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### FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Were we but generous, kind and forbearing, Soon would this earth be an Eden of flow

Then would the frowns we are constantly wearing

Be lost in the laughter of happier hours; Then would a holier light Make life's dark pathway bright, Shining where anger and discord have met-

Then would all warfare cease, Angels would whisper "Peace!" If we would only "forgive and forget."

When a loved friend we have thoughtlessly wounded.

Let us not seek his forgiveness alone; Owning our error, with courage unbounded-Oh! let us earnestly strive to atone; Conquer our pride, and then

Hold out our hand again, Sure that our friend will respond to us yet; Then will be haste once more-Knowing our wrath iso'er-Eager as we to "forgive and forget,"

E'en 'mid the children so artless and loving Often the voice of dissension may rise; Angels look earthward with faces reproving The glances of anger that flash from their

But ere the night descends, Lo! all the tumult ends, Innocent kisses and tears of regret Mingle with gracious words, Teaching the warbling birds Childhood's sweet lesson, "forgive and forget,"

Friends that are dearest may cruelly grieve

Bitter resentment but adds to our pain; Let us be merciful-soon they may leave us, Let them not seek our forgiveness in vain. Though we have suffered long

Under a cloud of wrong, They who have wounded may comfort us yet; Tongues can but idly preach, Only kind actions teach

Life's noblest lesson, "forgive and forget." -Fanny Forrester, in Cassell's Magazine.

### AN UNKNOWN FRIEND.

Half-Moon was a new mining camp in a deep canon at the head waters of the Gunnison. One of that adventurous class known as "prospectors" had, in the fall of 1881, wandered through that light, and at 12 o'clock were at Taylor country, following a burro which bore upon its back all his worldly wealth, and had brought into winter quarters in the valley of the Arkansas such promising specimens of brittle and ruby silver that many, seeing them, were induced to go in the spring to spy out the land. And so it happened, on a March night in 1882, that a dozen camp-fires were brightly burning, a dozen tents were dimly outlined in the shadows and opentheir evening pipes and relating their experiences and wonderful finds of the year

country, by a purpose born, to some ex-tent at least, of selfishhess and greed, some are likely to be found in whom brutishness predominates. There were several such in the camp at Half-Moon.

Bill Lewis had seen nature in all her majesty, moods and aspects for more than thirty years; had traversed the country from the Missouri to the Pacific shore; lunched on the highest summits and camped in the deepest gorges. And yet his depravity was immense! He had been convicted of a dozen crimes, and committed an hundred others without conviction.

There was another man-or rather boy in that camp; but he could not be seen that evening around any of the fires. He had come into the gulch in a crowd of to climb the two miles from timber-line seven, who had been on the trail some twenty days together, and Bill Lowis was another of the seven. His name was Zeno Brown. His compades had failed to catch or comprehend his first name, and he had come to be called "Little John."

He would have been remarked anywhere in a mining region as one wholly out of place. He was light, delicate and fragile—though seemingly in good health before coming to the gulch-and was illy fitted to meet the vicissitudes of a mountain life. He might have been born for an artist or poet, or both; he certainly was never intended for a miner.

In coming into the gulch the party had an unusually serious trip. The trial was illy defined; the snow was deep and soft, they had been compelled to unpack their animals a score of times, and to sleep in wet clothes and wet snow. For all this, however, most of them cared but little. They were not invalid tourists, and they had crossed the range too many times in bad weather to be much troubled by one

But with Little John the case was dif- ahead. ferent. He had never before been thus exposed, and was evidently not sustained to any considerable extent by a hopeful spirit, and he had succumbed. He lay in his tent in his rough blanket bed, sick,

prostrated, exhausted. They had been talking of him around the fire when some one, coming from a tent in a grove near by, said: "I think Little John'll go up to-night.

He's crazy now, an' thinks he's in Ohio; an' keeps talkin' of his mother." Bill Lewis, before silent and sullen,

started up at once. "I'll go see the kid," He went, and all followed in wonder.

