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After the shower, the tranquil sun;
After the snow, the emerald leaves;
After the storm, the violet sky;
After the clouds, the full of waves;
After the rain, the gentle breeze;
After the storm, the full of waves;
Quiet woods, when the winds go by;
After the battle, peaceful grave.

After the knoll, the shining bell;
After the bad, the radiant rose;
Joyful greetings from far fellows;
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meed;
After the flight, the downy nest;
After the furrow, the waking seed;
After the shadowy river, rest.

—George Cooper.

ROCK CREEK CHURCH.

"It is the last girl I shall send to Europe," said Mr. Brancepeth.
"Very likely," returned his wife, "as it is the only girl you have."
She has become thoroughly denationalized," continued the father.
"She thinks American soil only fit to make mud on overshoes and American men nothing but clod-hoppers. Her head is full of foreign notions, and she'll marry no one but a tittle. She'll have none of my money to carry to a tittle, let me tell her," said Mr. Brancepeth.
"Where she came by such folly I don't know. There has never been anything like it on my side of the house. Your head, to be sure, was a little nutted when you first came to Washington, and went to an executive dinner—"
"Well, I must find fault with somebody. To have your only daughter come home a changeling, and not be able to upbraid your wife about it, would be hard. This is the most shocking idea."
"Salt doesn't improve coffee."
"Give me a fresh cup. Why did you send Thomas out of the room for?"
"Because I had something to say."
"Not fit for his ears. They are long enough."
"You don't feel very badly, if you can be making jests."
"Sorry to say," said Mr. Brancepeth, "and when she has done, a fresh sweet, innocent beauty."
"She is a fresh, sweet, innocent beauty now," said her indignant mother.
"And she will come out all right, if you only give her time. To go to Europe will spend a year in a foreign minister's family, as she has done, receive the attention belonging to such a position, and known to be an heiress."
"Known to be an heiress. B. heavens! who knows her to be an heiress? I don't. If she carries all this way, I won't leave her a penny."
"It's no use to talk so, father. Everybody knows you are a rich man, and she's your only child. And there's no danger of any one marrying her for money merely, when there's everything to love in her."
"What do these foreigners hang round her care for love? They think of nothing but money, and let her break her heart afterwards for all they will do to hinder. It makes my blood boil to look at them—musicals here, and cotton there, and morning calls, and strolls, and sending the coach back empty to walk home from church. Now, Louisa, I tell you plainly, I won't step on all this, or'll take the whole kit away from town, and move out on the Colorado ranch, and stay there, and you may tell her so."
"Tell her yourself, father."
"I can't—you know I can't."
"As for your Colorado ranch, there are as many foreigners in Colorado as there are in Washington. And now do be sensible, and listen to reason a moment. You know Jessie will marry somebody."
"I know Jessie will marry somebody," roared her father. "How do I know it? I don't know it. No other man shall ever lord it over my child the way—the way—"
"The way you have lorded it over me."
Then Mr. Brancepeth laughed.
"Well, I have abused you sometimes, Louisa," he said.
"Oh, don't flatter yourself," replied his wife. "I have been a match for you. And so will Jessie be for as good a man, if you don't marry her to a foreigner by forbidding it."
"Do you mean to say, Louisa—"
"Yes, I mean to say. And now if you will listen to reason, as I spoke of your doing—"
Mr. Brancepeth threw himself back in his chair with an air of desperation.
"How can I help listening," said he, "if you will talk? Although as for the reason—"
"And I will talk. Do you remember young Paul Despard, who came here for you to get his appointment in the treasury?"
"Of course. Why shouldn't I? People don't forget their friends' children in a day. And I should never have been senator of the United States if Paul Despard's father had not stood my friend. Besides, hasn't he been here repeatedly?"
"Well, then, you remember that when he had been here six months, and seen what life in office was, and what it led to—"
"Rusts a man's soul out!"
"—He went through the law school, threw up his office without any ado, and went West to practice law?"
"Well, well, I don't know that I've the time or interest to follow that young man's career along this morning. What of it?"
"This of it. He came back a month or two since to try a case before the supreme court, and is likely to be here for some time still, I suppose."
"And you want to ask him here to stay? That is all right. Insist upon it. But to return to Jessie."
"Dear! dear! dear! was there ever anything so stupid as a man? Now, as I was going to say, Paul Despard is a

