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Painter and Paper Hanger,

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AND

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Bills of Sale, and other papers executed in a neat, careful and correct manner.

Hammonton, N. J.

From the Capital.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mar. 31, 1883.

The Acting Secretary of the Treasury appointed a committee, consisting of Mr. E. B. Daskam, chief of the division of public moneys, Mr. J. K. Upton, formerly assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. S. E. Middleton, a banker of this city, to examine the books, money and accounts of the treasurer of the United States preparatory to the transfer of that office from Mr. James Gillfillan to Mr. A. U. Wyman, the newly appointed treasurer. Mr. Wyman's appointment takes effect on the first proximo. His bond of \$150,000 has been approved by the acting Secretary of the Treasury, and he has already taken the oath of office. The committee will begin their examination after the close of business to-day. There will be no interference with the regular business of the treasurer's office.

The following is a statement of the cash in the Treasury to be certified by the committee and turned over to the incoming treasurer: New United States bonds, gold and silver certificates, 4,597,000 notes, amounting to about \$91,000,000; gold coin, 340 bags, weighing about 6,460 pounds, amounting to \$1,700,000; old United States and National bank notes, 500,000 notes, amounting to \$1,000,000; standard dollars, 1,631 bags, weighing 115,000 lbs., amounting to \$1,631,000; minor coin, \$10,000. There are of United States bonds held in trust by the treasurer, about \$378,000,000. Other items, such as checks, coupons, bonds of the sinking fund of the District of Columbia, the amount of which cannot be estimated at this time, will largely increase the labor of the committee.

The President yesterday afternoon appointed Mr. E. O. Graves, assistant treasurer of the United States, to fill the place of Mr. A. U. Wyman, promoted. Mr. Graves has hitherto been superintendent of the national bank redemption division of the treasury department.

The gross receipts of the Post Office Department for the fourth quarter of the year 1882 were \$11,434,719, an increase over the receipts of the third quarter of \$943,040. The amount realized by the Post Office Department from the sale of postage stamps during the fourth quarter of the year 1882 was \$10,975,667, an increase over the sales during the third quarter of \$998,285.

The bureau of statistics has published a statement showing that the value of imports into the United States for February, 1883, to be \$5,302,000, and of exports, \$66,866,270. Of the imports \$33,404,283 remained in warehouse February 28.

A curious decision has just been made by the Treasury officials. The Government has a judgment for nearly ten thousand dollars against Representative Ochliree, of Texas, and a question arose as to whether his salary as Congressman should be paid him or should be considered as an offset to the judgment. The decision is that, as the Constitution says Representatives shall be "paid," etc., Ochliree must be paid. It is decided, however, that a Territorial Delegate, similarly indebted, cannot be paid, his position being a creation of the statutes merely. Both questions will go to the Attorney-General, and possibly to the courts for final decision.

The acting Secretary of the Treasury to-day appointed Capt. T. Burill, of New York, chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Capt. Burill is now the purchasing agent of the Bureau. The receipt from internal revenue yesterday were \$344,050, and from customs, \$673,400. The national bank notes received for redemption amounted to \$443,000.

HOWARD.

That slight cold you think so little of may prove the forerunner of a complaint that may be fatal. Avoid this result by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the best of known remedies for colds, coughs, catarrhs, bronchitis, incipient consumption, and all other throat and lung diseases.

President Arthur doesn't set up for a great statesman, but he has a fine sense of the proprieties; and we imagine that the event will prove that no one's chances for obtaining the postmaster-generalship have been improved by a participation in the indecent scramble to obtain it.

The Italian government charges admission to all the art galleries, always free in the past, and makes \$100,000 a year out of it.

Hawkinsville, Ga., has a cow one hundred years old that still gives milk. This story may do for Georgia, but we don't believe it.

From the new edition of Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co's American Newspaper Directory, which is now in press, it appears that the newspapers and periodicals of all kinds issued in the United States and Territories now reach the imposing total of 11,196. This is an increase of 585 in twelve months. Taking the States one by one, the newspaper growth in some is very considerable. The present total in New York State, for instance, is 1,399—a gain of 80 in the past year. The increase in Pennsylvania is 48, the existing number being 948. Nebraska's total grew from 175 to 201, and Illinois' from 890 to 904. A year ago Massachusetts had 420 papers; now the number is 438. In Texas the new papers outnumbered the suspensions by 8, and Ohio now has 738 papers instead of 692. The most remarkable change has occurred in the Territories, in which the daily papers have grown from 43 to 63, and the weeklies from 169 to 243—Dakota being the chief area of activity. The number of monthlies throughout the country grew from 976 to 1,034, while the dailies leaped from 996 to 1,082. The figures given above are exclusive of Canada, which possesses a total of 606. It is interesting to note that the newly-settled regions of the Canadian North West are productive of newspapers as well as of wheat, for the number journals issued in Manitoba was nearly doubled during the year.

The Wisconsin Legislature has adopted a memorial to Congress asking for a repeal of the duty on lumber.

Senator Vance thinks the newspapers are teaching orators in Congress to be terse and snappy. Newspapers can do a great many difficult things when they try.

Governor Butler, during his last visit to Washington, is said to have expressed perfect confidence of his ability to carry Massachusetts next Fall, and of having a solid New England delegation to back him in the next Democratic National Convention.

C. H. Andrews, of Youngstown, is the latest addition to the list of Republican candidates for Governor of Ohio. He is a millionaire iron manufacturer, one of the leading men in the Mahoning Valley, and imbibed his political doctrine from Governor David Tod, whose business associate he was for many years prior to the latter's death.

Judge Treat, of the United States District Court at St. Louis, has decided that in prosecutions for sending obscene literature through the mails, evidence procured by decoy letters is inadmissible. He holds that such matter, unless it can be shown to have been sent to persons who ordered it in good faith, cannot be considered competent evidence.

The President has fairly conquered the respect and good will of the country in the face of the most embarrassing and hostile circumstances. He has done it by simply not minding his own business but that of the country—and minding it well.

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Hawkinsville, Ga., has a cow one hundred years old that still gives milk. This story may do for Georgia, but we don't believe it.

Recently, at Bay St. Louis, Miss., while a boy was pulling a dog's tail the animal turned on him suddenly, bit off the tip of his nose and swallowed it.

A Portland, Ore., couple had all the fun and romance of an elopement taken out of them by the united statement of their pas and mas on their return that they were all the while in favor of the match.

A TRUTHFUL SMILE. — We daily speak of vice as "a monster of so frightful mien, as to be hated needs but to be seen," yet we disregard physical affliction whose "frightful mien" appears even worse than vice, and invite its presence among us, until "yet seen too oft, familiar with her face, we first endure, then pity, then embrace." Thus it is with itching piles. An utter disregard of the plainest laws of health provokes the affliction, causing intolerable itching when in bed, and unless you apply Swaynes' Ointment it must continue.

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Farmers can get ALMOST ANYTHING In the way of Fertilizers, at

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Main Road and Bellevue Avenue, Hammonton.

Mapes' Complete Manures.

Corn Manure,

Potato Manure,

Fodder Corn Manure,

Fruit and Vine Manure,

Early Vegetable and Truck Manure,

Grass and Grain Spring Top-Dressing.

Together with a supply of Peruvian Guano, Land Plaster, German Kainit, and Ground Bone.

Also, the celebrated STOCK-BRIDGE MANURES, originated by Hon. Levi Stockbridge, President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and Professor of Agriculture.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed nights after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."
HORACE FASHROTHER,
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,
MRS. EMMA GEDNEY,
126 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried.
A. J. CRANE,
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis,

and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN,
Byalla, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles."
E. BRADDOCK,
Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will always cure when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

Dr. GEORGE R. SHIDLE,

DENTIST,

HAMMONTON, N. J.

