

FOR THE LADIES.

A Novelty in Costumes. Some beautiful costumes for Saratoga or Newport have been imported in boxes, arranged beneath the glass to show the effect when made. These are partly of the new Bayonnaise wool in colors, draped over flounces of cotton satteen, on which are printed roses and foliage so admirably done that it is mistaken for hand-painting. The basque, for instance, is of dark porcelain blue Bayonnaise, with a vest of pale blue satteen, on which is a special design to represent a hand-painted vine of tea-roses. A new white lace outlines the vest in platings, and trims the neck and sleeves. The bouffant apron drapery is of the Bayonnaise without trimming. The flounces of the lower skirt, of which there is a very wide one box-plaited above two narrower ones, are of the light blue satteen, with a separate design of tea-roses, leaves and buds imprinted on each. Lace adorns the flounces, and a glimpse of the dark blue is seen at the foot. Above these flounces all of the lower skirt that is visible is shirred in puffs around the skirt. In the box with this suit is a parasol of the lightest blue satin, bordered with a rose wreath, lined with blue silk, and having a stick like a fishing-rod. There is also a fan of the pale blue, with creamy roses and sticks of white wood. Another bit of French coquetry is a red beetle an inch long of gilt and stone that is resting on the plaited lace of the dress front. This single beetle is discovered on other French costumes, sometimes reposing on the left shoulder, while on other dresses it is transferred to the sleeve.—Hesper's Bazaar.

Fashion Notes. A profusion of lace trims round hats. Steel trimmings are fast superseding jet.

Stripes will be worn for traveling suits. Bengaline is the new name for Sicilienne.

Satin merveilleux is the present name for surs.

Jet-headed Spanish lace trims many imported suits.

Mantles with havelock capes attached will be worn.

Shirred visite mantles appear among other spring wraps.

Cheese cloth comes in a much improved form for summer suits.

Enis and pansols match fancy costumes for country seaside wear.

Large white collars of linen batiste will be much worn in the summer.

Fringes, as well as flowers, and satins de Lyons, come in shaded effects.

Small mantles and shoulder-capes will be worn as soon as the weather permits.

Large-figured cretonne costumes will be revived for indoor and country wear.

Mantels are trimmed with high fringes of plaited lace around the neck and shoulders.

New Lisle thread and silk gloves have long, loose, but tonless wrists reaching half-way to the elbow.

The high plaited fringes about the neck and shoulders of summer mantles give them a very dressy look.

Steel and jet and steel and gold passementeries, in flower and fruit designs, trim black satin and velvet costumes very effectively.

Very long gloves are more and more popular; the arms are now covered while the throat is exposed.

Handkerchief suits are much in favor for little girls this spring, and are more suitable and becoming to them than to ladies of mature years.

Poke bonnets of drawn silk or satin are now worn with large wreaths of wild roses, and folds of beaded black tulle arranged like a diadem around the crown.

Moire is decidedly taking rank among the fabrics for dressy toilets. It is worn not only in its original state, but is also combined with plain satin. It is often used for trimming dresses of plain woolen material as well as in conjunction with richer fabrics.

SAVED FROM SAVAGES.

Thrilling Adventure Among the Apaches—Rescuing White Women from the Indians in Arizona. During the brief but memorable war waged by the late Apache chief, Victorio, against the white and Mexican inhabitants of Arizona and New Mexico, many incidents occurred, which for intensity of dramatic interest, have few parallels in the pages of history or romance. Last summer a few days after Victorio and his pitiless band had made one of their ruthless incursions upon a settlement near the Maricopa Wells, on the Gila road, word reached Tucson that two white women were captives in an Apache camp in the Santa Cruz mountains, some seventy-five or eighty miles distant. How the report was brought I cannot say. There was certainly no regular communication between the city and the camp, by telegraph or telephone, and it is hardly to be supposed, as is usually the case, that the squaws circulated the rumor, and gave it such impetus that it was carried to Tucson, where it was fairly credited, and it proved to be true enough. It made a good deal of excitement in the city, and the general sentiment was that something ought to be done to effect the rescue of the captives. But what was to be done? No one at first seemed capable of suggesting. The force at Camp Crittenden was small, and even had it been numerous it would have availed nothing, because upon the approach of troops the Indians would have fled to some of the inaccessible fastnesses of the mountains, and perhaps murdered their unhappy prisoners. The subject was discussed in all its phases, and every plan proposed for the relief of the unfortunate women had been rejected as impracticable, when suddenly some one asked: "Where's Charlie Dupont? He's the man we want for an occasion like this. It may be done, and it can be done. Charlie will do it, and make no fuss about it, either."

