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A DAKOTA man who has announced himself as a candidate for delegate to Congress is charged by his opponent with having sold coffee to his fellow-prisoners while incarcerated in Andersonville at $1 a cup.

THE lower classes of the Italian people continue to emigrate in enormous numbers, and the Government is much alarmed. The number leaving Genoa last year was 101,200 as against 52,852 the previous year. Most of them go to South America.

WHILE a minister at Wentworth, Dakota, was making his closing prayer in a church, a large striped cat of the masculine gender walked up the aisle, coolly jumped on to the pulpit, squatted himself on the Bible, and reverently gazed at the minister until he had finished.

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN, the mother of Abraham Lincoln, is buried on the outskirts of Lincoln City, Ind. A plain slab of marble about four feet high, almost covered with grass and dogweed, marks her grave. On the stone is the following inscription: "Erected by a friend of her martyred son, 1879."

M. CLEMENCEAU and General Boulanger recently met by accident at the dinner table of a lady who is a friend of both. They sat one at each side of their host, and, to avoid seeing each other so as to compel a salutation which would have been distasteful to both, they sat with their backs turned toward her.

A CONVENTION of parrots will soon be held in Turin, and a great many learned old fellows are expected to be present. Prizes will be given to the best singer, the brightest conversationalist and the finest orator. A great many queer stories have been told about parrots; but the coming show will give the world a chance to know precisely what they have to say.

QUEEN VICTORIA recently celebrated her 69th birthday. Only four English sovereigns have attained a greater age—Queen Elizabeth, 70 years; George II., 77; George III., 82; William IV., 72. Victoria has reigned longer than any of her predecessors, excepting Henry III., who reigned fifty-six years, and George III., who was on the throne for sixty years.

THE London *Medical Press* congratulates itself and its readers that there is a more crowded city and one with a higher death record than London, namely, New York, where, in 1880, 16.37 persons lived in every dwelling house, on an average, against 7.8 in London. Furthermore, the English city has no deaths from sunstroke to record, and a temperature below zero is almost unknown.

THERE is a woman in St. Paul, Minn., who possesses some handsome diamonds. She puts them in a box, puts the box in a rag-bag, puts the rag-bag on the closet floor, and at nights puts the watch dog in the closet on top of the rag-bag, locks him in there, and every night hides the key in a different place. Her husband says that if she had her way she would arm him to the teeth and put him in the closet with the dog.

THE I. O. U.'s standing on Delmonico's books are known to amount to $500,000. It is a collection of years. The singular feature is that the Delmonicos never resort to lawsuits to recover from the delinquents. It is their boast that no suits have ever been entered in their name. Still another phenomena is that Charles Delmonico generally dines at the hostelries of his neighbors or patronizes the chop houses of Captain Reilly's "Tenderloin" precinct.

AT Prendergrass, Ga., Johnny Appleby saw a catbird dart down to the ground for something, and at once began fluttering and struggling as if to free itself. This continued for perhaps a minute, when the struggle ceased and the bird settled down motionless. The little fellow's curiosity being aroused, he went to the scene and found the bird nearly dead and pinioned by a huge black spider. The insect had seized its winged foe by the tongue and bitten the end of it off. The bird died.

THE marriage portion of the Garfield young people will be ample, as Mrs. Garfield is rich and the Masons have always lived in good style. General Garfield's estate netted the widow about $40,000, and in addition she received $25,000 insurance on his life. Congress, it will be remembered, voted her an annual pension of $5,000, and gave her besides $40,000, which would have been the balance of the salary due the President at the end of his first year in office had he lived. The amount of the popular subscription raised directly after Garfield's death, when invested for her in Government bonds, aggregated $312,000. It will be observed, therefore, that she is quite comfortable when it comes to hard cash, and her yearly income must be at least $25,000.

