# FOR FEMININE READERS.

### Gable Fronts in Fashion.

The feminine heart of New York was last winter wrenched with envy over a peculiar kind of headgear that certain French actresses displayed on the street. It consisted of a hat with a brim behind, and with a broad one in front that was peaked up like the gable end of an old Normandy house. This, with a jumble of feathers, flowers, ribbons and lace, produced an effect that was striking, to say the least.

To adopt it was generally considered as indicative of an inclination on the wearer's part to adopt the manners of French actresses also, and consequently gable fronts were rarely seen last winter. This season Broadway and Fifth avenue are lined with the hats, worn not alone by the girls, but also by staid, sedate and white headed matrons. Fashion is a great power.

### Cow-Girls.

A beautiful cow-girl lives near Murkel, Taylor county, Neb. She owns some stock, which she personally looks after. At a recent roundup her dazzling beauty and graceful horsemanship were wonderful to behold. A yearling broke from the herd, which three cowboys failed to confine, when the beautiful girl dashed out after it, roping on the second circle, and pulled it by the horn of her saddle into the herd. The boys shouted, wept, and have never ceased to love.

John Sergeant, of Montrose county, it may be added to this, has a fifteen-year-old daughter, Miss Nellie, who has been bred in the saddle, and has been accustomed to ride with her father all over his range. In addition to the young lady's graceful horsemanship she can handle a lariat and branding iron, and can ride a bucking horse with as much skill and grace as any cowboy that has been on the range since boyhood. Nellie Sergeant is dowered by her father with one-third of the increase of his herd, and when she chooses to marry her husband will be a cattle king.—*Omaha (Neb.) Bee.*

### Romances Seen by a Florist.

"The florist sees plenty of pretty little romances," said the man behind the counter. "Very often a young man has flowers sent to a certain house in the city every morning. Then there comes a big order; the marriage, you know, and then they dwindle down; he comes less often, until finally he ceases altogether. Last spring I used to notice a couple going by here, a fine manly young fellow and a girl pretty and dainty; with lovely brown hair and dark blue eyes. They didn't know each other, but when the young man went to business the girl was sure to be somewhere around where she could see him. She lived right around the corner, and she used to come in here and pretend to be examining the flowers as he passed. Then she would look up and watch him as he went down the street. One day as he went by she looked up and said to me: 'Oh, what a funny hat,' and then carelessly, as she began picking among the flowers, 'I wonder who he is?' I came very near laughing, for the previous day the young fellow had been in to ask me who she was, and had sent her some flowers. About a week afterward she came in with a friend, and I heard her telling the friend how somebody had been sending her flowers every morning, and she did wish she could find out who it was.

"Well the best part of it all came afterward. One morning he came in as usual and the gardener took him back into the conservatory. While he was there the girl entered and stood near the counter looking toward the window. Presently he returned, and, as he started for the door briskly, he said: 'Well, send these flowers as usual up to No. 24 — street.' Neither knew the other was near, and, hearing the number of her house mentioned, she turned around and they met face to face. Well, I never saw such an embarrassed couple in all my days. She had a big Jacqueminot near her face, and it would have been hard to tell which was redder, the rose or her cheek. She turned to the flowers and he passed out. They didn't come any more, but not long ago I saw them going by together. They both looked in, and when they saw me he laughed and she blushed.—*Boston Traveller.*

### A Norwegian Wedding.

Miss Gordon-Cumming, in an article in *Cassell's Family Magazine* says: We had the good luck to witness a very interesting ceremonial—namely, a village wedding, when about fifty persons assembled, all in holiday costume—the women in bright-colored petticoats and bodices, with beautiful white chimisettes. They were a very pleasant looking group—the men strong, well-knit fellows, but all fair-skinned, with flaxen hair and kind blue eyes. The bride was a demure young woman, somewhat overweighted with necklaces and bracelets, (which we understand to be heirlooms), but more especially by an immense gilt crown running up in tall points to a height of about eight inches, and studded with many colored crystals. It is a most gorgeous head-dress, and belongs to the village.

