

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Africa has very nearly 700 languages, and this fact presents great difficulties to missionary effort.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CUREY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Curey for the last 16 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

WALDING, KIRKMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 10c, per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There are 30,000 Russians in London and 1000 in New York City.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-Tobacco, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

There are 1000 acres of sugar-beets in Onondaga County, N. Y.

No Cure, No Pay.

Is the way Findley's Eye Salve is sold. Chronic and granulated lids cured in 30 days; common sore eyes in 3 days, or money back for the asking. Sold by all druggists, or by mail, 25c. box. J. P. HAYES, Decatur, Texas.

The golf craze has struck Constantinople Turkey.

No-Tobacco for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. \$1. All druggists.

In 1897 there were seventy-one suicides in Maine and of these all but thirteen were men.

"A Gentle Wind of Western Birth"

Tells no sweeter story to humanity than the announcement that the health-giver and health-bringer, Hood's Sarsaparilla, tells of the birth of an era of good health. It is the one reliable specific for the cure of all blood, stomach and liver troubles.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Dewey's Bearing as a Boy.

A growing appetite was not sufficient to make George Dewey a chunky boy, however, by any means. He was small for his years and his activity kept him thin. The figure that this little Vermont presented in those days is a winsome one, as it is painted by those who knew him. Dark eyes flashed from a brown, intelligent countenance that was always beaming with good nature and youthful plausibility. An erect bearing and an air of command well became him. It would seem that he was always meditating a mischief or an exploit of which he was himself the centre figure and his chums his faithful satellites. "He was a pompous little fellow," one of his old companions asserts. "His head was up and he patronized us a bit, and how we liked it! I can see him now with that bright eye, a smile on his lips and his hands in his pockets, coming whistling along the street. His nature was fun-loving, yet lovable. The boy did some reckless things, but never a mean one."—New York Mail and Express.

Mourns For His Leg.

An old soldier in a Michigan town, who had a leg amputated ten years ago, had it buried in a coffin in the cemetery and funeral services held over it, at which he wept profusely. Ever since then, all through the summer months he has placed flowers each week upon the grave.

THE very word "operation" strikes terror to a woman's soul.

Nearly always these operations become necessary through neglect.

If the menses are very painful, or too frequent and excessive, get the right advice at once and stop taking chances. It will cost you nothing for advice if you write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for it, and if you let the trouble run along it will surely cost you a great deal of pain and may mean an operation.

MISS SARAH J. GRAHAM, Sheridanville, Pa., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I had suffered for several years with female troubles and doctored until I was discouraged. I felt wretched and tired of living. I had disease of kidneys, bladder trouble, dropsy and bloating, had womb trouble and a large tumor had formed; in fact all my organs were out of fix.

"Seeing a woman's letter praising your remedies, I wrote to her and she begged me to try it, telling me all that it had done for her. I bought six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now cannot express my gratitude to you. The tumor began to come away in pieces and I got better all the time. I believe now that I am entirely cured.

"My doctors could not believe it at first, as they all had told me that my case was a hopeless one, and no human power could do me any good. They were astounded. If I can say anything that can help other women, I shall be glad to."

It is not safe to wait until the last moment. Head off trouble by prompt attention to it. Pinkham's advice.



Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. H. C. C. fall, druggists refund money.

The first elevator was built in 1850, using worm gears.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. LOZ, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

Attempts are being made in Berlin to introduce electric omnibuses.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. H. C. C. fall to cure, druggists refund money.

In Paris the cost of the current for the electric cabs is about ninety cents per day.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup
The best remedy for Consumption. Cures Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping-cough, Croup, Small-pox; quick, sure results. Dr. Bull's Pills cure Constipation. Trial, 25c. for 5c.

Beautiful Fan Made by Filipinos.

One scarcely thinks that the Filipinos are capable of dainty work, but Miss Augusta Akmeyer, of St. Louis, has received from Manila a fan for which for beauty rivals anything of the kind ever devised by the artist's Japanese.

