

Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., August 9, 1889.

AND BENJAMIN BEGAT RUSSELL.

Wreath round my head a gloria,
Put in my hair the blue;
I've dined with Queen Victoria,
I am the President's son,
My pull at home my pull abroad,
Are big beyond comparison;
And as for Blaine and Platt, good Lord,
They're boys to Russell Harrison.

Talk not of the authority
Of the Scots and the McKees;
By an immense majority
I beat them, if you please.
I give to pals and college chums
Good evidence material,
That fastest office easiest comes
To friends of the Prince Imperial.

Let envious, mephitical
Foes at me rage and cuss;
Safe is my strength political,
There are no flies on Russ.
The slings and arrows spitefully
Threw at me, leave no scar;
I trust the philoprogenitive
Instincts of my papa.

Against my cheek's strong garrison
All take comes attack;
I'm Harrison of Harrison,
And have the word in track.
The press, I scorn the gab in it;
What's all it's talk to me?
I'm stronger than the Cabinet,
And even Baby McKee.

When, ripe and ripe the apple is,
I pluck it from the tree;
Nizam of India, apostle,
My father's othered me;
Powerless is my power steering
My comfort to annoy,
Or change the fact I'm uttering;
I am the White House boy.

—New York Sun.

My college days were over. Alma Mater had done with me, and in a week I should occupy a desk in a dingy law-office, and enter upon a profession in which I was expected to make a great figure.

My grandfather Briggs, in writing to the family, declared that "Albert knew enough and had left college," and secretly I coincided in her opinion. I have spent many years since that day in discovering that I knew nothing to speak of. But the college graduate recently launched upon the world always believes that it holds very little more for him to learn.

My "education," in fact, constantly boiled over, and I was continually instructing people who probably knew more than I did on the subject under discussion.

In this frame of mind, with a new wardrobe, and plenty of money in my pocket, I left home. I was to board with an old friend of my mother's who received me as a favor into a strictly private family; and I confess that when I heard that it numbered upon its list several young ladies, I pictured myself as making conquests; for I had no more doubt of my powers of fascination than I had of my erudition.

As I took my seat in the train, I felt a contemptuous pity for the poor, ignorant souls about me—for the fat man with the luncheon in a greasy newspaper; for the dandy with a single eye-glass, and the plain, blunt-fatured mechanic with his tools in his bag. Even the prosperous business man conversing with a friend concerning stocks filled me with emotions of contempt; for he was troubled by an occasional desire to murder the Queen's English. And I should have liked to have posed the Methodist clergyman, who was traveling with his wife and a large family—all twins—with a Greek quotation or two. In fact, I fancied that every one ought to know that he was in presence of Homer P. Jenks, A. B., a graduate of —College, and a young man who, in the opinion of his grandaunt Briggs, "knew enough."

Possessed by the idea of my superiority to common mortals, I reversed the seat before me, placed my baggage upon it, put up my feet, and with a volume, the cover of which proclaimed that it was no light novel, and fell to reading. However, the day was warm, the book a sedative, and I shortly closed my eyes "to rest them." Naturally, the next thing to do was to fall asleep. I did it; and only awakened when the train came to a pause, and a dozen passengers bustled in.

I knew that some of them stopped and looked at the three seats which I had appropriated to myself in connection with my own. But what were all these common folks to Homer P. Jenks, B. A., etc. I kept my feet up. I did not move my parcels and portmanteau from the cushion. In fact, I took no notice of them whatever.

Suddenly a voice uttered these words: "Please move your feet; I want to sit down."

The tone was autocratic. I had a good mind to say "No," but somehow coward failed me. Therefore, I slowly put down one foot after another, folded my arms, and stared at nothing with an air of supreme contempt, while the lady squeezed herself in, pushed my bag to one side, placed her own where it had stood, and made herself generally comfortable—at the same time making room for an old gentleman of very modest aspect, who was more polite than she, and said, "With your kind permission," as he took his seat.

