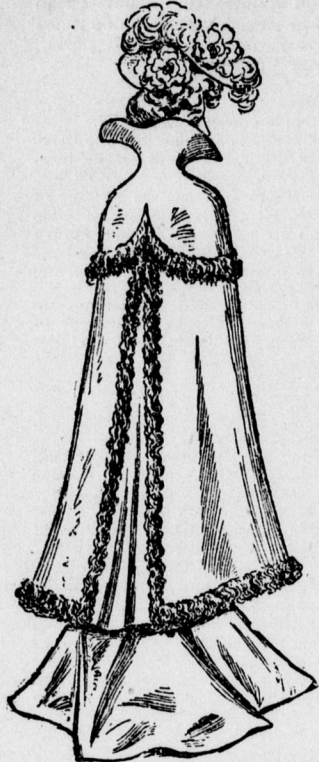


NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—Very long wraps are the most prominent among fall models. The pelum cloak, fastening in a drapery on the left shoulder, is the latest novelty. It



CLOAK SUITABLE FOR LATE FALL.

certainly will be a success, as it is exceedingly stylish. Though it is of considerable length, it does not reach the foot of the skirt, but terminates

is most useful for autumn wear. This style is especially adaptable in blue cloth. Blue is a shade that always is serviceable, and seldom looks shabby even after a season's hard wear. The model is blue cloth, with white facings, and is lined throughout with white satin, which, by the way, is one of the best linings ever employed. Crystal buttons add considerably to the effect. The jacket flaps and a narrow band at the waist are of white.

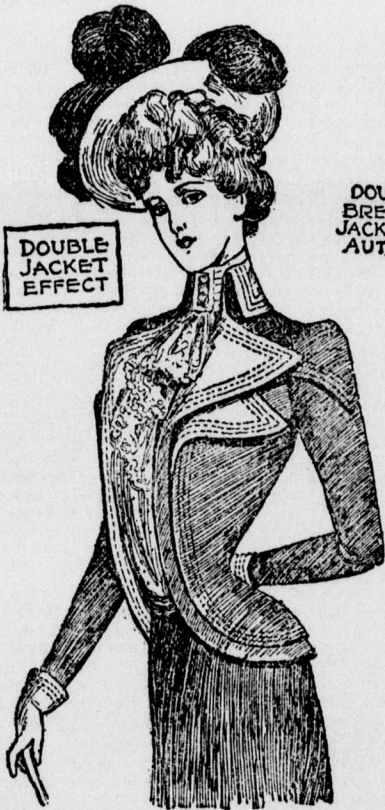
The other jacket shown in the large engraving is an open one, and simulates a double coat. This has a shaped edge inserted between the cloth and the lining. This inner coat is fitted with revers which turn out ward over the other revers, and both are faced with white cloth. A vest of ivory satin or silk, with jabot of antique lace, adds much to its utility when something out of the ordinary is needed for afternoon or evening smart functions.

Gray Leads For Tailor Gowns.

The new tailor-made gowns, or rather the stuffs from which they are to be made, greet one as true and tried old friends, for they are chiefly the ever-popular gray shades.

Those Light-Sleeved Gowns!

The shoulders and the tops of the arms are so closely defined in the newest gowns that the woman with "wooden" shoulders, thin arms or a bad carriage is looking wistfully for ingenious ways of concealing her defects. The smart dressmakers say they will not attempt to clothe young girls or too slender women in these severely simple bodices. A fold or two or a suspicion of a frill of lace or chiffon covers deficiencies and does not interrupt the line which fashion ordains. A becoming pinafore dress is produced by wearing over a lace bodice a second half bodice of foulard or fine cloth, and inserting panels of the lace in the skirt, narrowing from the waist downward. The open part



DOUBLE JACKET EFFECT



DOUBLE BREASTED JACKET FOR AUTUMN

SHORT DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET FOR FALL; ONE COAT MADE TO LOOK AS IF IT WERE TWO.

ten or twelve inches above it. A very elegant redingote has a triple pelerine covering the shoulders, while in front shaped revers run the entire length.

