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SELECT STORY.

THE YOUNGEST SISTER.

"I don't know how it is," groaned Kate Blessington, "but in our family things always happen cross-grained."
"What's the matter now?" said Georgia, the eldest sister, who, with a blue apron of checked domestic ging ham tied around her waist, and her luxuriant flaxen hair confined in a red bandana pocket bandkerchief, was cooking tomatoes for ketchup.
"Why, here have the Morefields

on earth to go to the train to meet the Georgia glanced up at the clock and

don't you send Peter."
"Peter, indeed! He's cleaning the cistern out Such a figure as he is!" "Then I'm sure," observed Georgia, "I don't see what you are going to do." "Couldn't I go, Kate!" pleaded a

small, sweet voice.

And the second Miss Blessington be came conscious of some one pulling gently at her sleeve. She turned harply around. A tall, rosy girl stood sharply around. A tall, rosy girl stood there—a girl just at the age where "brook and river meet," half child, half woman, but infinitely pretty in both of her personalities. Sunburned, dark-eyed, clad in an outgrown cotton frock, and with her hair braided into one long, gold-gleaming queue behind. she stood there, with an imploring

"A good idea!" said Georgia, tasting of the bubbling scarlet mass in the kettle, and adding a trifle more red epper. "Let Chrissy gof"
"But Chrissy can't drive."

"Oh, yes, I can!" urged Christine the youngest and least presentable of all the Blessingtons. "I drove old Jenks up from the farm yesterday with a load of cabbage. I've often driven him when you didn't knowit, Georgia." "Oh, you herrid tom-boy!" said Georgia, half laughing. But Kate gave little Chrissy a sound

box on the ear. Her black eyes flashed wrathfully.
"Christine," she said, "I'm ashamed

of you! You're a disgrace to the family. Don't howl now!" as Chrissy, rubbing her empurpled ear, broke into an indignant wail; "the Morefields will hear you. Go quick—get on your bat; and mind you don't show yourself at the tea-table. Your new frock isn't finished, and your old one isn't half decent; and besides you'll be need-ed in the kitchen to wash dishes."

to the station all by herself. ap that was waiting at the door

"Gee up, Jenk-!" she cried, brandishing the whip with gleeful countenance. "Peter, I'm going to drive to the sta "All right, miss, said Peter, who,

fresh from the depths of the newly emptied cistern, was holding old Jenks, as if there was any danger of that ancient steed running away. "Drive careful past Bowery lanehe al'ays wants to turn in there-and mind you keep a tight grip o' the reins if you meet a load o' barrels or one of

them janglin' tin pediar's wagons." Away clattered the venerable trap, old Jenks falling into a stiff trot like an automatic horse, and Crissy fairly radiant with delight, "But Kate oughn't to have boxed

my cars," she pondered, as the first elation subsided. "There was nothing wrong in drivin the load of cabbage home. I came by the back road, and nobody saw me. I don't love Katenor Georgia, neither. They're always laughing at me and making fun of me, just because I grow so fast and my dresses are so short. They won't let me come into the room when they've got company, because I'm only a child; and they scold me for running races with the dog, because I'm a woman. I wonder if they call that consistency Never mind; I'll pay 'em off yet-see f I don't!"

By dint of extraordinary efforts on he part of old Jenks, and a liberal apolieation of the whip on that of his istress, they contrived to reach on ide of the station building just as the train stramed away from the other. Christine looked up and down th platform. Most of the passengers had already started forth in different direc tions; but one man stood there, glanc ing up and down the road, with a valise in his hand, a folded newspape protruding from the coat-pecket.

Chrissy hesitated what to do; ther he rose to the emergency. "Halle!" she cried, in a sweet, highitched soprano voice. "Are you the gentleman from the city—the new

parder! untenance.

"Yes." said he. "I-" "I've come to drive you to the cottage," said Christine Blessington.
"Jump in, please! Where's your box?
There's room for it behind." "My portmanteau is to be sent by

the carrier. But-"Oh, very woll!" said Chrissy. "Be quick, please,-the horse won't stand! The stranger cast an amusing glance wards old Jenks, who certainly looked as little like a runaway steed as could be imagined, as he stood there, meckly balanced on three legs, with his head hanging down.

