msa_sc3326_scm8208-0278 ©Maryland State Archives

The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1889. VOL. XXIX—NO. 48

DR. T. H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIC,

Office Main street, opposite Vosbell House, can be found in office every day from 10 A. M. till 12 M., and from 7 to 8 P.M. Sundays excepted Special attention given to women and children. May 3, 1888—tf.

C. P. GILPIN, DENTIST,
Chestertown Md.,
MAIN STREET, ADJOINING CAL LL'S STORE.

OFFICE HOURS:—8.30 to 12 A. 1 to 4 P. M.

Having enlarged my office and ded many new conveniences, I am able to offe ay patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. Nov. 29-tf.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.

D. B. STEWART & CO.,
GENERAL
FRUIT AND PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Dealers in Produce and Foreign Fruits,
118 E. PRATT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.
ORDERS AND CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.

We report all sales daily and send checks every Monday; oftener if desired. We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The People's Bank of Baltimore. Jan 1-y

C. WRIGHT SPRY,
—WITH—
WRIGHT & LONEY,
seccessors to Wright & Sparks.
FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

THE BEALL & BERRY FEED CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO
BEALL & BERRY,
General Commistion Merchants,
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Flour, Mill Feed, Baled Hay and Straw, Potatoes, Etc.

Office and warehouse, No. 4. Camden street (new number 15), Baltimore, Md.
Consignments solicited, upon which Liberal Cash Advances will be made.
Telephone 965. May 19—y.

RECORDS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
118 Light St., Baltimore, Md.
Wholesale LIQUOR DEALERS,
IMPORTERS OF
Wines, Brandies, etc.
PURE RYE WHISKEYS A SPECIALTY.

The Proof of the Pudding is in the eating; so is the proof of
LEA'S
TABLE CORN MEAL!
as is also our
Flour,
Hominy,
Hominy Grits,
Buckwheat,
Farina.
The Wm. Lea & Sons Co.,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

Drugs AND Medicines.
M. A. TOULSON
Has a very complete line of
PURE DRUGS,
CHEMICALS,
AND PATENT MEDICINES.
DRUGGIST SUNDRIES
A SPECIALTY.
STATIONERY, SCHOOL BOOKS AND SUPPLIES, ETC.
M. A TOULSON, DRUG STORE.

COAL AND WOOD

WE will call the attention of the community to our stock of Coal and Wood. And we will just say—probably it will be to your advantage to call and examine our stock, and get our prices before buying elsewhere. We are glad to say that we are still handling the

LEA WHITE ASH COAL,

which is the best Coal for general use that we can buy, and will sell at a small margin for the Cash, but all bills which are not settled within 30 days, interest will be charged from day of sale. We also give

2240 POUNDS FOR ONE TON.

Our office is on Cannon street, near Princess
J. T. TWILLEY & CO.
May24 1888.—tf.

Likes, Berwanger & Co.,
10 & 12 E. BALTIMORE ST.

GREAT REDUCTION SALE!

Having purchased the entire interest of Mr. B. Katzenstein, our retiring partner, we desire to reduce our large stock. To accomplish this, we have reduced the price on every article in our establishment from
15 to 20 **PER CENT.** 15 to 20
We want our customers to derive the benefit of the reduction—we take the loss. These goods being all our own Manufacture, and as we handle no shoddy or cotton goods, we can safely guarantee entire satisfaction. This is an extraordinary chance to buy Bargains. Inspect our stock and judge for yourself.

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE BEST CLOTHING FOR
MEN, YOUTHS, BOYS AND CHILDREN,
10 and 12 East Baltimore Street.
BALTIMORE, MD.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,
—AGENT FOR—
R. J. BAKER & CO.,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
High Grade Fertilizers,
BALTIMORE, MD.

We make a specialty of furnishing in quantities to suit the purchasers every article used for the purpose of fertilizing the soil. We will sell separate, or will manipulate and mix to order according to any formula. We also offer to the farmers our old reliable brands of

Ammoniated Bone Superphosphates, Corn and Oats Fertilizers,
Asparagus Phosphate, Peach Tree Phosphate,
Fine Ground Raw Bone, Dissolved Raw Bone,
Dissolved South Carolina Phorphate, Muriate Potash,
Sulphate Potash and Kainit.

