FOR LITTLE MAIDS.

THIS WINTER'S FROCKS ARE OF THE SIMPLEST MAKE.

Jackets and Skirt Suits for School—New and Party Gowns—Novelties in Lingerie—New Fashion of Wearing Garters—Simple Way to Make Underwear Decollete.

So much attention is being paid now to children's clothes that the dressmakers find it quite profitable to devote a great part of their time to planning out costumes for young girls. The day is past when it was considered necessary for a girl simply to have any sort of gown for any sort of occasion, and made-over clothes were given to girls of fifteen and sixteen without the slightest regard as to whether the material, coloring or style were suitable. The freshness of youth generally can stand a good deal in the way of unbecoming clothes, but the improvement in the appearance of the young girls of to-day is so great that it is devoutly to be hoped the old ideas never will prevail again. Simplicity is the keynote for the frocks of all children,

from babyhood until they put on their coming-out frocks. It is not at all requisite, that expensive materials should be used, but it is necessary that the clothes should be cut with reference to the figure of the child. Some color that is becoming should be selected also. Small children wear white, but as soon as a child goes to kindergarten—and it is the fad now to have them go young—she wears light woolen frocks, with the old-fashioned white apron over them. These little woolen frocks are worn with a guimpe or have a yoke that is smocked. There is never a waistband, the idea being to leave everything around the waist as free as possible. (This, however, does not apply to the flannel bandage worn to prevent colds and to insure a good figure as the child grows older.) The little frocks are finished with a hem and two or three tucks. The sleeves are small, somewhat in bishop shape, with two or three rows of smocking around the wrist. The colors should be pale blue, pale pink or red, the latter the least preferable. Soft cashmere or French flannel are the best materials.

For Afternoon and Party Wear.

For afternoon and party wear frocks of fine lawn and cambrics trimmed with lace or hand embroidery are still fashionable. They should be made either with guimpes or with guimpe effect, and as much lace as is desired. Girls of ten and older are wearing this winter dotted Swiss muslins a great deal. Small children have their frocks gathered on to the band, but the front breadth and side seams must be gored, or the skirt does not hang well. After a girl is eight years old she should wear a gored skirt, unless she be abnormally slight. This rule applies to all materials. The hardest age to dress a girl becomingly is between ten and eighteen, for girls are either tall and lanky or short and fat, and it requires a great deal of care to have clothes that look well made for them. Fortunately, all the large department shops now turn out capital walking suits in skirts and coats that in some instances are cheap, extremely well made and in the latest fashion. This autumn and winter the prettiest have been in the double-faced materials, made with gored skirts, finished with several rows of machine stitching, and tight-fitting, double-breasted reefer jackets. The double-faced cloths are warm and clinging, and when worn with furs are quite heavy enough to do duty all winter. The prettiest are in gray and brown—the blues are not good, but there are some heavy chevlet gowns in that color that are attractive. They are made in this same style—a little more elaborately because they are trimmed with braid. These suits are particularly good for wear with the flannel shirt waist, which is the best thing that a girl can have for school.

Afternoon and Church Wear.

A charming frock that is suitable for afternoon or church wear is made of a light tan cloth, the skirt gored, with a box plait in the back, and trimmed with two rows of dark brown velvet ribbon. The waist is slightly bloused in front, and has a vest of white lace. The material of the waist is cut away to show in front a heart-shaped piece slashed at either side. This is trimmed with two rows of the velvet ribbon, and the velvet ribbon goes down at either side of the waist besides. Narrow straps of the ribbon, with cut steel buttons, fasten the heart-shaped piece to the sides. The sleeves are close-fitting and have a flaring cuff trimmed with the velvet. Another pretty gown for similar wear is in light pastel blue or in white cashmere. It is made with a gored skirt, trimmed with seven rows of soutache braid. The waist is a little full on the shoulders, and opens in V-shape to show a white lace yoke and stock collar. The sides are crossed one over the other in surplice effect, the side that fastens being finished with three satin rosettes and gilt buttons.

