msa_sc5130_scm12190-0128 ©Maryland State Archives

THE LOVER AND THE ECHO.

ANNA T. SINCLAIRE.

A youth there was who loved so well
A maiden, bright and fair to see,
That though herself afar did dwell,
He'd have her voice an echo be.
Her sweet-toned voice an echo be.

And thus he raised to love a shrine,
Then, racked by doubts 'twixt "mine" and "thine."
He wrote thereon "To love and thee,"
And sighed "She is in fancy free!"
Came echo faint, "In fancy free!"

The startled youth then knelt and prayed,
Distraught by fears of love betrayed.
"Maiden, wilt thou be true to me,
As I am fondly true to thee?"
Soft echo whispered, "True to thee!"

The lover's heart with rapture beat,
And bolder made by words so sweet,
"Tell me," he cried, "thou wilt be mine,
As I am thine, and only thine?"
And echo answered, "Only thine!"

Enamored by these sounds divine,
Yet trembling still before his shrine,
"Dearest," he pleaded, "I trust in thee,
Tell me, wilt thou thus trust in me?"
Sweet came echo, "Trust in me!"

This loving youth then smiling rose,
Content that love gave blest repose,
Thence from his heart all doubts did flee,
And whilst he murmured, "I love thee!"
Ever came echo, "I love thee!"

THE "IDEAL" DRESS.

Why We Have Not Got it—A Question to be Solved by the Future.

JENNY JUNE.

"Why don't you women work out an ideal dress for yourselves?" asks some masculine every once in a while. Naturally he does not get a satisfactory answer because the subject is in itself incapable of satisfactory solution at present, and time does not admit of replying to questions which are to be answered by the developments of eternity. Still, there is something to be said upon the ways in which certain individuals have put the question to themselves and answered it. And how is it that thought and reason and sense seem to be eliminated from the minds of others, at least so far as the dress question is concerned?

A truly ideal dress is duly adapted to ideal circumstances and conditions, and these do not exist—they can only exist approximately—for any one, for all, are subject to chances and changes to heat and cold, to mud and dirt, and the wear and tear which come of use, of the exercise of our faculties. An ideal dress, even if "it were not limited by fashion," would not mean the same thing in our climate two days in succession. With the thermometer at 95° in the shade, it would be the lightest kind of skirts and sacque; with the thermometer down to zero, it would be as many layers of wool, and as much edging of soft fur as one could carry.

This is about all we have arrived at in the way of comfortable dress, viewed from the ordinary standpoint. The higher standpoint we have not yet reached. There are women who know that an ideal dress would be simply one that most truly fulfilled its function of covering and heightening the beauty of the human form—that it must not distort it, that it must not add disfiguring elements to it, that it must not prevent its natural development. Further, that it must follow its lines, that it must possess softness and grace and suggest lovely possibilities and harmonies of color. We have all seen jointed dolls; we know how they look. Fashion has not got beyond the jointed-doll period. It cuts the dress to pieces and puts it together again—then covers the skeleton with masses of overlaying material and garniture. It has no artistic conception of the beauty of long lines and natural curves; it deals in angles and fractures. If it stumbles on a good thing it is by accident and its next effort is to spoil it so it will not become permanent.

Fashion has no foundation in sense or reason, and it cannot therefore be expected to act as a moral agent. Moral and useful agencies act as hindrances to the autocratic action of its whims and caprices, and are, therefore, opposed by it, and to it; and those women who are actuated by the force of moral principle have always, and must always, either ignore it or modify it so that it shall conflict as little as possible with their knowledge of what duty demands of them. It is to such women, more than to any others, that we probably owe the advance that has been made from time to time all along the line of our dress.

Ultra reformers do not accomplish the work they set out to do. They excite a little agitation among extremists like themselves, but they are usually ignorant of fundamental principles, and only confirm an opposition in its own ways, or create a reactionary movement, which leaves the main question where it was before. All natural movement seems to be spiral. We travel around in an apparent circle, but when we have gone around we do not arrive at precisely the same place from which we started. We are a little higher up—a little further advanced. Fifty years ago women were going through, had been through, the Josephine period, the short-waisted and gored-skirted goddess period. They were not human or mortal; they were ethereal. They did not require warmth or comfort from their clothing, and to suggest it was to detract from their idyllic character. The straight gossamer skirts and baby bodice had been the reaction from the stiff-quilted petticoat, the sacque waist, or "short gown," which had preceded it, and for which the boned and boarded "stays" and long-pointed bodice were only substituted on occasions.

No question of lungs or heart or liver, of natural development or disturbance of maternal function seems to have entered the common mind; it was simply that fashion ordained so and so, and fashion must be obeyed. Disease and death were affairs with which people themselves had nothing to do; they were matters of direct interposition on the part of the Almighty. It is a little curious that better teaching and a knowledge of physiology did not come from physicians to the masses, but from scholars and students to physicians, who rather hindered than helped the spread of physiological facts among their patients.