IT is reported from Detroit that a lad named Frank Bailey, sixteen years old, has such a mania for thrusting pins and needles into the right side of his face and neck that it has become necessary to send him to the lunatic asylum. At the time of his departure he had from thirty to forty pins buried to the head in his cheek, besides an unknown number of needles that were out of sight.

FREDERICK III.—IN MEMORIAM.

BY EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

If humblest peasant, or if mightiest king,
He strove in truth to seek men's bettering.
Whose shall enter Silence at the end,
Treads the dim way with Death as with a friend.
Not thine alone, Germania, be the woe
And dolor of surpassing loss to know.
Thy saintliest hero, turned to silent clay,
Sends the wide earth with hope of better day
When to be man is all that monarchs can;
And to be monarch is but being man.

So in what hap the nations' fates shall forge—
If rent shall be the red cross of St. George;
If German eagle breaks its sable beak
To wrest fresh glories for a kingling weak;
If lily wave above the Seine and Loire
O'er songs of peace or direful din of war;
If bearded Russ shall skulk in gain or loss;
Or Moslem crescent humble Europe's cross;—
O Man of kings! thy stainless laurels bind
Thee to the loving heart of all mankind.

THE MAIDEN'S FAREWELL.

The time has come and we must part;
The tear-drop dims mine eye.
How oft I've clasped thee to my heart
With joy in days gone by.

When first I saw thee I was sure
Thou cam st to me to stay;
But nothing mundane doth endure—
All things must pass away.

How oft in days forever past
My form thou hast embraced!
Another takes thy place at last
And clasps me round the waist.

But such is life—we meet to part
In midst of change we dwell;
Another clasps to-day my heart—
Old corset, fare thee well!

—*Boston Courier.*

JESSIE'S ANSWER.

BY JEFFIE FORBUSH HANAFORD.

"Will you marry me now, Jessie?"

The tone was sincere and the speaker, a handsome man of five and twenty, with a wavy mass of brown curls clustering around a broad forehead, turned from the window and confronted his pretty listener.

Jessie Southern lifted her bewildering dark eyes to his face and smiled gently.

"Not now, Chester; I am too young; and besides, I never want to marry and settle in this dull place."

"But, Jessie," interposed Chester Culver, his handsome face flushing, "I am in business here and doing well, and so this must be our future home, at least for the next few years."

"Must?" echoed Jessie, a faint smile playing around the sweet mouth and calling the bewitching little dimples into view. "Why do you say must, Chester? Can't you go into business somewhere else? Anywhere in the wide world will suit me, excepting this place."

Chester looked troubled, but what could he do. He loved this willful little gipsy, with her dark eyes and winning ways, and knew his life would be a blank without her.

"Yes, Chester dear," she continued, "sell out here, and go somewhere, get settled in business, and then——"

"Then what, sweet one?" exclaimed Chester, as Jessie hesitated, and a pretty flush suffused her cheeks, tipping the pretty ears a glowing shell pink. "Then, what pet? Do you mean that I may come for you, that you will be my wife, then?"

"Yes," answered Jessie very softly, and happy Chester clasped her in his arms and said:

"It is the one aim of my life to make you happy, so Jessie, darling, I will do as you desire."

Two months later Chester Culver had disposed of his business for cash and was prepared to start in search of a new place in which to settle.

"Jessie," he said, on the evening of his departure, "I am now going, at your request, to make a home for you, and as soon as I have succeeded I shall come for you. You can trust me, Jessie."

"Yes, Chester, we can trust each other."

Thus they parted.

Two months passed away, oh! so slowly and wearily to Jessie.

"Why did I send him away?" she asked herself over and over again.

His letters came regularly, full of undying love, and a hope that he would soon come for her.

At last a speculation he had counted a great deal by fell through, and Chester was almost discouraged. He went from one place to another, fast losing all his money; he seemed to be unlucky in everything he undertook; he no sooner got into "a good thing" than it proved a failure; he put a thousand dollars of his money into a bank, but the bank failed, and he received only three hundred dollars out of that.

Poor Chester! It was now over a year since he had bid Jessie good-by, and his prospects of a home were fast diminishing.