The Material

Bengaline or poplin—in effect they resemble each other closely—are greatly in favor for dancing school frocks. These gowns are made up with plain skirts or with overskirts whose only trimming is a narrow ruching of chiffon or ribbon outlining the points. The waist has a yoke and sleeves of lace over white satin. It is arranged to fall in a double box plait just below the waist line, but is almost covered by a pointed lace collar, finished with a little narrow ruching of chiffon that is draped on like a bertha below the yoke. A white chiffon sash, with the ends trimmed with chiffon ruchings, is tied at the left side and makes the skirt look much softer. Pale gray, pale pink, or a light shade of blue are all considered good colors; and there is one shade of heliotrope—the pinkish heliotrope—that may be included, although it is a color that is thought to be much more appropriate for women. When used for young girls light gray looks much better if unrelieved by any color save white.

Simplicity Rules.

Simplicity still rules in party frocks for young girls, and pure white is thought to be the best color. One attractive model is made of point d'esprit, the skirt gored, with a seam down the front breadth and the material laid in small tucks so arranged that they meet in points at the back and the front. There are two bias flounces edged with white satin ribbon, the waist, is made with tucked yoke and sleeves, the tucks there also forming points, and the body of the waist is full and trimmed with a bertha of the net edged with satin ribbon. A sash of white satin ribbon or of the net trimmed with satin ribbon is also included. With this frock it is necessary to have two underskirts or petticoats—one made of the same net as the frock, trimmed with a narrow ruffle edged with lace, and the under one of tarleton or lawn, also trimmed with a ruffle edged with lace. Both petticoats, as well as the skirt of the frock, require to be well fitted and hung so that they will flare around the foot and yet will have not an inch of unnecessary fullness across the front or over the hips.

The Garter Question.

Elastics worn at the side and fastened to the stays have received the modified approval of the health reformers, and that has damaged their standing with women who conclude that what is good for their health is bad for their looks. However, the cry for stocking holders which are pretty and in some way superior to the round ones was vigorous enough to call forth a response. Out of Paris came the novelty, "side" garters worn from the front of the stays. And they were an improvement on the old side sort in that they kept the stockings up more neatly and the corsets down securely. The new up-and-down garters made instant success, too, because they were done from pretty materials and fixed up with bows and buckles quite as much as the circular kind. Reaction came from the garter fastened at the corset front, however, when it was found that the price of the added tautness of the stocking and freed circulation was too great tension on the stay. A woman could tire herself as readily with her new, tightly fastened garters always tugging at her corset as in violent physical over-

exercise of any sort. The right kind of stocking support had not been found. Then somebody had a bright idea. The tension could be distributed! Simply by the use of two pairs of up-and-down garters—one pair worn in front and the other at the sides! It was tried, and found so successful that the fashion is spreading nearly as quickly as women hear of it. By wearing two pairs of garters simultaneously one may keep up her stockings, down her stays, with as little inconvenience as probably is possible with anything approaching the present style of dress. Some women buy the ordinary "side" elastics, prettily made up in their favorite lingerie color, and distribute them along the front and sides of their stays without taking trouble to fashion new supporters to carry out the late fashion. This method gives four fastenings directly with each stocking. Other women prefer to have four single lengths of elastic from corset to stockings, omitting the forked ends which provide for twice as many closings as can be had from single supports. But whether the garters are "forked" or not just above the knee they may be made from as luxurious materials as one prefers, and trimmed, if desired, to outdo anything else yet seen in the way of garters.

THE SOLDIER GUARD

Ten little tin soldiers lay all in a row
Stretched out on the nursery floor
Just where they could see with their sharp little eyes
Through the crack that was under the door.

Their captain had left them all there for the night,
And said, as he crept into bed,
"If any one tries to come into the room,
You must fire and shoot him stone dead."

The hours went by, and the ten little guns
Were aimed at the crack near the floor.
When all of a sudden the crack stretched and grew,
And somebody opened the door.

Bang! Bang! went the guns, the soldiers all fired,
But nobody seemed to be dead.
Instead they all heard a soft kiss in the dark,
"Good-night, dear!" a loving voice said.

Then all the ten soldiers shook badly with fright,
And whispered low one to another:
"How lucky it was that our guns were so small!
What if we had killed Tommy's mother?"