"And who are you?" said he pleas-ntly. "One of the family?" antly. 'One of the family?'
'Oh, I'm Chrissy—the youngest girl, you know!" exclaimed she "The youngest, cht Are there many Chrissy eyed him with a sidelong

"He's curious about us," thought "Well that's natural." And she answered complacently. "Well, there's Georgia she's twenty And she's engaged to an officer in the army, although she thinks I don't know it. And Kate is twenty. and she's going to set her cap for the

ouch with the whip, as he showed an undue in lination to sidie towards Bowery lane. "Kate has got an awful temper. She flew into a passion and boxed my ears just before I started." "Boxed your ears!" repeated the

stranger, repressing a strong inclina-tion to laugh. "Why, how old are "I'm fifteen and a half," said Chrissy almost wishing she had not told the incident, as the crimson flush rose up to the very roots of her hair. she oughtn't io treat me like a child! I wish she would get married and go away. I should be a deal happier

"Let me take the reins," suggested her passenger.

And presently, under his charge, old Jenks, who, to do him justice, had evinced no particular emotion of any sort, was engineered safely past the

fearful object.

And then Chrissy pointed out the various localities to him, told him about the ghost that was said to walk in old Squire Hart's deserted house, showed him the place where a fex was caught in the spring, and confided to him where to go if he wanted to find the finest nutting copses of the vicin-

these subjects, old Jenks stopped sleepily at the front gate of the pretty

Slessington cottage.
All the Morefield heads were at the name was Mrs. Josiah Stubbs.

stage whisper, "what a very genteel young man?" "It's the city boarder," explained Mrs. Blessington, between the twinges of her neuralgia. "Doctor Buffer recommended him here for pure country air. He's just up from malaria fever, and needs change, and Doctor Buffer-

"Humph!" commented Mrs. More "He don't look much like a sick man!

"Is it Mr. Dorrance?" she said. "! am Miss Blessington"--with her most engaging air of welcome. "Please walk in. I hope you haven't been very much tried by the the journey." "It's Kate." whispered Chrissy, sad-

about her temper." "I'm afraid there is some mistake," The tears dried on Chrissy's eyelash-es at the prospect of driving old Jenks act of taking his valise out of the She made haste to pull a white wor-sted cap over her rebellious hair, and to scramble into the rather dilapidated the winter. I am John Wilder, the

principal of the school Chrissy dropped the reins, jumped ou, of the wagon and ran to hide her self in the hay-mow of the barn. The Morefields stared harder

ever. Kate Blessington looked infi nitely puzzled. "Dear me!" she said, "its one of Christine's blunders. We are very foolish to have trusted her. Do come in, Mr. Wilder"-with a still more become acquainted with our new prin-Petel Petel don't unharness the horse! Go straight back to the station.

ression of the mouth and eyes, de clined Miss Blessington's ivitation. He would go immediately to Mr. Falkner's, he said, if they would be good enough to tell him in which di

And so he bowed himself away. pearance in the graduating class of the Wilder as be entered her name at the

there was something on her mind. "Well," said the principal kindly. "I'm so sorry that I said those foclsh thing-!" burst out Chrissy, with tears sparkling in her eyes. "That day, you know, that I took you for the city -please, please forget the ..! Kate and Georgia are always telling me that

And poor Chrissy broke into a sob in spite of all her self control,
"My child, do not fret yourself,"
said Mr. Wilder; "I will remember nothing that you would have me for-

At the end of the year, when the He advanced with rather a puzzled at the Blessington cottage, and tor

Georgia was getting ready for her marriage with the army officer, Kate was lamenting her solitary blessedness, and Chrissy-little Chrissy, who was not yet sixteen-was actually engaged No, I do not. We are asked about it to Mr. Wilder, the new principal of the a good deal by ladies, but we tell them

Blessington, "she can't be married for a year yet. "Why, she's nothing but At Mme. Connelly's there had "But I don't mind waiting a little," said Chrissy, "for the family all treat me with respect now. Kate don't dare

to box my ears any more."
"I should think not," said Mr. Wil-President Garfield's Physician.

ALFRED SPEER, Esq., Passaie, N. J.

The Bustle is Going Out-TEARS IT HAS BEEN GETTING SMALL ER AND SMALLER.