rising man; he has become a leading lawyer, the son of honor, noble, generous, tender and true. I've seen a good deal of him—"
"I should judge," said her husband, dryly. "Oh, go on! Heap it up, and don't mind me. A senator of the United States, with three committees and sub-committees waiting, has nothing else to do than to hear his wife paint the excellencies of the first young man—"
"My dear, are you losing your mind?" said Mr. Brancepeth, indignantly. "If you have no respect for yourself, have some for my gray hairs." And she arranged the pretty silver love-locks on her white forehead, that made such a contrast with the infantile rose of her complexion and the dewy brightness of her eyes that people looked twice to see if they were mistaken in supposing her either an elderly lady or a young girl. Her husband gazed at her much as he did twenty-five years ago.
"To resume," said he. "This effect young man—"
"Is here. And is as much in love with Jessie."
"In love with Jessie!" cried Mr. Brancepeth, starting to his feet. "Paul Despard in love with Jessie! The impudent—"
"That's right, dear. That's exactly what I want you to do. Keep that up, don't alter it, if you love her: yourself. Don't you pretend to consider for a moment that if he is honest, virtuous, well-born, the son of a good husband, a man of intellect and promise—"
"For heaven's sake, Louisa, what is the end of all this?"
"I am urging you to oppose Paul Despard's suit for Jessie's hand, which he has confided to me. As for me, I encourage Jessie in no such nonsense. I am bound that she shall marry Prince Vinca, of the Aretine legation."
"Hang the Aretine legation! What do we want of foreign legations at all? Commercial agents would do all the business America has with foreign countries, and rid us of this pest of lounging rascals preying on our daughters."
"Very absurd in you, Mr. Brancepeth. Prince Vinca is a gentleman to the tips of his fingers. You might know that by the way he followed Helen Manser home, and into the very vestibule, the other twilight, when he had seen her before, or by the way he came down along the Long road, and took the detour of a square, to come upon him face to face on the other and narrower street. Are there two of you?" she cried, before she thought; and then she had unavailingly drawn up to the sidewalk, and this royal summer?" she said. "This is something delicious about this heat."
"When you are not on foot," said Paul Despard, with the fall color of a pair of brilliant hazel eyes at the lovely object half buried in flowers.
"To be sure. And the place is so full I can't ask you to drive. Could you find a spot in all this bloom?"
"Could I find a spot in paradise?"
"And the young man had presently found it, and had taken the reins and turned the horse's head about."
"Why, what are you doing? Where are you going?" she exclaimed.
"Back to the greenhouse to send all this fragrant air by messenger. And then into the air. I have worn my case and must get out upon the open somewhere."
"Yes, one of them. The other I shall know about before long."
"In the supreme court?"
"One of them. And one in the supreme court of all."
"There is no understanding legal lore. Some States have judges and justices, and others have chancellors and surrogates. And there are courts of equity and admiralty, and superior courts and supreme courts, but I never heard of this one—"
"You are the jury who will bring in the verdict, the judge who may perhaps draw on the black cap—"
"Why don't you say executioner and all?" he can't have you talking so absurdly."
"It makes a man talk absurdly—"
"To be driving down Fourteenth street and out on the Rock Creek road on a summer morning? Do you know, I think Washington is more delightful in summer than in the height of the gay season. I am always rather glad when people keep their heads above water. Hot, to be sure—New Orleans is a good deal cooler—but you are alive in such heat. I like it, and fancy I might grow a soul in it, as a flower expands—"
"And you are not talking absurdly now?"
"No, indeed. Three months ago I hadn't any soul; three months ago I was just beginning to be conscious of one; to-day—"
"Well, to day?"
"Oh, what magnificent woods! To think of such forest glades so near a great city! Just look down that dell—it is dark and dewy still. Oh, see that checked sunshine on the turf! Why are you stopping here? For it is too lovely to go here?"
"I am stopping here for you to get through talking against time," said her companion. "Do you suppose I came out here to exclaim over the beauties of nature? I know the place is beautiful; I feel it in the core of my being. No one can take the sense of it away from me. But—as the flash mounted her dark cheek—I have something indignantly more beautiful and precious beside me, and it is perhaps in the power of some one I despise to take that away from me irrevocably. No; it is my turn now, and you must listen to me. Just now I have the advantage of your voice, I feel your presence, and I hesitate to break the spell. Yes; I feel; for to-morrow, perhaps, Prince Vinca may ask you to be his wife; to-day, I demand that you shall become mine."
"Then there was silence. There was the sunshine checking the turf, the stream warbling below, the leaves murmuring above, the birds replying to one another in broken phrases. And there was a whirl of broken thoughts sweeping through the young girl's brain and taking possession of