We rail against the corset of to-day, but what a gentle persuader it is compared with the instrument of torture it was only fifty years ago! It has always been the centre, so to speak, of the dress question. Get rid of it, get rid of it! is the cry always of the reformers. But it has not been gotten rid of, and it has been improved. Something to shape and, to a certain extent, bind the waist seems to be demanded by all the traditions of civilized clothing—savages alone ignoring this requirement.

But the absence of the corset does presuppose the presence of a dress, ideal in other respects. The primitive blanket is not convenient and seldom graceful. Writers have at different times and in divers places become enthusiastic over the dress of the Greeks and the Persians, the Japanese and the Turks, but all these representative nationalities are falling into line and gradually adopting the capricious costume of Europe, particularly as it emanates from France and England.

Excepting individually, I do not think we shall be able to evolve a dress faster than the natural evolution of the race permits. This is because the general consensus of thought and action creates a standard which the majority accept and which they bend their efforts to reach. It is an individual of more than usual force and originality who takes a new departure and attracts such followers as hear of, and are in harmony with his thought.

Rosamond Dale Owen, the daughter of Robert Dale Owen, a bright thinker and active worker, has evolved out of her own inner consciousness a dress which in England received from Lady Harberton the title of the "Dale-Owen Robe." It grew out of a determination to get rid of the restraints of the corset and the modern dress, and find something which should not interfere, by the constant necessity for change, with literary life and work. The first results were crude enough, as they naturally would be, for it was not the love of an artistic soul which prompted her effort, but impatience of the burden which dress put upon her life. But there was enough of natural love of beauty to prompt her to satisfy something of its cravings; and so she tried, and tried, until she obtained a result satisfactory to herself, and which has admirers and imitators.

Mrs. Emily Pfeiffer, the English authoress, fell back upon the Greek idea in her endeavor to provide herself with a beautiful and permanent gown. The motive in this case was more the love of the beautiful than the desire for use, and Mrs. Pfeiffer has succeeded in adapting the Greek idea to her own dress so well, that in a room full of modishly dressed ladies she is not conspicuously unlike them, excepting that she would be pronounced more stately and graceful. But then Mrs. Pfeiffer has the advantage of a tall, elegant figure and intellectual face, which still holds traces of the high type of beauty which distinguished it in youth.

These individualized costumes, which have been worn in both cases without change for a number of years, are alike in one respect, in having, as a foundation, an underdress which serves as a lining, and upon which the overdress is mounted. Mrs. Pfeiffer can make her upper dress out of a large square of any soft, gracefully draping materials—a crape or chuddah shawl, for example. Miss Owen's is shaped to the figure by the shirring at the throat and a little cutting about the arms. In Mrs. Pfeiffer's dress it is the underdress which is high to the throat—in Miss Owen's it is the overdress which shows the throat finish. Mrs. Jeness Miller has nothing original about the cut of her dress; she has simply adopted Lady Harberton's idea of trousers instead of an underskirt, but does not shorten her dress skirt as Lady Harberton does, and simply discharges corsets and bustles as Lucy Stone, Abby May, and the whole school of Boston reformers have done for twenty-five years. But in getting rid of what seemed to them objectionable, they did not develop or revive anything that was really beautiful or graceful. They ignored fashion, but made no effort to reconcile it.

The modern basque was the first effort to properly shape the waist since the days of the moyen-age bodice, which molded it. The short "Empire" waist displaced and cramped it; the long-pointed stomacher forced it down upon the abdomen; the short gown or sacque was almost shapeless; the "Spencer" marked a line but did not define the form of the waist; and it was not until the basque had been developed and perfected and its possibilities suggested by such writers as Louis Blanc, who insisted that no bodice should be considered perfect that did not clearly shape and define the swelling outline of the waist, that the beauty of natural form began to be perceived.

The first basques were square, loose and ugly over the hips; loose and ungraceful at the back, which was very broad. The shoulders were long and low, binding the arms, which could only be raised with difficulty. The appearance was that of a garment, or part of a dress much larger and looser than the basque of to-day, but which was not at all so pleasant or comfortable for wear. The gradual improvement in cut culminated in the tight, tailor-made suit, and this developed the more flexible "jersey." The jersey dress, consisting of a plaited skirt, jersey waist and soft silk sash knotted on the sides, is a perfect dress for a young girl. The underlying effort now in dress for women is toward lightness and flexibility. The corset is bound to extinction or improvement. The manufacture of dress fabrics has reached a point which causes little to be desired; what we want is less cutting and more grace in the working out of design. The corset has been multiplied of late years, but nearly all are bad, badly shaped and made of stiff, bad materials, which become more unyielding by the amount of stiching and the cheap substitutes for whalebones added to them. The right material has not yet been found for corsets or corset waists. It ought to be yielding, pliant, soft and pleasant to the touch, not hard and stiff like the cotton and coutille of which the majority of waists and corsets are made. We shall have cause for thankfulness when we have found and can keep a good and real thing in these days of shams, and that is what we must try to accomplish, leaving the ideal to a future that will deal with less hard and stern facts than those that face the majority of us at present. The effort for the good thing which can be reached is better than the groan over that which is unattainable.

