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MINING JOURNAL.

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HOW HE WON.

"You take my advice," said Aunt Sadie to her nephew Jack Leonard, and start traveling. Read romances, and when you come home I'll warrant Miss Grey will marry you. She has filled her mind with trashy novels and wants a hero for a husband."

Jack listened, comprehended, eagerly assented; and whether he went to Tadousac, the sources of the Nile, the Bay of Naples, or the Kangeley Lakes, he disappeared without even bidding farewell to Silvestra Grey.

"How very eccentric of him," thought Miss Grey, "but, after all, it's just like dear, funny old Jack."

And then she forgot all about him.

When Aunt Sadie Leonard opened her little brown-stone house on Linden Park to society the second winter, she had several unusual attractions—Lady Rosetta Amyllard, of Amyllard Park, in Dorsetshire, who was writing a book about the Americans; Sir Hardy Hardland, of Australia, and Captain Giacopo Leonardi, of Venice—to introduce to the world. And as Miss Leonard held in her white, wrinkled little hand the golden key which unlocks the gates of society, the distinguished foreigners had a very pleasant time.

The captain was tall and dark, not unlike what poor Jack Leonard had been two years ago.

"Yes, I think it likely there is a resemblance," calmly observed Aunt Sadie, when Silvestra Grey noted it. "The Leonardis are distant relatives of ours. Poor Jack, I wish he was here to-day."

"Yes," said Silvestra, "Jack was very nice—very, only a little outre."

So the brilliant winter days and evenings, full of music, charades, operas, and carpet dances glided along, and Captain Leonardi became a constant attendant on Silvestra Grey. A handsome couple they made, and people began to whisper at the possibilities of an an early wedding.

"Now I wish," said Silvestra, enthusiastically one day, "that you could have known my cousin Jack. Dear old Jack! You remind me of him, Captain Leonardi."

"I shall be jealous of this Jack, if you rave about him any longer, said the captain, smiling.

Poor Jack!" sighed Silvestra, "I think he liked me."

"And did you like him?"

"Come," said Silvestra, "that is scarcely a fair question. Of course I liked him—a little."

"Miss Grey!"

"Yes, Captain Leonardi."

"Suppose I were to say that I liked you a great deal—that I loved you——"

"Oh, Captain Leonardi!"

"Would you say me 'no' or 'yes?'"

"Yes," she answered, "a score of times—yes!"

"Do you really love me, my darling?"

"You know that I love you, Giocopo" (with soft reproachful eyes).

"If I were a poor beggar in the Via Marina, would you love me still?" he catechised her with tender earnestness.

"Yes," she answered steadfastly.

"For myself only?"

"Oh, Giocopo, how can you ask these cruel questions?"

"I like to be sure," said the captain, serenely. "Come here, little one, and kiss me and let me slip this circlet of diamonds on your plump finger. Ah, here comes Miss Leonard."

Silvestra ran to her with eyelashes wet with tears.

"Oh, Miss Leonard," she sobbed, "I'm engaged,"

Aunt Sadie lifted her eyebrows.

"To—Jack?" said she.

"To Giacopo," corrected the beauty; "to Captain Leonardi."

"Well," said Aunt Sadie, "he's Jack."

Silvestra turned around with an air of pretty puzzlement.

"Jack!" she repeated; "Jack!"

"Say it again, sweetheart," caressed Captain Leonardi, tenderly imprisoning her hand in his. "You don't know how sweet it sounds. And, Silvestra——"

"Well?"

"If you would rather our marriage ended in an elopement than a regular church wedding——"

Silvestra gave a little comprehending cry; the scarlet blood suffused her face; she clasped both hands over her eyes.

"Oh!" she cried, "I see it all now. Oh, Jack! how could I have been so blind—how could I?"

But in vain she strove to draw her hand away. Captain Leonardi held it fast.

"You have promised me, my dear," he declared; "you have promised me, and I shall not let you go."

"And I don't want you to," whispered Silvestra. "I—I think I always loved you, Jack, even when you were a great awkward boy. But now——"

And her bright, shy eyes, timidly lifted to his, told the rest of the tale.

Aunt Sadie smiled to herself as she crept away.

"My little plan has succeeded," said she, as I thought it would."

Little Women in Large Hats.

Little women with large heads very often think they will look taller if they wear large hats. That's a fallacy, for instead of looking taller they will only appear the shorter. The reason is very simple. Their height is only about six lengths of the head. Naturally, by increasing the size of the head the disproportion will be greater, as then their figure will appear to be only five times the length of their head. Little women should wear small hats and simple hair dress.