her. The diadem of a princess, the plain black silk of a lawyer's wife, the sleek pale of the cottage with its wild-rose hedges, and love, love, love. Why should papa want her to leave him for that fortune-hunting match? That, if she understood her mother—and of course she does—all that his opposition to Paul Despard meant, and mamma trying to uphold him, thinking more of a title won by some old robber, centuries since, than of happiness to-day! She would let them know she was not to be driven like a little cat. She should think, at any rate, that one's mother would sympathize with her, and hope, and—she turned and looked calmly and gravely at Despard, waiting and surveying her, and the color flashed all over her face, and the tears were ready to sparkle on the tips of her long lashes, as she finished the sentence in her mind—and love, love, love—"
"Are you going to stay here all day?" she asked presently, without looking up.
"Till I have an answer to—"
"Your demand. Don't you think that is rather an autocratic beginning?"
"Low sailing."
"May bring wronging."
"Into its own undoing," said Despard.
"I did understand," she said, demurely, then, "that you demand I should become your wife to-day? Won't it be to-morrow?"
"I was not bold enough to dream of such a rapturous possibility," he said.
"But I was unwise. To-morrow will not do. You remember the little brown chapel, Rock Creek church, out here near the gate? You shall give me your answer there."
"Do you really think it will be best?" she said. "Are you willing to take a wife who, if Prince Vinca had positively asked her first, might have been his wife instead of yours?"
"As for the remainder of the drive that morning, from this delicious resting spot to the little brown chapel, where the minister happened to be at the door with a throng of pickaninies at his heels, it may be best for us to remember that there are times and places where two are company and three are too many."
"So you see after all it was not Miss Jessie that returned to the Brancepeth mansion that evening, when guests were assembled, dinner waiting her arrival, and her mother as vainly endeavoring to conceal her anxiety as a bird that twitters on the stem when her nest is being watched. Mrs. Brancepeth felt, and by no means without cause, something was on hand, but what she knew not, although her keen woman's wit gave her suspicions and hopes; Jessie not yet returned, but gone all day; Paul Despard not yet arrived, but detained in his private room down stairs by a caller, Prince Vinca, as Durie whispered to her; dinner spoiling, and Mrs. Brancepeth hot with rage in the background; and possibly the price persuading her husband to his wish as expressed in that morning's note! It was while she was in the worst of her worrying, smiling now at the secret, and trying not to smile at a foreign minister's English, that the daughter of the house was letting herself in, and with Paul Despard beside her, was tapping at her father's door. He opened it himself, looking flushed and angry."
"Papa," she said, "I can't waste any time, you know, because I'm afraid dinner's waiting, and you ought to be upstairs too, you neglected man! Now, papa dear, I knew you never would give your consent, and so I have just taken liberty since the days of the Pelagii, and welcome me back, as him, too," said the breathless young woman. "I don't see why you shouldn't love me just as much as ever, just because he loves me too."
"Jessie! What in the world are you talking about? Why should I forgive you?" cried her father, who had just beard his daughter's father."
"Oh, I have married Paul Despard this morning!"
Her father surveyed her one wild moment as she stood there with her white muslin and laces and apple blossoms and bluebells and coming tears, while he rubbed his hands through his hair till it stood on end.
"Well!" he said. Then suddenly, with a total change of expression: "You have saved me a great deal of trouble. Here are dinner and a dozen guests waiting, and I have been writing my way like a bookworm through the history since the days of the Pelagii, and afraid of an Aretine dagger if I refused their alliance. Prince," he said, turning on his guest behind the screen, "whatever my own wishes might have been in the matter of which we have been speaking, circumstances have given you your answer. Permit me to deprive you of the pleasure of your friendship. Good-evening—good-evening."
"He has ordered the man to drive to G street," cried Jessie, in a moment after the door slammed. "I knew he would. The Palmer girls—Well, she's welcome, and I dare say he will when he arrives."
"Mrs. Despard," said her father, "you must go up to dinner as you are. I don't know what your mother will say. As well as I could make out this morning, she was so bent on your marrying this princeling that for my part I am glad to be left off with Despard. It's all highly improper, though, Jessie," he said, trying to subdue to broad smile—"improper and unbecoming and expensive; for if I only had an other daughter, I should—"
"Out me off with a snibling? You know better, papa. You know I am your only darling, and all of mine is yours," she said. "And besides, if you did, I shouldn't mind, provided you loved me just the same, for my husband is a rising lawyer, who has just won his second case. And now you must come up and hide me from the day of mamma's wrath. I guess you had better tell her before all the people, and then she can't scold."
But I fancy that when Mrs. Despard