—Youth's Companion.

The Kid's New Year.

Just as the sun was peeping up over the horizon one bright December morning, for it is warm enough in the sunny Southland for shows to drag their weary round through the winter months, a long caravan of queer shaped and gaudily painted wagons came to a halt at Farmer Ramsen's ten-acre pasture lot. There was a great shouting and calling of men, mingled with the neighing of horses and the terrifying roars of strange animals.

Three hours later, as the children of Walpole county were straggling to the little country schoolhouse, they caught a glimpse of a great stretch of canvas being hoisted into the air, and many a scholar got a thrashing that day for being late, for the circus had come to town.

In the centre of the canvas tent the earth had been thrown up, forming a crude ring, and as the last spadeful had been tossed in place the circus manager called his troop together for a rehearsal, that they might be in trim for the afternoon's performance. He was a tall, muscular man, with a fierce mustache and fiercer eyes. One by one the acrobats and the clowns and the lady who was fired from the cannon went through their acts in a tired, listless sort of way. It was very different from the dashing manner in which they went through the same performance when an audience was present. They were in their everyday clothes now and were a tired, bedraggled lot.

"Where's 'The Kid?' suddenly bawled the ringmaster.

"Here I am, sir," said a shrill little voice, and a weazened boy who looked no more than seven, though he was in reality twelve, came bounding into the ring dressed in his spangled suit of tights.

On the billboards he was announced in big, black staring letters as "The Child Phenomenon, Master Henri Bassino, in his thrilling equestrian act; absolutely the only child bareback performer in the world." In fact, he was featured as the star performer of the show. To note, however, the way he was treated by the ringmaster, one would have imagined that he was of no account in the world.

A handsome horse with a beautifully arched neck stood in the ring impatiently pawing.

"Now, up with you!" shouted the ringmaster. "And if you make a slip to-day, as you did yesterday, I will

"The Cruel Lash Curled Itself About 'The Kid's' Thin Legs."

give you a taste of this," and he snapped the whip threateningly. The boy did as he was bid, trembling from head to foot, partly with fright and partly with the sharp cold of the early December morning.

Crack went the whip and off went the horse in a brisk canter. By a wild gyration of his arms the boy had kept his balance. Around and around they went, the boy poking out one foot and then the other with the grace and agility of a ballet master dancing upon a level floor. Then a rope was held across the ring, and as the horse passed under the boy jumped over. Then several ropes were held in position. "The Kid," as he was called by every one connected with the circus, leaped over one and then the other, now with his right foot, now with his left, and all the time maintaining his balance on the cantering horse.

Evidently the speed was not sufficient to please the ringmaster or else something had happened that morning to upset his temper. At all events he struck at the horse with his whip and the beast with a sudden start sprang forward. It was too much for the little rider and he fell off backward on the none too soft turf. He was up in a jiffy, and then with a little limp which showed that the fall had not been without injury to him he went after the horse and in a moment was on him.

"Do that again," called the ringmaster savagely, "and you'll catch it worse than you caught it last time."

Despite the exercise, the boy was still shivering from the cold and the nervous excitement; moreover, his breakfast had been scanty enough. When the large paper covered hoop was held up he essayed to go through; the next instant he and the hoop had fallen together just outside of the ring. In an instant the ringmaster was at his side. Out shot the whip, and again and again the cruel lash curled itself around "The Kid's" thin little legs. Shriek after shriek went up for mercy, but not until a couple of the men had run up and expostulated with the ringmaster did he cease belaboring the boy.

"Hold on, Gov'nor," said one man, laying a hand on his shoulder. "It don't do 'The Kid' any good, and it will get him in such a state he won't be able to stand on a horse to-nights. You're only biting your own nose off. 'The Kid' is doing the best he can, only he is tired out. Can't you see?"

"Mind your own business," snarled the ringmaster, "or I'll give you a taste of the whip."

"Oh, no, you won't," responded the other man cheerily squaring his shoulders and looking the bully straight in the eye. "You know better than that. Now, just calm down a bit and let's go and get a bite of lunch. I'm half starving."