Besides, why should we here and now reach the ideal in dress any more than in other things? When we have reached the highest there is nothing more to do. We must stand still or retrograde. Industries would languish, all inferior ones would die out; we must all reach the same level at the same time, and if there is nothing more to do—if the heights have been reached—why we must be reabsorbed and again thrown off, beginning again the old, old story. Let us be patient with an imperfect and unideal dress, as well as with other things.

COCOA-NUT PEARLS.

A Peculiar Eastern Jewel of Great Rarity and Value.

Nature, an English scientific periodical, publishes a communication from Dr. Sydney J. Hickson, who says:

"During my recent travels in North Celebes, I was frequently asked by the Dutch planters and others if I had ever seen a 'cocoa-nut stone.' These stones are said to be very rarely found (one in 1,000 or more) in the perisperm of the cocoa-nut, and when found are kept by the natives as a charm against disease and evil spirits. This story of a cocoa-nut stone was so constantly told me, and in every case without any variation in its details, that I made every effort before leaving to obtain some specimens, and eventually succeeded in obtaining two. One of these is nearly a perfect sphere, 14 mm. in diameter, and the other, rather smaller in size, is irregularly pear-shaped. In both specimens the surface is worn nearly smooth by friction. The spherical one I have had cut into halves, but I can find no concentric or other markings on the polished cut surfaces."

Nature also publishes other communications on the subject, from which it appears that cocoa-nut pearls are well known in the East. They are calcareous concretions occasionally found in the milk of the nut. They are said to be so rare in the East Indies as to be highly prized by the native rajahs, and worn by them as precious stones. It is said that they sometimes reach the size of cherries. This pearl resembles the common variety in smoothness, whiteness, and scant lustre of surface.

Give a man six feet of earth and he will take a knoll.

THE ARTISTIC GIRL.

She models strange figures in clay;
She decorates deftly all day;
She paints squirming dragons
On porcelain flagons
With talent that none can gainsay.

She fashions the strangest knick-knacks;
She paints on a myriad plaques
The whitest of lilies
And daffydown dillies,
And tulips and bunches of "Jacs."

E'en boxes that erstwhile held soap
Afford her wild genius scope;
She paints on them pansies
And arabesque fancies,
And anchors, the emblem of hope.

On plates at the table we find
In brightest of colors outlined,
Geraniums, myrtle,
Impossible turtle,
And snakes of original kind.

She paints with her might and her main
Frogs, lizards, a stork or a crane;
Fantasies reptilian
Fill this fair civilian,
And odd sorts of birds fill her brain.

Well, since you admit no restraint,
Some subjects I beg you to paint
With pleasanter features
Than such squirming creatures
As those you denominate quaint.

MY FIRST MURDER CASE.

CYRUS F. M'NUTT.

[*Copyrighted*, 1887.]

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

The introduction of the evidence began after the noon recess. In addition to the facts already set forth the State proved these: The knife of the prisoner taken from his pocket when he was arrested was shown to the jury. It was horn-handled, carrying a large blade two inches and a half in length, oval edged and almost as sharp as a razor. It was such a knife as is used by workers in leather, though the prisoner had used it to trim young fruit trees. The knife had blood on it about the rivets fastening the blade in the handle.

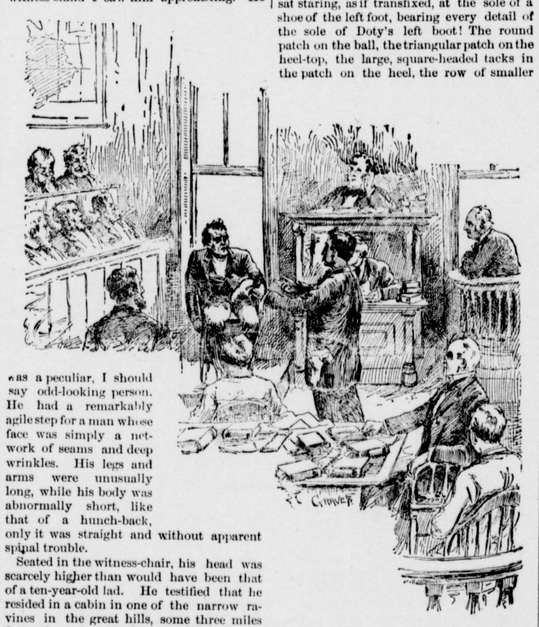
It was also shown that there was blood on the wristbands of the prisoner's shirt. But the force of these facts was greatly weakened by a witness who, in testifying to Doty's movements, mentioned as by chance the circumstance that the prisoner had on the morning of the day of the tragedy "marked" some young animals.

