

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

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The gathering of buffalo bones has become a business at Manitoba.

There are projected in the Southern States 7000 miles of railroad, and surveys have been made on over 6000 miles of it.

The English Volapuk dictionary which is to be issued this year will be the first of its kind either in this country or in England.

China recently received its first importation of foreign soap. The Chinese soap is of alkaline earth, and the material used for washing the hands is the pod of a tree.

The national debt of France is \$5,000,000,000, the largest in the world. The interest on it calls for \$204,000,000 a year, about \$15 per capita of the French population.

The lumbermen have formulated a trust that, according to the New York Herald, threatens serious results to the Northwest country by denuding it entirely of its forest growth.

Tobacco culture is being pushed energetically in Florida, and an attempt to induce Cubans to emigrate there and grow the weed is being made. A commission, with that object, has visited Havana.

The present girls of South Russia are flocking into matrimony owing to a rumor of the Government's intention to impress into military services as "sappers" all unmarried females between twenty and thirty.

The oldest woman's club in the United States is the Women's Physiological Institute of Boston. Forty-one years ago it was organized with the purpose of promoting the more perfect health of women. There is one surviving charter member, a Mrs. Hobbs, and she is eighty years old.

According to the Courier Journal, Kentucky has six counties—Harlan, Knott, Perry, Letcher, Bell, and Leslie—that have never had a church within their borders during the sixty or seventy years of their existence as counties. This fact has been referred to the Home Missionary Society.

Ex-Marshal William H. Leggett, of Princeton, N. J., who was so successful two years ago in breeding quails in captivity, has just had a lot of ten hatched out of a setting of sixteen eggs. Mr. Leggett, last fall, while out hunting, brought a male and female bird home alive that were wounded by stray shots.

Recently three large steamers laden with rice from Japan. We have always received, says the American Collector, our largest importations of rice from Patna in India, and Pangoon, Burmah. Japanese rice is the sweetest and richest in the world, but its chief exportation heretofore has been to Great Britain.

A shipment of 150 pounds of metallic, chemically pure aluminum, the first export of this metal from the United States, has been made from Newport, Ky., to London, England. The precious metal, which sold at fifty cents per pound, was smelted from Kentucky ore and clay by a process which is as yet tedious and is kept a secret.

The Short-horn cows first imported to the United States, and even down to the middle of the present century, were abundant milkers and great butter makers. But it has been the practice of the present generation to develop the beef making tendency until the milking qualities of American Short-horns have been nearly bred out, and they are scarcely regarded as a dairy breed in this country.

The preparation of the tickets for the Panama Canal lottery in Paris was an affair of vast proportion. It took sixty girls eighteen days of hard work to fold and prepare the 2,000,000 tickets for the great glass wheel into which they were thrown to be mixed up. The shape of the tickets bearing the numbers were most ingenious, as it could be rolled up and fastened by itself. It is reported that the numbers drawing the large prizes were not sold.

The resistance to the Channel tunnel scheme being by no means exhausted, it is proposed to facilitate communication on a smaller scale between England and the Continent. The idea is to suspend two tubes of about a yard each in diameter, by means of steel cables across the channel forty yards above the level of the sea. The steel cables will be fixed to pillars at distances of about 800 yards, and in each tube a little railway will run, with cars capable of carrying 450 pounds in weight. No parcel of greater weight than this will be taken, and the cost is estimated at \$5,000,000. It is also proposed to run telegraph and telephone wires through these tubes.

THE DISAPPOINTED.

There are songs enough for the hero, Who dwells on the height of fame; I sing for the disappointed— For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence For one who stands in the dark, And knows that his last, best arrow Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner, The eager, anxious soul, Who falls, with his strength exhausted, Almost in sight of the goal.

For the hearts that break in silence With a sorrow all unknown, For those who need companions, Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers Who share love's tender pain; I sing for the one whose passion Is given all in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades Have missed them on the way; I sing with a heart overflowing This minor strain to-day.