Have you noticed the peculiar kind of a one-two-three step of ladies be-fore they sit down, followed by a backward motion, a curious jerking of the skirts and then a graceful sinkingdown into the seat? If you have, you have also noticed how the ladies fre quently rise suddenly from their seats, shake themselves with an odd kind of a little movement and then sit down. Both of these movements are due to the bustle.

And now the news comes Washington that Mrs. Cleveland has concluded to discard the bustle. Of course it is of vital interest to every woman in the land. Everything con ed to be crying for "more copy," nected with this important question has been discussed by the New York laties. Fat and lean, old and young, rich and poor, they all wear bustles, and they are all anxious to know whether they will continue to wear It was with the desire of learning

dressmakers yesterday to find out what was the tendency and drift in bustles. "Mrs. Cieveland's departure," said Redfern, "has attracted profound in-teresst in New York, and may affect bustles in the fall. You know are gradually growing smaller and smaller. This is the tendency abroad, and we get all our fashions from there. We use a cushion instead of the store bustle and it can be made of the same material as the gown. It is made of silk, usually, and is stuffed with horsebelow the waist, the second seven show you how the bustle is decreasing in size, these steels a year ago were twenty-three and twenty-seven inches long respectively. Now they are only seventeen and twenty-one and they are

constantly growing smaller."
"Is there any difference between
bu-tles for fat ladies and lean ones?" "Very much. A very fat lady will have only a slight hint of a bustle. You see she does not need much to accommodate her form, while a very lean, thin lady needs all she can get."

tew more years, if signs mean anything. have two assistants. Bustles have had a long run. They came in about seven years ago, and the "Gazette" was close on to 200,000, succeeded the Princess robes. You the editor kept the figures at 1,400 in remember them, I suppose? They were skin tight. I have seen them so the paid six of the largest merchants in

"To sit down with a bustle is an art. You have noticed ladies sitting down at the theatre, I suppose! Now I shall show you how a lady ought to sit down, with a medium sized bustle, so as not to attract attention." A young lady was called in from an adjoining room, she was asked to sit down and she sunk into a chair without the slightest effort.

'How do you manage it so easily,' asked the reporter, lost in admiration of the simplicity of the motion so unusual.

"It is very simple," answered the young lady quietly pushing her dress around with her hand to properly locate around with her hand to properly locate the bustle. "You see, I simply let the steels touch the side of the chair as I sink into it, then I give a sharp push to one side; the bustle goes over to the side of the chair as I that the wife of the proprietor paid said the exile, "he was. All that I have in this world I owe to that man. to one side; the bustle goes over to the other and I am all right. Ludies don't sit flat down, because if they did they would be on a high cushion. Some times the steels get fastened in the dress and the bustle gets uncomfortable. Then the lady has to get up

and adjust it." There was considerable trouble in getting any direct expression of opi-ion from the leading lady dressmakers. The subject was one of too much importance for them to commit themselves until they had returned from Paris in the fall. At Mme. Switzer's they were very guarded. They had heard of Mrs. Cleveland's change. In fact, they had discussed it with some gentleman, and drove you to our house of their customers. Bustles were growing smaller, there was no doubt of that, very much smaller; but then the bustle had been in a long time. It I shall get into mischief with my bustle had been in a long time. It tongue—and now I know that they are had its friends and there was no tell-

ing. One thing was certain, in house dresses the bustle had gone out. At Mme. Donovan's the reporter was told that there would be no mater ial change until fall. "We make dresses for Mrs. Whitney and for nearly all of Mrs. Cleveland's friends in Washington. They have not order-Christmas snows lay white on the hill. ed the bustles out. They are all get ting smaller, but they have been for

some time. "Do you use the same kink of bustles as are used in tailor-made gowns?"
"Just the same. We make them ourselves and fit them in. Do I think there will be a revolution in bustles on account of Mrs. Cleveland's departure? all there will be no change until the fall. My own impression is that

At Mme. Connelly's there had been

no change noticed and nothing could be learned detrimental to the It was reported that Mrs. Cleveland had her dresses made there, but she has not had any of her bustleless dresses made in New York. Miss Rose Eliza-beth Cleveland had some dresses made at a downtown store a month ago, but

Husband (all ready for the theatre)

—I declare, dear, it's raining bard.

