

WHO SETS THE FASHION.

Who sets the fashions, I'd like to know,
For the little people beneath the snow?
And are they working a weary while,
To dress themselves in the latest style?

There's Mrs. Primrose, who used to be
The very picture of modesty.
Plain were her dresses, but now she goes
With crimps and fringes and furbelows.

And even Miss Buttercup puts on airs
Because the color in vogue she wears;
And as for Dandelion, dear me!
A vain creature you ne'er will see.

When Mrs. Poppy—that dreadful flirt—
Was younger, she wore but one plain skirt;
But now I notice, with great surprise,
She's several patterns of largest size.

The Fuchsias sisters—those lovely belles—
Improve their styles as the mode compels;
And though everybody is loud in their praise,
They ne'er depart from their modest ways.

And the Pansy family must have found
Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe underground,
For in velvets and satins of every shade
Throughout the season they're all arrayed.

Pinks and daisies and all the flowers
Change their fashions as we change ours;
And those who knew them in olden days
Are mystified by their modern ways.

Who sets the fashions, I'd like to know,
For the little people beneath the snow?
And are they busy a weary while
Dressing themselves in the latest style?

—Josephine Pollard.

CHERFUL ECONOMICS.

Was Tom Dorchester ever known to do anything with calculation? When his letter came home announcing his hasty marriage, and stating that he should bring his bride to show them "by the last of this week," they laughed and cried together, just as they had always laughed and cried over rash, generous, noble Tom.

They had scarcely possessed themselves of the fact of the letter when Hope came across the garden path, humming a little tune, let herself in at the porch door and stood before them, her white hood on and her crochet work in one hand.

"Why, what's the meaning of all these wet smiles?" she asked in surprise, as their damp eyes looked up at her and waved a welcome.

They gave her Tom's letter. Nobody's voice was steady enough to read it aloud.

"Just like Tom!" she laughed as she folded it.

"But what can we do in this short time?" burst out Charity, unburdening her perplexities. "Our guest-room is perfectly disreputable. We were intending, you know, Hope, to paper and reit it when mother's illness—"

"Yes, I know," Hope rejoined gently, with a glance at the invalid in her easy chair.

"And what sort of impression will it make on a city girl and a stranger during her bridal trip?" continued Charity in a tragic tone.

"Oh! don't despair so soon," remonstrated Hope with a mysterious air.

"We know your arts at decoration, dear child, said Faith, "and with flowers and vines you could make the room a bower, no doubt; but it is too late in the season for them, and even the autumn leaves are gone."

Hope still looked knowing.

"At any rate, let us go up-stairs and survey it all over," she persisted, leading the way.

It was a long, low chamber across the whole front of the house, and had a pleasant outlook from sunny windows. In some places the wall paper was stained and defaced undeniably; the shades were faded; there was none but the indispensable furniture; it looked like a room shut up and forgotten.

"I see very small encouragement there," said Charity, with a shiver.

"And you know, Hope," added Faith, "that mother's long sickness has drained our purse so low we cannot possibly afford the outlay of new furnishings, even if there is time."

"For all that," declared Hope stoutly, merely giving me the authority to do just what I like in this room and to command your help where I

need it, and I promise you sha'n't be ashamed of the place when your dainty bride comes into it."

Hope cajoled them all; they promised. How busy they all were after that through the short, dark days, the last of the year! Already the room was clean as it could be. The carpet, Hope decided, would do, because there were some bright rugs in other parts of the house which would conceal it a good deal. She borrowed a little stove that had an open grate. "Because," she said, "nothing has in it such expressiveness of welcome as a blaze." She took down the shades, extemporized curtains of the Turkey red left over from the last tableaux in which she had figured, and arranged over them lambrequins of the gray Clematis down which she had gathered and hung in the attic since early fall. It only needed looping to form the right outline, tying together, and filling in dexterously.

The stained top of the dark old-fashioned bureau was covered with red Canton flannel, and the fringe which finished it put on with brass-headed nails, had been the result of a rummage through a friend's bag of odds and ends. The stiff chairs covered with black haircloth were whiked out of sight. Great-grandmother's straight-backed rocking chair and a couch outlawed this dozen years came down from the attic. The rocking chair had a new red cushion and curtain bows of red ribbon; the couch was decked out in a lavish display of gay, though cheap chintz, and stuffed and pillowed till it made you sleepy to look at it. A low sewing-chair, whose cane seat had broken away so that it was discarded as useless, next engaged Hope's energies. Daintily inserting a piece of cane from another broken seat, she threaded both seat and back in and out with red alpaca braid. The ends were fastened securely underneath, and the intersecting braids formed a sort of diamond-shape block. "Now for a dressing-table!" said Hope. The village carpenter made, at her order, a large, rounded pine shelf, fastened in place on the wall at the height a dressing-table should be by a strong, rude bracket of the same wood. Hope covered the shelf with common blue cambric, a curtain of the same falling from the edge; then she covered this in turn with coarse white muslin, puffed and frilled according to her fancy.

