

Winter Colors.

All winter colors are dark or bright, except those used strictly for evening wear and gaslight. Among these soft pink, pale gold, some delicate shades of heliotrope, and cream retain their prestige; but there is, notwithstanding, a decided reaction in favor of high color and black, particularly terra-cotta and coral red and old gold.

Of course, these brilliant shades of red, such as coral color, are only suitable for young girls or women who look and dress young, and they are usually softened as much as may be with garniture of white lace. But by gaslight they do not look hard or pronounced if the tint is well chosen, and they brighten a drawing-room assemblage wonderfully. Black and dark colors, for evening wear, are fairly illuminated with jet, and the infinite variety of beaded trimmings. The beauty of these must be seen to be understood. They are a marvel of shading, combination and exquisite design, and their cost is not surprising, considering the labor and skill put upon them. The colors consist of olive, ruby, bronze and old gold or amber. All the dark, all the amber, all the rich wine shades are reproduced in the gleaming iridescence of beaded embroideries, and they light up the beautiful cloth shades in satin, *satin Rhodames* and *satin merveilleux*, like masses of jewels.

For day wear, the dark mulberry and seal-brown shades lead an infinite host of beautiful olives, garnets, wines, invisible green, bottle-greens and the like. The blues have retired. Dark navy and indigo blue are never out of fashion entirely; but the dark greens, the reds and the browns, have the preference, and are suitable for winter, being "warm" colors. With seal browns the nasturtium shades are particularly good put in high relief, and in judicious quantity.

The innumerable shades and combinations of colors have dissipated many old ideas in regard to what is and what is not becoming to different types of beauty, fair and dark. The blonde is not now confined to blue, the brunette to pink and yellow, the grades are so many; the high colors have been so blended and softened that there are few colors that cannot be worn by every lady, who has intelligence and taste enough to adapt them to her own personality. Undoubtedly, however, one of the triumphs in color is the illumination which the new discoveries in coloring glass have developed in bead embroideries. These really beautiful productions light up dark, rich fabrics with a splendor that recalls all the stories of Oriental magnificence, and renders them as effective for evening wear as the lightest and daintiest of fabrics; and much more suitable than these for ladies who are advancing toward middle age, and who, not being able to dress youthfully, require to dress richly in order to present a proper appearance.—*Demorest's Magazine.*

Card Collectors—The Latest Craze Among Fashionable Ladies.

The fashionable society of this city, which seems to be as fluctuating and as variable as the grain market, has fastened upon a new mania, and one that appears utterly ridiculous to the average mind. This mania is for collecting the chromatic cards now being issued by almost every business house in St. Louis, and forming them artistically in a scrapbook. It is probable that the idea was directly evolved from the aesthetic craze developed by the production of Patience and the poems of Oscar Wilde. At any rate the demand for these picture cards has become so extended during the past few days that the merchants are utterly bewildered, while the clerks spend as much time distributing small pictures as they do in selling goods. It is curious, instructive and interesting to examine the various advertising cards now being issued throughout the city, and a collector of them will insist upon half-a-dozen of every design, thus making enormous inroads upon the stock of chromatic cards. Several firms have been so persistently besieged that they have actually placed a nominal price of one cent a card upon their own advertisements, and are still disposing of them rapidly at that rate. This is notably true of an Olive street confectioner and several firms on Fourth street. The collection of these cards is confined almost entirely to the fashionable ladies, who are daily making a detour of business houses to secure new designs. At the leading dry goods houses yesterday it was a curious sight to witness the great throngs of ladies appealing to salesmen and managers for gifts of chromatic cards, when they were themselves amply able to purchase every known design at a trifling cost. Women in seal-skins and latest costumes are daily to be seen carrying large packages of comparatively worthless pictures, and vying with each other in the number and variety of the designs. It seems to be against the principle of the new craze to purchase a card. They must be gratuitous and contain an advertisement of the houses bestowing them. Some collectors have even gone so far as to employ little boys and girls to assist in the collection, and one chubby fellow stole 800 yesterday from a prominent dry goods house. The sale of scrap-books has materially increased within the past few days, and fashionable society is spending its leisure moments in making "art souvenirs" and getting its fingers soiled with mullage.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Valuable Horseflesh.