And I know the solar system Must somewhere keep in space A prize for that spent runner Who barely lost the race.

For the plan would be imperfect Unless it held some sphere That paid for the toil and talent And love that is wasted here.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in New York World.

DESIRE'S MISTAKE.

"Get out, you old scamp!" It was a brilliant July day, with skies of cloudless blue, the air seething with clover blossoms, and the brook wending its melodious way under green masses of popple-wood; and Mr. Carey, who had waded a long distance and had just fallen into a doze, under the refreshing shadow of a guarded apple-tree, started galvanically up at this ungentle address.

"Malvin," said he, "I assure you I am not trespassing!" But his apologetic words were cut short by the rattling of a stout stick on the stone wall close to him; and in another moment a belligerent-looking red cow came plunging through the high grass, directly toward his haven of refuge.

He started to run, but his footcatching in the gnarled root of an ancient tree, he fell headlong. The cow executed a hurdle leap over his prostrate form and vanished in a clump of hazel-bushes; and a resolute, bright-eyed woman of some forty years came to the rescue, with a hopping sunbonnet tied over her ears, and the stick balanced across her shoulder.

"Don't strike!" pleaded Mr. Carey. "I'm getting off the premises as fast as I can. I assure you I didn't know I was trespassing." Desire Welland blushed very prettily as she pushed back the sunbonnet and endeavored to adjust her luxuriant red-brown hair, which had broken loose from its pins.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" said she. "It wasn't you I meant at all, sir; it was the cow who had got into the cabbage patch. Did I hit you with the stick? But I never dreamed of any one but Bossy being there. Oh, do let me run home and get the camphor bottle." "Slowly Mr. Carey raised himself to a sitting and then to a standing posture; slowly he felt his knees, elbows and collar bones.

"I'm not hurt," said he—"not to signify, that is. It wasn't your stick, Malvin, it was the roots of that old tree. It's enough to startle any man, don't you see, to hear himself called—an old scamp!" "But it wasn't you I meant," breathlessly cried Desire; "it was the old cow. Won't you let me run to the house and get a camphor plaster? Oh, do, please." "I assure you I'm not hurt, in spite of her forty summers, with big black eyes, a laughing, cherry-red mouth, and cheeks just browned with the healthful hue of mountain breezes. Mr. Carey felt himself gradually softening as he looked at her.

"No," said he, "I don't care for a camphor plaster. But I've waiked a good way, and I should like a bowl of coffee, if it's handy." "Oh, pray come up to the house then," said Desire. "It's only a step across the orchard. Oh, that cow, that cow! We must certainly have her hampered after this."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Carey, solemnly, as he endeavored to straighten the hinges of his hat, "you know a family by the name of Welland, who live hereabout. Two old maids, who manage a farm all by themselves. Very peculiar females, I have been told." Desire stood still and began to laugh, while the deep crimson suffused her cheeks.

"Why," cried she, "it's me and Malvin. We are the Welland girls." "It was Mr. Carey's turn to flush and look awkward now." "Oh!" said he. "Well, it don't matter. I have business at the Welland Farm—that's all."

"Isn't it strange that things should happen so?" cried Desire, opening the gate into the dim, shadowy orchard, where scarlet lines grew in the tall grass, and robins darted in and out of the drooping boughs. "There's the house. You can see it now. Malvin and I have managed the farm ever since father died, Philo—that's our brother—has a house and an estate of his own, and his wife don't want any single relations. But we've done very well, every one says. Here's the place, and here's Malvin."

Miss Malvin was diligently hoeing sweet corn in a man's hat and boots. She was tall, Amazonian sort of female, with high cheek-bones, hair cut short, and a masculine way of leaning on her hoe. She looked sharply around at the sound of footsteps.

"Is it the new hired man?" said she. "Then, Desire, you may tell him that we don't want help that comes at this time of day. I'll have no eight hour men on my place." "Oh, Malvin, hush!" cried the younger sister, in despair. "It's a gentleman on business."

