blue or rich myrtle green.

Every shade of fawn, from the palest biscuit to deep plain brule, will be much in vogue this spring, as also an uncommon "mushroom" brown, dark chocolate blended with red, and a new tint of bright, warm green.

The spring hats that have made their appearance are straws, the crowns of which are generally very high and the brims narrow, and the shades so striking as to be obtrusive, and to fall back upon bonnets.

The back breadths of foundation skirts still have two springs across them to make them bouffant, and the cushion of hair sewed to the belt in the back is the bustle preferred to all others.

Black silks will be much worn this summer. They will be trimmed with lace in preference to jet and passementerie.

The newest and prettiest feather ornaments for the hair are in white, pale pink and pale blue, and are powdered with gold or silver, and mounted as aigrettes.

Velvet ribbons with satin on the wrong side are quite a feature of trimmings for spring silks.—*Boston Herald.*

—The famous Colonel Crockett was once in company with two men who quarreled, and in consequence of the attempts of the gentlemen present to reconcile them, became so furious that it was thought necessary to control their seemingly impassioned resentment by holding them. Colonel Crockett held one, whose courage he had some reason to doubt, and from whom, during the scuffle, he received a kick on the shins. "See here," said the Colonel, somewhat angered, "if you do that again, I'll let you go!" The wrathful man didn't "do it again," and the matter was soon honorably settled.