The bed was warm enough, and soft But it and its surroundings were terribly rough for one like him in his condition. The pale face amid the shaggy blankets, lit up by a tallow candle burning in a can; the saddles, ropes,

# The Forest Republican.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1884.

ye strike timber. Balaam an' I'll go back

to the cabin, an' come over in the morn-

The next morning was a bright one on

exposure, was a miner's cabin. Already

side the door sparkled in the sunshine;

watering-place; the fire was snapping in the rude forge, and a miner was heating

and pounding his drills and picks. Other

men were sitting on the shafting timbers

which were piled around, smoking their

pipes and talking of the sick boy who lay

Little John had already made his way

He was not delirious now. But he was

pale, and wore a hopeless look that was

pitiful. No one of them thought he had

yet come out from under the dark shad-

ow, and there was a sadness in their faces

After a few hours Bill came. The miners

proposed to go to the railroad station for

a physician and such delicacies as mining

camps do not afford. Bill accepted the

proposition in regard to the delicacies,

but insisted that he himself would be the

Under his rough but gentle care the

boy rapidly improved, and at the end of

the week Bill called the two Half-Moon

"Hev yer got any plans 'bout this

Both answered that they had not.

"This kid wuz clear-headed at the cabin on t'other side, an' him an' me

talked. We've talked here. An' you see,

he wuz a clerk or sumthin' in a bank, back

in Ohio, an' there wuz money stole! They

took him up for stealin' it; but somehow

they couldn't prove it on him, an' had

to turn him loose. But many people

said he stole it all the same, an' he

couldn't bear the disgrace, an' so come to

the mountains. His mother's poor.

What he got in the bank wuz all both on

'em had. Since he come to P'eblo he's

found out who did steal the money.

But he hain't got a shiner to go back with an' set himself right. That's how

"Now, pards, I've got nineteen thousand odd in the Leadville bank, paid

in on my Belden sale. I hain't got a

pesky relation in the world, an' if I git

my hands on that money I'll likely blow

it all in. So I'm going to send that kid

home, an give ten thousan' to his mother.

the infornal meanness I did to mine! So

and whar she lives-an' then we'll come

back an' send him home, an' send the

Three days afterwards they put Little

John in a sleeping car, with a ticket and

fifty dollars in his pocket, and on the

same day a draft for ten thousand dollars

was mailed to his mother in a letter of

remittance signed "AN UNKNOWN

A Peculiar Weed.

in the Arkansas valley has often proved misleading to sportsmen. It is shaped

like a ball and varies in size from one

foot or less in diameter to five or six

feet, some specimens, being as tall as a

which is, however, stout enough to bear

the mass till it had ripened and dried,

when a puff of wind will blow it over

and snap the slender support. Then it

is that every gust of wind sends it rolling

over the prairie, bounding over bushes and rocks with the greatest elasticity and lightness. When the wind is strong

and high these tumbling weeds present a

most peculiar appearance as they bound

from rock to rock, and in more than one

instance hunters have mistaken them for

bisons and felt considerable irritation at

the impossibility of bring them within

A Dangerous Experiment.

A new and dangerous development of

mesmerism was displayed the other day

at Paris to an admiring and sympathizing

public by a well-known mesmerist, who,

at the same time, is a lion keeper in a

certain menagerie. A beautiful young

girl, on whom the mesmerist generally

practices, was brought into a cage of lions, and, after being thrown into

cataleptic sleep, was submitted to the

most frightful ordeals. In one of these the head and arm of the girl were put

into the mouth of the lion, which had previously been infuriated by lashes from

its master's whip. But the apparently dead body did not excite the animal's

appetite. At the end of the scene the

range of their guns.

It grows upon a small stem,

A curious kind of weed which grows

draft to his mother. D'yer see ?"

to these stranger's hearts.

and a hush in their voices.

nurse and physician.

he's here.

men out for a little talk.

They left everything to him.

in'. You kin wait for me. I'll come -

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

ace are suggested for country houses.

The trains of recently-made French dresses measure nearly two yards and a

Suits for the spring are made with the peplum, each point being finished with a

Of all the things that man possesses woman alone takes pleasure in being pos-

with it. A female cowboy-that is to say, a

man in it. A Paris novelty is a wrap of silk or cloth with a border of fox tails arranged

Sleeves expand above the armsize at the shoulder, and puffs are added on top of the sleeve.

Mantles and dolmans made of camel'shair shawls have gone out of fashion and are now seldom seen.

styles are the most popular trimmings for dress goods and wraps.

made of plain white linen. Bonnet strings are now never tied un-

der the hair and the back. They are tied in a bow directly under the chin. Sometimes a fellow feels lonely, and

man to tell him how lonely he feels.