The suggestion was eagerly caught up and assented to, and a search was at once commenced for Charlie Dupont. He was of French extraction, his mother being a woman of the Aricoree tribe, among whom his sire had trapped, traded and hunted for many years. Charles was a feminine-looking young fellow, whose dark, slender moustache barely reached the appearance of effeminacy, and whose eyes, which were quiet and unassuming, yet he was regarded by those who knew him as every inch a hero—a terrible fellow in a fight or at a fandango, and one of the most daring and successful scouts our troops had ever employed in their warfare against the scourges of our Territory.

What do you say, Charlie? Can you do anything for these women? "Yes, I think I can," he replied, deliberately and contentedly. "Give me a good man to go with me, and I will see what I can do." It was not a very difficult matter to find men willing to accompany him on his proposed perilous expedition, so much chance was placed on his courage, and on his Indian name. He selected as his companion Billy Tallman, a reckless sort of fellow when in the white settlements, but whom a long and dangerous experience as a driver on the Tucson and Mesilla stage route had rendered cool and wary among the haunts of the savages. He was a man totally different from Dupont in manner and personal appearance, but like him, would "do to die" under any circumstances and amid any surroundings peculiar to an unsettled community.

In a very short time the two adventurers were equipped and mounted for their enterprise. Good horses were placed at their disposal. Armed with their trusty Spencer carbines and Colt's revolvers, and provided with a small quantity of provisions, and having ascertained as nearly as might be the location of the camp they proposed to visit, they sprang to their saddles and were soon riding rapidly across the mesa, threading their way among the cañons, and pursuing as straight a course toward their destination as the nature of the ground permitted. Their horses were fresh and they kept steadily to their work, passing their time with song and jest, or with some conversation concerning the delicate and important mission they had undertaken. It was scarcely noon when they started, and by nightfall they had covered more than half the distance they had to traverse. Then, as their steeds showed signs of weariness, they halted, picketed the animals, ate a frugal meal, wrapped their selves in blankets, and lay down upon the ground, and were soon to sleep by the shrill voices of scores of hungry coyotes.

After a refreshing slumber, in spite of the cowardly beasts which dared not approach within effective shooting distance by the starlight, the two adventurers were awake and alert with the early dawn, and, having breakfasted, saddled their horses and proceeded on their way. As the moon they began to ascend the mountain slopes, where their progress became slower and more toilsome. They were now approaching the camp which they were in quest, but of its location they knew nothing accurately, and must trust to luck and accident to reveal to them its whereabouts. They now proceeded more carefully, keeping their eyes well about them, discovering only in whispers, and favoring their progress by selecting the easiest grades and smoothest ground for the ascent of the mountain. Fortune favored them, as she sometimes not always, favors the brave. Having reached a considerable elevation, they were making their way through a wooded dell when they came upon a half-naked savage, who, after a hasty observation of the intruders, turned and ran directly from them, walking toward the camp, evidently intending to alarm the camp.

"What shall we do?" said Tallman. "Follow him close," replied Dupont, and giving their horses the spur they ran the fleeing redskin into the camp, which turned out in confusion to ascertain the cause of the uproar. But few males made their appearance, however, and these mostly old and decrepit, while a considerable number of squaws and children were seen scurrying toward the rocks and timber. A few shots from their carbines scattered the males, and then, seeing a group of squaws hastening toward a ledge of rocks on the upper side of the dell, they turned their horses' heads in that direction and dashed among them. Their boldness was rewarded by finding in this group the women of whom they were in search—one an American and the other a Mexican, and both, notwithstanding the grief and anxiety depicted upon their countenances, fair to see. The hags who had them in charge were loth to let them go, but our heroes, dismounting, swung the captives by main force, to the squaws, and then springing on behind them, began their retreat.