ORDERS SOLICITED.
FREDERICK FOUNTAIN, Agent,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

H. D. SCHMIDT,
NEW YORK CARRIAGE
—AND—
Harness Repository.
ROAD CARTS.

Largest assortment of CARRIAGES, EXPRESS WAGONS and HARNESS in the city. SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
21 N. Liberty Street,
(Between Baltimore and Fayette) BALTIMORE.

C. M. LUCAS,
Watchmaker and Jeweler.
WATCHES A SPECIALTY.
SOLID GOLD WATCHES
as low as TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.
SOLID SILVER AMERICAN MOVEMENTS
from TEN to EIGHTEEN DOLLARS.
SOLID AND PLATED JEWELRY,
ROGERS' SILVERWARE
and a fine assortment of
CLOCKS.
We guarantee to sell only on the merits of our goods, and state truly and fairly the exact quality of each article, and assure all purchasers the full value of their money,
HIGH STREET,
NEARLY OPPOSITE STAM'S HALL.

TRANSFORMATION.

BY REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

The present is better than all the past;
For the future a finer mould is cast;
And our daily task is to shape and bring
An ennobled form from the meanest thing.

The garments of Night, strewn over his rooms,
Are laid by Morn on his magical looms,
And the robes of Day came forth, and the dyed
Ethereal vesture of Eventide.

We must take the shadows and make them shine;
We must take the water and make it wine;
And the space in earth and sky that is ours,
We must fill with light and adorn with flowers.

If a queen may shine in the silk arrayed
That a worm from a mulberry leaf has made,
We can change the forms that are coarse and base
Till they lend to our lives a finer grace.

So Nature is tending her looms, and weaves
From the buried treasures of last year's leaves
A splendid dress for the youthful May,
And flowers to scatter along her way.

The wind and the rain, the stream and the sea,
And shaping the warped into symmetry,
And the bright sun sees as he downward goes
That the world is richer than when he rose.

And beyond the triumphs of Nature's skill
There are transformations diviner still,
Where the souls that struggle and rise and fall
Are changed to His image who made us all.

—*Zion's Herald.*

Bradford, Vt.

HIS HEART'S DESIRE;

OR,

THE MAN WITH THE VIOLIN.

BY E. B., IN WAVERLY MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER III.

When Robert Wharnfield, in the first flush of indignation at the false accusation, resolved to "live it down," he realized very little how hard a task he was undertaking. It is the trifles of daily life that try one's courage. It is far easier to gather one's strength for one great effort than to sustain it under a continual strain, be it ever so slight. Robert found that the story soon spread through the counting-room, and that his companions regarded him with distrust. His position there was gone, and in the merest trifles his shame was placed glaringly before his eyes and the eyes of others.

A thousand times he reviewed in his own mind the events of that day to find but one thing which might serve as a clew—the fact that the money had left his hands for a time when he followed Enston into the street. He had caught up an old letter, mistaking it for the letter package, and placed it hurriedly in his pocket, where he found it a few days later. But how could it help him to make such a statement now—who would believe him?

And then he went over it all again, trying to think who was present in the office that day. Ford had gone out, in fact, they had all gone but—Crellis. And here Robert stopped, drawing a long breath. He had never liked the man, and Ford's jests occurred to him now as things in which there might have been unconscious truth. Praying that he might not be wronging the clerk, for he strove to be just even in his misery, Robert set himself to watch Crellis, and even put the matter in the hands of a detective who gave him hopes, but very faint ones, of success.

They found out much that deepened the conviction in Robert's mind, but nothing that could be called proof. Crellis was a gambler, that was certain, he had companions that his office friends would stare at in surprise; but that he was in any way connected with the theft was impossible to prove.

One day Robert received an anonymous letter containing but two lines:

"If you want to find the real criminal, Mr. Robert Wharnfield, he is close at hand."

The handwriting was a woman's, and Robert, becoming observant of trifles, compared it closely with a note which Crellis had thrown that day in the waste basket, and which he had secured. It was written in the same hand, and read:

"Be careful. Some one suspects. A. E."

The next morning, as he passed through the park on the way to the office, Robert was startled by hearing a woman's voice saying just in his ear:

"Perhaps I might help you, Mr. Wharnfield."