The empress of Austria's health has failed very much of late, and she has been suffering severely from rheumatism and sciatica—the penalty of rough out-

All female medical students in Russia are compelled to reside in a house provided by the authorities, and to be at home before nine o'clock in the evening, because they are suspected to have Nihilist proclivities.

mousquetaire style. Lace or button gloves are now seldom worn. Gleves are now never drawn up over the sleeve, but arranged at the wrist in wrinkles. Polonaises made very long and fitting

son as they have been during the past, They will be worn over chamois skin waists. Bands of feathers will be the trimming most used on these polonsises. Miss Nina Batchelor, of Kentucky,

sensation, is proclaimed by her professor, M. Saintpieyre, as a future star of the first magnitude in oil-painting. A recruit enlisted as Elisha Burton at a Chicago recruiting office, and all was well till he came to the medical examination. Then he objected, and it came out

A woman has been tending a switch at a railroad junction near Macon, Ga., since 1862, having succeeded her husband, who was switchman for ten years previous. She is at her post from six in the morning till 6 in the evening, and during the whole long period of her service has never misplaced a switch. She

Princess polonaises of plain velvet are made with full pleats in the back and a pointed basque in front. This displays advantageously the front of a skirt of broche velvet, or a satin skirt that has rows of sable fur down the front. When worn in the street a sable collarette and large cuffs are added, and a band of sable

Mrs. Sheridan, wife of General Sheridan, is a great favorite in Washington. She lives on Sixteenth street, near Scott Circle, in a house which was presented to her husband by the Chicago club, of which he was a member. Her afternoon receptions are always well attended, and, unlike the majority of people, she has plenty of sunshine in her pretty parlor. She is very affable, making strangers feel comfortable, at the same time being rather dignified.

### A White House Boom.

A room in the White House is decor-Gone?" He wanted to be funny and said: "Guess they've gone to bed by this this room, -The Current.

# ROMANCE OF TELEGRAPHY.

CURIOUS INCIDENTS IN CONNEC-TION WITH TELEGRAPHING.

The Morse Alphabet as used in Ex-tremity—Some Odd Adventures of Telegraph Operators.

The delicate instruments of a telegraph office are not indispensable to communi-cating by telegraph. The Morse alphabet may be read by those familiar with it by hearing, sight, taste and feeling. Its dots and dashes may be expressed by anything that will make a sounder, by a stick waved in the air, or by a light in the dark. There are some curious instances of telegraphing without key, relay and sounder. About twenty years ago Colonel J. J. S.

Wilson, of this city, then an active telegraph superintendent, was on a tour in the southern part of this State. It was a season of floods. Large portions of the country adjacent to the Ohio and Mississippi rivers were inundated, and the wreckage had included the washing away of many miles of poles and wire. It became necessary to communicate with a point on the Missouri bank of the Mississippi river by telegraph. The fertile invention of Colonel Wilson directed that a locomotive be run to the Illinois bank. Mounting the foot-board he grasped the valve and soon the shrill screams of the locomotive whistle were heard by the listening operators on the other shore, whistling out Wilson's message in the long and short sounds of the alphabet familiar to them as that of their primers. Communication was kept up in this way for sev-

eral hours. A train on a western railroad several years ago met with a terrible accident miles from any station. Among the passengers was a young telegrapher. His ready mind took in the situation, and climbing the nearest pole it was an easy task to cut the wire, and using the two ends as a key send a message for help. To receive the reply was a more difficult task. Here again the young man's invention stood in good stead and spurred him on to an exhibition of nerve that is rarely met with. Admonishing the distant operator to send slowly, he placed the cut ends of the wire upon his tongue, and by the strength of each shock to that delicate member made out the letters until the message was complete. That young man's sense of taste was destroyed and returned only in a weakened degree after two or three years.

A rich citizen of San Francisco owes his life to his knowledge of telegraphy acquired many years ago. Wandering over Southern California as a prospector, he was captured by a band of Mexican desperadoes. They carried him to an abandoned hacienda, and with mocking cruelty set him at their table to feast, before, as they told him, they killed him, The prisoner recognized among his captors an old campanion, also an operator, who had gone to the bad a little time before. The recognition was mutual, but neither dared to address the other. The captive's quick wit improvised a sounder out of his knife and fork, and while to the others he appeared playing with them, his cry for assistance read and understood by his old-time comrade. They formed in this way a plan of escape which was successfully carried out.