It was near the hour of adjournment when the prosecuting attorney brought forward the prisoner's boots, worn when he was arrested. Sitting by the prisoner I could plainly hear his quick and labored breathing as he saw these and heard his friend Blake testify, unwillingly enough, but all the more potently for that, to the finding of the tracks and the accuracy of the model in bark. There was no necessity for what the prosecutor did next, for there was nobody to dispute the evidence of Blake or to question the fact that the boots produced were the prisoner's. Yet the prosecutor called out:

"Mr. John Hagan will take the witness-stand."

Never having heard of such a person I turned and asked my client who and what Hagan was.

"He's the man that mended my boots," he answered; and as I looked toward the witness-stand I saw him approaching. He



was a peculiar, I should say odd-looking person. He had a remarkably agile step for a man whose face was simply a network of seams and deep wrinkles. His legs and arms were unusually long, while his body was abnormally short, like that of a hunch-back, only it was straight and without apparent spinal trouble.

Seated in the witness-chair, his head was scarcely higher than would have been that of a ten-year-old lad. He testified that he resided in a cabin in one of the narrow ravines in the great hills, some three miles from the prisoner's home, and half as far from where the killing occurred.

By trade, he was a cobbler and worked at that when able to do anything, which for much of the time he was not, having, as his eyes had at once bespoken, heart disease.

Hesitatingly, and, as I fancied, reluctantly, he testified that he had known the deceased when a child and on until he had removed hither some years before; that the father of Carr and himself had lived neighbors in Pennsylvania.

The prisoner's boots, one at a time, were then passed to him. He identified them as belonging to, and as having been brought to him to be mended, by the accused, three days before the murder. He had put the peculiar patches on, and had driven the heavy iron tacks in the heel of the left one. He did not know why he had driven the large square-headed tack in the middle of the heel, nor why he had not driven it home.

Having said this slowly and only in answer to questions, he passed the boot back to the prosecutor. And as he did so, I made a discovery which, for the moment, stayed the beating of my heart. I looked quickly at Blake. He, too, had made the discovery, and his face had grown, in an instant, pale as death. Our eyes met, and each knew what was in the other's mind.

My associate, Goodwin, was about to cross-examine. Leaning forward I said in a hoarse whisper:

"Let him go; do not ask him a single question!"

My excitement seemed to vex Goodwin.

"In God's name, what ails you?" he asked.

"I can't explain now, but do as I request!" I urged.

And addressing the court with poorly concealed agitation, I said:

"If your honor please, we shall not cross-examine the witness, but desire that he shall be required to remain in attendance, as we may want to examine him on behalf of the defendant."

The witness was instructed to return to-morrow; and the court adjourned.

After the exchange of glances between Blake and myself he had left the room.

I hastened down to the street and looking toward his place of business saw him sitting in his buggy behind his two splendid horses.

I knew he was awaiting me. So soon as he saw me he cried:

"Come, Cully! you walk as if nothing was to be done and you had a thousand years to do it in!"

In a moment, for I was almost in a run when he chided me so, I was by his side and the horses were flying eastward again.

As we had suspected and ardently hoped, the cobbler, finding that he would have to return, did not go home that night.

It was three o'clock in the morning when Blake and I reached town on our return from our nocturnal visit to the cobbler's cabin in the dark ravine. Nor did we essay sleep. We were entirely too much wrought up by what we had learned.

It seemed as if the six hours between three and nine, when the court was to meet, would never pass. They did, however, slowly and at length, and the court, the prosecutor, the witnesses and the defendant, the latter still calmly hopeless, were in their places.

The prosecutor announced that he was through with the State's evidence.

Blake, with bloodless face and eyes shining with a strange light of victory, sat by my side. Bending forward, I whispered to my associate counsel:

"If you please, Mr. Goodwin, I will examine the witnesses for the defense."

"You ought to; you are far better advised than myself as to their evidence," he said as we exchanged places.

"Let Mr. Hagan take the stand!" I said, affecting, with poor success, a voice of cool indifference. The old man with a haggard and anxious expression of the eyes, common with persons suffering from heart-disease, came forward.

Stepping quickly to his side I took hold of his right arm and lifting it so the jury could observe it, I said in a suppressed voice:

"*This arm is withered!* How do you manage to make and mend shoes with one hand?"

Instantly the sallow face took on the aspect of death. Passing quickly to the other side, I lifted his left arm.

"But here," I went on, "you have an uncommonly fine arm." And I drew the sleeve above the elbow closely about it as I cried: "Look you, gentlemen of the jury, here are the muscles of a gladiator—a Hercules!" For I doubt if any present had ever looked upon such an arm as I now exhibited to the jury.