He looked up quickly. A woman was standing beside him; a woman, not young, though still handsome, who regarded him with an inscrutable smile in her fine dark eyes.

"Perhaps I might help you," she said; "but it would be breaking faith, and perhaps not worth my while. But let me tell you this; do not seek far for the thief, Mr. Wharnfield."

"What do you mean?" cried Robert.

"What do you know? Tell me! I will—"

She was gone. She had slipped out by one of the park gates, and, turning down a side street, was lost to sight in a moment. After seeking for her in vain, he returned home to find his friend, the detective, waiting for him.

"So," said the detective, "Your friend, Mr. Crellis, has left us?"

"What?" cried Robert.

"Left this morning for England, where some property has been left him by a relative," replied the detective. "The matter is too open and straightforward for suspicion. He has even shown the lawyer's letter to several. So there is our case disposed of. What is to be done?"

"I cannot say. I shall see my uncle again, and then—"

"Then what?"

"I do not know—a bullet through my head would be the best thing, perhaps, if it were not that a thief finds that the best resort," answered Robert, bitterly.

It was the evening after the events last related that Dreda Enston, sitting alone by the fire in the winter twilight, fell in a fit of musing. For her the past month had been the happiest of her life. Her father now held a small position in the orchestra of one of the city theatres, and the wolf was driven from the door, for the present, at least. Then, too, Robert Wharnfield had been a constant visitor, for this little home of Dreda's formed the one refuge to which he could fly from his great trouble.

"And yet," said Dreda, musingly, as she looked at the fantastic forms in the glowing coals, "though I am very, very happy, there is something—something I do not understand. My father looks at me so sorrowfully, sometimes, that my heart aches at the thought of some trouble which he is keeping from me, and Mr. Wharnfield, too, seems restless and unhappy himself. What can it be? If I knew—if I could only help him—oh, who is there?"

"It is I, Miss Enston," was the reply, as Robert Wharnfield, who had entered unnoticed, came forward into the light of the fire. "I knocked, but you did not hear me, I think."

"I—no—my father will be here presently. Pray sit down, Mr. Wharnfield," stammered Dreda.

"It is useless," Robert returned. "I can stay but a few moments, Miss Enston—but long enough to say good-by."

"To say good-by!" repeated Dreda, startled. "You are not going away? Oh, how we shall miss you! It seems as if we were old friends. My father will be very sorry. But perhaps you will not be away very long?" And Dreda's sweet face brightened at the thought.

"I am going away forever," he returned, realizing for the first time how much he had lost. What was the suffering of the last few weeks to this? "Let me tell you the story. If you shrink from me, then there will be nothing for me to regret in leaving the place."

He told her the story—told it simply and honestly, disguising nothing.

"I thought I had a clew," he said; "but the mere fact that I was seen in company with a person to whom some of the money has been traced has told against me. That person has disappeared, as well as the one whom I suspected of being the real thief. My uncle, who entertains no doubt now of my guilt, wishes me out of the country, and I care very little what becomes of me. There is an English firm in Hong Kong that once offered me a position. I am going there at once."

Dreda had come forward, holding out her hand.

"They may say you are guilty," she said, "they may say the most cruel and wicked things of you, but I will never believe them."

"Dreda," cried Robert, "I hoped to hear those words from you, but now that I have looked upon your sweet face again, heard your dear voice, seen the tears in those soft eyes—for you are sorry for me, Dreda—the parting is even harder than I thought."

"Why?" asked Dreda.

Neither of them had heard the door open, or noticed the presence in the room of another beside themselves.

"Because," he answered, "because I love you, because I dared to hope that some day I might win your love; because it is not alone honor, position, or the esteem of those around me which I have lost, but the woman who is dearer to me than all the world."

"If a woman were worthy of such love," answered Dreda, earnestly, "worthy of the love of a man, good and strong and brave, she would care very little what the world might say of him. And she would brave poverty, disgrace, even—would follow him to the world's end, thanking God for the love which He had sent her."

"Dreda!" he cried; and for a moment, as he took her hands in his, all was forgotten except the thought that in the wreck of his fortunes one heart at least had not failed him.

But Robert Wharnfield was no coward, and the very greatness of his love made him unselfish. He quietly raised the little hands to his lips, then let them fall, speaking as one who might speak who was saying farewell to some dear dead love.