The United States government in several of its lighthouses have the lauterns arranged so as to emit long and short flashes of light, which form certain letters of the telegraphic code. This is a method of distinguishing the beacon, which is easily understood by a little practice. There happened to be an operator on board of a small coasting schooner which was cast on a Florida reef in such a position that escape from the ship and aid from the shore were both out of the question during the night of the wreck. Throughout the long hours of suspense he kept up communi-Throughout the long cation with another operator on shore by means of a lastern, and word of hope, of sympathy, and encouragement passed back and forth until day dawned and made rescue possible .- Chicago Inter-

## Church Fires.

The Chronicle states that nearly eight hundred churches-an average of about eight per month-have been destroyed by fire in the United States in the past nine years. According to the fire tables of the above-named journal, there were one hundred and nineteen churches destroyed during the year 1882, at a loss of \$672,170, and a loss to insurance com-panies of \$312,280. Among the princi-pal causes ascribed for these fires are defective flues and heating apparatus and incendiarism. The incendiary is no respecter of buildings, and not only bears his flaming torch through the thoroughfares of our large cities, but also appears at intervals in our smaller cities and obscure country towns. Churches, and particularly those located in country towns, are too often built of the cheapest and weakest material, and present strong temptations to the inherent lovers of fires and easy prey to the fire fiend. Church societies owe it to themselves to pay more attention to the building of their edifices as well as to the prevention of fire .-Scientific American,

### Musical Mention.

"Now, what do you think of my piano solo?" asked an enthusiastic and conceited young musician of an elder. Wasn't it great?"

"Yes, very great. Beethoven would have given a great deal to have heard your playing. "Do you really think so?" exclaimed

the young planist in his delight. "I really think so. Beethoven was deaf, you know." The young musician's pleasure all cozed-out of him and he felt crushed.—

Hoosier,

WITH HUSKY-HAUGHTY LIPS, ON,

With husky-haughty lips, Oh Sen! Where day and night I wend thy surf-beat

RATES OF ADVERTISING,

One Square, one inch, one insertion ...... \$1 69

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-erly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis.

Job work-cash on delivery.

Imaging to my sense thy varied strange maggestions,

Thy troops of white-maned racers racing to the goal. Thy ample, smiling face, dash'd with the

sparkling dimples of the sun, Thy brooding scowl and murk-thy unloos hurricanes,

Thy unsubduedness, caprices, willfulness; \* Great as thou art above the rest, thy many tears-a lack from all eternity in thy content (Naught but the greatest struggles, wrongs,

defeats, could make thee greatest-no less could make thee),

Thy lonely state-something thou ever seek's and seek'st, yet never gain'st, Surely some right withheld-some voice, in huge monotonous rage, of freedom-

lover pent, Some vast heart, like a planet's, chain'd and chafing in those breakers,

By lengthen'd swell, and spasm, and panting bretah.

And rhythmic rasping of thy sands and waves,

And serpent hiss, and savage peals of laugh-And undertones of distant lion roar

(Sounding, appealing to the sky's deaf earbut now, rapport for once, A phantom in the night thy confident for

The first and last confession of the globe, Outsurging, muttering from thy soul's

The tale of cosmic elemental passion,

Thou tellest to a kindred soul. -Walt Whitman, in Harper's Magazine

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A man skilled in forging .- A black-

Christopher Columbus was one of the first men to "go West,"—Siftings.

While rummaging in the garret last night we came across an old diary of ours bearing the date 1884.—Philadelphia Call.

Every affliction has its blessing. The man with a wooden leg never knows what it is to have rheumatism in that ankle .-

No, my son, the great talker is not necessarily a mathematician simply because he understands how to multiply words. -Boston Transcript;

By rubbing a cat's back in the dark you can see the electricity fly, and when the cat claws your hand you can feel the shock.—Philadelphia Chronicle.

Speaking of feats of strength reminds us that we saw a Fort Wayne man knock down a horse and two cows the other day. He was an auctioneer. - Hoosier.

Old Lady-"Only think, one missionary for 10,000 cannibals!" Young Lady "Mercy! they must have terrible light appetites or awful big missionaries!"-

She went into a store to buy some toilet soap, and when the clerk was expatiating on its merits, about made up her mind to purchase, but, when he said "it would keep off chaps," she remarked that she didn't want that kind.

"What influence has the moon upon the tide?" asked the professor. The class wag replied that he didn't know exactly what influence it had upon the tied, but that it had a tendency to make the untied awful spoony .- Burlington Free Press.

"If there's anything I love, it's roast goose," remarked Fenderson, as he passed up his plate for a second helping. "It does you credit," said Fogg; "there's nothing so beautiful as affection among the members of a family."— Boston Transcript.