As for the female—I called her female mentally—she wore a long cloth cloak that covered her from head to foot, and a thick blue veil over her face. In her arms she carried a pug dog, with that hideous and derisive black wrinkle across the nose which makes one fancy that a demonic spirit dwells within the swollen little body of the queer creature. Pugs are my detestation. "An ugly old maid!" I said to myself. "A very intrusive old person!" And as at this moment, the mild old gentleman looked amiably toward me, it occurred to me to use him as a vehicle for the expression of my opinion as to persons of her age and sex. Consequently, I nodded, and said, "Warm?"

He said, "Yes, for the season." And thereupon I began an oration. An old maid, I fancied, would have strong-minded tendencies. Thereupon, to infuriate her, I commented upon those

MY FIRST INTERVIEW.

women who desired the suffrage with extreme rancor.

Having finished this subject I began upon woman's vanity. I declared that it lasted as long as life did—that no woman was too old or plain to believe that she made conquests. Then, having expressed my opinion on females who carried dogs about in public, and I wished upon them the affection they should have reserved for their infants, I launched into a little lecture on "Woman," and denounced her as an inferior animal.

All this time the mild old gentleman listened as to one who speaks with authority, and merely replied with a nod or smile, a yes or no. He evidently appreciated my conversation, but the intrusive female whom I desired to annihilate simply goggled, and that very derisively.

This irritated me so much, that by way of revenge I opened the window and stuck my elbow out. It was very windy and extremely cold, but I bore the discomfort bravely until the female in the seat before me, after giving several coughs, shivering and wrapping a shawl about her person, turned the blue veil toward me, and delivered herself these words: "What that window?"

"It was not a request; it was a demand."

I felt under no obligation to reply politely.

"If you feel a draught, madam," I said curtly, "you can change your seat. There are others vacant in the carriage."

"There is one over there that would, I should say, be more comfortable," said the old gentleman.

The woman instantly arose, carrying her poodle with her, but leaving her bags and parcels where they were.

"Ah, these women," said I to the old gentleman. He shook his head. Thereupon considering him my partisan and being willing to confer a favor upon him, I began to instruct him in the elements of several of the sciences, giving him such information as the good uncle in the boy's story book always gives to the little nephew when he takes him out for a walk.

No doubt, I thought, this plain farmer or country storekeeper would gather from my conversation much which which to employ his mind during the lonely winter evenings. I felt benevolent and beamed upon him, and remarked:

"If you do not comprehend anything I say, mention it, and I will repeat it in simpler language."

Whereupon he replied:

"Yes, yes; I shall not hesitate, never fear." It was worth while instructing this old gentleman. I told him so when I shook hands with him and left him.

I sent my trunk to the house where I was to board, and went to a restaurant for dinner. I had several little things to see to, and they took the best part of the day.

Towards evening I made my way to the dwelling which was to be my home for some months at least, and found the servant just opening the door for the postman. She knew me, for I had often visited my friends, and said:

"Go right in sir; they are all in the back parlor."

I obeyed the suggestion. The carpet was soft and my footsteps inaudible. The parlors were drawn between the two rooms.

On the further side a very merry conversation was going on, and the company had just joined in a tremendous peal of laughter.

"I thought I should die," cried a high, clear, feminine voice. "I really thought I should die. I never saw such a bear in my life, and then to hear him instructing papa."

"He meant well," interpolated a mild, masculine voice, "and, really, if I had not known that what was preferred to run downhill, that the moon was an extinct planet, and that positive proof had been obtained that the world was round, and that an eclipse of the moon was caused by the earth's shadow upon it, how pleased I should have been to hear about it!"

Another peal of laughter followed; strange misgivings beset me; I was about to retire without announcing myself, when the voice of the servant behind me, crying: "Sure, Mr. Jenks, why didn't ye go in?" brought my hostess to the parlor.

"Why, Homer," she cried, "how mysteriously you must have arrived. I am so glad you came to-day, for I have friends with me you will like to meet, and I am sure they will appreciate you," and with her kind hand upon my arm, she led me into the back parlor, saying as she did so: "Professor X—, allow me to present my young friend, Mr. Homer P. Jenks. Miss Lesbia, permit me. Homer, Miss Lesbia, X—."

