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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1889. VOL. XXIX—NO. 49

DR. T. H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIC,

Office Main street, opposite Voshell 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 andchildren. May 3, 1888—tf.

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

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

Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my 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 Commission 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 of our
Flour,
Hominy,
Hominy Grits,
Buckwheat,
Farina.
The Wm. Lea & Sons Co.,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

STRAW WANTED

HAVING leased the Chestertown Straw-Board Mill, I am
READY TO BUY ALL THE STRAW
that farmers may wish to dispose of. Will clean up all the straw from stack-yards sold me, rejecting only rotten straw, on the basis of 2240 lbs. per ton for dry straw, only asking those wishing to see to take a little extra pains in stacking, and not put the chaff with their straw.

Mr. James Brice is my authorized agent to buy.
WILBUR ELIASON.
Aug. 5, 1886.

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 io 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, BO
10 and 12 East
BALTIM

PEACH G

IT IS A WELL-KNOWN

That FRUIT TREES, of whatever quired nourishment to the fruit by its ro give life and vigor to the crop, and if no naturally deteriorate, which is noticeab summer months, premature ripening, an We do not claim, however, that o fruit, premature ripening, or death of t laws of nature. But do claim, which h FRUIT GROWER, when applied to Peac insure a greater abundance of fruit, and itively proven, we are confident that on value of this fertilizer.

MR. JOHN A. GROVES,
The largest Peach Grower in this secti FRUIT GROWER has been entirely satisf tion with almost everything.

MR. W. HARRISON NEWNAM,
Says the change wrought in his orchard

MR. J. BENJAMIN BRIGHT,
Kent Island, says he put out a young or which has been fed by the FRUIT GRO young trees, realizing as high as $2.25 per

MR. WILLIAM H. FAULKNER,
Near Crumpton, one of the most success there were two places of half acre each where the leaves had all twisted up and turned yellow (literally had the yellows), but he put in addition to the 200 lbs. sown on the rest of his orchard, an extra amount by hand around the trees. The leaves shedded off, new foliages came and put his whole orchard in a flo hing condition. On his other orchard where applied, his fruit was generally conceded to be the finest carried to Millington, realizing (last summer) an average of $1.00 per bas et through for his Crawford and Reeves.

WE DO NOT GUARANTEE

Our FRUIT GROWER to cure the yellows, but we honestly believe that if there ever was a Manure particularly adapted to Peach Trees it is, as its base is a NATURAL GUANO, that runs as high in AVAILABLE BONE PHOSPHATE as DISSOLVED ANIMAL BONE, yet this is available by decomposition. Not one pound of Sulphuric Acid is used in its manufacture; hence its superiority as a PEACH MANURE. Farmers have often been induced to try Natural Guanos by being shown how high they run in bone phosphate, but they do not notice that it is INSOLUBLE instead of AVAILABLE, the former being of no advantage whatever, hence they should always see that it is AVAILABLE BONE PHOSPHATE. We defy anybody to produce a Natural Guano that will run as high in AVAILABLE BONE PHOSPHATE as our O. B. For want of space we are unable to publish an vast amount of testimonials, but upon application will gladly mail a circular, giving the strongest endorsements of gentlemen who use it year after year.

JUST THINK OF IT, YOU CAN DRESS YOUR ORCHARD FOR ABOUT $2 PER ACRE.
T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
March 21. MANUFACTURERS, CHESTERTOWN, MD

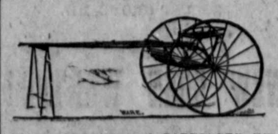
FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,
—AGENT FOR—
R. J. BAKER & CO.,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
High Grade Fertilizers,
BALTIMORE, MD.

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 Phosphate, 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.

Corn and Wheat
WANTED.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR CORN AND WHEAT.

I have perfected arrangements for handling grain, whereby I hope to give the grain growers of Kent and Queen Anne's counties thorough satisfaction both in prices and prompt settlement.

Call with sample and get my prices before selling or shipping.
HIRAM M. BROWN,
Chestertown, Md.
Office, Court street.

APRIL.

BY MRS. M. C. BOWMAN.

Hail, thrice hail, to joyous April!
Nature proudly greets thee Queen;
See the jeweled, silver maple,
And the lawns in robes of green,
Golden sunbeams, genial showers,
Warbling birds on bush and spray;
Verdant meadows, woodland bowers,
Blooming now on April day—
Think thou not that sweet spring flowers
All Belong to boasting May.