Every village is supposed to have one, which is hired for the occasion by the parents of the bride. But, like the plain ribbon or snood of the Scottish Highland maid, no Norwegian bride is entitled to wear this crown of honor unless her character is above suspicion; and this, unhappily, is so very exceptional, that the hiring of the crown is now considered almost invidious on the part of the few who may certainly claim it; so the custom is dying out, and we esteemed ourselves fortunate in having witnessed a nuptial ceremony in which this picturesque bridal decoration was worn.

There is no architectural beauty in the very plain, barn like church, which had no pretense at decoration. The Lutheran service, which, of course, was conducted in Norwegian, seemed to us like that of the Scotch Presbyterian church. All the men sat on one side and the women on the other, according to the usual custom. The parson (whose garb is a black gown, with a very large white fluted collar, encircling his throat like a Queen Elizabeth ruff) performed the simple service, in which a wedding-ring shaped like a double heart did duty in place of our plain circlet. He then ascended the pulpit and delivered a very long exhortation, which, being beyond our comprehension, was to us only suggestive of Longfellow's charming lines:

> "Long was the good man's sermon,
> Yet it seemed not long to me,
> For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
> And still I thought of thee."

There was one feature in the ceremony which we noted with especial interest, therein recognizing a lingering trace of pre-Christian days. The pulpit stands [in] the centre of a large chancel, and, at [some stag]e in the service, all the wedding-[party] walked thrice round it, in side-[pro]cession—a pretty survival of ol[d] paganism.

### Fashion Notes.

Black pearls are fashionable and very beautiful, if properly set and worn.

The numerous varieties of Oriental and Pompadour lace remain as fashionable as ever.

Fawn is a lovely color in velvet or velveteen. Porphyry is a new shade of red between brick and garnet.

Necklets of velvet, satin, metal and all sorts of materials are worn by women, young girls, and children.

Children's garments retain the puffed Moliere front, and a bunch of shirring in the back is added this winter.

Black and dark brown is a fashionable combination, and some of the richest dresses are made in these colorings.

The fastenings of mantles and cloaks of seal are carved antique heads in wood, stained ivory or fine passementerie.

There is a revival of taste for the delicate æsthetic colors, and the newest jerseys are brought out in these shades.

Among the newest designs in lace pins are those made of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies to represent a peacock feather.

Silesia, with scroll-work applications of cloth outlined in silk, is used for decorative bands on furniture and draperies in Paris.

Riding stockings of crimson silk are manufactured expressly for horsewomen. They weigh three ounces and a half, and are very warm.

Sleeveless sacques seem to be gaining in favor in Paris for morning wear. They are made with very long, loose fronts, but fit closely in the back.

Plush capes, called the "Mysotis," are made for young ladies. They are sometimes bordered with marabout, which adds to their dressy appearance.

Fichus of velvet, satin, and lace—"Manons" they are called in Paris and London—are much in favor, being worn with either low or high necked dresses.

The attempt to make the old-fashioned wreath a part of the bridal costume was a failure, and the veil is now fastened by sprays of jewels or by single flowers.

A new style of overskirt has the apron made with a wide box plait in the center, which is very short, and kilt plaits on each side, gradually lengthening until the last reaches nearly to the hem of the underskirt.

The striped brocade satins in gold and bright colors are considered pretty this season for young girls, who, at other times, wear white or soft, plain colors. The satins are as pretty as if embroidered and the girls are fortunate.

Ladies who do not find the bonnet with the point above the centre of the forehead becoming, wear it with the point on one side, and on the other a dent, in which is set a feather, so that the general outline make a curve at the top.

The corsage of dressy toilets is frequently formed entirely of white, colored or black bugle beads, woven in the lace foundation so thickly so as to cover the surface, and forming hexagons, squares, and other geometrical figures on the same.

An exquisite dress worn by a Boston bride consisted of a trained rope of pure white satin, elaborately embroidered with fine cut-steel beads and decorated with steel bead tassels and fringes. These, with the many diamonds worn, gave the toilet the appearance of being powdered with diamonds.

There is a fancy at present for making the pinked-out ruches on the hems of skirts of different colors in different parts of the skirt. For instance, if the petticoat be of black satin and the train of red covered with black lace, the former will have a ruching of red silk, and the latter one of red and two of black.