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TOMLIN & SMITH'S,

Corner of Bellevue & Horton St.

Hamburg Embroideries, Laces, White Goods, Fancy Articles, Toys, and MILLINERY GOODS.

Laces' Furnishing Goods a Specialty. Demorest's Spring Fashions have been received.

Mrs. J. Sibley

Begs to inform the Ladies of HAMMONTON and

VICINITY,

That she is making Ladies' Dresses, and Wraps of all kinds. Also Children's Suits at the LOWEST

CASH PRICES.

She asks the favor of your patronage, and will be pleased to see Ladies at her residence, on Main Road, opposite Oak, Hammonton, N. J.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

ALLEN B. ENDICOTT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

AND

Master and Solicitor in Chancery,

MAY'S LANDING, N. J.

G. F. Jahncke, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Office at his residence, corner of Vine St. and Central Avenue.

Office hours, 8 to 10 A. M., 5 to 6 P. M.

COAL!

We are now prepared to receive orders for coal, to be delivered at any time through the Fall and Winter, at lowest prices. We deliver coal when desired. The various sizes and best qualities of coal constantly on hand at our Railroad Avenue, opposite the railroad shed. Coal furnished direct from cars, monthly. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Give us your orders early.

G. F. SAXTON.

HAMMONTON, N. J.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By Virtue of a Writ of Fieri Facias, to me directed, issued out of the New Jersey Court of Chancery, will be sold at public vendue, on

Saturday the 14th day of April, 1883, at TWO O'CLOCK in the afternoon of said day, at the Court House in May's Landing.

All that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the town of Hammonton, in the county of Atlantic and state of New Jersey, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the centre of Pine road at a distance of three hundred and twenty rods northeast of Main road; thence extending [1] north forty-five degrees thirty minutes west, eighty rods to a point; thence [2] north forty-four degrees thirty minutes east, twenty-one rods to a point; thence [3] south forty degrees and thirty minutes east, eighty rods to the centre of Pine road aforesaid; thence [4] along the same south forty-four degrees and thirty minutes west, twenty-one rods to the place of beginning, containing ten and one-half acres of land, strict measure, being the same tract of land that Frederick Davis et al., conveyed by deed, dated March thirty-first, 1866, to Daniel Griffith, and is recorded in and the Clerk's Office of Atlantic county, in Liber 25 of Deeds, folio 297, relation thereto will more fully show.

Seized as the property of George Olivie et al., and taken in execution at the suit of Anna Glueck executrix, etc., and to be sold by

ISAAC COJLINS,
Dated Jan. 27, 1883. Sheriff.

DAVID J. PANCAST, Solicitor.

Tree Culture—Acclimatization

Charles M. Hovey writes an interesting article to the Massachusetts Ploughman which contains many valuable suggestions to tree planters. He remarked in a former article that all the attempts to acclimate in the East the trees of the Pacific coast have ended with total failure, which brings us to the subject of acclimatization, one which has attracted a great deal of attention, and the formation of societies for that especial object, notably that of Paris. But so far as any facts have been ascertained, without a single practical result.

We are all familiar with numerous trees and shrubs which have been cultivated abroad beyond the memory of any one which remain through the hundreds of years the same to-day that they were known in our own country; but we do not know it reaches into the hundreds, yet the peach to-day is no harder than it was a hundred years ago, and notwithstanding the fact that the trees have been grown from seed produced from Vermont to Florida and west to the Pacific coast. There have been varieties such as double-flowering varieties, some of them direct from China, weeping varieties, and kinds with purple or dark-colored foliage, but the hardness, of the tree remains precisely the same; they are uncertain in our climate, and the buds are destroyed by an exceptional winter. No better test could be named of the utility of the attempt to make a slightly tender tree quite hardy by cultivation, whether from a colder or warmer region. Varieties are endless. We have white-fleshed peaches and yellow-fleshed peaches, and varieties of every shade of excellence, but no additional hardness.

Another instance is the Rhododendron (R. arboreum) and pontic azalea (A. pontica), the former from the high elevation of the Himalaya mountains, was introduced to England years ago, and cultivated as a greenhouse plant. It is still precisely the same, or not even resisting the winters of the English climate, only in the warmer places on the southern coast. But when our native R. Catawbaense, was introduced and fertilization effected between the two, then came a greater or less degree of hardness; and cross fertilization between the several kinds have produced a race of superb varieties, some of which are nearly or quite hardy in our severe climate, but the large portion only half hardy. The original R. arboreum, and all the seedlings obtained from it pure, without admixture of the American species, are still only half hardy plants. The pontic azalea is the same; in our severe winters it loses its flower buds, just like the peach, but after mild winters it flowers freely. It was only when our native audubon and calendulacea were introduced and fertilized with the pontic, that that superb race was obtained known as gheat azaleas.

Looking among California trees we find the same effect, except in one solitary case. The well known Chinese labor vine (Thuja sensata) is not hardy in our climate; or in its variety in known as Thuja aurea. It is true they will live for some years, but the branches are more or less killed and so injured that they are anything but ornamental. The Aruncus imbricatus, that very remarkable tree, has resisted all attempts at acclimation in our climate, notwithstanding the fact that the seed was gathered from trees where the snow was often a foot deep; nothing short of absolute protection could keep them alive.

The Douglas fir of which Mr. Robinson speaks so highly is indeed a handsome and most valuable tree, and it is to be regretted that it has not yet been found thoroughly hardy only in one place, although the author characterizes it "as the most interesting and valuable of all exotic trees recently introduced into Massachusetts," and "its introduction worth many millions of dollars to the State." Now I do not know of any fine specimens except those of Mr. Hunnewell on his fine grounds at Wellesley. I have cultivated it for forty years, though the trees were always introduced from England, but I have never been able to preserve even one tree. Where the Colorado specimens fifteen feet high are growing the author does not tell us. Mr. Hunnewell's specimens are of his own raising from one tree, which by particular care, he has managed to produce seed, and a large number have been grown this year.

Very beautiful specimens which ornament his group of coniferous trees. Experiments with the Douglas fir in Massachusetts should be conducted with much caution, for I fear that the attempt to acclimate it would end like other Pacific Coast trees—an utter failure. Still I would not wish to be considered as discouraging such attempts, but that no extensive planting should be made until we know something more of its hardness in our severe climate.

The great trees of California (Sequoia gigantea) have not yet been found to succeed in our climate, though seeds taken from the highest recorded elevations have been tried. It is, or should be, the object of the Arnold Arboretum to try these experiments, and give the public the advantage of the patient endeavors of its professors—the skill of its gardeners and the best opportunities of general culture (not special care and protection), to ascertain the exact hardness of this and other trees, of which a list is given for Massachusetts. The numerous losses I have made in the attempt for nearly half a century to acclimate all the coniferous trees of which there was any hope of succeeding, putting from their adaptation to the English climate, induce me to utter a word of caution to all cultivators (who have not the wealth to experiment) to plant them sparingly, and not plant at all unless they have a subsoil as dry and localities as fortunate as those of Mr. Hunnewell.

Fashionable Fancies.

In Paris shoes and stockings must match the dress. Velvet basques grow more and more in popular favor. The new maillans are soft-finished, without any starch or size. Sun's vesting will continue a standard material for summer wear.

Ashes of roses has made its appearance among the aesthetic colors. Irregular points called coques' comb edge the new Ottoman ribbons. Beaded fringes figure largely among importations of new trimmings. Linen collars are straight clerical bands, fastened with a jeweled button.

Birds and fruits form a part of the design of many of the dressiest satens. Robe dresses with embroidered boucans appear among spring importations. The transit of Venus design is one of the new patterns seen on spring satens.

New satens appear in the fashionable and aesthetic colors so popular at present. Fur capes and colors are fastened with long ribbon strings tied in a full, flowing bow. Rhine pebbles, set in silver, form very handsome combs, ball-bags, daggers and crescents for the hair, and are much worn for evening.