In came brother Philo from the back yard, with an auger in his hand. "H!" said brother Philo, a wrinkled, hard featured man in blue overalls and boots that looked as if they might have been carved out of lignum vite. "Business? It's a n't a sewing machine. I assure

of a new patent reaper, nor any of those labor-saving humbugs. Beware!" "It's about your Cousin Rolf," said Mr. Carey, "Paul Welland's son. He's come back from Australia. He requested me to come over here, as I happened to be passing this way, and see what his relations would do about giving him a home."

At these words Mrs. Philo Welland emerged from the currant bushes where she was picking the sparkling, ruby colored fruit to make jelly. For Mrs. Philo believed in always picking her neighbor's fruit before she began her own.

"A home, indeed!" said Mrs. Philo. "It's what I always told you, Philo. Says I, that man'll be sure to come back some day, poorer than poverty, says I; and he'll expect us to take care of him then. But we've worked a deal too hard for our money—me and Philo—and if he wants to be supported let him just go to the poorhouse. Paul Welland always was a rovin' creature, and Rolf ain't no better, I'll go bail!"

Mr. Philo Welland screwed up his face into an expression of the utmost caution. "'Taps you're his lawyer, sir,'" said he. Mr. Carey nodded. "I act for him," said he. "Then tell him," said Philo, succinctly, "that if he expects we're goin' to support him, he's considerably mistaken! We've always took care of ourselves; he can do the same! Come, Betsy, we'd better be goin'."

"Philo!" cried out Desire, "how can you be so selfish? Rolf Welland is our cousin. If he is in want or trouble, whom has he to look to but us? Malvin, you won't be so hard-hearted! The old farmhouse is big enough for our cousin Rolf as well as for us. You never would turn a sickly old man adrift upon the world."

"No, I wouldn't!" said Miss Malvin, thumping her hoe upon the ground. "I look here, stranger, tell Rolf Welland he's welcome to come to a home with us. We live plain, but we're ready to give him a hearty welcome. Tell him to come here at once. The sooner the better."

"Women is fool!" indignantly remarked Philo Welland, chewing a stalk of currant leaves. "If you lot what little you've got, do you s'pose this relative of yours would raise a finger to help you? Let every man take care of himself, say I!"

"And who knows?" cried Desire, brightly. "Perhaps we can get him the district school to teach. I heard squire Loames say that the new teacher was not going to stay more than a quarter longer."

"I'm glad you can afford to take free boarders," said Mrs. Philo, acidly. "Me and your brother—we can't." "Do come in and get the coffee," said Desire, "and a few late strawberries, Mr. Carey."

"Carey is my name," said the stranger, who had stood immovable beneath the fiery hail of this conversational episode. "That is to say, it is my name now. I chanced to make myself useful to a rich old gentleman in the East who took a fancy to me, and he left me his property in his will. The only condition appended was that I should take his name in addition to my own. And Carey isn't a bad name."

"Certainly not," said Philo, with watering eyes. "I only wish we had a few of that sort of old gentlemen out this way. I'd change my name half a dozen times a day if it would be any accommodation to 'em. So you're rich eh? Betsy—to his wife—if this gentleman would be so kind as to come and take dinner with us to-day."

"No!" said the stranger, in a clear, decisive voice. "Will you be so kind as to hear me out? Carey, as I have already told you, is only my adopted name. My real name is Rolfand Welland."

"What?" roared Philo. Mrs. Philo scrambled up so hastily to her feet that she upset the pail, half full of currants. Miss Malvin dropped her hoe, and Desire, who had just brought out a little saucer of late, luscious, red strawberries, stood amazed at this revelation.

"You!" she cried, "our cousin Rolf! And I nearly hit you with a stick, chasing the cow, and half started you out of your senses, and—" "And taught me," said the old bachelor, with a strangely sweet smile, "that there is yet a spice of unselfishness in the conglomerate called human nature. Cousin Desire, I thank you for the lesson. Believe me, I shall not soon forget it!"