The bustle, which everyone reviles, and which seems insensible to the universal reprobation, grows larger and larger. It must even be confessed that skirts are wider at the bottom, and that some of them are supported by a bustle that strongly resembles the hoop-skirt of old. But these examples are purely individual; one elegant lady will appear in an inflated skirt, while another, not less elegant, will wear one narrow and clinging. It is the same with the style of toilettes; people suit their own tastes rather than any particular fashion.

### A Game for Children.

The little ones will thank us for reprinting a description of the following new game for children in the *Little Folks' Magazine*. It is called the game of "Names:"

Each player is provided with a long slip of paper and a pencil, and if one of the players has a watch so much the better; if not a clock must be used. One commences by calling out: "Girls' names commencing with A two minutes allowed." Each player then writes down all the girls' names that he (or she) can recollect, and at the expiration of the two minutes "time" is called. Then the oldest player reads from his (or her) slip all the names he or she has written down—say Amy, Amabel, Alice, Ann, Annie, Armanda, Alleen, etc. All the other players, as the names are read out, cancel any name read out. If, for instance, all have written Amy, all cancel Amy, and count one mark. Say six players have Amabel and four have not, each of the six counts one mark, those who have not thought and written down Amabel get nothing for Amabel, and so on through the list. The object of the game is to teach the children all girls' and boys' names. When the marks have been allotted for all the names the total of the marks are read out and noted on each slip. The players then proceed in similar manner for all boys' names commencing with A, such as Alfred, Abel, Adam, Andrew, Arthur, etc. The game can be continued till all the letters of the alphabet are exhausted. But practically young players rarely care to "do" more than thirty sets, or fifteen letters consecutively. Various names crop up, and the memory is well exercised, and children generally vote it great fun. Any one introducing pet or fancy names, such as Pussy, Kit, Teddy, etc., forfeits two marks, unless it be arranged that they be allowed.

### Four-Footed Birds.

Mr. Edward M. Bingham, of Battle Creek, Mich., tells the Chicago academy of sciences that there are four-footed birds about the Amazon and its tributaries. The singular fact is that when they come out of the shell the wing is provided with a foot and well-developed toes, the latter terminating in long claws. After its birth the bird retains its quadruped character for several days, but gradually the feet change into wings. In its adult life it rests so much upon its breast that the latter becomes calloused; and it emits when disturbed a hissing sound. It is believed to be the connec[ting link b]etween the reptile and the [bird.]

... [we]re the lives of chil... [b]ecoming enormous-

# HUMOROUS SKETCHES

### Getting a Picture Taken.

"Now," said the photographer, taking hold of the cloth over the instrument, "are you all ready?"

"Yes," replied the customer.

"Well, just keep your eye on that sign," he said, pointing to a legend on the wall which read Positively No Credit; "and look pleasant."—*New York Sun.*

### The Exact Time.

It is utterly impossible for even a successful presidential candidate to feel as important as is a boy when he is allowed to carry a watch for the first time.

"What time is it, sonny?" asked a gentleman of a boy on an Austin street car. The boy smiled, and looking at his astronomical time piece replied:

"Do you want the exact time?"

"If you please."

"In two minutes it will be three minutes to five minutes to a quarter past three," replied the young man.—*Siftings.*

### The Hot Water Cure.

Doctor—You have tried the remedies I prescribed for you.

Patient—I have, doctor, and followed your directions faithfully.

D.—And you have experienced no benefit?

P.—Not a particle.

D.—Then there is only one thing that will avail you; you must try the hot water cure.

P.—The hot water cure? Will nothing else help me?

D.—Nothing else will help you, sir.

P.—Then I'm a gone man.

D.—What makes you think so? You haven't tried the remedy yet.

P.—Haven't I? Why I've been married ten years and my mother-in-law lives in my house.—*Boston Courier.*

### A Story by a Great Way.

"Once there was a lion that wanted to know how polite all the bastes were. So he made a great smell in his den with brimstone or something else—I don't mind what jist—but it smelt enough to knock you down intirely; and then he called in the bear, and says he: 'Good morning Mr. Bear, and what d'ye think of the smell here this morning?' and says the bear, says he, 'why it smells bad.' 'What's that you say?' says the lion, 'take that,' says he (ating him up altogether), 'take that and see if it will tache ye politeness, ye unmannerly son of a cub!'