See the peach's rosy blossom
And the plum with petals white,
Twining wreaths to grace thy bosom,
Showing forth their glad delight:
All performing pleasant duties—
Flowers sweet, in pleasent tints,
Violets blue and sweet spring beauties,
Daffodils and hyacinths.

But infant buds, now young and tender,
Fed and nurtur'ed by thy hand,
Ere their grateful fruits shall render
Thou wilt be in Fairy-land.
Many are the charms thou bringest,
Ere we see thee pass away;
Then thy mantle kindly flingest
O'er they younger sister May.

HIS HEART'S DESIRE;

OR,

THE MAN WITH THE VIOLIN.

BY E. B., IN WAVERLY MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER IV.

When Robert Wharnfield returned home he was met at the door of his rooms by his uncle, who had evidently been waiting for him. So utterly disheartened and un-

[redacted]

"I find that I have been too lenient, far too lenient," was the reply. "Robert Wharnfield, if ever I—"

"If you please, sir"—it was the servant who just then appeared at the door—"Mr. Enston wishes to see you."

"Presently, presently," said Robert.

But Enston, who had followed the servant closely, entered the room while he spoke.

"What I have to say," said Enston, speaking slowly and decidedly, "concerns you both, and must be said now, while there is still time."

He had closed the door, and came forward, standing in the full light of the lamp, his white head held erect, his lips compressed, while by a motion of the hand he begged their attention.

"Before I begin what I have come to say," he said, "I want to ask you one question. Robert Wharnfield, you have said that you love my daughter. Remember that she loves you; she is young, loving, innocent, a girl whom any man might be proud to win. Remember this, for I am going to put your love to as severe a test as ever man was tried by."

"There is no test too severe," returned Robert. "I leave Dreda because I can ask no woman to share my ruined life. But for that, no power in the world could part us."

"And if it were not so," asked the father, eagerly, "if the shame, the dishonor, were the dowery she would bring to you, though, God knows, through no act of hers, would your answers be the same then?"

"It would," Robert rejoined. "She is the one love of my life, and all the scorn and condemnation of a foolish world could never make her less dear to me."

"I knew I could trust you," answered Enston. "Robert Wharnfield, I have wronged you bitterly, and even now, when I come to make what reparation is in my power, I dare not say that it is my sense of justice that urges me, but the knowledge that another's happiness is bound up in yours. From the very first I knew that you were innocent, and yet—"

"You knew that I was innocent?" asked Robert, in surprise. "Tell me how you could know."

"Because I was the thief."

"You! Impossible!"

"I was the thief," continued Enston, dully, as though repeating some lesson. "I returned to the office that morning to ask you a question. You had gone, and coming in suddenly I discovered Crellis in the act of slipping something in the envelope containing the money, while the roll of bills was hastily concealed at my entrance beneath some papers on his desk. he thought himself unobserved, for I gave no sign of having seen him. Some one coming in drew his attention from me for a moment. I took the bills from their hiding place, scarcely daring to hope that I could escape detection. But he did not discover the theft until afterward, and if he suspected he dared say nothing. I needed the money—it does not matter why—I do not give this as an excuse, but, desperate as I was, I would have given half my life for it just then. That is all I have to say."

"Robert," and his uncle came forward, holding out his hand. "I have wronged you, and I ask your pardon from my heart. As for you—" turning to Engton.

The latter raised his head, which, since his confession, had sank upon his breast, as though he was unable to meet their eyes.

"I ask justice, not mercy," he said firmly, although I plead against myself."

"You ask for justice, if not for yourself, for your daughter," retorted Mr. Wharnfield. "She must be shielded; even if she is the daughter of a thief, she must be permitted to bring disgrace upon an honest name, because, indeed, she whimpers about a broken heart. Bah! What nonsense?"

"Stop, uncle," said Robert. "I shall marry Dreda Enston. Nothing can prevent that. As for her father—if I could promise you that the money would be paid, might not this miserable affair be forgotten?"

"For her sake?" put in Enston, eagerly. "She is so young, so innocent! Oh, if you could but see her you would understand! I—I should never look upon her face again, and she need never know the truth of the miserable story. I would work night and day to repay you, and you might tell her, but tell her gently, she is such a tender-hearted little girl, that I was dead. She would grieve, I know, but it would be better, far better than this."

"And how do I know—" began Mr. Wharnfield.

But at that moment a knock was heard at the door, and a woman's voice saying to the servant, pleadingly:

"I must see him! Oh, do not send me away, I beg of you!"

