FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Opportunity.

How brightly on the morn it lies!—
Purple monarch in disguise—
Hail him, crown him; if you wait,
'Twill forever be too late.

Youth, by May's enchantment led,
Dreams of rosier days ahead;
But only he who fronts the hour
Carves the spiral path to power.

Maiden with the pretty face!
All the world admires your grace,
Form, and sweetness. Bright blue-eyes
Put no trust in "by-and-bys."

When the silver summons calls,
Stoutly speak—tis' fate befalls;
One moment turns each golden door,
And then it shuts forevermore!

—*Joel Benton, in Scribner.*

Spring Fashions.

The soft chip bonnet is the style *par excellence* of the season, a very different thing from the straw of former times, and it is crowned with masses of flowers, small field blossoms and garden flowers, nothing larger than the fashionable small roses or the brilliant little peerings that look like drops of red blood on the green terraced sides of the road as one travels toward Rouen, in Normandy. Smaller blossoms and more delicate ones, however, have the preference, daisies, buttercups, branches of pale heather, blue bells, the starry clematis and wood violet. The form which the floral ornaments take is that of wreaths, not full or stiff, but imperfect, and arranged with a mass on the top which fills the front of the bonnet like an Alsacian bow, and terminates at the sides in drooping sprays, which may be carried to the back or disposed in conjunction with shells of plaited Breton lace. Breton lace finely plaited and used in proportion is a charming accessory of the spring bonnets, and lends itself most happily to the soft blending of color in the silk trimming fabrics and the natural hues of flowers and foliage.

Shapes, without being very much altered, are improved. There is, perhaps, less diversity than last year, the square crown and open brim having obtained a decided ascendancy. But for this reason they seem to possess more character, and when tastefully trimmed are found to be very becoming. Everything that is stiff or starchy in fabric or design is avoided. The silks are soft and crapey, and blend the most delicate colors in little flowerets or in Chene patterns. The ribbons are striped and very rich, with solid center, in a light or mastic tint, and clustered or brocaded border. There are also moire ribbons in all the mastic shades, but the most elegant styles, and those which lend themselves to the greatest variety of ornamentation, are the narrow brocaded ribbons inwrought with gold or silver threads.

Ribbons are quite a feature of modern fashions, so largely are they used for trimming dresses, lingerie and other articles for house decoration as well as bonnets.

A great many black dresses of short walking length have been prepared for the intermediate season, and for these cashmere or fine camel's-hair is this year preferred to silk. The most fashionable are trimmed with hand embroidery, executed in small floral designs, such as forget me-nots, daisies and the like. There is nothing striking or pronounced, however, in the effect which is thus produced. The shades of blue are so blended with shades of olive, with tints of white, so lost in tones of brown, that it is difficult to tell where one ends and the other begins; besides the embroidery is not carried as a border around the overskirt or polonaise as formerly, but forms a plastron around the front of the basque, cuffs upon the sleeves, and perhaps a piece which is used as a strap in some irregular fashion upon the drapery of the skirt. A little fichu or mantalet, or a jacket, upon the pockets, collar and cuffs of which the embroidery is repeated, accompanies these dresses, which are always made with trimmed skirt and deep, close-fitting basque, and the costume is completed by a bonnet of black straw or chip with flower trimming matching the flowers in the embroidery on the dress.

Dark dresses will, however, soon be displaced by the mastic shades, which have reappeared in great variety, and the beautiful qualities of camel's-hair silk and satin; by the spring silks in Chene patterns and small broken checks, and by the summer cottons, which are now so fine in quality and so exquisite in design that silk for summer wear is not needed.

The "soft" or foulard-finished cambrics have been a feature of the summer styles for several years past; very highly appreciated by ladies of refined tastes. But these are now quite cast into the shade by the new sateens, which have not only the lovely finish of tinted satin in the ground work, but reproduce the effect of the richest fabrics in the delicate, long-stemmed floweret and leaf patterns, which seem to be thrown upon the surface. The designs are very small, and the fibrous stems, more like filaments than stalks, and the shades of color are such delicate mixtures of olive-green and china-blues, of old-fashioned pink and woody-brown, that they can be worn by persons of the most refined and delicate taste. Doubtless they can and will be vulgarized by association with solid masses of striking color, but if these pretty fabrics are used in their purity and trimmed with lace or white embroidery, and perhaps ribbon bows in two or three of the shades of the design, they will be charming—the prettiest toilets in the world for garden parties and morning wear at our fashionable watering-places.—*Jennie June, in New York Graphic.*

Caffre Dances.