The fan is made to fold. The handle and separating parts are made of frail ivory, daintily carved. Inserted into the end of each is the feather of a swan, at the end of which is the gorgeous tip of a peacock feather, altogether forming an attractively beautiful blending of natural colors. Perhaps the most beautiful piece of work in the construction of the fan lies in the swanfeathers. Woven into these slender feathers are variegated threads, forming fantastic figuring of flowers, personages and leaves. In the centre of the right side of the fan is woven among the feathers a picture representing a man and a woman picking fruit. Into this one picture alone is introduced an amazing work of colors, varied as those of the rainbow, causing one to marvel how such a variety of threads could be woven so intricately and with such perfect precision upon the slender swanfeathers. About these figures are clustered vari-colored flowers and leaves, the latter being of a pure white silk, while the former are made of silks of many hues. Upon the reverse side of the feathers are also innumerable woven flowers and leaves. The work is evidently that of some past master in the art.

Bobby Went to the Circus.

"Mamma," said Bobby the other day when he came home from school, "has iron anything to do with you?" "Nothing whatever, Bobby; iron means that we mean the opposite of what we say." Bobby thought a moment, and continued: "I don't love you just a cent's worth, mamma. Is that iron?" "I suppose so," replied his mother, with a smile that she didn't attempt to repress. "Then," said Bobby, with an air of triumph, "wasn't it iron when you said, the day before yesterday, that you wouldn't give me one quarter to buy a ticket for the circus to-day?" Whether it was or not, he went to the circus that afternoon.—Harper's Bazar.

Curious Facts Regarding Sunshine.

Statistics obtained by sunshine recorders are interesting. Some curious facts have been recently published by the French Meteorological Bureau at Paris. Spain has 3000 hours of sunshine a year; Italy, 2700; France 2600; Germany has 1700, while England has but 1400. The average fall of rain in the latter country is greater than that in any other European country. In the northern part and on the high plateaus of Scotland about 351 inches of rain fall a year, and London is said to have an average of 178 rain days in the year and fully ten times the quantity of rain that falls on Paris.

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WOMEN AVOID OPERATIONS

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THE MAN WHO PRAYED AND QUIT.

He knelt in prayer at night To ask his Maker's love, And likewise that he might Have joy, at last, above.

He never sought his bed Until he'd bent the knee— Until, with humble head, He offered up his plea.

He prayed the Lord to give Him love for those distressed, To teach him how to live And labor for the best.

It happened on a day, Ere Age had come by stealth, That Luck stood in his way And gave him lordly wealth.

He knelt no more at night, He made no humble plea For love of those who might Be favored less than he.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

THE AWAKENING OF CALEB.

He was lame, and his pigeon-toed halt called forth the ridicule of his playmates. The boys did not mean to be unkind when they laughed at Caleb. They were thoughtless. Thoughtless boys are nearly always kind boys when they are aroused, but it usually takes something akin to an earthquake to wake them up.

Caleb was poor. He had grown too fast and was distressingly awkward. He never knew his lessons. He did not pay attention and was continually in disgrace. All these things could have been forgiven him, had he not been untidy. His hands were always grimy and his face was always smudged; his clothes were unwashed and his hair uncombed.

In the two-roomed house which he called home and shared with seven other children, Caleb slept in the dry-goods box that served as a table. The box was turned with the open side toward the door. When the boy rose in the morning he was ready for breakfast, if there was any, and if there was none he went out of the door and seldom returned until time to go to bed.

At school the teachers tried to improve his personal habits, but at last gave up and put him in an isolated seat in the corner. One autumn a slender girl took the reins of school government in her hands. She did not look equal to the stirring western school of eighty pupils, and the patrons said so, one to another.

Of all these things Miss Wolcott was serenely ignorant, and as the school days went by the rough boys grew less rough and the rude girls less rude. She examined Caleb's grimy finger-marked copybook and aid her hand on his unkempt curls. "You can do better than that, Caleb," she said. "Run and wash your hands."