This was a much more difficult feat than the advance, for the Indians who had at first supposed they were assailed by a detachment of troops, now discovered that their assailants were but two in number, and were mally to cut off their retreat. A running fight ensued, in which the deadly accuracy of the carbines told for good advantage, while, on the other hand, the nature of the ground gave the savages opportunities for ambushes which they were not slow to improve. Only the proverbial cowardice of the Apaches saved alive our heroes and their precious charges, exposed as they were to assaults from every side, unable to urge their jaded and over-weighted horses to any satisfactory degree, were easily able to keep up with them and harass them from behind trees, rocks and bushes with a rapid discharge of both arrows and firearms, the number of their warriors having evidently received an accession, while the squaws and children kept up an infernal uproar of hoots and yells. Dupont's horse got an arrow in his shoulder, which rendered him almost unmanageable, and Mrs. Benedict, the American lady, who occupied Tallman's saddle, received a bullet-wound in the fleshy part of her arm. As soon, therefore, as they reached a convenient spot, the little party stood at bay, and the fight began in earnest. The rapidity of the carbine fire soon partially silenced the volleys of the Indians, who now stalked and crept, and checked their opportunities; but every time one of them raised his head it attracted a bullet, and it is almost certain that several of them were converted into good Indians by the gospel of lead. It looked that way to our heroes, who, although they had no way of ascertaining the fact, felt sure that some of their shots were effective by the evident commotion of the enemy, and the fact that with each volley they became more cautious and retiring, and at last withdrew from the field, when our friends lost no time in getting down from the mountains and putting a good piece of ground between themselves and the redskins.

Their camp that night was carefully chosen and strictly guarded, but they suffered no further molestation, and in due time arrived in Tucson with the rescued captives, who were received with the active and cordial sympathy which grows only on the wild soil of the Western Territories and Pacific States. It was found impossible, however, to restore them to their friends, for these, alas! had been murdered by the Indians. Mrs. Benedict was, at her own request, sent to the Maricopa River, where she remained in Tucson and in due time married to an American in respectable standing. As for Charlie Dupont and Billy Tallman, the boys applauded them; and that, beyond their consciousness of having done a good and brave thing, was the extent of their reward. And, doubtless, if necessary, they would undertake a similar adventure upon the same terms.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Fight Between Stallions.

Lady Florence Dixie, whose work "Across Patagonia," has attracted considerable attention, rode in man fashion in that country, and apparently for that reason was able to follow game for hours, to throw herself from her horse, and otherwise conduct herself like the man of the party. Readers of her exciting book will remember the excellent description of the contest between a tame and a wild stallion. Lady Florence saw such a sight, the interest deepened by the fact that the wild stallion very nearly succeeded in driving off their mares to add to his own. "We are lost," cried the guides, simultaneously, and, filled with dismay, we all stood still, perfectly paralyzed at the thought of the position we should be in without horses and man. He selected as his companion Billy Tallman, a reckless sort of fellow when in the white settlements, but whom a long and dangerous experience as a driver on the Tucson and Mesilla stage route had rendered cool and wary among the haunts of the savages. He was a man totally different from Dupont in manner and personal appearance, but like him, would "do to die" under any circumstances and amid any surroundings peculiar to an unsettled community. In a very short time the two adventurers were equipped and mounted for their enterprise. Good horses were placed at their disposal. Armed with their trusty Spencer carbines and Colt's revolvers, and provided with a small quantity of provisions, and having ascertained as nearly as might be the location of the camp they proposed to visit, they sprang to their saddles and were soon riding rapidly across the mesa, threading their way among the cañons, and pursuing as straight a course toward their destination as the nature of the ground permitted. Their horses were fresh and they kept steadily to their work, passing their time with song and jest, or with some conversation concerning the delicate and important mission they had undertaken. 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How They Fled It.