A large rosette or bow of velvet ribbon, with a square or horse-shoe buckle of Strauss pebble, is worn on the left side of the dress just below the waist. Crushed straw tur, cerise, scarlet and garnet shades are worn with black satin dresses.

Wide flounces of antique lace, and laces of every description which have been out of style for years—Chantilly, Honiton, Guipure, Flemish point and the like—are this season revived, and are used to drapery, dinner and reception dresses for the stately dames and dowagers.

Water repellent silk, which is neither spotted nor rendered slimy by water, is the latest novelty in silks. It comes in all shades, for day and evening, and will, no doubt, achieve a great success for water-proofing—la-toile. The silk is a soft, twilled fabric, something like sarah.

Heads of Limoges enamel, mounted in silver setting, are the latest French fancy for brooches, wherewith the fashionable young lady fastens her large, bright-hued gypsy kerchief of silk, which she arranges over her dainty shoulders, and knots in front low on the corsage.

Wide and full jabots of couille ruche of lace, reaching from the throat to the hem of the dress and also down the sides of the front breadths, from half way up the length of the seam to the bottom of the skirt, are seen upon newly-imported house robes of cashmere and vigogne.

Society girls have little fat antichels of silk or satin, delicately scented, and decorated with a bit of their own hand-painting, either floral or comical. These they suspend from the waist by a knot and ends of narrow ribbon. Into this case they slip the card on which is printed the order of dancing. Down the back of the case are fastened small loops of ribbon, which serve to hold a tiny pencil.

A stylish house dress is made of dark Russian gray cashmere. The skirt is laid all the way down in hollow plaits devoid of trimming. The bodice is pointed, front and back, the paniers are arranged in heavy plaits, rounding over the hips and joining the lightly puffed drapery in the back. The front of the bodice, the edges of the paniers, and half the length of the long, close sleeves are trimmed with an elaborate pattern in braidwork.

The highest range of mountains is the Himalayas, the mean elevation being estimated at 16,000 to 18,000 feet. The loftiest mountain is Mount Everest or Gaurisankar of the Himalaya range, having an elevation of 29,000 feet above the sea level.

The largest bell in the world is the great bell of Moscow at the foot of the Kremlin. Its circumference at the bottom is nearly 68 feet, and its height more than 21 feet.

The Largest City in the World is London.

Its population numbers 3,020,871 souls. New York, with a population of about 1,250,000 comes fifth in the list of great cities.

The largest theatre is the New Opera House in Paris. It covers nearly three acres of ground. Its cubic mass is 4,287,000 feet. It cost about 100,000,000 francs.

The largest suspension bridge will be the one now building between New York and Brooklyn. The length of the main span is 1,595 feet six inches, the entire length of the bridge is 2689 feet.

The loftiest active volcano is Popocatepetl—"smoking mountain"—thirty-five miles southwest of Puebla, Mexico. It is 17,784 feet above the sea level, and has a crater three miles in circumference and 1,000 feet deep.

The largest island in the world, which is also regarded as a continent, is Australia. It is 2500 miles in length from east to west, and measures 1930 miles from north to south. Its area is 2,964,287 square miles.

The greatest thing in the world is the Falls of Niagara; the largest cavern, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; the largest river, the Mississippi, 4000 miles in extent; the largest valley, that of the Mississippi, its area 5,000,000 square miles; the greatest city park, that of Philadelphia, containing 2700 acres; the greatest grain port, Chicago; the biggest lake, Lake Superior; the longest railroad, the Pacific railroad, over 3,000 miles in extent. The most huge mass of solid iron is Pilot Knob, of Missouri, height, 250 feet, circumference, two miles; the best specimen of architecture, Girard College, Philadelphia; the largest library is the Bibliothque Nationale, in Paris, founded by Louis XIV.; it contains 1,400,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 175,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts, and 150,000 coins and medals.

The largest span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph in India over the river Kistnah, between Bezorah and Sactanagram. It is more than 6000 feet long, and is stretched between two hills, each of which is 1,200 feet high.

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Wonders of the Yellowstone.

James Carroll, a well known citizen of Helena, Montana, recently made a remarkable discovery in the Yellowstone Park. He says: "While waiting for my companions to dismount and set down on a rock with my Winchester lying across my knees, around me was a scene of grandeur. I was in a deep gorge which led down into the valley. On each side the gray cliffs towered to a magnificent height. Behind me was the steep path down which I had come through a thick growth of stunted pines, while in front of and below me was the gorge (a quarter of a mile wide, perhaps), its bottom covered from the foot of one cliff to the other with a heavy growth of timber. After resting awhile I stood up and listened, expecting to hear my friends approaching. But not a sound came to my ears. The stillness was so deep that a feeling of uneasiness came over me, and I attempted to call out to my companions. But although I opened my mouth and went through all the details of a good, lusty yell, not a sound could I make. I tried again, and with the same result. I couldn't understand it. My horse, which had been standing quietly by me, noticed a movement of the bushes near by, and probably thinking her equine friends were near, attempted to whinny. It was a sad failure, for she couldn't make a sound. She was evidently as much astonished as I, and became uneasy.

"I was on the point of mounting and starting back up the mountain, when a fierce-looking wild animal of the panther tribe stepped out of the bushes within about thirty feet of where I was standing. It saw me instantly and stooped to spring at me. I hastily brought my gun to my shoulder and—fired, shall I say? No—I pulled the trigger, but there was no report, although the smoke puffed out the end of the gun and the wild beast fell as if struck. It immediately jumped up, and hobbled into the brush, but leaving a trail of blood behind it. I was now confirmed in my former suspicion that I was in a land of enchantment, and although not at all superstitious under ordinary circumstances, I would not have been surprised now to see the devil himself jump out from behind a rock. I immediately got on my horse and started back up the path.

"In about a hundred yards I met my companions, who were all standing close together trying to talk to each other, but although they seemed to be shouting at the top of their voices, they were really as dumb as the dead. Although I felt that Old Nick himself was just as likely as not to be on my trail, I could not help laughing at their odd gestures, grimaces, and red faces from their efforts at making themselves heard. They were pretty badly frightened, too. I passed by them, and beckoned them to follow me back the way we had come. No attempt was now made at conversation. After going a quarter of a mile in silence I lost my way. One of my comrades, who seemed to think up close the way back to the trail, came up to me, and bending over so that his mouth was close to my ear, with a superhuman effort, yelled: 'Let me lead!' His shout nearly burst my tympanum. We had got out of the charmed air."—Helena Herald.

"I don't think I can stand it much longer," sighed Jane. "I must take boarders or something. Nobody to speak to all day long. If I feel sick, nobody to do for me."

Jane was down on the kitchen floor sobbing as she spoke. The rag carpet was banging on the line outside. They were turned upon the grass to dry, every pan shone beautifully but the wood was worn, eaten and the smoothest white wash would not make the walls flawless.

"Hedgehog," sighed Jane, "I like a handsome house, but I shan't ever have one of my own."

She said it aloud—a habit of talking to herself had grown upon her—but to her surprise she was answered on the instant.

"Why, who knows?" said a voice. "You may have the handsomest house in the village yet. Who knows? Don't you want me to tell you how?"

"Good gracious!" cried Jane, jumping to her feet, "who is that?"

"It's only me, ma'am," replied a stout, dark woman, with a big straw hat trimmed with poppies on her ears, who sat on the floor all and smiled at her merrily. "It's only poor gypsy wandering over the world, telling folks fortunes for them. Will you have yours told, lady?"

"Mistress," said Jane, laughing. "Why, I'm too old."

"You are young enough to have lots ahead of you, lady," said the gypsy. "Come, what's twenty-five pounds to you? To hear all your good news? Besides, I don't misjudge sometimes. If we are not the best of friends, I'll be glad to see you. What woman does not believe in her inmost heart that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in philosophy?"