The boy looked up doggedly. "There isn't any towel," he said. "I will give you one."

He was gone a long time. Miss Wolcott went in search of him and found him gazing ruefully at his black paw-marks on the snowy linen. "Try a little more soap and water," said Miss Wolcott. He did, and the effect was pleasing to him, for he smiled broadly and gazed long at his white hands.

"Take this fresh page of your copybook and see how nice you can keep it," said Miss Wolcott.

The next day he splashed about in the wash-basin without being told to do so. He applied water and soap to his face and surprised every one, himself included. Day by day the pages of the copybook grew whiter and the letters neater. One morning he took off his coat and proudly displayed his shirt. "I washed it myself," he said.

"It looks very nice," said Miss Wolcott, smiling brightly at him. "Here is a little comb which I want you to have." He did not thank her, but stood first on one foot and then on the other and smiled, showing his even white teeth. He learned his lessons and was no longer looked upon as simple minded. When the examination reports were sent home he stood near the head of the list.

"How do you like your new teacher, Caleb?" asked the janitor one day.

"Things aren't like they used to be," he said. "Miss Wolcott is kind to a fellow and never knocks him about or says mean things to him once."

"She will if you go to acting up." Caleb smiled and half closed his dark eyes. "We'll see," he said aloud, and to himself. "I shan't act up."

The date for the annual exhibition of school work drew near. Hundreds of sheets of paper were to be neatly lined with red ink. Miss Wolcott grew weary.

"Who can help me?" she asked herself. "No one," and she went on ruling.

On Saturday morning Caleb appeared at Miss Wolcott's door. His face and hands were clean and every curl was crisp and tight.

"Let me help you rule the papers, Miss Wolcott," he said.

He looked out of her window—the school building was in flames. She hastened to the burning house. The roof fell in as she neared it, and two firemen carried some one out on a shutter. It was Caleb. He had heard the fire alarm and hastened to save the exhibition work. He was taken to a hospital, and Miss Wolcott stood by his side. At last he opened his eyes and smiled.

"I saved some of them," he said. Then he lapsed again into unconsciousness.

Caleb's bravery awakened the interest of the schoolboys, and they spent their spare time by his cot. As he grew better their bright minds began to evolve plans for him.

"Father said he would take him into our house as though he were his son, if we couldn't do any better," said Harold. "But I think by the way he said it that he expects us to do better—I mean to think of something better."

"Well, there's his mother and brothers and sisters," said another. "Perhaps they could do better if they had a chance."

"Let's go and see 'em," said Lester, and they started off at once.

The boys staid but a moment in the poor little home.

"Gee!" said Harold, as they started toward home, "barefooted in March."

"And there wasn't a thing in the cupboard," said another.

"Let's ask Miss Wolcott to come and help us fix them up," said Lester. "I'm not very good at washing dirty little kids' faces. What do the rest of you say?"

"I wish that we could do it all ourselves," said Harold thoughtfully.

"Harold has a scheme," said Lester. "Yes, I have and I want to talk to father about it."

Harold spoke to his father that evening.

"You see, father," he said; "I think that the right way to help people is to help them to help themselves."

The man smiled down very indulgently at the earnest lad.

"What had you thought of, my son?"

"Well, I hardly know, but I have wondered if they could not do something to pay the rent on our cottage. There are three acres of land there and those boys could raise chickens and vegetables."

"That is quite a grown-up plan for such a little lad. Talk it over with the rest of the boys and see what they can suggest."

A meeting was held in the school-room the next evening. The boys suggested and discussed until the room was almost dark.

"What does Caleb's mother do?" asked one boy.

"She makes vests," said a pale little fellow in the corner.

"Gone from home all day, I suppose," said Harold.

"Yes." "Our housekeeper says it's worth a dollar a week to keep my clothes mended," said Lester. "What do you fellows say to hiring Caleb's mother to keep us mended up until we think of something better?"

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT.

Novel Collar Buckle.

