



What could be more snug and pretty than these two costumes for a brisk walk and Ethel out into the country these things...



Out for a November Walk.

a dolman garment of green velvet, edged with any dark fur. The dolman is cut to almost Ethel's shoulders in the back, the idea being to afford protection to just that place...

Hints for the Fashionable. MANY brims of the small felt hats are curiously plaited into shape rather than curved...

Always a Useful Gown. Have one black gown in your wardrobe. It will be useful in all emergencies. You can wear it on your afternoon "at home," and also have a feeling of safety in wearing it when you are not quite sure what to wear...

Dresses That Bring Luck. Usually women have some article of dress in which fortunate things come to them, which brings them good luck, or the reverse.

verses, and they cultivate agreeable or disagreeable superstitions in regard to these garments. One young woman goes further. Certain garments are like talismans, and she will wear or restrict her from certain actions.

One of these she calls her harvest gown, which has had a notable career. She bought the stuff in Paris. It is India silk, and Ethel in school, diversified by wheat ears in warm cream tints. This gown she had three years before it was made up.

Present to Bridesmaids. With alarm I note that it is become more and more fashionable, says a London correspondent, for brides to give their bridesmaids presents.

Once the bridegroom would as little have expected to escape the half dozen gold bangles or initial brooches, which usually fall to the share of the attendant damsels, as he would have dreamed of failing to present the bride with her bouquet.

New Styles in Hair Dressing. The new styles of hair dressing follow the classic Empire fashions of dress. The back hair is dressed in a soft coil in the nape of the neck, so as to display fully the contours of the head.

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An open letter to women. No. 1. 101 Laurel Ave., San Francisco, May 18, 1892. "Dear friend of women: "When my baby was born, five years ago, I got up in six days. Far too soon. Result: falling of the womb. Ever since I've been miserable.

"I tried everything; doctors, medicines, apparatus; but grew worse. "I could hardly stand; and walking without support was impossible.

"At last I saw an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and decided to try it. The effect was astonishing. Since I took the first bottle my womb has not troubled me, and, thanks only to you, I am now well. Every suffering woman should know how reliable your compound is. It is a sure cure."

Students Against Compulsory Orations. NEW WILMINGTON, Pa., Nov. 16.—[Special.]—At the University this morning, the Junior class presented a petition to the faculty requesting that they abolish the custom of requiring the students in the junior year to give orations. The faculty has the matter under consideration.

Don't Forget That to-day (Thursday) our great \$16 sale takes place. Any suit or any overcoat, the best in house, for \$16—the equal of \$35 and \$45 garments. F. C. C. Corner Grant and Diamond streets.

LORD HERSCHELL'S BLUFF. He Will Spring Upon the Monetary Conference a Gold Standard Proposition. LONDON, Nov. 16.—No programme yet exists for the International Monetary Conference, which opens at Brussels November 22.

PLAYED THE RACES TOO HIGH. A District Attorney Who Got Away With His Clients' Funds Badly Wanted. STROUDSBURG, Pa., Nov. 16.—[Special.]—It is now known that Charles W. Holbrook, District Attorney of this county, who went to New York with his wife during the Columbus celebration and mysteriously disappeared, is a defaulter to the amount of several thousand dollars.

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EDMUNDSON & PERRINE. We wish to merely introduce to you a little handful of prices for high-class goods. The reason for THIS REDUCTION is, we've by far too many goods for the middle of November. The regular profit is yours. We want the money and more room for Holiday Goods. We will prove this assertion if you'll come and see for yourself.

KARPETS. INGRAINS, BRUSSELS. OUR \$15 BEDROOM SUIT. In these days of little-cost Furniture there's no use of propped-up goods and dreary homes. A minute to read this "ad" or an hour in our Furniture forests will suggest Sideboards at \$10, \$14, \$16, \$18, \$20, \$25, \$30, \$32, \$35, \$38, \$42 and so on.

LADIES' WRAPS. BLANKETS. DOLLS, TOYS, NECESSITIES. Cold winter makes heavy Cloak demands. Our lines have rich choosings for every lady. The highest in art, real taste and delicacy, at prices that meet the approbation of all.

PLEASE CONSIDER THAT THIS IS NOT A "FAKE" SALE, AND, IF YOU WISH TO PROVE IT, BRING THIS "AD" WITH YOU AND ASK TO SEE THESE GOODS. Every article is marked at sacrifice prices, and, more, you can buy from us now on 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6 MONTHS' TIME, and have the use of the goods while paying for them.

635-637 SMITHFIELD ST. 635-637. FURNITURE. OUR SPECIAL NUMBERS. No. 1—Our \$30 Solid Oak Bedroom Suit for \$20.00. No. 2—Our \$40 Solid Oak Bedroom Suit for \$30.00. CARPETS. TERMS TO SUIT. No. 3—Our \$1 Brussels made and laid \$5c. No. 4—Our \$5c Wool Ingrain made and laid \$7c.

