

Wednesday, December 23.

JAROS

Hygienic Underwear.



This cold weather makes those who have bought and worn this best of all Hygienic underwear appreciate its excellence over any they have ever tried.

Sudden changes in the weather don't mean discomfort and bad colds to wearers of Jaros Hygienic Underwear.

Jaros Hygienic Underwear.

Will not shrink; Will not irritate; Wears the longest; Is most economical.

If you don't wear it you ought to.

We are Sole Agents for Pittsburgh for the

Jaros Hygienic Underwear.

JOS. HORNE & CO.

609-621 PENN AVENUE.



For young people crepons and silk nautins trimmed with lace and set off with marine creases in delicate tones are in great vogue for ball dresses and for evening wear.



To the waist. This ball toilet is partially pictured in the illustration. At the shoulder there was a bunch of the feather trimming which was in cream white, while the gown itself was of a delicious pale green.

The floral ornaments of ballgowns are geraniums, Persian lilac, hesther, eggplant and hydrangea. Pearls are all the rage. You can afford the real pearls, so much the better for you, but the imitations are good enough for some of us.

warn the brunettes against the use of they are the exclusive privilege of the children of the North, with whose blue eyes and golden hair they accord deologically.

Gowns, Garments and Gossip. The most prominent feature just now is the methic—no as realized by the 'greenery-vallery' costume and the touzled head of Oscar Wilde's naivest days, but the culture of the beautiful in its best sense.

There are in existence to-day about 100 clan plaids, of which about half are the Highland tartans. The other half are modern variations produced by Lowland families for their identification, as certain ambitious persons to-day buy up or think up a fine coat-of-arms.

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There is no reason this season why any woman should be unbecomingly dressed.

There are the Empire and Directorate waists for slender forms; trim tail-made costumes for stouter forms; princess models, which impart a slender, girlish appearance, which tend to make the figure appear symmetrical.

LATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Yellow fever has appeared at Bahia, Brazil. —The negro editors of Georgia have organized a State Press Association. —The Upper Michigan straits are frozen over—the earliest for a number of years.

—The Russian famine is again killing off the peasants like flies, say recent reports. —An alliance, offensive and defensive, between Chile and Brazil, was signed December 15.

—The Treasury drafts for the second installment of \$30,000,000 for the Chicago and \$30,000 for New York and Philadelphia are missing.

—The Kansas Board of Railroad Commissioners has announced that it is in possession of the salt companies against the competition of the state.

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CROSSED THE SEA IN VAIN.

A French Girl Comes All the Way to Oklahoma to Wed a Faithless Lover.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 22.—Reine Duhaute, a pretty French girl, after having made a journey across the ocean and half across the American continent to marry her sweetheart, started on her return home this morning, the victim of her faithless lover.

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WHEN EATING

becomes troublesome, digestion defective, sleep an impossibility, appetite ceases, take Johann Hoff's Malt Extract. It acts like a charm and tastes splendid.



OUR THANKS! Our sincerest thanks for our many patrons for far and away the biggest holiday trade in our business history.

FOR NEW YEAR GIFTS We have hundreds of novelties just opened. Came in too late for the Christmas trade—ready for New Year.

THE COMING YEAR Will find us just as attentive, our goods just as reliable, our assortment even larger, our prices even more reasonable than last year.

Wishing you and yours A HAPPY NEW YEAR, HARDY & HAYES, JEWELERS, 529 Smithfield Street.

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STOP THAT SMOKE.

Parties really wishing to see the city free from smoke go and see what is being done in the boiler room of the Fidelity Title & Trust Co.'s building, Fourth Ave. Take no man's word for it, but see it yourself.

WALKER SMOKELESS FURNACE CO., Room 217, Lewis Block, Pittsburgh. de28-35

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A ROMANCE OF THE OXFORD SUMMER MEETING.

They were six of us. We were Extensivians. It was Oxford in the summer time. We were all teachers, except Bet, whose real name was Bethany. Bet was an artist. Three of us taught in high schools. Kit, whose baptismal name, of course, was Katharine; Christian, whom we all called Chris; and our handsome Hannah. Then there was Tiny, a tall young woman, who taught small boys in a grammar school; and I, Euphrosyne Inkle, a board school mistress. Euphrosyne is a mouthful, I admit, and my familiar friends called me Syn. Bet and Chris were sisters, and Kit and Tiny were not only sisters, but twin sisters. This was our party.

All kinds of people came up to Oxford in the long vacation to attend lectures, chiefly women, and women who teach. Then there is a fair sprinkling of intelligent working men, a few lawyers and city men, a few enthusiasts, an odd lot of foreigners, who come to study the movement, and a few ubiquitous and enterprising Americans, who want to know all about it that they may go home and copy. But the women predominate fearfully.

The flippant undergraduate who sang of sisters, cousins, aunts and nieces Who crowd the streets, and fill the schools With love of lectures still unvaned, Who are subject to no kind of rules, And can't be proctorized or graded, envied us our liberty in the city of dons, deans, doctors and proctors, while he marvelled at our appetite for lectures.

