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An enterprising small boy has nailed a large soap box on some boards and then fastened the whole to a couple of logs. He has made a sail of a potato bag and sails the main as happy as the owner of the finest yacht afloat.

In a recent interview General Boulanger said; "My mother is English. Yes, she is still alive. She lived in Wales for a long time. I myself was born at Rennes. I have cousins in England. They are the sons of my mother's brother, who was murdered in 1848 or 1849, near Brighton. He was murdered on the cliffs near Brighton, and robbed, and the assassin was never discovered. A reward of £2,000 was offered by the Government for the discovery of the guilty persons, but without success. I went to a boarding-school at Brighton, and I remember the town very well."

The people of England are complaining that the practice of "underbilling" on the railroads of that country is alarmingly prevalent and causing great hardship to honest shippers, if any such there be. It is said the offense is not a new one, but attention was not publicly attracted to it till the matter was agitated in the United States, when it was found that the same thing had been quietly practiced in the United Kingdom, where it has hitherto been supposed the laws were stringent enough to prevent it. Some of the aggrieved ones are proposing to adopt the remedy which Senator Cullom's committee has advanced on this side of the Atlantic. Is it possible that the United States will lead Great Britain in the matter of railroad reform?

The Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., has the oldest pupil of any educational institution in the United States. He is more than 60 years of age. Crazy Head is his name, and he was once chief of the Crow Nation. He was a bold warrior and an able ruler. He is anxious to learn the ways of white men, and is now receiving instructions in blacksmithing. During the coming winter he will attend school. He is a man in vigorous health and has a more refined face than is often found in his race. He is docile and patient, and there is something almost pathetic about his longing to learn the customs of civilization before he dies.

An English reporter, interviewing Mme. Bernhardt, asked: "Where are the young lions, madam?" "Oh, the dear things," she said, "I had to leave them in Paris. The poor little tiger, you know, is dead. I grieved for him much—more than my friends did, I am afraid." "And the famous coffin with the satin lining. Have you that still?" "Oh, yes; that is in Paris, too." "Is it true, madam, that you used to sleep in it?" "Well, yes; I did sleep in it, but not always. It was this way: My sister was very ill. I wanted to be with her at night, and, not being able to share her bed, I had the coffin carried into her room and slept there. I keep the coffin still, but I have come to the conclusion that I will not be buried in it. I will be cremated."

The type-writer tournament at Toronto the other day proved Miss Mae Orr, of New York, the winner. The contestant who took second place was the victor at Cincinnati, August 1, F. E. McGurrin, of Salt Lake. Miss Orr's record was 987 words in ten minutes; McGurrin's 951 words in ten minutes. Miss Orr is proprietor of one of the most flourishing copying houses in New York City. Her income averages $3,000 to $4,000 per year. Her specialty is taking dictation direct on the machine from prominent court stenographers, and she is able to write as rapidly as the average reporter can read his notes. Both used the same machine. McGurrin keeps his hand stationary and moves only his fingers, all of which are utilized. The range of each finger thus being limited, he can strike any letter without looking for it. In fact he can write almost as well blindfolded as with his eyes open.

Fifteen years ago all Europe was in a state of excitement because of the gigantic forgeries committed upon the Bank of England. These forgeries sometimes ran up as high as $50,000 a day and were kept up for a period of three months. It was estimated that the bank was out $5,000,000 by the operations of the forgers. The principal actor in these transactions was George Bidwell. His accomplices were Austin Bidwell, a brother, now at Chatham prison; Edwin N. Hills, now at Portland prison; and George McDonald, now in Portland prison. George and Austin Bidwell belonged in East Hartford, Conn., and McDonald was from Canada. August 20, 1873, this quartette of forgers were sentenced to imprisonment for life, after five months of investigation and trial at the "Old Bailey," in London. George Bidwell was in Newgate, Pentonville and Millbank prisons. July 18, 1887, after an imprisonment of nearly fifteen years, he was granted a "ticket of leave," partly conditioned on his leaving England. He arrived in New York August 4, 1887, went to his home in East Hartford, and has since been engaged in writing a book, frankly detailing his course of life, at first upright, the subsequent temptations, and the final step that led him to commit the forgeries. He is now 55 years old. In a recent interview he said his book was not to make crime attractive, but to picture it so that a lesson might be taught those who were tempted to do wrong, and young business men kept from the path that leads to a living tomb.