Young widows are not generally averse to theater-going, neither was Madam D., a resident of Rue de Faubourg, St. Honore at Paris, when, the other day, the postman brought her an envelope with two stall tickets—one for her the other for her little son—for the representation of a new and fashionable piece at a well-known playhouse. Upon the paper, stamped with a count's coronet, she found the mysterious words: "Be punctual. My seat is behind yours." Was there any one of the visitors of the building more punctual for the opening accents of the overture than she? Not even her generous anonymous had learnt the act of punctuality so well as she—the seat behind her was empty and remained so. There she sat, waiting for the interesting acquaintance she had hoped to meet. Many a time the door of the stall was opened, but that seat behind hers remained unoccupied for a long, long time. At last Madam D. lost patience, and considering herself neglected most outrageously, left the theater. She drove home directly, and—oh horror! found the door of her dwelling open, her presses and safes forced open and emptied of every object worth carrying off. She concluded that her anonymous friend had, after all, been punctual to his appointment, and vowed she would never again accept of tickets from a stranger.—Paris Letter.

"An Egyptian disposition" is a thievish propensity, "gy-y" being a contraction of Egyptian.

Words of Wisdom.

It is easy finding reasons why other people should be patient. Nature is content with little, grace with less, but lust with nothing. To give pain is the tyranny, to make happy the true empire of beauty. Divine vengeance comes with feet of lead, but strikes with hands of iron. He who hears much from others, finds that they, after a while, bear much from him.

The habit of saving is hard in the acquiring; but, sometimes, too easy in the retaining. The envious man sees no means of equaling the person above him, save by pulling him down. God hears the heart without the words, but he never hears the words without the heart.

Agriculture is the foundation of manufactures, since the productions of nature are the materials of art. God's laws were never designed to be like cobwebs, which catch the little and snuff the large ones to break through. Length of days is wisdom's right-hand blessing, typical of eternal life; but it is in her left hand that are riches and honor.

Ignorance and deceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. It is easier to dispute with a statesman than a blockhead. Events are not determined by the wheel of fortune, which is blind, but by the wheels of Providence, which are full of eyes.

Make a good beginning of living in youth; for your after life will be too busy about its own concerns to return to mementos. A slave has but one master; the ambitious man has as many masters as there are persons whose aid will contribute to the advancement of his fortune. No one puts to sea in a storm; neither should you rebuke a man in the midst of anger. When the waves are at rest is the time to begin a voyage; and when the man's passions are calmed is the opportunity to reconstrute with him.

He Didn't "Bunko." The bunko men who sat down in Detroit six weeks ago to make their pile have had a hard time of it, and must be about ready to leave. Fact is, the game is too old to work on our citizens, and strangers who reach here are generally pretty well posted on all sorts of games to deceive. The other day there was a dreadfully innocent-looking farmer doing a little trading at a Woodward avenue harness store, when one of the bunko steers got after him for a sheepskin. After following the stranger long enough to learn his name and place of residence, he suddenly confronted him on the corner with: "Hello! Mister Smith! Well, well!"

"You've got the start of me," said the old man as he looked bunko over. "But I know you. You live just outside the corporation limits of Blankville, and have got one of the best farms in the county." "Yes, that's so, and who is you?" "I am a brother of the postmaster." "Is that so?" "Yes, and I've seen you in the post-office a hundred times. How are all the folks?" "All well, I believe." "The farmer not only knew what bunko was, but his son was postmaster at Blankville. Nevertheless he asked: "Seen your brother lately?" "Not for three months, but I'm coming up there next week." "Sure you've seen my farm, are you?" "Sure? Say, didn't you miss some early pears one night last fall?" "Yes."

