

HILLS OF HOPE.

long neck? It could not be possible, No; it must not be!

He closed his eyes, leaned far out of the window, opened them wide and looked again. His image was still there unchanged. Still he would not believe it.

Despair seized him. He thought he had become insane. He threw the mirror away, stamped with his feet and struck himself in the face.

He sank into a chair and sobbed like a little child. Suddenly he started up. A well-known hand caressed his head.

"Is it you, Paul?" he heard her ask in a whisper. "Yes," said he, breathing heavily.

"Now," said Anna with a sigh, "we must remain forever blind."

"It is better so," answered Paul with a happy heart; and he tenderly embraced his poor blind friend.

Then a tepid bath was prepared; the bride awakened, and while she was taking it they straightened up the room and laid out the bridal costume.

"The next day I saw her again, and asked her to tell me about her work."

"I began four years ago," she replied, "by dressing a friend of mine, and I thought her mother, who was a very delicate woman, would never get through thanking me."

"While they pay me well for my services they do not feel that they can afford to keep expensive servants."

"All that time the delinquent boarder went from one job to another, and never staid in one place long enough to be able to pay off his debt to the landlady."

"The sole business of a migratory bird's sojourn in the land of its choice seems to be the rearing of a family. This accomplished, the thoughts of the birds seem to turn immediately to the South."

"The new stockings are gorgeous to behold. Black silk stockings are out of the instep to show appliques of lace. Others have the holes worked around with button-hole stitch, and underneath are set pieces of bright colored taffeta."

"It is also feasible to fill in many sharp little corners on gowns with a fan-shaped bit, the stitches being long and graduated."

"Fresh Eggs From Australia." "Fresh" eggs from Australia are a prominent feature in the London market.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

ONE WOMAN'S PROFESSION.

Miss Eleanor Burwell is a young woman who dresses brides. That is the way she makes her living, and a very good living at that.

Early on the morning of the wedding Miss Burwell appeared with her assistant. The entire trousseau, and, I might say, the bride herself, was turned over to her.

"I must say that I do not. No, no! It is just as dark as it was before. The operation was a failure. I see nothing whatever."

"And I nothing," said Paul exultingly. "I also took off the bandage, at once, everything became quite dark."

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NECESSITIES CREATED BY NEW FASHIONS.

New fashions often create new necessities, and the train skirt is now to many of the younger women. They find it difficult to manage, and accuse themselves bitterly of awkwardness when they find themselves entangled in its clinging folds.

The novice in train gowns, therefore, does not need to feel badly over her delicacy, but simply apply herself to remove it. It is not weakness and affectation to try to acquire grace of movement. It is duty.

The way to seat one's self is to catch the skirts lightly in one hand, bend one knee, and so slide down into the chair, at the same moment releasing the draperies, with an imperceptible swing that throws them in sweeping folds almost into a semicircle.

"There's such a thing as being too smart," sighed the ambitious girl. "It's really a misfortune to have the reputation of being able to do things, for the one who possesses the knack of doing anything, from millinery to scrubbing, is almost sure to be imposed upon."

However, I believe in teaching girls to do everything that they are likely to need to know in every day life or emergencies, and I am not like the mother who would not teach her girls how to cook, believing if they didn't know how they wouldn't have it to do.

But with all the rest of the knowledge, impress upon the girls a regard for their own strength, and the power to say no when the nerves cry out that the limit of healthful endurance is reached.

The big pocketbook has been replaced by the purse of gold mesh, netted silk and beads, snoods and jewels, and the very long and unhandily broad cardcase has given way to the easily carried case of convenient size and weight.

A few years ago misses not yet "out" used cards the size of those now correct for their mothers. Some of the new cards are almost square, others just a trifle longer than they are broad.

Lace boleros in black and white and cream colors will be seen. Cluny lace is used for many kinds of gowns this year, and is charming with all.

A satin ribbon worn around the neck and tied in a trim bow at the throat should have the two ends long and tucked in at the belt.

A panne velvet parasol has rather a warm look for summer, but it is beautiful. One with a white ground, with the most delicate pink roses in clusters upon it, is charming.

A woolen gown which has a narrow panel front has a solid mass of tucks or folds going around horizontally over the hips from the panel. Large women will have to fight shy of such gowns.

Some of the bodices seen are made to blouse decidedly back and front, as pronounced a blouse effect as has been worn in any of the time of the recent popularity of the bloused garments.

One pretty little silk gown has the fullness given it by fine tucks set in around the waist. These are stitched down five or six inches to form three points in the front and at the sides, and below this the tucks flow out into the skirt. The fine tucks are set in plain at the back.