How to Live.

What single woman doubts that some where upon earth fate keeps the other half of her soul?

"It would be awfully foolish," said she, "but nobody will ever know. I think I'll do it."

She felt in her pocket for some change. It was not there. She had given it, she remembered, to the man that had mended the wash-bottle that morning. And she went to the drawer of the little book-case with a sliding desk in it, which gypsy followed her, thinking, jaunting, hinting at things which brought blushes to Jane's cheek. She peeped into the drawer. There lay the silver spoons and forks, the sugar tongs, "a brooch set with pearls, Jane's only costly bit of jewelry, and a roll of bills. Miss Beagle drew her little income once a quarter, and kept it in the house in fear of the savings bank, which had once ceased payment for awhile.

The bright eyes, set close together in the gypsy's head, saw all at a glance; and her smile was very bright as Miss Jane put the twenty-five cents into her hand.

"I have taken a notion to you," she said, looking at the palm of the beautiful if not youthful hand that lay in her own. "There's not a man in the world that is liked, not far off, eh?"

Jane blushed again.

"He'll give you a handsome house, and set you up in marriage," said the gypsy. "Now open up, lady, your heart to me. Is it not?"

"He does not care whether it is or not," sighed Jane, unaware that she had spoken.

"Lady," said the gypsy, solemnly, "I have a great power. I can bring love to the disinherited. I can cure love troubles. Do as I tell you and he shall come to you again."

"What an I to do?" asked Jane, carried away by her own emotions and the gypsy's dramatic manner.

"I'll tell you, lady," said the gypsy. "Kneel down here beside this chair. Let me cover your face with this handkerchief. It's a don't be afraid, it's clean; it's a little handkerchief. Now think of him. Think of him you love and don't move until I tell you."

People in love are generally a little mad. I am afraid, and Jane had been hopelessly tripping the image of Mr. Warrington Winkum in her heart for years. She did what the gypsy bade her.

"The next moment she felt the handkerchief tied tightly over her eyes, and next her hands were tied also with a stout cord.

Useful Suggestions.

Professor Hall, discussing our "educational needs," in the *North American Review*, suggests physical weakness as often dangerous to the intellect, and that if we would preserve the moral forces in society, we must look well to the physical culture and development of the young.

Poor Tea.—There enters into the importations of tea to this country a large amount of adulterated, exhausted, and otherwise "improved" material. English law strictly prohibits the introduction of such tea into Great Britain, and in 1881, more than 44,000 packages, forbidden entry there, were exported, the most of them to the United States. Among these bogus teas are those that have been already steeped and used, and then worked over for a second use. This is a matter of great interest to all tea drinkers, a legion among the farmers, and they will approve the legislation proposed in Congress to exclude those abominable combinations.

HOT MILK AS A RESTORATIVE.—The *Practical Journal* says: Milk that is heated to much above one hundred degrees Fahrenheit loses for the time a degree of its sweetness and its density; but no one fatigued by over exertion of body and mind, who has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage, heated as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a restorative to it because of its having been rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its curd influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portions of it seem to be immediately and powerfully absorbed by labor of brain or body will find in this simple draught a restorative that shall be abundantly satisfying and more enduring than the others.

SULPHUR AS A DISINFECTANT.—M. d'Abanc recently read a paper before the Paris Academy of medicine on "marsh fevers," in the course of which he made a strong plea for the properties of "sulfurated" marsh gas as a disinfectant. He cited many instances in which that in the dangerous regions of African fever, its origin secured by sulphur fumigations on the naked body. Also, that the Sulfurated marsh gas, or sulphur fumes, which are produced by the rest of the surrounding population from intermingling fevers. M. Foucault has shown that Zephyria (on the volcanic island of Milo or Melos, the most westerly of the Cyclades), which had a population of 40,000 when it was the centre of sulphur mining operations, became nearly depopulated by marsh fever, when the sulphur mining was moved farther east, and the emanations prevented by a mountain from reaching the town. A simple way to use this article is to drop a quantity of fumes of sulphur on a red-hot stove.

He Saw the Elephant.—An Indian merchant took an elephant to the East. No sooner had he arrived than he noticed a European, who with a staff, and a pack on his back, and round the elephant, examining it attentively on all sides. The merchant addressed several questions to him without eliciting a reply. An intending purchaser appeared on the scene, and the merchant, turned eagerly to the European and whispered in his ear: "Don't say a word till I have sold the elephant, and I will make you a handsome present."

The stranger nodded assent, and remained mute as before. When the bargain was concluded and the money paid, the merchant handed over ten per cent. of the purchase money, and said to the mysterious personage: "Now you can speak; I want you to explain how you came to notice the blemish in the left leg of my elephant, which I thought I had managed entirely to conceal?"

"A blemish!" replied the silent one. "I discovered nothing; it is the first time I ever saw an elephant in my life, and I examined it out of sheer curiosity."

A Cleveland inventor has sent to the life-saving service at Washington plans and a printed description of a "vacuum gun," to be used for throwing a small iron ball, containing a man, with lines and other apparatus, over the surf in order to reach any vessel that may be in distress off the coast. The plan is a novel one, but no great confidence in its success is expressed by experts.

Home Economies.

To make steak tender, put three table-spoonsful of salt and one of vinegar, well mixed together, on a large flat dish, and on this lay the steak. Salt must never be put on steak before it is cooked. The steak must lie on this tender-making mixture for at least half an hour to aside; the toughest steak will succumb to this and be perfectly tender when cooked.

GRATE CRUST.—Take five pounds of grapes, pick over carefully and pulp them. Boil the skins until tender; cook the pulp and strain through a colander or sieve to remove the seeds, then add the skins and cook again with three pounds of sugar, one quart or less of good cider vinegar, two table-spoonsful of cinnamon and allspice; half a table-spoonful of cloves. Boil thoroughly aid can for future use.

BEERSTEAK AND POTATOES.—Take a large and tender steak, bone it, and scatter-over it bits of butter, salt and pepper, a little sage and finely chopped onions. Over that spread a thick covering of mashed potatoes, well seasoned with salt, fresh butter and a little milk. Roll up the steak with the potatoes inside, and fasten the sides and ends with skewers. Put the steak into a baking pan with large cupful of stock or gravy, and let it cook slowly, basting it often. Serve with a rim of mashed potatoes round the platter, and garnish with water-cress.

HOW TO MAKE AN ODD DESSERT.—Here is a novel and pleasing way to prepare a dessert. It is especially adapted for the children's birthday dinners on those happy holidays where such days are kept as joyous festivals: Make a small hole in the end or side of a number of egg shells. Through this pour out the egg. Fill the empty shells with hot pudding, made of cornstarch, arrow-root or Irish moss. When cold break off the shells, serve on small saucers and surround the egg-shaped pudding with jelly or jam. If you wish to take so much trouble, divide the pudding in half and add to one a table-spoonful of grated chocolate, and in this way color part of the eggs. Sugar and cream, flavored with vanilla, is a very nice sauce with this kind of pudding.

LAMB STEAK BREAD IN EGG, and then in biscuit or bread crumbs, and fried until it is brown, helps to make variety for the breakfast table. With baked sweet potatoes, good coffee and buttered toast or corn muffins, one may begin the day with courage.

THE COOKERY IS BEING PLACED ON the basis of the higher education of women, and is being considered one of the fine arts, is something to be realized by every young woman who intends to assume the duties of a well-kept home and a well-fed household.

Perhaps there is no more important branch in the process of culinary development than that of bread making, or any that requires more practice and care. The Americans have more kinds of bread than any other nation, yet they do not always have better, and generally not as good as is often found in other countries.