The witness sat speechless, the arteries in his neck throbbing, while great beads of sweat broke forth upon his brow and ran down the seams of his face. His aspect was pitiable; but I was working for the life of an innocent man, and must go forward.

No objection was made to this rather unusual mode of examination. Indeed, the prosecutor and the court were not after innocent blood, and, like everyone else, sat eagerly awaiting events.

"Mr. Sheriff," I went on, "bring me the boot, exhibited in evidence yesterday!" The officer obeyed.

"You mended this boot for the prisoner three days before David Carr was murdered?"

And as I said this I beckoned to Blake, who came forward, carrying a parcel, wrapped in a newspaper.

The witness answered by a nod, for he was speechless!

Quickly unrolling Blake's package, I confronted him with a *shoe*.

"When did you mend this?"

The answer was a groan. And the witness sat staring, as if transfixed, at the sole of a shoe of the left foot, bearing every detail of the sole of Doty's left boot! The round patch on the ball, the triangular patch on the heel-top, the large, square-headed tacks in the patch on the heel, the row of smaller ones about the heel, the hob-nail, not driven home—all were there!

The witness still sat, silent, amid a hush that was painful; for jury, court, spectators and prisoner were like so many statues! I, alone, moved or spoke.

I had ceased to expect any answer.

"Is this your knife?" I continued, holding before his eyes a knife, the blade whereof, four inches in length, was as sharp as a razor.

"Why did you put these in the fire?" I went on, holding before him a pair of charred soles and heels, which, like the rest, had been captured in the cabin of the cobbler.

Making a supreme effort to speak, the witness gasped:

"I made a mistake; I burned the wrong shoes!"

He was falling forward, when the sheriff and Blake caught him.

When they laid him down he was dead.

IV.

Under the direction of the court, on the suggestion of the prosecutor, the jury, sitting in their box, rendered a verdict of "Not Guilty." And my client, scarcely able to take in the rapidly shifting events, was discharged amidst the congratulations of the people who just now were witnessing the progress of the trial, not doubting his guilt.

Blake was happier than his benefactor, by so much as he was more capable of joy and suffering.

For myself, I can recall, even now, the supreme sense of triumph I felt as I saw the pleasant faces of the spectators as they looked upon Blake and myself silently clasping each other's hands.

But this feeling of triumph was not, however, unmixed. For many days the face of the dead witness was rarely absent from my mind.

I fancied there was something inexpressibly pathetic and pitiable in it as I recalled its aspect.

I instituted the most searching inquiry as to the man's antecedents. All that I could learn from his neighbors was that he had come into the neighborhood some two years before and lived alone in the cabin, mending shoes and reading; but mixing rarely with his neighbors and never speaking of his past.

It was known to the neighbors that he and the murdered man had come from the same neighborhood in Pennsylvania, but if the two men had anything to do with each other no one knew it, though they had been observed to speak in salutation when meeting in the presence of others.

At length, from the papers of Carr, I learned the name of the postoffice in Pennsylvania, from the neighborhood of which it was supposed the two had come. I addressed a letter to the postmaster, making such inquiry as I hoped would elicit the desired information. Later I received the following answer:

JULY 28, 1865—Dear Sir: A letter addressed by you to the P. M. here containing certain inquiries concerning the past history of a Mr. Hagan, formerly resident here, has been handed to me, to be answered or not, as I might deem proper.

You will understand the reason for the postmaster's conduct when I tell you that the person mentioned, Mr. John Hagan, was my uncle. Had your letter contained nothing evincing more than idle curiosity, I should not have answered it. But that it does and the wish to place my poor uncle's character in a better light, led me to recur, once more, to as sad a chapter of family history as was ever written.

You will excuse me if I use the fewest words possible in reciting these principal facts.

My uncle's wife died years ago, leaving him with the care of an infant daughter. He never married again, but devoted his life to rearing and educating this daughter. David Carr's father was my uncle's nearest neighbor and closest friend. The result was that the two children, my cousin and David, were from early childhood constantly together; played together, studied together, my uncle teaching them.

When grown, young Carr's attentions to my cousin were such as to lead my uncle and David's father to understand that the young people were engaged, a fact quite satisfactory to both parents. David appeared to be an honest youth and thoroughly in love with the girl.

When he asked her hand in marriage no objection was interposed. The day for the nuptials was fixed, but when it arrived young Carr was missing.

It soon transpired that he had ruined and betrayed the poor girl. A few days after this discovery my uncle found his child in the attic of his house dead! She had hanged herself.

This blow dethroned my uncle's reason, and he was sent for a time to an asylum for the insane, from which, however, he was after some months discharged as cured. He disposed of his property and disappeared, and though I endeavored in every way to learn of his whereabouts I heard nothing from or of him until I saw in a Cincinnati paper an account of the murder trial and of his death on the witness stand when confronted with the evidence of his guilt.

The fact that he had long been suffering from heart disease accounts for what I can but regard the fortunate sudden ending of my unhappy uncle's life.