But before the day was over he had helped Miss Malvin finish her patch of sweet corn, and mended the defective fence-rails where the offending cow had broken through, beside stacking up the sweet-williams and nailing the big rose-tree to the frame from whence its weight had dragged it.

"I declare," said Miss Malvin, "he's a real comfort about the place." "And he has traveled so much!" cried Desire, "and he talks so beautifully! I only hope he'll be contented here."

There was no sort of doubt about that. Rolf Welland Carey was very well contented. He had always hungered and thirsted for the details of a home life—here it was to perfection.

But Mr. and Mrs. Philo were not so well satisfied. All their spasmodic efforts toward friendliness were checked with acrid frigidity. "It's too bad!" said Mrs. Philo, almost crying. "I'll be certain sure to go and make a fool of himself by marrying Desire, and we shall never get a cent of his money. Desire ought to be ashamed to think of such a thing at her age."

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

For Mending Tinware.

To mend tin-ware successfully, take to a tinner a bottle containing two ounces of muriatic acid and get him to cut into it as many small pieces of sheet zinc as will readily dissolve. Procure also some small pieces of lead and you are ready for work. Place the pan over a lamp, wet the spot to be mended with a little of the acid, and place on it a small piece of lead; as soon as the lead is melted set the pan away to cool; it will then be ready for use.—Cultivator.

Recipe for Cleaning Chamois.

The following recipe for cleaning soiled chamois is given by good authority: "Make a weak solution of soda and warm water; rub plenty of soft soap into the leather and allow it to remain in soak for two hours, then rub it well until quite clean. Afterward rinse it well in a weak solution composed of warm water, soda and yellow soap. It must not be rinsed in water finally, for then it would be so hard when dry as to be unfit for use. It is the small quantity of soap left in the leather that allows the finer particles of the leather to separate and become soft like silk. After rinsing wring well in a rough towel and dry quickly, then pull it about and brush it well, and it will become softer and better than most new leather.—New York World.

Sliced Pot Roast of Beef.

Trim off the superfluous fat for drippings, cut out the bones to use for soup, and roll and tie the meat compactly. Put it into an earthen bowl or crock with white cloves, allspice, peppercorns and mace, about a dozen of each whole spice to every four pounds of beef, together with a blade of mace, a bay-leaf, a sprig of any sweet herb except sage, and a few slices of lemon or onion, according to preference; mix vinegar and water enough to cover the meat, or use sour cider, let the meat stand in this pickle from three to ten days, in a cool place, protected from the flies, and then cook it as follows: Take the meat from the pickle, drain it, and roll it in dry flour. Put half a cupful of drippings over the fire in a saucer large enough to contain the meat, and brown it on all sides; next add enough of the pickle to cover the meat, stir it until it combines with the browned flour in a thick gravy or sauce; season this sauce palatably with salt and pepper, and simmer the meat in it until it is quite tender. After the meat is done take it up, remove the cords from it, and strain the gravy; serve the meat and gravy with boiled potatoes and any vegetables preferred.

If a larger dish is desired, dumpings may be cooked with the meat about half an hour before it is done.—Housewife.

Jelly.

Several requisites are necessary for successful jelly making. First among these is using vessels upon which acids, found more or less in all fruits, will have no effect. For this purpose earthenware is always preferable, and wooden or silver spoons for skimming, etc. The best granulated sugar, pint for pint, always give the most satisfactory results.

Fruit intended for jelly must not be over-ripe; rather the reverse. Do not undertake to boil more than one or two glasses at one boiling, since too large a quantity involves longer cooking, which makes jelly tough andropy, instead of crisp and firm. Boil and skim the juice before adding the sugar, which should be heated before incorporating it with the juice. White shaker flannel makes the best bag for straining the juice.