"It is her voice!" cried the father, while Robert hastened to the door. "Oh, Heaven! How can I meet her eyes when they have told her all?"

It was Dreda—Dreda flushed and excited, the snowflakes lying thickly on her dark hair and on the long cloak she wore; but her eyes sparkling with a love-light that made her seem more beautiful than ever.

"I have come to tell you," she said, "for I could not let you go without knowing it, that I believe, that I trust you—that I shall wait years, it may be, until the wrong is righted and your innocence is proved; and if that day never comes, if we are never to be happy again, I want you to know that Dreda's heart will be yours and ours only as long as she lives."

"My darling!" cried Robert."

To the surprise of all, Mr. Wharnfield came forward, saying:

"Dreda—for it is Dreda, I know—that day has come sooner than you thought. The wrong has been righted, and the best reparation that I can make to Robert for doubting him as I have done is to give him the sweetest little wife in the whole world."

"Why—why," said Dreda, looking from one to the other, "I cannot understand. It seems like a dream. Robert, did you hear? Is it really true? And papa, too!"

"Dreda," said her father; but the pitiful attempt to smile was useless.

"How sad you look!" she said. "Are you not glad, too? Oh, I know! You think I am going to leave you. Why, you foolish papa, I shall love you just the same, the same!"

"No, Dreda," said her father, "but I must leave you. I—"

"Your father, Dreda," began Mr. Wharnfield, "has heard some news which obliges him to leave the city at once. He has left you in my charge until I can place you in that of a husband."

"Business? Oh, it is something about the robbery? I see now. I knew you would help him, papa, dear."

Then, going to him, she looked into his troubled face with a look of perplexity in her loving eyes.

"How sad you look!" she said. "What will you do without your Dreda? But you will come back to me soon, very soon?"

"Perhaps, perhaps," he answered. "Good-by, my darling. Mr. Wharnfield, you are very generous, and I thank you. I shall keep my promise faithfully; and, Robert, you will be kind to her—will you not—kind to my little girl?"

"God helping me, I will," returned the young man, earnestly.

"I know, I know," said the father, and holding Dreda from him for a moment, he looked at her with the strained, hungry gaze of one who looks his last at the being he most loves. "Why, Dreda," he said, in a tone of tender mockery. "I believe you are crying, and hardly know the reason. Why, I am happy, happy in your happiness. I shall not say good-by—that is too sad a word—but God bless and keep you always—my little girl!"

It was over. He had parted from his darling; and as he went out into the winter's night he wondered what was left to him now. Going back to the old home, he lingered tenderly over all the little things she had touched, and then went away, taking with him the one friend that still remained—the old violin. Dreda was safe, Dreda was happy; that was at least something to be thankful for. Her mother would never trouble any of them again. What a torment his life had been when she, by means of Crellis, had found out enough of the truth to torture him by constant reminders of her power! She dared not appear now. The money had been traced to her hands, and she would be accused of complicity in the transaction. Dreda was safe. What mattered anything else? But his life—what was it to him now? The light had gone out of it forever; and he left the poor little home, where so many happy days had been passed, older by twenty years, it seemed, than he had been the day before.

He wandered along the county road from village to village. He had started out with some set purpose in his mind, but, strange to say, it was completely forgotten, and he only knew that he must go somewhere far away from Dreda. People were kind to him—he wondered to find them so—and gave him food and shelter while he played to them, letting him pet the little ones who were so like his Dreda had been. Days passed and nights—how long he could not tell; and he wandered on and on, wondering dimly why he did so and where he was going.

Then came a long, long night in which he could remember nothing. Some one spoke of a shock, and asked him if he was better. Better? he asked. What did they mean? He felt no pain. Was he going on? Yes, he must, he had promised; and it was for Dreda's sake.

One day he found himself once more in the streets of a city which seemed strangely familiar to him. It was little wonder, for he had been traveling in a circle, and had come back to the old home. But what a change! People who had often pointed out the man with the violin failed to recognize the ragged, unkempt figure who, bent and old, limped along, carrying the old violin under one arm while the other hung useless at his side.

A little child, playing before the door of a large church, came up to him, attracted by his sad, questioning eyes.

"Poor man!" she said. "Don't you wan't a piece of my cake? You look so tired.

"No, no!" he answered absently. "Thank you, dear, thank you. You are like my Dreda."

"I am going to see the wedding," said the child. Don't you want to come too? There is the carriage, and oh! there is the bride. Isn't she beautiful?"