"No, Dreda, love cannot tempt me. I will not ask the woman I adore to share a life that holds nothing but misery for myself. I would have you think of me kindly, and, Dreda, I shall hope, hope always, for your happiness, and if I hear some day that some one more fortunate than I has won you, I shall think, 'She pitied me; and if Heaven had not denied me the gift she might have brightened my home as she does his.'"

Enston—it was he who had entered—came forward at this moment.

"Robert," he said, and he spoke with difficulty, leaning heavily upon the back of a chair like a man who is summoning all his strength—"you must not go. I have heard what you have been saying, and I tell you—"

"If you have heard, Mr. Enston," returned Robert, "you know how hard this parting must be, and that our farewell is better said at once, Good-by, Mr. Enston, I shall remember you as one of the few whom I could call friend. And now, Dreda, my little love—I may call you that for the last time—good-by—good-by!"

"Robert!" cried Dreda. He was gone, but the girl, hoping against hope that he would hear her and come back, gave a cry that thrilled her father's heart as he listened—a cry of love and sorrow. "Robert, do not go! I care for nothing, want nothing but you! Robert, will you not listen? I love you!"

Enston stood looking at her for a moment, then, sinking into a chair, covered his face with his hands.

"Oh, God!" he cried, "what have I done? I have lived for her, suffered for her, sinned for her, and this is the end!"

Then he went to the girl, and drawing her into his arms, said softly:

"Dreda! Dreda, my child!"

"Papa," cried Dreda, clinging to him as to the one being from whom she could expect help, "can nothing be done? He is in trouble, and I am so weak, so helpless, that I can be nothing but a burden to him. You have comforted me in all my little sorrows. Comfort me now, for my heart is breaking!"

"No!" cried Enston, holding her to him almost roughly. "You do not know what you are saying, Dreda. It is a young girl's fancy, that is all; you will forget it, you must, soon."

"I shall never forget as long as I live."

"We will go away. I may be rich, Dreda, rich. Many a poor man has grown rich by a lucky speculation. I will make you happier than you have ever dreamed of being, my darling. You shall have no wish ungratified. Only forget this folly; for it is no more. We will be so happy. You shall want for noting."

"What is all that to me?" Dreda cried impatiently. "It is no idle fancy. My heart is broken, and you comfort me as you would a child who cries over a broken toy! I am no child, I am a woman; and my love is so deep and true that no sorrow is too great for me to share, no life too hard if he must lead it, too. Can you not understand a love like that?"

"Can I not understand?" returned her father. "Listen! Dreda, I have loved you, my little girl, all your life. You have been all to me—child, friend, companion, a little innocent creature to struggle for, whose love kept my heart free from the bitterness which such a lot as mine might bring. You are all I have in the world. Will you forsake me, my daughter?",

Dreda's dark eyes, still glistening with tears, were raised to his, and the trembling lips bravely tried to smile as she answered:

"Forgive me, papa; I am very, very unhappy, but I will try, oh, so hard! not to grieve you by sad looks. Poor, poor papa, that I should be so ungrateful to you! I will go wherever you wish, do whatever you please; but I shall be true to him still, and if I should live to be a very, very old woman, I should love and trust as I do to-day. One's heart cannot change, can it, dear? But I will be brave and cheerful and happy—" But here the effort was too great, and Dreda, letting her head fall upon her father's shoulder, sobbed out, "Oh, papa, papa," all the sunshine of my little world is gone!"

For a few moments he held her in his arms in silence; then he kissed her, and putting her gently from him said:

"It has been a hard fight, Dreda, but you have conquered. No more tears, little one. You shall be happy yet. No sacrifice is too great that will bring back the smile to your lips, the light to your dear eyes."

"Papa! Where are you going?"

"No matter. And, Dreda, I want you to remember this; not that I was a good father, even a kind one; but that I loved you—yes, I loved you—and it was for your sake, my darling, for your sake!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A STUDY IN NEW COLORS.

A Dictionary Which Will be Useful to all the Ladies.