The allusion to fine horses suggests a brief paragraph in reference to so prominent a feature in American life. The advance in the luxury and extravagance of the age is shown by the purchase of

\$60,000 pictures, \$15,000 sets of diamonds, as well as in houses that cost a quarter of a million. Why should not the same overweening wealth be displayed in a \$30,000 horse? These luxuries are all of a class, and their cost in each instance is a mere trifle to a man who can at a moment issue his check for a million. If the reader inquires how large a number is included in this class, I reply large enough to keep up the market to its present fanciful quotation. Conversing with a leading man in this specialty, I asked Jim the highest value set upon any horse in this country. "Fifty thousand dollars," was the reply. My informant then added that he referred to St. Julien, which is at present the property of Hickok & Morrow. Santa Claus, owned by William Cole, is valued at \$25,000. Foster Dewey, who was at one time private secretary of the notorious ring, values his Richard at \$10,000. Maud S., the property of William H. Vanderbilt, is valued by its owner at \$50,000, and, reader, should you tender your check for that amount you might be disappointed by a refusal. Maud S. is at present kept at Cincinnati, being still under training. Her time is 2:10, which may be mentioned as the best made on the American turf. The enormous value of such animals is found on the race course, where immense sums are won by some and lost by others. Daniel Mace, who has a training stable in Twenty-ninth street, is a very successful trainer, and has also driven in some important trials of speed. To drive successfully on a race course requires great nerve, and at least three years' practice. The fee is sometimes \$500, to which is occasionally added 10 per cent. on the winnings. Such are some facts in connection with racing—a custom which has been on the increase for several years, notwithstanding its demoralizing tendency. Bonner very properly refused to allow his horses to race for money. His best animal is Rarus, whose time is 2:13, and perhaps he might do better if put under the race-course system, but Bonner will not deviate from that rule which affords so good an example.—*N. Y. Letter.*

A Clergyman's Odd Mistake.

The Presbyterian Church in Walpole was the scene of a very amusing incident last Sunday. It appears that the pastor, the Rev. Frank B. Hamblett, upon entering his pulpit to proceed with divine service, was astonished to find a clerical-looking stranger occupying the same, and his manuscript spread out upon the desk. The pastor quietly inquired of the stranger his mission, to which he replied that it "was all right." Supposing he had some cranky individual to deal with whom it would be judicious to handle with care, he asked, in tremulous tones, whether the gentleman intended to preach, to which the stranger replied that such was his intention. Casting an appealing glance for protection to the deacons in the front pews Mr. Hamblett ventured to say that he was unaware of having invited any one to preach for him.

The stranger, in blank astonishment, stated that he had come as Mr. Marsh could not be on hand. This solved the mystery, and the pastor informed the stranger that his co-laborer, Mr. Marsh, intended to preach in the Orthodox Church near by. The sudden exit of the gentleman followed this explanation, and, in hot haste, he proceeded to the Orthodox Church, to find all there in a state of great anxiety, the organist having played the prelude through three times, and the worthy deacons were on the point of taking up the collection and then dismissing the audience.

At this juncture the clergyman rushed in, mounted the pulpit, and with the perspiration streaming from his face requested the congregation to sing "Nearer my God, to Thee," and the service proceeded.—*Boston Herald.*

Boys and Thimbles.

No man can, like the writer, live sixty years without often wishing he had learned to use a sewing-thimble well in his early boyhood, especially if he has gone about the world much. Buttons will come off, stitches will break, and how handy it is for boys at school, for men at a hotel, at a friend's house, indeed anywhere away from home—often at home—to be able to whip on a button, stop a rent, and do many other little sewings, without calling on a woman, or perchance sending for a tailor, before being able to appear at a hotel table. One seldom, if ever, learns to use a thimble if this part of his education has been neglected in small boyhood. The writer has traveled a good deal, and at a rough guess he has broken threads at least five hundred times in attempting to work a needle through a button or garment without a thimble. Boys, take our advice, and every one of you learn to use a thimble before you grow up. Do it this very winter; it is not feminine to do so. Do it and if you live long you will many times thank us for this advice.—*American Agriculturist.*