The usual signs of festivity in a Caffre kraal is the slaughter of several sheep, which, when the members of the tribe and their friends are collected together, are cooked in their large iron pot, and eaten with great relish and appetite. The women sit apart from the men and elder boys, and cook separately, and all await, silent and dignified, the commencement of the first course, when for a couple of hours it is a continuous eating and cooking. Having consumed a few pounds each, a party of men advance on a small slightly-raised circle of the ground. Holding the assegai in the right hand, blanket or sheepskin carosse thrown over the left, they commence going round in a circle, chanting and marking time, the emphasis on the right foot. They strain all the muscles of the body in so doing, and contort the features of the face as they shake their assegais. At times one will leap into the center of the circle, shooting and going through warlike motions; then, retiring to his former place, the whole party resumes the monotonous circular motion. When they are tired, a fresh lot takes their places, and so on. The women have their dance apart, and the girls also, apart from the married women, at the same time.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A Curious Pet.

A little more than half way across the dreary Tartar steppes, that extend unbroken for eight hundred miles, from the Russian frontier town of Orsk to the great inland lake marked on Asiatic maps as the sea of Aral, the endless level is broken by a deep rocky gully several hundred yards in length, on the brink of which stands a long low building of sun-dried clay, surrounded by a thick wall of the same material.

The whole affair has such a primitive look that it might easily pass for a huge cattle-pen, but for the two guns which peer watchfully over its irregular sides, and the glittering bayonet of a white-frocked Cossack, who is standing sentry on an angle of the wall. This little nest is "Fort Karabutak," one of Russia's Central-Asian outposts—a spot so remote and desolate that one might well suppose its garrison to have been sent hither as a punishment for some unheard-of crime.

At this delectable place do I halt about four o'clock one glorious June morning. I hammer lustily at the door of a little mud-plastered log hut, which has nothing but the black and white stripes on its door-posts to show that it is a post-house.

My Tartar servant, meanwhile, assisted my efforts by yelling at the top of his voice, "*Ot!*" (horses).

At length, just as we are beginning to lose patience altogether—for in the Asiatic deserts every minute of the cool morning hours is worth its weight in gold—a long yawn from within, followed by a drowsy "*sei-tchass*" (directly), announces that the master of the house is beginning to bestir himself.

Just at this moment, my attention is attracted to a "swinging cradle" of genuine Eastern fashion, suspended from the projecting eaves, in which lie a brace of sturdy little children, brown as hazel-nuts, and round as plums. Both are fast asleep, in those extraordinary positions which none but children can contrive to assume. I am still admiring the picturesqueness of the group, when I suddenly perceive that I have overlooked one of its most important features.

Snugly curled up between the two sleeping children, in the warmest place of all, lies a round yellowish mass, topped with a pair of pointed ears.

At first sight, its size and color might make one take it for a large cat; but a cat it certainly is not. Nor, as I look again, does it seem like a dog.

The outstretched fore paws on which it rests, indeed, are sufficiently canine, and when I begin to caress it, it responds by licking my hand in genuine dog fashion; but that narrow head, that sharp muzzle, that slanting greenish-yellow eye, surely never belonged to any dog since the world began.

It is this peculiarity of the eyes which, recalling my winter experiences in European Russia, at length lets me into the secret. The bedfellow of the postmaster's children is a young wolf.

Just as I have made this discovery, the door of the hut opens, and out comes a big frowzy, shock-headed fellow, with a huge red beard, who laughs loudly at my look of amazement.

"Aha, *barin!*" (master) "you haven't seen many children like *that*, I fancy!"

"Where on earth did you pick it up?" ask I, looking wonderingly at the two children, who are awake at last, and beginning to pull their four-footed playmate in the most unceremonious fashion.

