

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

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Canada is mad because the Mormons are settling there.

There are but fourteen Catholics in the United States House of Representatives.

India, Central Asia and China produce about one-sixth of the 800,000 tons of the world's annual wool clip.

An American company has leased Aboukir Bay from the Egyptian Government to grow oysters therein.

New York has found it necessary to increase the taxes, and it is now \$2.22 on the \$100, and Philadelphia has done likewise and increased to \$2.93 on \$100.

Even Jerusalem is in the nineteenth-century swim, and has a real estate boom. Land near the city has gone up five hundred per cent. within the last few years.

The greatest shooting ever done in a single day was by Lord Walsingham on his moor recently. He killed 1,078 grouse in thirteen hours, there being forty drivers.

The United States is not the only land where the opportunity to serve one's country is a luxury that politicians are willing to pay for. The Comte de Paris announces that he will spend \$4,000,000 at the next general election in France.

Any book of poems which has the word "tyrant" in it cannot pass the Russian frontier. The Czar thinks it a direct hit at him. An English book was lately tabooed because it had the sentence, "God's free air." All the air in Russia belongs to royalty.

Cheese from New Zealand, according to the American Cultivator, is supplanting considerable quantities of American and Canadian cheese in British markets. This is an important factor in regulating prices, and partly accounts for lower prices in England this season. Much of our American product is too soft, mushy and open. Too much moisture is left in it to command high keeping qualities or the best market price.

The American Cultivator says: "Those immigrants from Europe who return to their old homes are rarely satisfied. Life in this country, with its larger opportunities for improvement and enjoyment, is so much superior that it over-balances the possible cheapness with which the bare necessities of existence can be purchased in foreign lands. The immigrant accustomed to our modes of life cannot restrict himself to the close penuriousness in which his early years were spent. If he tries to live as well as he lived in this country, he usually finds that it costs as much and sometimes more."

People who are always looking for the treasure buried by pirates never stop to wonder, remarks the Detroit Free Press, where they had a chance to rake in big hauls. In the days of pirates a dozen captured pirate ships wouldn't pan out enough cash to set up a good corner grocery.

A colored man by the name of Ross, who was lately convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged at Brandenburg, Ky., was granted a new trial on the ground that he had not been convicted by a jury of his peers. There was no colored man on the jury that tried him.

The taste for realism is extending, observes the Commercial Advertiser. In Nova Scotia the other day three small boys, under eight years all of them, bound and gagged another small boy and proceeded to play "killing pig" so successfully that they cut his throat fatally to get the proper flow of blood.

Lord Wolsey says that one of the gravest men he ever knew is Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Graham, V. C., who was in chief command at the battle of El Teb, in Africa. Graham is several inches over six feet in height, and rather indolent physically. Many times Wolsey has seen him endanger his life rather than take a few extra steps in safety.

One Rafael, a weather-beaten gypsy, has petitioned the Emperor of Austria to allow him to be invested with the sovereignty of all gypsies everywhere, offering to show incontrovertibly his descent from that Pharaoh who would not let Israel go, and also, if his petition be granted, to make the gypsies cease from vagrancy and become serviceable citizens.

The latest suggestion concerning the origin of yellow fever comes from Dr. Gaibier, a French physician. He believes that the disease is analogous to cholera; that it flourishes only under peculiar condition of race, climate and temperature, and that its first cause is the development of microbes in the intestines. He has received a commission from the French Government to go to Florida and study the disease.

THE MYSTIC SIGN.

Gorgeous poppy, of rich renown, Show us the way to Sleepy Town. Baby must go—he's tired of play; But yet I think we have missed the way. Then tranquilly up and down Waved the flower of rich renown, And softly it seemed to say, "This way—this way—this way— Is the way to Sleepy Town."

O' ripening wheat, all golden brown, Show us the way to Sleepy Town. How shall we find where the starlight gleams, On the City of Sleep in the Land of Dreams? Then soothingly up and down Went the wheat, all golden brown, And whispering seemed to say, "This way—this way—this way— Is the way to Sleepy Town."

O little one, with curly crown, Have you learned the way to Sleepy Town, Where faintest music, and softest light, And sweetest blossoms enchant the night? Then drowsily up and down Went the beautiful curly crown, While the first eyes seem'd to say, "This way—this way—this way— Is the way to Sleepy Town." —Eulora S. Bamstead in St. Nicholas.

