DOCTOR TRIFULGAS.

BY JULES VERNE.

"Whifi!" whisties the rising gale.
"Swash!" bests the rain as it comes down

Low sway the trees under the blast that sweeps the Volsinian above and dashes its fury against the slopes of the mountains of Crimms. The rock-bound coast is rent and riven by the tempestuous billows that surge and foam along the vast Megalocrida Sea. "Whiff!" "Nwash!" In the depth of the bay nestles the little

In the depth of the bay neetles the little seaport town of Luktrop. It bosets a few hundred houses with greenish miradores sheltering them from the winds of the main, and four or five steep streets that look more like the beds of a mountain torrent than pub-lic thoroughfares. Not far off smokes the Vanglor, an active volcano, which by day beiches forth thick volumes of sulphursous vapor, and by night fitful floods of fisms. This crater, visible fully 150 kertses out at sea, answers the purpose of a beacon, and guides home to Luktrop the coasters—yawla, snows, how and doggers—that plough the troubled waters of the Megalocride.

On the other side of the town are heaped up extensive ruins of the Crimmerian era; while the suburb, of Mooriah aspect, with its white walls, round roots and terraces calcined by the sun, seems a hugh pile of square stones thrown together at hap-basard, and atar off reminds you of a casbah or Algerian fortress. The whole mass, in fact, looks like a cluster of dice, the dots of which have worn away with age. Among other structures psculiar to the place may be seen an odd-looking building called the "Six-Quatre" from the number of its windows, six in front and four in the rear. A steeple rises above the town, the square steeple of Sainte-Philiflene, with its belis visible through the open stone work, and when these are swung—as they are at times—by the violence of the storm, it is accounted a bad sign, and the good people of the place are filled with fear at the omen. while the suburb, of Moorish sepect, with its

the oinen.
Such is Luktrop, with a few stray houses on the heath beyond, scattered amid the broom and furze, as in Brittany.
Luktrop, however, is not in Brittany. Is the France? I cannot say. In Europe? I don't know. At any rate it would be useless perhaps to look up the place on the map, even in Steller's Atlan.

A discreet rap is heard at the small, narrow door of the "Six-Quatre," on the left hand corner of the Rue Messagliere.

A comfortable house is the "Six-Quatre," if such a word is known at Luktrop, and one of the thriftiest in the place, if to earn on an average a few thousand freizers a year be a sign of thrift.

A ferocious yelp, something between a bark and a howl, has answered the rap.

Soon a window above the door of the "Six-Quatre" is thrown open, and an angry voice from inside the house brawls out:

"To the divil with all intruders!"

A young girl, shivering in the rain, with a seady, worn-out cape thrown over her shoutder, inquires if Dr. Trifulgas is at home.

"He is or isn't, that dependa."

"I come for father, who's dying."

"And where is he dying?"

"And what's his name?"

"Vort Kartil."

"What, Vort Kartif, the herring curer?"

"Yes; and if Dr. Trilulgas would only come?"

"Dr. Trifulgas isn't at home,"

come?"
"Dr. Trifulgas isn't at home,"
And the window is brutally closed in the
poor girl's face, while the whiffs of the wind
and the awash of the rain cutside mix their

A hard man is Dr. Trifulgas, with but little teeling for a fellow creature, and one who attends a patient only if handsomely paid in advance for his services. His old dog, Hursof, a cross between a bull and a spaniel, might be said to have more heart than ha. The door of the "Six Quatre" remains invariably closed upon the poor, and only opens to the rich. Moreover, Dr. Trifulgas has a whole scale of fees: typhoid fever so much; brain fever, so much; so much for a pericarditis, and the same for so many more disease as doctors choose to invent by the dozen. And Vort Kartif, the herring-curer, is a poor man, with a penniless brood. Why, then should Dr. Trifulgas bedevil himself, and on such a night?

"Rousing me from my sleep," snuffled he,

"Rousing me from my sleep," snuffled he, as he went to bed again, "is alone worth 10

freizers!"
Twenty intrutes had scarcely gone by schoes of the "Six Quatre." Grumbling, the doctor got out of bed, and from the window growled: "Who's there?"

Vort Kartii's wife."

"The herring-curer from Val Karniou?"
"Yes; and if you don't come, he'll die."
"Well, you'll then be a widow."
"Here are 20 freizers." "Twenty fretzers!" muttered he : " what

wind fall to be sure. Run the risk of catchi a cold and lumbage for such a sum, when I've got to attend to morrow morning the gounty, but wealthy, Edzingov, at Kiltrens, whose aliment is worth to me 50 fretzers a minute. Not I, indeed."

And with this pleasant prospect, Dr. Trifulgas sought his bed, and went to sleep again se soundly as before.

