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THE Great Eastern is still intact, and it is just barely possible now that instead of breaking it up the monster craft will be altered for service in either the cattle or bulk petroleum trade. There are those in London well versed in vessel managing who think the steamer can yet be made to pay.

RAILWAY companies in Australia, after experimenting with various kinds of "quick fencing for railways, especially with a view to keeping out snowdrifts," have settled upon hedges of the "Rose of Providence." It is said that a fence six and one-fourth feet thick will check snowdrifts. The blossoms are salable, and so the fence is profitable.

THE letter-head of a storekeeper in Wallingford, Conn, is comprehensive, and indicates a catholicity of occupation on his part. It runs thus: "Confectionery, tops, ice cream, tobacco, cigars, pipes, news-room, stationery, blank notes, drafts, blank books, temperance drinks, bread, pies, fruits, tea, coffee, base-ball goods, fish-hooks, etc. Agent Anchor Line steamers. Drafts on Europe for sale."

TWO DOGS, Pataud, a Newfoundland that saved his mistress from assassination by springing at the throat of a burglar, and an ordinary country mongrel that rescued a child from drowning, have just been decorated publicly by the French Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. There was a large crowd present, and nearly a riot when somebody shouted: "Down with Pasteur!" The police had to be called in to preserve order.

THE Commissioners of Glasgow have presented a report, in which they recommend an extension of the boundaries so as to include adjacent counties of Lanark and Renfrew. The effect will be, if these proposals are carried out, to increase the population of Glasgow by 180,000, bringing up the total to 723,935, and in so doing will place the city in a position to claim, without question, the distinction of being the second city in the United Kingdom.

POISON for some animals is food for others. Hogs can eat henbane or hyocyamus, which is fatal to dogs and most other animals. Dogs and horses are not easily poisoned with arsenic. Goats eat water hemlock with impunity; pheasants, stramonium; rabbits, belladonna; and morphia is said to be innocuous to pigeons. There is some truth in the old saying that "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." This is due to habits and idiosyncrasies.

WHEN the bark D. H. Watjon was about 250 miles east of Sandy Hook on its trip from Amsterdam to New York, two carrier pigeons flew on board. There was a gale blowing east, with a heavy sea, and rain falling. The birds had cards tied around their necks, from which it was found that they had been released early the same morning from the White Star steamer Adriatic when 300 miles east of Sandy Hook. They were dispatched from the ship by John M. Grinnell, of Newark, N. J., a passenger on board.

M. JOVIS, a French aeronaut, is said to be building an air ship in which he proposes to attempt to cross the Atlantic from New York this fall It is to be called the Atlantic, and will be 200 feet high, with a cubic measurement of nearly 100,000 feet. It will weigh 4,500 pounds, and will carry the same weight of passengers and freight. M. Jovis thinks he can make seventy miles an hour in it, and expects to land in Norway or Sweden, or else in Ireland, in three and a half days after starting. The cost of the enterprise is fixed at about $40,000.

WHEN Claus Spreckels announced that he would fight the great sugar trust single-handed every one prophesied that he would soon come to grief in spite of his millions, says a recent San Francisco telegram. Now the first victory for Spreckels in the fight must be recorded. When the trust was formed the officers began to corner refined sugars, and even to squeeze the raw product. They pinched the producer as well as the consumer. The result of this was that they boomed the raw article, but caused hand-to-mouth buying of the refined product. Spreckels quietly bought all the raw sugar he could. Now the refiners find that they have largely oversold refined sugars; that the raw product is beyond their reach, and they are obliged to send to Europe for raw material, and refuse to make any prices on refined sugars. There has been an advance of 1¼ cents in refined sugar within the last six weeks. Of course this advance is largely due due to the concentration of the raw product and the consequent inability of the trust to secure raw material for their refineries. Some time ago Spreckels contracted for 50,000 tons of raw sugar from Manilla, and on this transaction alone, at the present rates, he can realize $40 per ton, or $2,000,000 in the aggregate.

MISS FAMBROUGH, of Scull Shoals, Fla., is a young woman of nerve and presence of mind. The other day her father's Jersey bull attacked him, and was in a fair way to kill him. His wife saw him fall and ran toward him, but the daughter, more thoughtful, first got the ax, and running up hit the bull such a tremendous whack that it stunned him, so that the father had a chance to get up, grab the ax, and bury its head in the skull of the brute.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And there was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle bed
He dreamed of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.
—*Eugene Field, in America.*

TWO WAYS OF ASKING.