AN UMBRELLA'S STORY.

BY HARRIET LAWSON.

Clothed in rags too dilapidated to be called picturesque or even artistic, with broken ribs and warped back-bone, it is no wonder that I lost my head; and all through the abominable taste of Arethusa and Adolphus, who chose "the king's highway" and a tricycle on which to murmur sweet nothings instead of the wine-covered porch or summer-house of good old-fashioned times. Adolphus was leaning so much to our side that he appeared to be "fall out of drawing," while Arethusa's ear was of the brightest rose-pink and her left dimple in full play; moreover, she was perfectly unconscious that the sunbeams had undisputed possession of her fair face, and were sure to abuse their advantage by a shower of freckles upon her Grecian nose.

In vain the wind tugged at me and I tugged at Adolphus. He would not be warned, and the result was a mingling of girlish shrieks and strong masculine language, and a general upset condition. As for me, I was so completely crushed that had it not been for the habit of a lifetime I should never have had the energy to observe and comment (sotto voce) as usual: "What fools these mortals be."

Adolphus sprang promptly to his feet, very red, very much mortified, very anxious to find somebody or something to blame besides his own carelessness. And there, peeping out through the big wheels, completely caged, sat Arethusa, looking as sweet and quiet (not that she had found terra firma) as a "sucking dove."

"The wretched machine! my poor darling! that horrid umbrella! Are you sure you are not hurt? A screw loose! A hole in the horrid road! I shall never forgive myself if you are hurt!" exclaimed Adolphus all in a breath. "But I am not in the least injured," lisped the caged pigeon sweetly, "and if I had been, it never could have been your fault; it was just some weak spot in the machine, just an unavoidable accident that no one could help."

"How sweet it is of you to say so," cried Adolphus, going to work at moving the turned-over tricycle; "but I shall not have a second's peace till I see you on your feet again; then, if you really are unharmed I cannot be altogether sorry for the accident, for it has shown the exquisite amiability of your disposition in all its perfection. I don't believe there is a girl in a thousand, no, nor in the world, that would have borne such a trial without losing her temper."

This style of conversation proved so agreeable to both parties concerned that it would doubtless have been indefinitely prolonged, but Adolphus finally moved the wheels and disclosed to the view of the amiable prisoner the crushed remains of her new helicopter hat! Then, indeed, came a change over her mobile face; the features sharpened, a stony glare filled her liquid eyes, there was a perceptible stiffening of the whole frame, and the straightest, stiffest, tallest up-rising that I ever beheld in my life. When she had finally reached her highest possibility, she inquired in a voice not loud, but as clear and cold as cut glass: "Will you be kind enough to tell me, Mr. Radcliffe, what that object is?"

"I am sure I don't know," said he with one puzzled look at her changed aspect, and another at the object indicated, going a step nearer as the truth flashed upon him, but unfortunately on the ludicrous side.

"Why, Arrie," he shouted between peals of laughter, "it's—it's your new hat." And crushed, battered and utterly demoralized, he presented it for nearer inspection, which proved quite too much for Arrie's cool dignity.

"You meant, unfeeling creature," she burst out, "to spoil my hat, and you had no business to tip that tricycle over. Do you suppose I would have risked that hat if I had known you were experimenting? Oh, yes! it may be a laughing matter to you, very amusing, doubtless! but are you aware that that hat came from Paris; not only that, but it was made to order to match my suit, and not till this very morning did I receive it!"

Long before she had finished, Adolphus was feeling remarkably limp. "But Arrie—but my dear," he expostulated, "you know it was all an accident; don't you think you are a little unreasonable? What is it all about?" "I thought I had explained with sufficient clearness what it was all about," with a return of dignity. But a glance at the wrecked splendor freed her tongue again. "I dare say it would give you pleasure, yes, actual pleasure, to see me make a guy of myself by wearing a hat that didn't match this suit! but I won't, sir! No! I'll burn the suit first!" "Arethusa, don't be a goose, and all about a hat, too!" and Adolphus now looked distressed enough to suit the most exacting fair lady. But not Arethusa, for there were tears in her eyes, and my observation has taught me that those tears must fall before the temper subsides. "How dare you all me names; I tell you it was a mean, contemptible, cowardly—"

"Arethusa," interrupted Adolphus, very deep and very strong, and he did not look at all limp now, "you are going too far; I shall have to ask you to take that back."