Under the cover of this dialogue "The Kid" crept away and out of sight of his cruel tormentor. By and by, as he lay in a heap in the dressing room, a fat hand was placed on his shoulder and a motherly voice said, "Never mind, dearie; take this." "The Kid" looked up through his tears and beheld the fat lady with a kindly smile on her face and holding a cup of smoking coffee. The fat lady was a good soul, and when she was not dozing or reading yellow covered novels, which was her usual occupation outside of professional hours, she often did much to comfort the little boy. Many a time she had stood between him and the ringmaster's fury.

There was to be but one performance that day, and in the afternoon. Some of the country folks had to travel so far to attend the circus that even as it was, it would be well after nightfall before many of them got to their homes. Then, too, it was the day before New Years, and there was much still to be done in preparing for the morrow's festivities.

"How would you like to go to the circus, mother," remarked old Deacon Treadwell, to his good wife, as he sat down to the noonday meal. The deacon was not only a pillar of the church but was the county sheriff as well, and a man of prominence in Walpole county.

"Why, I think it would be just fine," returned Mrs. Treadwell, enthusiastically. "We haint been to the circus for some years. Let's see—no—we hain't been since Will died, and that's nigh onto fifteen years."

"Now You Git," said the Deacon.

"Why, that's so, mother," replied the deacon as he swallowed his last mouthful of apple dumpling. "I reckon we'd a gone a sight oftener if he was alive. He was just crazy about the circus."

"Not more than you was," retorted his wife as she rose to clear the table. "How you used to laugh over the clowns! It was something ridic'lous."

"You're right, ma'am. I reckon I was just about as fond of the circus as any of the boys, and if you get on your bonnet I will have the team by the door in less than fifteen minutes."

About an hour later Treadwell's conveyance was jogging along the dusty road, forming one in a long procession of country wagons, all bound for the circus tent.

It was a merry, jostling, good natured crowd that filled the rude benches within to their full capacity. It was the most elaborate circus troupe that had ever come to town, and Walpole county turned out in force to do it honor. One by one the performers went through their acts, and in response to the tumultuous applause they put a little more ginger into their performance than usual. Certain it was that things went off smoothly and with a spirit that made the ringmaster chuckle to himself and rub his hands with glee.

"Just wait till 'the kid' comes on for his turn," he remarked to a couple of his men. "That will fetch them, you bet."

There was a blare of trumpets, then a wild round of applause, as the ringmaster, with a whip in one hand and a tiny little chap in the other, came forward and bowed to the audience. With a little hop and skip, after the fashion of the circus, "the kid" came forward and threw kisses right and left, and there was a general murmur of "The little dear!" from all the women in the audience. The pallor and drawn lines of the boy's face were for the time covered up by the rogue and paint. When he bowed, with a smile which was equally as artificial, no one knew what pain the poor fellow was suffering. His fall of the morning had lamed him a bit, and every step caused him pain.

By this time a horse had been led into the ring, and the ringmaster picked up "the kid" and tossed him on the steed's back. The band struck up, and around and around went the horse and his rider. All went well until it came to where "the kid" had to jump through the hoop. Made nervous by the threats of the ringmaster should he fail to perform the act successfully, the poor fellow lost his balance and repeated the fiasco of the morning. There were shouts from the men and shrieks from the women, afraid that the boy had hurt himself, but the ringmaster, furious beyond control, and oblivious of the presence of the audience, sprang upon the boy and used the whip unmercifully. There was an ominous hush all over the tent for an instant, and then a mighty roar of approval as old Deacon Treadwell, still an active man for his years, jumped from his seat, and, coming upon the ringmaster, laid him low with one blow of his strong right arm.

"Take that, you big ruffian!" he shouted, towering over the man as sheepishly he rose to his feet.

In the meantime "the kid" had vanished. The boy knew well enough that he would not only have to suffer for his own failure, but also for the indignity that had been put upon the ringmaster. He was literally afraid for his life. He went to the dressing room, hurriedly changed his spangled suit for his street clothes, and then quickly he passed out through the tent and in and out through the rows of tethered horses. Then he stopped still in a panic as he heard the angry shouts of the ringmaster and the answering calls of several men. He thought his absence had been discovered and that they would hunt him out. Rendered desperate, he looked about for the nearest hiding place, and this he found in the rear of a buggy. Within a minute his thin little body was stowed away underneath a blanket and the horses' feed bags.