"Tears, idle tears! Niobe dissolved! My dear child, what on earth is the matter?"

Time, 4 of a summer afternoon. Place, a pretty boudoir, furnished in the fashion of to-day, modeled on the style of Louis Quinze, with a dash of liberty thrown in, and modern accessories, such as crystal flower vases, three-volume novels, and photograph stands, juxtaposed with Queen Ann silver and knick knacks, ancient and modern. Dramatis personæ, a graceful figure in white, flung with an air of desolation on the floor beside a sofa, her charming nuque visible beneath delicious little rows of golden curls, her frame shaken by sobs; an older woman standing a few yards distant, dark, beautifully dressed, "good-looking enough for anything," without being distinctly handsome, aged somewhere within the right side of 30, and wearing an expression half compassionate, half amused. There is a suspicion of raillery in her voice, which is felt and deeply resented by the fair sorrower. Anger is often akin to sorrow, as pity is to love, and the voice which responds to the question when reiterated is decidedly petulant.

"I wish you would go away and leave me alone."

"I shall not do anything of the sort," returns the other. "I am going to talk to you, and I do not care in the least whether you are angry or not, although I had much rather you would take my remarks in good part."

"Oh," responds the voice, still smothered in the sofa cushions, but losing nothing of its resentful quality. "I know how clever you are, and that you think you can manage every one's affairs a great deal better than themselves."

She intends this to be a "nasty one," and, as a matter of fact, it does not fall very pleasantly on the ears of her interlocutor; but she sits down on the sofa, and replies with good humor: "Well, my love, I may confidently say that I could manage your affairs a great deal better than you manage them yourself, and that if I were you I would have Mr. Clement Lascelles at my feet in a very short time."

"Perhaps you have him there now," says the prostrate one, ceasing to sob, and trying to sneer instead.

"Well, Dolly dear, to tell you the truth, I fail myself to recognize in that young man the charm which I observe he has for—for some people; indeed, I consider him a poseur, with an exasperatingly good opinion of himself, and, if you ask my candid opinion, I think he would be all the better for being kic——"

Dorothy flounces up in a moment. "I will trouble you not to insult my friends," she cries, with flaming cheeks. "And it is not very easy to believe your sincerity when he was sitting in your pocket all last night, and you were out walking with him for two hours this morning."

"In any case," replies Mrs. Dalton, coolly, "your remarks prove that I have had time and opportunity to form an opinion of his qualities. I don't deny that he is good-looking, but it is intolerable that he should be so conscious of it. I admit that he is not without a certain amount of cleverness, and has been fairly well educated; but I violently object to his thinking himself able to sit in judgment on people a good deal older and cleverer than himself."

"On you, for instance!" cried Dolly.

"No, I was not thinking of myself, though I admit the soft impeachment (the one regarding my age, at least); and what I dislike most of all is his placing himself on a pedestal to be looked at and longed for by—by pretty, silly little girls, who ought to know better."

Dolly stiffens her back, and says, with an assumption of dignity which sits indifferently well upon her: "If you will excuse me, I should prefer not discussing Mr. Lascelles with you. You are perfectly welcome to your opinion of him, and I claim the liberty of retaining mine." Then, her majesty suddenly toppling over, she says vindictively, in quite a different tone of voice: "Perhaps you think I am such a fool that I don't see through your mean abuse of him?"

"That I may win and wear him myself," suggests Mrs. Dalton, quite good-humoredly. "No, my dear and acute child, believe me, you have not fathomed and unmasked my baseness this time. I know your dear and sensitive little heart is set upon this fascinating young man. I don't think there is really harm in him, and I am magnanimous enough to be ready to show you how to obtain his affections, and to make him the suppliant instead of you."

"Suppliant?" cried Dolly, with fresh flames from her burning heart ascending to her cheeks.

"Yes, suppliant. Every one, my love, can see—he most of all—how you hang upon his smiles, and despair when he is indifferent or capricious."

Wrath makes Dolly absolutely speechless. If looks, etc., etc., Mrs. Dalton would, etc., etc.

"Don't be a goose, Dolly," resumes her friend, not having suffered any visible injury from the lightning glances to which she had been subjected.

"Keep your temper, and reap the advantages of my superior age and experience."

"Keep them to yourself!" retorts Dolly, tartly.