REJOICIN' AT DE CO'NERS.

BY MRS. FINDLEY BRADEN.

Fo'ch de slay-bells, Petatiah,
Ring 'em loud! cum right along!
Hunt de big horn, Nehemiah!
Hi! we now mus' hab a song!
Fo' dis villidge am rejoicin';
Shoo! de Co'ners am not slow!
An' dis day we'll not be choicein'—
Simpkins Polk, put down dat hoe.

Ebrybody's gwine to cel'brate,
Brac an' yeller, wite folks too,
Fo' our Shepherd, Pa'sun Shelltate,
Tak's ter wife his flock's bes' ewe.
We hab known 'em like two books, sah!
An' we's boun' ter 'gratulate;
Spruce up, Abdeel! ahn' yo' looks, sah!
Ephren, I rash yo' wooly pate.

Git your banjo, Sambo Tushin,
I'ey ahn cumin' up de road,
Pa'son an' his bride so blushin',
She wat's yit Mis' Chloe Stead.
Look! the church do's now wide open!
Greensmen all aroun' de gate!
Pa'sun steps lite. He ahn hopin'
Dat de dinner won't be late.

All you gals dat stan' a grinnin',
Shout an' wave yo' ribbins hi!
Silence ahn de wust ob sinnin',
Wi'en a wedding-party's ni.
To de church we'll now go crowdin',
Pa'sun Streak hab cum frum town;
Chloe's got a veil dat's shroudin'
All her face, fo' it is down.

Flags ahn frum de winders streamin'—
Gess de Fourth seems back once more;
Dat's de organ, or I'se dreamin'?
Daddy Blake hab 'mencet ter snore.
Shake him like a possum, Touser!
Laws! wake up! de show's begun!
Pa'sun Streak's Amen's a rouser;
He'll sun suck dat couple one.

Now dey's stan'in' al de altah,
Chloe proud es Missy Rife;
She kin speak out an' not faltah,
She am Pa'sun Shelltate's wife.
Down de aisle dey's jes' a cumin',
"Mornin', Pa'sun, wif de bess'!
Spec's yo' bird ob joy ahn hummin',
Wis' you lots ob happiness!"

All de slay-bells ahn a ringin',
Nehemiah blows de horn;
Sambo ahn his banjo strumgin',
Simpkins Polk hab lef' his corn.
All de folks ahn celebratin',
Hi! de Co'ners now ahn gay!
Massa Bluegoes roun' hollerin',
But de law hab had its way.

PURE IN HEART AND UNSELFISH IN PURPOSE.

BY "OLIVE HARPER."

Out by the edge of the meadow, under an apple tree that was sending showers of delicate pink and white petals down to the grass with every breeze, lay pretty Nora Creely, fast asleep. The soft and sweet-scented leaves lay scattered all over her brown dress, and some nestled in her thick, dark hair, and one had fallen on one of her eyelids and reposed there as if pleased with the position.

Nora's arms were bare to the elbows and were undeniably red and showed signs of toil, and her face was tanned and brown, save where her healthy young blood showed through the brown. Her lips were parted and between them were glimpses of white teeth that were the envy of all who saw them, and all who knew her saw them often, for she was always laughing and blithe, and somehow the rich color, dark hair and pretty teeth all seemed to belong to those beautiful blue eyes that looked so honestly out from under the heavy, black lashes, true Irish eyes than which none are more lovely.

Nora was only a servant, but she was an honest, conscientious and capable one, and her rich Irish voice used to troll forth those creening old ballads that keep you vibrating between a smile and a tear. The children idolized their good Nora, the mistress leaned upon her in sorrow and joy, the master spoke of her as one of the treasures of earth, and the dumb animals followed her with worlds of love for her expressed in their dewy eyes.

Nora was happy because it was the gift of her sunny nature to be so, and she never seemed sad or out of spirits and so she was regarded as a sort of perpetual sunshine in the house.