Shown in the accompanying illustration is a new-model cloak suitable for late fall of white cloth, fitting closely over the shoulders, and from thence downward, flaring slightly and opening in the centre of the back over a double fold of white velvet. Garniture is of chinchilla; collar lined with the same fur. Lining is maize surah, slightly wadded. The design is from the Dry Goods Economist.

It appears now very distinctly indicated that wraps, cloaks and redingotes will be far more fashionable than jackets as the season advances, not, however, to their entire exclusion, as they are far too convenient and pretty for that to be possible.

Another stylish redingote, also sloped off in front, has three very narrow shaped flounces surrounding it, and continuing up the front, diminishing as they ascend, they are repeated on a sort of small pelerine covering the shoulders.

Smart Autumn Jackets.

This season's jackets are fascinating with their wonderful curves and tailor finish. It is a mistake to suppose an outside garment can be made at home. It is the one thing that must have the stamp of the tailor, and an exceedingly "smart" one at that. Stitching is generally used on the new fall coats; and, although it is a finish, it must be kept thoroughly brushed, or the dust which settles on its threads will give even a new coat the appearance of having been worn a long time.

The short double-breasted type of jacket shown in the large engraving

of the overdress may be connected by bands of velvet or stitched straps of cloth or silk, and similar bands can be adapted as shoulder-straps. Ever



DAINTY COTTON MORNING FROCK.

these lines render the closely fitted lace bodice less trying.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Polite Deer.

A dignified deer, with sprangling horns, stepped into a batter's and said: "I am pleased with the stock which your window adorns; Pray, show me some hats for my head."

The batter was frightened half out of his wits.

But with manner quite bland and sedate, He said: "I'm afraid I have nothing that fits Your particular kind of a pate."

Said the deer: "Sir, your window that statement denies:

I ask nothing that's better than these. I don't so much care for the fit or the size, But I'd like a variety, please.

"So give me a felt hat, and give me a straw, And a beaver of superfine nap; A wide-awake also, a broad mackinaw, And a little silk traveling-cap.

"A red smoking-fez, embroidered in gold, A helmet of white, lined with green, A big, furry seal-skin to keep out the cold, And a sailor-cap like a marine.

"No, I don't want them boxed—I'll wear them at once;

Indeed, as I often have said, Who carries his hats in a box is a dunce, When there's plenty of room on his head."

—Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas.

Child as Nurse.

When Miss Nightingale was a child, she had many dolls; and her great hobby was to affect to believe that they each in turn caught a serious illness, and needed the most careful nursing. There was one rag baby that had fever so badly that her life was despaired of, and little Florence would only go to her own bed one night on the positive assurance of her nurse and her mother that they would watch beside the sick doll. And watch they had to with a vengeance. For if any of the nurses tried to go away, thinking Florence was asleep, the little lady was alert in a moment, and would not lie down until the duty was resumed. Early in the morning Florence rose to take her share in the nursing, and then the others were allowed to retire. She was soon able to say that the rag baby was much better.—Cassell's Little Folks.

Kissing the Blarney Stone.

Everybody has heard of kissing the Blarney stone in the famous castle of Blarney, and a good many people whose tongues do not run glibly on all occasions have probably desired to touch their own lips to its smooth surface in order that they, too, might imbibe some of that loquaciousness which is characteristic of the Irish race. But if they only knew of the difficulty they would encounter in getting to this kissing stone to give it the desired smack a good many of the anxious ones might change their minds and prefer to be stiff-tongued, after all. This particular stone is near the top of one of the great towers of the castle, and to reach it you would have to climb 125 feet inside a cavernous old donjon. Then when you have come to the nearest opening in the massive wall, you would have to be hung out of the window, head downward, and held over a parapet by the heels while going through the great oscillatory performance. Considering the dizziness entailed by this acrobatic feat a good many people would prefer not to be a "blarney."