Is it any wonder that his heart grew bitter, and life seemed a burden too heavy to bear?

Then he thought of Jessie waiting for him, and he with no prospects for the future.

Jessie's letters came regularly. Such pathetic, pleading letters; they made his heart sick.

How could he return? Chester was proud, and would never return with less money than he left with.

At last he started in business in the busy, active city of D——, but, being a complete stranger, without influential friends, he was obliged to give it up, for he lost more money than he made; so, after losing nearly all his capital, he got out of the business, a sadder if not a wiser man.

"Luck is against me," he murmured, "and has been ever since I left Clayville. Poor Jessie! I wish I could forget her; but that is impossible."

As for Jessie—pretty Jessie Southern—the last two years of her life had not been of the happiest.

After Chester's departure other young men tried hard to win her love, but in vain. Jessie's heart was far away, with Chester, and she gradually gave up attending parties and places of amusement, and settled down, as she told herself, to "wait for Chester."

Another year had passed away, and Chester was still unsettled.

A party of gentlemen were talking of going to Mexico and pressed Chester to become one of their number.

Chester knew not what to do. He disliked to go so far away from Jessie; yet he had not heard from her for a long time. Was she sick, or had she forgotten him?

He had written repeatedly, and it was now over two months since he had heard a word from her.

Finally he decided not to go, and with this determination he went to the Claybourne Hotel to see his friend, Ned Holbrooke, and tell him of his decision.

Arriving at the hotel, he found Mr. Holbrooke was away, but would be in presently; so he concluded to wait.

Seating himself, he took up a New York daily paper, to pass away the time.

Presently he started from his seat, his face very pale, and his eyes riveted on the printed page before him.

Under "Society Notes" he read the following:

"Married—Will L. Bernard, of the firm of Bernard & Lockwood, last evening, to Miss Southern, youngest daughter of F. H. Southern, Clayville."

Chester looked at the date of the paper; it was over a month old.

Just then Ned Holbrooke came in.

"Ah, Culver, my boy, glad to see you. What's the matter—you look pale as a ghost?"

Chester managed to say something about "a headache—not feeling well," and that he came to say that he would go with the party as soon as they were ready.

"Glad to hear it, Culver, glad to hear it; sure chance of making money. Don't be in a hurry," as Chester rose to go.

Once in the open air, Chester tried to collect his thoughts and realize what he had just read, and to his suprise he found he had the paper still in his hand.

There was no mistake; he read it over and over again. "Younger daughter!" Jessie was the younger. She had only one sister, Glyda, and she was two or three years older.

Never thinking for an instant there could be a mistake, he seated himself to write to Jessie.

What should he write? Tears, which were no disgrace to his manhood, filled his eyes.

At last it was finished, and read as follows:

"JESSIE—I know all, and you will never see me again. I start for Mexico to-morrow. May heaven bless you!

"CHESTER CULVER"

The next day found Chester on his way to Mexico.

Let us now return to Jessie.

She has changed, we can see that at a glance, and instead of the willful, thoughtless girl of seventeen we see before us the blossoming woman.

The sweet mouth is a trifle sad, perhaps, and the dark eyes wear a troubled, far-away look; yet she is is the same warm-hearted, affectionate Jessie of old.

She had received Chester's last letter, but knew not where to direct a reply.

She wrote to his old address, asking for an explanation of his strange letter, and telling him of her sister's marriage, but the letter was uncalled for, and so returned to her.

"I shall never marry," she told her mother; "for I feel positive that Chester will return to me."

Mr. Southern felt very much worried about his daughter.

Another year passed, and during all this time she had not once heard from Chester.

"Take her away for a change.. It will do her more good than all the medicine I could possibly give her," the family physician said, in his bluff, hearty way.

So Mr. Southern decided to take Jessie with him to New York. He felt very much afraid she would refuse to go, as nothing seemed to interest her of late.