Enston raised his eyes slowly, then gave a low cry.

"Dreda!" he said. "Oh, I remember, I remember!"

He stood for a moment as if stunned by the tide of recollection that came back upon him in an instant, then he followed the crowd into the church. It was filled with people, stories having got afloat that this wedding was the last chapter in a romance; and the old man wedged in among the crowd could see nothing.

Suddenly the crowd parted. The ceremony was over, and on their coming out he caught sight of the bride's happy yet tearful face. Her dress almost touched him, and a spray of orange blossom detached from her veil fell at his very feet. He picked it up, and caressing the little flower as though it had been a living thing, crept away to a deserted corner of the church.

The carriage had hardly driven away before a gentleman turned hastily back and re-entered the church. It was Mr. Wharnfield.

"Here again," he muttered. "That he should dare. But I will put an end to this."

The vast organ was pealing forth the wedding march, and a few idlers followed Mr. Wharnfield in his search.

He had not far to go. There, in a corner of the great church, where the sunlight streaming through the stained glass pane shone upon the calm, peaceful face and white head of the man he sought, he found Enston, his violin at his feet, shattered by the fall, his eyes fixed upon a small object which he held in his hand—a bit of orange blossom.

"Is this your promise?" said Mr. Wharnfield, sharply. "Why are you here? Why—"

He stopped, looking at the man before him with a sudden fear; he touched his hand, looked into his still face, and then drew back, and with bowed head spoke to those who stood around.

"Tell them to cease playing," he said. Not that now. Not the Wedding March."

(THE END.)

An Interesting Portrait of Gen. Lee.

A conspicuous ornament of a large wholesale establishment in Broadway is a painting of the Confederate leader, Gen. Robert E. Lee, which has something of a history. The picture was painted by E. C. Bruce, of Winchester, Va., in the fall of 1864-'65. The artist took studies of Lee in his tent at Petersburg, and had several sittings from him subsequently in Richmond. The accessories of the picture are from real life; the horse is Traveller, ridden by General Lee throughout the war, and the sword, belt, hat and uniform are just as they were worn by Lee. A captured field piece and the youngest courier at Lee's headquarters are also shown in the painting. The figure of the general is his exact height as given by him to the artist—five feet eleven inches. The picture hung on exhibition in the capitol of Virginia and a bill was passad by the Virginia Legislature to purchase it for the State, but the hurried evacuation of Richmond prevented this purpose. The [redacted]

Dyes. The beautiful sample book of shaded colors, lately sent to all dealers in dyes, will delight the eye of any lady. "It's easy to dye with Diamond Dyes," is so absolutely true that home dyeing is no longer a difficult and dangerous task. Almanacs, with their hints as to proper times for different work, tell us that now is the time for spring dyeing. This together with the thought of that hundred tons of money, leads us to ask what school boy can figure how many thousands of ladies are saying that this is the time to use Diamond Dyes.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and postoffice address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.,
Nov. 15-y. 181 Pearl St. New York.

SPRING AND HER FASHIONS.

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

HOW TO WEAR IT.

"Be plain in your dress and sober in your diet."
LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

This is one of the most perplexing questions of the season, since much is now left to the individual taste and originality so much sought after, that the problem of "*How to wear it?*" is one not easily solved. Yet, there are many pretty and popular combinations to be suggested. There must be shade and color, sunshine and shadow. Gleams of color are necessary to relieve the sombre appearance of the black dresses so much worn. The use for which the dress has been designed decides whether this shall be much or little. Light trimmings of narrow gilt braid on tailor made suits are considered in good taste, while the same combination for the house is made much more showy by the elaborate use of metalic passamenterie. There are imported suits of dark wove serge trimmed with black galloon of an open pattern; placed under the galloon is light cloth to show off the galloon to advantage. These dressses are always in the straight Directoire style. Pink and black, and cream and black are favorite combinations of color which will continue through the summer. Spring cashmeres of fawn, delicate gray, rush green, ecru and pearl, are elaborated and embroidered in bright silks and metals, nor is it unusual to see vines and flowers in their natural colors. Many of the summer silks are printed in garlands of roses, Japanese chrysanthemums, long-stemmed daises and clover blossoms. Every shade of rose is used, from pale pink te camilla, in combination with silver, white, Nile green and black. Very popular indeed are the pansy shades, which are worked in with rich effect. Of course this means purple and gold, violet and lemon. The artistic Greek robes in white and gold have grown in favor, regardless of the more novel combinations introduced. Black and gold are too universally becoming to be discarded, notwithstanding the invasions of other styles and combinations.