17. Whiff ! splash ! and rap ! rap ! rap ! Three blows from the knocker, struck with a firm hand, added their rattle, this time to the noise of the storm.

The doctor startled in his slumber, got up in

a towering passion. On opening his window, the storm swept in like a whirlwind. "Tis for the herring-curer." "What, that wretch again?"

"May his mother, wife and daughter die

"Aye, a tight one, no doubt," chuckled "We have a little money," said the old woman, "an installment on the house sold to Dantrup, the drayman of the Rue Messa-gliera. If you don't come, my granddaugh-ter will be without a father, my daughter without a husband out a bushand, and myself without

It was heart-rending and horrible to hear

It was heart-rending and horrible to hear the old woman's voice, and to think that the loy wind froze the blood in her veins and nipped the bones under her skin.

"A fit, say you? then the fee is 200 fretzers," said the heartless leech.

"We have only 120!"

"Good night, then!" and once more the window was closed.

On second thought, however, he came to the conclusion that, after all, for an hour's walk and half an hour's attendance, 120 fretzers made 60 fritzers an hour—one fretzer a minute! It was small profit, at best, but not to be entirely despised.

not to be entirely despised.

So, instead of getting into bed again, the doctor this time slipped on his velvet suit, hurried down stairs in a pair of stout book, muffled himself up in a thick waterproof overcoat, and put on his gloves and sout-

wester, and leaving the lamp lighted on the table near his Cordex, opened at page 197, pushed back the door of the "Six-Quatre,"

pushed back the door of the "Six-Quatre," and appeared on the threshold. The old woman was there, leaning on a stick, her frame emeciated by 90 years of toli

and misery.
"The money," said he,
"Here it is,"muttered the wretched woman," "and may God return it to you a hun-dred-fold."

"God? The money of God?" sardonically grinsed the doctor. "Has anyone ever seen

grinned the doctor. "Has anyone ever seen its color?" He thereupon whistled for Hurzof, put a small lantern in the dog's mouth, and bent his steps seeward.

The old woman trudged on behind.

Good heavens, what a tempest of wind and The bolls of Saint-Philfilene away to and for under the headlong sury of the storm, an ominous portent as we know, but Dr. Triful-

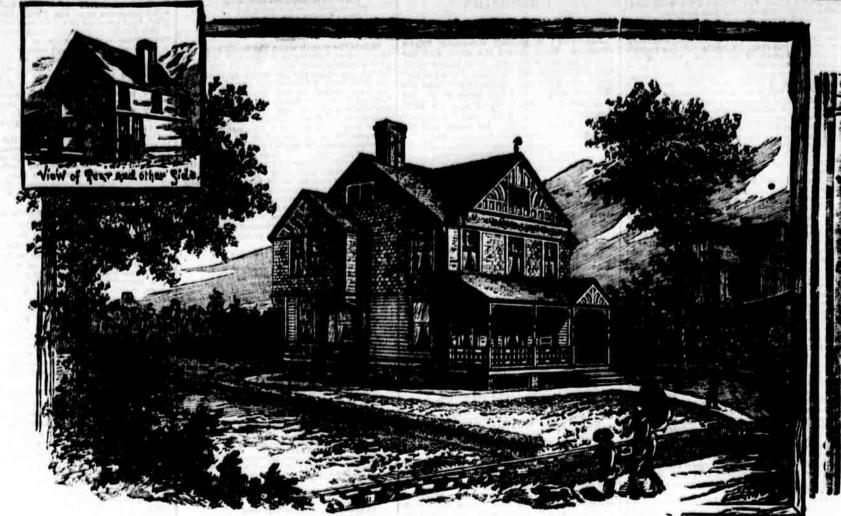
ominous portent as we know, but Dr. Triful-gas eschews all superstitious notions. The fact is that the doctor believes in nothing at all; no, not even his own science—except for what it brings him.

What weather, to be sure, and what a road!
Nothing but shingle and slag; the shingle slippery as sea weed, and the slag crisp as clinker. And no other light to see by ex-cept a tremulous flicker from Hursof's ian-tern.

tern.
At times strange, fentastic figures seem to tose and stir in the flames that now and again swell from the mouth of the Vanglor.
There is really no felling what lies hidden at the bottom of these inscretable craters. Perhaps the souls of the underworld that volatile or reaching our atmosphere.

haps the souls or the made works the volunt-ise on reaching our atmosphere.

The doolor and the old woman follow the line of coast that runs in and out of the amail bays along the shore. The sea is of a livid whiteness, and sparkies as its billows hurtle the phosphorescent fringe of surf that seems to pour waves on waves of glow-worms.



A NEAT MODERN HOUSE.

Size of Structure : Front, 24 feet, 6 inches : extreme width, 32 feet. Side, 29 feet, 6 inches, not including

veranda.