There are many ways of making bread, by mixing with yeast, by using leaven, by salt-risings or milk yeast, and by mixing the flour with water charged with carbonic acid, called *crust bread*. Yeast bread is by far the most healthful and economical of all modes of making it. Leaven, which one associates more with cookery described in Biblical literature, is a paste, made of flour and water and allowed to sour. Sometimes housekeepers and bakers keep a piece of the risen dough for the next bread mixing, and this is leaven.

To obtain good results in bread making we must begin with yeast! If we would have that kind of bread. The following reliable recipe may be useful to some.

How to Prepare Yeast.—Take three good sized potatoes, pare them and place them in cold water. Take a small pinch of hops and one quart of boiling water, and boil in a porcelain or enameled sauce-pan, and not in tin. Mix a quarter of a cup of sugar with a quarter of a cup of flour, and two table-spoonsful of salt. Into this mixture grate the potatoes. This keeps them from turning dark; and then pour on the boiling hot water strained and stirred steadily. If the potato does not thicken like a thin paste, put it all in a double boiler and cook a trifle till it is thick. Cook the whole in the water. Take out one cup of it, add one cup of cold yeast, and let it rise until it is foamy and bottle with care.

Sanitary.

The female half of the human race as a whole, is quite as healthy as the male half. Small muscles, pale faces, and nervousness are confined to those people whose women dress like ours. The corset contributes more to this bad health than any other error in woman's dress. Next to this come the long, heavy skirts, which drag down the body and fetter the legs. Another serious fault in woman's dress is unequal distribution. While the chest and hips may be overloaded, the legs are exposed, and the feet are cramped.

The feet and legs are in the coldest stratum of air in our houses and need, on this account, extra clothing. The small size of the legs, as compared with the trunk, exposes them to loss of heat. Their great distance from the lungs increases the difficulty. Then the legs among our girls and women have very little circulation. The narrow soles and high heels of the shoe check the circulation and increase the coldness of the lower extremities. When the circulation in the feet is impeded, the warm blood from the chest passing down into the arteries of the legs, is checked. The blood not passing through the feet, is packed in the vessels of the chest, and bears its weight of warmth to the legs and feet.

The inevitable result of this lack of circulation in the legs and feet is congestion of the head and trunk. The blood cannot get down the legs and feet, and is packed in the vessels of the chest, and bears its weight of warmth to the legs and feet.

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For The Curious.

The highest range of mountains is the Himalayas, the mean elevation being estimated at 16,000 to 18,000 feet. The loftiest mountain is Mount Everest or Gaurisankar of the Himalaya range, having an elevation of 29,000 feet above the sea level.

The largest bell in the world is the great bell of Moscow at the foot of the Kremlin. Its circumference at the bottom is nearly 68 feet, and its height more than 21 feet.

The largest suspension bridge will be the one now building between New York and Brooklyn. The length of the main span is 1,595 feet six inches, the entire length of the bridge is 2689 feet.

The loftiest active volcano is Popocatepetl—"smoking mountain"—thirty-five miles southwest of Puebla, Mexico. It is 17,784 feet above the sea level, and has a crater three miles in circumference and 1,000 feet deep.

The largest island in the world, which is also regarded as a continent, is Australia. It is 2500 miles in length from east to west, and measures 1930 miles from north to south. Its area is 2,964,287 square miles.

The greatest thing in the world is the Falls of Niagara; the largest cavern, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; the largest river, the Mississippi, 4000 miles in extent; the largest valley, that of the Mississippi, its area 5,000,000 square miles; the greatest city park, that of Philadelphia, containing 2700 acres; the greatest grain port, Chicago; the biggest lake, Lake Superior; the longest railroad, the Pacific railroad, over 3,000 miles in extent. The most huge mass of solid iron is Pilot Knob, of Missouri, height, 250 feet, circumference, two miles; the best specimen of architecture, Girard College, Philadelphia; the largest library is the Bibliothque Nationale, in Paris, founded by Louis XIV.; it contains 1,400,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 175,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts, and 150,000 coins and medals.

The largest span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph in India over the river Kistnah, between Bezorah and Sactanagram. It is more than 6000 feet long, and is stretched between two hills, each of which is 1,200 feet high.

Water repellent silk, which is neither spotted nor rendered slimy by water, is the latest novelty in silks. It comes in all shades, for day and evening, and will, no doubt, achieve a great success for water-proofing—la-toile. The silk is a soft, twilled fabric, something like sarah.

Heads of Limoges enamel, mounted in silver setting, are the latest French fancy for brooches, wherewith the fashionable young lady fastens her large, bright-hued gypsy kerchief of silk, which she arranges over her dainty shoulders, and knots in front low on the corsage.

Society girls have little fat antichels of silk or satin, delicately scented, and decorated with a bit of their own hand-painting, either floral or comical. These they suspend from the waist by a knot and ends of narrow ribbon. Into this case they slip the card on which is printed the order of dancing. Down the back of the case are fastened small loops of ribbon, which serve to hold a tiny pencil.

A stylish house dress is made of dark Russian gray cashmere. The skirt is laid all the way down in hollow plaits devoid of trimming. The bodice is pointed, front and back, the paniers are arranged in heavy plaits, rounding over the hips and joining the lightly puffed drapery in the back. The front of the bodice, the edges of the paniers, and half the length of the long, close sleeves are trimmed with an elaborate pattern in braidwork.

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The Worst Actor.

Some years ago an actor applied to Lester Wallack for an engagement for himself and wife, stating that his lady was capable of playing all the first lines of business, but, as for himself, he was "the worst actor in the world."

"Why, who knows?" said a voice. "You may have the handsomest house in the village yet. Who knows? Don't you want me to tell you how?"

"Good gracious!" cried Jane, jumping to her feet, "who is that?"

"It's only me, ma'am," replied a stout, dark woman, with a big straw hat trimmed with poppies on her ears, who sat on the floor all and smiled at her merrily. "It's only poor gypsy wandering over the world, telling folks fortunes for them. Will you have yours told, lady?"

Home Dressmaking.

How Every Woman May Become a Fashionable and Economical Dressmaker.

In the present era of cheap dry goods, the heaviest item in the cost of a dress is not infrequently the making. Therefore ladies who wish to economize, or who cannot afford the expensive luxury of a fashionable dressmaker, make their own dresses at home. It is undoubtedly false economy to entrust the making of a handsome dress to inexperienced hands, now that such robes are really works of art, which none but skilled modistes can accomplish successfully.

The manufacture of paper patterns has grown into an immense business and patterns for the latest novelties in every article of clothing for men, women and children may be purchased for a trifling amount. With these are usually furnished plain and simple directions for cutting out and putting together, as well as instructions as to the quantity of material required for the garment. Before buying the pattern, take your measure, easy around the bust, under the arms with a tape-line. Cut the lining out first before touching the material of which the dress is to be made. Take care to keep the goods straight in cutting and pin the pattern down carefully, with every straight line running true to the thread of the material.

It is a mistake to use the top of the dining-table for ironing, folds, and for basques, an ordinary board serves every purpose. Mark the darts with a tracing wheel, which will leave a prickled line upon the goods, but do not cut them out. Baste up and try on with the seams outside, taking up more or less, as may be necessary.

DRESSMAKERS' RULES. The dressmakers merely mark the darts, and pin up the bust, but this is not practicable if you are fitting yourself. Be sure to have a good light on your mirror, so that you can see exactly how your dress fitting fits. Never take up or let out seam, without making a corresponding alteration in the opposite direction. No one, or your dress will be on the dress waist, and it is a wise precaution to lay a fold of batting on a soft, level surface, from under one arm to the other, quite low down. The darts should be kept quite low down; high darts make the figure look flat. Stout figures require a greater distance between the front of the first dart than slender ones. After the lining fits to your satisfaction, rip it apart, and laying it on the dress material, cut out by it instead of the pattern. The two fronts must be cut so as to face in opposite directions, with the selvage of the goods on the outer edge. Everything, even white muslin, has a right side and a wrong side, and even if you cannot detect the difference it is safer to cut your dress all on the same face of the cloth.