"Well, I—ha! ha! I'm a great lover of early pears, and I was there about that time." "Say, I'd like to speak to you," said the farmer as he looked up and down the street. "Certainly. Then we'll have a glass of beer together and I'll show you around town." The two walked up Congress street to Bates, and half-way down Bates to Larned, and then the farmer reached for the collar of the bunko chap and said: "When I found them pears gone I swore I'd lick the thief if I had to live a hundred years to do it!" "But I—!" "Stole my pears, did you—robbed my pet pees, eh?" growled the farmer as he slammed the young man around.

"No! no! never." "Lying won't help you a bit!" muttered the old man, and he put on steam and cracked the boy's heels together, slammed him against a brick wall and flung him on a snow-bank with only breath enough left in his body to agitate a feather, while his store clothes were a sad sight to see. "He stole my airy pears last fall," explained the old man as several persons came running up, "and if I hadn't got 'em back, I'd have to wait till some other time. He'll come to directly, and if he feels like talkin' he'll give you all the little particulars!"

But when bunko was helped to his feet he wouldn't say a word, and was in such a hurry to get somewhere that he wouldn't stop to dig the snow out of his back hair.—Detroit Free Press.

Story of a Picture.

Richard Gibbs, ex-minister to Peru from the United States, narrates the following anecdote: At the centennial exhibition Gibbs was greatly attracted by the picture of "Yankee Doodle." It pleased him so much that he bought a chromo of it and took it with him to Peru. He arrived home in time to get "open house" on the Fourth of July, and this picture was the center of attraction throughout the entire day. The heart of every American who looked upon it was stirred to the very depths, and some of them actually shed tears. Many of them were not satisfied with one look, but returned again and again to gaze upon this pictured semblance which aroused all their patriotism and love of country. One man, an American, an attaché of the government, came back late in the evening and asked permission to look once more upon the picture, saying he believed it would cure him of home-sickness. He gazed at it long and earnestly, and he parted with streaming eyes and trembling lips. The news came in the morning that this man had died during the night, far from home and kindred, with nothing but the memory of this picture to comfort him.

Popular trial shows the worth of every article; and thirty-four years constant use has proven the great efficacy of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; it is no superior.

Dashing It Off.

The first and most prevalent misconception of tyros is, that an article or a poem, to be brilliant, must be "dashed off." They have heard, of course, that Johnson wrote "Rasselas" in a week; that Byron was only thirteen days over "The Corsair"; that Scott was scarcely double that time in writing a volume of "Waverley"; and that Burns composed "Tam O'Shanter" between dinner and tea. But they forget that before these tasks were accomplished Johnson had composed and published what would fill volumes; Byron had already spent the best of his years in the constant practice of his pen; Scott had edited the Border ballads, the works of Swift and Dryden, and written the greatest of his poems; and that Burns was an expert and practiced in verse making as a long experience in the art could possibly make even him. Apart altogether from the question of the super-eminent genius of all these men, they did not attain to this degree of literary celebrity all at once.

They did not jump into it as a man may get into a suit of clothes. It was in each case the result of the unvaried practice of their art. There have been instances, such as that of the poet Campbell, where the genius ripened early and where the first work was the best, but this is very rare even in the ranks of genius. The rule in these ranks has rather been on the side of unmitigated labor in correcting and perfecting their compositions. Many of them, such as Gibbon, wrote and re-wrote the first of their productions three or four times over, and after all, when they saw their work in print, have been known to declare that they thought they could still improve it were they to write it over yet again! It may be taken, therefore, as a fundamental rule in the attainment of literary excellence to spare no labor in perfecting and polishing and to leave no word or sentence or passage unimproved that still seems to admit of improvement. Attention to this would save many a young writer some of his bitterest disappointments.—Chambers' Journal.

A very large amount of money is alleged to be due to East Florida claimants for losses of 1812. [Sparta (Wis. Herald.)] As an exhibition of the intrinsic worth of St. Jacobs Oil, we think the case referred to, that of Mrs. O. W. Hubbard, of this town, cured of Sciatic Rheumatism, of long standing, by the Oil, is certainly striking, and beyond all doubt, credit as to its efficacy. The remedy has our indorsement.