AT HOME.

"Still to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to a feast."
BEN JONSON.

The Empire or Josephine gown is essentially a home dress. The puffed yoke, full sleeves and wide belt are the only reminders of the period from which they derive their names; the graceful skirt, profusion of ribbons, and shoulder knots, belong to our own decade. Negligee wrappers have the fulness shirred from the throat to the waist, and there confined by ribbon. The full sleeves are sherred at the waist, and sometimes mid-way the arm. The "Tea gown" being so graceful and becoming, constantly grows in importance and popularity, and is now considered in good taste at any time or upon any occasion; at home, a morning reception, noon-day lunch, or afternoon tea. In fact, so similar are the dinner dresses, that it is difficult to distinguish them. The wide Empire belt and sash have so changed it from the original loose robe that we find it every where save at the ball; at the opera, or on the the street. The luxurious elegance of indoor toilets compensate for the simplicity of walking suits. It is not unusual to see at evening receptions and soirees gowns of soft silk made with short sleeves and low cut tunice; loose folds of the material fastened on the shoulders with unique clasps and drawn in at the waist by an equally unique belt. The full skirt beneath is braided with heavy gold embroidery. The gauze-like fabrics in vogue seem particularly adapted to what is known as the "Little Empress" dress. It is made very simple; a full skirt with three rows of feather edge ribbon around it; the corsage shirred and crossed; a long sash of silk, and a wide belt fastened with a buckle. Another style is to have the skirt shirred around the top to the depth of about ten inches, and the high corsage shirred from shoulder to waist. Of course these dresses require full sleeves. There are reception dresses with Directoire coat of watered silk made with Princess back breadths and jacket fronts, opening over a satin vest and plain or embroidered skirt. The present fancy for full dress is the "Prin-ess." The waist and *demi-train* is usu-lly of heavy silk or velvet, while the front f the skirt, short puffed sleeves, and chu are of faille or gauze. The long loves worn to meet the sleeves may be of an or to match the most delicate shade in he costume.

STREET COSTUMES.

"Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart."
BEN JONSON.

The growing simplicity of street cos-mes is in striking contrast with the re-ption and home toilets. To "walk in k attire is a thing of the past." Wool now considered the only suitable out-or dress. In fact, woolen fabrics are w so popular that they are made up into raceful house gowns, afternoon, carriage, d even reception toilets. The genuine irectoire street costume consists of a ght petticoat, plain or embroidered in lks or metal braids, with coat of darker ade or contrasting c[redacted] short in the aist in front a[redacted] all folds to e end of th[redacted] ne back. To be in eeping with the picturesque appearance f these dresses, the Directoire hat, with s broad undulating brim and low crown, eightened by a mass of ostrich feathers and loops of ribbon, should be worn. Many of these costumes are very pronounced, but the plainness of the cut prevents their being too showy. There are to be seen steel skirts and metallic blue coats, old-red and moss-green coats with cream or ecru for skirts. In the way of wraps there are Directoire capes and manties of cloth, some quite modest and unpretentious, while others consist of from three to six capes of contrasting colors. The Empire Pelisse, another rich novelty, is usually made of silk, and is a long belted coat, looking more like a tea gown than a wrap. Jackets are too useful to be dispensed with, but must not be worn with redingote dresses, as they break the graceful outline. Those with the Directoire revers, contrasting best and gauntlet cuffs are the favorites of the season. To many of these the tripple cape is added; with the Directoire redingote no wrap at all is worn, and as the spring advances it undoubtedly will be the favorite style of walking dress. Many of the Princess gowns are made in one piece, the fulness being lace arranged in rich folds in the back, with the skirt caught up slightly on the left side. These very plain patterns are particularly stylish, where plaid cloth is the material used. Very often the Empire and Directory are so mingled and confused in the same costume as to make it impossible to tell for which style it is intended. It is not rare to see a Directoire coat and skirt with an Empire sash and sleeves. Some mantles have capes. There is one close-fitting pair to protect the arms, over this hangs, sometimes, as many as three loose pairs, the outer sleeves falling quite to the hem of the garment. BONSELINE.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOUSEKEEPERS' HELP.

BLANC MANGE.—One cup sugar, one quart milk, a pinch of salt, four tablespoonfuls corn starch; boil milk and sugar, leaving out enough to mix with the starch, when boiling add starch.

CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE.—The same as the above only adding two tablespoonfuls grated chocolate mixed with starch.

COCOANUT CUSTARD.—One grated cocoanut, one pint milk, six ounces white sugar; beat well the yolks of six eggs, stir into the milk and bake in a crust.

FROZEN CUSTARD.—One gallon milk, 16 eggs, one pound sugar, boil it, stirring constantly.

LEMON PUDDING.—Ten eggs, one pound sugar, three-quarter pound butter, creamed part of the sugar added to butter the remainder to the eggs, the rind add juice of two lemons, a little brandy, mix in a little grated bread.

APPLE PUDDING.—Six eggs, beat very light, add pint of stewed apples, stir in a half-pound of butter, the grated peel of two lemons, juice of one, sugar to taste.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Pare the pumpkin, stew with very little water, drain and wash. To one pint of mashed pumpkin add two cups sugar, four beaten eggs, a little salt, the grated peel of one lemon, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful mixed cinnamon and ginger, mix well, then add one quart of hot milk. Bake without upper crust.

ANGELS FOOD.—Dissolve half a box of gelatine in one quart of rich milk, beat together the yolks of three eggs, one cup of sugar, and the juice of one lemon, or orange, as preferred. Stir this to the gelatin and milk, as soon as the first is thoroughly dissolved, and let it just come to a boil. Flavor with a little vanilla if liked. When nearly cold whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and stir through the custard. Pour into moulds and set away to cool.

LEMON PIE.—One lemon, grate the rind and squeeze the juice, seven tablespoonfuls sugar, one spoonful flour, two soda crackers grated, piece of butter size of walnut, mix well, then add tea cup of water; this quantity is for one pie.

WINE SAUCE.—Two ounces butter, two teaspoonfuls flour, half-pint boiling water, one gill brandy, four pounds sugar, nutmeg. Mix the flour and butter, pour in the water, let it boil, then add wine and nutmeg.

CUSTARD PUDDING WITH FRUIT.—Line the bottom of your pudding dish with thin slices of bread and butter, over this spread fruit. Then more bread, until the dish is half full; let the bread be on the top. Then take a quart of milk, beat six eggs and add to it, and quarter-pound of sugar. Pour over the bread and fruit. Grate nutmeg over the top. Serve cold.

GERMAN PUFFS.—One pint of milk, one pound flour, two ounces butter, four eggs, beat the yolks until thick, warm the milk to which add the butter. When cool stir in the yolks, put the flour in a pan and by degrees stir in the above. Salt to taste. Whisk the whites and stir in. Bake in buttered cups and serve hot with sauce.

MOLASSES PIE.— Four eggs, two cups molasses, one cup sugar, piece of butter size of walnut, nutmeg, extract of lemon.

PIE CRUST.—To one pound flour add five ounces lard, a little salt, roll as little as possible.

SWEET POTATO CUSTARD.—One pound potatoes after being washed and peeled, two ounces butter, four eggs, three-quarter pounds of sugar, one and a half pints of milk, flavor to suit taste.

LEMON HONEY.—One quarter-pound of butter, eight eggs, three-quarter pound of sugar, juice and rind of two lemons, one teacup of hot water. Beat eggs and sugar together, then add butter, lemons and water, cook over hot water until thick as boiled custard.

ORANGE PIE.—Beat until quite light the yolks of three eggs and five tablespoonfuls of white sugar, the juice of two and the grated rind of one orange, a little salt, half pint milk, beat the whites to a stiff froth, stir in lightly and bake with an undercrust.

SNOW PUDDING.—One half box of gelatine dissolved in water enough to cover it. Then pour in one pint boiling water, two cups sugar, juice of one lemon, four eggs beaten to a stiff froth.

An April Fool Joke in Gettysburg College.

An amusing April fool joke was perpetrated by some of the students of Gettysburg College. Between 3 and 4 o'clock some one in the main building of the institution raised the cry of "Fire," and when the half-dressed collegians turned out of their rooms they found the halls filled with smoke and howling students. Some got frightened, put on several suits of clothes, hurled their trunks from the windows, and rushed for the stairways. In the mean time the cause of the fire had been discovered in a large pile of rags on the ground floor, and which were still smouldering. But the cries and yells had by this time been heard in the town, and the alarm was sounded. This brought the firemen to the scene on a run, but only to find they had been hoaxed and to be reminded that it was the first of April. The joke, however, was not intended to disturb the citizens, but simply to scare the students and have some fun with the proctors.

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 concentreted 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.