Size of rooms: See floor plans.

Height of stories: Cellar, 6 feet, 6 inches; first story, 9 feet; second story, 8 feet, 3 inches.

Materials: Foundation, stone and brick; first story, clapboards; second story, shingles; roof, shin-

gies. Cost: \$2,200 to \$2,000, complete, except mantels and attchen range.

This is a very popular house, and deservedly so. It combines a most convenient arrangement of rooms with a very attractive exterior, and is built at a mod-

erate cost.

The large butler's pantry, well lighted, effectively separates the kitchen and kitchen odors from the rest of the house.

The dining room is so large that it makes a fine sittended in the second of the house.

The doining room is so large that it makes a fine sitting room as well. A small opening between this room and the kitchen closet, with a sliding door, makes it easy to pass dishes through, and economizes steps and time.

The parior is connected with the hall by double folding doors, and with the dining room by a wide portlere opening.

Four large bed rooms, a bath room and closets are obtained on the second floor, and two good rooms can be inished in the attic if de ir d.

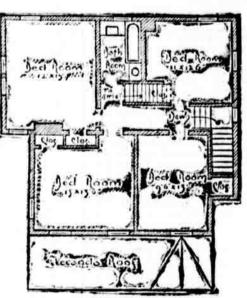
Cellar under the hall and parior.

The veranda is 7 feet wide.

The house can be heated by a fire-place heater in the parior or dining room. Or the space under the dining room and kitchen can be excavated and a furnace put in, at an additional expense of about \$225.

The water pipes are protected from freezing by carrying them by the side of the kitchen chimney.

The above design (No. 327) was furnished us for publication by the Co-Operative Building Plan association, a large firm of architects doing business at 191 Broad way, New York.



SECOND FLOOR.

upon the beach. Thus both walk on till they reach a bend in the road between two swelling downs, where the broom and sea-rushes clash their blades together like so

Portor.

FIRST FLOOR.

many bayoneta.

The dog has drawn closer to his master and seems to say:

"Well, what do you think? A hundre! "Well, what do you think? A hundre! and twenty fretzers to be placed under lock and key in the safe as soon as we get back home! "Tis another place of ground added to the vine enclosure! Another dish added to the evening mea!! Another bowl of wash for faithful Hurzo!! Nothing like attending patients who are willing to unloose their purse strings!"

At this point the old woman stopped.

purse strings!"
At this point the old woman stopped.
Nhe pointed a finger paisied with age toward the red light, some way off in the gloom; the house evidently of Vort Kartif, the herring curer.
"There?" isconically put in the doctor.

"There?" laconically put in the doctor.

"Yes," nodded the herring-curer's mother.

"Hurrah-wow wow!" struck up Hurzof.

Just then the Vanglor, vibrating to its foundations with a noise like thunder, threw up one huge mass of fuliginous flames that rent the clouds. Dr. Trifulgas was thrown to the ground by the force of the concussion. Regaining his footing, however, he swore like a trooper and looked around.

The old woman had disappeared. She must have failen through some deep crevice in the ground, or taken flight in the floating fog-clouds of ocean.

The dog, nevertheless, was still there, upright on his haunches, his mouth wide open, but the light of the lantern was blown out "Never mind," mumbled the doctor, "let's go oss."

go on."

The honest man had pocketed his 120 fretz-

A lone light was visible in the distant half a kertse away. Doubtiess it was the lump of the dying, or perchance, dead man, and yonder must be the herring-curer's abode. There could be no mistake for the abode. There could be no mistake for the old woman had pointed it out. And so thinking, under the whistling whiffs of the wind and the driving sweet of the rain, with the whole noise of the storm in his ears, Dr. Trifulgas hurried on in the direction of the house which, standing in front of a wide heath, became more distinctly perceptible as the wayfarm amorposched.

heath, became more distinctly perceptible as the wayfarer approached.

It was a singular and noteworthy fact to observe how much the house of the herring-curer looked like the doctor's "Six-Quatre," at Luktrop. There was certainly the same arrangement in the iront windows and the little vaulted door at the side.

Dr. Trifulgas strode on as fast as the driving gusts of wind and rain would allow. He reached the door, which was sjar, pushed it open, and entered; the force of the blast closed it behind with a bang.

The dog outside howled or was silent by turns, as when choristers chant the verses of a Forty Hours' psaim.

turns, as when choristers chant the verses of a Forty Hours' psains. How very strange! It might almost be affirmed that Dr. Trifulgas had come back to his own place. This, however, could not be. He took no wrong turning on the road, nor did he lose his way. No, he was certainly at Val Karniou and not at Luktrop. Yet, how came it that his eye dwelt on the same low, vanied corridor, the same winding staircase, and the same massive wooden railing, hand-worn like his own?