Fashion, besides being an art, is also science, and, like all other sciences, has its own technical terms, which, to the uninitiated, are very puzzling and often totally incomprehensible. Among these terms the

Water Cress—A clear, faint green.
Canard—Duck's wing shade.
Vandyke—Reddish terra-cotta.
Bois de Rose—Rosewood shades.
Francillon—Dark old rose.
Aurore—Deep pink.
Beige Rose—Dull fawn red.
Sappho—Light rosewood shade.
Scabieuse—Purplish red.
Vernis—Golden red.
Etrusque—Brownish red.
Vernose—Deep, rich shade of red.
Azalea—Evening shades of pink.
Burnt Rose—Bright ashes of rose tint.
Shell Gray—A pinkish gray.
Steam—Light, though dull gray.
Granite—Blue gray,
Oxide—Dull silver gray.
Columbe—Dove gray.
Heron—Whitish gray.

How to Gain Flesh and Strength.

Use after each meal Scott's Emulsion with Hypophosphites. It is as palatable as milk, and easily digested. The rapidity with which delicate people improve with its use is wonderful. Use it and try your weight. As a remedy for consumption, throat affections and Bronchitis, it is unequalled. Please read:

"I used Scott's Emulsion in a child eight months old with good results. He gained four pounds in a very short time."—THO. PRIM, M. D., Alabama.

"I gave Scott's Emulsion to a gentleman 65 years old, troubled with Chronic Bronchitis, with the most excellent results."—J. C. CASON, Broken Arrow, Ala.

His Vocation Easily Chosen.

"I confess I am sometimes sorely perplexed," said the father, with a heavy sigh, "when I think of the future of my boys. It is a great responsibility to have the choosing of a calling in life for them." Through the open window came the voice of two of the lads at play. "Look here!" loudly exclaimed Johnny, "that isn't fair! You've divided these marbles so as to get all the best ones in your own bag." "Did'nt I have the trouble of dividing 'em?" reiterated Willie, hotly. "Think I'm going to spend my time at such jobs for nothing?" "So far as Willie is concerned," resumed the father after a pause, "the task of choosing a vocation is not so difficult. I shall make a lawyer of him."—*Chicago Tribune.*

MRS. CHAS. SMITH, of Jimes, Ohio, writes: I have used every remedy for sick headache I could hear of for the past fifteen years, but Carter's Little Liver Pills did me more good than all the rest.

IN the population of the world China stands first, the British Empire second and Russia third.

SPRING AND HER FASHIONS.

Gay Costumes for Beautiful Women—The Transcript's Correspondent Catches a Glimpse of Fashion's Mysterious World.

"The fashion wears out more apparel than the man."—SHAKSPEARE.

No changes in our American institutions have been more marked than those in the gay world of society. From the stern rules of puritanic plainness of colonial days society has assumed some uncompromising and rigid rules, which have thrown themselves around every department of our national life, and to-day it stands bound by bands of most rigid severity. Yet they are bands, which add to, rather than detract from the fascinating beauty of society's gilded butterflies, or the gay rosebuds of fashion. After a series of evolutions and transformations, the cold severity of a primitive age against all that was gaudy or beautiful in ornamentation, has been changed and softened until "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" have become the embodyment of the fascinating and beautiful. Cold, formal and exacting, these society rules are observed with scrupulous exactness. Yet, would we cast a shadow of disapprobation over the gorgeous brilliancy of the mystic realm where woman alone is queen, and where courtly dignity and the royalty of title do her bidding? But the season has now arrived, when the great world of society should suffer a momentary pause to settle upon, and soothe its troubled billows to repose. The bewildering brilliancy of the ball room is modified by the mellow taper-light of a holier calm. The gorgeous coloring of the afternoon tea has been supplanted by the enjoyable evening in the home-circle with informal friends. Indeed, society is resting, the gilded curtain of comparative silence shuts out the fascinating rustle of elegant gowns, and the realms of fashion are seen only "as through a glass darkly." Yet on the great ocean of social life, just as on the great ocean of mighty waters the eternal pulsations of unrest are lashing the pebbly shores which bind them in and set their bounds. In the realms of fashion, where man can never enter, this ceaseless unrest is one of its fixed and immutable laws.

HISTORICAL.

"A careless shoe string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility,—
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part."—Herrick.