An Etou jacket on a pretty little light stuff frock opens at the side, and is fastened across with narrow black velvet ribbons. There are three of these fastenings, each with two straps of the black velvet, with bancho little rosettes of the black velvet on either end. It makes rather a pretty finish.

One unique belt is made of three narrow straps of white kid over black velvet ribbon. The black velvet is rather wide, crushed together at the ends in front, where the three straps of the kid are also brought close together, and the whole fastened with a small gold clasp.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

Country Highways. Do we actually want good roads? Or are bad roads preferable? Is the cry that has been raised throughout the length and breadth of this continent: "We want good roads," the demand of men in their sober senses? Or has labor and money been placed on our roads for a century past merely to fill in time, and keep our surplus capital in circulation. If we do not want good roads, if bad roads are preferable, why should we want roads at all?

We must have roads. That necessity having been placed upon us, the experience which has taught us the wisdom of building other structures substantially, teaches us the economy of having roads that are good. We want roads which will withstand wear. We want the labor and money spent on them to be a paying investment. We want roads which will be good no matter what the state of the weather. We want roads which will not become rutted immediately the fall rains come on or when the frost leaves the ground in the spring, remaining in rough ridges for a considerable part of the summer.

In building an economical road, improvements must be made in such a way that they will last. Roads have been built on the same principle as is wagon which breaks down under the first load, and is used for firewood after a year of service. Most of the leading roads have been made and remade a score of times and are still bad roads. They are of the kind that "break up." A road that "breaks up," like anything else that breaks up, is a poor investment. When road building is rightly understood in this country, township councilors will no more think of building roads that will break up in the spring than they will think of constructing houses that break up in the spring or fences that break up in the spring.

The road builders of this country have not given sufficient consideration to the effect of building bad roads. Year after year work of a flimsy, shiftless character is placed on the roads. The results are only temporary and are destroyed by a very little wear and traffic. In a very short time the work has to be done over again. But the evil does not end with this. This annual demand for repairs is so great that no township can respond to it. The roads instead of being repaired when they need it are neglected, grow worse and worse, and all the evils of bad roads follow.

What bad roads are doing for this country is only one side of the evil. The other side is what they are not doing. The loss does not arise so much from the money and labor wasted every year as it does from the absence of benefits which good roads would bring. Our loss must be measured not so much by the money and labor we are throwing away on bad roads, as by the opportunities which would come to us if the roads were good.

Wide Tire Testimony. Testimony on the value of wide tires comes from all sections of the globe. A correspondent of a paper in Sydney describes a road in which heavily laden wagons with narrow tires sank "half-spoke deep, and in places to their wheel hubs," and yet a load of five tons carried on six-inch tires sank but two to four inches in the worst places. In dry weather, he says, the roads are cut up by narrow tires until the dust is a foot deep, and then the rain will not make the dust set hard again.

A good material for roads is gravel, but no gravel loads of ten and twelve tons on three and four-inch tires. An experienced teamster will not speak about the tonnage his team can draw. He will say, "I think the road will carry five tons" or more, as the case might be. I have heard road superintendents say that enormous sums of money could be saved annually if broad tires were used. The only objection I have heard raised against the wide tires is that they do not fit into the ruts cut by the narrow ones, which makes the draught heavier upon the team. That is partially true, but the ruts would not be cut if all the wagons had wide tires. Portable engines varying from six to eight horsepower and weighing five tons and over are drawn by lighter teams than wagons which, with their loads, would not weigh more. This is owing to the broad tires always used on engines. The ash pans on engines are seldom more than about ten inches from the ground, but owing to the wide tires, these engines seldom bog deep enough to allow the pans to touch the ground.

North American Horticulturist. In the death of J. Schabelitz, the Zurich publisher and author, the world of art and letters has lost one of its extraordinary characters. He was a shrewd business man, an excellent linguist, a skillful writer, and probably the most savage publisher who ever lived. When he accepted the famous memoirs of Count von Arnim, he wrote on the postal card, with the acceptance, the proviso: "I reserve the right to correct your infernally bad grammar."

To an aspiring poet who had submitted manuscript he answered by postal card: "I refuse to be disgraced by printing your doggerel. I don't return the copy because you didn't inclose enough postage. If you will send it, with the price of this card, I will send it to you, but I don't think the stuff is worth the expense on your part."

One of the postal cards to a novelist read about as follows: "For Heaven's sake, come and take away the unnamable mass of paper you left here for me to look at."