"Well, you see, last winter, a wolf came prowling round here, and I had to give him a taste of my hatchet. So when I'd settled him, I bethought mysel' that the she wolf might'nt be far off, and I followed the trail through the snow till it brought me to the hole, and there was the old lady, sure enough, and another tap of the axe quieted her, too.

"But when I saw this poor little brat whimpering over the body, I felt sorry for it, somehow, and I concluded not to kill it but to take it home for the children to play with, and now it gets a share of their bread and milk in the morning and of their blanket at night, just like one of themselves."

"But you surely don't mean to keep it?"

"No, I'm afraid that won't do," said the giant, with a regretful shrug of his huge shoulders. "When it gets bigger, and begins to find its teeth, then"—a significant flourish of the great brown hand completes the unfinished phrase.

When I return from Samarcand, three months later, I find the sentence already executed.—*David Ker.*

Step by Step.

No matter whether the steps be "one hundred and eighty," or less, or more, the safe rule for a boy to attain eminence in the world is always the same. Said a father to his young son, who was complaining that he had nothing to begin with, and shrinking from the "low" position of errand-boy in a store:

"Were you with me last summer, when we visited Baltimore and went up to the top of Washington's monument?"

"Yes, father; you recollect we all went up, and little Fred was so tired he could hardly gain the top."

"Do you recollect how we ascended? Were we lifted from the street by an elevator?"

"No, father. Don't you remember that a man let us in by the door, and we went up by the winding steps? We had no light only that of a smoky lantern, and it was a long time before we reached the top."

"And we got up at last," said his father, "after patiently stepping one hundred and eighty times, one after the other; and were we not repaid at the top with the magnificent view which we enjoyed?"

"It was perfectly grand!" said Thomas.

"Now, Thomas, as you ascended that monument, so you must rise in business. You are now standing on the lower steps—you are *on* the steps—and there is nothing to hinder you, if your health is good, from standing on the top."

A Suggestion for the Sick Room.

A sick room should be kept as quiet as possible, says an exchange. In cases of severe illness there is nothing more annoying to the patient than the noise made by pouring coal into a stove to replenish the fire. It is a nuisance in more ways than one; but it can be avoided. A lady requests us to mention the very simple plan of filling a paper bag or tunnel with coal, and having it in readiness to gently place upon the fire. This is a suggestion worth heeding, and should be received with thankfulness and acted upon whenever there may happen to be any person sick.

Nothing is more injurious to the floors of a building than covering them with painted floor-cloth, which entirely prevents the access of atmospheric air, whence the dampness of the boards never evaporates.

About Bats.

There are perhaps a dozen species of bats respectively designed to act their part in different parts of the world, but they are all winged quadrupeds, various in size, corresponding to the duties they have to perform and to the climates in which they are located. Of whatever species, the bat is mammiferous. It suckles its young, of which it has one or two at a birth, and its mouth is provided with teeth. It has four legs, but two of them resemble arms, and it has a tail extended from the vertebræ. Each arm consists of two long bones with an elbow-joint. At the outer extremity of the arm, as with a human hand, there are four fingers and a thumb. The fingers are long thin bones attached lengthwise to a membranous wing, which they expand like the slender whalebones of an umbrella—a most beautiful and effective arrangement. The thumb projects, and is an interesting member. It resembles a claw or hook. By means of its two hooked thumbs the creature can suspend itself from branches of trees or other projections, and is enabled to draw itself forward on the ground. The legs are short, with knee-joints, and the claws of the toes help the thumbs in the matter of suspension. Arms, legs, and tail are all united with the membrane of the wings, and materially aid in propulsion through the air. Everything in the general structure of the animal is subsidiary to the function of flying. The wings, however, are inferior to the wings of birds, such as those of the swallow. But they perfectly fulfill their purpose. Consisting of a membrane which wraps the body like a cloak, these bat wings are powerful in darting swiftly in a series of jerks and zigzags in pursuit of moths and other insects. Besides relying on its eyesight, the bat possesses the advantage of an extremely delicate susceptibility in its thin membranous wings which reveals the presence of any insect it happens to touch in its flight. Had the wings been of feathers like those of birds, this important quality of detecting insects by the slightest touch would have been lost.