"The first I must, whether or no, but the latter shall be yours. Come, dear child, you know I am fond of you; believe me when I say I would not have your enchanter as a gift, and also that I am desirous to see him subjugated by you. He shall be yours, I promise, and I will only make one condition."

Dolly seats herself on the sofa, and allows Mrs. Dalton to take her hand, though she looks rather sulky. Still, she does, poor little girl, regard Mr. Clement Lascelles as the first prize in the marriage lottery, and is willing to take upon herself his part of the contract: to worship him with her body and endow him with all her worldly goods. For in a small way she is an heiress, though he is not destitute of money, and has a good position. Truth to tell, the young man is not "a bad sort;" he has good looks, good brains and good manners, when he is not egged on to take liberties by the silly flatteries of the other sex. Poor Dolly loves him madly, and has innocently shown her pleasure in his notice and her sufferings at his neglect. Mrs. Dalton having paused to give due effect to her words, Dolly, after a moment, is constrained to say rather sulkily. "Well!"

"You must take the vow first."

"What vow?" with latent irritation.

"The vow never to tell any human being—Mr. Lascelles least of all—that I, or, for the matter of that, any one, advised you how to act toward him."

"Oh, of course, I promise."

With a sudden desperate gesture Dolly kisses the book and repeats the formula. "Now, then!" she cries excitedly.

Mrs. Dalton takes up her parable. "Clement is really fond of you; he would be exceedingly fond of you if you only allowed him."

"If I allowed him!" gasps Dolly.

"Yes," repeats her adviser. "By allowing him. I don't mean throwing yourself at his head, and showing him that you adore him, but by making him doubt your love and his own capacity for pleasing you. Different men want different treatment. There is nothing so delightful to some as to see and know that a woman cares for them; it adds ten fold to their devotion for her; but I am bound to say these men are in the minority. Most of them are far more stimulated by doubts and fears, the woman becomes more dear as she seems more distant, and, as a rule, when a man is literally crazy about one of our sex, it is because she has worried, and tormented, and kept him on a perpetual balance between hope and fear. Now, you and others like you, have so hung upon Clement Lascelles' looks and words, have so positively shown him that he is a great being, a lofty intellect, a rival to Apollo, that it is not likely he is coming off his pedestal to worship his worshipers. Your only chance, my dear, is to abandon your worship, to counterfeit indifference as best you may, and to let a gradual and startling conviction come over him that you were not really in earnest, after all."

"It is very easy to talk," pouts Dolly.

"It is very easy to act, too," returns Marian. "If you are positively certain that your plan of campaign is going to be successful."

"How do I know that it will be?"

"Try it for twenty-four hours and see how it works."

"But I don't know what I am to do."

"You must be absolutely guided by me, and not act for one moment on your own responsibility."

"I dare say it will turn out all wrong," says Dolly, ungraciously, "and then I shall lose him altogether."

"All right," replies Mrs. Dalton, losing patience and rising from her seat. "Do as you like. After all, what on earth does it matter to me whether you are happy or miserable? Go your own way."

Dolly springs up and catches her by the arm. "No, no, Marian, don't go; don't be angry. I will do whatever you tell me."

"Then hearken and obey. Dick Wyndham is coming to-night. You know he is rather fond of you. Talk to him, and to him only, all the evening. Do not glance in Mr. Lascelles' direction. I will keep my eye on him, and report to you how he takes it. If he approaches you in the evening, look bored and distrait, and reply to him by monosyllables."

"I shall never be able to do it," groans Dolly.

"Not with such a big stake to win?" (a little sarcastically).

"Ah! you don't know what it is to love!" cries Dolly.

"Not as you do, certainly," retorts Marian, with an inflection of voice Dolly is not acute enough to catch.

Dick Wyndham arrives in time for dinner. He is rather fond of Dolly; he is exceedingly hard up, and wants her money even more than her sweet self. He is bright and amusing, has a considerable fund of small talk, is devoted to sport, and has not Mr. Lascelles' æsthetic taste or lofty manner of showing superiority. He has a genuine contempt for a man who talks art and plays classical music, as Mr. Lascelles has for one who thinks of nothing but hunting, lawn tenis, and polo, though he rides fairly straight, and is an average shot himself.