One often hears a tall woman say, when trying on a large hat: "Oh, I could not think of wearing this hat; why, it adds at least six inches to my height, and I think I am tall enough now." And she forthwith proceeds to buy a little bit of a hat, scarcely distinguishable from a Psyche knot. But if she wore a larger hat the head would appear larger and in better proportion to the body.—[Philadelphia Item.

A queer white and red robin astonished the fishermen of Qqonochontaug, R. I. It has built its nest in a shaggy reach of pasture near the thundering ocean breakers. The bird's body is of a snowy white, even to the tip of its tail, except its breast, which is of a rosy red. An albino robin is very rare, but a red and white robin was never heard of before in that State.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

EX-SENATOR CLINGMAN TALKS OF OLD TIMES IN CONGRESS.

He Thinks a Comparison is Unfavorable to the Present—Orators Who Commanded Attention in the Old Hall of Representatives—Webster and His Contemporaries.

Nearly every day when the House meets a gray, gaunt form is seen upon the floor, an old man with white hair fringing a barren crown, and scant, white whiskers on hollow cheeks, bright eyes deep in their sockets, a long neck encased in a high collar and locks, bony fingers and a form as straight as an arrow and appearing tall beyond actual measurements by its slender proportions—he moves silently and aimlessly about the hall like the shade of some dead and bygone Congress moving among strange people amid familiar scenes. With dignity he walks along the aisles as one who has often walked that way before, but no look of recognition passes over his face and he meets members here and there and the members look at him with blank faces, with no quick light of recognition, no words of welcome. Interest and curiosity fix many eyes upon him as he strides through the aisles. Time moves so swiftly and changes come so fast that a statesman of the time of Webster, Clay, Corwin, Calhoun, one who has visited Jackson in the White House, cannot expect to meet many familiar faces in the Congress of to-day. If Clay or Webster were to come back they would probably move about in this way and look strangely on the scene. And this old man is of their day and generation—a superfluous statesman, lingering still to see the work of time; a link between the present and the past. Young in the old and old in the new generation of statesmen, he acted with those of years gone by and watches with experienced eyes and observation quick to criticise the present generation of men.

Clingman, whose eloquence sounded through the halls that still vibrated with the voice of Webster, who spoke in the old hall, where now only marble statues stand, who walked by the side of President Jackson down the aisle of the House to hear Adams speak of Lafayette—he, the statesman of a past time, now wanders through the halls and corridors of the Capitol, coming suddenly on the scene like a resurrection.

Hardly a day has gone by this session that he has not been at the Capitol. He walks about in the House a while each day watching the proceedings with a critical sort of interest; sitting now in a seat once occupied by one of his old-time friends; now lounging in a cloak room; now sleeping on a sofa—living again in the scenes which are full of associations to him, which no other man in the hall can quite appreciate. In Bank only, does he recognize an old colleague. A stranger to them all, he is more familiar with the place than they.

Of course he is not an absolute stranger; they all know who he is; they have read of him in legislative history; his speeches may have furnished them examples of eloquence, the delivery of which they practiced in their schools. But now he is only among them, not of them. Sometimes he is seen in the Senate; sometimes in the House. He divides his time between the two, but is generally in the House. In which ever house he is his bearing is always that of a man familiar with the place but not with the people. He is seldom engaged in conversation with any of the Senators or members.

He entered the house in 1843 and served for thirteen years in that body, and then he served in the Senate until he was expelled by resolution, together with other Southern men, for taking part in the rebellion. His services all antedate the war. In his way he was one of the orators of Congress, and his powerful ringing voice is still retained, but it sounds like the voice from a past generation—all out of time with the voice of to-day. He is still a bright and interesting talker in conversation. His familiarity with men we have learned to venerate in the distance of time, is odd and refreshing. Instinctively he compares things as he sees them now, with what he was familiar with in the days of his activity, and his preferences remain with the old time, when he sat on the arm of Clay's chair, with one hand on that statesman's shoulder, while listening to the famous Webster speak.