At no period of the world's history, has the Goddess of Fashion been without her subjects; nor was her reign ever more glorious than at the time of the First French Empire. Then, as at the present time, the leaders of a nation, whether intentionally or not, were also the leaders of fashion. The Reign of Terror over, the reaction was intoxicating. The reckless extravagance of Napoleon and his Empress, extended to court circles, thence down through the varied stages of society. All bowed at the shrine of, and were sacrificed to elegance of attire, wit and good manners. Classic models were studied but so far as they aided in the fashioning of a gown. Woman's whole mission in life was "to look and be charming." Amid all this extravagance, good taste was often forgotten. The influence of Bonaparte's restless career was evident in the rapidity with which these queens of society turned from one extreme to another. *Directoire* was introduced in the days of the Directory, and worn by the strong minded women of '93. Severely straight in outline, it was extremely trying, and was worn only as an expression of hatred to royalty. It is not to be supposed for an instant that the belles of to-day could be induced to appear in a genuine reproduction of this dress. Soon the Directory merged into the Consulate; and in turn the consulate gave place to the Empire with its dignity and splendor. Then it was, that the court belles sparkled with jewels and extrvagance from the diamond buckle of her high-heeled slipper, to the aigrette of her turbaned head. The Empress or Josephine gown then in vogue, seemed designed with the idea of introducing as many jewels as possible. The short waist was bound by a girdle of gold; the full sleeves were confined by gold bands, the clasp being a precious stone. Priceless gems caught up the flowing drapery at the waist and shoulders, while a pearl or emerald necklace encircled the throat. Yet with all this display, there were many artistic costumes and *simple* copies from the Greek and Roman models. To be fashionable, we must be historical. The queens of the Court of Napoleon effected the gowns of centuries before. Now, the French edict is, that the styles which prevailed in the days of the Directory, the Consulate and the early Empire, shall be worn again. Thus we have the modernized *Directorie* and Empire styles of to-day. It adds greatly to the charm of these dresses to know that they were worn by the renowned beauties of that, the most brilliant period of fashion's history—the court of the First French Empire.

WHAT TO WEAR.

"A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness."—Herrick.

As Easter draws near, the devotee of fashion becomes more interested in "what to wear and how to wear it." Many fastidious and elegantly æsthetic minds are at work no doubt on the problem of an Easter toilette, though the ultra fashionable are doing penance in black Henrietta cashemere or lustreless black silk as Lenten gowns; and with the severely plain black bonnets and Empire veils drawn over the face, these costumes are complete. So many are the fabrics exhibited and so varied the display of shade and coloring that it is almost impossible to get the wrong thing. For early spring wear there is broad-cloth, Henrietta and camels hair, plain, striped or plaid; then there are woolen cross-bars, invisible stripes and imported braided cloth. For summer wear we have very sheer woolen stuffs, such as veiling, challi and bunting. These come in all colors, but are made popular in white, black and the delicate shades of pink, gray and fawn. The summer camel's hair, is one of the most taking fabrics, and is usually seen in dark shades of brown, blue, green and steel. One of the very fashionable "old fashioned" materials is *monsseline de laine* or wool muslin. It is softer and prettier even than nun's veiling and comes both in solid colors and figures. White promises to be as popular as ever, and cloth and serge dresses of the ivory or pearl tints will appear almost as soon as the crocus, to be followed by mull muslin, silk muslin, net and lace as the season advances. For ordinary wear, we have an unlimited variety of dainty satcens with oriental borders, or brigt French flowers scattered generously over the solid back-ground. The "English you know," are more inclined to their zephyrs and ginghams, which are not only serviceable, but really pretty and stylish. They are of broken plaids and lace stripes. The latter style is often chosen for tea-gowns and negligees with wonderfully good effect. For *dressy occasions* there are soft silks of luminous richness, and gorgeous brocades. Though copies of the goods of the last century, they are not without a striking individuality. The pattern may be only the favorite flower of the wearer, or it may be the national leaf, or some emblem suggested by the occasion for which it is designed. One of the most graceful and economical silks is the *faille Francaise*. This beautiful goods is always in good taste. For full dress this summer, India silks, Chinese crepe and silk muslin will be even more popular than lace.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOUSEKEEPERS' HELP.

DRAWN BUTTER.—One half-pint boiling water, two teaspoonfuls of flour, two ounces of butter; mix flour and butter together; stir this in the boiling water and add salt to taste.

