

BIG COVE WAS VERY QUIET

A Dog-Fight Was All That Was Necessary to Wake Up the Inhabitants. The mountaineer was skinning squirrels for supper when a man mounted on a mule came up the trail and halted in front of the cabin to call out: "Deevnin' to you, Mister Gabbit over thar."

OUR FASHION LETTER

Fall and Winter Styles Not Yet Fully Fixed—Modification of Tailor-Made Suits—The Russian House in Favor—Some Handsome Gowns Described.

The winter styles have not yet been clearly defined, but among the smart sets at mountain and seashore resorts there are occasionally seen light woolen costumes and silks which enable us to form an idea of what we are to wear later on. Then there has been noticed a marked tendency to drop the severity of style in the tailor-made gowns, and many of the most expensive garments now show braiding or folds. The plain skirt has now become a thing of the past, and will not be worn by those who desire to keep in the height of fashion.

Princess effects in evening gowns are gaining in favor steadily, as is also the loose Russian blouse or cosaque. A feature of the trimming which will be most in vogue is narrow fringes, and fancy buckles and buttons will be in good demand. Lace seems to be inseparable from a woman's toilet, and

sleeves are tucked. They should be worn with stock collars, or ribbon or metal belts. The ribbon belt will be the most popular. They are made with the ribbon put twice around the waist and tied at the side in a bow with long ends. Bright colors prevail, and green is not quite so popular as formerly. The skirt has no trimming, but the cut and hang is perfect.

Flirting With the Fan.

"It is really very amusing in this matter of fact day and generation to see a Spanish woman flirt with her fan," said a bright, chatty woman just home after a winter in Spain. "Spanish women are not very brilliant as far as wit or conversation go, but give seniorita a fan and the use of her eyes and she can capture and hold a lover over whom the most brilliant repartee and the most charming chatter could have no influence at all. The young Spanish girls of good society are of course rigorously duennated and guarded, but balconies and opera boxes are where their flirtations are carried on. I have seen at the theatre a young Spanish beauty seated between two duennas openly coquet with her fan, in response to the languishing glances of a lover in some other part of the house. For example, when the lady draws it through her hand, Don Juan may go home or repair to fresh pastures, for he has been told as unmistakably as possible that he is cordially detested, that an irrevocable 'No' will meet all his proposals, and what is worse for the lady, there is no 'Yes-ness' in the 'No.' When the lady twirls her fan in the left hand Don Juan may take courage, but for the time being he had better go to return at a more convenient opportunity, for the signal means that he and his innamorata are being watched. There is only one other signal that need detain him. When, after having told him that they are being watched, the Spanish girl opens her fan very ostentatiously and very wide, nothing must induce Don Juan to leave the spot. He must not follow her, for the signal means, 'Wait for me where you stand.'"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

For Comfort in the Klondike.

For the benefit of the many ladies who are preparing to go into the Klondike the following list of necessities is given. It was prepared by one who has been there: One medicine case on the advice of a good physician; two pairs of extra heavy all wool blankets; one small pillow, one fur robe, one warm shawl, one fur coat, easy fitting; three warm woolen dresses with comfortable bodices and skirts knee length, flannel lined preferable; three pairs of knickers or bloomers to match the dresses, three pairs of heavy all wool underwear, three warm flannel night dresses, four pairs of knitted woolen stockings, one pair of rubber boots, three gingham aprons that reach from neck to knees, small roll of flannel for insoles, wrapping the feet and bandages; a sewing kit, such toilet articles as are absolutely necessary, including some skin unguent to protect the face from the icy cold, two light blouses or shirt waists for summer wear, one oil-skin blanket to wrap her effects in, one pair of fur seal moccasins, two pairs of moccasins—wet weather moccasins.

If you have a good husband take him. He can pack a lot of things and build the fires in the morning. The lady from whom this information comes says that there is not the slightest necessity of wearing stays after leaving Juneau.—Buffalo Express.

The Cheerful Woman.

There are emergencies in every household which call for the display of a statesman's skill. The cheerful woman is preeminent on such occasions. She conquers the grim uncle or the dyspeptic cousin with her infective cheerfulness and her servants recognize her as their friend and ally in all matters that are essential to their welfare. The length of time she keeps her servants is a source of wonderment to her less fortunate friends, but the secret of it is her own winsome disposition. She soothes the tired worker with a word of kind commendation where another might make a querulous complaint. When direction is needed she delivers it in such a gentle albeit firm manner that it has no sting of reproof. This gentle, tactful woman is not afflicted with work that is from "sun to sun" or that is "never done." She does not moralize much, perhaps, but by some means she manages to accomplish a great deal of work and have plenty of time at her command. It is by means of that same cheerfulness of disposition. There is less delay in executing her commands, and she possesses the gift of "timing her turns" so that sometimes it seems as if the "fairies did help her." And the fairies of gentle breeding and of kind heart do help her. Heaven bless the cheerful woman!