Numerous fanciful notions are entertained regarding bats. They are said to be able to see in the dark, and that they are bloody and vengeful in their nature. As concerns seeing in the dark, that is quite erroneous. Their power of avoiding obstacles when flying in darkened places is not due to their eyes, but to that keen sensibility in their wings that has been just alluded to. The thin leathery wings of bats are their antennæ, or feelers. Darting about in all directions in utter darkness, they are never by any chance impeded or injured by obstacles that happen to be in their way. Experiments have been made by stretching strings across darkened places in which a number of them are confined, and no string is ever disturbed in their flight. The exquisitely-radiated system of nerves in a bat's wing offers one of the finest studies in animal physiology, or, we might say, in natural theology. Shall a creature so ingeniously formed be spoken of with sentiments of hostility or derision? On the contrary, it should excite our warmest admiration. Artists from time immemorial have been in the habit of depicting malevolent demons with wings on the pattern of those of the bat—a piece of conventionality wholly at variance with what is learned from a contemplation of the actual facts in nature. The bat is no more fiendish than the swallow or any other bird which has been appointed to rid the atmosphere of superfluous and destructive insects.

The Trade in Birds.

A busy but quiet industry in this city is that of the bird fanciers. A dealer in canary birds says that last year he imported 100,000 birds, which were readily disposed of at fair prices. They are generally brought from the Hartz mountain region of Germany. From the large dealers a fine male canary with a good voice can be bought for $3. Choice specimens with extraordinary vocal powers bring, sometimes, $10. Female birds for breeding purposes sell for $1. Unscrupulous dealers, particularly street vendors, palm off on the unwary the females for good songsters, and only after patient waiting do the owners, who have been sold as well as the birds, find it out. An amateur slight-of-hand performer gives this as his method for rendering a canary tame enough for trick-playing: "Take a young bird and put oil of bergamot on his bill. It will make him 'as drunk as a lord'; then roll him in your hands until he is familiar with your touch, and put him in his cage to come to himself. He can be handled afterward at any time without being at all frightened. Then the first thing is to teach him to climb up your fingers as a ladder, and to hop on your thumb. Soon he can be taught to do anything."

Next to the canary the mocking bird is most in demand. Those whose vocal powers are well-developed are sold for $25 and upward. The birds come from Virginia and other Southern States, and also from Mexico. The bullfinch is highly regarded when well-trained. It can be taught to whistle tunes. There is one in Chatham street which whistles "Pretty Polly Perkins." Its price is $25. One which can whistle ten tunes is valued at $40. The goldfinch, chaffinch, nightingale, lark and the linnets and thrushes are also prized as songsters. Of other birds not songsters, thirty different species, kept as pets for their beauty or acquirements, may be found in market. Of these the parrot is most in demand. A well-trained bird of either the gray African variety, or the green American, is worth $50, or even $100. The most brilliantly colored birds are the Australian paroquets and strawberry finches.—*New York Tribune.*

The American Flag.

The flag of the United States was originally adopted by act of Congress June 14, 1777. It was then composed of thirteen stripes and ornamented with thirteen stars, because there were thirteen separate States represented in the Union. In 1794 Senator Bradley, of Vermont, moved that the flag consist of fifteen stripes and fifteen stars, Kentucky and Vermont having been added to the number of States, and this was adopted. In 1818 Congress went back to the thirteen stripes, with a new star for each new State, and this is the present regulation for the regular flag. In 1799, when the revenue flag was adopted, Tennessee had been admitted, and there were then sixteen States, so the flag had sixteen stripes. This has never been changed. Thus the revenue flag has sixeeen perpendicular stripes, the union being white with the national arms in dark blue and the regular flag has thirteen horizontal stripes, the union being blue, with a white star for every State.

"Mother is all the time telling me not to bolt my food," said the small boy, "and now she has gone and bolted up the cupboard that has got all the company victuals."

That Checker-Board.

Up to three evenings ago such a thing as a checker-board was never known in Mr. Grattan's house. He and his aged partner have managed to pass the long evenings very pleasantly, and he supposed they were happy enough until a friend from the East paid them a flying visit and asserted over and over again that the game of checkers was not only all the rage there, but that it served to quicken the perceptive faculties, enlarge the mind and render the brain more active. After giving the subject due thought, Mr. Grattan walked down town and purchased a checker-board, and when evening came he surprised his good wife by bringing it in from the woodshed and saying:

"Well, Martha, we'll have a game or two before we go over to the social. I expect to beat you all to flinders, but you won't care."