In those days I revered very few people; but Professor X—, the eminent scientist, was one of those few. I had heard of him often. The thought of an actual introduction to him, of having the honor of a little conversation with him, would have filled me with gratification at any other time, but as I stood before him, and he arose and held out his hand, and I recognized the mild old gentleman to whom I had imparted so much instruction, I devoutly wished that the floor would open and swallow me.

As for Miss X—, she held a hideous little poodle in her lap, and I knew at once that she was the lady of the blue veil whom I had treated so cavalierly; although, now that the veil and ulster were removed, I saw that she was a very beautiful young woman—in fact, the loveliest I had ever beheld.

Good breeding withheld them from any manifestations of their feelings. Mine were inexpressible. I retired as speedily as possible to a corner, and during the evening only spoke when addressed, and then in monosyllables, with "sir" and "madam" attached, and all night long I wanted to die, not only because of my absurd exhibition before the professor, and my rudeness to his daughter, but because I felt that in her charming person I had met the

one woman to whom I could have given my heart. In fact I had given it. I had fallen in love with her.

The X—s remained with my friends a fortnight. I have since heard that people who have been judged that time spoke me as the most modest young man they had ever known.

It was a long time before Miss Lesbia forgave me, and I bore a great deal of sarcasm with deep humility before she turned to me one day and said frankly: "Do you know, you are not half as bad as I thought you, after all, Mr. Jenks."

On the day of their departure, after Professor X— had bidden the others adieu, he came to me and held out both hands.

"Come to see us," he said. "You are getting over the bad effects of a college education very rapidly. It took me five years to do it."

Then we shook hands.

"It was some time before I found courage to accept the invitation, but at last I did so, and it is now fifteen years since Lesbia and I were married."

A Common Scold.

The activity of her tongue and the capricious character of her temper have gotten Mrs. Mary Brady, of Hudson county, New York, into considerable trouble. Her neighbors, who have suffered from her "tongue lashing," declare that she is a common scold, and upon a post of sugar and one-half ounce of combination of uncontrollable temper and tireless tongue is not a modern development. The termagant is of ancient origin, and the people of early times devised laws for her punishment.

An old English idea was to take the scolding woman to the most convenient river or pond and give her a good ducking. From the crude and unregulated enforcement of this plan was finally evolved the "ducking stool," a device which facilitated the operation of ducking, and served as a concrete and intelligible warning to the habitual scold. It was constructed on the "see-saw" principle, a chair being attached to one end of a board which worked on a pivot fixed in a post planted in the ground at the edge of the shore. The scolding woman, being strapped into the chair was soured up and down into the wa'er until she begged for mercy and promised to control her tongue.

The ducking stool act was imported from England, and has never been repealed in the country in which Mrs. Brady is to be tried, and under the law she is liable to a ducking. But whether this punishment will be inflicted is doubtful. The ducking stool has not been in use for nearly 100 years, and the fact that it was at last abandoned without effecting the suppression of the scolding women seems a confession that it is not entirely available for that purpose.

Perhaps, indeed, there is no permanent cure for the common scold.

Blackberry Cordial.

The Philadelphia Ledger, in its "Household," gives the following:

Blackberry cordial is among the important remedies for the medicinal shelf. It is such a simple and palatable astringent that it holds the cure of many long continued diarras and disorders of the digestion, and the fruit acid is particularly wholesome when hot weather sets up a complication or liver troubles. Now and for several weeks to come is the opportunity to make this cordial. Put in a tall stone jar that is set within an iron kettle, put sufficient hot water in the kettle, but none in the jar. When the fruit has cooked quite soft strain it through a thin flannel bag, first wetting the bag thoroughly in hot water. To each two quarts of the juice add one pound of sugar, and one-half ounce of each of the following ground spices: Cloves, cinnamon and allspice, with a half ounce grated nutmeg. Boil spices, syrup and sugar together, the spices in a thin null bag. Skim the syrup until it begins to look rich. About fifteen minutes is sufficient time. When cold add one pint of whiskey or brandy (whiskey is just as good as all that is wanted is the amount of alcohol to preserve the cordial) to this proportion of fruit juice. Put an additional half-pound of sugar into the cold syrup after adding the whiskey. Bottle immediately and cork tightly. Instead of the other spices you may use cloves and nutmeg alone, in increased quantity. A tablespoonful of blackberry cordial for a grown person is the dose.