Bobby's Sling.

Bobby was lying on the bank, thinking what to do next. He had used his sling against several cats and sent them in frantic haste beyond his reach, had brought down a robin with a well directed shot, and had sent Tommy into the house with a red spot on his face and a protesting howl. Besides that, he had driven a bluebird from its nest, broken a window, and ruffled the unusually even temper of his big chum Towser. Now he was wondering what he should do next, for it still lacked an hour of school-time.

He was a bad boy, you say? Well, perhaps circumstantial evidence indicated that, but his mother was in position to judge, and she did not think so. Was he not prompt in doing his chores, and cheerful and willing in accepting extra work, and did he not insist on helping her wash dishes and sweep and carry water? Sometimes she spoke severely of his "cruel sport," but in her heart she substituted another word for it, thoughtlessness. The sunlight lay warm upon the bank, and presently he saw two bugs climbing a tiny slope that was bare of grass. He reached out for a pebble to throw, but none was within reach, and the game was not worth the exertion of rising. So he lay there and watched.

He was not quite sure about the bugs, but thought they were the kind that papa told of carrying such great weights. If so, they must be regular giants of strength, and this thought brought more interest into his eye.

One of them was lagging behind the other and moving with a slow, halting motion, as though partly disabled. Perhaps he had been trying to lift a mountain, and the mountain had fallen on him and broken his leg. Bobby chuckled at the idea, and moved a little so he could see better, for now the foremost bug had turned back to his companion, with whom he appeared to be in earnest consultation.

In changing his position, Bobby's hand came in contact with a pebble, but he merely pushed it aside instead of picking it up to throw. He wanted to see what the bugs were going to do. And then a very curious thing happened.

The bit of slope had become too steep for the disabled bug to climb, and his companion, as though appreciating the situation, seemed to be studying some way out of the difficulty. Presently he moved to a position in front of his friend and flattened himself as closely as possible to the

ground. After a little hesitation, the disabled bug climbed by slow and painful degrees upon his back and was borne up the slope and into the grass. Bobby gave a low, expressive whistle, then lay back upon the grass and gazed long and earnestly at a cloud that was floating overhead. At length he rose slowly, and did not even look at the grass where the bugs had disappeared. Down upon the lawn he could see a slight fluttering. It was the robin he had hurt, and he went down and caught the bird in spite of its dazed efforts to get away. He carried it into the house to his mother.

"I shot it, mamma," he said, simply, but with an odd little note in his voice which made her look at him quickly. "Don't you suppose we can fix it up again all right? I don't think anything is broken. It's only stunned."

She took the bird and examined it critically.

"Yes, I think we can bring it round all right," she said at length. "No bones seem to be broken. It is probably stunned. See, it's eyes are beginning to look brighter already. What—"

She did not finish the sentence. Instead, she turned her back to Bobby and appeared to be examining the bird. She had seen him opening the stove and drop his sling into the flames.—Youth's Companion.

"Pelicanatown."

Frank M. Chapman tells the readers of the St. Nicholas how and where the pelicans of Florida build their nests and breed.

Why is it, he asks, that all the cave-swallows in a village place their row of mud tenements under the roof of a certain barn? Every nook in which a nest could be built is occupied by the clay apartments—not one is "to let"; still, none of the birds seem to think of building under the equally favorable roof of the neighboring barn. Their cousins, the bank-swallows, show the same strong sociability, and from miles around they gather to meet in some particular sand-bank, the face of which will be thickly pitted with the entrances to their burrows.

It is not because the place chosen is the only one available that the birds nest in flocks. There may be hundreds of barns and banks just as good as the ones selected. It is not a question of food, for insects are abundant everywhere, and these strong-flying birds can hunt them over miles of country. It is not because they find "safety in numbers;" rather do they make themselves conspicuous by gathering in such large bodies. As a rule, it is sociability—the desire for companionship—that offers the only reasonable explanation for the great colonies which may be observed at nesting-time.