"Now, when the bear was ate up the lion called in the monkey and asked him the same question precisely. Now, the monkey, seeing the bear that the lion had swallowed lying dead in the corner, says he: 'May it please your majesty,' says he, 'it's jist the most delightful smell I ever smelt in my life at all, at all.' 'So it is,' said the lion (patting him on the head aisy like, so as to bate the breath clane out of his body), 'so it is,' said he, 'and now you'll not tell another lie soon I'm thinking.'

"Now, when the lion had kilt the bear and the monkey he called in the fox to him and says he (looking very savage and ready to ate him up if he should make the laste fox paw at all.)

"'Good morning, Fox,' says he; 'how does my parlor smell to-day?' And says the fox (wiping his nose with the brush of his tail and pulling down his eyelid with his paw, as much as to say, 'D'ye see any green there, my honey?'). 'Faith,' says he, 'may it please your majesty, I've a very bad could this morning and it's me that can't smell at all, at all!' So the lion laughed and tould the fox he was a very clever baste and that he might tread in his footsteps if he could straddle wide enough, and that all the other bastes should mind him or he would eat them up as he had done the bear."—*Speech of S. S. Prentiss in Congress.*

### Charlotte Elizabeth.

Did I ever tell you of Charlotte Elizabeth? Lottie Libbie was a rag doll of mammoth proportions belonging to the Gusher at the tender age of five. On one hospitable afternoon a few infant friends gathered and it was proposed to give Charlotte one square meal. A hole was dug in her mouth and about a pound of cotton dragged up. The vacuum thus formed was filled with clam fritters, fricasseed chicken and any other eatable thing we could lay our hands on. This meal was administered with the spoon and rammed down with the handle. Now, Charlotte's digestive faculties were not equal to her appetite. She suffered dreadfully with dyspepsia for three days and then the family began to suffer. They tore up the floor for dead rats; they sent for the selectmen to look into the drainage; they disinfected and they deodorized with every means known in that unenlightened age and benighted city. Suddenly it began to be noticed that the awful perfume stole over their agonized senses with strange regularity on my appearance. The investigating committee immediately turned their forces on me. I was triumphantly acquitted. But, alas! Charlotte was discovered. The dreadful creature was taken with the kitchen tongs at arm's length, and I was retired for fumigating. It is distinctly remembered that my remonstrances were heard at Rocky Hill, a distance of six miles, and my lament for Charlotte Elizabeth clouded the domestic circle for weeks. It was the third Sunday after "the deep damnation of her taking off" that every one but the darkey cook and the early Gusher went away to church, and the cook divulged the dreadful secret.

"They done gone bury Chart 'Lizbeth under the p'ar tree," said she. With a wild shout and a fire-shovel I started for the pear tree, and the resurrection of my pet was effected in short order. There had been heavy rains and blistering suns. The coffinless body was a thousand times more hideous than before burial; but I hugged my poor darling to my faithful breast and burst forth in a vow of earnest and dire vengeance. I knew the length of Parson Chauncey's sermons. My wrath was not to be nursed that long. Too mad to think of a bonnet or ceremony, with Charlotte under my arm, I bolted into church and up the aisle to the family pew in front of the chancel. The pews were high and my head was low. The worshipers were conscious of an undercurrent odor no way resembling Jockey Club. Remarks were passed that the drain had burst. Then arriving at my family's headquarters, I rattled on the buttoned door, and, to show my triumph, stuck Charlotte's face—Charlotte's horrible, grave stricken face—with the ghastly hole through which she had taken her first, last, fatal meal, yawning frightfully at my paralyzed mother—up over the top of the pew. There was in the pew a fashionable young aunt, who fainted in the corner; there was a sympathetic little brother, who yelled out: "Where did yer find her?" and there was a stern and dignified theological uncle, who always said "spare the rod and spoil the child." As if to receive the benediction or sing the doxology, this entire party rose. Charlotte and I headed the procession out of church, and I drop a curtain over the troublous interval that ensued.—*Giddy Gusher, in New York Mirror.*