Child—"Who lives in the house on the right of yours?" Gentleman—"Mr. Smith." Child—"Is he a fool?" Gentleman—"Certainly not." Child—"Who lives in the house on the left of yours?" Gentleman—"Mr. Brown." Child—"Is he a fool?" Gentleman—"No! Why do you ask?" Child—"Because I heard mamma say you were next door to a fool."—*London Judy.*

—Before marrying a widow be sure that her late husband has a heavy monument over his grave. If there isn't something to keep him down she'll be constantly throwing him up.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

Youths' Department.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

His name was Tom, and he was from A neighborhood where folks were good And mostly did just as they should.

Now he was small, though feeling tall, Which, it is true, seems nothing new 'Mong lads of six, and older, too.

"I'm most a man," he vowed. "And can Not I, say, be trusted, pray, To make some calls on New Year's Day?"

But one who knows did him oppose In this rash act, and said the fact Was simply that his wardrobe lacked.

Tom answered not, but 'gan to plot, In various ways, how he could raise Sufficient funds within two days.

To fill this need, which he, indeed, Had oft before comed o'er and o'er, And also often did deplore.

But stocks were low, as you may know; Tops were high, and knives, as well, Were at a discount, I've heard tell.

"I'll borrow, then," he vowed again, Nor did refrain to take a cane Belonging to his brother, Lane.

Like-wise some gloves—ah! perfect loves, Of lemon shades, which he essayed To get inside of without aid.

The fingers were, as you'll infer, Exceeding long; and, though 'twas wrong, He twisted each into a prong.

And, thus equipped, he lightly skipped Through cellar-door, and fences o'er, To 'scape the vials of wrath that pour

'Upon a lad, not always bad, Who sometimes may, to disobey, Be tempted, thus, to run away.

Once in the street, his heart did beat; But not with fear, as might appear, Yet why to him was never clear.

How'er, at last, this feeling passed, He turned his face into a place Imposing in its "brown-stone" grace.

A footman grim confronted him, Who did inquire, with eyes of fire, What that young person might desire.

"Why, don't you know? It's New Year's; so I've called, and I would like some pie, And ice-cream, and such things. Oh, my!"

With quick amaze, young Tom did gaze About; for lo! slam bang! did go That door with most a mighty blow.

Thus left alone unceremonious, Although, it seemed, no woe He felt; no tears of grief did flow;

But, truth to tell, his wrath did swell, Though soon 'twas spent; because he went Next door and rang as if he meant

To wake the dead, of which, instead, The living he did quickly see, When ushered in right royally.

"I've come to call," said he, "on all, I'm hungry, too; and so, if you Don't mind, I'll eat now and be through."

The hostess, fair, then led him where, Mid glass and plate, there did await A feast which much did him delight.

Yet, Earthly Joy, how much alloy He took to this, how little we Can reckon on the things that be!

Lo! opposite to him did sit His brother, Lane, who'd searched in vain For lemon kids and missing cane.

What happened, oh! I hardly know, For gossip squints and Rumor hints; So this is all I've gathered since:

That he, named Tom, who hailed from A neighborhood where folks were good And mostly did just as they should,

Oh! sad to say, did end that day In a clothes-press, where, I confess, His relatives he did not bless.

—*N. Y. Independent.*

Coming Twenty-One.

What are the boys of to-day thinking about as they near the confines of their teens and look forward to the day when they shall be free to act for themselves? How does life present itself to them as they stand on the threshold of twenty-one? Is it a vision of fun, frolic and a good time; or a dream of position and wealth; or a more solid hope of learning and culture? I do not know; but lying before me is a letter dated December 31, 1878, written by one of the boys of to-day—though a boy no longer—which I hope some other boys will read:

"DEAR GRANDFATHER: To-day I am twenty-one. I now assume the responsibilities of a man, having left behind my youthful days. Like all young men I look forward with pleasant anticipations to the future. I have seen only the pleasant side of life, but probably soon will meet the gloomy side when I begin to fight for myself. Let us hope that with God's help I can overcome the obstacles I may find in my way, and at last be the winner in life's battle.