The next morning at breakfast he ventured to remark that his business called him to New York, and, turning to Jessie, he said:

"Jessie, dear, I am sorry I start so soon, for if you could get ready I would take you with me."

He watched her closely, half expecting a refusal, but Jessie quietly answered:

"I should like to go very much, papa."

And so it was settled.

Glyda had been very anxious for Jessie to come and stay with her awhile. Since her marriage to Will Bernard she had lived a short distance out of New York, in the lovely little suburban town of L——, but until now Jessie had not cared to go.

Mr. Southern thought if he only succeeded in getting Jessie there, her sister would insist upon her remaining for awhile.

And it all happened just as he expected, and he returned home leaving Jessie safely under her sister's care.

"I intend you shall have a gay time, this season, my dear," said little Mrs. Bernard, "and we will try and banish the lilies and coax back the roses to these pale cheeks."

"Really, Glyda," said Jessie, anxiously, "I had much rather remain quietly at home with you and Baby Bell. I don't care for society since——"

Tears filled the mournful dark eyes, and Jessie hastily caught up Baby Bell and buried her face in the soft golden curls that covered the little head, to hide the tears she could not control.

Baby Bell laughed and crowed with all a baby's glee, and soon Jessie was laughing at her funny little ways.

Mrs. Bernard felt positive Chester had forgotten Jessie, and would never return to her, and she felt sorry to have her sister give up all society and remain so secluded for his sake; "for," argued Glyda, "if he loves her why doesn't he write to her?"

So she devoted herself entirely to making Jessie happy, and to all outward appearance she succeeded.

* * * *

"Oh, if Jessie would only give up all thoughts of Chester Culver, and be content in the love of Walter Lawrence," said Mrs. Bernard to her husband, one evening, as they were seated on the veranda watching Jessie and Lawrence coming slowly up the path leading to the house.

"What a handsome couple they make," continued Glyda. "Jessie's black hair and dark complexion contrasts so nicely with Walter's blue eyes and golden hair." And in truth they did make a pretty picture.

Jessie had her arms full of apple-blossoms, and Walter had fastened a spray of the fragrant pink buds in her dark braids of hair, which lent an added color to the dusky cheeks.

Jessie came slowly up the steps and relieved herself of the flowers by tossing them all into her sister's lap.

"Well, Jessie, did you have a pleasant walk?" asked Will Bernard.

"Yes, very pleasant," answered Jessie.

Time passed on. Walter Lawrence spent a great deal of his time at Jessie's side, and, although she did not encourage his attentions, she always seemed pleased when he was with her.

One morning early Jessie came down the steps, dressed in a dark-blue riding habit, a dark-blue felt cap, with a long plume, set jauntily on her head, with gauntlets and riding-whip in hand, evidently ready for a ride before breakfast.

Her dark eyes sparkled as Will Bernard brought "Black Gypsy" to the door.

"This is a lovely morning for a canter before breakfast, to give one an appetite," observed Jessie.

"Are you going alone, Jessie?" asked her brother-in-law, anxiously.

"No, Will; Mr. Lawrence is going, too," she answered, carelessly. "There he comes, now," as a horseman seated on a dark-bay horse came into view around a curve in the road.

In a few minutes they were riding slowly down the avenue, and Will went into the house.

After they had ridden some time in silence, Walter Lawrence said:

"Miss Southern—Jessie—may I call you Jessie? To me it is the sweetest name on earth—Jessie, Jessie, don't you know I love you?"

Jessie grew pale under his gaze, and looked so pained and startled that he at once repented being so hasty.

"Forgive me, Jessie, for startling you so; but, oh! my darling, if you only knew——"

Jessie put up her daintily gloved hand as if to ward off a blow.

"Oh! Mr. Lawrence, I never dreamed of such a thing. I am so sorry." And tears gathered in the dark eyes and fell, unheeded, on the small gloved hand.

"Why, darling, why are you sorry?" said Walter, gently, trying hard to control his feelings.