In one corner she arranged a rustic bracket. The carpenter fitted the three-cornered shelf to its place, and upon that she glued sheets of green-gray lichen. She cut from stout brown paper the shape of the bracket lambrequin she wished, then, using the same glue, covered it also with lichens, and when thoroughly dry, tacked it in place along the edge of her bracket-shelf. A great vase of red alderberries stood on this gray bracket, like fire on an altar, and for the three-legged, old-fashioned light-stand she made a basket of wood moss. For this she first bent pliable wire into the shape desired, then wound her mosses on, tying them with thread, and selecting those which grow in thin masses, easily scaled off from the bark they have chosen.

"But what about the stains on the wall?" asked Faith meekly, subdued with admiration of Hope's exploits. "You shall see," said Hope, as, filling her moss basket with Mitchella vines and winter ferns, she set it in place and brought in a bunch of laurel. With swift fingers she shaped from stiff brown paper the letters of a motto, "Room in Heart and Home," and Faith and Charity helped her cover these letters with small laurel leaves, sewed on with black thread. How cheerful this motto looked when tacked up, and how well it disguised the stained chimney piece! A bough of hither-sweet, skillfully disposed, covered another defect, and pressed leaves, mixed with the Maiden hair ferns gathered last June, were quite sufficient for all the stains that remained, as they wandered, with a graceful lack of apparent design, about the discolored wall paper.

On the chimney-piece was a rather unhappy-looking shelf, but its failings were smothered with chintz as the faults of the couch had been, and brass candlesticks, with tall tapers ready

to light were ranged there. Hope insisted on presenting one or two simple water-color pictures done by herself—a scarlet vine on an old wall and a stalk of chandelier lilies.

When the shy, pretty little bride was ushered into this room, and looked from the dancing light of the fire to the deep green letters of welcome, from the softly-burning tapers to the quaint pieces of old china which Hope had found stored away and insisted on putting into use or on arranging for ornament, she cried: "O, Tom! I never saw anything so pretty as this, and I never was made so welcome in all my life!"

THE WILLOW AS A PREVENTIVE OF MALA-

RIA.—Mr. Von Lennep, the Swedish Consul, writes from "Mahazik, near Smyrna," to the *London Times*, as follows: "Before the eucalyptus was ever heard of in Asia Minor, I had seen the bark of the willow used as a febrifuge. I had remarked the easy and inexpensive reproduction of this tree, its quick growth in damp places, its excellent qualities for fuel and for agricultural implements, and its great advantages for strengthening the banks of capricious streams, and had thence taken every opportunity after the winter floods to stick willow cuttings along the banks of streams and in other damp places in my property; also to scatter plane-tree seeds in marshy spots. The result has been that, whereas 20 years ago the full-grown trees in this neighborhood might have been counted, a luxurious growth of willows and plane-trees marks my place, fuel is abundant, fever is steadily decreasing, the meandering propensities of the streams are checked, my neighbors have to come to me for agricultural implements, and I have not had to go for timber for rough purposes." It may be interesting to observe in this connection that the comparatively new but well-known antiseptic preparation known as salicine is derived from the bark of a certain species of the willow. It is of a pure, bitter taste and highly febrifuge in quality. It is largely used in various solutions, in surgical operations, and is the most effectual preventive of putrefaction in the system known.

CURE FOR COLD-Feet SLEEPLESSNESS.—The *British Medical Journal* says this is the plan to adopt with cold feet: They should be dipped in cold water for a brief period; often just immerse them, and no more, is sufficient; and then they should be rubbed with a pair of flesh-gloves, or a rough Turkish towel, till they glow, immediately before getting into bed. After this a hot-water bottle will be successful enough in maintaining the temperature of the feet, though without this preliminary it is impotent to do so. Disagreeable as the plan at first sight may appear, it is efficient; and those who have once fairly tried it continue it, and find that they have put an end to their bad nights and cold feet. Pills, potions, lozenges, "night-caps," all narcotics, fail to enable the sufferer to sleep successfully. Get rid of cold feet, and then sleep will come of itself.

A HUDSON citizen said to the young man who visited his daughter that he couldn't afford to have so much wood burned in the parlor stove evenings; the young man must come less or quit earlier, or furnish his own wood. Next day two cords of nice hard wood were purchased by the young man and piled in the citizen's yard, with a big sign over the pile reading, "for use nights only." That young man means business.

SHE was a Boston girl. She was visiting her Whitehall country cousins. While walking out, several butterflies passed her. "Oh, dear me, what charming little birds. They are perfectly exquisite." "They are not birds, my dear," replied her country cousin, "they are butterflies." "Oh, you don't say so. Then these are the dear little creatures that fly from flower to flower and gather the sweet yellow butter that we use? They are too lovely for anything."