He mounted the stairs, and stopped on the landing.

A faint light came from under the door, as at the "Six Quatre!" Was it a snare, or a delusion? By the uncertain glimmer of the lamp, he vaguely recognized his own room. There was the yellow sofa; and there, on the right, was the old cak chest; and there, on the leit, was the tron-bound safe, in which he purposed placing his 120 fretzers. Yonder, again, were his armohair, with its leather tassels, his table with its convoluted legs, and upon it, by the flokering lamp, his own Codex, still open at page 197.

page 197. "What alls me?" murmured the doctor. What alis me?" murmured the doctor.
What alis you? Why you are paleted with fright. Your eyebalis start from their socketa. Your body contracts and dwindles in size. An icy sweet chilis your skin, on which namelees horrors sliently creep. Quick, or the isemp will go out for lack of oil, and the sick man die. Yes the bed is there—his own, one would think, with its pillars and baldaquin—a bed as broad as it is long, and the closed curtains with their large inwrought flowers.

Can this indeed be the bed of a poor herring-curer.

Trembling all over, the doctor drew nea

Trembling all over, the dootor drew near pulled the curtain aside, and peered within. There, outstretched on his dying bed, the clok man lay, with his head drooping over the counterpane and his body motioniess, like one about to breathe his last.

The dootor leaned forward.

"Ah! what horrid seres n was that which rent the air and was taken up by the dog outside with his ainister howling?

It is not Yon Kartif, the herring-curer, but he, Dr. Trilugies hinnes!, who is the dying man. He is smitten down with brain fever. Full well he knows the symptoms—it is cerebral apopiexy, with sudden accumulation of serosity in the cavities of the brain, and partial paralysis of the body on the side opposite that where the lesion exists.

It was for him, and no other, that assist-

ance was besought, and 12) freizers were paid! He who, in the hardness of his heart, refused to attend the poor herring curer! It is himself, then, who is now dying!

Dr. Trifulgas raved like a maniac. The dangerous symptoms increased everyminute. Not only were all the functions of relation dead within bim, but the beatings of his own heart were nearly gone, like the breath of his lungs.

Yet, he had not lost all consciousness of his deeperate strait. Yet, be had not lost all consciousness of his desperate strait.

What should he do? Diminish the mass of the blood by bleesding? There must be no hesitation, or Dr. Trifulgas would be a dead man. Phisbotomy was still practiced in these days, and then, as now, the doctors rescued from apoplexy all those who were not to die from its effects.

defent

Dr. Trifulgas seized his case of instruments, took his lancet, and punctured the vein of his own arm. No blood, however, spurted from the incisior. He frettoned with all his might the chest of the dying one, but found that the pulsations of his heart diminished; he burnt the other's

Suddenly his own duplicate self started up in bed, struggled wildly in the last throes of suspended breathing, a rattle came into his throat, and Dr. Trifulgas, with all his science, tell back dead in his own arms.

Whiff! blew the wind, and swash went the

rain outside, as the storm gradually abated. VII. On the following morning a corpse was

On the following morning a corpse was found in the house known as the "Six-Quatre," the corpse of Dr. Trifulgas.

He was placed in an oak coffin and conveyed in great pomp to the cemetery of Luktrop, after the manner of the many he had already sent there.

As for old Hurzof, I am told the faithfut beast may still be seen, with his isntern relighted, scouring the heath at night and howling for his lost master.

If this be true or not, I really cannot say; but so many strange things do in fact occur

but so many strange things do in fact occur in this Volsinian country, especially about Lukthrop, that I see no reason to doubt the

At any rate, let me ask of you once more not to look up this town of Luktrop on the map. Our best geographers are still uncertain as to its exact position in latitude, and even longitude.

Not as It Used to Be in Washington.

from the New York Sun. The late Mrs. George Bancroft, who had lived many years in Washington, used to moralize on the changes caused by wealth. Yes, my dear," she would say, clasping her hands together, " the money is creeping in, creeping in, and the good old days are al-most gone. Yes, my dear, when we used to see our friends in stuffy little partors, there was conversation and wit enough, and the stuffy little houses seemed greater and more brilliant than the big fine ones do now. We never thought of money then. Our friends came to see us and were happy in the stufflest little house then. Yes, my dear, there was true hospitality in the good old days. But now, alsa! the money is creeping in, creeping in. We are made ashamed of the dear, stuffy old houses, and the dinners we gave then, when wit and wisdom were worth more than gold. Ah! my dear, they were coharming days, when our friends cared for us and not for our money, and when we all were contented and happy in our stuffy little rooms. It's all changed by the money. Yes, my dear, it's creeping in, creeping in." The old lady would sigh, as she talked, sitting in an arm chair in the H street house, where she died, and where, when able to see her friends, she gathered them about her on Monday afternoons. She held her little court with pardonable pride, and was always the centre of a group, charmed to listen to her stories about distinguished people who had been guests in the stuffy old houses. She must have seen more and more before she died how the money was creeping in, with the big fine houses, and the great parties going on all around her.