Wife (buttoning her gloves)—Well,
what's a little rain ? One would think from your tone of voice that we were about starting for church.—Harper's

NEWSPAPER WAIFS

"Who made this hash t" "Why, my new Boston cook, of course." "Then please return to her these remnants of a pair of eyeglasses, and tell her that she needn't give her dishes such an in-tellectual flavor hereafter."—Boston

"Young man," he said, solemnly, "what would you think if I should put an enemy into my mouth to steal sway my brains?" "I would (bic) think, sir," hiccoughed the young man, "that you were going to an unnecessary expense."

—New York Sun.

Friend (to Mormon lady)—You are very happy with your husband, are you not, Mrs. Bringham! Mrs. Bringham —Very. We are devoted to each other, and he has such perfect confidence in my judgment that he confides all of his little love affairs to me.—Life. Mr. Sharkley-Made a terrible flunk of my last matrimonial attempt—at old Goldebagge's, you know. Mr. Sparkley—Ah! asked for bread and they gave you stone? Mr. Sparkley—Worse. Asked for the daughter's hand and got the father's foot,—Town Topics.

Happy man (to fair widow)—"And shall we have a rousing wedding, darling, a fine supper, dancing music, and all that sort of thing ?" Fair widow to be on his last sheet of paper and last shilling, and I presume my article will N-no. I think not, John, dear. must remember there was a funeral the house only a short time ago .- The

Enoch. Spirit of Charles Dickens-So you are the late Matthew Arnold are you Newly arrived spirit—Yes. Spirit of Charles Dickens—Well, I want to con-dole with you on that American criticism business. I've passed through the same experience myself.—Pittsburg The Minister-And what kind of a man, Flossie, do you think you will

marry when you grow up ? Why don't you answer! Flower it's hardly know, sir; I don't think it's hardly know, marriage right for me to think about marriage intil sister Clara is out of the way .-Husband-"Have the couple who just moved into the house text door any children?" Wife - "Children? They've only been married a day or "How do you know?"

Mistress (severely)-"Marie, didn't hear you make use of the expression 'you little brat' in the nursery just now?" Marie (a French bonne)— "Yees, Madame, but Miss Flossie do wexes me so !" Mistress (less severely) —"O, I thought you were speaking to Fido. Send Miss Flossie to me at once."—The Epoch. Fido.

Visitor (to convict)-I s'pose you are treated well here my friend? Convict -Yes, sir; I have no complaints to make; but there is one thing I don't like. Every Sunday mornin' in the chapel they set me next to one of these 'ere shoutin' Methodists, an' 'tain't leasant fer a man wot was born an' brought up a 'Piscopalian .- Life.

"Mamma," anxiously whispered Miss were skin tight. I have seen them so tight a lady couldn't step more than twelve inches. Bustles were first merely frilled horse hair. Then they grew lurger until two years ago, when they reached their maximum.

He paid six of the largest merchants in the city \$2,000 per year each not to advertise with us, as their advertising would make extra work for the compositors. What advertising we did do positors. What advertising we did do was very high-toned and was charged in the city \$2,000 per year each not to advertise with us, as their advertising a grand evening party, "an awful blunger until two years ago, when they reached their maximum." consternation ; "what is it !" "It is ot yet 12 o'clock, and there are only five kegs of beer left."-New York Sun Landlady (to applicant for board)-Have you children, madam t Appli-cant—No. Landlady—You are fortu-

nate, for we never take families who

have children. Applicant—Have you any children † Landlady—Yes; two. Applicant—Well, you are unfortunate. or we never board with families who nave children .- New York Sun. "I see," remarked the Dake of Toronto, looking over a New Jersey paper, "that Overdraft the banker is dead. He was your friend, was he not ?" added the Duke kindly, seeing the tears gather in the American's eyes. "Yes," said the exile, "he was. All that I

silence.—Burdette. "Doctor," asked Mr. Goodswallow, anxiously, "my eyes are growing weak and watery. I read a good deal after supper. Do you think it is the lamp-"Gazette" changed hands. There was the usual notice of sheriff's sale, and of the plant being bid in by a young and enterprising man who would seek and enterprising man who would seek blamed old fool," said Goodswallow, to make it a popular local organ, etc., telling his friends about it, "when he knows as well as I do that I never wear spectacles. And when I asked him what I had better do he told me Galveston, and to put five new lines of to take the pledge. I half believe he was drunk .- Burdette.