Only one peculiarity had Nora, and that often surprised her gentle mistress. Nora was avaricious. She was a miser if there ever was one. She received good wages and she never spent a penny that she could possibly save. She made her own poor clothes at night when she should be resting, and she went barefoot whenever the weather rendered it possible, and, in short, she was evidently a born miser. Still Mrs. Satterlee decided that that was Nora's own business, and that the money was hers to spend or save as suited her.

So Nora had lived with Mrs. Satterlee for seven years. She came as a child of 15, just landed, a bewildered stranger in a strange land, and because of the cheery smile and honest eyes she had been chosen from among many others, and she went with the gentle lady to live in a country home where she was always content, happy and efficient. As the little children were born to the lady, so were they born to the love of good, kind Nora, whose heart was a welling spring of warm affection.

Nora was now 23, and there were indeed few girls anywhere who were prettier, neater or better taught for one in her station than Nora, and there were two young men who thought her perfection entirely. One of them was a blacksmith and the other a horticulturist, but though Nora was kind to them neither received the slightest encouragement. Sometimes Mrs. Satterlee wondered why Nora did not seem to care to marry and have a home of her own, but she said nothing.

Nora wrote to her parents and friends in the "Old Country" and received letters from them in return with a regularity that was a lesson to many other families, and save that Nora always sang and laughed more for a few days after the receipt of these letters none would have noticed. But the songs seemed more plaintive, and the laughter not quite so rich and mellow; still she said nothing, and none remarked it but "the baby," as they called her, a child of 3, and she would always trot at Nora's heels at these times like a little dog till Nora would take her up and rock her to sleep.

This day she had received three letters from home, but she seemed a trifle out of sorts as she looked them over and missed one that she seemed to think ought to have been there, and after dinner was over and all her work done, and the baby asleep on the wide lounge, Nora went to the meadow through which ran a little brook, and where the clover was so sweet and luxuriant that one almost wished to be a cow, to revel in its juicy sweetness.

Nora sat down by the side of the tiny brook, and took her letters from her pocket and read them. One was from her father, one from a cousin, and one from her sister, who was a widow.

Nora's eyes filled as she read the same old story of wrong, oppression and abuse, and she read with flashing eyes of the coarse brutality of the agents who had turned out of doors friends, relatives and playmates, always the same, and no redress. And now Nora's father wrote that Dermot Kelly's father and family were all to be evicted from the land where they had lived so many generations, and poor Dermot had just finished his studies and was about to begin the practice of medicine, but now this trouble would set him back perhaps for years; and the letter ended by thanking her for all she had done for them, and sending blessings without end upon her for a dutiful daughter, and in a postscript he added that he hoped she would not be too much discouraged by Dermot's trouble, nor tire of waiting for him.

"No, that I won't, until I am tired of living. Poor Dermot! I wish he was here. It's hard getting along in Ireland, now; but, oh, what can I do more than I'm doing? I send them everything I can spare, and it seems so little. There's no one else that could do anything, if they were here, to help the others, or even themselves. Ah, well! we are all born to suffer, and if it is the will of God we must bear it. This is a sad day for me."

And here Nora laid her face down among the clover and cried, not wildly and boisterously, but patiently and wearily, until finally, worn out with emotion, she fell into an easy slumber, which grew sweeter and sounder, until finally she dreamed.

She dreamed that she was back in her old home, that everything was just as it used to be. She saw her mother in her short gown and petticoat trotting about as usual, hunting for stray bits of dust on her spotless belongings, saw her father at work about his little farm, saw her sick sister, with her two orphan children, and last and sweetest of all, she saw Dermot.

He came walking up the lane with his elastic, strong steps, and she felt her heart beat with delight as he came and took her hands in his, and bent his handsome dark eyes full into hers. And then they walked along the path that led down to meadow and orchard, and there they sat down and talked over their future.

"Ah, Nora, my little one, I fear we will have to find a four-leafed clover before we can be happy. It needs money to bring happiness in a strait like ours, and where could we look for it if the 'good people' themselves did not bring it?"