The process of jelly making should be completed the same day, bearing in mind that bright, fair weather improves the color and flavor of jelly.

To test jelly for the purpose of ascertaining whether it is cooked sufficiently, drop a small quantity into ice-cold water. If it sinks to the bottom at once, and does not spread, it is done. When a clear, transparent color is desired, only such juice as drips through the bag without squeezing, should be used. The condition of the fruit makes a vast difference in the quality of the jelly. Those who raise their own fruit understand this fact, while those who are dependent upon a city market can only select from the stock on hand.

General Rule for Jelly.—As a general rule, boil the juice rapidly for ten minutes, then skim, and add one pint of sugar to each pint of juice (for blackberries, apples, crab apples, and some other kinds, three-fourths of a pint is sufficient, and boil ten minutes longer. The time, however, can only be determined by testing. Currants, unless over-ripe, will seldom require more than half as much boiling, while ripe grapes and sour cherries may need more. Currant jelly is clearer and better flavored if the juice is extracted from the raw fruit and cooked as soon as possible. In making quince jelly be careful to remove all seeds. If fruit is scarce, very nice jelly can be made of the quince parings and sour apples.

It is not generally known that the gelatinous substance in grapes is in its prime about one week before they are ready to turn, and at that time make a most delicious, delicately flavored, amber-colored jelly, requiring only a few minutes boiling, provided the sugar is first heated.

Filling Jolly Glasses: When ready to fill jolly glasses, set the glasses on a folded wet towel, and if thought best to further temper them, put a spoon into each glass as you fill it. When ready to put away, take common letter paper, cut pieces to fit the top of the glasses, dip these in the white of an egg, and cover the glasses with the same. Jelly, like canned fruit, keeps better in a dark, cool place. To preserve fruit jellies from mould, cover the surface one-fourth of an inch deep with fine sugar.

To turn jelly out of a mold, dip the glass or mold in hot water for a moment and the contents will come out unbroken.

Jelly which is not firm can be set aside for spreading on jelly cakes. Bits of jelly left over from the table may be whipped with the white of an egg and a little lemon juice, until quite white and stiff; then set away in a cool place and use on pudding as a meringue.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

Northern capitalists have bought several hundred acres of land on the sand hills near Augusta, Ga., and will lay it out as a winter resort for invalids and pleasure seekers.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

Poetry of Practical Value.

Once in a great while poetry may be said to possess a practical value. A young woman who visited California recently wrote a few verses and sent them to Mr. George M. Pullman, praising his sleeping cars, but regretting that they did not contain a larger number of mirrors and wash-bowls. Upon reading the poem Mr. Pullman directed his chief draughtsman to design a car which should contain enough wash-bowls and mirrors to suit the most exacting woman in the world. Such a car is now in process of construction. It will be composed entirely of mirrors and toilet-rooms.—New York World.

Tea Slippers.

The latest in shoes is the 5 o'clock tea slipper. This is an article of dress which goes with the Greek tea gown. With the Psyche knot and classic draperies the French feel badly out of place and legs to be allowed to withdraw into the background. Its successor is a curious affair, made of glove kid or soft chamois silk, following the natural outline of the foot and clothing the toes separately, as a glove does the fingers. It is really a modern substitute for the sandal. It has a heavier sole than the ordinary slipper, lifting the wearer the veriest trifle above her natural stature, and is without a heel. The tea slipper has an antique look, clumsy, but not unpleasing. It takes greatly with half a dozen extreme beliefs. Flesh-colored silk was the material employed for a pair recently seen, giving much the impression of a bare-footed Venus.—Detroit Free Press.

A Tender Heart Works a Miracle.