"Oh! I am so unhappy," said Jessie. "Walter Lawrence, you have done me a great honor, and although I can never be your wife——"

"Oh! Jessie, do not say so. I will wait, only give me one word of hope."

"It can never be, Walter," answered Jessie, sadly. "Had I met you first, before——"

Here Jessie broke down completely.

"Before what, dear?" questioned Walter. "Is it true, then, that you are engaged? Jessie, I can not believe it."

"In justice to us both I will explain," said Jessie. "Three years ago I was engaged to a good and noble man, whose greatest fault was loving me too well. He was at that time established in business at Clayville. At that time I was a willful, thoughtless girl of seventeen, and one day when he spoke of our marrying and settling in Clayville I declared I'd never marry and live in such a dull place, and insisted on his starting in business somewhere else; so, for my sake, he sold out his prosperous business and went away. For the first year I heard from him regularly; but going into a new place as he did, without influential friends, he found it very discouraging. As nearly as I could make out by his letters he lost a good deal of money and nearly two years ago he wrote me saying he was going to Mexico, and I—that is the last I have heard from him."

After Jessie finished speaking the silence was unbroken for several minutes; then Walter Lawrence took her hand gently in his and said:

"Jessie, I thank you for your confidence, and you shall never regret telling me. I love you more than ever now, for I know you to be a true, faithful woman. We can at least be friends, if no more, and I shall live only to see you happy."

Jessie thanked him through her tears, and they turned their horses' head toward home.

Three weeks later found Jessie safely at home in Clayville.

Somehow she felt she could not remain longer with her sister and meet Walter Lawrence daily; for, knowing his love for her, she felt sad when with him, although since the day of their ride he had not once mentioned the subject of their conversation, but with brotherly solicitude awaited her slightest bidding.

Another year had fled on the wings of time, and Jessie was just entering her twenty-first year.

If she was pretty at seventeen, she was beautiful now, tall and stately, with her dark hair in a heavy coil low on her neck, her clear, soft complexion, her bewildering dark eyes and bewitching little dimples peeping into view, making the small, rosebud mouth appear smaller, if that could be possible; and as she stood in the arched door of the summer-house, framed in by overhanging honeysuckles and wild roses, swinging her wide sun-hat in one small hand, she made a pretty picture.

The scene before her was a beautiful one, but its picturesque beauty was entirely lost on Jessie.

She was in deep thought, trying to realize the possible truth of a remark she had heard no less than a dozen times that morning, "Chester Culver is coming home."

"Is it true?" she murmured over and over again; then she remarked that he was nothing to her; that she had no right even to think of him.

Perhaps he was married, she told herself. Possibly his wife would come with him.

This last thought was a little too much.

Jessie put on her hat and hurried out of the summer house, down a winding path leading to her favorite nook, and throwing herself down beneath the very tree where she had parted from Chester four years ago, she rested her head on her hands and burst into tears.

At length, when her grief had exhausted itself, she lay perfectly quiet, watching, with deep concern, a bright-eyed little squirrel—happy and contented, eating a wild nut, and apparently much delighted with things in general.

"Even the squirrel is happier than I," said Jessie, aloud.

Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a hasty step, and the bushes were parted, revealing the handsome face of Chester Culver.

"Jessie, my own, have I found you at last, here where we parted four years ago?"

Jessie neither screamed nor fainted, but sat perfectly quiet.

Chester knelt by her side, and said, softly:

"Jessie, have you no word of welcome? Have you forgotten me?"

"Forgotten? Oh, Chester!" Jessie had found her voice at last, and, forgetting for the time that he might be married—that things were not as they were four years ago—she lifted her tearful eyes to his face and said:

"Oh, Chester, why did you treat me so?"

Chester had her in his arms and was kissing the sweet lips, and thanking heaven for his great happiness.

"Jessie, let me explain. There was a great mistake, my darling, but we will be happy now."

Then he told her all that had happened since they parted; of the mistake in the New York papers regarding the marriage of the younger Miss Southern.