An ambitious historian was crushed by the following, written, like all of his correspondence, upon a postal card: "You are making the mistake of history. You don't want to study history. You want to learn how to write."—Saturday Evening Post.

Tim's Success as a Beggar. A pretty little incident marked the arrival of Queen Victoria at London on the occasion of her recent visit to the capital city, just after the turn of the war tide in South Africa. After the royal train came to a standstill there followed the inevitable delay pending the completion of the preparations by which the Queen was provided with an inclined platform to make it easier for her to walk from her saloon to the carriage in waiting. It was during this interval that the aged sovereign caught sight of the station dog "Tim," who was running about the trainshed.

He was gaily ribbed for the occasion, and by means of a cup under his chin was diligently "collecting" from the crowd contributions for the fund to assist the widows and orphans of the Great Western employes. The Queen asked his mission, and upon being informed of it, caused him to be brought to the saloon of the train and thereupon dropped a sovereign in the collection box attached to his collar.—Philadelphia Press.

Those Dear Old Shoes. A man's heart is generally where his old shoes are.—New York Press.

Why One Man Wonders. Considering the many old men who are struggling along in poverty, it is wonderful that young men do not take better care of their money, and save it for the inevitable rainy day.—Athens Globe.

MODERN BURIAL CASKET.

Probably about one-third of the people lying in this country nowadays are buried in the old-fashioned coffin, about two-thirds being buried in one sort or another of the modern burial casket, which is an altogether different appearance from the old style coffin as it is possible to make anything designed for the purpose. The percentage of those buried in caskets is all the time increasing. The only thing that has prevented the casket from being used more generally, is not absolutely, superstitious, but has been apparently its greater cost. The burial casket, however, is now produced at lower prices than ever before. A black cloth covered casket of a kind that is very extensively used, and was sold five years ago for about \$65 is now sold at \$50, and it could now be made and sold for less than that but for the advance in cost within the past year or two of the various materials that enter into its construction. There is now made a burial casket of the modern type, of white-wood, finished in imitation of rosewood, that is sold as low as \$35, or as cheaply as a coffin of the more costly kind; coffin being sold, according to material and finish, at \$10 to \$35. These prices for coffins are also rather less than the prices at which they were formerly sold; those now selling at \$10 to \$35 having brought but a few years ago \$15 to \$45.

The lower prices have been brought about by improved and more economical methods of manufacture. It is a familiar fact that burial caskets and coffins are not made nowadays as they were in old times, by cabinet-makers and undertakers, but in factories devoted to their production, many of these being big establishments, equipped with the most modern machinery and appliances of all sorts for the working of woods and metals. In old times the undertaker might work away on a single coffin in a back room, off his shop; recently an American concern manufacturing caskets has put in \$50,000 worth of new and improved machinery.

Not only are the less costly of the burial caskets now produced at lower prices than those at which they were sold a few years ago, but there are also now made lower priced caskets of the finer grades. For example: Up to say five years ago the least costly of the burial caskets of the most modern type, one with straight sides and square straight ends, was of carved oak, and was sold at \$225. A casket of this kind, hand-carved, and of wood finished in imitation of oak, can now be bought for \$85; and a hand-carved casket of this style of oak, and in a handsome design, can now be bought for \$125. This would be of straight oak. A similar casket of quartered oak would cost more. Five years ago the lowest priced of the carved mahogany caskets of this kind cost \$300; such a casket would now cost \$250; this smaller proportionate reduction being due to the present increased cost of mahogany.

But while grade for grade all burial caskets are now sold cheaper than formerly, and some of them have been brought down to the price of coffins, there are also made nowadays burial caskets of a still more costly and elaborate character than ever, and for such caskets there is a constant sale. Among the costlier varieties, caskets covered with silk plush are still in demand, though not so many plush covered caskets are sold as formerly, the largest demand among the more costly kinds being now for caskets of wood, of oak and of mahogany. Many of these caskets are most elaborate and in every way beautiful, in material, in style and in finish. Among the costlier burial caskets the prices range up to \$1000 and upward.

A Candid Publisher. In the death of J. Schabelitz, the Zurich publisher and author, the world of art and letters has lost one of its extraordinary characters. He was a shrewd business man, an excellent linguist, a skillful writer, and probably the most savage publisher who ever lived. When he accepted the famous memoirs of Count von Arnim, he wrote on the postal card, with the acceptance, the proviso: "I reserve the right to correct your infernally bad grammar."

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CHORE BOY TO MILLIONAIRE.