The circus was now over, and the people came throwing out, still discussing in angry tones the conduct of the ringmaster. And then "the kid," not daring to reveal himself, felt the wagon jolt and away as two people clambered in and drove off down the road.

"I suppose it is a wicked thing to strike a man down," a motherly voice remarked, "but I don't believe I was ever so earnestly glad to see anything in my life as I was when you knocked out that big bully, and I guess that licking the poor boy got was only a taste of what he gets every day."

"Like enough," responded the Deacon, for it was he. "I only wish there was some way of getting that boy out of his clutches. It seems a shame that the poor little chap should have to live such a dog's life."

When they reached the house the Deacon helped out his wife and then started for the barn.

"Oh, Lemuel!" called his wife, "I left a parcel of tea in the back o' the wagon. Fetch it in when you come."

"All right, mother," rejoined the Deacon.

Ten minutes later when Mrs Tredwell heard her husband's step on the porch she asked, "Got the tea?"

"Yes, mother," said a husky voice, and 'somethin,' else I found in the wagon."

"Well, gracious me, if it ain't the little circus chap!" exclaimed the good woman.

"Yes," answered the Deacon, "but don't yell so loud, the poor boy's fast asleep—tired out, I reckon."

Half an hour later there was a heavy tread heard without and a savage voice called out, "Seen anything of a runaway boy?"

At that the "kid" woke with a start. "Save me!" he cried, piteously. "He—he'll kill me."

The Deacon sprang to the boy's side. "Don't you fear, youngster," he said soothingly, "I'll protect you, you kin bet on that." Then he opened the front door. The ringmaster stepped in. He paused and scowled as he recognized the man who had knocked him down.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he muttered.

"Yes, it's me!" responded the Deacon cheerily. "Am' I reckon you're come after this 'are boy, ain't you?" and he pointed to the "kid" who just then showed himself.

The ringmaster's eyes gleamed unpleasantly. He turned to the door and opened it again. "Come in, fellers!" he bawled, and at that two stalwart attendants shouldered into the room.

"Now!" sneered the ringmaster, "I guess you'll have to give up the 'kid' whether you want to or not. It's three to one!"

Then the Deacon straightened up and took two steps forward; the ringmaster took two steps backward.

"P'haps you fellers don't know it, but I'm the Sheriff of Walpole county, and if you don't clear out o' here right now I'll hev yer thrie handcuffed afore yer know where yer be!" Then the Sheriff put his hand to his hip pocket. "I've got one, and it's loaded!" he added, significantly.

"Now, listen to me, Mr. Ringmaster," he went on. "I'm going to git out a warrant for your arrest on a charge of cruelty, and the first time you go pokin' yer evil face hereabouts lookin' for thet boy I'll serve it and land you in jail. Now git, the lot of you!"

And they got.

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There were three instead of two who sat down to the New Year's dinner in the Tredwell house the next day, and such heaps of turkey and cranberry and mince pie as were set before the "kid!" For once in his life he had as much as he could eat. That night, as the "kid" lay peacefully sleeping in the Tredwell's spare bedroom, two old and bent forms stood at the bedside.

"Pears like I never realized till now how lonely we've been since Will died," murmured a gentle voice. "Let's keep the boy—for Will's sake."

"Keep him? O' course we'll keep him," replied the Deacon, cheerily.

The Invisible Flight.

Take a piece of paper four inches by five inches, place a penny on it, and fold the top of the paper over the coin to within one inch of the bottom. Then fold the right-hand side of the paper under the coin, treating the left-hand side in the same way. You must now fold the bottom one inch of the paper under the coin, and you will apparently have wrapped it securely in the paper, but really it is in a kind of pocket, and will readily slip into either hand at pleasure. Allow every one to feel the coin through the paper, then take it from the left hand to the right, letting the coin slip out into the left hand. You now set fire to the paper, and the coin has disappeared.