"There is a marked difference between then and now," said he to a Star reporter. "There was much more order and decorum then than now. When I sit in either house now, I cannot help but draw the contrast with the men of my day. When Webster and Clay and their many distinguished colleagues, were in Congress, there was less boisterousness than now. Members and Senators did not then all stand up and group around the gentleman who had the floor. There were sharp passages of arms, and some very lively times, but members kept their seats when not entitled to the floor. The man who arose to speak occupied the floor until he had finished. If a speech of interest was being made they listened, or if they were not interested they wrote at their desks or talked in whispers. They kept their seats and showed respect for the body of which they were members. Usually attention was paid to speeches, and speeches were delivered differently from what they are now. Members and Senators did not read their speeches. They spoke freely and there was more oratorical effect than now. I never saw but one speech read in the Senate, in my time, and that reading was so much commented on that the Senator, thereafter, spoke freely, without notes. Some members and Senators actually wrote their speeches and committed them. You could tell this from the stiffness of their delivery, but all the great men who figure in history spoke on the floor of Congress with as much naturalness and freedom as if they were engaged in conversation. That was the charm of their delivery, and they usually held attention. I was in the Senate when Mr. Blair was speaking on the educational bill, this session. A half a dozen or so of the Senators were talking together, writing letters or reading the newspaper and one man was sitting still, apparently doing nothing. I thought then that this one man might possibly be listening to the discourse. I contrasted the scene with others I have witnessed in that chamber.

"Congress is larger, and in a measure unwieldly. It is more tied up by rules and under control of the presiding officer. In my day the man who first jumped to his feet and called to the speaker for recognition, got the floor. Had the speaker refused to recognize a man so rising, a resolution of censure would quickly have been passed upon him. There was great dignity among the members on the floor and they were jealous of their power and privileges.

"One thing that strikes me particularly, as I watch the proceedings of this Congress, is the absence of distinguished leaders. Individual leadership has deteriorated since the war. Blaine and Conkling have been the ablest men in the Senate since the war, but they would rank, I think, with the second rather than the first of our great orators of the earlier time. I find in Congress to-day many able men, but there are few so conspiculously greater than all the rest as to be great leaders.

DISCOVERING AMERICA.

The Real Friends of Columbus at the Court of Spain.

The statement is sometimes made that Queen Isabella of Spain pawned her jewels in order to provide funds for fitting out the expedition for the discovery of America. This is a very old story told first not long after the death of Columbus, and though it is not true, its origin is not difficult to discover. As every fact about the great voyage is of interest to Americans, especially now that we are soon to celebrate its four hundredth anniversary, the facts about the raising of the money are of special interest.

Columbus went to the Spanish court to lay his ambitious project before the king and queen just as the last great stronghold of the Moors, Grenada, had surrendered to the forces of Ferdinand and Isabella.

In some respects it was an inopportune time. The country was exhausted by the war which had just closed with this splendid success, and the joint monarchs were not inclined to embark upon any new and uncertain adventure; and, what was more important, the treasuries of both Aragon and Castile were nearly empty. Queen Isabella, in fact, had been compelled to pledge her jewels to get money for the prosecution of the war against the Moors.

The Genoese navigator pleaded his cause in vain. Both king and queen listened coldly to his enthusiastic plans, in which the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre from the Turks was strangely mingled. They refused to assist his enterprise, and Columbus, in despair, left Grenada, intending to make a final effort for assistance at the French court.

At his audience with the Spanish monarchs, however, there were two persons who were convinced of the truth of his daring theories, or at least of the wisdom of attempting to prove them to be true. They were, singularly, the finance ministers of the two crowns, St. Angel, for Aragon, and Quintanilla, for Castile.

St. Angel obtained an audience as soon as possible with the queen, and so warm was his advocacy of the theories of the Genoese stranger, so convincing his arguments for assisting him, that Isabella, fired by enthusiasm, exclaimed, "I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my private jewels to raise the necessary funds."

The minister assured her that this generous measure would be unnecessary, and hastened from the royal presence to send a messenger after Columbus, who speedily returned to Granada. The arrangements for the expedition were speedily made. St. Angel supplied about 17,000 florins from the treasury of Aragon.

The three Pinzon brothers, shipbuilders at Palos de Moguer, loaned Columbus one-eighth of the necessary money, he having assumed this share of the expense in consideration of his receiving one-eighth of the profits. They also furnished additional money and two of the vessels, and all three of the brothers went upon the expedition, two as captains of the caravals La Nina and La Pinta, the other as a pilot. The third vessel, La Pinta, was impressed, to the great terror of the owner and the crew.

It may be well to add that Columbus repaid the loan made by St. Angel with the gold which he brought back from the New World on his first voyage. A portion of this gold was employed in gilding the vaults and ceilings of the royal saloon of King Ferdinand's grand palace at Zaragoza, or Saragossa, the Aljaferia, where possibly it may still be visible to the American pilgrim.

