VICTORIAN ANTHOLOGY.

England! since Shakespeare died no loftier day
For thee than lights herewith a century's goal,—
Nor statelier exit of heroic soul
Conjoined with soul heroic—nor a lay
Excelling their who made renowned thy sway
Even as they heard the billows which outroll
Thine ancient sea, and left their joy and dole
In song, and on the strand their mantles gray,
Star-rayed with fame thine Abbey windows loom
Above his dust whom the Venetian barge
Bore to the main; who passed the two-fold marge
To slumber in thy keeping: yet make room
For the great Laurifer, whose chanting large
And sweet shall last until our trongue's far doom.
—Edmund Clarence Stedman in Century.

A TRIPLE REFLECTION.

It has been said that the Japanese are the French of the Orient. Be that as it may, it is very clear that in certain traits which characterize the French, there is no resemblance whatever between the people of those two nations.

Almost as soon as a French baby—a girl, be it understood—is born, its first instinct is to stretch out its tiny hands for a mirror, in which to admire its beautiful little face and its graceful movements. This natural, and we may say inborn, taste grows with the child's growth, and ere the fair girl has reached her seventeenth year, her ideal of perfect bliss is to find herself in a room with mirrors on every side. There is indeed a room in the Palace of Versailles which is the elysium of the Frenchwoman. It is a long room with looking-glasses from ceiling to floor, and the said floor is polished so that it reflects, at any rate, the shadow of the feet.

Now, in the little Japanese village of Yowcuski a looking-glass was an unheard-of thing, and girls did not even know what they looked like, except on hearing the description which their lovers gave them of their personal beauty—which description, by the way, was sometimes slightly biased, according as the lover was the more or less developed.

Now it happened that a young Japanese, whose daily work was to pull along those light carriages, such as were seen at the last Paris exhibition, picked up one day in the street a small pocket hand-mirror, probably dropped by some English lady tourist on her travels in that part of the world.

It was, of course, the first time in his life that Kiki-Tsum had ever gazed on such a thing. He looked carefully at it, and to his intense astonishment saw the image of a brown face, with dark, intelligent eyes, and a look of awe-struck wonderment expressed on its features.

Kiki-Tsum dropped on his knees, and gazing earnestly at the object he held in his hand, he whispered:

"It is my sainted father! How could his portrait have come here? It is, perhaps, a warning of some kind for me!"

He carefully folded the precious treasure up in his handkerchief, and put it in the large pocket of his loose blouse. When he went home that night he hid it carefully in a vase which was scarcely ever touched, as he did not know of any safer place in which to deposit it.

He said nothing of the adventure to his young wife, for, as he said to himself, "Women are curious, and then, too, sometimes they are given to talking;" and Kiki-Tsum felt that it was too reverent a matter to be discussed by neighbors—this finding of his dead father's portrait in the street.

For some days Kiki-Tsum was in a great state of excitement. He was thinking of the portrait all the time, and at intervals he would leave his work and suddenly appear at home to take a furtive look at his treasure.

Now, in Japan, as in other countries, mysterious actions and irregular proceedings of all kinds have to be explained to a wife. Lili-Tsee did not understand why her husband kept appearing at all hours of the day. Certainly he kissed her every time. At first she was satisfied with his explanation when he told her that he only ran in for a minute to see her pretty face. She thought it was really quite natural on his part, but when day after day he appeared, and always with the same solemn expression on his face, she began to wonder in her heart of hearts whether he was telling her the whole truth. So Lili-Tsee fell to watching her husband's movements, and she noticed that he never went away until he had been alone in the little room at the back of the house.

Now the Japanese women are as persevering as any others when there is a mystery to be discovered. She hunted day after day to see if she could find any trace of anything in that little room which was at all unusual, but she found nothing.

One day, however, she happened to come in suddenly, and saw her husband replacing the long blue vase in which she kept her rose leaves in order to dry them. He made some excuse about its not looking very steady and appeared to be just setting it right, and Lili-Tsee pretended there was nothing out of the common in his putting the vase straight.

The moment he had gone out of the house, though, she was up on a stool like lightning, and in a moment she had fished the looking-glass out of the vase. She took it carefully in her hand, wondering whatever it could be; but when she looked in it the terrible truth was clear. What was it she saw?

Why, the portrait of a woman, and she had believed that Kiki-Tsum was so good, so fond, and so true.

Her grief was at first too deep for any words. She just sat on the floor, with the terrible portrait in her lap, and rocked herself backward and forward. This, then, was why her husband came home so many times in the day. It was to look at the portrait she had just seen.