"That I altogether decline to do," replied Arethusa; "it was cowardly to ask me to ride when you did not know how to manage the machine."

Now, if Adolphus had observed feminine nature of the round and rosy kind as closely as I have, he would have held his tongue, for he would have seen the two tears just trembling on the wink of Arrie's eyelids, and known the trouble was nearly ended; but being only an exasperated man, he said very coldly: "Since that is your opinion, Miss Anderson, I will release you from all promises to me, as you would hardly care to be tied to a coward for life."

"Oh, thanks, very much," responded Arrie as sweetly and calmly as if she was accepting a glass of water; "it is very kind of you to think of it," and she busied herself removing a bit of mud from her dress. The sudden change of voice and expression made my head swim (although I had seen the two tears drop, and it evidently did Adolphus, for he looked puzzled, although his tones were still frigid as he inquired: "Do you prefer to walk home, Miss Anderson, or will you trust yourself again to the tricycle and my inefficient hands?"

"Oh, I think it would be better to ride since the tricycle is here; it would seem a pity to get all heated and dusty from the walk, don't you think?" Then drawing a blue silk handkerchief from her pocket, she slipped up to Adolphus and observed in the most matter-of-fact way possible, "Would you mind, Mr. Radcliffe, just trying this under my chin; the ends are so short I can't get at them; I am sorry to trouble you, but I'm afraid I shall take cold if I ride with nothing on my head."

"Yes, certainly," answered Adolphus, awkwardly, and he tried still more awkwardly to tie a knot under the remarkably pretty chin that was held up for the purpose. The eyelashes were down, so he had an ample opportunity to observe that it was an unusually alluring assortment of dimples around the corners of the mouth, and somehow, as he looked, the clouds passed away from his face, and holding the blonde head straight toward him and very firmly by the knot he had succeeded in making, he said gently: "Arrie, would you mind looking at me?"

"Oh, not the least in the world," was the demure answer, "only the sun hurts my eyes."

"Autism is a very excellent trait," he answered dryly, "but I do not know that I ever knew it to develop so suddenly. You might shield your eyes with your hands if you are really afraid of permanent blindness."

"Why, surely," cried Arrie, "you always are so full of resource in an emergency," and covering both pink palms over a pinker face, she looked at him with an expression of infantile admiration so bright and warm that it would almost dry a wet umbrella! At all events, Adolphus was not proof against it, and a simultaneous burst of laughter broke from them that startled the robins in the branches overhead, which suggested to Adolphus that he should secure the perquisites that belonged to the occasion before any further interruption occurred.

This having been satisfactorily arranged he asked: "Now, tell me frankly, Arrie, aren't you a little bit ashamed to break your engagement for such a trifle?" "If she exclaimed, "I break an engagement: who would ever suspect me of such a thing, I've always been taught that man was a dangerous animal and it was dangerous to contradict him when he was in earnest. Besides," she added, still more earnestly, "it might lead to a quarrel."

"Well," said Adolphus, highly pleased with this reply, "I suppose I shall be just fool enough to get you, sphinx as you are," and he seated her on the tricycle as carefully as if she had been a Dresden china shepherdess; and thus for the first time his eyes dropped upon me where I lay in the gutter, wondering what quality of the masculine mind was that which led him to prefer to be made a fool of in this way!

"That umbrella is past all usefulness," he observed indifferently; "we'll just leave it where it is." But Arethusa did not think so. She wanted me "as a memento of their first falling out." So I was brought along forthwith and enjoyed the privilege of listening to various plans for my restoration to strength and beauty, besides a great deal of conversation quite too delicate to bear pen and ink!

The next morning I was handed over to the tender mercies of an umbrella surgeon, and his face was certainly a study as he examined me. My fractured ribs, my warped backbone, and generally broken up condition, evidently made a great impression upon him, for, adjusting his glasses, he looked searchingly at Adolphus and asked dryly: "You didn't make a mistake and bring the wrong umbrella, did you? This isn't worth mending."

"Possibly I'm the best judge of that," with his most lordly air. "All right, all right, sir; if you don't mind paying twice as much as you would for a new one, I'm sure I've no objection to put my work on it." And then followed a discussion as to my dress and equipments; that was intensely interesting to me, for I knew how much depended upon it. If some delicate color were chosen my life would indeed be a gay one, for I should be reserved for full-dress occasions, but, alas! how soon it would end! as fate I must, and so he thrust aside into some dark corner and forgotten! So I was thankful enough when Adolphus decided (being of a literary turn) that I should be thoroughly red.