That he was insane when he planned and executed the assassination of the wretch and villain, Carr, I have not the slightest doubt.

Hoping that you will make such use of this as will best serve to soften the opinions of those cognizant of the killing, in relation to my poor uncle,

I am, very truly,

JABEZ HAGEN, M. D.

THE MODERN SHAKSPEARE.

WADE WHIPPLE.

Chief of Police Leander Brown, of Madison, N. J., was made the happy father of triplets, two boys and a girl, last February, and lately they were christened Leander Cleveland, John Grover and Leonora Frances. —*News Item.*

Grover—"Daniel!"
Daniel— "My lord!"
Grover— "Fore heaven, I've work for thee.
Write thou a mandate to the senators
Decreeing their immediate recall,
And speed it everywhere throughout the realm,
Shades of old Draco! but I'll give them laws
To bind upon this madcap populace."
Daniel—"It shall be as thou sayest, siree!"
Grover— "But stay—
Wist thee the record o' this naming craze,
This titulary mania that anoints
Twins, triplets, foundlings, litters, everything
With name of our good lady and ourself?"
Daniel—"The register's not posted up, my liege,
But there be tens of thousands, I'll be sworn."
Grover—"Tens of thousands! Holy algebra!
But there's a plus-age quite x-orbitant;
An' it ensues till resurrection day
The mention o' our name will scar the earth
As it were seamed with erysipelas.
An' it pleases Providence to pepper thus
The human race with name of our good selves—
To tack our door-plate on all Christendom
And label e'en the rabble wi' the same—
Then, by'r halidome! 'tis ours t' inject
This crisis wi' the iron of reform.
Speed thou the edict, Daniel, and thereon
Draft thou a law making it penalty
Of twenty thousand lashes wi' the knout
For any subject of our realm to use
Henceforth our name for christ'ning purposes."
Daniel—"All which, Sir Maximus, shall be obeyed."
Grover—"And see that thine obedience haltest not."
By old Tiberius! we'll dam this tide
Of arrant flattery; enough's enough.
We've no remonstrance that at intervals
Our name is ta'en for natal episodes,
But when 'tis sifted o'er the universe,
Blended with larva of both hemispheres,
Linked unto Arab, Hottentot, pappoose,
Tadpole, cub, pullet, whelp and whippersnap,
Sown so abundant to the suckling world
That at the drone of its monotony
The very dogs do howl, then doth arise
Our Buffalonian bile to antidote
This truckling, parasitic tendency.
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The Rival Inter-oceanic Canals.

The Nicaragua Canal Company is making its preparations to begin work when the inevitable collapse of the Panama Canal Company comes. It has just made its first payment of $100,000 to the Nicaragua republic for the concession, the terms of which leave it two and one-half years to complete its surveys and a year after in which to begin the work of construction. As this canal route is far less costly than that over the isthmus of Panama and will take a shorter time to build, and the capital available for great enterprises of the kind steadily increases, its outlook for success ought not to be diminished by the apparent failure of the other enterprise.—*New York Times.*

The Old Proverbs Can be Misleading.

"Don't say nowthin' to me 'bout a bird in the hand bein' wuth two in the bush," said a tramp the other day, "cause it ain't so—I've tried an' I knows. I took a bird out of er bush ther other night—it were a fine brown Leghorn bird an' it were something uv a high bush—an' I hadn't mor'n got it nicely in my hand 'fore er man blazed 'way with a double-barreled shot-gun an' filled my legs so full o' buckshot I can't hardly carry 'em 'round. It 'u'd bin a blame sight better fer me ef ther'd bin mor'n a hun'red birds in that air bush than jes' the neck o' one in my hand—with a shot a-crackin' inter my legs."—*Dakota Bell.*

A Moral Standing on Its Head.

"Yes, I gave each of my sons $5,000 and sent them West to make their fortunes. John invested his money in a cattle ranch and went to work in earnest. It grieves me to say that Henry, disregarding my admonitions about honesty and industry, started a faro bank."

"And it all turned out in the usual way, I suppose."

"Yes, Henry owns John's cattle ranch now, and has lent him money to come home with."—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

The Pitcher on the Post.

Years ago—some say forty, others thirty—a young girl was in the act of placing a white pitcher on a post which stands near the South Carolina railway, five miles from Aiken, when she was struck dead by lightning. Ever since this tragic occurrence the white pitcher has remained on the post, safe by superstition from the touch of negroes, who believe that the arm which touches it will be paralyzed. Storms and cyclones and earthquakes have not displaced it, although the post which holds it is fast crumbling with decay.

What Are They Among So Many?

When Mrs. Homespun saw the Grand Army men on Memorial Day she asked: "Are these the men who write the war articles in the magazines?" She was informed that they were a few of them.—*Boston Transcript.*

Hard Lines for the Colored Brother.