"To-day I received the present of \$100 which you gave me twenty years ago. It now amounts to \$386.96. Father has allowed me compound interest on the whole amount for the twenty years. You have my hearty and sincere thanks for this liberal gift. It will be of great service to me. It will pay my expenses in college for the next year. But should a good chance be offered me to go into business I may accept it, and in that case the money will form a good beginning to cluster my savings about. Again let me thank you for your gift, hoping that you may live to see me worthy of your kindness, and that your oldest grandchild may never give you cause to regret that he bears your name, but rather that in your old age he may be a joy to your heart, ever mindful of the blessings he has received from you and his Heavenly Father. Your affectionate grandson,

Boys, don't you think such a letter would make the grandfather's heart very glad? I happen to know that he was very proud of it, and showed it to others, and that is how it came into my hands. There are several points to which this letter that I like, and I wish to call your attention to them.

1. This young man is not a prig, posturing for effect before his elders, but an honest, straightforward young fellow, who loves life and hopes to enjoy it as he goes along. But he knows that life is a serious thing, and while he has had few troubles as yet he expects to meet them by and by; and so

2. He is not ashamed to look to his Heavenly Father for help in the battle of life, nor unwilling to strike lusty blows himself.

3. He has learned the value of invested money. The one hundred dollars laid by for him in babyhood have almost quadrupled while he has been growing to manhood. The hundred dollars might have been given him on some birthday, spent to gratify this or that passing whim, and nothing left to show for it. Now he sees how money earns money, and the accumulated sum comes to him at a time when he needs

money to complete his education or to enter upon business.

4. He proposes to so order his life as to show himself worthy of the confidence bestowed upon him, and to bring honor upon the family name.

These are good foundations to-day for the life that now is and for that which is to come: honor to parents (and grandparents); willingness to work; a wise use of money, and faith in God. How many of the boys who read this are making as good a start?—*Christian Union.*

The Discontented Frog.

There was once a little frog that lived with many other frogs in a marshy place on o' Mr. Grandison's farm.

Now, this frog, like a few children that I have met, had become very much discontented with his home, and longed to change places with some of his neighbors. "For instance," thought he, "if I could only fly like a bird, how happy I'd be!—I would soar far up in the air and see everything beneath me, as well as the bright sky above me. And I believe I could fly, too, if I were way up high on that big tree. I have no wings, to be sure, but I think I could use my legs for flying. They are long enough."

Just then a little squirrel happened to come along that way, and froggie said to him: "Friend Squirrel, won't you take me on your back and carry me up that tree?"

"Certainly, Brother Frog," answered the squirrel; "but hop on right away, for I must hurry home."

So the frog jumped on the squirrel's back, and held on tightly around his neck, while the little creature ran nimbly up the tree. Once high enough to please froggie, the squirrel left him on a stout branch and hastened away to his family.

Then, with all the conceit in the world, froggie spread out his long legs and proceeded to fly. But alas! he had reckoned beyond his ability; instead of flying, he fell down with great force against a large stone. He attempted to hop toward home, but found that he was too sore to move. How he wished then that he had remained at home! How sorry he felt that he had despised the place toward which he now looked with longing eyes! If he could only get there once more, he would never, never leave it again.

"Hello! here's a frog, and it seems to be hurt, too."

The speaker was little Charlie Grandison, who had chanced to pass by the tree just after froggie had fallen to the ground.

Charlie was a kind boy, so he took froggie up tenderly in his hand and said: "Poor little fellow! I wish I could do something for you, but I can't, so I'll put you right over there among the other frogs; perhaps they will doctor you."

This was exactly what the little penitent wanted; and never did frog give more satisfactory croak than he did when he found himself once more among his friends and loved ones.

Thus, my young readers, are we, too, out of place in any station of life but that in which God intends us to be.—*Little Gem.*

How Tommy Tended the Baby.