"It was only a week ago that I found out my mistake, through a New York gentleman who is a friend of your sister's husband; and, darling, believe me, I started at once for Clayville."

"Did you go to Mexico?" asked Jessie.

"Yes, dear, I did, and in a financial point of view, my stay there was a success, and now I am prepared to settle down, and enjoy the remainder of my life, providing your answer to a question I am about to ask is a satisfactory one."

Then in a voice of tenderness Chester asked: "Will you marry me now, Jessie?"

What a world of love filled Jessie's eyes, as she softly answered: "Yes, Chester."

THE man who minds his own business and constantly attends to it has all his time employed.

FOR THE LADIES.

A Couple of Columns Devoted to the Fair Daughters of Eve.

Embracing a Few Seasonable Hints About the Latest Styles in Dress.

[SPECIAL NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

There has been a declaration of independence by women in the matter of dress, but it is not ordinarily carried into effect to any radical extent. Personal taste is gratified, but commonly within the bounds of fashion's dictation. Sometimes we see curious freedom, however, in the matter of a hat. This untrammeled exercise of free will is apt to be reserved for the country resorts, but nearly every day one can see in Broadway a hat of not only immense dimensions but of unique shape. The first drawing in this article illustrates such an outbreak of airy fancy. It shows a hat that is capable of taking on many different shapes, for it is like a Mexican sombrero as to flexibility, although it is made of fine straw. In one of our vaudeville entertainments a new performer is a Frenchman whose comic songs in his own language cannot be understood by many of his auditors, but he realizes his characters very ingeniously by means of merely changes of hats in connection with his own

THE SOMBRERO HAT.

grimaces. After numerous alterations of his face and hats, with a verse sung to each, he produces a wide soft brim with no crown to it. By putting this brim on his head in various positions and with an equal number of dents, turning up and down, and alterations of positions on the head, he makes it form an important part in a series of portraits. The new sombrero hat for women is susceptible of about as many and violent moldings. In the picture it is turned up in front, the brim at that point being pinned temporarily to the crown; but the pliable web of straw can be twisted, puckered and crunched into innumerable forms, and one hat of that sort ought to last a belle economically all summer. It is like a hundred hats concentrated in one.

India silk with big figures, such as palm leaves, is being made up into summer dresses, and a few of them are seen in the streets of the town, where they are somewhat spectacular in effect. They will be suitable enough at the summer resorts and anywhere indoors, but for Broadway promenading they are too garish. Some of the designs in this fabric are so huge that the shoulders of a thin woman are hardly broad enough to contain an entire figure; and they do say that two sisters, of slimness almost sufficient to qualify them for living skeletons in a museum, have had gowns made out of a palm leaf pattern so big that half of it is placed on the back of one's waist and half on the other. Thus the complete thing is shown when they are walking matched together, but the leaf is halved with either when the other is away.

Stripes are emblems of felony, perhaps, but they are worn now by our toniest belles, especially for their summer ball and reception dresses. An example is given. As in this instance, the striped goods is India silk, made up

WEARING THE STRIPES.

with plain goods of a lighter shade of the same color, or of some contrasting yet harmonizing hue. It will be seen that in this toilet there is a large, fluffy bow making a tournure. The diminishment of the bustle goes on in fashionable society, but it is not yet abolished, and its place is often taken by some exterior arrangements of the draperies. The finest gowns prepared for summer wear at the resorts have very small tournures, and no large ones are now constructed by the best dressmakers. Nevertheless, we shall have some of the abnormally big ones in sight all through the season, partly because a few women like them, but principally on account of the slowness with which changes in such things become general. The wealthy and exquisite are prompt to alter their outlines, but the multitude of tolerably good dressers are well nigh a season behind. But let not the carpers, ever ready to make mistaken assertions regarding the effect of modish attire upon women's health, conclude that there will be a physical gain for her by the reduction of the tournure in size.