"Father," said the boy, with big, serious eyes, "I want to ask you some thing." "What is it, my son?" asked the old gentleman, closing his book and looking wise. "If a monkey wore shoes on his hind feet would they be mittens?"—Washington Star.

CARE OF THE HANDS.

Told by One Who Has Had Some Experience in This Matter.

"I have never," said a great beauty whose hands have long been the admiration and envy of her friends, "been to a manicure in my life and yet, as a Frenchwoman once said to me, with sublime self-satisfaction, 'Tout le monde regarde mes mains.' I have never seen a professional at work, and yet I have given lessons to a person who cared for the hands of the Duchess of Devonshire and many others of the English aristocracy. For my own use my stock in trade consists of two buffers—an unnecessary extravagance, I allow myself—a celluloid nail cleaner, carefully selected as regards cleansing capabilities, one pair of bowed scissors for cutting the nails, a box of emery boards, a box of rouge, a line and a box of nail enamel. That is sufficient for the best results, and is certainly simple.

"Never dry your hands after washing them in hot water without first cooling them off under the cold water faucet. There is a theory that this whitens them; it certainly hardens them and poors. If addicted to chapped hands bathe them at night in tepid water, then rub in a mixture of glycerine and water. Avoid the many concoctions for beautifying the hands. Do not oil your hands and then put on gloves for the night; it only increases the tendency to perspire.

"Never use a steel file on the nails. It thickens them and makes them coarse. Soak the tips of your fingers in hot water till the nails are soft, this prevents breaking. With a bowed scissors cut carefully into the shape of an almond—do not round them; then, with the fine side of the emery board, file all any rough edges. With a celluloid or ivory nail cleaner remove any discoloration, and then spread thoroughly over the nails well down into the cuticle a little of the rouge. Then [illegible] powder and polish [illegible] cloth, but carefully [illegible] quick with the nail [illegible] should be done every [illegible] the bath. With warm water and brush remove the rouge powder and then give a final polish.

"If there are hangnails or [illegible] to tear them off, not roughly though the finger may be [illegible] day or two, it is preferable to [illegible] which only increases the pain. I always prepare a new buffer for polishing, by spreading a thin coat of rouge line on its surface, then a coat of powder, and rubbing both into the pet buffer has been my companion for ten years, and it still has worn out twice.

"To rejuvenate an old buffer [illegible] a piece of chamois [illegible] avoid the thin spots, [illegible] and stretch over the [illegible] tightly, then tie it [illegible] cord and its ready. This [illegible] poudrous pads will [illegible] as good as new.

"No one should [illegible] it matters not how [illegible] as they may [illegible] groomed [illegible]

Baby's Bath.

Don't bend baby's [illegible] sake's bad [illegible] dured are [illegible] these should be laundered [illegible] Children hold their [illegible] when sleeping, and curtains [illegible] free circulation, while they [illegible] dust.

Don't place the baby's crib [illegible] sition where the light will [illegible] his eyes, nor in a draught.

Don't make up the baby's [illegible] floor. The air near the floor [illegible] draughty.

Don't load a child with [illegible] ing. His garments should [illegible] but light.

Don't neglect to fill the [illegible] every day, and [illegible] hours sitting in the open air [illegible] a whole morning [illegible]

Don't allow a child [illegible] an elder person, even [illegible] its rest will be less [illegible] beneficial sleep.

Fresh Cream on the Table.

A centre-piece of flowers [illegible] valuable addition to the [illegible] in the winter, when flowers [illegible] be had for a song, you can [illegible] in saucers. Lay a piece of [illegible] in a saucer, [illegible] them sprinkle water [illegible] damp but not too [illegible] the light. In a [illegible] green shoots will [illegible] wheat care and [illegible] radiom for the table.

A Wrinkle.

Take one ounce [illegible] powder. Florentine [illegible] rose leaves, [illegible] dag root [illegible] dry flowers [illegible] half a drachm [illegible] together well and [illegible] through a fine [illegible]

The mixture [illegible] half to be [illegible] will [illegible]