Egbert was the first king of all England, and William the Conqueror was the first Norman king of England. The French dynasties were the Merovingian, Carolingian, Capet, Anjou, Bourbon, Napoleonian and the Orleansist. [St. Louis Chronicle.] Trial by Jury. Some believe that even this form of trial is not perfectly free from prejudice. But in our section St. Jacobs Oil has been tried by that great jury—the public—and been judged the infallible cure for rheumatism and all painful diseases.

Louisiana was sold to the United States in 1803 for \$15,000,000. It would have been a mere bagatelle for Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt to have made the purchase. Never Return. It is said that one out of every four men who go to Europe, to recover health never return to the East or South except as a corpse. The undertakers, next to the hotel keepers, have the most profitable business. These excessive mortality may be prevented and patients saved and cured under the care of friends and loved ones at home, if they will but use Hop Bitters in time. This we know, see other columns.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age. For over thirty-four years Dr. J. C. WATKINS' LUNGS has been warranted to cure Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh of the Lungs, and all other ailments of the Throat, Lungs and Chest. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and is sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents. Depot, 12 Murray Street, New York.

A GOOD FAMILY REMEDY! STRICTLY PURE. ALLEN'S LUNG BALM. (This engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.)

What the Doctors Say. "Dr. FLETCHER, of Lexington, Missouri, says: 'I recommend your "Lungs" in preference to any other medicine for coughs and colds.'"

For all Diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Chest, it will be found a most effective remedy. DR. J. C. WATKINS, of New York, writes of this wonderful cure of Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh of the Lungs, and all other ailments of the Throat, Lungs and Chest. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and is sold in bottles of 25 and 50 cents. Depot, 12 Murray Street, New York.

AS AN EXPECTORANT IT HAS NO EQUAL! IT CONTAINS NO OPIUM IN ANY FORM! J. N. HARRIS & CO., Proprietors, GREENWICH, N. Y. For Sale by all Druggists. Sold by McEASON & HOBBS, New York.

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AGENTS WANTED. \$50 per Annum. MARYLAND FARMERS, \$7 to \$25 per Acre. Superior water, breezy situation, healthy climate. Call on H. J. CLARK, 110 Broadway, N. Y. City.

YOUNG MEN. Learn Telegraphy. Earn \$100 per Month. Graduate guaranteed position offered. Address: J. N. HARRIS & CO., GREENWICH, N. Y.

PETROLEUM JELLY. Used and approved by the leading PHYSICIANS OF EUROPE AND AMERICA. The most valuable Family Remedy known.

"KENTUCKY BLUE STEMS." Many grow to weight 10 lbs. New Fresh Seed, 5c per lb. 60 cts. 1/2 lb. 40 cts. 1/4 lb. 25 cts. 5 cts. Mailed free.

H. JOHNSTON & SON, LEBANON, N. Y. SCRAP BOOK CARDS. Chromo, Gold, Silver, 10c. 1/2 lb. 50 cts. 1/4 lb. 25 cts. 5 cts. Mailed free.

SALESMEN WANTED. A Month and Expenses. Address: J. N. HARRIS & CO., GREENWICH, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE. For Consumption is also the best Cough Medication.

Marplot is a blundering, good-natured, meddlesome man, very inquisitive, too officious by half, and always bumbling whatever he interferes with.

"One thing at a time" was the famous De Witt's great maxim. Being asked how he was able to dispatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged, he replied that his whole art consisted in doing one thing at a time.

"You Don't Know Their Value." They cured me of Ague, Biliousness and Kidney Complaint, as recommended. I had a half bottle left which I used for my two little girls, whom the doctors and neighbors said could not be cured. I am confident I should have cured both of them one night if I had not had the Hop Bitters in my house to use. I found they did them so much good I continued with them, and they are now well. This is why I say you do not know the value of Hop Bitters, and do not recommend them highly enough.—B. Rochester, N. Y.

The cause of the war between Chili and Peru is traceable to the strife for ownership of long standing, of the rich guano and saltpeter mines in that region. Don't Take Any Chance on Life. When Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure will regulate and keep you healthy at all times.

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