

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Incompatibility. At last, since thou art all my own, My love, my life, my promised bride!

Among the new dress goods in silk and wool mixtures are found some novelties in the form of veiled striped goods, the stripes running across, not lengthwise the goods, producing a corduroy effect; and upon this surface, whose ground is either gendarme blue, bronze, plum, dark green, brown, or black, bright silk threads produce a flowered design in jardiniere effects, the figures being for the most part small set designs.

Other fancy silk and wool mixtures have narrow alternate stripes of plain wool and figured silk, the silk stripes in small bright arabesque or French designs. Other striped cloth have particular grounds of bronze, French gray, cherry, garnet, peacock, gendarme and navy blues, and shades of stone and ardoise or slate color.

Plaid Jacquard is a genuine novelty, the large plaids being produced in a variety of novel and striking designs and sharply contrasting colors woven in a Jacquard loom, and while they imitate the size and colors of tartans, are very unlike them. Broken blocks, squares, and dashes of color are produced in the midst of the wool mixtures by bright threads of silk thrown in, the predominant tints being old gold, sapphire and turquoise blues, cherry and other shades of red, and bright shades of green on dark grounds.

The ready-made suits, thousands of which are sold every season, and sent all over the world, are shown this fall in dark cloth colors in the new shades of amaranth, Rembrandt green, gendarme or duck's breast and navy blues, dauphin and dark French grays, Burgoyne and golden browns and black, with garnitures and parts of the costumes of trimming satins, plain, plaided or striped, silk plush, Jacquard corduroys or veiled stripes, wide woolen braids and Scotch and Jacquard plaids, or other trimming goods of silk and wool mixtures similar to those described above.

crowns and almost brimless, such as have been worn at Saratoga and Newport during the summer, and the favorite Carmen bonnets with greater breadth in the back. Other shapes serve as either a round hat or a bonnet, and English turbans, Derbies and large Tyrolean hats are all among the new shapes.

All these shapes are brought out in smooth soft felt, silk plush and fur beavers, with plian inch long. Sometimes the crown of the hat will be of silk and the brim of beaver or the reverse, and sometimes felt brims are given fur or silk crowns, or felt crowns are seen with plush or beaver brims.

The feather felts which were introduced last season appear again this season in greater numbers, and in the delicate eury and beige tints and cream and pearl whites, which show that they will be used for the richest full-dress occasions.

Fancy feathers will be used to excess again in trimming bonnets and hats. Whole and half birds, tails, wings, pompons, and feather fringes and ruches are all seen in the millinery stores.

The full wraps are for the most part made in a style similar to those worn last spring, but ulsters, round cloaks and close jackets will be worn as the season advances.

The Use of Pain.

The power which rules the universe, this great, tender power, uses pain as a signal of danger. Just, generous, beautiful nature never strikes a foul blow; never attacks us behind our backs; never digs pitfalls or lays ambushes; never gives a smile upon her face when there is vengeance in her heart.

Words of Wisdom.

What makes life dreary is the want of motive. The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another. Better be upright with poverty than wicked with plenty.

The Talmage Visits a Coal-Pit.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage is printing some characteristic sketches of English scenes and life. This shows how he came out of a coal-pit.

But we must say good-bye to these underground workers. We get into the "cage" and prepare for ascent. The guides warn us that we near the top, and the speed of the cage is slackened; the sensation will be somewhat distressing.

Sure enough! We get aboard, throw our arms over the iron bar with a stout tug, the signal of "All ready!" is given, and we fly upward.

In the contrast it seems more yellow, more golden, more entrancing. You take off your hat and bath in it. You feel that the world needs more of it. Sunshine for the body; sunshine for the mind; sunshine for the soul.

A Leadville Washerwoman's Luck.

But it is not alone in mining operations that fortunes have been made, writes a Leadville (Col.) correspondent. Mrs. Sarah Ray, an old Irish washerwoman, who was among the earliest settlers, has a somewhat romantic history.