Longfellow and Children.

The great poet was always fond of children. He loved not only those of his own family, but the children of others who were many children who visited him often, and were always entertained by Mr. Longfellow with great kindness. Mrs. Annie Fields gives an extract from her husband's diary which tells how one of the poet's small friends tried to show his affection in a practical way.

"I remember there was one little boy of whom he was very fond, and who came often to see him. One day the child looked earnestly at the long rows of books in the library, and at length asked, 'Have you Jack the Giant-Killer?' Longfellow was obliged to confess that his great library did not contain that venerated volume. The little fellow looked very sorry, and presently slipped down from the poet's knee and went away; but the next morning Longfellow saw him coming up the walk with something tightly clasped in his little fist. The child had brought two cents with which Longfellow was to buy a Jack the Giant-Killer of his own.

WHY HE DID NOT STAY.—Young Fitzpeter (waiting for Miss Gusher to come down) to Johnny—"Your sister has some very pretty flowers in the bay window, Johnny." Johnny (who is always around)—"Now you're talking, mister. She told Miss Buster yesterday that she'd like to add you to the collection." Fitzpeter (delighted)—"Ah, how clever! What sort of flower did she propose to call me?" Johnny—"A monkey plant." When Miss Gusher comes down to receive the caller, Johnny is alone, trying to tack the cat's tail to the floor.—Drakes' Magazine.

Catching a Big Horn Allive.

The Only Instance on Record of This Very Remarkable Feat.

"There is only one instance in record of a man actually capturing and holding by his unaided strength a wild Rocky mountain sheep," said A. P. Horton, an old Montana ranchman, "and that apparently impossible feat was performed by a Pennsylvania man named Frank J. Baker. Any one who knows anything about the big horn sheep of the Rockies knows that, generally speaking, it would be about as easy a thing to get his hands on one of the wary and agile animals as it would be to grab a streak of lightning. In the first place, to get within even an long rifle range of a big horn, unless by accident, is something that the most expert mountain hunters have been able to do only by the greatest strategy, the severest toil and great risk to life and limb, to such almost inaccessible fastnesses does the sharp eye, keen scent, sure footed big horn retire with ease at the first indication of danger. The animal is instinctively suspicious, cautious beyond any animal that lives, and possessed of marvelous powers of speed and skill in making its way over places that are inaccessible to the most nimble footed of any other American beast. The Rocky mountain sheep is the champion of this continent. I have known a hunter to follow a big horn for two weeks, day after day, until he had trailed it almost to the clouds on the breast of the Sierras before he managed to get it within reach of his rifle. For this reason the capture of one of these sheep in a struggle at close quarters must stand as one of the most extraordinary of physical feats. Although it was only five years ago when it was accomplished, big horn sheep were then comparatively plenty in Montana. It isn't likely that one could be found to-day within a thousand miles of the spot where Baker distinguished himself with this particular one."

"Baker had a cattle ranch near Boulder, Mon. He was not out hunting the day he captured his sheep, but came upon it suddenly at the foot of a smouldering bank, which was crowned by an almost perpendicular cliff twenty feet high. Baker was accompanied by one of his shepherd dogs, which had been trained for hunting. The sheep bounded up the sloping bank, closely followed by the dog. The high cliff cut off its flight up the mountain, and on reaching it the big horn took in the situation at once and turned on to the dog. Standing with its rump against the cliff the sheep presented its formidable front to the dog. The dog was wise enough to keep out of reach of the tremendous battering ram the sheep wielded one blow from which would have smashed the skull of a buffalo bull, but kept the animal at bay by safe and noisy maneuvers."