"Remember, I want it as soon as possible," were the last directions; and the surgeon, looking after his retreating back, observed, "A screw loose somewhere in that head; cranks are thicker than usual this year." And then he fell upon me, and such a wrenching and pulling and straightening of ribs never happened to one of my family before, I am certain, and I squealed and groaned at every pull; but it was done at last, and then came my dress, which went on comfortably and fitted to a charm, and I should have been quite satisfied if the surgeon had not discovered at the moment a fact that I tried vainly to hide, namely—a crack in my head!

"This is the mischief to pay," said he; "my crank will make it hot for me if I don't make a better job than this." And he turned me thoughtfully over and over in his hands.

"There is no use to try and glue that up; there'll just have to be a new head, and I know where there is the very thing, at my neighbor's, the pawnbroker's, on that broken cane that I saw there the other day, that will be just the style to suit my dude customer."

I felt this to be a fatal move, for how would the cane head ever accommodate himself to his reversed position in life, and by the time my would be friend came am'ling back I was thoroughly depressed, although I realized at the first glance that my new head was much handsomer than the old, and in spite of the fact that we were regularly joined together by a massive gold ring, nothing could change my fondling that the union would never be a happy one.

Promptly on the following morning Adolphus called and hastened with me to the abode of the fair Arethusa who received me with delight, and expressed her admiration in most eloquent terms, saying: "Just fancy! and how awfully jolly!" (Oh, yes, she was very English indeed) a great many times in all her choicest tones. This, of course, was very soothing to my feelings, but I was not long allowed to bask in the honeyed words, for picknicking was the order of the day, and I was immediately called into requisition and my troubles began. At the first whiff of wind my head made a violent effort to resume his natural position and drag my pretty dress in the dust, an effort which I resisted and strained every bone to prevent; and in the commotion that ensued there was another bad catastrophe; but this time it was Mr. Radcliffe who was the sufferer, and much diversion his antics afforded us, as he ambled and leaped, and scrambled and climbed back and forth on a stone wall in his pursuit of it, and made himself generally ridiculous in full view of his lady-love, as she stood cool and serene in the rosy shade, which, in my gratitude for holding me firmly aloft, I shed over her in profusion. I am sorry to be obliged to state that his race was enlivened by occasional breezy expressions, to which Arethusa and I politely closed our ears.

"Why, my dear," said she sweetly, when, red and disgusted he rejoined us bearing captive the muddy hat, "I am afraid so much exercise must have fatigued you so soon after breakfast."

The words were sympathetic enough, but unfortunately there was a full-blown twinkle in her eyes utterly at variance with them, and it was this that Adolphus's quick glance took in at once, and to this he responded irritably, "Oh, I quite understand; I dare say you deliberately pushed my hat off with that detestable umbrella for the sake of seeing me make myself ridiculous."

"Why, Adolphus! how can you say such things! I'm sure it was very pretty to see you play with the wall so nicely. I had no idea you were so agile!"

Dolph's vanity was touched to the quick now. "Oh, I dare say you would have been equally diverted if I had fallen and broken my neck," he returned acridly.

"Since that is your opinion," mimicked very successfully his manner of the previous day, "I give you back all promises, as you would hardly care to be bound for life to a murderer!" Then she remarked absently: "And all about a hat, too!"

Then it was that I appreciated the full meaning of the saying that "two is a company and three is none," for those two ungrateful wretches agreed to call poor inoffensive me the source of all disagreement, and between them left me without a shred of character, actually deciding to do without my protection for all time.

"But we'll keep it to lend to troublesome callers," and with this pleasant prospect before me I was returned to the umbrella stand with a bang!—American Magazine.

Bean Lore. The flowering beans were anciently supposed to give out a perfume that made men light-headed; hence, when a person seemed unusually silly, the expression used of him was: "Beans are in flower." Another saying connected with beans was: "Ugn! grano ha la suemola."—"Every bean has its black," that is its black eye. This was equivalent to saying: "Every person has his faults."

Beans have always had something mysterious connected with them ever since the days when Pliny wrote of Pythagoras's rule against eating them. "That beans contain the souls of the dead." And long ago in the city of Rome the priests said that the dark lines on bean-blossoms were letters. Still the modern mind is doubtful as to the success of the said priests in reading such alphabet. But the lord of mysterious beans was Iggot, where the priests dared not look upon the vegetable.