F. P. THOMAS, COR. OHIO AND E. DIAMOND, ALLEGHENY. SMITH'S. THE best evidence of the good values we are giving is the constant increase in business. Every day we are selling more than the same time a year ago. The facts are our Suits made to measure \$25 and \$30 are great values, fully one-third under lowest prices extant. Great assortment to select from.

LORD WILLARD'S PERIL. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY MARY CROSS. [COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY THE AUTHOR.] The express from Hollywood flies through the heat of later August, now between deep cuttings, waving with broom and goose and seeding grasses, on past floods of golden-ripe, fruit-rich orchards and lovely little villages. Passengers sick and yawn and sleep, and grumble generally at the heat and at the tedium of traveling. In a first-class compartment two florid, "horsey" individuals have set themselves to make the best of it, and, apparently little disturbed by the state of the thermometer, devour sandwiches and "pour libations" of something that looks but doesn't smell like weak cold tea, comparing notes on racing events past and future, and criticizing the merits of the latest music-hall star.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS. CURES HEADACHE. RESTORES LOST HEALTH. MISS LOTTIE CARSON OF SARASOTA, Fla., writes: "I was afflicted with a terrible headache for about two years and could not get anything out of time but at last a friend advised me to take your Burdock Blood Bitters, which I did, and after taking two bottles, I have not had the headache since."

low and sweet, "But you will come back again, won't you?" he says, all at once in a nervous, throaty whisper. The glimpse of her perfect mouth all quivering with emotion, the sight of her fair beat head, appal to his heart; he is carried away by passion, and is just on the point of clasping his arms about her—claiming for present and for future the right to share her sorrows, if he cannot altogether shield her from them—when the tenor, whose "songs beneath the waving stars" have been charming the ear of night, comes out with a train of admirers, and the tete-a-tete is broken up. Mrs. De la Poer anticipates time to whisper plaintively, "but you will come back again, won't you?" before other guests claim her attention.

Lord Willard presently takes his leave, departing less with the feelings of a lover who has been baffled or deprived of his chance than those of a man who has escaped something. Strange how the glamor fades, how the witchery of voice and look loses potency in absence, and how much more clear and distinct is the memory of the girl whose heart kept time and tune with his from the first dawn of love until its last throbs on earth.

"This one may not be," he says, all at once in a nervous, throaty whisper. The glimpse of her perfect mouth all quivering with emotion, the sight of her fair beat head, appal to his heart; he is carried away by passion, and is just on the point of clasping his arms about her—claiming for present and for future the right to share her sorrows, if he cannot altogether shield her from them—when the tenor, whose "songs beneath the waving stars" have been charming the ear of night, comes out with a train of admirers, and the tete-a-tete is broken up. Mrs. De la Poer anticipates time to whisper plaintively, "but you will come back again, won't you?" before other guests claim her attention.

"Who is the phantom?" asks Cousin Philippa; and the oldest Miss Darradale, who is just at the romantic and susceptible age, turns a sight into a pout as she replies: "That is Mr. De la Poer, the new organist. Jan's handsome."

"Oh! as to that, De la Poer's whole heart is in the boy; he is devoted to him, and denies him nothing. I feel that he is smiling when he knows that Bertie is enjoying himself here with our youngsters. And as to the wall of mystery, my dear, I think there is a story connected with him if we only knew."

And he closed one eye, nods, and takes a long pull at his flask. The other man looks startled—was even on the verge of being excited. "Do you mean?" he hints. "Oh, I don't mean anything, beyond the fact that De la Poer seemed to vanish all at once, and her ladyship took a trip to the Continent, and came back in widow's weeds. Whether it was arsenic, or a bullet through the head self-administered, or whether he just drank himself to death, no one seems to know, and it isn't my business anyhow. He was rather a handsome fellow, De la Poer, but a precious sort, else a pair of bright eyes smirking at him over a bar wouldn't have led him into matrimony. She was poor enough, and had to be content with little enough, when she knew him first; but, by Jove, after she was married, mines of gold were to have kept her. The best of everything was hardly good enough for her and so, with her extravagance, and maybe remorse, and no doubt the dropping off of friends who would not receive her, she was left with a weak and a weakness for drink. Perhaps he had a weakness for it before, just as he had for low company; but a better woman might have made a better man of him. I suppose he went from bad to worse with a rattie; any way, the whole thing ended in a smash, in utter ruin; and between drink and worry some of the man's brain gave way. I don't know what that may be, but he vanished, and so did I, and when she reappeared she was just up to her eyes in a man who was just as good as dead. There was no one else likely to identify Dolly Pearson of the Hare and Hounds with Mrs. Dorothea De la Poer of Rosemont, who everyone pities who has a heart for a man who went wrong. That's all I know. A clever woman; an adventuresome if you like, but clever as the deuce."