"Baker quickly took in the strategic position of the situation, and made up his mind that by a bold and risky movement he might be able to do what he had never heard of any man doing before, and that was to make the big horn his prisoner. He sneaked around and gained the summit of the cliff, and climbed along it until he was directly above the big horn, which stood on the edge of the ledge and alighted astride the sheep's back, and throwing his arms around its neck locked his fingers together and brought all the pressure he was capable of to bear on the big horn's smouldering throat. The great Baker struck the sheep's back the big animal lost all interest in the dog, and made two or three tremendous bounds along the hill, and then threw itself on the ground and rolled over and over down the bank. In that brief but terrific journey Baker was stripped of nearly all his clothes and was mashed almost breathless, but he held on to the sheep like grim death. The dog took an active part in the struggle, but the sheep paid no attention to him, putting all of his energy into efforts to loosen himself of Baker's burden."

"The yells that Baker set up, and the noise made by the dog, were heard by one of Baker's men at the ranch, a quarter of a mile away. The struggle between Baker and the sheep had taken them some distance from the hill, and they were in sight of the ranch. The hired man grabbed a gun and hurried to the scene of the struggle. Baker was naked, bleeding, and covered with dirt, but he shouted to his man, when he arrived breathless on the scene and has about to send a bullet through the big horn, not to shoot, but to go back and get a lariar. Baker was bound to bag that sheep alive or not at all. By the time the man got back with the lariar Baker, sheep and dog were all about in the same state of exhaustion. The man threw the noose over the big horn, and the capture was insured. It was about all that Baker could do to get back to the ranch, and the man with other help that had arrived, got the sheep to the ranch and penned him up."

"Baker was several days getting over the effects of his fight with the big horn. His intention was to send his prize east, but finding that the sheep persistently refused to eat or drink, and was visibly dying in its captivity, he ordered the animal set free. In less than a minute after regaining its liberty it had disappeared among the rocks far up the side of the mountain."—New York Sun.

A JUDGE'S COURTSHIP.—The shortest courtship I ever heard of was that of an eminent jurist. He was on his way to hold court in a town when he met a young woman returning from market.

"How deep is the creek and what did you get for your butter?" asked the judge.

"Up to the knee and ninepence," was the answer, as the girl walked on. The judge pondered over the simplicity of the reply, turned his horse, rode back and overtook her.

"I liked your answer just now," he said, "and I like you. I think you would make a good wife. Will you marry me?" She looked him over and said: "Yes." Then get up behind me and we will ride to town and be married."

She did get up behind and they rode to the court-house and were made one. It is recorded that the marriage was a pre-eminently happy one.—New York Press.

Repeating History.

In the days of slavery, the old-line abolitionists believed in persistent agitation though there were but few of them—we mean those who were open and outspoken abolitionists. In 1848 there was just enough abolitionism that had gradually and unconsciously crept into the Democratic party to poll over a hundred thousand "free soil" votes for Van Buren in New York State and defeat Cass, and elect General Taylor, the Whig candidate for President. Then, in 1850, the slave power politicians of the South and their allies of the North, both Whig and Democratic, concluded to put their abolition agitation by repealing the Missouri Compromise and enacting the Fugitive Slave Law. That in both the Democratic and Whig national conventions of 1852 was formally pronounced a final settlement of the slavery question, and the edict went forth through the newspaper organs of both parties that the slavery question, being settled forever and ever, shall never again be agitated or talked about above a low whisper!

But notwithstanding the apparent supremacy of the slave power, such men of nerve like Chase, Wilmot and Sumner stepped forth from the Democratic ranks, and Stevens, Giddings and Greeley from the Whig ranks and declared to all American mankind that the slavery question was not settled forever and ever. Instead of successfully choking down the issue, the bold, defiant and aggressive steps taken by the slave power in 1850 only gave fresh impetus to the sincere anti-slavery element, and the organization of the Republican party, on an anti-slavery basis, became inevitable—though delayed several years by the Know-Nothing cyclone of that time. Only ten years later the slavery question was really settled, absolutely and forever, and in a manner that is found recorded as part of the history of the late war. The result was more sweeping and radical than even the most hopeful abolitionist ever expected to realize in his day or generation. It was the aggressive movement that became the last straw on the camel's back and forced the issue upon the American people.