caught the glance of intelligence that flashed between her mother's eyes and her husband's, a little anger intruded on her joy, to think she had fulfilled, without intending it, the command, "Children, obey your parents."—Harper's Bazar.

Sultan and Khedive.

The disturbances in Egypt bring into conspicuous view the peculiar relations between the sultan of Turkey and the Egyptian khedive.

For many centuries Egypt was a subject province of Turkey. It was ruled over by governors appointed by the sultan. In 1811, however, Mehmet Ali, who was at that time governor, rose in revolt against the sultan's authority, and made himself master of Egypt.

Mehmet was thus the founder of the dynasty which now reigns at Cairo. The present khedive, Tewfik Pasha, is Mehmet's great-grandson. In 1842 the sultan recognized this new dynasty, and decreed that the Egyptian throne should be held by Mehmet's family according to the law of hereditary succession in Turkey. Still, Egypt did not become wholly independent of the sultan's rule. It continued to be subject to him, in so far as foreign affairs and the army were concerned. The "Viceroys" of Egypt, as he was then called, could not send envoys to foreign courts, but was represented at them by the Turkish envoys. Nor could the viceroy maintain a native army or navy of his own. Egypt was garrisoned and protected by Turkish troops. Egypt, moreover, was obliged to pay a large annual tribute to the sultan. Later on larger liberties were conceded to Egypt by its Turkish suzerain. In 1866 the title of the Egyptian ruler was, by a firman of the sultan, changed from "Viceroy" (which meant simply the sultan's representative in Egypt) to "Khedive," which, in the Arabic tongue, means "King."

At the same time Egypt was granted the right to send envoys abroad and to maintain a native army and navy. But the sultan still remained the suzerain (or imperial ruler) of Egypt; and an annual tribute of \$1,875,000 a year was paid (and still continues to be paid) into the sultan's treasury. This practically the relation which exists to-day between the sultan and the khedive. The sultan still exercises a kind of exterior control over Egypt; and claims the right to enter Egypt and quell revolt, and to depose or suspend the reigning khedive. Meanwhile the interests of various European powers—notably of England and France—have had a singular and complex influence on the destinies of Egypt; and these two powers by a system called "Conjoint Administration," are exercising Egypt, or rather the khedive's hand, for the past four or five years. England insists on controlling Egyptian policy by reason of the facts that she holds a predominant financial interest in the great Suez canal; that that canal is the nearest route to China as well as to the British empire of India, and that eight per cent of the mercantile tonnage of which passes annually through the canal goes under the British flag. Besides, England holds a large quantity of the Egyptian bonded debt, and wish to protect the payment of its interest by managing Egypt's financial affairs.