A collar buckle strongly appealing to lovers of novelties is made of gold having the appearance of being cast and relieved by bright cuttings. The design consists of a series of scrolls. The centres contain two large turquoises.

Lace Scarfs for the Hair.

Now that lace has been worn on every conceivable garment from hosiery to hats the fashion makers announce that an old custom is to be revived and veils of lace are to be worn with evening dresses. These veils are twisted to fit the head in front, but must not hide the hair; a deft hand can arrange the folds so that they will fall in a flimsy cloud to the shoulders. The lace is said to make a charming background for the wearer's head.

Rosa Bonheur's Costumes.

There is a widespread impression that the late Rosa Bonheur was in the habit of wearing men's attire. This is only partially true. She dressed as a man while at work in her studio, because this gave her greater freedom of action while working on her canvases, which were often of large size.

In pursuit of her studies for horses, her favorite subject, she also found this costume convenient. At home, on the street and in the usual walks of life she wore a plain black dress, without adornment of any sort. When going out she donned a plain black bonnet and became simply a rather large woman, noticeable only for the strength of her features and the keen penetration of her dark eyes.

When Should Girls Wear Veils?

At what age should a girl begin to wear a veil? There is as much difference of opinion on this point, as on that other vital question, "When should a girl put her hair up?" Men seem as much to regret the donning of a veil by a girl as they do the putting up of hair.

Whether it is because it stamps the wearer as coming to womanly dignities or because it hides something of a pretty face, there is no knowing, but most probably it is for the latter reason.

But there are many uses to a veil. It is now and then recommended for weak eyes; it is excellent as a slight respirator for girls with delicate chests; it keeps the skin from chapping in rough weather, and, be it said, it really does, in nine cases out of ten, enhance the beauty it half conceals.

A girl may wear a veil when she puts up her hair. The one fixes the date for the other. A girl with her hair down her back and wearing a veil looks rather absurd, except in most exceptional cases.

Fabrics for Winter Dresses.

The autumn display of plaids attracts the usual admiring throngs of women who never wear these gay and wintry looking fabrics, although they "consider" them every year and have been doing so for several generations.

Once in a while a courageous woman appears in one of the shaggy Scotch mixtures, but she is the target for other women's curious gazes when she appears, just as if the non-wearers of plaid had not been accustomed to being introduced to it afresh every autumn as far back as they can remember.

The colors of the new plaids are full grays, bronzes and reds, with stripes of deeper or lighter shades of the same color, or of yellow, black, white or scarlet. The familiar greens and reds, which formed the basis of most winter plaids, are not seen this season. Rough, hairy surfaces are very smart and extremely becoming in a gown made for a slender figure.

The cap on some of these fabrics is three or four inches long. Silk, velvet and wool are mingled with rich effect in some of the winter dress goods. Wool goods with flat spots of grenadine and cashmeres dotted with silk and satin faced cloths with velvet dots woven into them are all novelties.

These fancy fabrics are to be made up combined with plain faced material, and the rough, hairy wool goods are to be mated to the smooth, satiny cloths in the same costume.

Diet as an Aid to Beauty.

A woman who says she has never from any unpleasant experience known what it was to have a stomach lives almost entirely on bananas. It is a taste inherited, she says, from her father, who spent many years in a banana country and learned there to like them and consider them a valuable article of food.

Like his daughter, he never experiences those troubles which are the undoing of so many Americans, and he also credits it to bananas. The first craving of the daughter in the morning is for a banana, and when she rings the bell the maid knows what is wanted and takes a couple of bananas to her room.

These she eats before she completes her toilet, and goes down to breakfast to find two more beside her plate. These, with possibly a cup of prepared coffee, complete her breakfast, and she drives on the diet. She has a pretty, soft complexion and a comfortable plumpness. The only trouble is that away from home there is sometimes difficulty in obtaining bananas, and then she suffers. This inconvenience has made her think of breaking up the habit, but the diet is so simple and so satisfactory that it seems foolish to do so.

scious of that important organ, 'the stomach, they are more conscious than ever of it if they undertake a banana diet. A doctor says that if bananas can be eaten, there is nothing which gives more nutriment, but all people cannot eat them without ill effects.