"My dear young lady," said a severe old physician to a belle who was under his treatment, "I think you will gain strength in your weak back, for I see that you have taken off the big bustle which you have been wearing for a year, and that your dress now hangs somewhere near yourself. I believe your weakness of spine has been caused, as much as by anything else, by the weight and heat of that preposterous burden. Now I shall look for an effect from the medicines I give you."

"I hope so," the girl quietly replied. She didn't think it worth while to explain to the venerable doctor that what she had been wearing was a construction of wire open work, very light in weight, and affording really a great deal of ventilation; whereas, what she had put on in its stead was a flat cushion weighing more and increasing the heat of her spinal column. Physicians are out of their depth, usually, when they undertake to be wise about feminine apparel.

Very elegant tea-gowns, like the three sketches in this article, have suddenly become conspicuous objects in the wardrobes of the wealthy. Especially is this true of brides. A fine and various assortment of tea-gowns is reckoned an essential part of every pretentious trousseau, and of all the numerous June brides being made among rich families of this city few neglected to obey this latest behest of fashion. Hardly any whim of fanciful construction or of curious combinations of materials is considered too odd for this purpose. The long, drooping sleeves are a feature, and a usual arrangement of colors is to have the robe white except down the front, where a simulation of underdress in some dark or bright hue is disclosed. Sometimes the elaboration of a tea-gown makes it a great deal like a ball dress, by reason of its open elbow sleeves, its V-shaped cut away at the neck, and its ample train.

Speaking of brides, it is a positive fact that a great many of them indulge in morphine. This is only a temporary indiscretion, however, and is supposed to be excused by the nervousness of the occasion. It used to be the proper thing for a delicate bride to faint just before the ordeal of the ceremony at the altar. Now she has to take it into her head to allay her nervousness by means of an injection of morphia beneath the skin. This is done an hour or two before the time for the ceremony, and it enables her to be cool and calm.—*Chicago Ledger.*

TEA GOWNS.

Fashion Notes.

ROSE weddings are fashionable.

FLOWER clusters are veiled with tulle.

ENGLISH blouse waists are in high favor.

VELVET rovers are added to gingham dresses.

DRAPED corsages seldom have both sides alike.

THERE is a revival of accordion-plaited skirts.

CROSS-BARRED muslin is again used for inexpensive dresses.

FOR boys from 3 to 7 nothing is more popular than the sailor suit.

ALL-OVER embroidery is used for dressy guimpes for little girls.

PALE pink and olive checked ginghams are worn by school-girls.

GRAY nun's-veiling with a wide selvage makes a pretty summer toilet.

MOIRE is now preferred to surah as the foundation for black lace dresses.

SILK knife plaiting, which turns over like a frill, is used in the necks of dresses.

LARGE Directoire bonnets do not find favor in New York except for carriage wear.

RIBBONS not more than three inches wide are used for sashes which tie in front and at the side.

EGYPTIAN mull, which comes in a variety of artistic shades, makes pretty and inexpensive summer dresses.

SMALL visites are shown made of dove-colored or cream-white cloth trimmed with rich silk passementeries or covered with braiding.

THE latest London horror is the "dinner coat," of pompadour brocade, something like a man's dress coat, but cut short in front, and with the tails prolonged to a train. It opens over a waistcoat carefully fitted, has a coat-neck with revers of dark velvet, over which trails a jabot of white lace, elbow sleeves with more lace, and is altogether a fearful and wonderful garment.

A Vacation.

Several newspaper men were speaking of how generous the proprietors of their papers were in granting them vacations, when a fellow named Skaggs remarked:

"Yes, I worked for one of those fellows once. I asked him one day if he would give me a vacation. He replied that the granting of my request would give him great pleasure. I went away and stayed three weeks."

"Well," some one remarked, "was there anything wrong about that?"