To advance from the humble position of "chore boy" on a farm, receiving fifty cents a week, to be one of the leading business men of a state is indeed a long step, but this is what has been accomplished by James Oliver, of South Bend, Ind. He has fought his way alone and unaided from poverty to riches, and now holds a prominent place in social and industrial circles. Mr. Oliver was born in Scotland in 1823, and came to America when thirteen years of age. He located in Geneva, N. Y., and secured a place on a farm at fifty cents a week. His father and brother had preceded him to America and were located on another farm near by. In 1835 the three removed to Indiana, and James secured employment on a farm at \$6 a month. Saving a little money, he made an investment in real estate, which gave him a start. Then he learned the miller's trade and in 1855 became a manufacturer on a small scale. His business grew and, by devising a plan whereby an improvement he had long sought was accomplished, he was started on the road to riches. Success, having once smiled upon him, became lavish in the bestowal of her bounty and his wealth is now estimated at from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000. Although one of Indiana's wealthiest men, Mr. Oliver remembers his early

struggles, and the rough hand of the honest laborer is today as warmly grasped by him as is the gloved hand of the aristocrat. He is a firm friend of the deserving and many young men owe their success in life to timely help and words of advice from him.

Several days ago, says the Philadelphia Times, five or six sparrows were pecking away in the gutter immediately in front of an engine house when a cat crept across the street and pounced upon one of them. Instantly the victim's companions sent up a warty cry, which was as instantly answered. From housetop and tree, the sparrows flocked to the scene. With whirring, hissing cries of noisy rage, they fearlessly attacked the offender. For about thirty seconds the dazed cat endured the blows from perhaps a hundred beaks and twice as many beating wings. Then, still holding her prey, she struggled away from the infuriated birds and ran into the engine house. The plucky little fellows followed her inside, but soon gave up the chase, leaving her with her dearly bought dinner, sadder but a wiser cat.



JAMES OLIVER.

MARKETS. BALTIC PORT. GRAIN WTA. FLOUR—Raffa, Best Pat. 8 @ 4.50 High Grade Extra 4.00 WHEAT—No. 2 Red 71 71 1/4 COIN—No. 2 White 34 37 1/2 Oats—Southern & Foreign 27 27 1/2 RYE—No. 2 53 54 HAY—Choice Timothy 15.50 17.00 Good to Prime 14.50 15.50 STEAM—Rye in ear 10.00 10.50 Wheat No. 1 11.00 11.50 Oat No. 1 11.00 11.50 CASKED GOODS. TOMATOES—Stad. No. 2 70 No. 1 75 PEAS—Standard 110 110 1/2 Seconds 80 COIN—Dry Peas 80 80 1/2 Mince 70 HOPS. CITY STEERS. No. 2 10 1/2 No. 1 11 City Cows 8 1/2 POTATOES AND VEGETABLES. POTATOES—Dubuque 41 41 ONIONS 40 45 PROVISIONS. HOG PRODUCTS—Sigs 6 1/2 Clear ribbles 7 1/2 Hams 12 12 1/2 Mess Pork, per barrel 14 1/2 LARD—Crude 7 1/2 Best refined 7 BUTTER—Fine Cream 20 21 Under Fine 19 21 Creamery Rolls 20 21 CHEESE—N. Y. Factory 13 13 1/2 N. Y. Flats 13 1/2 Skim Cheese 8 1/2 EGGS—State 12 @ 12 1/2 North Carolina 11 12 LIVE POULTRY. CHICKENS. Ducks, per lb. 9 10 TURKIES. TOBACCO—MA. Inferior 150 @ 2 1/2 Sound common 3 1/2 Middling 6 1/2 Fancy 10 1/2 LIVE STOCK. BEEF—Best Beef 4 7/2 @ 5 1/2 SHEEP 4 00 @ 5 00 Hogs 5 50 @ 6 50 PORK AND SWINE. MUSKRAT. Raccoon 40 45 Red Fox 20 25 Black Black 20 25 Opossum 22 21 Mink 20 25 Otter 100 100 NEW YORK. FLOUR—Southern 8 50 @ 12 00 WHEAT—No. 2 Red 70 70 1/2 COIN—No. 2 34 37 1/2 OATS—No. 2 27 1/2 27 1/2 BUTTER—State 25 18 EGGS—State 12 13 CHEESE—State 13 1/2 @ 14 1/2 PHILADELPHIA. FLOUR—Southern 8 50 @ 12 00 WHEAT—No. 2 Red 71 71 1/2 COIN—No. 2 34 37 1/2 OATS—No. 2 27 1/2 27 1/2 BUTTER—State 25 18 EGGS—Penna. ft. 12 12 1/2