The interest of France in sharing the English control in Egypt is twofold. France, too, holds a large portion of the Egyptian bonds. Besides this, France has recently undertaken to annex Tunisia, a neighbor of Egypt, and a Mohammedan state; and is anxious to have as far as possible the sultan's influence in North Africa. Both England and France have appealed to the sultan to use his authority to put down Arabi Bey's revolt, and have thus once more acknowledged the sultan's right to interfere in Egypt. They both also wish to sustain Tewfik on the Egyptian throne, for he has proved a willing instrument in their hands, allowing their commissioners to practically rule the country.—Youth's Companion.

Arabi Bey.

Arabi Pasha, or Ourabi-Bey, as the Arabs call him, is the son of a prominent personage in the province of Char. kish, in Lower Egypt, and is about forty-five years old. He received an excellent education in the military school. He early imbibed progressive ideas, which he has never failed to propagate among his countrymen. After leaving the military school he entered the army and remained for some time in the ranks. Although General Pasha patronized him, he did not advance to the rank of major under that ruler. On three different occasions he endeavored to obtain the rank of bay or colonel, but Ismail replied to the person advocating his cause: "If I create him a colonel, he will create a revolt in the regiment under his command in less than six months." The truth of Ismail's words was soon made apparent to his son and successor, Tewfik, who shortly after his accession gazetted Arabi a colonel. Prior to the 24th of February, 1881, the date of the military troubles which resulted in the present conflict, he commanded the Fourth regiment of the infantry guard. That regiment was of great determination, evinced by what he has accomplished ever since the beginning of the year. Then he was considered to be the most important factor in Egypt, but not even his warmest partisans would have prophesied that in a few months he would venture to so openly the whole of Europe, and carry on his work of organization under the very guns of a hostile fleet, especially dispatched for the purpose of overawing him. Not a little of his power is due to his oratorical ability. He is a scholar and is learned in the arts of war. He is loved by his soldiers as a bold and fearless leader, and has the good will of the Moslem priesthood, which accounts for the sultan's hesitancy to take active measures against him, even if he is inclined so to do.

Strawberry is the newest shade of aesthetic red.

A Wedding in Chinese High Life.

Among the pure Chinese, and especially among the higher classes, a wedding is a long and serious affair. From the simple Turkish strictness with which females are secluded, it is comparatively rare that a couple see each other previous to betrothal and still more so that there should be any acquaintance between them. This has given rise to the necessary employment of a character, equivalent to the *bazalan* or marriage broker of ancient Brittain, to Mr. Foy's Parisian Matrimonial Agency office, or the daily marriage advertisements of our own papers. If your wish is for marriage in the abstract, the broker will find you a fitting partner, and negotiate the transfer after. If you are less purely philosophical, and wish to consult your own tastes as well as the interests and increase of the nation, you are only to name the party, and the broker becomes your accredited ambassador. There is, however, one preliminary point to be ascertained. Has your intended the same surname as yourself? If so, it is a difficulty, as the laws of China would not permit the marriage. If, however, she is *Chun* and you are *Lo*, or she is *Kwan* or *Yu*, and you rejoice in any other patronymic mono-syllable, the next step is for the broker to obtain from each a tablet containing the name, age, date a-d hour of birth, etc. These are then taken to a diviner and compared, to see if the union promises happiness; if the answer is favorable (and crossing the palm with silver is found to be as effectual with fortune tellers in China as elsewhere), and the gates are equal, that is if the status and wealth of the two families are similar, the proposal is made in due form. The wedding presents are then sent, and if accepted the young couple is considered as legally betrothed.