A Notable Kentucky Cat.

Pat McGrath possesses a remarkable feline. His cat was born with only three legs, and as soon as the kitten became large enough to leave its mother, Pat constructed a wooden leg and successfully adjusted it to the little stump that grew out where pussy's fourth leg ought to have been. Pussy now trots along on four legs with as much ease and comfort apparently as though the wooden limb had been placed there by nature. But here is the wonderful part of the story: Instead of killing rats and mice with her claws, as cats usually do, pussy has learned to use her club leg for this purpose, and it is said to be a very amusing sight to see her run up to a rat and knock him into insensibility with her wooden leg.—[Woodford (Ky.) Sun.

Instead of sending a candle cake to the birthday party of your friend's little daughter, it is the correct thing to send a loaf cake and as many candlesticks as the youngster has years.—[New York World.

A foreign military statistician figures out that 1 3-4 per cent. of the French population are permanently in the service, whereas in Germany only 1 per cent. are with the colors.

How a Canary Learned to Speak.

The landlord of a public house in Birmingham is the owner of a remarkable canary. It can speak several words with fluency and clearness. This is a very rare faculty for a canary to possess, although (so a local paper says), there has been at least one other instance. The present prodigy is a fine young cock bird, and attained his accomplishment under the tuition of an Indian paroquet, with whom he was placed in close and secluded companionship. He would listen with head inclined to one side, and with the profoundest attention. Prompted by a spirit of emulation, he essayed to utter a few magic words himself. This word-loving Boniface has also two white blackbirds.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

The duke of Northumberland recently presented to the Astor library four volumes of the annals of his ancestors, one of whom, Lord Percy, served in the attack on Bunker Hill and the storming of Washington Heights.

It is reported that large amounts of counterfeit money are in circulation in the State of Puebla, Mexico.

The Emperor William takes daily fencing lessons.

THE FAT MAN'S VICTORY.

The street-car was full, with a dozen or more persons standing up and holding to the straps. Among the latter was the woman with three toy balloons on a string, which bobbed around in a light and airy fashion.

A fat man standing just behind the woman became involved with the balloons. One or the other of them would bob around and hit him on the nose, averaging about three knocks a minute. To the passengers who looked on there seemed to be some system in the attack. The balloons would come at the fat man in single file. If he dodged the first the second was pretty sure to land on his nose. If he succeeded in dodging both the first and second it was a sure bet that the third would reach his nose with terrific effect, as we say in prize-ring circles.

Sometimes the balloons would advance on the fat man three abreast, forming a solid front that he could not escape, and on several occasions it was observed that, while the center one hit him on the nose, the two comprising the right and left flanks would deploy suddenly and bang him on either ear.

The fat man put up his dukes, and, although in guarding his face he displayed considerable science, yet it was soon evident that he was getting the worst of it.

But fate isn't as unkind to a fat man as sometimes appears. So, as if following the suggestion of some sweet spirit, he took his knife from his pocket, opened a blade, felt tenderly of its point, and seemed satisfied. Despair fled from the fat man's face and hope hung its rainbow there instead. He looked twenty years younger than he did ten minutes before.

He fixed the most aggressive of the balloons with his glittering eye, and with the knife poised between thumb and finger waited for an attack. Emboldened by recent victories the balloon bobbed nearer and nearer the fat man's nose. That was now showing plainly the effect of repeated assaults.

A carful of passengers watched the outcome with breathless interest.

The fat man had himself well in hand, and when the balloon came near enough he made a dexterous thrust with his knife-blade and, lo! the usefulness of that balloon was ruined in an instant. A moment before it was puffed up with an air of joy and gladness, and life for it had a rosy glow. It danced on the end of its string like a thing that knew no sorrow, and now where was it? There was a puff of escaping air, a gasping for breath, a wrinkling as of sudden old age, a letting go of all the things of this life, a complete and utter collapse—a shriveled, shrunken bit of red rubber hanging to a string, and that was all.

The fat man had stabbed it in a vital spot.

The woman clung to the strap, nor recked of the tragedy behind her.

The fat man stood up proud and erect, as a gladiator who had just rammed his brawny arm down the lion's throat and turned the beast inside out.

There was a lull in the battle, as if to give the two balloons time to bury their dead, and hostilities were renewed. It was plain that the two surviving balloons were suddenly seized with the spirit of red revenge. While the victor's smile still illumined the fat man's face and made more rubicund his nose, one of the balloons danced up his way and gave him a bat on the ear. He reached out for it with his right and missed, and the other one fetched him one on the nose.