To such a degree has money been creeping in that heretofore a simple, informal tea has now become the occasion of the most elaborate floral decorations and, on the part of housesses, full-dress toilets. At an afternoon tea given a few weeks ago the drawing rooms and hall were a bower of tropical plants and rare out flowers. The stair rails were covered with smilax, and pots of blooming plants were in a line on the steps. The whole effect was that of an evening party, until the guesia entered in street toilets. It must be never thought of money then. Our friends came to see us and were happy in the stuffles

plants were in a line on the steps. The whole effect was that of an evening party, until the guests entered in street toliets. It must be said that these "swell" parties are not given by Washington people, but by those rich people who come here, take a house for the season, and bend their energies to making a show of their money. After one season, if they stay longer, they subside, and soon settle down to something like refinement and good sense. These exhibitions have the tie down to something like refinement and good sense. These exhibitions have the effect of driving some families to the other extreme of severe simplicity. At one or two houses the fear of any sign of show is so great that the refreshment table has been a soant apology, and no inducement whatever for guests to crowd the supper room. If they did not go away hungry it was because they had been well fortified. FASHIONS FOR THE PAIR.

What Is the Proper Caper in Dressing Chi dren-Trimmings and Model Styles.

The Philadelphia Ledger says: For children's dresses, small jackets are much fav-ored. They have tight fitting backs and they open in front over a vest or guimpe. They either terminate in a small postilion with a bow, or else the back forms long pointed ends lined with light colored silk which are taken up to the waist like loops. In front of the waist or jacket there may be a piece of velvet or embroidered goods. The jacket closes on either side of the plastron by means of a flap, or it has a belt on the lower part. while others form loops. Another style is to have the jacket closing on the side, and with ave the bacque. Guimpes are of embroidered muslin, tuile and lace, and of all open-work materials. Plastrons and inserted pieces are of velvet or embroidered stuffs. Embroid-ered white cloth is much in favor for plastrons and vests. It also serves for the curts, Dresses for babies from 3 to 6 years of age are pretty made of cream colored woolen goods and trimmed with bands of Bulgarian or Russian embroidery. The same arabesque designs are on the white cloth yest. Ribbon bows are much employed on children's dresses. In addition to being on the shoul-ders of waists, they also form the fronts of skirts or jackets. For the latter arrangements for jackets. For the latter arrange-ments the bows are sewed to a piece of plain ribbon and usually extended down one side only, as the skirt sometimes opens over a panel. White and light-colored skirts are effective combined with dark-colored or plaid velvet. Light blue chuddah harmon izes well with dark Scotch plaid. Children' costomes may also be in subdued tones, suc as light brown, beige or cream. The skirts, vests and puffings are of surah, while the jackets are of light cloth. Little boys also wear slik vests, but their jackets are plainer

than those for girls.

White cloth revers on almost any shade of goods are fashionable for trimming girls' dresses. They are feather-stitched on to the goods with either red, black or yellow crewels. Skirt panel cuits, as well as revers and collars are made of the white goods, which is cleaned, when solled with Wil-mington clay, precisely as soldiers "pipe clay" their beits.

clay" their belta.

Canvas of herring-bone serge white dresses for young girls have the skirt laid in large pleats back and front, leaving a plain space on each side, to serve as a narrow plain panel. The waist is pleated in close, fine pleats into a yoke, which is finished around and over the shoulders with insertion. The sleeves have a few gathers at the top, but are otherwise plain and tight fitting, with a tremotherwise plain and tight-fitting, with a turn-over cuif that is edged with a narrow ruille. Corded ginghams are a novelty among the wash-goods. Gathers are much better than pleads in children's cloths as they are more

pleads in children's cloths as they are more easily ironed, except in the very broad boxpleats or kills that make the skirts of boys' suits.

The linen standing collars and chemisettes with white ties, that were so popular last season, are to be worn again as soon as the weather gets warmer. At present ribbons are the popular neckwear, the prettiest being rich, wide, white moire ribbons, showing little edge at the collar and aleeve and tied in a small bow under the chin and on top of the wrist. Colored ribbons are used, but are only becoming to dark brunettes. top of the wrist. Colored ribbons are used, but are only becoming to dark brunettes.