Certainly, no other theory will explain the origin of Pelicanatown. Its site, like those often selected by human colonists, seems poorly chosen; its natural advantages are few; but so attached to their home are its inhabitants that even the most cruel persecution by their human foes has failed to drive them from the land of their ancestors.

But where is Pelicanatown? In spite of its population of nearly three thousand, few maps will show it. Glance with me, therefore, at a map of Florida. Find the Indian river, that long, narrow lagoon on its east coast, divided from the sea by only a ribbon of land. Pelicanatown is situated about midway between its northern and southern extremities, near the eastern shore of a bay which here makes the river about three miles wide. It is an island, triangular in shape, containing about three acres of ground. A few bushes and low palm trees grow on it, and there are great patches of tangled grass, but at least one-fourth of its surface is bare sand. During the nesting season this barren island is the home of probably all the pelicans of Indian river. Here they come to build their nests, lay their eggs, and rear their young, and from January to May life in Pelicanatown presents many novel scenes and picturesque incidents.

In March, 1898, I visited this city of birds. As my boat approached I saw signs of life. Files of birds were returning from fishing expeditions; platoons were resting on the sandy points; some were in bathing, others were sailing about in broad circles high overhead; and soon one could hear the sound of many voices—a medley of strange cries in an unknown tongue.

It being quite impossible to count the birds, I determined to count their nests, of which my census showed there were no less than 845; but only 251 were occupied, though all had been built that spring.

The death rate is high in Pelicanatown. Doubtless many young birds die through injuries received while trying to escape from tourists who visit the island and thoughtlessly chase the young birds about. Eggs and very young birds are destroyed in hundreds by fish-crows, that daily come over from the mainland on marauding expeditions. It is not probable, therefore, that in many families three young pelicans live to leave the nest together; hence we may reckon about one and a half pelicans to each of the deserted nests. Add to these two parent pelicans to each nest, and we have 2581 birds on the wing or on foot. But this number is to be increased by the 154 young that were still in the nests, making the total population of Pelicanatown 2735.

This calculation, however, does not take into account the eggs found, from which almost hourly come new inhabitants of the island; and it is with these eggs, or rather in what they were placed, that we may begin our study of a pelican's life.



Should women vote? Well, if they could, They'd vote for what is pure and good; And Ivory Soap, because it's best, Would simply overwhelm the rest.

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Isolated People of the Earth.

The people who live in the northern portion of the peninsula of Kamchatka are probably the most isolated in the world. The people have practically no communication with others than their own tribe, being seldom visited by travelers.

The inhabitants of the new Siberian islands are also detached people, for which they can only communicate with the mainland once a year even if the weather is favorable.

The pygmies of the great central African forests, if they can be called a tribe, have also been a people apart. For ages their existence was little more than legendary, and only two expeditions commanded by white men have ever penetrated into their abode.

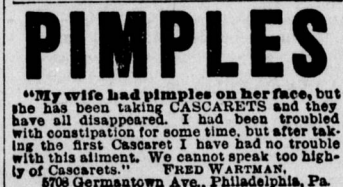
Country Life.

We believe in the country and the farm. The farmer who is wise will be content in his farmhouse, and stick to it, and allow no ignis fatuus of fancy or delusive dream of ease and luxury to decoy him into the city. We repeat it. Be content on the farm and make it a home for your old age and your family. Improve, ornament and beautify, and make your country home the centre of a happy generation, the gathering place of your children, and bequeath to posterity a name pure and unsullied, and a generation of men and women who will honor your name and hallow your memory as sacred and well lived.—The Montana Fruit Grower.



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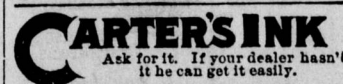
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