Some Facts About the Type-Writer.

A young man who has a great deal to do with type-writers tells that they are still in an experimental shape and that the next few years will see still further and most marvelous improve-ments. His belief is that the machine of the fature will not only be capable of much greater speed than the present one, but that it will be much simpler in construction and far more durable. One of the simplest and eleverest of the devices to be introduced in the machines in a short time is the addition of half a dozen keys which will strike combinations of letters. The it is expected, will enable an expert type-writer to do seventy words a minute. The putting of new machines on the market will of course, break the high price at which the best have heretofore been sold, and when that occurs they will of course, come into much more common use than hereto-fore. The last machine put on the market, which seems to be capable of as good work as any of its predecessovercome the materialism which the ors, is sold at \$75, which is a reducocculiar conditions of our country have ostered, and which the thoughtless tion of \$25.

FOR PRICKLY HEAT, INSECT BITES, CHAFING, SUNBURNS, &c., nothing is so beneficial as PONDS EXTRACT. When you reach home worn out with overwork or oppressed by the heat, bathe the face and hands, or whole person, with POND'S EX-TRACT and water. Nothing is so re-freshing and invigorating. Beneard

Wherever the orehard and poultry grow fast and the hens lay well. The

come to spend the day, and mamma has just taken to her sofa with an attack of neuralgia, and there's nobody city gentlemen. You couldn't go Geor-gia, I suppose?" with a faint gleam of

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t gives a brilliant light.
It will not smoke the culmneys.
It will not char the wick.
It has a high fire test.
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CASTILLE, TOILET AND MEDICATED SOAPS a pecial leader

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PRYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS AND PAMILY receipts carefully prepared at all hours at Mercer's Drug and Book Store, Bloomsburg, Pa.

MILTON, Pa., PIANOS

Chickering,

Knabe,

Weber, Hallet & Davis. Can also furnish any of the cheaper makes at manufacturers prices. Do not buy a piano before getting our prices.

without her. Oh, oh! there comes a load of barrels! Old Jenks is awfully afraid of a load of barrels. He always shies when he sees one." shook her head.
"Couldn't possibly," said she.
"There isn't time to get ready. Why

indow-Mrs. Morefield, Jeannette Morefield, Sosanna Morefield, and the married Miss Morefield, whose present "Bless me!" said Mrs. Stubbs in s

dear, good man-knew how we were situated, and that we had a nice from room to spare."

While Kate ran out to open the door, all smiles and freshly-tinted pink

denly overcome by pangs of compunc-tion. "Don't let her know I told you wagon. "My name is not Dorrance.

winsome smile—"and rest yourself, and have some tea. We are all anxiety to Mr. Dorrance must be waiting there But Mr. Wilder, with a peculiar ex-

Chrissy Blessington was very silent and dispirited when she made her apschool at the opening of the term, and she scarcely ventured to look at Mr.

At recess she lingered a little,

tops, Mr. Dorrance was still boarding menting everybody on the subject of

"Though, of course," said Mrs

President Garfield's Physician.

Dr. Bliss speaking in the highest bustles. These, of course, are the dresses made for the rich. The poorer Ollowing from
Washington, D. C., Jan. 25, 1884.
LEFRED Spren, Esq., Passaie, N. J.
Dear Sir:—I have to acknowledge following from the superior quality of Wines of your production, notably your Port Wine, and to say I have prescribed them for my patients for the past two years, with uniform and satisfactory results. The "Alaska of the past two years, with uniform and satisfactory results the "Langury," the "Modes de Paris" and ask you frankly if you are suffer-

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XXII, NO 28 COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL LII, NO 16 Mrs. Langtry has stopped wearing them, Mrs. Potter has stopped and now Mrs Cleveland gives them up. We don't sell one in twenty to what we used to sell. Everybody is waiting to see what will come in