There is said to be an old gentleman in this city so fond of music that he cannot keep his foot still. Only the other night a young man began to serenade his daughter, and the way the old fellow's foot didn't keep still is reported to be a caution .- Pittsburg Chronicle.

"Bread!" exclaimed a Vassar College girl, "Bread! Well, I should say I can make bread. We studied that in our first year. You see, the yeast ferments, and the gas thus formed permeates every-where and transforms the plastic material into a clearly obvious atomic structure, and then-" "But what is the plastic material you speak of ?" "Oh! that is commonly called the sponge." how do you make the sponge ?" "Why, you don't make it: the cook always attends to that. Then we test the sponge with the thermometer and hydrometer and a lot of other instruments, the names of which I don't remember, and then hand it back to the cook, and I don't know what she does with it then, but when it comes on the table it is just splendid."- Chicago Herald.

# A School in Tunis.

We visited a college for young boys in Tunis, (North Africa) writes a correspond-ent. The class-rooms were small, without windows, and lighted from the entrance door only. Little benches a foot high were used for desks, the scholars and teachers sitting on the floor. They all studied aloud. Each scholar in reciting took his seat directly in front of the teach er, and within easy reach of his rod, both continually swaying their bodies back and forth. Most of the professors were quite young men, with very intelligent faces. French is considered very essential in the education of boys The poor girls are not educated at all, very few being able to read. We only heard of three who had this accomplishment, and these were the daughters of the secretary of the bey. The women spend their time in making their clothes, dressing and sleeping.

VOL. XVI. NO. 52.

the bushes upon the earth floor-all to- Caspar's cabin-first trail to the left after

gether formed a scene weird and impres-'Pards! that yer kid must be saved." said Bill Lewis. "If you fellers have a for I've learnt sumthin' at that thar mind to turn in an' help-well an' good; cabin, an' 1'm goin' to see this thing but anyhow, that kid's going to be saved | through |"

or his mother?"

The six men took up the litter, and It was thirteen miles east over the Bill and Balaam went back to the cabin for his mother?" range to the nearest cabin. The summit at timber line. was nearly fourteen thousand feet in height, and upon it a storm was raging. the eastern slope of the main range. Low The spurs to the north and west were ut- down on the big timber, nestled in a terly impassable. The only way out was warm nook, with an eastern and southern down the gulch by the same route over which they had recently come in. Al-the water was dripping from the roof-logs though by this trail there would be no which overhung the front; the pile of storm, there was worse. There were mineral specimens on the rude shelf beslides, precipices, and difficulties innum-Beside, it would only lead into the dog basked upon the chips; the bur-d valley of the Gunnison. The ros rubbed their necks together at the the broad valley of the Gunnison. The range must yet be crossed to the east before a railroad town could be reached or the advantages of shelter and medical attendance secured. They believed the boy would die before morning. How,

then, could be be saved ? "Bill, seeing their questioning looks,

answered them: "See here, pards; the boy ain't near so sick as ye think he is. He's tired, wore out, an' teetotally discouraged; but he's young, ain't burnt out with whisky!an' in my opinion's more homesick than sick. I've seen them feliars before. If we can make him understand there's a chance of his gittin' home, he'll hang on so we kin git him home. I'll rig a litter on Balaam (Balaam was Bill's burro), an' we'll take him down the valley to Taylor Creek. A couple o' you fellars kin then cross the range by Brush Creek trail to Copper Creek, an' git more fellars thar, an' meet me an' the kid on the summit of Red Mountain. Ther's an empty cabin at timber-line on the west o' Red Mountain, an' meet me thar an hour by sun tomorrow. If yer hustle yer'll git thar.

Yer ought ter fetch up by midnight on kid ?" the summit."

It is useless to attempt to convey an idea of what this plan involved. They were ready in an hour. rigged a litter upon his burro, as Indians do, and in it placed Little John. At 11 o'clock the procession started down the gulch. There were two men beside Bill. While these went forward and picked out the trail, Bill attended to the itter. Their progress was slow and their mishaps many, but without serious accident they reached the valley at day-