A lucky day must next be fixed for the wedding, and here our friend the diviner is again called upon. Previous to the great day the bridegroom gets a new hat and takes a new name, while the lady, whose hair has hitherto hung down to her heels in a single heavy plait, at the same time becomes initiated into the art of hair-dressing prevalent among Chinese married ladies, which consists in twisting the hair into the form of an exaggerated teapot and supporting it in that shape with a narrow plate of gold or jade over the forehead, and a whole system of bodkins behind it. On the wedding morning presents and congratulations are sent to the bridegroom, and among the rest a pair of geese; not sent as you might imagine by some wicked wag or unreflexion bachelor, as a personal reflection on the intellectual state of his friend, but as an emblem of domestic unity and affection. The ladies, too, in China as well as elsewhere, indulge in a little fashionable craziness on the occasion, and so the relatives of the bride spend the morning with her weeping over her impending departure, or, more probably, their own "spinsterhood." They do not, however, forget to bring some contributions for her trousseau. In the evening comes the bridegroom with a whole array of his friends, a procession of lanterns, a long red cloth or silk tapestry embroidered with a figure of the dragon borne on a pole between two men, and a large red sedan covered with carving and sliding, and perfectly close. In this the bride is packed up, and, on the eighth, and the whole procession, preceded by a band of music and the "dragon," and closing with the bride's *baudoux*, starts for home. On arrival she is lifted over the threshold, on which a pan of charcoal is burning, probably to prevent her bringing any evil influence with her. She then performs the *koto* to her husband's father and mother, worships the ancestral tablets of her new family, and offers prepared betel nut to the assembled guests.

Up to this time she has been veiled, but she now retires to her chamber, where she is un veiled by her husband; he then returns, again veiled, and obeisance to the assembled guests, and takes of food in company with her husband; at this meal two cups of wine, one sweetened, the other with bit ter herbs infused in it, are drunk together by the newly married pair, to symbolize the new birth; they must share together life's sweets and bitterness. The bride then retires, escorted by the matrons present, some one of whom recites a charm over her, and arranges the marriage couch. The next morning the gods of the household and the hearth are worshipped, and the six following days are devoted to formal receptions at home of different members of the two families, or equally formal visits paid to the family of the bride. During the whole of this period she still travels in her red-and-gold sedan, and is still escorted by her band of music and dragon.—Temple Bar.

Fancy Facts and Figures.

Shampooing introduced by Babarossa, 1222.

Quail on toast first served in 65.

Free lunches introduced by Joseph into Egypt, B. C. 400.

Brics first worn in the hat by Noah, B. C. 2,000.

Bicycle first used by Ixion, 201.

The same prophesies invented by Ananias, B. C. 300.

Apron first worn by Eve, 1.

Circulation first discovered by Harvey, 1540. Lied about by editors ever since.

First great moral show, started by Noah, B. C. 500.—Boston Bulletin.

It is a great misfortune to have a frail disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life, and leaves only a faded remembrance of the things that would cause flowers to bloom. The habit of fretting is one that grows rapidly unless it be sternly repressed, and the best way to overcome it is to always to look on the cheerful side of things.

The marine fauna of the coral region of South Florida is said to be a West Indian colony, engraved on the North American fauna of the east and west coasts of the peninsula.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Garibaldi's Mother.

The chamber in which were laid out the remains of Garibaldi was filled with flowers, but otherwise presented an appearance of great simplicity. His body rested on a narrow iron bed, with the head propped up with pillows, and faced a window that looked seaward. There was about the face an expression of calmness, but the hands were those of a man's skeleton. On the wall above his head hung a portrait of his mother, an aged woman wrapped in a crimson shawl, with a countenance at once sweet and noble. Garibaldi's veneration for her was something out of the common. He felt remorse at having been a source of anxiety to her in his adventurous life, and believed that his prayers had saved him from ill-consequences following his temerity on the field of battle and in storms at sea. He ascribed his own tenderness for those who were in trouble and oppressed to her example.