"About the vacation? Oh, no. The vacation was all right, but the proprietor made it too long. When I went back he told me to let it run on. That was five years ago, and it is still running on. Very kind in him, I must say, but one trouble arose. He stopped my pay."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

DEER shed their antlers every year and although the antlers, when the deer is killed before they are removed, will withstand all weathers for years, it is very rarely that a pair that have been shed are found. This is said to be due to a small insect that attacks the antlers soon after they are dropped, and destroys them by burrowing through and through them.

Professional Cards.

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BRACE & RICHMOND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office, No. 4 Washington Street, - - CUMBERLAND.

Hat, Cap, Boot and Shoe Emporium.

THOMAS'
Boot, Shoe, Hat AND Cap Emporium
THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN
BOOTS AND SHOES
Are now displayed on my counters. Every Style of Gentlemen's Hats and Caps at LOW PRICES.
I also keep constantly on hand a large supply of Leather and Shoe Findings. An inspection of my stock before purchasing is requested. TRUNKS A SPECIALTY.
WILLIAM THOMAS,
Main street, Frostburg, Md.
Agent for the Peerless Remington Sewing Machine.

Groceries.

THE "LITTLE GEM"
Grocery Store
is now in ship-shape to wait on its many friends
JUST ONE DOOR WEST OF HARDWARE STORE.
Nice Fresh Goods at "Rock Bottom" Prices. Please give me a call and insure satisfaction.
21 FRANK C. BEALL.

Hotels.

SIMS HOUSE
PIEDMONT (Balto. & Ohio Railroad),
WEST VIRGINIA.
J. P. A. ENTLER, Proprietor.

Meat Store.

Fresh Meat.
THE OLD AND POPULAR STAND,
Cor. Broadway and Mechanic st.
ALL INVITED TO COME AND EXAMINE MY
STOCK OF MEATS,
FOR SALE AT REDUCED PRICES.
In the future, as in the past, it shall be my constant aim to please all who patronize me.
RICHARD M. WILDERMAN.

To Travelers.

Railroad Tickets
TO THE WEST
And all points in the SOUTH and SOUTH-WEST for sale at the Lowest Rates.
Least Number of Changes. Quickest Time. Lowest Fare.
C. B. WACK,
Agent Cumberland & Pennsylvania R. R.
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Insurance.

--FIRE--
INSURANCE.
A long and successful experience has enabled me to select from the number of
RESPONSIBLE
FIRE INSURANCE ORGANIZATIONS
Doing business in this country
THE
Strongest and Most Reliable
COMPANIES,
And in these to write properly all forms to fully protect the assured in case of
LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE.
Property-owners in Frostburg and vicinity desiring to secure Safe Insurance are invited to call upon
J. B. ODER,
FROSTBURG, MD.,
who is my agent to take applications, also to collect premiums. Purchasers of Real Estate, and those building New Houses, are especially solicited to ascertain from him the standing and rates of our companies before applying elsewhere.
D. P. MILLER,
Cumberland, Md

Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland & Pennsylvania Railroad.

—EASTWARD.—		
Leave Piedmont	6 30 a m	11 40 a m
" Barton	6 45 "	11 55 "
" Lonaconing	6 55 "	12 10 p m
" Ocean	7 10 "	12 25 "
" Frostburg	7 25 "	12 42 "
" Mt. Savage	7 55 "	1 07 "
" Barrelville	8 01 "	1 12 "
" C. and P. Junction	8 11 "	1 20 "
Arrive at Cumberland	8 20 "	1 35 "

—WESTWARD.—		
Leave Cumberland	9 15 a m	3 35 p m
" C. and P. Junction	9 30 "	3 50 "
" Barrelville	9 40 "	4 01 "
" Mt. Savage	9 46 "	4 08 "
" Frostburg	10 12 "	4 33 "
" Ocean	10 26 "	4 52 "
" Lonaconing	10 42 "	5 07 "
" Barton	10 50 "	5 17 "
Arrive at Piedmont	11 10 "	5 32 "

All trains on the schedule stop at Hay street station, Cumberland.

P. L. BURWELL,
General Superintendent