"Papa Wrangel's" Gift.

"Papa Wrangel," the venerable field marshal who died last year in Berlin, had more than the proverbial German thrift. A comical illustration of his economical peculiarities has just come to light at Wiesbaden.

Good Fish.

"Are these good fish, boy?" said an individual to a boy at a fish stand. "Yes, sir," quickly replied the boy, running up to the customer with a determination to make a sale at any price.

THE CANYON OF NIAGARA.

More Mysterious than the Falls Themselves.—The Depth of the Water—Exciting Explorations.

The canyon of Niagara, says a correspondent of the Syracuse Standard, is far more mysterious than the falls themselves. Within the era of civilization in America no one was able to successfully pierce through the fierce and terrible undercurrent to the bottom, until recently, in behalf of science, to undertake the task.

One day he launched in a small boat not far from the falls and entered on a most exciting and perilous expedition in charge of the miniature ferry situated here, accompanied the party. With great difficulty we approached within a short distance of the American falls, which darted great jets of water on us and far out into the stream.

The terrors of the gorge below this point are known to but few. Indeed the foot of man scarcely ever treads this infernal region, where almost perpendicular walls rise on each side of the verge of the river from 270 to 560 feet in height.

After an hour's climb we made our way to within 100 feet of the top, where just a narrow ridge formed by the crumbled debris seemed to extend. We followed this perhaps half a rod, when it came to an abrupt termination.

Counterfeit Eggs.

Several most staid and dignified British journals have recently been most richly supplied by a ridiculous story in the San Francisco Post last winter about the manufacture of artificial eggs in California for transportation.

Three Successive Golden Weddings.

The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Francis Adams took place recently at Quincy, Mass., in the same house where that of John Adams was celebrated in October, 1814, and that of John Quincy Adams in July, 1847.

The Interoceanic Canal.

At the meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science in Saratoga, Commander E. P. Lull, U. S. N., read a paper on "The Interoceanic Canal Problem," giving an account of the explorations for connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, in which he has been engaged with others.

The canal from the Caribbean Sea to the Pacific Ocean, situated ten miles from the Pacific coast, but with a surface 107 feet above mean tide on each side. It is 119 miles from the Caribbean Sea to the lake by the river San Juan, the outlet of the lake on this side. A canal from the lake to the Pacific Ocean would be 163.10 miles long, only seven miles of which would be difficult.

Mad Clear Through.

It is related that Gen. Scott's famous letter to Zachary Taylor, announcing the withdrawal of most of the regular troops from Taylor's command, to be placed under his own in a projected movement from Vera Cruz toward the capital of Mexico, was received when Gen. Taylor was at supper with his staff near Monterey.

Little Johnny's Bear Story.

An' now I'll tell you a story about a bear. One day the bear, he went among a flock of sheep and picked out a nice little lamb and cot it, and the lamb it said "Ja ba ba!" 'cos it knew it was a lamb to be every little tiny bit up.

The Worst Church.

The Worst church, of Canterbury, N. H., is described in the correspondence of the Boston Traveller. The interior is a mosaic of needlework of vines, flowers and decorations of worsted in all colors and designs.

Advertisements.

The man who says that he doesn't believe in advertising is doing just what he pretends to despise. He hangs coats outside his door, or puts dry goods in his window—that's advertising.

Daniel Boone's Snake.

The Cincinnati Commercial is now the country's principal reservoir of snake stories. A recent issue contains a dozen or more, among which there is one of peculiar merit. The narrator tells how he was engaged in blasting with gun-powder some large and tough logs. From one of the logs thus split open crawled an enormous serpent, which was easily killed.

Advertisements.

The man who says that he doesn't believe in advertising is doing just what he pretends to despise. He hangs coats outside his door, or puts dry goods in his window—that's advertising. He sends out drummers through the country, or puts his name on his wagon—that's advertising.