A colored gentleman was heard to remark: "Times am changed; de hog law, lokal option an' bar'd wire fences am ewine to ruin de country."—*Brenham (Tex.) Banner.*

RED AND WHITE ROSES.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Roses the lover gives to his love;
Roses we lay on the breast of death
That never more fondest whisper can move—
Which is the sweeter, answer and prove,
Passionate love or sleep without breath?

For love you burn with a crimson fire,
For death you are pale as the winter's snow;
Warm for one, with the heart's desire,
Cold for the other, since hopes expire—
Which is the sweeter? When shall we know!

DAINTY DRESSES.

Handsome Costumes for Wear in the House—Traveling Suits.

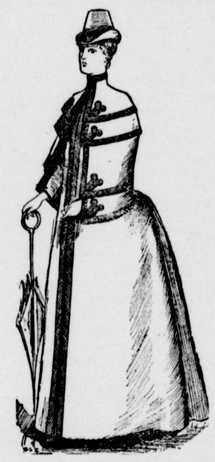
NORMA BLAKE.

Among the most dainty dresses of my lady's wardrobe are the teagowns or house dresses. Soft silks in light tints printed with designs in Pompadour colors, challis, veilings, striped flannels in light qualities, cambrics and satteens are the materials of which they are fashionably made, with the addition of deep flouncing lace and many ribbon bows. The shape is usually a loose robe cut in one from the neck to the hem, fitting the figure in the back, with deep pleats laid below the waist to give extra fullness to the skirt, and having a loose, full front falling down straight. It is for this inserted front that the flouncing lace is used, or mayhap crepe de chine, India silk, or other soft, fine fabric. Such garments may or may not have a train, as the wearer pleases. Many have a Watteau pleat in the back, a style always graceful and generally becoming.

In the gown illustrated, one of the more elaborate styles is seen, as there are degrees of elegance in these loose dresses; for while some are merely negliges for use in one's own room, others are made elegant enough to receive one's friends in from breakfast until dinner. In this instance the gown proper is of moss-green surah, with an inserted front and finely pleated skirt portion of India silk in green of a pale tint. The finish to the twisted green silk cord about the waist consists of tassels of green crystal, and the grelots on the edge of the jacket fronts and sleeves are also of green crystal.

At this season, when so many are preparing for a trip away, traveling dresses and cloaks are a subject of much interest.

In the accompanying sketches will be seen excellent models for a traveling gown and a



dust cloak, both of them designed by first class ladies' tailors.

The costume is of fine striped light gray summer cloth, made wholly of the one material without any trimming other than a velvet collar and cuffs, depending simply on the elegance of its draping and perfection of fit for its style. The draperies are long, reaching to the hem of the lower skirt and completely covering it, disposed gracefully across the front, laid in deep pleats at the sides and very full at the back.

The hat is of gray straw, trimmed with dark blue velvet and blue forget-me-nots.

The dust cloak is of fawn-colored cloth, the four capes trimmed with wide, flat braid in a light shade of brown. The Tyrolean hat is of straw, bound and banded with brown corded silk in a very plain, rather mannish, style. Any other neat, pretty chapeau may be substituted for this one, if preferred.

A very elegant, dressy costume is the one here illustrated, suitable for visiting, after noon drives at watering-places, &c.

It is of Henrietta cloth in a soft shade of pearl gray, trimmed with bright blue velvet. The panels at the side of the skirt are braided in silver, and the bodice is trimmed with velvet and has a waistcoat of soft white silk laid in folds, the lower part braided to match the panels.

The hat is of fine gray straw, faced with blue velvet and trimmed very high with folds of silk and an aigrette of white feathers.

Every moment of life is the seed of a year.

FRENCH FRATERNITY.

How it Impresses Itself Upon the Notice of Other People.

In France, indeed, fraternity is as it were in the air. This sentiment, which is the poetic side of the notion of equality, to which the French have been so profoundly attached since the very beginnings of modern society, during the break-up of the middle ages, is to be read in the expression and demeanor of every one to be met with in the streets as unmistakably as it is stamped on all the buildings belonging to the state. Insensibly you find yourself setting out with the feeling that every stranger is amicably disposed. Arriving from London either at Paris or at the smallest provincial town—Calais itself, say—the absence of individual competition, of personal preoccupation, of all the varied inhospitality, the stony inaccessible self-absorption which depress the stranger in London whenever he is out of hail of an acquaintance, the conspicuous amenity everywhere suffuses with a profoundly grateful warmth the very cockles of the American's heart. At first it seems as if all the world were really one's friends. People with such an aspect and deportment would be, certainly, in New York; in New York you would feel almost as if you could borrow money of them without security. You look for the personal feeling, the warmth, the glow which such evident amenity stimulates in your own breast. You find no real response. You feel somewhat imposed upon and resentful. Nothing is less agreeable to the Anglo-Saxon heart than to discover that it has beaten with unreasonable warmth, that the occasion really called for no indulgence of sentiment. You understand Thackeray's feeling toward the "distinguished foreigner" whom he met crossing the channel, and who "readily admitted the superiority of the Briton on the seas or elsewhere," only to discover himself, the voyage over, in his real character of hotel runner—or, as Thackeray puts it, "an impudent, sneaking, swindling French humbug."—*W. C. Brownell in Scribner's Magazine.*

THE PRICE OF POETRY.