Some Lies Nailed at Last-

All this talk about the country editor being a poor, hard-up, down trodden coyote is an absurdity which has out-lived its day. Orpheus C. Kerr or Artemus Ward, or some of the other pioneer funny fellows, started the stories about editors taking wood and hay and vegetables on subscription, and of having to live between bread and cheese, and the public accepted them as facts. For years past the country editor has been fondly suppos-

be a great disappointment to the mass-I began life as a "printer's devil." It is popularly supposed that "the devil" sweeps out and does other dirty all that there was on this subject that a work for a year or two before promo reporter visited the leading fashionable tion. On the first morning I reached the office I was told to take things easy until the "old man" came down. went over to the bank for one of the "comps," and depo-ited \$2,000 for him, cleaned up the foreman's \$600 diamond and dusted off the plush chair and opened a box of Henry Clays for the ressman, and by that time the editor ame down in his carriage. He order ed his ceachman to give me an airing and when I returned he benevolently

observed: "Well, Henry, you and I are to run the "Gazette." You won't have much hair and then quilted. It is sewed in the "Gazette." You won't have much under the foundation of the skirt. to do. Give me about three columns Two steels are sewed in this founds- of crispy editorial per week, and if you tion also. Over these are draped the dress. The first is sewed in nine inches go ahead. Your salary will be \$30 week for the first six months, and fore he started down town this mornbelow the waist, the second seven inches. They have strings attached to the ends which permit of the bustle being enlarged or decreased. Now, to His residence was valued at \$125,-000, filled with the richest of furniture. His wife thought nothing of giving a

washwoman a silk dress which cost \$500 and had a splash of mud on it. No tramp went away with less than \$20 in cash. Their ice cream for one season cost \$1,436.78, and they were astonished at the smallness of the One of the rooms was known as "the coupon room." A young man with very delicate complexion spent eight "Mrs. Cleveland is probable assisting to kill what would be at an end in a November 1 to December 31 he had to

> was very high-toned and was charged at the rate of \$1 per word. The salaries paid to employes were not as large as in some offices, because we could not afford it, but every one who had been on the "Gazette" two years had saved sufficient money to buy a nouse and lot and horse and carriage.

During my ten years in the office 1 never knew us to be hard up but once. The proprietor bought a gold mine in California, a coffee plantation in Brazil and a railroad in New England at about the same time, and carelessly made out the papers so that we had to raise about \$3,000,000 in one day. We raised it, but I had to chip in fifteen flower for a corner of the back yard. I was his cashier." "Let's go and liquidate," said the Duke breaking the long band as he learned of the purchase silence.—Burdette.

"Why, my dear, you should have taken a pair of them at \$11,000. In the seventh year of my stay the Gazette" changed hands. There was but that was all tar. The proprietor sold out to open a chain of national banks extending from Portland to ocean steamers into operation. I can remember the day he left town. I was called upon to see his wife's jewelry to the special car chartered for it. There were seven large dry goods boxes full and a peck or so of diamonds which coul I not be crowded in were brought

along in a coffee sack. The Folly of Haste to be Rich.

ninds of our youths so readily accept.

Contented minds are more conductive

to happiness than riches, glory, or fame. In our life work let us remem

ber that it will profit us but little if

we gain a world of wealth and loose

IT WON'T BAKE BREAD .- In other

contentment and happiness.

Chancellor Howard Crosby, one of ne best preachers and best thinkers in New York City, has an article in the Forum for May, in which he says: "The greatest need of our land to day is an education away from the fearful danger of haste to be rich, a cultivation of the quiet and improving arts, an encouragement of genial and benevolent lives, a preservation of home virtues, a teaching of the truth with some other labor-saving devices, that moderation best serves the cause of happiness, and a demonstration that in helpfulness to others, man best helps "While wise laws can do much to uppress some of the worst features of the gold hunt, it is to the press, the school and the church that we must look for the inculcation of the purer and loftier ideas that will meet and

yard have been combined the trees and she's going to set her cap for the new principal of the school. At least I have full confidence in the purity of she says so. She's tired of making over old gowns, and dyeing old ribbon, and keeping genteel boarders. I don't envy the principal of the school," Chrissy added, giving old Jenks an admonitory

with uniform and satisfactory results. I have full confidence in the purity of and many others. "We sell a great many of them," said the lady clerk in a big Sixth avenue dry-goods store, "but they are going out. They won't last long," continued the young lady, added, giving old Jenks an admonitory

with uniform and satisfactory results. The "Modes de Paris" ing from any disease or affiction caused many of them," said the lady clerk in a big Sixth avenue dry-goods store, "but they are going out. They won't last long," continued the young lady, growing more confidential. "You see, be disappointed in the result.