Suddenly a fit of anger seized her, and she gazed at the glass again. This time face looked at her, but she wondered how her husband could admire such a face, so wicked did the dark eyes look. There was an expression in them that she had certainly not seen the first time she had looked at it, and it terrified her so much that she made up her mind not to look at it again.

She had no heard, however, for anything, and did not even make any attempt to prepare a meal for her husband. She just went on sitting there on the floor, nursing the portrait and at the same time her wrath. When, later on, Kiki-Tsum arrived, he was surprised to find nothing ready for their evening meal, and no wife. He walked through to the other rooms, and was not long left in ignorance of the cause of the unusual state of things.

"So this is the love you professed for me! This is the way in which you treat me, before we have been married a year."

"What do you mean, Lili-Tsee?" asked her husband, in consternation, thinking that his poor wife had taken leave of her senses.

"What do I mean? What do you mean? I think. The idea of your keeping portraits in my rose leaf vase! Here, take it and treasure it, for I do not want it, the wicked, wicked woman!" and here poor Lili-Tsee burst out crying.

"I cannot understand," said her bewildered husband.

"Oh, you can't!" she said, laughing hysterically. "I can, though, well enough. You like that hideous, villainous-looking woman better than your own true wife. I would say nothing if she were at any rate beautiful; but she has a vile face, a hideous face, and looks wicked and murderous and everything that is bad!"

"Lili-Tsee, what do you mean?" asked her husband, getting exasperated in his turn. "That portrait is the living image of my poor dead father. I found it in the street the other day, and put it in your vase for safety."

Lili-Tsee's eyes flashed with indignation at this apparently barefaced lie.

"Hear him!" she almost screamed. "He wants to tell me now that I do not know a woman's face from a man's."

Kiki-Tsum was wild with indignation, and a quarrel began in good earnest. The street door was a little way open, and the loud, angry words attracted the notice of a bonze (one of the Japanese priests) who happened to be passing.

"My children," he said, putting his head in at the door, "why this unseemly anger? Why this dispute?"

"Father," said Kiki-Tsum, "my wife is mad."

"All women are so, my son, more or less," interrupted the holy bonze. "You were wrong to expect perfection and must abide by your bargain now. It is of no use getting angry. All wives are trials."

"But what she says is a lie."

"It is not, father," exclaimed Lili-Tsee. "My husband has the portrait of a woman, and I found it hidden in a rose leaf vase."

"I swear that I have no portrait but that of my poor dead father," explained the aggrieved husband.

"My children, my children," said the holy bonze, majestically, "show me the portrait."

"Here it is; there is only one, but it is one too many," said Lili-Tsee, sarcastically.

The bonze took the glass and looked at it earnestly. He then bowed low before it, and in an altered tone said:

"My children, settle your quarrel, and live peaceably together. You are both in the wrong. This portrait is that of a saintly and venerable bonze. I know not how you could mistake so holy a face. I must take it from you, and place it among the precious relics of our church."

His Patent is Worth Millions.

The discovery by George Harley, a Springfield (O.) foundryman, of a process of making cheaply malleable iron, which is by experts pronounced of excellent quality, has been proved a success at tests made in that city. Harley has been experimenting for fifteen years. The iron world has for years sought in vain for some method of making malleable iron without the long and expensive process of annealing. Harley claims that his invention will revolutionize iron making, and this prediction is borne out by the opinion of experts called in by capitalists interested. The discovery is said to surpass in importance that made by Bessemer. Harley comes from Liverpool and has run foundries at Stamford, Conn.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Hamilton, Canada, and Kansas City, Mo., and is well known to iron men, who are flocking here from all over the country. A third interest in the invention has been sold to J. W. Cleave, an iron man, and J. R. Anderson, a big publisher and capitalist of New York, and H. C. and W. C. Story, A. P. Wilson and C. B. Howell, of Chicago. A company to begin with has been incorporated under the laws of West Virginia with $1,000,000 capital. By Harley's process iron is made in an endless furnace, with a peculiar method of controlling the admission of air and by which a thoroughly molten condition of iron is obtained. The report of experts is to be published in the Army and Navy Gazette. It is said that Bethlehem (Pa.) iron men have expressed a willingness to pay $10,000,000 for the invention on proof that it is what it is represented to be. Patents have been applied for not only in the United States but all over Europe.

To Those Caught in Thunderstorms.