The best dressmakers use silk for lining, or, failing this, fine gray linen, but the best silks is equally as good, although less expensive. Drilling is heavy, and apt to stretch, although some dressmakers prefer it. Baste each piece of the corsage on the lining; then baste up and try on, as before. It is an excellent plan to work the buttonholes, and sew the buttons on the front before the busting up, as it will greatly facilitate trying on. To measure the size of the buttonholes, put a piece of card beneath the button, and cut it an eighth of an inch on either side. Having turned down the piece in front on the right side, run a thread a sixteenth of an inch from the folded edge, and again another the width of the card. Measure the distance of the buttons apart, and cut at regular space, beginning with a buttonhole at the bottom of the bodice. It is no longer customary to stitch down the points when they are folded back, the buttons and buttonholes holding them in place, but a straight strip of the material an inch and a half wide, double, and with the edges turned in, should be set on the edge of the left-hand front, to underlap the buttonholes on the right.

FINISHING TOUCHES. Before sewing on the buttons lay the two fronts together, edge on edge, and mark the place where each button is to go, by means of a pin stuck in through the center of the buttonhole. In sewing the buttons on, put in the stitches as they are on the button, they are not to be put in the bodice so much that

the buttons will not match the buttonholes. Before stitching up these seams of the bodice make sure that your tensions are right; if too tight, they will draw; if too loose, they will stretch out of shape. After this is done, try on the waist again, and trim out the neck and arm holes. If these last are not carefully sloped, some ugly creases will always appear between the arm hole and the bosom. The casings for whole buttons are inserted at the side seams, on the left front, in advance of the buttonholes, and on each dart. The casings are made of tape, a little wider than the bone, firmly stitched down on each side of the open seams. The top of the casing is formed altogether of the tape which is doubled for nearly an inch, a precaution which prevents the bone from wearing the dress. These set on the bodice should only extend to within an inch or so of the top of the dart, both on account of the fit, and to prevent cutting out. The floating Jersey basque needs no facing beyond a two-inch wide strip of the dress material; but habit and jockey basques should have the tails lined with the dress goods in case they should accidentally turn up. When the edge of a Jersey basque is cut in battlements they also must be faced in the same manner.

To prevent the bodice from slipping out of place, take the wide tape which comes for the purpose, place its lower edge at the bottom of the waist line, and stick it to the middle seam of the back, taking care not to draw it; put on a couple of hooks and eyes, letting the waist fit easily, though closely, to the waist. In addition to this, our best dressmakers put a wide belt of the dress lining inside, extending from the front dart to the front, where it fastens with hooks and eyes. The edges of the lining and the dress goods are turned in and neatly overseamed together on every seam, so that no raw edges are visible. Sleeves fit close to the arm, and are deeply scooped out on the under side to accommodate the fashionable short shoulder-arms of the day. Many of them are slightly padded on top to give very high effect now considered desirable.

Linens and lawn dresses, gingham, and other wash goods, are not lined, but are made with the convenient French fell, which makes a neat finish, while it prevents the seams from stretching. To make this, stitch up on the right side, allowing room for another seam, trim the seams off close, turn and stitch up, once more on the wrong side.

OTHER DRESS PATTERNS. The skirts of wash dresses are usually made with overskirt and underskirt separate, for convenience in laundering, and the draping is done by means of tapes run in casings, which may be easily let out or drawn up at will. All other materials are made up on a foundation, trimmed at the foot and faced with the dress material on the outside as high as the drapery demands. The drapery is made and trimmed and is then arranged on the waist, and fastened in place. No written directions can be given for this, it requires a plate to go by, and some talent in draping to do it, the latter being more necessary than the plate. There is a decided tendency towards short front draperies, and much bunched up backs, which, however, come down long on the skirt.

The front breadths of the skirt should be without fullness, and hang well to the back, an end attained by scooping them out well at the waist. If the wearer be stout it will be necessary also to take up one or two pleats in front of the stomach. In sewing on the waist-band, mass the fullness at the back, either in large gathers, or else in a quadruple box plait. Dressmakers usually sew a full pleating of ermine at the belt in the back, in order to produce a bouffant effect. More recent, however, is the introduction of a narrow cushion filled with horsehair. This is made like a bag, the upper half, which is sewed to the waistband, being empty, and the lower stuffed. Alpaca makes the best foundation for silks, and French silks are much used, as well as calico, in solid colors, black, brown, blue, etc., according to the dress.

All plaited flounces and frills should be cut straight, all gathered ones bias. Gathered flounces on wash dresses, however, should be straight, since bias ones do not wash well. Gathered bias flounces are coming rapidly into fashion. Most of them are narrow, more ruffled in fact, and from five to fifteen of them are used. All bias folds, platings and flounces must be cut exactly on the bias, or they will not set well. For they cut the material perfectly straight from edge to edge of the selvage, fold the cut

IF IT BE TRUE.

If it be true, and who shall deny, The universal voice of prophecy? If it be true, that just beyond the river, Which we call Death, the soul shall live forever.

In a fairy country bathed in morning light, We were to meet the realm of bliss, Should my proud soul be wedded unto this?

If it be true that we who children all Of one kind Father, at whose gracious call We come to live in peace with one another, That every child of sorrow is my brother?

If it be true—and this I surely know, That I shall reap the very kind I sow, And I must stand alone—not for my brother, Then shall I waste my life in fruitless care.

If I had not loved the one I love, I should I this lingering moment consecrate To thoughts unkind, or deeds of scorn or hate.

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If I had not loved the one I love, I should I this lingering moment consecrate To thoughts unkind, or deeds of scorn or hate.

The largest desert is that of Sahara, vast region of northern Africa, extending from the Atlantic Ocean on the west to the valley of the Nile on the east.

Alleged-Humor.

"I'm married now," was the excuse a Chicago youth gave a forist for not buying as many bouquets as in former years.

A politician of Maryland is named Skipwith Wilmer. He should be the hero of an elopement if there is anything in a name.

Never accuse a political opponent of a purpose to elect himself by the use of money. All who want money will rally around his flag.

A local Mrs. Malaprop gushingly says that she "does so love to sit at the piano in the gloaming and improvise." This Malapropism is not improper.

An exclamation contains an article on "Young Women Who Die Early." This frequently occurs, but the cases of old women who die early are very few indeed.

A young man in a train was making fun of a young lady's hat to an elderly gentleman in the seat with him: "Yes," said his seat-mate, "that's my wife; and I told her if she wore that bonnet some fool would make fun of it."

When he called the meeting to order Brother Gardner arose and said: "Gentlemen, if it wasn't for de wheels on a wagon the wagon wouldn't move. When de whells is on, den what?" "Grease!" solemnly exclaimed an old man. "Kersect!" whispered the president, softly rubbing his hands together. "We ha' de wagon an' de wheels. We will now pass de hat aroun' for de grease."

Doan't think that a man is brave 'cas he wasters time fight yer. De man 'cas can walk away from an insult is de boldes.

How a Dog Pulled a Baby out of the Fire.