### Porcelain Tower of Nankin.

The city of Nankin, once the capital of China, has for centuries been famous to the "barbarians" of the outer world for its porcelain tower—a relic of the splendor of its ancient days, before Pekin usurped its dignity as the seat of the empire. The place is now to a great extent a city of ruins; its palaces, tombs and monuments were long since given to decay, and the wars of recent years have greatly increased the general dilapidation. The city proper has shrunk to one-fourth of its former dimensions, the present population inhabiting its inner portion, while the memorials of past magnificence are distributed around them. The porcelain tower was built early in the fifteenth century by the order of the Emperor Yung Loh, and as a work of filial piety. It was a monument to the memory of his mother, and he determined that its beauty should as far outshine that of any similar memorial as the transcendent virtues of the parent, in her son's eyes, surpassed those of the rest of her sex. No expense was spared in its erection, and its total cost is estimated at more than three-quarters of a million of our own money. The work was commenced at noon on a certain day in 1413, and occupied nearly twenty-eight years in its completion. The total height of the porcelain tower was more than two hundred feet, and it was faced from top to bottom with the finest porcelain, glazed and colored. It consisted of nine stories, surmounted by a spire, on the summit of which was a ball of brass, richly gilted. From this ball eight iron chains extended to as many projecting points of the roof, and from each chain was suspended a bell which hung over the face of the tower. The same arrangement was carried out in every story. These bells added much to the graceful appearance of the tower, breaking its otherwise formal and monotonous outline. Round the outer face of each story were several apertures for lanterns, and when these were all illuminated, we are told, in the magniloquent language of the Chinese historian, that "their light illuminated the entire heavens, shining into the hearts of men, and eternally removing human misery!" It is not difficult to imagine, however, that the appearance of the tower on such an occasion must have been beautiful in the extreme. On the top of the tower were placed two large brazen vessels and a bowl, which together contained various costly articles, in the nature of an offering and a charm to avert evil influences. Among these were several pearls of various colors, each supposed to possess miraculous properties, together with other precious stones, and a quantity of gold and silver. In this collection, designed to represent the best treasures of the state, were also placed a box of tea, some pieces of silk and copies of some ancient Chinese writings. The Chinese historian to whom we have alluded announced to the world, in the simplicity of his heart, that his splendid monument of filial gratitude would continue to endure and teach its lessons for hundreds of generations. But alas! for human foresight and the stability of all things on earth! In March, 1853, the Taeping rebels took Nankin, and sacked the place. For a long time they appear to have kept their destroying hands off the porcelain tower; but at last—probably to wreak full vengeance on the imperialists—they demolished it. This occurred in 1856. Since that time Nankin has been taken and retaken both by imperialists and rebels, and the former now hold possession of the city; but a city no longer adorned with that famous structure which was truly one of the wonders of the world.—*World of Wonders.*

### English and Welsh Village Churches.

The village churches in the southwest counties, or cider counties, as they are sometimes called, are particularly rich. Many of them are of Tudor workmanship, and are built on a much larger scale than the tiny edifices of Saxon and Norman times. When Henry VII. was building his beautiful chapel in Westminster Abbey, many of his lieges caught the same feeling and taste that prompted his outlay on this work, and reared, in their own localities, edifices that were in the same style, without attempting to vie with its richness. Then, perhaps, to these structures a porch was added when Queen Elizabeth was making her summer progresses, and subsequently further alterations were effected when King Charles had come to his own, tinged with classic taste, telling of foreign travel, all of which yield a lighter air and tone than the work of the masons of earlier centuries.

Abbey Dore church, near to Hereford, is an unusually fine church, with much work in it of these later times—mysteriously vast, indeed, as though built with vague longings in the hearts of its builders for some greater purpose. Within three miles or so, at Kilpeck, is a small, massive Norman church of great curiosity, with some lingering traces on it, at its angles, of the plodding touch of previous Saxon masons.

There are little Welsh churches, built of stone, with slated roofs, so plain, so featureless, that it is difficult to be sure they are not barns. There are others, again, no larger, that arrest all passers by with their plaintive beauty. Here is Llanbedr church, on the dashing, darting Artro. It is full of delicacy and grace, though consisting only of the usual nave and chancel, with a small bell-cot on the west end. A generous giver, however, recently added a small vestry and an open timbered porch. Like the rest, it stands in a churchyard, only the tombstones lie flat upon the earth, fringed with the grass that grow around them.