There is a slave power to-day, just a quarter of a century after the abolition of chattel slavery, that is yet more oppressive than chattel slavery ever was in its most absolute and offensive form. It demands nothing less than absolute subjugation of the entire laboring and individual business interests, and the building up of the most arbitrary money oligarchy on earth, even in the name of American patriotism and under the hypocritical pretense of special and warmed-over love for the very dear people!

Finding that even the simple, modest and "free soil" proposition to give our people and their industries the benefit of free wool and the other raw materials was refused by orders from the oligarchy of the situation, and in their minds that by a bold and risky movement he might be able to do what he had never heard of any man doing before, and that was to make the big horn his prisoner. He sneaked around and gained the summit of the cliff, and climbed along it until he was directly above the big horn, which stood on the edge of the ledge and alighted astride the sheep's back, and throwing his arms around its neck locked his fingers together and brought all the pressure he was capable of to bear on the big horn's smouldering throat. The great Baker struck the sheep's back the big animal lost all interest in the dog, and made two or three tremendous bounds along the hill, and then threw itself on the ground and rolled over and over down the bank. In that brief but terrific journey Baker was stripped of nearly all his clothes and was mashed almost breathless, but he held on to the sheep like grim death. The dog took an active part in the struggle, but the sheep paid no attention to him, putting all of his energy into efforts to loosen himself of Baker's burden."

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A weeping peach tree is one of the curiosities of Denison, Tex. It is visited by many persons daily. At times a perfect mist or spray surrounds it. A number of superstitious persons think that spirits operate upon the tree. A Spiritualist visited the tree last Sunday, and thought that a seance would explain the mystery. The negroes attach considerable significance to the name of the variety of the peach, which is known as the Robert E. Lee. The most ignorant declare that the spirit of the dead Confederate chieftain is operating upon the tree. After dark they give the neighborhood a wide berth. James Wallace, a negro who has been afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism for the past two years and bed-ridden most of the time, was impressed that the fluid from the tree would effect a cure. He was sponged with the fluid, and said he felt much relieved.

Dr. S. P. Richardson, of Athens, Ga., comes to the front with a cat story. He tells of three or four kittens being found in a certain house one morning, and there was a little difference among the children of the family as to how the stock could be divided. While the discussion was going on the old Maltese cat came in, and this ended the discussion, for each member of the family could now have a cat of their own. In the course of a few hours a gentleman living seven or eight miles distant came in, and in a little while the old cat came in and hopped on the stranger's knee. The gentleman stroked the cat, and discovered that she belonged at his home. The old cat had become offended at the mistress of the home and had removed herself and her whole family the distance of seven miles.

Probably no circus man in the world ever had such a company of pupils as Carroll had last winter, when he instructed the gentlemen performers in Mr. J. M. Waterbury's amateur circus at West Chester. Under his tuition Robert Potter, Joseph Potter, Thomas Haveymer and Lorillard Harriman learned very different feats in saw-back riding.

Carroll had general charge of that famous performance. On his seventy-fourth birthday, last March, when instructing Mr. Waterbury's performers, the old man mounted a bare-backed horse and performed a number of difficult tricks, to the intense astonishment of all beholders.

Fashion Fancies.

—Silk shoes and stockings of the same color as the gown accompany ball and evening toilets.

—The newest blouses are made of washing silk, trimmed with stripes of a figured border.

—Hosiery worn with low walking shoes should be the color of the shoes, usually, of course, black.

—A cloth mantle for children is made with a yoke, the skirt portion gathered to it, and pinked all round. It is inexpensive and picturesque.

—Lace and embroidered skirts of last summer may be worn this year by arranging them as tunics, mounted at the top with a casing with colored ribbon run through.

—Many ladies have their traveling dresses made with contrasting waistcoats, which may be changed at will, thus allowing a variation of costume when trunks are not available.