Prof. Arthur Schuster delivered at the Royal Institution, in London, the other evening, an interesting lecture on "Atmospheric Electricity," dealing chiefly with thunderstorms and the aurora borealis. He mentioned as a remarkable fact that a thundercloud could not cross a river. Most of us knew of the danger of standing under trees in a thunderstorm, but science took us further and proved that oak trees were more dangerous than beech trees, owing, probably, to the large amount of oil contained in the latter. It was also a safe plan to get wet, but the wetting ought to be thorough; for the traveller who took the precaution to have dry feet, on receiving a lightning shock, had his stockings burnt.

SUMMER WRAPS.

NOW ENGROSS THE ATTENTION OF FASHION.

The Visite is a Convenient Garment—Sleeves are Lovely Beyond Description—A Box Coat a Novelty—Painted Lace a New Developement.

You have une visite?

No? Then some form of smart short outer garment newer than an Eton, neater than a cape, nicer than a mere jacket is in your summer wardrobe certainly.

No? You have been too busy thinking about gowns to bother with wraps, and you thought the little cape from last season would do, anyway.

But it might not. Some of the new wraps are so irresistible, withal so simple to make, it seems a pity not to have one if it is at all possible to manage it. The visite, for example, most modish among the recent novelties, is nothing but a circular sack, and so pleasing is the line of it that it may be made from so hackneyed a material as

black taffeta, and yet have cachet.

The visite is no less than the little garment of half a century ago, modernized in some mysterious way so that it is the most appropriate thing possible to wear with skirts and bodices of this period, which in no way resemble the dresses of the epoch that initiated the visite.

Of black Louisine silk and outlined with a ruche grill of black chiffon, a garment on this order has a rolling collar of Cluny lace and a deep border of it on the pagoda sleeves. The lining of the coatlet is white satin of the softest sort. A king's ransom could not make this chic little wrap becoming to a woman did she not possess the savoir faire with which to grace it.

Another visite, this time called a cassock for truth's and variety's sake, is from beautifully flowered (brocaded) black taffeta. It is outlined with two narrow ruffles and a flat band application of the brocaded material. These frills are edged with narrow black velvet. At the corsage the velvet ends knot and fall in the fashionable lingerie fashion.

The shirred flat collar is an engaging novelty, and the pagoda sleeves, if not novel, at least are modish, with their undersleeves of chiffon. The entire conception is a French idea, and was designed for special use with a dress of rose-colored voile, shirred and beautifully trimmed with lace. A "Duchess" hat from softest pink felt has a big bow from pink, soft silk, and a black "willow" ostrich feather. This is a feather which is curled only a little.

Lovely beyond anything in recent novelties for wraps is a mantle of soft changeable violet Louisine silk. It falls in beautiful ripples from shoulders to half the depth of the skirt, and is outlined for its entire shape with small ruche ruffles of violet chiffon, exactly matching the mantle. The pagoda sleeves are so full that they, too, ripple over Luxeuil lace undersleeves. At the throat is a cravat of violet chiffon. A picture hat from violet hand-sewed straw is pierced by the stem of an "angelique" blue feather. The gown is angelique blue voile over one of the new soft silks in self-color. When one sees such an enchanting garment as this mantle, she marvels that she ever could have thought a tightly-fitted jacket becoming.

The nearest approach to a cape in the summer novelties is a paletot which is a portion of a gray cloth costume. The skirt is plaited to the knees at the back, and then allowed to stand out at will. The paletot, which is a sort of fitted double cape, the sleeves defined, is cut into "lozenges." Each section is outlined with a double row of stitching. The flat collar is an insertion of flowered taffeta in which black predominates. Some women whose fingers achieve needlework-magic might be able to convert an old double cape into a paletot of the hour. But the task is forbidden to clumsy fingers.

In the way of novelty among familiar things is a box coat from black glace silk all over except the lower sleeves in side-plaitings of inch width. The collar, which is an especially good shape combined with revers, is from white moire silk appliqued with ecru lace and embroidered with black silk polka dots. Of course the lining is from black satin.

Women who object to lace collars on boleros because of their prevalence will rejoice in a late mode which is simple to the point of wonder; why has the fashion not been brought in before? Two tabs of lace, either shaped or cut from all-over lace, not more than four inches wide, nor six long, come out from under and lie back on the coat at the corsage. The tabs have a foundation of white glace. Tight under-sleeves of lace (guipure, Cluny or Irish crochet) and a facing of it, give a neat, becoming finish to the pagoda sleeves. The jacket is worn over a waist of taffeta which has a front of white chiffon draped crossways instead of up and down after the usual style.