"They don't believe in the 'little people' over there in America, Dermot, and I have almost forgotten them. I wish they might help us. I'm sure I've prayed to the Holy Virgin enough for a way out of our trouble, and have never found it. Perhaps the little folks will. Anyway, I see no way unless I do find a four-leafed clover."

"None but the pure in heart, and the unselfish in purpose, ever find it, but, if those two qualifications would bring it, surely we might hope."

Just at this moment Whiteface, Nora's favorite cow, came slowly up the meadow path, and seeing Nora lying there, she gave a gentle low. It woke Nora, and she could not at first remember where she was, and she lay still and looked around for Dermot, and slowly she began to realize that she had dreamed and she rose upon one elbow. Strange to say, grasped in her right hand was a tiny tuft of grass and in the middle of it, in plain sight, was a clover stem with four distinct leaves growing out of it.

Wide awake now, yet remembering her vivid dream, Nora examined her priceless treasure. There was no mistake, but how had it come in her hand? Reasoners might assert that in her sleep she had clutched the tuft of grass in which this clover grew, and that the whole was superstition, but Nora did not reason. She simply believed, and she was sure that in some way, as yet unknown, all would be made clear and straight. She knew it was the fairies who had placed that talisman in her hand. The rest would come.

She went back home and milked the cows, and did her duties as deftly as ever, but now she felt herself a privileged mortal, holding a direct and tangible gift from the fairies, and her whole thoughts were thanks to God and the Virgin for the fairies' gift.

Two or three days passed and nothing had come; still Nora was patient and her faith great, until one evening when Mr. Satterlee came home he said to his wife:

"Minnie, what is Nora's other name?"

"Eleonora Creely; why?"

"You remember that cranky old woman who had the Marsh cottage one summer when we were in the White Mountains, don't you?"

"The one that had the small-pox, and Nora went and nursed all alone?"

"Yes, the very one. Well, she's dead, and in her will she has left Nora twelve thousand dollars, 'in token of the unselfish devotion with which she took care of a supposed pauper from whom every one else fled.' So it was in the will, which was shown me to-day. After supper we will have her in here and tell her of her good fortune."

So, when all was quiet, Nora was called in and told of her good fortune. She did not seem as much astonished as Mr. and Mrs. Satterlee thought the case warranted, still they argued perhaps it was surprise that kept her so silent.

Said her mistress:

"Nora, I hope when you receive your money you will not grow to be miserly or avaricious, as that poor, lonely old woman did. It is a very unlovely habit, and one likely to make you very unhappy if you allow it to overcome you. I have often noticed in you a tendency to that fault, but then I thought that probably you were trying to lay up something toward a home of your own some day, or at least something for the future; but now that with care your future is provided for, I feel it my duty to tell you that money was made for reasonable use, not for miserly hoardings, and you must be careful or the habit will grow upon you."

"I, ma'am? I?" said Nora, aghast. Then suddenly she put her hand in her pocket and in silence handed her mistress her father's letter. A few moments sufficed to show that for all these seven years faithful, self-sacrificing Nora had been sending almost the whole of her wages to her parents, in Ireland, who would have starved but for her.

Mrs. Satterlee broke down and threw herself first into her good husband's arms and then into Nora's, like the impassioned little woman she was, and the two women, one mistress and the other servant, cried together, for they knew that they must separate. Nora's duty now lay at home in Ireland, as it had kept her in this country, and though she felt as if she was suffering a loss that could never be repaired, Mrs. Satterlee helped Nora with all her heart, so that she should go to her home at the earliest moment and as well-dressed as she could be prevailed upon to dress.

Thanks to her associations, Nora was in every way as lady-like in her manner as any physician could desire his wife to be. And Dermot was a proud and happy man when his precious, faithful Nora was in his arms.

The poor old parents, and the whole of her acquaintances, indeed, were the sharers in the little heritage Nora had received, but it seems as if the four-leafed clover has not yet lost its virtues, for the whole tribe, even to the seventh cousin, have prospered since Nora came back to Ireland.

Dermot believes with Nora that there was really something supernatural about the manner in which she received that wonderful talisman, and they preserve it religiously; and Dermot repeats, as she dreamed he did: "None but the pure in heart and the unselfish in purpose can ever find it." And surely Nora deserved his praise, even as she did the gift.