Not a little disgusted is Lascelles, therefore, when Dolly, whose sorrowfulness and its cause have greatly soothed his complacency for the last twenty-four hours, seems to have eyes and ears for no one but this half-witted soldier at dinner. She is looking charming in a dress of a delicious apricot tint, which he has not seen before (he is a great connoisseur of dress). If he could only catch her eye he would beam on her one of those glances which would have intoxicated her maiden soul. But whereas it has been his wont to meet her tender, pleading glances every two minutes heretofore, to-night he might be Banquo's ghost, and she one of Macbeth's guests, for all she seems to see him. His memory serves him up several sneering and savage quotations on the theme of souvent femme varie. He is so little congenial to his neighbor at dinner that she expresses the most unfavorable sentiments regarding him in the drawing-room later on, causing Dolly to halt between the desire to defend him hotly and a sense of pleasure that some one else beside herself has suffered from his coldness. Mrs. Dalton makes a pretext for calling Dolly aside.

"Excellent, my love!" she cries, in high good humor, pressing the girl's arm. "He is enraged beyond measure. He scarcely took his eyes off you. Go on and prosper."

Thus stimulated, Dolly does go on and prospers exceedingly. When Mr. Lascelles and Dick approach simultaneously she devotes her whole attention to the latter, and has scarcely a word for the former, who presently retires in tragic dudgeon and leans against the wall, looking like Hamlet, Lord Byron, or any other blighted being in the sulks

In reality Dick is the person most to be pitied, although his face is alight with smiles, and his heart aglow with anticipations of possessing a lovely woman, and satisfying the debtors who, metaphorically speaking, take him by the throat, crying: "Pay me what thou owest!" Innocent creature that he is, he suspects no treachery, nor dreams that milk white bosom palpitates for the "infernal young prig" over the way. Dolly will play billiards and lawn tennis with him on the morrow; in the afternoon they are to ride together; and as he sits smoking after the ladies have retired, he reflects on the most approved method of asking a certain question.

Up to this moment Clement Lascelles has not seen any necessity for putting his fate to the touch, because he has been absolutely certain of winning; but now that for the first time he has a rival, a rival who is progressing by leaps and bounds in his lady's favor, he sees that something must be done. He cannot have been befooled. She loves him, or—or he, the adept at reading the secrets of souls, must for once have been deluded. Perish the thought!

With gloomy brow and stately step he retires from the smoking-room and seeks the solitude of his chamber, but not his couch. The dawn has long broken ere he courts repose.

"Marian," cries Dolly, a few hours later, bursting into her friend's room, while that lady, no early riser at the best of times, still nestles among her pillows, "read this!" and she seats herself on the bed in a state of great excitement, while Mrs. Dalton languidly peruses the letter thrust into her hands.

"I call it a great impertinence," she remarks, returning it to Dolly.

"Impertinence!" with wide open eyes.

"Certainly."

And Mrs. Dalton, taking it back, quotes from it:

"'Though I cannot pretend to offer you the one great passion of a life—sad passages beyond the ken of other mortals have tarnished the pure luster which once surrounded my soul as with a halo—yet, if you will take a heart weary with the doubts with which an intimate knowledge of humanity clouds the spirit, take me to your tender breast, and let me find shelter there from life's griefs and disappointments. What recompense a heart blighted as mine has been can bestow, I will strive to make to your angelic sympathy and goodness.'"

"Is it not beautiful?" cries Dolly, in an ecstasy. "I wonder what he means? I suppose some horrid woman threw him over once."

"I think it is exceedingly impertinent, and I hope you will resent it."

"Resent it!" almost shrieks Dolly. "Why, it's a declaration!"

"Get me my blotting book off that table," commands Mrs. Dalton resolutely. "Now," she says, beginning to write, "you will answer it in this way, or I wash my hands of you, and to-morrow he will have reduced you to abject misery again."

She writes hurriedly for a few minutes, and then, with a heightened color, reads the draft aloud.

"DEAR MR. LASCELLES—I have received your melancholy letter, and am truly sorry for all you seem to have suffered. But, for my part, I look upon the world as a very pleasant place, and have made up my mind to enjoy myself as much as possible; so, as I could not console you, and you, with the ideas you express, would make me miserable, I think you had much better look for somebody whose temperament is more like your own. I suppose you mean me to understand that you have been much more in love with some one else than you have with me, which, to say the least, is not very flattering. No! I must have an undivided heart or none at all. Your sincere friend, D. S."