A Clover-Leaf Luncheon.

One of the prettiest entertainments recently given was a clover-leaf luncheon. The small tables only held three, and the tops were enameled green; over them were placed embroidered centre pieces of white linen, embroidered in clover leaves with their pink flowers. The menus answered for favors, and represented a clover leaf in its natural greens, the name of the guest and the date being inscribed in golden characters. Inside were the names of the various dishes. A large bowl of cut crystal in the centre was filled with the fragrant pink blossoms and a knot of the flowers, tied with long green streamers, was laid beside each plate. The porcelain was in characteristic colorings, and all of the dishes were garnished with green, the ice cream was pistache, the icing on the little cakes a delicate green and the bonbons were of the same color. Candles with green shades stood on the tables. The gown of the hostess was of clover-leaf green, with a touch of pink here and there.—Godey's Magazine.

Getting Down to Business.

"Have you made any new discoveries to-day with reference to that case we're working on?" inquired one detective. "Not yet," replied the other. "I haven't had time to read the newspapers."

STANDING THEM OFF.

Would Like to Have Their Relatives Visit Them, But Could Not Entertain Them.

"Well, the law—suz! Here's a pretty little fish!" angrily ejaculated good Mrs. Flint, looking up from the letter she had just finished reading. "Josiah, your second cousin's wife writes that she and her husband and the four children and her old-maid sister are thinkin' of comin' to make us a good long visit durin' the hot spell, and eat berries and drink rich milk and grow brown and hearty breathin' the invigoratin' country air. They know they'll have a good time here, she says, 'cuz they enjoyed our company so much when we visited 'em in the city, two years ago. What do you think of that, Josiah?"

"Wal," returned Farmer Flint, judicially; "I should say that they are figgerin' on gittin' back tolerably heavy interest by quarterin' seven people on us for an unknown length of time, in return for entertainin' you an' me in what might be called a homoeopathic way in a back bedroom of their city residence for about two days and a half;—pretty tolerable heavy interest, Almiry."

"Mercy, yes! But what can we do about it?" "H'h! Let's see! They got rid of us, if I remember correctly, by hintin' pretty pointedly—plain enough, I judged, for a deaf-and-dumb man to have understood 'em—that the children had been exposed to the measles and they didn't want us to contract the disease, 'cuz it always went so hard with people of our age; and you and me had both had 'em when we was babies, and they knew it. They were so considerate of our health, Almiry, that I guess we'll have to pay 'em back in about the same kind of consideration. So, you jest set down, before it is everlastin'ly too late, and write 'em that you would be delighted to have 'em visit us, but you don't see how you can entertain 'em as you'd like to, at present, owing to the fact that me and the boys have jest died of—er—hm!—small-pox, and as you were writin' the letter with your last breath, as it were, before you follow your loved ones to the silent tomb, or words to that effect; and then sign my name to it. Seems to me that ought to settle 'em—'cuz 'em to take a tumble to themselves, as the boys say."

"But 's'pose it don't, Josiah?" "Wal, then, I guess we'll have to trust to luck after that; mebbe the house'll burn down before they git here, or suthin' of the kind."—Puck.

Cross-Examination.

"Yes, say you know Mr. Sharp?" asked the lawyer. "Yes, sir." "You swear you know him?" "Yes, sir." "You mean that you are acquainted with Mr. Sharp?" "Yes, sir." "You don't know him; you are merely acquainted with him. Remember that you are on oath, sir. Now be careful. You don't mean to tell the Court that you know all about Mr. Sharp and everything he ever did?" "I suppose."

Never mind what you suppose; please answer my question. Do you or do you not know everything that Mr. Sharp did?"

"No."

"That'll do, sir. No, you do not. Very good. So you are not acquainted with all his acts?"

"Of course."

"Stop there. Are you or are you not?"

"No."

"That is to say, you are not so well acquainted with him as you thought you were?"

"Possibly not."

"Just so. Now we begin to understand each other. If you don't know anything about Mr. Sharp's acts when you are not with him, you can't swear that you know him, can you?"