"Of course not; and if I beat you, why, you won't care," she replied.

They sat down, and he claimed the first move. She at once objected; but when he began to grow red in the face she yielded, and he led off. At the fourth move she took a man, chuckling as she raked him in.

"I don't see anything to grin at," he sneered, as he moved a man backward.

"Here! you can't move that way!" she cried out.

"I can't, eh? Perhaps I never played checkers before you were born."

She saw a chance to jump two more men, and gave in the point; but as she moved he cried out:

"Put them men right back there! I've concluded not to move backward, even if Hoyle does permit it!"

She gave in again; but when he jumped a man her face grew red, and she cried out:

"I didn't mean to move there; I was thinking of the social!"

"Can't help the social, Martha—we must go by Hoyle."

In about two minutes she jumped two men, and went into the king row, shouting:

"Crown him! crown him! I've got a king!"

"One would think by your childish actions that you never played a game before!" he growled out.

"I know enough to beat you!"

"You do, eh? Some folks are awful smart."

"And some folks ain't!" she snapped, as her king captured another man.

"What in thunder are you jumping that way for?"

"A king can jump any way."

"No, he can't!"

"Yes, he can."

"Don't talk back to me, Martha Grattan! I was playing checkers when you were in your cradle!"

"I don't care! I can jump two men whichever way you move!"

He looked down on the board, saw that such was the case, and roared out: "You've moved twice to my once!"

"I haven't!"

"I'll take my oath you have! I can't play against any such blackleg practices!"

"Who's a blackleg? You not only cheated, but you tried to lie out of it!"

Board and checkers fell between them. He could get on his hat quicker than she could find her bonnet, and that was the only reason why he got out of the house first. A Woodward-avenue grocer found him sitting on a basket of cranberries at the door as he was closing up for the night, and asked him if he was waiting for his wife to come along.

"Well, not exactly; I stopped here to feel in my pocket for the key of the barn. I shall sleep on the hay to-night and see if it won't cure this cold in my head!"—*Free Press.*

A Fortune at One Swallow.

It is gravely related in a work called Lawson's "History of Banking," that the Spanish embassador to the English court, having extolled the great riches of his king, the master of the Indies, and of the grandees of Spain, before Queen Elizabeth, Sir Thomas Gresham, who was present, told him that the queen had subjects who, at one meal, expended not only as much as the daily revenues of the king, but also of all the grandees, and added, "This I will prove any day and lay a heavy wager on it." So Gresham outbragged the Spaniard in his own line. The embassador, biding his time, came unawares to the mansion of Sir Thomas in Bishopsgate, and dined with him, when, finding only an ordinary meal, he said: "Well, sir, you have lost your stake!" "Not atall," answered Sir Thomas; "and this you shall presently see." He then pulled a box from his pocket, and taking out one of the largest Eastern pearls, showed it to the embassador. After which he ground it down and drank the dust in a glass of wine, to the health of the queen, his mistress. "My lord embassador," said Sir Thomas, "you know I have often refused £15,000 for that pearl. Have I lost or won?" "I yield the wager as lost," said the embassador; "and I do not think there are four subjects in the world that would do as much for the sovereign."—*London Society.*

Not Symptoms, but the Disease.

It would seem to be a truth appreciable by all, and especially by professors of the healing art, that to remove the disease, not to alleviate its symptoms, should be the chief aim of medication. Yet in how many instances do we see this truth admitted in theory, ignored in practice. The reason that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is successful in so many cases with which remedies previously tried were inadequate to cope, is attributable to the fact that it is a medicine which reaches and removes the causes of the various maladies to which it is adapted. Indigestion, fever and ague, liver complaint, gout, rheumatism, disorders of the bowels, urinary affections and other maladies are not palliated merely, but rooted out by it. It goes to the fountain head. It is really, not nominally, a radical remedy; and it endows the system with an amount of vigor which is its best protection against disease.

Somebody's Child.