Woman in the Saddle.

The lady should sit upon the horse that her weight will fall perpendicularly to the back of the horse; her face directed to the front, her shoulders drawn back, and the reins held to her sides. She will permit her body, from the hip upward, to bend with the motions of the horse, in order that she may preserve her balance. The reins are to be held in the manner prescribed for men, the hand in front of the body, and in a line with the elbow. The whip is to be carried in the right hand with the point toward the ground. The horse should never be struck with the whip upon the head, neck or shoulder. To apply the whip upon those parts will teach him to swerve, and render him nervous at the emotions of the rider. In a lady's hand the whip simply takes the place of a spur for the right side. The horns of the saddle, the superfluous ones at the right being dispensed with, should be of such length and curvatures as will suit the rider. The right leg will hold the upright horn close in the bend in the knee, by such a stirrup-leather will be given such a length as will permit this. By the grasp given by the elevation of the left knee from the stirrup and the embrace upon the upright horn by the right leg the rider will have as strong a seat as her strength can afford, and with a proper balance she will not be likely to find a horse that will unsettle her.

Fashion Notes.

American pongees are much worn. Alpaca and mohair are looking up. Gold brocade will again be in vogue. Jerseys have returned to popular favor.

New evening taffeta silks show chine effects.

Ethetic styles seem to be gaining ground.

Velvet is used for trimming taffeta silk dresses.

Now are the days for wearing mitts instead of gloves.

Embroidered crepe is among the novelties for mourning dress.

Pink cambro dresses trimmed with lace are very fashionable.

New French capote bonnets are covered with white tulle blossoms.

A new and very handsome shade of cardinal is much used for children's dresses.

Checked taffeta silks, in delicate tones of gray, blue, and purple, are much worn.

Several colors producing the effect of a mixture appear in many of the summer taffetas.

Clusters of large strawberries on a cream ground is one of the latest designs for painted muslin.

Tailor cut jackets either like or unlike the skirt are the most frequent corsages of walking suits.

Incoming fabrics for fall wear are enriched with delicate metallic threads, forming mixtures, dots and stars.

Linnings for the handsome silk and chenille materials are of satin, in old gold, pale blue and terra cotta shades.

Turkish stuffs of gauze texture looking like lace, as possible are cut into bits to aid in decorating fashionable bonnets.

Cream white and gray fleecelace combinations appear to be the favorites for neck lingerie and also for dress trimmings.

It is at the most fashionable seaside resorts that the gayest dresses of veiling, silk, velvet and embroidered and brocade stuffs are seen.

A large proportion of the ball dresses sent at Saratoga this summer are of tulle or some soft gauze stuff with chenille dots on the surface.

The costliest costumes are invariably combinations of two or more materials, with lace, chenille and other trimmings thrown in ad libitum.

Almond-tinted cashmere, adorned with embroideries of red carnations and ox-eyed daisies, forms one of a number of elegant French tea gowns just imported.

Large square neckerchiefs of fine silk muslin, wrought in delicate sprays of apple and hawthorn blossoms, small blush roses or trailing vines of honeysuckle blossoms, are worn over sprigged or white muslin dresses with charming effect.

Bridal dresses are again being made of white gros-grain and reppe silk. They are elaborately trimmed with elegant white silk embroidery and lace, and the regulation orange blossom is now mingled with white roses, geraniums and lilies.