There is a desperate fight between Mrs. Dalton and Dolly before the latter can be persuaded to copy and forward what she considers a heartless and flippant missive. In the end Marian triumphs. Mr. Lascelles does not appear at breakfast, and Dolly, though her soul quakes within her, laughs and talks to Dick.

Later in the morning, when they were playing lawn tennis, Clement Lascelles, feeling much smaller than he has ever done in his live, seeks counsel from Mrs. Dalton. With an angelic smile, she alternately pricks him with daggers and makes him gulp down bowls of poison; but she does him an excellent turn by taking a good deal of the nonsense out of him. He confesses that he adores Dolly. How, oh, how, is he to win her? Has he the ghost of a chance?

Mrs. Dalton, looking solemn, declares her inability to reply to this. She hints at Dolly's youth and love of amusement. She hints, too, at Dick's unflagging good spirits and temper. And the upshot of it is that when Dick returns crestfallen from his afternoon ride with Dolly, having spoken and received his answer, Clement Lascelles carries off the young lady to her boudoir on pretense of wanting to be shown something, and, replacing the melancholy of Hamlet by the conquering air of young Lovelace, takes her in his arms, swears he has been a fool and has never really loved anyone but her sweet self, and that if she accept him her life shall be one round of pleasure.

Twenty minutes later, Dolly has passed on all his embraces and more to Marian.

"How clever you are, darling!" she says, admiringly.

To which Mrs. Dalton replies, "Now you know how to manage him, make good use of your knowledge."—*London World.*

HUMOR.

THE rich man cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven, but he can have a thundering good time at the seashore. —*Lincoln Journal.*

IT would not be surprising if some society women were to set apart a day upon which to receive their children. —*Philadelphia Call.*

THE fact that the beauty of Chicago girls lies in their feet accounts for so many of the girls of that city being mashers.—*Boston Courier.*

BLOBSON—Don't you think that Dempsey rather plays the fool? Popinjay—No, sir; I think that he works at the job.—*Burlington Free Press.*

HE is called "the funny old clown," because if it were not known that he is old there would be no accounting for where he got his jokes.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

BROWN—I understand that you contemplate going into the coal business? Jones—I do if I can get a site. Brown—What kind of a site. Jones—Anthracite.—*Arcola Record.*

ST. LOUIS man (witnessing "Julius Cæsar")—Do you notice, my dear, with what stately grace Brutus moves about? Wife—Yes, and he is in his night-gown too. It's wonderful!

MINISTER (dining with the family)—So your mamma doesn't want you to eat more than one piece of pie, Bobby? Bobby—No, sir; except when we are visiting. Then I can have all I want.

BOARDER—Strawberry shortcake, Mrs. Stew? Mrs. Stew—No, Mr. Fickle; it is plain strawberry cake. Boarder—O! I thought it was strawberry shortcake, as I find my piece rather short of berries.

OLD lady (to street gamin)—Boy you are a dirty little fellow. Why don't you run home and ask your mother to wash your face and hands? Gamin—Me mudder ain't got time, mum to-day. It's wash day.

WE are not offering a year's subscription in exchange for the biggest watermelon this year. We are in the farming business ourselves, and we are working it the other way—five melons to every new subscriber. There's a premium for you.—*Smithville News.*

YOU would like to know what is the most lonesome, forlorn thing that ever had being under the light of the stars? It is the poor little solitary mistaken clap of applause that shrinks back into silence and shadow after starting a crowded theater.—*Puck.*

A CHILD who had just mastered her catechism confessed herself disappointed, because, she said, "though I obey the fifth commandment and honor my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land, because I am still put to bed at seven o'clock."

DUMLEY—Who was that gentleman that touched his hat so politely to you just now, Hardcash? Hardcash—My tailor. Dumley (with an envious sigh)—Ah, it must be a glorious experience to be treated in that way by one's tailor.—*The Epoch.*

POLITICIAN—Well, Uncle Rastus, who's your man, Harrison or Cleveland? Uncle Rastus (cautiously)—I's gwine in dis yeah for Unc. Rastus, sah; he's my man. Is you meanin' enny business dis mawnin', Mistah Smif, or am yo' simply feelin' ob de situation?—*New York Sun.*

DEACON (to divinity student)—If you were called now, what would you do? Student (somewhat absent-minded) Why, show down my hand, of course—I—I—that—is—I—— Deacon—That's right; always show down your hand. Don't pull a gun. The other fellow might get the drop on you—*Philadelphia Call.*

TWO PICTURES.