First Presidential Wedding.

The administration of President Tyler saw four different feminine heads to his house in less than four years.

Mrs. Letitia Christian Tyler, the first wife of this tenth president, died in the White House September, 1842, and was succeeded by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Robert Tyler, and her daughter, Mrs. William Semple, until June of 1844, when President Tyler married Miss Julia Gardner of New York, a beautiful young girl of 20, who had been much admired in Washington the winter before, and whose father was one of the victims of the explosion of the gun called 'The Peace-maker' on the man-of-war Princeton during a pleasure trip of the president and friends down the Potomac.

The marriage of a president while in office had never occurred before, and except in the case of ex-President and Mrs. Cleveland, has never occurred since, and naturally was an event of much importance. The ceremony, which, by reason of the mourning of the youthful bride, was very simple, took place in New York city, and was attended by a very small company. Young Mrs. Tyler made friends readily, and was for her short season quite as popular as that second White House bride whose destiny it was to return a second time to the scenes of her greatest glory.

One of the last acts of President Tyler was to give a farewell ball, February 22, 1844, just before his retirement from office, in honor of his young wife, and many were the attentions bestowed upon her. This function, which was one of the great balls of the day, was the last dance to be given in the east room, and marked the passing of the cavalier, who, from its beginning, had dominated the social side of the nation.

Mrs. Tyler opened the ball with the secretary of war, cabinet ministers not disclaiming to be dancing men in those days.

Mrs. Julia Gardner Tyler spent most of her married life in Richmond, but for a number of years after her husband's death lived quietly in Georgetown.—Washington Star.

Athletics for Girls.

The fault in the education of the boy and girl of olden time was lack of exercise in the open air. A "pale cast of thought" marked them apart from the uneducated lad and lass who worked out of doors. The athletic college boy of today is in marked contrast to the typical clerk or scholar of Chaucer's time, whom he describes as "not right fat," but "looked hollow." Old women of the present time all remember when it was predicted that a college education would wreck the health of the American woman if she attempted the experiment. At that time the health of the American woman was in greater danger than it had ever been before, but it was not from too much education—it was from too much repression, too little life in the fresh open air, too much life in close sewing rooms.

The sewing machine was the greatest benefactor of woman after the power loom. After the sewing machine came woman's work in the house has been lessened a third, and she had time for athletic training. The first classes in "gymnastics" are about identical in time with the advent of the machine. As soon as more intelligent ideas on the subject of education began to be prevalent, it was inevitable that a proper place would be given to the physical training of all young people—girls and boys alike. It could be easily shown by statistics that there has been great improvement in the health of women since the last generation.

The woman who laced herself, wore thin soled shoes and considered a consumptive physique indicative of womanly delicacy, has given place to a nobler type of woman. There is need for physical training for women in every village in the land where it does not exist. Girls are generally weakened in health from improper exercise, because they do not know how to keep the laws of health—because unless there is some incentive to send them out in the open air they still spend too much time indoors. Every encouragement should be given to athletic games for girls, always under proper control, so as to avoid the danger of excess.—New York Tribune.

Gleanings from the Shops.

Prettily engraved silver golf books for keeping the score.

Gold heart-shaped lockets, studded with diamonds or other jewels.

Complexion brushes with fast decorated sterling silver backs.

Many satin livery all overs in combination with insertings of lace.

Many brown, white and blue velvets with and without contrasting spots.

Enamel and gun metal small chatelaine sizes set rose diamonds.

White pique hemstitched ties ornamented with designs in contrast.

Much white malines, spotted assortments, for trimming purposes.

Many new ideas in crystal all of which are in extra or medium-sized forms.

Jaunty little lace boleros in patterns of guipure, renaissance other medium-weight makes.

Black silk guipure sleeveless jackets having the principal portions of the design outlined with fine chenille.—Dr. Goods Economic