A wealthy lady of this city met with an accident last winter by which one of her limbs was broken. It was set, but while in the process of healing she bought a pair of crutches to aid her locomotion. The habit of using them grew upon her until she felt unable to walk steadily without them. One day, however, she limped along a block on her crutches to visit a neighbor, and while doing so met a ragged and decrepit specimen who had lost a leg and was hobbling along on two time-worn stumps. Her sympathy was stirred up. She stood erect for a moment, grasped her costly crutches in one hand, asked the man if he would take them, gave them to him on the spot, and walked off with perfect ease, having thus learned for the first time since her accident that she had no need of artificial aid in pedestrianism. She is an unmarried lady, too, though over forty.—New York Sun.

Autumn Styles in Cloths.

It has already been mentioned, remarks the New York Post, that many plaids both in silk and wool are to be worn this autumn. It remains to be added that it is absolutely necessary, if the gown is to be in the latest and most approved fashion, that the plaid for the skirt be bias. Straight plaids belong to the fashion of the past. Most of the plaid skirts, if made up without drapery, are still kept pleated. Plaid costumes are most useful for traveling or for walking in doubtful weather, and are generally in combination with plain fabrics to match. Green and gold plaids are stylishly made up with dark-green silk-warp Henrietta cloth or India Cashmere. The great partiality of the Princess of Wales for red and blue mixtures keeps the combination in high fashion, and red and blue plaided gowns, made on the cross in severe tailor style, are among the season's fresh importations.

They Will Use Cosmetics.

"Is the use of cosmetics increasing?" was the question put to a druggist by a New York Graphic man. "Certainly it is," said he. "All sorts of women use complexion remedies. We don't have much to do with the stage people, who have their own ways of making up, but every sort of woman comes here. In the winter season we make up even buds in their first bloom when they haven't bloom enough for a reception. The washes and enamels come in play then. In summer women who have been shopping step in to get a dash of powder so as not to go home to dinner in a perspiration. Sometimes one of our attendants is sent for post-haste to a fashionable watering place, to make up a regular customer for a hop or to repair a damage after a yachting day in the wind. Shop girls make up quite generally. I don't believe their employers require it, as some say, but they powder and rouge as much as society folks. No, we don't often use cosmetics on children, though once in a while there is a call for that sort of thing in preparation for a child's party or ball. There is one little tot of six, whose mother is a rich widow, and terribly disappointed because the child has not inherited her beauty, who is brought here to be made up about as often as children's festivities go on."

"What proportion of women use cosmetics?" "If you count powder, two-thirds of the women buy that, I should suppose. When it comes to rouge and paint and balms ten women have them now to one when I first went into business."

A lack of the day when one has to hunt for the rare woman with a clean skin. And be it remembered, all cosmetics are hurtful in the end.

The Roman Wife.

In the early stages of Roman history there is reason to believe that the Roman wife was completely under the control of her husband. The Roman idea of a family made the father a despotic, with power of life and death over his children, who could do nothing without his consent. This was the case in regard to male children, even after they had reached a considerable age. Women, according to the opinion of the early Romans, were always children. They required protection and guidance during their whole life, and could never be freed from despotic control. Accordingly, when a Roman girl married, she had to choose whether she would remain under the control of her father or pass into the control of her husband. It is likely that in the early ages of the city she always passed from the power of her father into the hands of her husband, and the position she occupied was

that of daughter to her husband. She thus became entirely subject to him, and was at his mercy. Roman history supplies many instances of the despotism which husbands exercised over their wives. The slightest indiscretion was sometimes punished by death, while men might do what they liked without let or hindrance. Women were prohibited from tasting wine, under the risk of the severest penalties. The conduct of Augustus was praised, for surprising his wife in the act of sipping the forbidden liquid, beat her to death. The same sternness appears in the reasons which induced some of the Roman fathers to dismiss their wives. Sulpicius Gallus dismissed his because she appeared in the streets without a veil, Antistius Vetus dismissed his because he saw her speaking secretly to a freed woman in public, and P. Sempronius Sophus sent his away because she had ventured to go to the public games without informing him of her movements.—Contemporary Review.

Tricks of Parisian Dressmakers.