Last night I saw her at the ball,
In beauty's circle proudly gay,
A stately figure, grand and tall—
She was the belle, I heard them say.
To-day I see her as she stands,
The fresh wind blowing from the south,
With pot-lows-cases in her hands,
And several clothespins in her mouth.
Yet she's as fair to me to-day,
As winsome, beautiful and bright,
As when among the dancers gay
I saw her at the ball last night.
—*Boston Courier.*

Mr. Dr. Mary Walker rode up in the elevator at the treasury department the other day. One of her fellow-passengers carried a lighted cigar in his hand, and she demanded that he extinguish it in her presence. "When you take off trousers and put on petticoats I will put out my cigar," said the man.

FOR THE LADIES.

Matters Grave and Gay in Which Our Fair Readers Take an Especial Interest.

A Couple of Columns Prepared Solely for Their Instruction and Edification.

Summer toilets are, of course, the topmost fashion topic. Most of July usually passes before the styles of dress at the resorts become definitely fixed. Various experiments are tried in the way of radical departures early in the season, and the majority prove a failure; but by the time August arrives everything is settled, and women know what they want to wear. It is true enough that the important dresses are made beforehand and taken away on summer outings, but in the way of cheaper gowns, and especially of those embellishments which are showier than the garments themselves, there is a great deal of uncertainty for awhile. This first picture illustrates the point which I seek to make. The sketch was made at a Saturday night ball at the seashore. The bodice and back portion of the skirt was composed of velvet, and was made some time in May or June. But the front half of the drapery was bright scarlet, and had been put into place within a week, after the wearer had seen that flaming colors were in vogue. No season in a decade has developed so much flamboyancy of gay coloring as has this summer of 1888. Nothing too odd in shape or brilliant in hue can be worn. A group of fashionably dressed women is apt to present an incongruous and artistically offensive collection of inharmonious colors. Each member of the party gazes solicitously around her, to see whether her own particular section of rainbow is outshone by another, and if she is so fortunate as to be safe from having her gown "killed," her anxiety turns to the question whether the next arrival will or will not commit upon her that form of color homicide. Patriotism seems to hold its own, however, in these scenes of kaleidoscopic costuming, for red, white, and blue prevail. Complete gowns of each of those colors are seen alongside those striped in blue and white or red and white, but there is plenty of the grassiest green, the strongest of purple, and the most aggressive of yellows. All

A JULY BALL DRESS.

the established rules in good taste in colors are transgressed.

Sometimes the breakage of artistic laws is accompanied by mitigating circumstances, as in the second illustration, where the bodice and overskirt were of quiet gray, while the stripings of white, dark purple and light yellow were confined to the underskirt. Girls look as though dressed for lawn tennis, and this loudness has led to a great deal of outright flagrancy in costumes. Girls at the larger seashore hotels, where formerly they would not think of going into the dining-room in the same clothes which they had worn at lawn tennis, now appear at table in dresses suitable only for the game. Good prophets in the matter of fashions assure me that there will be a violent revulsion of feeling in the fall, and that this summer of extravagance makes a climax, to be followed by complete reformation. That is to say, we shall in the fall have our women clad in quiet colors and something nearer to natural outlines than those lately exhibited. We probably shall not return to the droopiness of æstheticism, but we shall present ourselves in something like symmetrical form. I get a confirmation of this prediction in the fact that importers of dress goods are striving to rid themselves of their stocks of bright colors and that the samples of next season's goods seem dull and plain enough when compared with the high hues of the present.

Speaking of fanciful fashions brings to mind a few of the new ideas for jewelry and other articles. People have a great craze at present for all kinds of pretty trifles wherewith to adorn themselves and their rooms; and personal adornment being the first consideration with the majority of women, I may first mention the odds and ends designed for that purpose. Next to combs and ornamental pins—which are now almost indispensable to one's hair-dressing arrangements, as plain hairpins are made in every possible form—come the popular chatelaines, which now depend and jingle in the most maddening manner from feminine waist-belts. Of the quaint and curious articles that are attached to these chatelaines there is apparently no end, and at least they serve one good purpose, which is to provied the unfortunate hunter after something new and pretty in the way of presents with an easy selection certain to find favor with fair recipients. Among the newest things in jewelry are delicious little peapods studded with diamonds, a row of pearl peas peeping from the half-opened pod. A quaint idea for a parasol handle is to have a baby's coral and bells affixed to the stick, and I have also seen these nursery adjuncts utilized with good effect as handles to the palm-leaf shaped fan.