Jackets are preferred to all other outer garments for young girls. Many of them are very simply made. They have often false vests and puflings in front, Suits for ordinary daily wear and in combinations such as dark blue trimmed with red. The front of the overskirt forms a long apron. The waist is a jersey in the same color and of a fine quality of goods. Over the front there may be a pufling of surah. Sometimes the jersey only has a narrow band of red silk coming a little above the collar. The most servicestie little above the collar. The most serviceable dress for ordinary use has the overskirt polon

TRIMMINGS AND MODEL STYLES. The simplest trimming for worsted walking dresses is braiding sewed sideways instead of fist, with a very little glit lacing or thread intermixed. The braid is in a darker shade than the goods. There is a kind of rough curled trimming in seven shades of one color. Slik, somewhat like Lyons satin only heavier and softer, bears this same embroidery. Some fashionable Parisian houses have abandoned all complicated draperies. Skirts fail straight and are taken plain over the hips with the backs slightly draped or straight. They are gathered or plaited to the belt. Some slik skirts have full slik ruchings on the lower borders. Very richly embroidered craps scarfs will be used for trimming. They are very light and are fringed on the border trimming. They are tied in long loops down the side or back.

A great many thin wool and cotton dresses are made with full sleeves, and for summer wear the cuff may be narrow, extending only part way over the arm and edged, instead of covered, with lace or open embroidery. The colored embroideries in browns, in brown and yellow, in blue and red, in gray and clive, and in Turkish or Indian bleadings of color, are becoming a great feature of summer dress decoration. The simplest trimming for worsted walk

One way of obtaining short pieces in very handsome patterns is to buy the beautifully embroidered towels, cut the embroidered strips or borders off, sew the fringed and open worked ends to the plain linen and use the colored work for panelling or bodies

REVIVAL OF OLD STYLES. Among the spring goods are many printed flannels, mousselines de laine and other figured goods, in cashmere colors or in mo chrome, on white or pale beige colored grounds, that revive the styles of thirty years ago. As these are seldom so becoming as solid colors, they must be chosen with

Canton crapes in black have been in yogue or several seasons, but this spring white

Canton crapes in black have been in yogue for several seasons, but this spring white Chinese crapes are the latest choice for wedding dresses, draped over white satin. The sleeves are fulled a good deal in the armholes, but are tight below the elbow. The front of the basque is made in handkerchief shape, folded across, gathered on the shoulders, and caught at the waist by a satin belt. The nature of the material perfectly suits the present styles in drapery. Exquisite ovening dresses are made of this white crape, embroidered with silver.

Velvet polonaises, simply silk lined and not wadded, thus fitting the figure very closely, will be very fashionably worn for several months to come. Black velvet is the favorite tabric, with superb jet trimmings for the bodice portions. The skirts are left untrimmed. One of the leading models for these overgarments is the Polish shape, with long panel-like fronts and short jacket back or dolman back, as may be preferred. Velvets of bronze, dark green, heliotrope and many dark fruit shades are made into these handsome garments, and made into these handsome garments, and the skirts worn beneath are usually of handsome striped goods in satin and velvet the latter stripe matching in shade that o

FOR SIMPLER STYLES. A dove-gray surah looks well with a petti-coat of gray corduroy, or made up with fine French cashmers of the same shade, this French cashmere of the same shade, this forming deep kilts; a nun's gray velvet over an Ottoman silk skirt is trimmed with steel beaded embroidery, with bonnet of the silk, the coronet front decorated with the beading, and the bonnet trimmed with gray ostrich tips and a pale blue or pink algrette.

The latest mode of making laces dresses of either white or black is to have them formed of the lace and net alone; the seams delicately but firmly stayed with net bindings, but left unlined. Slips of different colors can then be worn beneath, thus changing the appearance of the dress to suit various

can then be worn beneath, thus changing the appearance of the dress to suit various occasions. Sometimes the skirts are permanently lined with black, and the bodice portion only is left for a change of underwaist, high, low, V shape, colored, black, long-sleeved or short, etc. For some reason there is a decline in the popularity of Spanish lace, and preference is given to the best qualities of French lace in thread patterns, to marquise lace resembling real chantilly, and to fancy meshes in fine matelasse designs.

esigns. Ribbons are used on dresses, not only made up into bows, but serving in narror widths for bayadere stripes on plaiting a the foot and sides of the skirts, and in broade widths for bayadere stripes on plaiting at the foot and sides of the skirts, and in broader widths for making stripes lengthwise on draperies, on wraps and even on the coats of children. Entire fronts of evening and house dresses are covered with loops or ribbon finished with beads or swallow forked. There are sleeves and bodices made up set on net or gauze, and to be worn with full dress. Inexpensive dresses, taking little time to make up, are the embroidered batistes in pale blue, pink, lawn and cafe as laif, or pale cream brown. These are, handsomely embroidered with needlework, just as Swiss muslin robes are worked. Some of the designs are embroidered all in white; others show the patterns wrought in shaded colors matching the fabric.