Little John was no worse. He was partly conscious and had been made to inderstand that he was going toward Bill's assistants were to leave him at this point, and he delivered a last

injunction. "Now, pards, let's have no hitches. I kin make the cabin in five or six hours easy enough, an' shall stop thar an hour to rest an' warm. If I kin make the ings of the stunted pines, and forty or next two miles over the summit the fifty men, in groups of from three to six, thing's done. If it's quiet-like, mebbe I The balance is a big enough stake fur were gathered around the fires smoking kin make it. If it storms—God help us. me; an' then, ye see, if I do a good thing You must be that at the summit at mid- for his mother may be it'll count again night. If the snow's drifted bad, Balaam can't make it, an' we'll have to we'll tak him down to Hayden's, an' one Among fifty men brought together from every part of the world, in a wild country, by a purpose born, to some exsnow. Now git; an'-an'-if you ever

loved yer mothers-don't you fail!" The two departed; reached and passed the summit before daylight had faded, and at six o'clock were in the timber of Copper Creek on the eastern slope. In a minutes more they were in a snug cabin by a glowing fire, telling their story to four fearless, big-hearted miners.

They all knew Bill Lewis, and thought he could win if any man could; but they had little hope of finding Little John alive. They all, however, willingly made ready to set out. They had eight miles of comparatively easy trail, which they thought they could do in three hours, leaving them two hours in which Without to Red Mountain summit. great difficulty they reached the foot of

the slide in the time proposed. One by one they crawled up the fearful winding way. Not a word was spoken. No one had heart to speak or breath to spare. Even minutes seemed long in a time and place like this, and it seemed an age before they saw the top, and, oh,

how long before they reached it! They had hitherto been warm enough. But when they turned the summit the cold west wind chilled them through. There was no snow falling, but the wind was driving and swirling the recent snow in small cyclones of horrer around their shrinking forms. In a moment they had

abandoned every hope.

There was no Bill Lewis there. There was no council held; there was no time for that; but instinctively every man rushed forward for some slight shelter. Onward they went, at times easily and rapidly over the hard, old snow, and then struggling through deep drifts, until, half a mile from the summit, they saw something dark in the snow

It could be nothing else. But were they alive or dead? Good, faithful Balaam! no man shall abuse thee more. Brave Bill Lewis! Thy

sins be forgiven thee!

Bill had worked his way up from the cabin by tramping the snow in front of Balaam, a hundred yards at a time, and going over the ground several times until the animal could pass through, and then repeating for another hundred feet. This he had done in biting blast and blinding snow, never faltering, never despairing, for six long hours.

Bill's greeting was characteristic: "Well done, pards! I know'd you'd ome. The kid was better at the cabin; come. but whether alive or dead now I don't know. Look an' see," Little John was alive and warm.

'Now, pards, there's six of you.

laam's pretty nigh played out. Shoulder

girl was released and went smiling away, while the mesmerist earned rich laurels. -Pall Mall Gazette. A Hint of Unseen Danger. They were in the parlor and she was playing the piano and singing the new song. "Oh, Where have the Old Folks

"Don't you be sure about that, answered the charming girl; "pa may be out in the back yard at this moment kettles and tools scattered around among the ends o' them 'ere poles, an' strike for etting the dog loose."-Lowell Citizen,

## NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Grenadine curtains edged with antique

French fashion plates for spring show bouffant effects in the drapery of dresses.

French patterns imported for the spring trade appear in artistic English

The small bonnet is still in high favor, and each dress should have one to go

cowgirl-has been discovered in New A woman's heart, like the moon, is al-

ways changing; but there is always a

as a fringe. Parisian women are powdering their hair and arranging it a la Mary Stuart in the evening.

Chenille trimmings in all shades and

The newest handkerchiefs have just the faintest suggestion of hem, and are

would like to have some nice young wo-Susan B. Anthony is writing a book containing her observations on the

position of woman in European coun-Servant girls in Germany who remain in the constant service of one family for forty years receive a medal from the empress when the case is made known to

door exercise.

The most fashionable gloves are th made of tan and grey undressed kid, in

perfectly will be as much worn this sen-

who, besides being the most beautiful woman in Paris, where her red-gold hair and dark eyes make a wonderful social

that the lusty chap was Mrs. Lizzie Burton, who had taken that method of accompanying her husband, who had that day enlisted, to the tented field.

is sixty-two years old.

trims the velvet bonnet.

ated in the style of the thirteenth century. It contains also a Japanese screen. the portraits of Grant and Van Buren, a piece of tapestry showing Gutenberg reading aloud from his first block-letter Bible, and furniture of cherry wood. When, after the lapse of a century or two, the decorative artists of that period search for specimens of mineteenth century decorations, they will doubtless find thenselves a tade puzzled on entering