The nine heads in the accompanying drawing show as many different styles of fashionable hair dressing as seen in one coterie of summer girls. These coiffures are not difficult of achievement, and almost any fair reader will be able to reproduce them upon her own head. The same wide range of variety already mentioned as characteristic of costumes is seen in the arrangement of hair. Especially do the young girls indulge their fancy as to what is becoming to themselves, and a reasonable proportion are successful in their attempts to beautify themselves thereby. I wish I could add that it is only in the

QUIETER THAN THE AVERAGE.

production of queer shapes that the hair dressing is like the costuming, but candor compels the assertion that in colors, too, our belles are recklessly fooling with their hair. When shall we leave our unfortunate hair alone, I wonder? A season or two ago we had a red craze on, and foolish women, discontented with the natural shade of their locks, rushed off to fashionable coiffeurs to be bleached and then dyed to the particular hue of scarlet then in vogue. The golden period which preceded this has quite passed away. The brunette maidens appear to be having much the best of it in the matrimonial market, and it would seem that this statistical revelation has produced an effect, for chestnut hair is to be the fashionable shade this season. People with that peculiar, dingy-colored hair that is neither fair nor dark nor brown, are apt to describe it as chataigne, but I need hardly say that the hue in vogue at present is a decided bright brown, which is produced by the combination of two acids put on at intervals—a process not calculated to improve the hair or the skin. The attempts to produce artificially just the desired shade of sorrel seldom result successfully, and that is why we have more colors of hair just now than nature ever dreamed of. It is easy enough at one bleaching to turn dark brown hair into bright auburn, but there must be subsequent and regular applications of the chemical, in order to keep the hair alike clear down to the roots, and the successive treatments inevitably turn the hair lighter and lighter, until the stage of bright yellow is reached. Then the unfortunate victim of foolishness must either dye her hair dark again, or else have it cropped close and resort to a wig until it grows out again.

Forgiveness is easy as to those extravagant dressers who are under ten years old. Children cannot be too picturesque in raiment, unless the splendors of their garb are such as to engender vanity. Never have little girls at the resorts been sightlier than now. Bright colors become these youngsters, and especially when the cut of their garments is contrastingly simple. And yet, condemn the extravagance of ideas in adult adornment as we may, there is no withholding of admiration for the ingenuity sometimes shown. For instance, the latest bangles take the form of thin silver wire hoops and single bands of either gold or silver from which depend one of the signs of the Zodiac. The number of hoops on the first named bangle is decided by the letters in the wearer's name, or by the number of the partic-

VARIOUS HAIRDRESSING.

ular month which she considers to be lucky to her, or desires to make so. The other is selected according to the month in which the wearer was born. I should say that for bridesmaids' gifts they would prove an acceptable novelty.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Novelties in Jewelry.

A HANDSOME bar pin has four well-cut Cape rubies mounted in high settings, divided by small diamonds.

AN accurate copy of an ancient Roman tear-vial, in mottled oxidized silver, is a peculiar pendant for a queen chain.

SMALL pungents made entirely of petrified wood or "tiger eye" are a pleasant relief from the conventional cut glass.

It is estimated by old hands at the business that an ordinary Presidential election one way and another costs the country $20,000,000 in legitimate expenses, while as to the cost of the illegitimate expenses no attempt is made to estimate it. Mayor Hewitt says a national committee, "working economically, can run a Presidential campaign for $500,000." Colonel Ingersoll doubles these figures, and admits that they should probably be quadrupled. These estimates leave a large surplus to be made up by State and local committees. There can be no doubt that great sums are thrown away and that everything that is necessary to be done can be done with less money than is ordinarily spent.

CRISPIN and Crispianus are said to have been two saints, born at Rome, whence they traveled to Soissons, in France, to propagate the Christian religion. They worked as shoemakers, but the Governor of the town, discovering them to be Christians, ordered both to be beheaded, which order was carried out about A. D. 288. Their day is Oct. 25, and from the above it will be seen how St. Crispin came to be the patron saint of shoemakers.

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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.
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Railroad Schedules, etc.

Cumberland & Pennsylvania Railroad.

—EASTWARD.—		
Leave Piedmont	6 50 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 09 "
" Frostburg	10 12 "	4 35 "
" Ocean	10 26 "	4 51 "
" 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