These memorials of departed Welsh villagers are made of slate and incised with Welsh inscriptions, giving the names and the dates of the births and deaths in the usual way. Over the entrance to the church is a small slate tablet, inscribed with an admonition, which is likewise in Welsh, to the effect that none should enter that privileged sanctuary save with good thoughts. We may venture to cross the threshold, notwithstanding. Within all is orderly. There is an ancient open timbered roof; an unusually picturesque chancel-arch, formed with rough-hewn, slab-formed stones; a central pathway between the two rows of sittings; a stained glass window on the south side, and a second stained glass window at the east end, both masterpieces of color, steel, pale and wan tints contrasting, incomparably with deep and rich tones: a few mural tablets, and a general air and tinge of refined and homely piety.

In a word, these village churches present a field of interest that is practically inexhaustable.—*The Quiver.*

In a cave recently [discovere]d in Kentucky ar[e] ... sparrows and r...

### CLEVELAND'S CABINET.

**Probable Effects of the Change on Office Holders—Views of an Old-Timer.**

*Correspondence Rochester Sunday Herald.*

"Yes, the principal topic of conversation here at present is the probable action of the in-coming administration."

The speaker was Mr. William M. Ashley, of 506 Maine avenue, a man whose large and intimate acquaintance with prominent public men here in Washington, renders his opinion of unusual weight.

"The all important question among the clerks of the various departments is, who is to go. In my opinion there will be very few changes among the old-time employes who have been here year in and year out through several administrations. The removals will occur among the heads of departments."

"The sense of mistrust which must necessarily pervade the departments, is, I suppose, detrimental to the proper transaction of business?"

"Well, rather, I reckon. It unfits the clerks for business. Some get very blue, for they have purchased little homes which they must sacrifice."

"Last summer it was reported that many were ill of malaria. How is it?"

"More likely, ill of a fear of change. I don't think Washington is so very malarious. At the same time I admit that since residing here I have not always felt first-rate. At times I have been greatly troubled with sharp-shooting pains. One day my right arm and leg would torture me with pain. There would be great redness, heat and swelling of the parts, and perhaps the next day the left arm and leg would be similarly effected. Then again it would locate in some particular part of my body and produce a tenderness which would well nigh drive me frantic. There would be weeks at a time that I would be afflicted with an intermitting kind of pain that would come on every afternoon and leave me comparatively free from suffering during the balance of the twenty-four hours."

"Of course you consulted the doctors regarding your difficulty?"

"Consulted them? Well, I should say I did. Some told me I had neuralgia; others that I had inflammatory rheumatism, for which there was no cure."

"But didn't they try to relieve your miseries?"

"Yes, they vomited and physiced me, blistered and bled me, plastered and oiled me, sweat, steamed and everything but froze me, but without avail."

"But how did you finally recover?"

"I had a friend living in Michigan who had been afflicted in a similar way and had been cured. He wrote me regarding his recovery and advised me to try the remedy which cured him. I procured a bottle and commenced its use, taking a tablespoonful after each meal and at bed time. I had used it about a week when I noticed a decrease of the soreness of the joints and general feeling of relief. I persevered in its use and finally got so I could move around without limping, when I told my friends that it was Warner's safe rheumatic cure that had put me on my feet."

"And do you regard your cure as permanent?"

"This was more than a year ago, the trouble has not returned and I haven't been so well in years as I am now."

"Speaking of President-elect Cleveland, who, in your opinion will comprise his cabinet?"

"That is as difficult to determine as it is to say what office holders will go. Many good men have been named for positions—Bayard, Thurman, Bragg, McClellan, not to mention a lot of lesser lights. Every prominent politician has a slate made up which he is backing to win, but then, as is always the case, some one will get left."

### Fisherman's Luck.

In Scotland they have a curious way of fishing that takes the medal for the ease and repose with which it is conducted. The fisherman we will say is after pike. Selecting a big goose from his barnyard, or half a dozen geese, as the case may be, he ties a baited hook and line about five feet long to their feet, and on reaching the water turns them in. The birds, of course, swim out, and the fisherman lights his pipe and sits down. In a few minutes a fish sees the bait and seizes it, giving the goose a good pull. The bird starts for shore at full tilt, frightend half to death, dragging the fish upon the bank, where it is unhooked. The line being re-baited, the feathered fisherman is again sent out to try its luck. A flock of geese can make quite a haul in the course of the day, the human fisherman having only to take off the game and bait the hooks, the pulling in and hooking being done by the birds.