We six had been up before several times, and Kit used to boast that she had never missed a summer meeting in Oxford. They said that the English take their pleasures sadly, and possibly frivolous females might consider a course of lectures and conferences somewhat sad and of spending a holiday, but we liked it, and so did the other 'sisters, cousins and aunts' who dispersed themselves at Oxford. We were having a good time. Most of us went to five and six lectures in the day, and got in a college visit or two, a conference, an afternoon tea, an organ recital, and a conversation into the bargain. We didn't waste our time in Oxford by any means. Our domestic arrangements suffered sometimes, but such trifles as eating and drinking troubled us little.

"Can we breakfast at a quarter to eight?" one of us would ask anxiously. "I want to get to the theological lecture early."

way to the Sheldonian to see degrees conferred. He came with me, and made fun of the whole ceremony in his own comical half-German, half-Yankee fashion. We saw a good deal of these Americans, and talked education with them. We had been for a water party one day, and Dr. Hiram-Foot and Mr. Lockwood had talked to Chris and me all the time. They wanted further to discuss educational systems with us, and the next day we received an invitation to take tea with them and meet Mrs. Crofton, the lady with the awful bonnet and curls. We had another engagement, so we had to decline. Ned, who staid with Dr. Hiram-Foot, and Mr. Lockwood reproached us for not being there.

"I think we may ask the Americans here to tea," I said one day. "They want to talk education to us," murmured Chris. "I think Ned would like to come," said Hannah.

"So it was agreed to ask them to afternoon tea; but Kit frowned and said nothing. I was to ask the Doctor, but didn't happen to meet him. He looked very angry that evening that Hannah had written to Ned and asked him and his two friends. In the next day we made a point of being in for 3 o'clock tea.

"We must be very grateful," said Chris. "American women are very free," said Bet. "We must show that Englishwomen have reserve and demand respect."

Hannah and Tiny smiled. They had seen a woman who had been present at a party who was seated in the window seat of our first floor drawing-room, was hailed from below, and an audacious voice was asking: "Shall I come in this way? I can get up."

"I think Ned would like to come," said Hannah.

digged when we met later in the school. We were a good deal of time after lunch. Ned was always dropping into our house and staying to tea, and amusing us with his comical remarks and whimsical oddities. We all liked him. Ned used to tell us of his time in the States, and of his time with Kit, and the next day with me, and the day after with Chris; and we used to laugh at him and sympathize with him. It appears he had a number of sisters at home, and the next day he told us that he had lectured in the States, and of his time with Kit, and the next day with me, and the day after with Chris; and we used to laugh at him and sympathize with him.

There was a debate one night at the Union on socialism. The woman question was dragged in. A charming and enthusiastic girl named Primrose Meadowsweet took part in it. She was a tall, slender, and charmingly dressed young woman, and she spoke so delightfully as she stood there, looking charming, and uttering audacious protests in sweetly modulated tones.

Next morning I went off alone to see the tapestry of Burns Jones and Willie Morris in Exeter Chapel, and to buy photographs and books. When I returned I found Ned in our drawing room, talking to Chris, Bet and Kit. He had come to unburden his soul to us, and to tell how he had fallen in love with the charming and sweet-voiced Primrose.

We laughed at him at first, and asked him if he wasn't grateful for having six sympathetic women souls to come and open his heart to.

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"Only look interested and intelligent, and ask questions," advised Bet. Ned seemed to find solace in talking to us, for he stayed all the morning, and accepted our invitation to lunch. I hunted up some pamphlets on the labor union and the Red Cross, and told him of them, and he stayed for an hour, and he gave me much information on the land question.

Chris and the others wrote to me on most days, and told me what was happening. "The fair Primrose seems to smile on our light-hearted Ned," she wrote. "He got on especially well with her mother and the miners. He offered to take the miners over the Sheldonian and the Divinity Schools, and his offer was gladly accepted. Then he rushed up to our house in consternation to ask us what on earth he was to do. He told us that he had been asked to give a lecture on the labor question, and he was to give it on Saturday night. He was to give it on Saturday night, and he was to give it on Saturday night."

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him, as we had fallen into the habit of doing. Presently a ring at our bell startled us and Ned was ushered in. He was pale and his hair was tumbling, but his blue eyes were full of pain. He sat down quietly, so unlike his old laughing, racking self.

"You have heard," he began, and we waited and made no remark. "I vowed I would ask the first woman to marry me," he went on. "And I met Mrs. Crofton down in the meadows."

"But hasn't she a husband?" interjected Hannah.

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him as truly as any. We hope to go to America some summer to the intellectual Chautauque meetings, and we mean to call and see Ned's mother and sisters, and tell them a little about their boy's last days. We each keep the lock of hair, curly hair, but I hope to give mine to Ned's mother some day.—All the Year Round.

SOUTH AMERICAN REBELLIONS. Rio Grande do Sul Still Boistering Brazil, and Argentina Is in Trouble.

MONTREAL, Que., Dec. 27.—News has reached here confirming the statement that the Castillians of Rio Grande do Sul have invaded Uruguayan territory three times and the Uruguayan authorities have the question of retaliation under consideration.

It is feared that revolutions are imminent in the provinces of Santa Fe and Entre Rios. News comes that the Argentine province of Corrientes is in a state of revolt and 5,000 revolutionists are in control of the province. Ten thousand troops have been mobilized to suppress the revolt.

FOR ABUSE OF ALCOHOL. Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

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