Eastern people are discussing the question, "Who is the greatest living novelist?" The correct answer is that there isn't any.—*Detroit Free Press.*



Sir Walter Raleigh and the Queen.

Bad weather held London in its strong grip, and as her Majesty's state chair had been sent to the chair shop to have a new set of springs put in, it became necessary for the Queen to walk to Parliament, to leave her regular morning order for the state executioner. The gallant Raleigh, who was at that time occupying the exalted station of Escort Extraordinary and Gold-Stick-in-Waiting to the Queen, in accordance with the duties of his office, offered his arm to Elizabeth, and the twain, preceded by six trumpeters, and followed by three pieces of artillery and a thousand small boys, set out in the pouring rain. As umbrellas had not been invented at that period, Raleigh sheltered himself from the torrent beneath the water-proof ruff her Majesty wore about her neck, while Elizabeth was granted the sole satisfaction for the soaking she received by ordering the clerk of the weather to the block. The journey passed without incident worthy of note until the party reached the corner opposite the Parliament buildings, where it was found that a mud-puddle of extraordinary dimensions—a puddle worthy of the Elizabethan age—had gathered unto itself the larger part of the street.

"By my halidon," quoth the Queen, "but this puddle hath extraordinary depth! Methinks 'twere well that we return, and defer the executions until the morrow."

"Not so, my liegess," said Raleigh, turning to one of his retainers and seizing his cloak; "'twere better far that my friend here should sacrifice his habit to thy necessity. Never shall it be said that while a Raleigh stood by, the Queen of England was balked of her determination or wet her ankles in pursuit of her ambition!"

Saying which, the courtier threw his retainer's cloak upon the surface of the puddle, and her Majesty, stepping lightly upon it, reached the other side without wetting her feet. Elizabeth never forgot Raleigh's gallantry; but as for the retainer who lost his habit, he likewise lost his head for saying in the Queen's hearing that, "since Raleigh had so many bad habits, he thought it hard that he should lose his to demonstrate what a tailor-made courtier Raleigh could be when he tried."

An Amusing Incident.

Rev. Daniel B. Turney, of Lincoln, Ill., the well-known Prohibitionist, was lecturing the other evening to a rather noisy crowd, some of whom occasionally interrupted him. Finally he said:

"Now, gentlemen, how many of you would like a good blackguard story? All in favor will raise their hands."

A majority of the dexter paws present went up in an instant, and there was an expectant hush of eager stillness. Turney went on with his original subject. At last a chap who had wearied of prohibition logic, and wanted something he could better appreciate, incautiously broke out with:

"Say, where's that story?"

"My dear sir," was Turney's withering reply, "I did not propose to tell any such story. Of course not. I merely wished to know how many blackguards were here."

A pin, dropping could have been heard after that. And the victim remarks, in confidence:

"I don't see why they call that Turney the Abe Lincoln of the Prohibs, for he never told one blamed story the night I heard him speak."—*Chicago Ledger.*

An observer on Hyde Park corner, London, reports that between twelve and one in the afternoon, nine-tenths of the girls that pass have their faces painted, their eyebrows and eyelashes darkened, and their lips reddened.

FOR THE LADIES.

A Couple of Columes Devoted to the Fair Daughters of Eve,

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

[NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.]