her. The diadem of a princess, the plain black silk of a lawyer's wife, the sleek pale of the cottage with its wild-rose hedges, and love, love, love. Why should papa want her to leave him for that fortune-hunting match? That, if she understood her mother—and of course she does—all that his opposition to Paul Despard meant, and mamma trying to uphold him, thinking more of a title won by some old robber, centuries since, than of happiness to-day! She would let them know she was not to be driven like a little cat. She should think, at any rate, that one's mother would sympathize with her, and hope, and—she turned and looked calmly and gravely at Despard, waiting and surveying her, and the color flashed all over her face, and the tears were ready to sparkle on the tips of her long lashes, as she finished the sentence in her mind—and love, love, love—"
"Are you certain, Jessie?" said the diplomatic lady, who was gradually working things in the direction you wished. "You don't mean that she thinks I'm trying to marry you for your money? I should hate to have people say you had bought him."
"People will say that anyway. It isn't in human nature not to say spiteful things. That is the claw of the original wild beast in us."
"By the way, Jessie," said her mother, "I have an appointment with Mrs. Leppinard at 11, and I wish you would order your phaeton and drive down to the greenhouse. Durkee has gone to market, and Mrs. Bunce says we haven't half enough flowers for dinner. And her mother sat thinking of the lovely picture that would be when the child should come driving back in all her snowy laces and muslins, her hat wreathed with its apple blossoms, and the carriage heaped with the household flowers."
"But Miss Jessie did not come home that way. I might, indeed, say that that Jessie never came home at all, but that would hardly be the exact statement."
"As she drove down the avenue, taking back the flowers, and making all the beautiful picture her mother's fancy had drawn, and more, Miss Jessie described, some way before her, a tall, dark man, a book under the left arm. She was not ready for any definite party, and shook her reins loose, and took the detour of a square, to come upon him face to face on the other and narrower street. Are there two of you?" she cried, before she thought; and then she had unavailingly drawn up to the sidewalk, and this royal summer?" she said. "This is something delicious about this heat."
"When you are not on foot," said Paul Despard, with the fall color of a pair of brilliant hazel eyes at the lovely object half buried in flowers.
"To be sure. And the place is so full I can't ask you to drive. Could you find a spot in all this bloom?"
"Could I find a spot in paradise?"
"And the young man had presently found it, and had taken the reins and turned the horse's head about."
"Why, what are you doing? Where are you going?" she exclaimed.
"Back to the greenhouse to send all this fragrant air by messenger. And then into the air. I have worn my case and must get out upon the open somewhere."
"Yes, one of them. The other I shall know about before long."
"In the supreme court?"
"One of them. And one in the supreme court of all."
"There is no understanding legal lore. Some States have judges and justices, and others have chancellors and surrogates. And there are courts of equity and admiralty, and superior courts and supreme courts, but I never heard of this one—"
"You are the jury who will bring in the verdict, the judge who may perhaps draw on the black cap—"
"Why don't you say executioner and all?" he can't have you talking so absurdly."
"It makes a man talk absurdly—"
"To be driving down Fourteenth street and out on the Rock Creek road on a summer morning? Do you know, I think Washington is more delightful in summer than in the height of the gay season. I am always rather glad when people keep their heads above water. Hot, to be sure—New Orleans is a good deal cooler—but you are alive in such heat. I like it, and fancy I might grow a soul in it, as a flower expands—"
"And you are not talking absurdly now?"
"No, indeed. Three months ago I hadn't any soul; three months ago I was just beginning to be conscious of one; to-day—"
"Well, to day?"
"Oh, what magnificent woods! To think of such forest glades so near a great city! Just look down that dell—it is dark and dewy still. Oh, see that checked sunshine on the turf! Why are you stopping here? For it is too lovely to go here?"
"I am stopping here for you to get through talking against time," said her companion. "Do you suppose I came out here to exclaim over the beauties of nature? I know the place is beautiful; I feel it in the core of my being. No one can take the sense of it away from me. But—as the flash mounted her dark cheek—I have something indignantly more beautiful and precious beside me, and it is perhaps in the power of some one I despise to take that away from me irrevocably. No; it is my turn now, and you must listen to me. Just now I have the advantage of your voice, I feel your presence, and I hesitate to break the spell. Yes; I feel; for to-morrow, perhaps, Prince Vinca may ask you to be his wife; to-day, I demand that you shall become mine."
"Then there was silence. There was the sunshine checking the turf, the stream warbling below, the leaves murmuring above, the birds replying to one another in broken phrases. And there was a whirl of broken thoughts sweeping through the young girl's brain and taking possession of