ROBIN'S RETURN. For the INTELLIGENCER. Hey! Robin Redbreast, back sgain,

Hey! Robin Redbreast, back ag You find some ugly weather; 'Twas warmer down in Florida, Oh, yes, I'm sure 'twas you I saw— Your head and wing and throat, sir, That same red breast and manner shy, And heard that self-same note, sir.

'T was where among the orange leaves The fruit was havging golden, When in the pines the soft win is saug Those legends olden, olden.

Where climbed the jessamine and the grape, here sang the mock-bird, Robin, tere nature's beart was strong and we Could feel it strongly throbbin' But home is best, you know, Redbreast,-One thing we learn by roving,
And days are brightest, after all,
Where hearts are kind and loving!
—Will P. McSparran.

In the progress of civilization, woman suf-rage is sure to come—Charles Summer.

NEED OF A RAILROAD.

IN UNDER TO TAP THE LOWER BUD OF BANGASTER COURTS.

of Its Moss Productive Town out Monns of Chenpty and Quickly Bringing Their Wares and Baying Their Supplies in Land

EDS. INTELLIGENCER.—The extension of the railroad connection of the city of Lancas-ter with the lower end of our county has been more or less agitated within the past few years, but there are very few even of those most directly interested in such a connection who realize to any appreciable extent the im-mense advantages that would redound to both city and county by such a connection. The four lower townships of the county— The four lower townships of the county— Colerain, Fulton, Little Britain and Dru-Colerain, Fulton, Little Britain and Dru-more—which a glance at the map will show to compare very favorably in size, and a very slight investigation will prove to compare more favorably in value of products with any in the county, are now practicably cut off totally from our county seat. Their trade all belongs to Lancaster; their best market for beef, pork, potatoes, vegetables and grain is Lancaster; in fact, though only twenty-five miles away, yet by route of the railroad their residents are sixty miles away.

residents are sixty miles away.

All of their retail trade, shopping, barking and general trade belongs to the city, yet practically not one lots of it comes here, because the people are cut off from the city and offered far superior facilities for reaching other points. Let us take an instance : Fairmount is, in direct line, twenty-two miles from Lancaster, yet if you were to take the train from that point to the city you find that you cannot do so without paying a fare of three dollars and sixty cents round trip, and can, under no consideration, go and come in the same day. If you wish to go to Philedelphia, seventy-five miles away, you can go and come for two dollars and forty-five cents, and make the trip in one day, with four hours allowed in Philadelphia.

SHIPPING DIFFICULTIES. It is almost impossible to ship one way or the other, on account of the difficulties of transfer, and at the best it costs twenty-five per cent. more to do so than to ship to Phila-delphia, Wilmington or Baltimore. This is all radically wrong, and a diagrace to the enterprise, public spirit and business pride of the foremost county of the Union, that for so long a time one of the best parts of her county has been as fully out off from her county seat

as if situated in the far West.

And what is needed to bring all of this section right to the doors of the city? A glance at the map will show that the Peach Bottom railroad, beginning at the Susquehanna river, effectually drains all the lower end of the county, and carries the wealth of her trade off to Oxford and beyond that to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Wilmington. Now all of this valuable traffic can be easily turned here, and all of the lower end can reap the advantage of a convenient, ready and hun-gry market for her rich products simply by building and operating a trifle of eight miles of railroad from Quarryville to King's BUILD & BAILROAD.

houses that might subscribe the one-fortieth of it at a good profit to themselves; and any reasonable person may be estimated that every farm in the lower end would be enhanced at least twenty-five per cent. by such a connec

There is plenty of money and men ready to build; therefore, let those who are the leaders of the community hasten themselves and get the project in shape, and they will wonder in a few years how they ever man-aged to get along without it. Labor is cheep, material is cheep, capital is cheep, and a large part of it will be spent in the city and county, and every interest will be helped by

the enterprise. The subject of building the railroad will be considered at the next meeting of the Board of Trade, when President Leavitt, of the Peach Bottom road, will be present. Many Lancaster capitalists look favorably upon the enterprise, and it is believed that will be forthcoming in plenty to build the railroad as soon as its obvious advantages are fairly presented to the public.

THE WANDERER Joiner, joining the caken seam, All so lonely and dusty gray, Shaking thy head in a waking dream, Where be thy fellows of yesterday

Past and gone from the trodden sill; Each on his errand; and all for naught!
For men are coming and going still;
And still must the joiner's task be wrought.

Why, well thou sayest, thou mournful wight! But dost thou remember the student four, Who sang of old, in the waning light Of the golden evenings, before thy door ? And do I remember 7 And wast thou one

Of that boastful band? For my eyes are dim Nay! for with tempest and foreign sun, Scarred thou stemest and swart and grim! And fair were they; and they vowed their vow

And still they talked as they held carouse, Of what should happen and what betall. And one must rail at the miser's greed, And he of them, only, hath learned to hour and one should win with the poet's screed What he hath won with the victor's sword!