Let us take as long a look ahead as possible at women's fashions. In doing this we cannot have a certainty of visage, because in this matter man proposes and woman disposes. That is to say, men employed in the business of designing and producing the fashions are never sure that what they offer will be accepted. The pictures in this article, unlike the actualities usually illustrated in this correspondence, are merely strong probabilities. It is true that the shapes may be taken in all faith as those which will prevail next October and afterwards. The outlines of the late fall and early winter garments are already fixed definitely enough, and some of them are shown in these sketches. This is particularly true of the ball costume, with its slightly peculiar draping of armholes and bosom. It is as to the material that the writer would not like to stake her reputation as a prophetess. Manufacturers of silk and cotton velvets, in this country and abroad, are fully determined that their regally rich fabrics shall be fashionably worn for the ensuing season, and the dry goods dealers of New York acquiesce in this. Therefore, considerable stocks of velvets in all imaginable colors and qualities, and ranging from the plain piles to elaborately embossed surfaces, have been ordered, and everything has been made ready to duplicate these investments in case stylish women accept velvet as a favorite fabric. Already velvets are seen by piecemeal in the very newest costumes ordered for wear in the cooler mountain resorts and at the seashore. The second fashion plate shows how velvet is made up in a vest, to be worn under a white jacket. The next portrayal reverses the order, and produces a house dress of velvet with a soft white frontage to the waist. One thing to be said in favor of the probable preference for velvet is that, while wealthy belles may find goods costing as much as a hundred dollars a yard (so fine and intricate is the hand clipping and embroidery), tolerably good imitations of the plainer kinds of silk velvet are cheaply procurable in cotton which will not retain its color or gloss



VELVET IN VOGUE.

very well, but which for awhile has a perfect semblance of the richer originals.

Leather trimmings, a coming novelty for autumn and winter gowns, have already made their appearance, but I cannot say I think the effect is particularly good. The leather gives a heavy appearance to the garment it is selected to adorn, and furthermore suggests the trappings of a well-curried horse or dog. It has its advantages, like most other things, and among them may be mentioned its durability and its excellence for the bottom of skirts, which are being turned up to the depth of three or four inches with either dark or light leather, according to the color of the dress. This keeps the gown in good order, and can be easily cleansed from mud spots or dust. Perforated leather vests are also being introduced, fastened with straps and buckles.

In the way of freaks of paraphernalia, the statement has been variously printed of late that rich young women have taken to wearing tights instead of stockings. Some readers may have regarded this as an invention of women's railing enemy, man, but such is not the case. I have investigated the matter, and I find that the demand for fancy tights really has extended beyond the women of the stage. Formerly, tights were only kept in stock by dealers in theatrical goods, but now the hosiery department in several of our largest general stores keep a supply. The substitution of tights for stockings is not going to be extensive, however, partly because there isn't any sense in it, but chiefly for the reason that good silk tights of fancifully woven designs are very costly.

Two new styles of hair dressing are shown in the first and third pictures. The lady costumed for a ball or reception not only has her forehead amply shaded by a loose bang, but her hair is brought forward at the sides of her face as well. This is a coiffure becoming to faces with pronounced features, and especially those with too assertive noses. The girl at the piano has her hair arranged in a juvenile fashion, somewhat suggestive of the "waterfall" of fifteen years ago. The revival will do very well for young girls, and is quite likely to come into vogue for the winter.

My readers are wanting to know what to do about bustles. The question is rather important, because the cut and draping of skirts depend upon it. It is safe to assume that the bustle will not be suppressed for a while yet. The attacks upon it are very determined, and will result in a modification of it, but not in its abolition. Each season the prediction has been made that the bustle must go, and every year until now the prediction has been belied by the facts. By dint of a severe struggle, its enemies have prevailed, and there is a very marked diminution in the size of tournure. Extremists, however, are going as much in the other direction, and the skirts of many of the ultra dresses are limp, ungraceful, and devoid of any cachet whatever. A little distention is always necessary to the success of a well-hanging gown. Just as long as dresses are made with elaborate draperies and fullness at the back, will there be need of something beneath the top of a skirt to serve as support, or to give graceful outstanding effect. The best rule to follow, therefore, is for each woman to decide for herself just how much or how little of bustle she will wear, and in coming to a decision she should be guided by a consideration of her own figure. If she is rather slim she may affect an aesthetic limpness of draperies, which from an artistic point of view is pleasant enough, but if she is at all inclined to fleshiness, it is more than likely that she absolutely requires a bustle in order to produce sightly outlines. A round of the most fashionable of the city dressmakers doesn't carry the writer to a conclusion in this matter.



AS SHE IS.

Some of the very finest costumes ordered for swell occasions, this month and next, are to be devoid of bustles, although the draperies will distend themselves a little at the rear without any interior support. But I observe that in every case the girth of the waist indicated a sleader woman. Other and equally rich dresses were expanded rearward by inserted steels to an extent as great as hitherto. When our most elaborate dressers thus disagree about the bustle, there is nothing for their less independent sisters to do except to consult personal taste and physical requirements.