The fat man felt again of his knife blade and smiled. The second balloon danced near, fell back again, rose to the full length of its string, quivered in the air a moment as if about to spring upon its victim, and——

Zip went the knife through the air and another balloon went to join that silent majority of one.

The fat man's face broadened to a foot and the woman still clung to the strap.

The one remaining balloon had more room and made the most of it. It felt that the day might still be won by a heroic effort, and hit the fat man fifteen or sixteen times with a rapidity that surprised the spectators. It would swipe him first on one side and then on the other. In trying to guard both ears he would leave his nose exposed and suffer by it. The jolly red balloon was as happy as a harvest moon and danced around as if it felt it would knock stars out of the sky.

The fat man was serene. Once more he felt of his trusty knife blade and smiled the same smile we have seen before. The balloon was hovering around waiting for an opening. The fat man made a feint as if to butt the balloon with his head, and when the balloon thought it was about to land safely on the fat man's ear, it felt a sharp pain in its side, and, presto! three limp and lifeless things were all that were left of three red and riotous balloons.

The woman turned to signal the conductor to stop the car, but saw them not. She swept the car with anxious eye from side to side and from end to end. She looked at the fat man, but he was gazing out of the car window and elsewhere.

At last the woman caught sight of the ghastly wreck of her three balloons. She gazed upon the limp ruins with deep disgust for a time, and then said:

"When a thievin' storekeeper sells me rotten balloons that won't hold together till I can get them home, I'll take it out of his dog-skin or I don't want a cent."

A type-written will has been declared valid by the courts of Berks county, Pennsylvania. This establishes the claim of typewriter work to be called "writing," while the patent office has officially classed it as "printing."

Patti's Voice and Age.

A bashful London reporter asked Patti how old she was and if she was losing her voice. "I was born early in the '40's, never mind the exact date," she said, "and as to losing my voice, the public, as a rule, do not seem to comprehend that the human voice, if preserved up to a certain period, will retain its richness and flexibility almost indefinitely. As you ought to know, I have always been careful of myself, and at no time has my voice suffered from overwork. Hence, I am as capable to-day of captivating an audience as I was many years ago. I don't use this term through egotism, but because I want to be frank. I expect that my voice will be as good in twenty years from now, if I continue to enjoy good health."

Young Wife (unrolling a new shirt)—I have a little surprise for you, Harold.

Young Husband—How kind of you, dear! Did—did you make it yourself?

Young Wife (proudly)—Every stitch of it, Harold.

Young Husband (holding it at arm's length)—I shall prize it as long as I live, Amelia. By the way—er—darling, what is it?

NAMES OF NEGROES.

The Curious Nomenclature That Originated in the Old Plantation Life.

Of course, on every plantation there were several negroes of the same name, and the negroes, who are apt at such things, used various and peculiar sobriquets to distinguish them. On my father's place there was an' Taller Liza, an' Black Liza and an' Pop Eyed Liza, an' Unker Big Jake, Unker Little Jake and Unker Knock-Kneed Jake. There were in one family three generations of Bens, all possessed of a mental or physical infirmity. The old man, who had been kicked in the head by a mule, was crazy. He spent his days and pretty nearly all his nights standing under a broad China tree preaching of the judgment day. He was Unker Fool Ben. His son, a middle-aged man, afflicted with an ulcer that made him lame, was Unker Hoppin' Ben. The grandson, who trembled with the palsy and besides was simple-minded, was Unker Chilly Ben. Though able-bodied, he was never required to do any work and wandered about the place without let or hindrance.