Painted lace is a development of the season's love of dress decoration. A tea gown on which this frail, beautiful material is used with distinguished success is described thus: From white crepe de chine, made with tunic which has a deep border of the painted lace gauze, the edges of it are outlined with a waved gold galon. The method of painting here, as in much of the new lace, is in little bouques at intervals. The meshes of the lace, which is only a fine net, give an indescribably soft effect to the water-color painting. The skirt is trimmed with many frills of white chiffon. The bodice, which is elaborate enough for dinner wear, is made from the crepe, finely tucked, opening over a vest of white chiffon which is transparent at the throat. Over the shoulders falls a deep collar from the lace gauze, which is painted in bouquets in which the color pink predominates, as it does in the painted lace of the tunic. The deep, shaped belt is of Pompadour gold galon into which shades of faintest pink and blue are women. It fasten at the back with paste buttons. The sleeves are of white crepe de chine tucked lengthwise, ending just above the elbow, from which undersleeves of white chiffon flow. At the waist they end in a gold wristlet.

Women with maids to help them in dressing find a fresh pleasure in the new belts which close at the back. They are beyond the resources of most women who must wait upon themselves. Newer than the pancake hats of current mode are some not quite so pancaky. They are like the cheapeaux of Sir Walter Raleigh, Henry VIII. and other great ones of stained glass and famous picture memory. The brims are outlined closely with black feathers. Angelique is the name of the lightest, freshest blue of the season. It is bluer than the "ice" color of last season, yet nothing like so blue as ciel or forget-me-not. There is a goldish, silverish light in it, like the spirituelle blue in the flash of an opal.

Dressmakers are rather glad that the vogue of hand-sewing has come back. Not alone because it is more refined in appearance than that done by machinery, but because it is far less difficult to find good helpers who sew by hand than on machine. The least carelessness by machine is a fatal error in a fine costume. The excessive running of machines is harmful, and few seamstresses care to take the trouble to learn how to manage machines by electricity, even when dressmakers are willing to have the power put into their rooms. Hand sewing certainly is in best repute now. "Lingerie effects" are called the beautiful results which are gained by its use on our gowns.

Tea coats are modern and great improvements upon what used to be called dressing sacks. They are made of anything choice and pretty which one happens to have in the house. The tea coat is the garment of all in one's wardrobe which is nearest a law unto itself. The skirt of an old ball dress makes a tea coat. For that mater, so does the lawn petticoat.

There is no command even that the body of the coat and the sleeves shall be of the same material, if a woman

can think of a beguiling combination. A fine example is of primrose yellow China crape. The veest of black velvet ribbons is used to plaid the coat all over. The elbow sleeves are fashioned with cuffs turned back and finished by eylets of velvet and buttons of gold. A shaped collar of tucked white lisse has appliques of black velvet and shaped lace. The prettiest novelty for a vest is just a piece of black polka-dotted angelique-blue chiffon, beginning with a chou at the corsage and ending by a turn under at the waist.

The low neck is the afternoon privilege of women for informal dressing. And there are women who think that they cannot rest at all if their throats are covered. A woman said lately that she did wish the fashion writers would stop using the word "bewildering" in commenting upon the fashions. But what less is it than bewildering when we have taken to calling our garments for outdoor wear paletots and cassocks and visites and our negligee coats? The tea coat is an informal garment in which one sips her afternoon tea or chocolate with her feminine friends who have dropped in. It is not a crime to be found in it by any callers. But one does not deliberately put it on in which to receive guests. One of the uses of the tea coat is for most informal wear when dining en famille. It sometimes may happen that dinner is served before one is dressed for the evening. The tea coat is donned easily with whatever skirt you mean to wear after dinner, and a pretty toilette thus is made with surprising rapidity.

SPECULATION.

Tim Brown he kept a painter's shop
In a little country town,
And worked for all the neighborhood
For many miles around.

He used the door of his shop
Whene'er a brush he'd clean,
And soon it was a brilliant mass
Of smears of red and green.

Erewhile there came a city man,
Who bought that gaudy door,
For which he gave just fifty cents,
And not a nickel more.

He took that gay door back to town,
With its gorgeous hues in chunks,
And sold it as a Beardsley gem
For seven hundred plunks.

—Ellis.

WAS IT JUSTIFIABLE?

"Is Jack Tunnicliffe going with you to-morrow, Tom?" said my wife to me. "I wish you would take some one else."

"Why, Norah?" I asked.