Somebody's child is dying—dying with the flush of hope on his young face and an indescribable yearning to live and take an honored place in the world beside the companions of his youth. And somebody's mother is thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can brighten it—when her heart and home will be left desolate—because there was no cure for consumption. Reader, if the child be your neighbor's, take this comforting word to the mother's heart before it is too late: Tell her that consumption is curable; that men are living to-day, aged, robust men, whom the physicians pronounced incurable at the age of twenty-five, because one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a most efficient alterative for separating the scrofulous matter from the blood and lungs, and imparting strength to the system. It has cured hundreds of consumptives.

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Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

The Grand Central Hotel, on Broadway, New York, is a big house, and it takes a great many people to fill it. In order to do the latter, and to please everybody, the hotel is now kept on both the plans; the American at to $2.50 $3.00, and the European at $1.00 and upward per day. An elegant restaurant, at moderate prices, is conducted by the hotel.

Prices are a little higher for the Mason and Hamlin Organs than those of very poor organs, but the quality is a great deal better. It is certainly good economy to obtain the best when there is no more difference in the price.

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Texas and Cherokees	07¼@	08½
Milch Cows	20 00 @	45 00
Hogs: Live	04 @	04½
Dressed	05¾@	05¾
Sheep	05⅜@	05¾
Lambs	06⅛@	06½
Cotton: Middling	09¾@	09¾
Flour: Western: Good to Choice	4 00 @	6 75
State. Fair to Choice	3 95 @	5 50
Wheat: No. 1 Red	1 11 @	1 11¾
White State	1 14 @	1 16
Rye: State	58½@	61½
Barley: State	76 @	80
Barley Malt	1 25 @	1 30
Oats: Mixed Western	33½@	33½
Corn: Mixed Western Ungraded	45½@	46
Hay, per cwt	35 @	40
Straw, per cwt	45 @	55
Hops.....76's—08 @15 .....75's	07 @	15
Pork: Family Mess	9 62½@	9 87½
Lard: City Steam	.06,50@	.06,50
Fish: Mackerel, No. 1, new	18 00 @	20 00
" No. 2, new	7 00 @	7 50
Dry Cod, per cwt	3 75 @	4 50
Herring, Scaled, per box	17 @	18
Petroleum: Crude.....08½@08¾ Refined		09
Wool California Fleece	20 @	22½
Texas Fleece	20 @	23
Australian Fleece	38 @	42
State XX	32 @	34
Butter State Creamery,	16 @	25
Dairy	19 @	24
Western Creamery	17 @	23
Factory	07 @	16
Cheese: State Factory	05 @	09½
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Flour	4 75 @	4 85
Wheat No. 1 Milwaukee	1 14 @	1 14
Corn Mixed	39½@	39½
Oats	27 @	27
Rye	50 @	50
Barley	70 @	75
Barley Malt	1 10 @	1 20

PHILADELPHIA

Flour Pennsylvania Extra	5 00 @	5 00
Wheat Red Western	1 14 @	1 14
Rye	53 @	54
Corn Yellow	44 @	44½
Sail Mixed	44 @	44½
Oats Mixed	24 @	24
Petroleum Crude.....08 @08¼	Refined,	09¼
Wool Colorado	17 @	20
Texas	17 @	20

BOSTON.

Beef Cattle	04 @	04½
Sheep	03 @	04½
Hogs	08½@	08¾
Flour Wisconsin and Minnesota	6 50 @	8 00
Corn Mixed	50 @	53
Oats "	31 @	32
Wool Ohio and Pennsylvania XX	34 @	38
California Spring	17 @	21

BRIGHTON, MASS.

Beef cattle	04½@	04¾
Sheep	04½@	04¾
Lambs	04 @	05
Hogs	04½@	04¾

WATERTOWN, MASS.

Beef Cattle—Poor to Choice	03½@	06¾
Sheep	04 @	04¾
	04¼@	04¼

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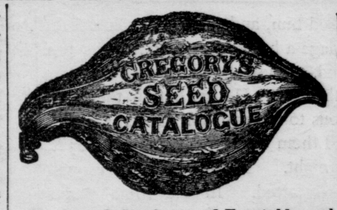

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