The belles at the watering-places are getting ready to go home, and the more pretentious of them are ordering traveling cloaks for that purpose. They told me at one dressmaking establishment about a daughter of wealth who had spent the summer in the mountains, and who was telegraphed to by relatives to return at once to the city. She replied that she couldn't do so, unless it was a matter of life and death, because the only traveling costume she had was the one which she had worn for her departure in June. That may be a slight exaggeration, but it is a fact that hundreds of our extravagant women will have expensive wraps made for a single journey.

Demi-season toilets, like those here illustrated, are made of matelasse silk, of sicilienne, of velvet, and of fancy cloth. Short mantles, as well as the long cloaks, are made of the most unique shapes, and many are heavily trimmed with black lace, as in the examples given. In this case the cloth was very light drab, thus making a sharp contrast with the trimming.

Two materials appear in most cloaks and in the shortest garments. The



AS SHE WILL BE.

large buttons of Directoire cloaks are of colored metals, cut steel, tinted pearl, and also of velvet. Long cloaks are of figured cloths, with velvet Directoire revers, and some have sleeves that extend to the foot of the garment, and are bordered there with velvet or with fur. Bears' fur and others of long fleece that is almost shaggy are fashionable trimmings for winter cloaks, and the outlook is that outer garments will be even more diversified and elaborate than ever.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Autumn Styles.

What are known as Tosca parasols have handles of extreme length.

Colombe, a soft dove color, will be much worn this season. It harmonizes very effectively with the popular green shades.

The edelweiss, the blue cornflower, yellow carnations, chrysanthemums, and fleur-de-lis are the favorite designs in enameled jewelry.

Red and blue surah, blocked or plaid, and black or white checks and plaids are in high favor for the silk blouses so much in vogue.

Black armure grenadine is favored for summer dresses. Lace flounces and a profusion of narrow moire ribbons are the accepted garnitures.

Among the prettiest fabrics imported for fall wear the fine cashmere is one of those which take the popular fancy and will be very fashionable. The coarser qualities will not be used for fine costumes, and only those of high grade are woven in the desirable shades.

The Quick or the Dead.

It is a singular but certain fact that a fly when drowned can be brought back to life. The method is very simple, but requires particular and strict attention. If our readers doubt we would advise them to study the following recipe carefully and try it:

When the fly is dead take it from the water and roll it in table salt until it is completely covered. Allow it to remain thus for about three or four minutes. Remove the salt by blowing it. Do not attempt to rub or pick it off, or you may send the poor harmless fly into eternity forever. When the salt is off, take the fly in the palm of one hand, cover it with the other, and shake it as the boys do pennies when playing heads and tails. Place the fly on the table and he will either walk or fly away, or perhaps crawl up the wall to the ceiling and into the pretty parlor of the coaxing spider, unless it has been informed by older acquaintances that by so doing it is passing the valley of the shadow of death.—*New York Evening Star.*

Some experiments have been placed on record, says the London *Electrician*, in which a number of eggs were hatched out in a magnetic field, with the result that the chickens were all more or less deformed, blind, deaf, or lame.

Professional Cards.

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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.

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

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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.

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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.
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A long and successful experience has enabled me to select from the number of
RESPONSIBLE
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Doing business in this country
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Strongest and Most Reliable
COMPANIES,
And in these to write properly all forms to fully protect the assured in case of
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Property-owners in Frostburg and vicinity desiring to secure Safe Insurance are invited to call upon
J. B. ODER,
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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.
D. P. MILLER,
Cumberland, Md

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 "
" Parrellville	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 "
" Parrellville	9 40 "	4 01 "
" Mt. Savage	9 46 "	4 09 "
" Frostburg	10 12 "	4 35 "
" Ocean	10 26 "	4 52 "
" Lonaconing	10 42 "	5 07 "
" Barton	10 56 "	5 17 "
Arrive at Piedmont	11 10 "	5 32 "

All trains on the schedule stop at Hey stow station, Cumberland. P. L. BURWELL, General Superintendent