And one should journey beyond the foam, And never his eyes behold the sea! And one of them only abide at home; And half I fancy that thou art he !

Oh, vex thee not with the pleasure I planned; But tell me!—what of thy daughter fair? And wears she a ring on the lily hand, so smooth and slender beyond compare? For here be jewels of East and West,

And here be spells of the Southern shell, Won, with danger, at love's behest, And who is the giver, her heart shall tell. Now what to thee is her lily hand?

And what, to thee, was her love so dear?

And how shall she care for thy jewels grand, Now that her coffin I fushion here ? Why, truly, truly, if these things be,

There is never a solace for those that roam, In all that their slumboring eyes may see, More false than the dreams of the coming -From the Boston Transcript.

SPECIAL MORICES.

Mothers! Mothers!! Methers!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting tech? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING STRUP. It will relieve the poor little and the poor many improvements the poor many improvements the poor many improvements. SOOTHING STRUP. It will relieve the poor little saffer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the cidest and best ismale physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. So onts a bottle.

Maydi-lydew

OHE ROTTLE EFFECTS A CURE.—Mr. Oscar E. R. Ecch, of Allentown, Fa., was bedfust with inflammatory rhounatism in the winter of limit Doctors could do nothing to relieve him. He commenced using Gross' Rheumatic Remedy By the time he had used half a bottle he could leave his bed; when he had smished the hottle he was cured and has not had a return of the disease since. In his own words, "I see better than ever before." Price St. by all druggiets.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYEH, of Bourbon ind. mays: "Both myself and wife own our lives to Ballion's COMBURETION CUME." For sale by H. E. Cochma, Druggist, No. 187 North Queen Da. Hassian Wome Synur, Furely vegetable pleasant to take, will expel worms if any exist, no purpative required after using. Fries, it comic, by all drugglets.

Utterly Disc

tolles, there seems have as a last resen their surprise and je their surprise and joy safe, sure and quiek an experiment , these

its use and they testify as to its value.

HERMONERS, DUVERSS CO., H. Y. An
I took Athiopheres asserting to it caused aringing in my one that was ant, it operated on my heart caused and fainter throb, and concitrated when the last done was taken? I have much of the medicine; the mean much of the medicine; the mean make the most was better, and continued cattle it left me. My inmenses was in my be dere and neck, and had been for each read medicine to try Athiophores by a Wm. Jackson, who had taken a bottle severe attack of lameness in his she arm. He said "It drove the lameness of me, my head felt strong, and my he stopped beating; I thought I would came out all right, and have not had ness since."

Athlophoros in a case of inveterate the of the right shoulder and arm. This been of weeks standing—yes meather sisted medicine carefully selected, also of electric treatment. One bottle rest the trouble. The case remains well, at year since using the medicine.

G. C. Paicann

Every druggist should keep Athloga Athlophoros Fills, but where they a bought of the druggist the Athlophoros 113 Wall street, New York, will send est riage paid) on receipt of regular pris is \$1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and For liver and kidney diseases, dy digestion, weakness, nervous debility of women, constipation, headachs, blood, &c., Athiophoros Pills are unequally-liwood

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ANSWERED.

The question has probably been asked to sands of times. "How can Brown's Iron Bits cure everything?" Well, it doesn's Iron Bits cure any disease for which a reputable phycian would prescribe IRON. Physicians have not been supported by the profession, and inquiry of any lead chemical firm will substantiate the assert that there are more preparations of iron that any other substance need in medicine. It is now so necessary that there are more preparations of iron that any other substance need in medicine. It is now so necessary that there are more preparations of iron that any other substance need in medicine. It is now so necessary in the substance need in medicine. It is now to be the most important factor in success medical practice. It is, however, a remark fact, that prior to the discovery of IROW IS INTERES on perfectly anishedory of bination had ever been found. HOW WE IN BITTERE does not injure the teeth, cause heache, or produce constipation—all other medicased. BROWN'S IRON BITTERES ourse digestion, Biliousness, Weakness. Dyspey Maiaris, Chillis and Fovers, Tired Feeling, the earl Debility, Fain in the Bide, Back or Lim Headache and Nouralgia—for all these alime Iron is prescribed daily. BROWN'S IRON ETERS, however, does not cure in a minute, It all other thorough medicines, it acts slow When taken by seen the effect is usually me rapid and marked. The eyes begin at once brighten; the skin clears up; feelthy colomes to the cheeks; nervousness dispears; functional derangement becomes rales, and if a nursing mother, abundant us and in the lines of warpers. The Genuine has the Oklat iron Bitters is the Oklat iron Bitters is

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