### Thrift.

The customers of a cooper in the Highlands caused him a great deal of vexation by their saving habits and persistence in getting all their tubs and casks repaired, buying but very little new work.

"I stood it long enough, however," said he, "until one day old MacCawbrie brought in an old bunghole, to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quited the North in disgust.

Mrs. B.:—"Are you not going to celebrate your wooden wedding?" Mrs. C.:—"No; my first wedding was a wooden one." Mrs. B.:—"Oh, it could not be, you know." Mrs. C.:—"It was. I married a blockhead."

Messrs. Mason & Hamlin bid fair to become as famous for their Upright Pianos as they have long been for their world-renowned Cabinet Organs. Having experimented several years at great expense, and with the assistance of probably as able a corps of experts as can be found in any factory in the world, they have succeeded in producing a piano which has elicited the warmest encomiums from the best judges. The distinguishing feature about it is an important improvement in the method of "stringing" the piano, which originated in their own factory. The strings are secured by metallic fastenings, instead of the friction of pins set in wood, as has been the case, and the advantages resulting are numerous and highly important; among them are the following: Wonderful beauty and musical quality of tone, far less liability of getting out of tune, greater reliability in trying climates, and greater solidity of construction and durability. Mason & Hamlin have made 150,000 organs. They can hardly expect to make as many pianos, but they will doubtless be called upon to make a very large number.—*Boston Traveller.*

Pickpockets gather crowds only to disperse them.

### Woman's Face.

"What furniture can give such finish to a room as a tender woman's face?" asks George Elliott. Not any, we are happy to answer, provided the glow of health tempers the tender expression. The pale, anxious, bloodless face of the consumptive, or the evident sufferings of the dyspeptic, induce feelings of sorrow and grief on our part and compel us to tell them of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the sovereign remedy for consumption and other diseases of the respiratory system as well as dyspepsia and other digestive troubles. Sold everywhere.

There is no joy without its sorrow. Christmas and Congress, for example.

No effort has ever been made to advertise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound outside our own America; yet frequent calls from other parts of the world show that good news will spread. Packages of this medicine have even been sent from Lynn, Mass., to China.

Much depends upon a man's courage when he is slandered and traduced. Weak men are crushed by detraction; but the brave hold on and succeed.

### Best Goods are Put in Smallest Parcels.

The old proverb is certainly true in the case of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are little, sugar-wrapped parcels, scarcely larger than mustard [se]eds, containing as much cathartic power as is done up in the biggest, most repulsive-looking pill. Unlike the big pills, however, they are mild and pleasant in their operation—do not produce griping pains, nor render the bowels costive after using.

The beauty of the face is a frail possession, a short-lived flower, only attached to the mere [e]pidermis, but that of the mind is ... [imperish]able.


Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, radically cured. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

One "to-day" is worth two "to-morrow."

**Pretty Women.**

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Wells Health Renewer."

Mensman's Peptonized beef tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., Proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

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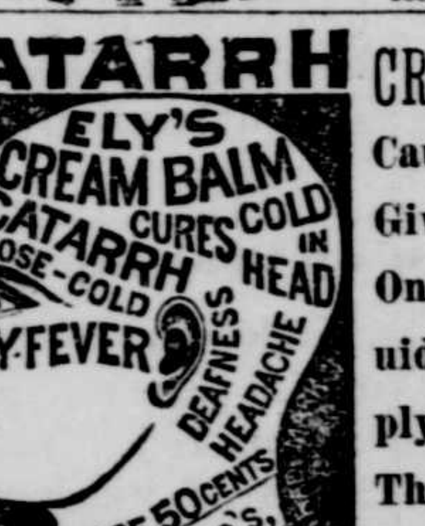


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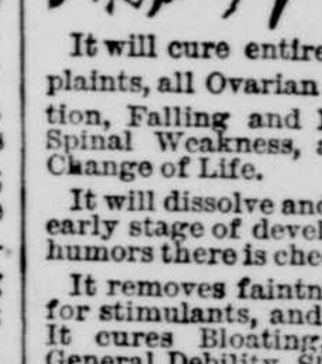
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