Dog stories are without number and are always interesting; and in the great family of dogs that race that came originally from Newfoundland boasts more real heroes than any other. There are pathetic stories of dogs told in connection with every breed, and they have been duly immortalized by Sir Edwin Landseer and his emotional successor, Mr. Briton Riviere. The dogs of St. Bernard find travelers who are lost in the snow; collie dogs are the most affectionate of creatures in life as well as in death; and even the ordinary mongrel or huncher has a heart of compassion for the baby girl who is sent out of the room in disgrace and sits disconsolately on the doorstep of the stairs. But Newfoundland dogs are the true heroes; they win the medals and Victoria Crosses of dog fairs. Hitherto they have confined their attentions however to seas and rivers. If a child tumbled off of a pier at the water-side or escapes from its nurse's arms into the river some grand inserted Newfoundland dog is sure to be at hand to offer its valuable services. It seems that they are as handy as in case of fire. An imprudent mother in Paris left her infant alone in a room with an unprotected fire while she went out on an errand. The baby, while she was away, slipped up on the marble hearstone, falling head first under the grate. The natural thing for a child to do under such circumstances was to get up and try to extinguish the fire. The dog, who was greatly attached to the child, sagaciously thought that something was wrong, so he bounded up stairs, luckily found the door open, and seeing the situation of the infant, unable to extricate itself from its perilous position, dragged the baby away from the fireplace, conveyed it into the centre of the room, and was found by the neighbors licking the face and little arms of its friend, who had luckily been only slightly burned during the interval. The delight of the mother, when she heard what had happened was naturally intense; but how could she reward such a heroic preserver? The dog certainly deserves a Human's Social medal, or should be promptly attached to the nearest division of Sapeurs Pompiers.

THE NATIONAL ODE.

Look up, look forth, and on thy face There's light in the dawning sky. The clouds are parting, the night is gone; Prepare for the light of day! Follow the path of duty, and be true; And fear the shepherds stray, And the folds of thy vast domain. Awaiting thee, and mellow rain! Of knowledge, desire and deed, For lesser sunning and mellow rain!

Pluck them back with the old disdain From the touch of hands that stain; Till the bounty of coming hours, Shall plant on thy fields apart, The oak of Toil, the rose of Art! Be watchful and keep us so; Be strong and fear no foe; Be just and the world shall know The same love, love us as we give: And the day shall never come That finds us weak and dumb, To join and smile and cry, In the great task for this to die, And the greater task for this to live.

A Matter-of-Fact Heroine. Love is a Pastime in Which the Hunter Should Beware the Game. Pursue a Virtue.

Because she was a flirt—that is the reason it served her right to be caught up with in the manner I am about to narrate. Not the usual thing—the emotionally cruel young woman who lightly breaks men's hearts until she falls into the hands of the emotionally cruel young man who breaks hers for her, inmost good qualities, and she was, as I have said, quite gentlemanly and discreet; but once she contemplated a thorough, unworthy and heartless flirtation, and was amusingly punished for it, and this is the way it was:

There was an interesting woman in the city of St. Dominic, where Miss Woodbury lived, who desired to possess a patroness and fosterer of literature and art, to the consternation of such artists and writers as had the misfortune to live in Saint Dominic; for while artists would not for the world be anything but what they are, they are disatisfied to be pursued by Philistines solely on account of their artistic proclivities, and laugh at, like new comers or chills; and marriage—that bulwark of the state—this foxy young woman regarded as a sort of infernal locus-pocis, by which a young man had been taught, by intricate flattery and prostrate adoration, to believe herself a queen, suddenly found herself helplessly a slave forever.

By assuming an elevated and coldly philosophical tone in discussing problems of the day—university education for women, co-education, the ballot for women—the contrived, in the very early stages of their acquaintance, to the men she flirted with into a frank expression of many compassion for the whole sex, that could only help itself to any independence and recognition by consciousness—no matter how enforced from them—granted by men. "Men are natural tyrants" was a phrase she had heard so often, that she could hardly place the different tones she had heard it in.

She liked to hear these things said, because they seemed to strengthen her position. She braced her armor anew, saying: "The real world is quite as I thought. There is nothing in the love artists do—nothing, nothing." The reiterated was a defiance of an unquiet misgiving as to whether men are likely to turn their hearts inside out for inspection, when their due is to be coldly philosophical. Still, with more or less excitement told her, later, with more or less excitement, and would find make such catches to ask how it was possible that he should care so much for the favor of one whom he pitied so heartily and meant to rule so despotically?

No, but she was different from all other women, and he an exception to the tyranny of all other men. It is just to say that Miss Woodbury was made, and not born, a flirt. At an early stage of her development a brilliant woman of the world had taken a fancy to her, and assured her that she had in her the material for a chief d'œuvre. Belle was restless under the training of her friend. She was naturally reserved, and a little melancholy, and the admitted diversions of young-ladydom bored her. "It's all so pale and meaningless," she fretted; "I could be Adam's next-door neighbor, or I could be a nun, but this pitiful betwixt and between, what is it?"

Miss Woodbury acquired from her friend's invaluable lessons an insincerity which made her more untrustworthy.

She could treat a new acquaintance as if he or she were the found-at-last complement of her being, and then forgot the wretch so utterly that when it rushed forward next time, to renew the pleasantly begun intercourse, while Miss Woodbury made every effort to seem as if her memory was equally good it was chillingly apparent that she had, in fact, no recollection of anything in particular. In short, obeying her friend's precepts, she had adopted the peculiarly feminine line of activity called by young women in moments of expansion "trying to make people like you," and it is so true that the heart leaps kindly back to kindness that the effort is usually crowned with success, and Belle sometimes gathered in a scalp she had not warred for, and was made inexpressibly happy by the acquisition.

In her various affairs she generally took a man of her size—to speak in the language of schoolboys—a worldling, and an intellectual mortal, in order that conversation need not be limited to sentiment, and that she might have the consolation of remembering that, of course, he went in with his eyes open. She liked to find out what was sensitive and high in men, their dearest dreams, their gentles, inmost good qualities, and she was, as I have said, quite gentlemanly and discreet; but once she contemplated a thorough, unworthy and heartless flirtation, and was amusingly punished for it, and this is the way it was:

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Very interesting to be so extreme, no doubt, my dear," said her friend, "but we women work with what we have; and of the women who don't fascinate the men about them it is simply said that they—can't. Think of that when you are feeling particularly superior and high-minded."

stallion-game has wantonly done to death.

Bracey gave himself up to her blandishments with an alacrity that gave her food for reflection. "I wonder if he is married?" she mentally observed, and the next thought, although not permitted to take definite shape, was something like: "If he is, so much the worse for Mrs. Bracey."

Such promptly barbarous designs deserve a word of explanation. Miss Woodbury was in a savage frame of mind, and, like the irritated cobra, ready to strike at a tree if that was the only thing that presented itself. Without exactly calling life a circus, she always thought of herself as the heroine of the savannah arena, riding lazily, lying along the back of a horse which symbolized freedom, dreams and inspiration. She would picture the philosophers, her friends, as ring-masters rushing up to her, extending a paper-covered hoop through which she would jump; would, very much where she was going to land, and until lately, rejoice to find herself safe on the back of the dream-horse again. If she made a misstep or a good jump, she would roll indignominously on the savadist, and the man who held the fatal hoop would have the right to call a "tally." Long ago there had come into the ring a man, not a ring-master, but a rider like her, and his horse, a splendid black, kept beside her a while, and that was riding, indeed. Then one day the vicious black bolted, and went clear over the railings and out of sight, carrying his brilliant, indolent rider, Miss Woodbury's friend, informed her, to the devil. That, as I have said, was long ago, but still when the arena seemed oppressively circumscribed, Belle's thoughts went wandering to the possible whereabouts of this hero, and she wondered if her own horse would not bolt some time and carry her where he was. Then she remembered that the Inferno itself is in circles, and thought possibly the savadist, ring might have its advantages for women.

Meantime, in her latest leap she had been disgracedly unhorsed, and, although the ring-master stood chivalrously ready to give her a mount again, for the moment it seemed more easily said than done, and she had brooded over the defeat until her mood was somewhat dangerously vindictive. Of course, she stood beside Bracey a model of suave receptiveness. "You are a poet," said Bracey, with a thrill in his voice. "So are you," said Belle, softly, while she inwardly crossed herself and a candle to Shakespeare for so taking in vain the name sacred to her under the sun. She could not know the mark at the East, she couldn't know the man rhymed, but the muscles of his face relaxed subtly, showing that she had stroked scientific the velvet of his softest vanity.