Tommy Teale was just six years old. It was his birthday, but instead of having a good time, to celebrate such a grand event, he had to take care of the baby. His mother went out to do some errands and left him alone with his little sister. Tommy felt very bad about it. Little Nellie cried a good deal. Tommy did not know what to do with her. He loved her very much, but did not like to take care of her when she was cross.

As he stood at the window, Ned Brown came out to play on the sidewalk.

"Come out, Tommy!" he shouted.

"I can't," Tommy shouted back; "I've got to tend the baby."

"Shut the door tight and she can't get out," Ned said.

Tommy thought it over. He knew more about babies than Ned Brown did. Nellie might burn herself on the stove, or pull the cover off the table, or break the lamp. An idea came into Tommy's head. He ran to the closet for the tacks and hammer. He drove four tacks through her dress and fastened her down to the floor. When this was done, he ran out of doors as fast as his legs would carry him.

In about an hour Tommy's mother came home. He had not shut the door tight because he was in a hurry. Right on the top step she found the baby. But her little fat neck and arms were bare. She had no dress on. Her mother carried her into the sitting-room. There was the dress nailed to the floor. The baby had torn it all off trying to get away, and it had to go into the rag bag.

Tommy came in a few minutes after. He was very much surprised to hear what his mother told him.

"I never did see such a baby!" he said. "I thought you only wanted me to keep her out of mischief, and I guessed the nails would do it sure!"—*Our Little Ones.*

—A curious article in the *Catholic World* for December reasons from the religious antiquities in Mexico that St. Thomas, the Apostle, once preached the Gospel in that land.

—The *London Lancet* urges upon the public the importance of breathing through the nose in damp, cold or foggy weather. It is nature's respirator and protection to the delicate.

—A hint to church members—If the minister has had children, make his Christmas slippers double soled.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

TONY PASTOR IN TROUBLE.

Tony Pastor, of New York, who is now with his familiar variety combination making a tour of the Union, is recognized as the leading character vocalist and variety performer of the United States. The writer of this article met Mr. Pastor recently, and found him as genial in private as he is amusing in public. During our conversation I inquired as to his physical health, and

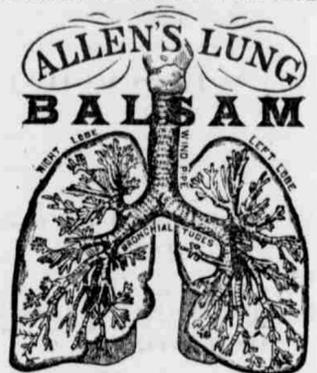
he replied that it was excellent. He had occasionally severe pains, either the result of rheumatic attacks or colds, but any complaints of that character never troubled him long, as he had had in his possession the Great German Remedy for Rheumatism, and that it was the only thing used among professional people for that distressing complaint. He took bottles of it with him whenever he went traveling, and would not be without it, and knew that it was very popular with a number of members of his own company. The foregoing, from the Brooklyn (N. Y.) *Ensign*, recalls to our mind an item wherein the editor of the *Cairo (Ill.) Evening Sun*, and the editor of the enterprise of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, and expressing his sorrow at the loss of the fire which the latter paper sustained, says: "The whole office was knocked into sea by the fire, and all except the Great German Remedy advertisement, which was mercifully preserved." The closing remarks in the above and the following incident are a true index of the unexcelled popularity of the Great German Remedy, which is everywhere: At a St. Louis theatre recently whilst the play was in progress, one of the lady performers met with a painful mishap, which quite disabled her. The hero of the piece, equal to the emergency, called out to one of the ushers to "bring a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, quickly."

The thundering applause throughout the entire house which promptly followed this happy suggestion was an undeniable proof of the fact that the audience "had been there themselves," as the expression goes, and experienced the benefits of this wonderful ar lo.

Mr. Charles A. Whitney, advertising agent of Park Garden, Providence, R. I., writes: "For three years I had inflammatory rheumatism in my right hip and knee. I employed many noted physicians, and tried numerous remedies for the ailment, but found nothing to help me until I used the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me once, I am now entirely well."

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