—A pretty empire poke for country wear is of green straw, the brim faced with green velvet, three or four shades of green ribbon being bunched on the crown, holding a cluster of large white daisies.

—Very ladylike and dainty costumes for summer are shown, made of a handsome quality of Bengaline or Surah, figured with small devices over grounds of gray, amber, terra cotta, strawberry, reds, pale olive and old rose.

—Watteau draperies, as well as the straight styles, are employed for India and Burmese silks, and they are trimmed according to the use for which they are indicated, with velvet revers, etc., or with quantities, more or less, of creamy lace.

—The new fancy straw head-coverings show all sorts of fancy designs. In many of the bonnets and round hats they are arranged in what is known as "row and row" braids, these showing very chic and pretty effects in color and device.

—There is certainly nothing in the jewel or floral kingdom which can quite take the place of lace as a personal adornment. All do not look well in either jewelry, or ribbons, or flowers, but the softening and beautifying powers of lace is almost magical.

—Princess dresses of "oyster-shell" white satin are favorite gowns with wealthy dowagers. These are draped with crepe de chine, also in oyster-shell white, which now shades into a gleaming silvery-gray tint with no cream water-color in its reflections.

—Corduroy is to be the material of the autumn and winter, and it is now being made up into evening cloaks which completely envelope the figure, reach to the hem of the dress, and fit in the back, the collars rounded and standing up about the throat.

Embarrassing to the Girl.

A young woman brought a ring to a jeweler the other day and requested him to reset the stone, which she said was loose. She spoke of it as a diamond solitaire. The jeweler took the ring and said he would attend to it. As the customer was leaving the store the jeweler called her back and said: "This stone is glass, ma'am—I want you to understand that."

The young woman colored up and exclaimed with wrath in her voice: "It's no such thing—it's a real diamond. Glass, indeed!"

"Excuse me, ma'am," politely rejoined the jeweler, "it is nothing more than a piece of common crystal or glass. There is no doubt whatever about it."

"But it was a present given to me last Christmas by a very dear friend who wouldn't think of giving me a sham diamond," the young woman persisted.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," replied the jeweler: "somebody's been deceived very likely, but this stone is absolutely worthless; a chip of glass."

Well, the young woman argued still further about the ring and insisted it was very valuable, and at last took it away with her saying that she would take it somewhere else to be repaired. She was nearly in tears when she left the store.

After she had gone the jeweler said to me: "I did not want to hurt that girl's feelings, but when a ring of that kind is given to me to be repaired I always make it a practice of having it clearly understood that the stone is not real. If I did not I should run the risk of having that young woman come back after she had discovered the stone was not a diamond and accuse me of changing it in the resetting. Such a charge was once made against me under circumstances of this kind, and since then I have followed a cautious policy for my own protection. That girl was honest, I've no doubt, but I can't afford to take any chances."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Old Circus Rider Bows Out.

William B. Carroll, who was undoubtedly the oldest circus performer in the country, died on Sunday at his home in West Chester village, at the age of 74 years. He was familiarly known in the profession as "Uncle Barney" Carroll. There does not live to-day any one who was associated with him in the old time circus business. His life was an eventful one. He was born in Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1815, and when 12 years old, ran away from his father's farm and joined a small circus company.

Carroll was in active service as a rider and leaper as late as 1876, when he was with the Van Amberg show. At that time he was 61 years old. His last service was with the Forepaugh show as ring master in 1878. In his latter years he was as active and muscular as ever, and had many pupils in the noble art of circus riding.

Probably no circus man in the world ever had such a company of pupils as Carroll had last winter, when he instructed the gentlemen performers in Mr. J. M. Waterbury's amateur circus at West Chester. Under his tuition Robert Potter, Joseph Potter, Thomas Haveymer and Lorillard Harriman learned very different feats in saw-back riding.

Carroll had general charge of that famous performance. On his seventy-fourth birthday, last March, when instructing Mr. Waterbury's performers, the old man mounted a bare-backed horse and performed a number of difficult tricks, to the intense astonishment of all beholders.