"If Mrs. Reade could hear us she would be delighted," she continued, winking a little. "This is the way she writes us to talk." "I don't understand you," said Bracey simply. "I mean that Mrs. Reade wishes us to pretend that we believe that our miserable little penny-dips are lighted with the sacred fire, and to talk as if we were real," pouted Belle, discontentedly. "Are you not real?" said Bracey, quite gravely. "I am perfectly sincere in all I write; I couldn't write if I were not."

"No, I'm not real," said Belle, impetuously. "I try to be sometimes, but I am not." Bracey looked first sad, then thoughtful, then radiant. His eyes smiled into hers. "I believe in you," he said. "I must certainly say Mrs. Reade about this man," thought Belle. And she accordingly did so, eliciting that Bracey was a man even more of the people than most Americans, but one who was ambitious for a college education. Every kind of misfortune had combined to make the fulfillment of his ambition impossible until within the past few months, when, not daunted by the fact that he was two or three years older than most graduates, he had entered the freshman class at the University, and fully designed to remain until he took his degree.

"He writes?" asked Belle. "Or you would not see him here simpler Mrs. Reade. I liked his poems—oh, he has genius, Miss Woodbury—and I never rested until I met him. Isn't he strange and brilliant, and isn't it delightfully Bohemian for him to dress as he does?"

Steeves had almost disappeared from the waists of evening dresses, but the arms are covered by kid gloves that are nearly a yard long, and that reach from shoulders to wrists. The gloves match the dress in color.

The stockraisers of Colorado estimate the aggregate value of their flocks and herds at \$35,000,000. The number of horned cattle is placed at 2,250,000.

hours run across the Straits of De Pico to Victoria, on Vancouver's Island, and here, at one's first stop, he realizes that he is on British soil. It is strange that two peopled speaking the same language, holding in the main the same or similar beliefs, can dwell in their daily living so utterly dissimilar atmospheres as do the Americans and the English. This sharp contrast can nowhere be more vividly seen than in going from Washington Territory to Vancouver's Island. Victoria is a town which would well repay a careful study. Even in the most cursory glances at it one sees symptoms of reticent life, a flavor of mystery and legend, backgrounds of traditional dignity and hereditary squall, such as one might go up and down the whole Pacific coast, from San Diego to Portland, and not find. When Victoria is, as it is sure to become, sooner or later, a wide-known summering place, no doubt its byways and highways, its bygone ways and days, will prove a mine of treasure to the imagination of some dreaming story-teller. The business part of the town, if one may be pardoned such a misnomer in speaking of its sleepy streets, is rubbily and littered. The buildings are shabby, unadorned, with no pretense of design or harmony. They remind one of the inferior portions of second-class commercial towns in England, and the men and women in the shops, on doorsteps and in alley-ways look as if they might have just come from Hull. But one outside this part of the town all is changed: delightful, picturesque lanes; great meadow spaces full of oaks; knolls of mossy boulders; old trees swathed in ivy; cottages buried in roses and honeysuckle; comfortable houses, with lawns and hedges, sun-dials and quaint weather-vanes; castle-like houses of stone, with loggias and high walls and drive-ways; and, to complete the picture, sauntering down the lanes, or driving at stately pace along the perfect roads, robust men and leisurely women, whose nonchalance and leisure could not be outdone or outstared in Hyde Park.

When she went to her carriage Bracey was standing by the open gate. He gave her some green, pointed leaves, which she accepted mechanically. "I should like to see you again. I know where you live. May I come and see you?" he said, with the simplicity of a child. Belle gave him permission to call. His directness pleased her; it was part of the man, and had not the farthest affinity with intrusion. Musing upon the ringmaster as she drove, she forgot Bracey, until, clenching her hands with annoyance upon the leaves she still held, a faint fragrance made her examine them. They were bay leaves.

Bracey duly made his appearance, and Belle in turn went over to the University and examined its points of interest with the mature but studious fresherman; and after that they saw each other often. She was beginning to like him very much, but the teachings of his old-time, worldly friend, asserted their power, and she was discontented to perceive in him no sign that he was becoming a victim.

"Perhaps," she said to herself, "is a man who can be a woman's friend without falling in love with her, or considering it a duty to play at being in love with her. But, oh, how indifferently complimentary to the woman toward whom such sangfroid is possible! If only for vicarious vengeance on the ringmaster, I should like to make him writhe a little. Patience! I shall do it yet."

She tried rushing over him, and knowing that it was not spontaneous, blushed guiltily when she met his calm, kindly eyes. One day, becoming desperate, she sent him some books. The next day she received the following note: "Dear Miss Woodbury:—I am obliged obliged to you for the books. I do not believe you have heard that I am engaged to a young lady at the East. It is a hopeless affair enough, but she has promised to wait for me. She is studying, as I am. I am very happy in knowing that she loves me. I love her. I hope this will not give you pain. I thought you ought to know it. If I had known you first perhaps I might have liked you best. Indeed, I shall always like you, and very much, too. I am, my dear friend, yours, very truly, John Bracey."

Every man she had flirted with, every woman she had gushed over and forgotten, was, significantly, avenged in the storm of comic rage that for a moment made Belle's face a study after reading this note. If he had been a man she would have sworn; being a woman, she talked. "Poor, weak brain!" she said, contemptuously. "I do him the honor to take the trouble to try to give him the most educating talk he ever had in his life, he who thursts for cultivation—and the serene stupid talks about giving me—pain!" If he had seen me first! Language fails!"

"She prepared to answer the note at once, and sat dipping the pen in the ink a score of times, while her hand shook when suddenly the unspeakable absurdity of the situation dawned upon her. She threw down the pen and shouted with laughter. Her sense of justice told her that it was solely her own fault that she had received the note, and her own sense of humor found expression in laughter. She leaned forward again and hastily wrote: "Dear Mr. Bracey:—Thank you for your confidence. You have given me enough to give, because he fears ridicule or mistake. I see you have not thought of this man," thought Belle. And she accordingly did so, eliciting that Bracey was a man even more of the people than most Americans, but one who was ambitious for a college education. Every kind of misfortune had combined to make the fulfillment of his ambition impossible until within the past few months, when, not daunted by the fact that he was two or three years older than most graduates, he had entered the freshman class at the University, and fully designed to remain until he took his degree.

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George Didn't Take the Cake

Little George had been sick, and was consequently placed upon a close diet. Feeling some better, he begged for just one piece of cake. "Does your head ache?" asked his mother. "No, mamma," George replied eagerly. "Not one mite!" "Do you feel bad?" "Your stomach?" "No, I feel fine!" "Well, then," said his mother, "I guess you had better not have any." Fancy George's feelings, and wonder what would have been the material result had his head ached and his stomach felt bad.

A very fashionable material for dress gowns (collets) is cream-white serged flannel trimmed with long loops and ends of white moire or satin ribbon. For young married ladies this fabric is made with trimmings of lace and white silk embroidery or braiding.

Married-Folks Would be Happier. If home trials were here: told to neighbors. If they kissed and made up after every quarrel. If household expenses were proportioned to receipts. If they tried to be agreeable as in courtship days. If each would try to be a support and comfort to each other. If each remembered the other was a human being, not an angel. If women were so kind to their husbands as they are to their lovers. If fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of summer. If both parties remembered that they were married for worse as well as for better. If men were as thoughtful of their wives as they are of their sweethearts. If there were fewer silk and velvet street costumes and more plain, tidy house dresses. If there were fewer "please darlings" in public and more common manners in private.

If wives and husbands would do some pleasure as they go along, and not dislocate into some toilet machine. Recreation is necessary to keep the heart in its place, and to get along without it is a big mistake.

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