Longfellow's Crescendo Scale of Remuneration for His Work.

In the "Final Memorials of Longfellow" these interesting figures are given by his brother: "For his early poems, published during the last year of his college course in the *United States Literary Gazette*, Mr. Longfellow received sometimes $1, sometimes $2 according to their length; this was in 1825. In 1840-41 'The Village Blacksmith,' 'Endymion' and 'God's Acre' brought him $15 each; 'The Goblet of Life' and 'The River Charles,' $20. Then in 1844, for 'The Gleam of Sunshine,' 'The Arsenal' and 'Nuremberg,' he received $50 each. This remained the price up to 'The Ladder of Saint Augustine' and 'The Phantom Ship,' in 1850. After this there is no record, but later on he began to receive $100 to $150 for a poem. The Harpers paid $1,000 for 'Keramos,' and the same for 'Morituri Salutamus;' Bonner, of the *Ledger*, $3,000 for 'The Hanging of the Crane.' Mr. Longfellow noted his income from his writings in 1840 as $29; in 1842 it was $517; in 1845 (the year of the poets and poetry of America), $2,080; in 1846, $1,800; the next year, $1,100; in 1850, $1,900; then $2,500 and $1,100, and there the record stops."

NO LONGER DOES

The average man condemn off-hand a medicine because of the fact that it is advertised. The world is becoming a greater believer in printers' ink each year. Sensible men see no good or valid reason for refusing to acknowledge the undeniable benefit of a valuable discovery simply because of the fact that it is made known to the world through the world's greatest educator, the public press.

DR. WORTHINGTON'S

Cholera and Diarrhœa Medicine

has been before the public for more than TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. It is a standard remedy advocated by physicians the country over. Among other distinguished indorsers are:

HON. M. W. RANSOM, U. S. Senator from North Carolina.

BRIG. GEN'L W. P. ROBERTS, late Auditor State of North Carolina.

HON. W. T. CRAWFORD, Judge, Williamston, N. C.

HON. J. W. MOORE, Historian of North Carolina.

HON. T. R. JERNIGAN, Norfolk, Va.

MR. J. W. PERRY, Merchant, Norfolk, Va

MR. W. W. SMITH, Raleigh, N. C.

MR. WILL LOFTON HARGRAVE, Wesleyan Female College, Murfreesboro', N. C.

REV. E. B. RIDDICK, President Kittrick's Female College.

REV. J. H. DAVIS, President Wesleyan Female College, Murfreesboro', N. C.

HON. W. N. H. SMITH, Chief Justice Supreme Court, North Carolina.

GEN'L E. WARREN, late Purveyor General C. S. A.

HON. W. A. MOORE, ex-Judge Supreme Court of North Carolina.

HON. J. EDWIN MOORE, Attorney at Law, Raleigh, N. C.

COL. L. D. STARKE, Attorney Nor. and So. R. R.

MR. W. J. HARDISON, Sheriff, Martin Co., N. C.

MR. W. Z. MORTON, JR., Editor Martin Co. (N. C.) *Times.*

MR. WILSON C. LAMB, Winston, N. C.

MR. JOHN D. BIGGS, Balto., Nor. & R. S. B. Co., Baltimore, Md.

HON. R. R. HEATH, Judge, Edenton, N. C.

REV. T. B. HAUGHTON, Rector Church of the Advent, Diocese of North Carolina.

MR. L. T. SPIERS, Murfreesboro', N. C.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers throughout the United States. Price twenty-five cents.

Four bottles will be sent to any part of the United States, expressage paid, upon receipt of $1.00.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS.

NO MORE WHITEWASHING
—WHEN—
Plastic Paint
CAN BE HAD SO CHEAP.
Send for pamphlet and color card and learn its merits.
MAXWELL, HAZLETT & CO
25 S. Gay Street, Baltimore, Md.
Otsego and Tasker Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Staunton, Va., June 13, 1887.
Augusta Female Seminary.
MESSRS. MAXWELL HAZLETT & CO.
I telegraphed to you this morning to send me a half-barrel more of "French Gray Plastic Paint" by freight immediately. I am delighted with the Plastic Paint, both white and colored, and intend using it altogether in the future. Sorry I had not made my arrangements to do so this year, but have been so often disappointed in advertised articles that I preferred testing it myself, and with gratifying results. Please send at once. Enclosed find check for $5.50. Respectfully,
(Signed) M. J. BALDW