"If you put it in that way—"

"Come, sir, don't seek to evade my question. I will put it to you again. When you say you know Mr. Sharp you don't mean to say that you know everything he does?"

"No, sir; of course not."

"Just so; of course not. Then you were not quite correct when you said you knew Mr. Sharp."

"No, sir."

"In point of fact, you don't know Mr. Sharp at all?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, I thought so. That'll do. Stand down."

"Yes, sir."

His Investment.

"Been making an investment, have you?"

"Well, I should say so."

"Does it look promising?"

"Oh, pretty fair, and there is a lot of money in it, if it turns out well."

"What is it?"

"Why, I've put a mortgage on a French count and am waiting for him to marry an American heiress."

Willing to Risk It.

"They say," said the nervous man, "that it's wrong to meet trouble half way."

"Of course, replied his friend.

"Well, I'd like to try the experiment. Unless I'm wrong in my calculations, getting half way to next Fourth of July would land us somewhere in January, and that's just about where I'd like to be right now."

Indignant.

"He merely kissed my hand. I could not speak for indignation."

"Yes."

"He must have thought me deaf and dumb."

But even in such a contingency, was it to be assumed at once that the hand was to perform all of the multiplex functions that usually devolve upon the lips?

Suburban Tact.

Hopkins—You country people start into town early on holidays."

Perkins—Well, we have to—to head off our city relatives coming out to see us.

Not Classified.

Teacher—How many bones are there in the human body?"

Pupil—I don't know, I haven't learned to ride a wheel yet.

Walter Baker & Co.'s BREAKFAST COCOA. Absolutely Pure—Delicious—Nutritious. Costs Less than One Cent a Cup. DORCHESTER, MASS. WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

ALEXANDER BROTHERS & CO. DEALERS IN Cigars, Tobacco, Candies, Fruits and Nuts. Henry Maillard's Fine Candies. Fresh Every Week. PENNY GOODS A SPECIALTY. F. F. Adams & Co's Fine Cut Chewing Tobacco.

SHOES SHOES We buy right and sell right. OUR SUCCESS IS BASED ON THIS FACT. Honest trading has won us hosts of customers but we want more. We are selling good shoes, so good you ought to see them. Drop in and we will make it pay you. W. H. Moore.

IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF CARPET, MATTING, or OIL CLOTH, YOU WILL FIND A NICE LINE AT W. H. BROWER'S 2nd Door above Court House. A large lot of Window Curtains in stock.

SUNBEAMS.

Wildcats have attacked persons in various parts of Monroe county, Ky., within the last few weeks.

Part of the tombstone over his mother's grave fell on a little child in a Jackson, Tenn., cemetery and broke his leg.

Cye Pride and Kie Sherod have adorned East Nashville, Tenn., and their euphonious cognomens the local personal columns.

An Iowa husband and wife were admitted to an insane asylum at Mount Pleasant at the same time. It was the first case of the kind in the history of the asylum.

One of the cheerful prevaricators of Danville, Ky., says that a scheme has been proposed there for a cocking main arranged on the plan of the Fury running race.

During a part of the last month the Missouri River was so low at Jefferson City, Mo., that it was said that people might walk across it without getting their feet wet.

Two anarchists under arrest at Portland, Or., so annoyed their cell mates by efforts to propagate their doctrines among them that the other prisoners petitioned the jailer for relief.

Fishers for salmon in the Yaquina Bay, Or., are advised in these days to take whale hooks along, as the cetaceans are so plentiful that it is difficult to get the salmon without encountering them.

In Kentucky the names of persons wanted in court are cried from the front steps of the court houses, and it is said that Kentucky is the only State in the Union where the custom prevails.

A Lawrence, Kan. man, writing from New York to the "Lawrence Journal," says: "The greatest thing I saw here was a former student of the music department of Kansas University playing a hand organ in Central Park."

HAVE YOU CATARRH TAIN?—Here's strong evidence of the quickness and sureness of that wonderful remedy, Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. "For years I was a victim of Chronic Catarrh—tried many remedies, but no cure was effected until I had procured and used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. First application gave me instant relief, and in an incredibly short while I was absolutely cured."—James Headley, Dundee, N. Y.—14. Sold by C. A. Klein

OPINION HANDED DOWN.

With Reference to a Government Employee and His Tax.