At the close of the war a large majority of the Southern negroes assumed the name of the family to which they belonged, getting it fearfully twisted, sometimes, as, for instance, Grim for Graham, Buskey for Arowhuski, etc. Some went back in search of names to their former owners in Virginia or Carolina, who had either lost them through debt or raised them to be sold to the negro speculator, who brought them further South to be sold again to work the cotton and rice plantations. In this way you will now find the grandfather of a family bearing the name of his old master in Virginia, the son that of his owner at the close of the war, while the grandson assumes some fanciful name suggested by circumstances. So I know an old man calling himself Jim Sanders. His son is Jim James, jr. There is not nor ever has been a Jim James, sr. His son, again, is Jim Grandson. Upon the plantations you still occasionally come across the once familiar names of Sambo, Cuffee, Dinah, Sukey, etc., but very rarely even there. Grandisons, Mortimers, Leilas, Nathalies, etc., have taken their places. Bible names, with explanatory prefixes and suffixes, are great favorites among the devout portion of the negro community. The man who works my garden is King David Jonsing. My woodcutter is Rev. Solermon Wiseman, who, like St. Paul, does not disdain with his own hands to minister to his necessities. Besides these, I number among my acquaintance Rev. Simon Surrender and Holy Tabernacle, Brother John the Baptist Tubbs and Elder William Wineglass, a somewhat intemperate name for the calling. Among the more secular are Mr. Jack Hyena and Prince Albert Hardtimes, a happy equality between the aristocrat and the plebeian. The lusty young negro man who, with Webster's spelling book and a hickory, teaches the colored idea how to shoot, has chosen the name of Professor Sam Cape of Good Hope. A black Vulcan, hammering sparks from his anvil, dubs himself Sampson Lightening. The butcher's boy, who comes whistling into the yard with his basket upon his arm and has a face as black as ebony, answers to the name of Ivory Temple. A little colored female tramp from the country, who comes to me once a week, totin' a bundle of lighter'd on her head, which she offers to exchange for "a nick or two em'ty flasses" (flasks), announcing herself as Miss Annerlizer Purse. An empty purse, evidently, for she never fails to wind up the trade by asking: "Ain't yer got nuthin' t'eat yer kin give me?"—[Philadelphia Times.

HAPPY NELLIE GRANT SARTORIS.

She Loves England—Mrs. Grant Alone in Her Darkened House.

If anybody imagines that Nellie Grant Sartoris is dying of home sickness for the friends, scenes and associates of her happy girlhood he is vastly mistaken. Mrs. Sartoris is more than contented with her English home. She could not be induced to live in the States again. In this city she would be plain Mrs. Sartoris, the daughter of an ex-president, while abroad she is honored, courted and worshiped as a sort of daughter of an American king and the descendant of the greatest warrior the new world has ever known. Her position in society is enviable, her country home is beautiful, she moves in an exclusive set, selects her friends and has the air, manner, appearance and accent of an English thoroughbred.

Mrs. General Grant lives in the beautiful home presented to the General shortly after his retirement from public life, surrounded by every comfort and luxury that her taste craves. Singularly enough she is alone in the big house, which is kept so closely curtained that the visitor who is admitted before lamplight has to feel his way about the long salon to avoid falling over the furniture. So heavy is the gloom that pervades the house even on the brightest, sunniest day that the keenest eyes are powerless to determine the complexion or possible changes in the face of the great soldier's widow. This aversion to the cheer of sunlight can only be accounted for among the eccentricities of Mrs. Grant, who, though sixty-four years of age, is younger in face and feeling than most women of fifty. Her eyes are bright, she has good color, a smooth skin, her bearing is easy and erect and there is not a tress of white hair on her head. She enjoys perfect health and her manner and conversation are those of a well-satisfied and mentally serene woman.

Barring her sight, which has always been poor, she is in the enjoyment of all her faculities and perfect health. Her household consists of an English butler and three maid servants, one of whom acts as secretary, reads the paper and takes the dictation for the book of memoirs which Webster will bring out and from which this world-travelled widow is likely to realize a fortune.

A Very Pretty Makeshift.

At a recent fashionable gathering at Music Hall I was so struck at the novel beauty of the front of a jacket waist worn by a lady friend of mine, that I called on her the next day for a closer inspection of the garment, says a writer in the Globe-Democrat. I was surprised when she told me she had it no longer. It was a makeshift for that evening of handkerchiefs only. Three of them were pinned together, each folded first to a triangle, and then folded again. The front parts, which cross each other, give the whole the appearance of an elaborate chemisette. Another combination of handkerchiefs for the same purpose is in the directoire style. The small handkerchief in China silk, which can be washed, or in crepe de chine, embroidered with colored silk, are well adapted for this purpose.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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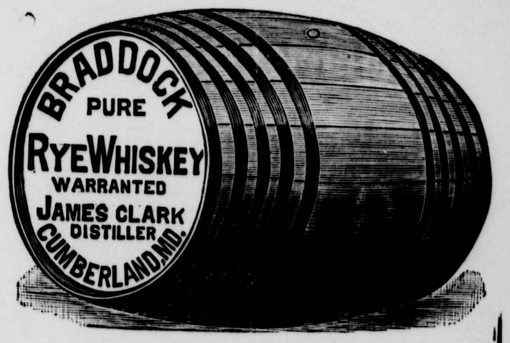

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