Many ladies coming over to Paris a few days or weeks, and having yearning to carry home some of the world-famous establishments on account of the expense. And there are hundreds of dressmakers there who could—"as they would"—turn out a costume every whit as elegant as those made by the big neighbors at a much lower figure. It is in dealing with those that the stranger should be very cautious, and use a rather slangy expression, "keep her weather eye open." These "little dressmakers" are full of playful tricks which must be guarded against—slight but irritating deviations from the paths of strict commercial morality, all of which are artfully arranged to augment their profits at the cost of the luckless customer.

For example—and this particular mode of deception is far from uncommon—

one of those ladies will show you a pattern, a very handsome dress in rich materials. You are charmed. Of course the dress in hand does not fit you; it is cleverly designed to fit nobody. The obliging dressmaker or seeing that your heart is fixed upon it, consents to make an exact copy of the coveted garment and at a very low price. The tempting bait is thrown out, and the innocent fish bites. The order is given. But, alas! when the dress is delivered, what do you find? The shape and style are copied admirably—but the materials! Thin silk, cotton-backed velvet and satin, the commonest and poorest of ribbons. The entire effect of the costume is lost in cheap material. Unfortunately, there is no use sending the dress back, even on the obvious plea that it is not what was bargained for. The law will protect the "little dressmaker," and right well she knows it, too. The mischief of the thing is that she has the power to seize and detain her customer's trunks till the bill is paid, and this power she will not hesitate to employ on the slightest pretext.

Another most annoying device, but one which answers their purpose splendidly, is to send home the dress at the last moment compatible with the actual fulfillment of the contract. There is no time for examination, let alone alteration, and the thing has to be taken on trust, its shortcomings only being discovered in many cases when many leagues of land and sea lie between the swindling dressmaker and the confiding customer. Again, a not uncommon practice is to add scores, often hundreds of francs to the price agreed on for a dress and depend for its payment upon the victim's natural dislike to fighting in a foreign law court.—Lad's Pictorial.

Fashion Notes.

Large buckles are stylish. Waists are worn with elaborate trimmings. Large round hats are stylish for autumn wear. Trimmings of cut steel on a background of black stuffs are still worn. Short, round mantles display a velvet yoke, which is lengthened into a vest in front.

The latest bonnets are much longer in the crown than the capotes which have been worn recently. Just at present toilets are more simply made. Decorations are not elaborate and fewer pieces are used to make up the costume.

Many of the new wool gowns have silk shirt-waists, and are worn with the loose-fronted coats so popular during the past summer. Long alpaca aprons are taking the place of the pretty muslin affairs recently worn. They are severely plain and have pockets. Sunshades are made in a variety of styles, the most stylish being simply lace or embroidered silk covers mounted on a more or less fanciful stock.

A fashionable dress gown is what is known as grass cloth—a half-bleached linen. It is of a rough cream color, and the surface is slightly rough. Gowns for autumn and winter are made in directorio style. Fotonaises, long redingote gowns, and pleated skirts are the principal features.

The latest toques have very long crowns and are without brims. They are pointed low on the back hair, and have an abundance of trimming in front. Tortoise-shell girdles are worn by transatlantic belles. From appearances tortoise-shell ornamentation will become as popular as it was twenty years ago. The bonnet still hangs on with great pertinacity. The hat is of course dominant, but there are many ladies loth to part with the more antiquated style of headgear.

Two materials appear in most cloaks and mantles. The nuns' cloak, made full and of sufficient length to quite cover the wearer, is made of camel's-hair stuff and is lined throughout with silk. Mantles for wear in the late fall are made of matelasse silk, sicilienne, velvet, or fancy cloth. The shape of the mantle varies widely. The directorio revers, flowing collars, and velvet yokes are some of its features.

Justof Adler, a Chicago artist, was booked for a voyage on the ill-fated Geiser, and did not sail because his baggage was not delivered in time, and he would not consent to have it forwarded by the next steamer.