"He's been stranger than ever in his manner since his wife died, I hear. In fact, I've been told by more than one person that he's quite insane at times. It's not to be wondered at if he is, poor fellow. I don't know a sadder case. He'd only been married a week. Such a horrible death, too! It's enough to turn a man's brain, and I must confess, Tom, I wish Jack was not going with you."

"Nonsense, Norah! People always exaggerate and make the worst of things, as you know. If a man's at all original or eccentric it's at once assumed that he's non compos. Of course, Jack's low spirited and absent minded, and perhaps a bit peculiar at times. How can he help brooding over his terrible loss? He wants some exciting occupation to take his thoughts from his trouble. He's as fond of ballooning as I am, and a trip will do him all the good in the world."

The above conversation between my wife and myself took place on the evening before the day which I had fixed for a balloon ascent. Ballooning was my hobby. I had conceived a liking for it on my very first ascent. This liking had become a "craze," for the novel experience and strange sensation of sailing over houses and trees and of soaring into the clouds had a peculiar fascination for me.

Recently, I had tried to combine utility with pleasure, and had made some ascents solely for scientific purposes. I had found a kindred spirit in young Tunnicliffe, and we had had many delightful and successful trips together. Owing to the untimely death of my friend's wife, our aerial expeditions had been suspended for a while. As several weeks had elapsed since that sad event, I felt anxious to resume these expeditions, and as Tunnicliffe had expressed his willingness to accompany me, a day had been fixed for our next trip. It was when I was talking to my wife about this self same trip that she expressed her regret that Jack Tunnicliffe was going with me.

I had not much difficulty, however, in overcoming her objections and allaying her fears.

Accordingly, next day, at the appointed time, everything being in readiness, we started on our aerostatic journey. Tunnicliffe, contrary to his usual demeanor, seemed a little excited, but this caused me no apprehension. His interest had apparently been awakened, and it was only natural that he should be animated on such an occasion. The balloon was set at liberty as soon as we had taken our seats, and the machine rose beautifully. There was a gentle breeze, which bore us slightly southward. We rose slowly at first, and so had plenty of time to gaze on the vast and extending panorama below us.

Presently we entered a huge bank or mountain of cloud of the kind called cumulus, and were surrounded by chilling mist which induced us to put on the wraps we had brought. When we emerged from the cloud, a scene of fairy-like beauty suddenly burst upon us. We were in a kind of basin surrounded by mountains of cloud of the most fantastic shapes, of enormous size and of dazzling brightness. Now and then, as we rose, we caught sight, also, of wondrous ravines of curious shape and great depth. These mountains of clouds with their silvery and golden sides, their dark shadows, their varied tints and summits of dazzling whiteness, presented to our wondering gaze a scene of surpassing beauty and grandeur.

This sublime spectacle evoked my highest admiration, while the silence and vastness of space inspired me with awe. I drank in these exquisite and varied delights with such avidity and with such absorbing interest that I had scarcely looked at or spoken to my companion since we had started. But an exclamation from his now diverted my attention, and, glancing at him, I was surprised to see that he had risen and was much excited.

"What is it, Jack?" I asked.

"Isn't it glorious?" he replied. "I wonder if heaven is much more beautiful! How delightful it would be if we could reach it? I should see my Ada again then."

"My dear fellow!" I interposed, mattily, somewhat alarmed—not so much by his words as by his excited manner and look—"you think too much of such things. You have been brooding over your loss more than is good for you. Will you——"

"At any rate," cried he, vehemently, "it's worth trying, so here goes," and seizing one of the sandbags he threw it over. The lightened balloon at once began to rise more quickly.

"What are you doing, Jack?" I shouted. "For heaven's sake, keep calm. We are a good height already. We shan't be able to breathe if we go much higher. It's getting uncomfortable as it is!"

"Shan't we? We shall see about that. I'm going to try, anyhow. Besides, I don't care if we can't breathe. I want to see my Ada. That's all I care about."

I began to fear the worst. Was he going mad? Were the reports my wife had heard literally true and not exaggerated after all? What a fool I had been not to be more cautious! Whether he was mad or not, he was in a dangerous mood, and my position was far from pleasant. To oppose him would evidently aggravate him and make matters worse. To humor him was undoubtedly the wisest course.

"Look here, Jack!" I cried. "You say you want to see Ada. I can tell you of a better and surer way of going to her than this. If you will listen to me, there I is—[illegible] moved my head toward the valve-cord] you will see her in——"

"Stop!" he [illegible]

[illegible]