WHIPPED CREAM SAUCE.—One teacupful of sweet cream, the whites of three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Have the cream cold when whipped; beat the whites of the eggs stiff, and add the sugar and cream; use wine and other flavoring.

SAUCE FOR PUDDING.—One cup sugar, half cup butter, two eggs, beat all together until light; to that add one cup of milk and flavor with juice and rind of one lemon. Put on stove in hot water until it thickens.

GELATIN.—One box of gelatin soaked in a pint of cold water for one hour, two pounds of sugar, rind of four lemons, juice of two; add the gelatin, pour in one quart, or less if preferred, of boiling water, stirring as you pour, until the gelatin is dissolved, then add a pint of sherry, or other good wine.

LEMON BUTTER.—One pound sugar, half-pound butter, yolks of six eggs, juice and grated rind of two lemons; put all in a stew kettle, and stir constantly until it comes to a boil, when having the whites beaten to a stiff froth stir it in. This is a delightful jelly for cake, or is nice to be eaten with cake.

RICE PUDDING.—One cup of rice—let it cook with pint of milk until tender. Then make a custard—four eggs, sugar to taste one quart milk—add to the rice and bake. Also add raisins before baking.

MARYLAND PLUM PUDDING.—One lb. grated bread crumbs, one lb. raisins, one lb. currants, half lb. citron, 9 eggs beaten light, one teacup brown sugar, one teacup cream, one tablespoonful flour, mace and nutmeg to the taste, mix well together. Scald the cloth in which it is to be boiled, let it cook three hours; let water boil before putting it in; serve with sauce.

LEMON WHIP PUDDING.—One ounce of gelatin, two lemons, three-quarter pound sugar, two eggs. Soak the gelatin and the rind of lemons in pint of cold water one hour, take out the rind and when the gelatin is dissolved add sugar and juice of three lemons. Boil this five minutes, when cold add the whites of two well-beaten eggs and beat all together until spongy. Pile it lightly in the serving dish.

INSIDE CREAM.—Take from one quart of milk enough to wet four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, add two eggs and two cups of sugar, boil the rest of the milk, pour it on the cornstarch, stir till cold, flavor it with vanilla. Split the cakes and put in this mixture.

LEMON JELLY CREAM.—Two lemons, one-quarter pound of sugar, three eggs, half-ounce of gelatin; have half-pint of boiling water and into it shred the peel of the lemons. Simmer it for fifteen minutes and then add the sugar, cook ten minutes more and then strain. Beat the eggs, to them add the juice of the lemons. Put all together, and simmer till thick; have the gelatin already soaked in cold water; pour the mixture out of the saucepan and put the gelatin in it; stir it until it is entirely dissolved over the fire; then pour both mixtures together and beat briskly until well mixed. Put in a mold and cool on ice.

SUET PUDDING.—One teaspoonful of yeast powder, two cups molasses, and one cup milk, one cup raisins, one cup of suet, salt and flour. Stir the milk and molasses together then add enough flour to make a thick batter; then add all the other ingredients and steam for two hours and a half. Serve with sauce.

YOUR Connecticut man is usually sharp at a bargain when he gives his mind to it. A Waterbury weekly newspaper made an invariable rule to charge $1 cash down for a year's subscription, and $1.25 when the subscriber was in arrears. One subscriber was three weeks behind when he went to renew his subscription the other day. He offered his dollar and was told that $1.25 was the price. "I'll stop my paper," said the subscriber. "Here are twelve cents I owe you for the three papers." After the editor had pocketed the twelve cents the subscriber handed out the same dollar and said he guessed he'd subscribe for a year. He had saved just thirteen cents by the operation. He is 75 years old.

Happiness and Health

Are important problems, the former depending greatly on the latter. Every one is familiar with the healthy properties of fruit, and no one can afford to be sick and miserable while the pleasant California concentrated liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, may be had of our enterprising druggist. For sale in 50c. and $1.00 bottles by Colin F. Stam.

IT IS the custom in Philadelphia to send young ladies to dancing school up to seventeen and eighteen years of age and then turn them loose on society to learn how to talk.

HAVE no equal as a prompt and positive cure for sick headache, biliousness, constipation, pain in the side, and all liver troubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

FOR THE BLOOD, Weakness, Malaria, Indigestion and Biliousness, take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It cures quickly. For sale by all dealers in medicine. Get the genuine.