Judge Mayer of Lock Haven, last week handed down an opinion that will be read with interest by all tax payers, and particularly by those who contend that they have no right to pay occupation taxes by reason of their being in the government service. The opinion is in the case of Thomas McNarney vs. John McCloskey and the school district of Lock Haven.

Mr. McNarney for several years refused to pay his tax for the reason that he is a postal clerk. The exonerated committee of the school board and Solicitor G. A. Brown recently directed Mr. McCloskey, the tax collector, to enforce the collection of the taxes. After a levy had been made on the personal property of Mr. McNarney, that gentleman filed a bill in equity, in which he asked for an injunction to restrain the collector and the board from the collection of taxes for the year 1894, 1895, 1896 and 1897. Argument was made on the motion by both sides. The opinion is the outcome of these proceedings. The opinion among other matters mentioned, states that Mr. McNarney lost his remedy by not appealing from the assessment and then asking the court to strike off the assessment. After citing several authorities, the opinion dismisses the bill in the closing paragraph which reads as follows:

"It was stated on the argument for the preliminary injunction and not disputed, that the plaintiff pays his county taxes on the assessment of his occupation in order that he may be entitled to vote. In that event he could not claim the assessment to be valid for one purpose and deny its efficacy for another, he cannot blow hot and cold with the same breath. The bill is dismissed at the cost of the plaintiff."

Who can fail to take advantage of this offer. Send 10 cents to us for a generous trial size or ask your druggist. Ask for Ely's Cream Balm, the most positive catarrh cure. Full size 50 cents.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

I suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since a boy, and I never hoped for cure, but Ely's Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Fuel Wanted.

"You are right," said the old citizen, "about the necessity for some new kind of fuel. More especially some fuel adapted to household use. Gas is too expensive and oil isn't safe. We have to build big coal bins and stoke up coal devouring furnaces, and the bother and expense are altogether too great. Several years ago an Ohio man invented some sort of fuel in the form of a brick. It was made of numerous ingredients, including refinery refuse, and the whole was pressed into the brick form. It was said to be cheap and lasting, and it made a tremendous hot fire. It was nice to handle and left no ashes, and the inventor was jubilant over his prospects. No, I didn't use the stuff and don't know anybody who did. And I don't know where the inventor is. He disappeared suddenly and I've heard nothing about his fuel since. But it has long struck me that was the shape to put the new fuel in. You could telephone to your retail dealer, 'Send me up 200 fuel bricks,' and you could store them in a neat pile in your cellar, and you could watch their outgo with mathematical exactness. And when you buy coal by the brick there'll be no more talk about short weight."

"I wonder where that inventor is?"

Timely Relief.

Dean Swift was walking on the Phoenix road, Dublin, when a thunder storm suddenly came on, and he took shelter under a tree where a party were sheltering also—two young women and two young men. One of the girls looked very sad, till, as the rain fell, her tears began to flow. The Dean inquired the cause, and learned that it was her wedding day. They were on their way to church, and now her white clothes were wet and she could not go.

"Never mind—I'll marry you," said the Dean, and he took out his prayer book and then there married them, their witnesses being present, and to make the thing complete, he tore a leaf from his pocketbook and with his pencil wrote and signed a certificate, which he handed to the bride. The certificate was worded as follows:

Under a tree, in stormy weather, I married this man and woman together; let none but him who rules the thunder sever this man and woman asunder. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's.

Very Suggestive.

An elderly man with a long grey beard, evidently a stranger from the rural districts, was standing on Prospect street, near Sterling avenue, waiting for a motor. Suddenly with a rush and a queer rattling a horseless carriage bore down upon him. It flashed by before his astonished eyes and was soon far down the street. The stranger rubbed his head feebly and retired to the sidewalk.

"Rather startling," exclaimed a passer-by.

The old man sniffed once or twice.

"That was the devil's own go-cart, wasn't it?" he faintly asked.

The passer-by laughed.

"Not exactly," he said. "What put that idea in your head?"

The old man sniffed again.

"Well," he slowly said, "I was just jedgin' by th' infernal smell it left behind."

A Weakness Confessed.

"I do my best not to be envious," said the nervous man, "but sometimes I can't help it."

"Why, you never manifest much covetousness."

"No, I don't covet. But whenever the Fourth of July comes around I can't see a deaf and dumb man without being jealous."

Dislodged the Enemy.

"We have at last succeeded in dislodging a portion of our enemy from their stronghold," exclaimed the almost breathless Spanish officer.

"How did you manage it?"

"My brave men and I went too close to where they were and they came out and chased us."