To Pope Eulicianus is attributed "the blessing of bones upon the altar," and the ghosts of the dead were appeased by the Romans, during the Lemuria, by throwing beans on the fire of the altar every other night for three times.

And an ancient Popish book, of 1565, says of some ceremony to which beans belonged: "We do not use to seeth ten or twelve beans together, but as many as we meane to eate; no more must be steepe, that is, meditate, upon ten or twelve sines, neither for ten or twelve dayes, but upon all the sines that ever we committed even from our birth, if it were possible to remember them."—Independent.

An Island's New Dress of Flora.

The luxuriant vegetation of Krakatoa was totally destroyed by the eruption in 1883, not a living germ being left. Three years later the island was visited by Dr. M. Treub, who now reports having found six species of macroscopic algae, which coated the rock and seemed to have formed the soil on which eleven species of ferns had taken root. A common grass of Java was growing, and there were quite a number of flowering plants as first appear on coral islands. Seeds or fruit of several coral island trees were found on the shore. Krakatoa is ten miles from the island of Sibeia, containing the nearest terrestrial vegetation, twenty miles from Sumatra, and twenty-one from Java.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton says she regards the religion of to-day as the chief obstacle to woman suffrage.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMINE READERS.

Baby Has Gone to School.

The baby has gone to school, ah, me! What will the mother do. With never a call to button or pin, Or tie a little shoe? How can she keep herself busy all day With the little "hindering thing" away!

Another basket to fill with lunch, Another "good bye" to say, And the mother stands at the door to see Her baby march away; And turns with a sigh that is half relief, And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn, When the children, one by one, Will go from their home out into the world, To battle with life alone. And not even the baby left to cheer The desolate home of that future year.

She picks up garments here and there, And thrown down in careless haste, And tries to think how it would seem If nothing were displaced; How the house were always as still as this, If how could she bear the loneliness! —Graphic.

Married Cubans Retain the Maiden Name.

In Cuba a married woman never loses her maiden name. After marriage she adds her husband's name to her own. In being spoken of she is always called by her Christian and maiden names. To a stranger it is often quite a task to find out whose wife a woman is. Never hearing the wife called by the husband's name, one naturally associates them together. The children take the name of both parents, but place the mother's name after the father's.—Woman's Journal.

The Dictatrix of Fashion.

Hundreds of orders given to Paris houses for street, dinner and ball dresses have been countermanded from the United States. The reason is this: American ladies agree to let Mrs. Cleveland hold the sceptre of fashion, and she in her last tour in New England showed herself a public occasions without a bustle. That sceptre has long passed from the imperial and royal class. Who now thinks of dressing like any Queen or Empress you can name? The last crowned dictatrix of the modes was the Empress Eugenie, and she was an upstart.—London Truth.

Luxurious Toilets.

Poppea, Nero's Queen, bathed in asses' milk, and kept 300 of the loud-voiced animals to insure a supply. Josephine improved on her plan by pouring the milk, boiling hot over violets, and bathing in it when just blood warm. But modern luxury goes beyond even that, and grand dames now powder their faces with the concentrated soul of Russian violets, and supply their lack of blushes with all the old recipes of sinon and with the red of Provence roses, or tint their lips carmine with the blood of the pomegranate, Lucios, and that later fair, the Pompadour, are revived and brought into use. So the woman of today, if she be but artist enough to use without abusing these good gifts, may hold up to her mirror a long improvement on nature, while decrepitude, gray hair and wrinkles are sent at least twenty years to the rear.—Commercial Advertiser.

Femine Chivalry in New York.

It is much the fashion with the cheap wits of the day, observes the New York Commercial Advertiser, to sneer at chivalry as something compounded of whim and scarecrow. And thereby they demonstrate both their own dense ignorance and the great need there is in the world for the thing they so deride. For chivalry in essence, is not as they would make it out a fanatical gallantry, but consideration of the strong for the weak, the youthful, the happy, the prosperous for the aged, the ill-placed, the poor. A pretty demonstration of it came off on a Sixth avenue elevated car the other afternoon. The car was woefully crowded, as usual, when it steamed up to Park place, and among the passengers who squeezed on was a thin elderly woman, with a hard, sour, grimy face, yet a pitiful tremor of hands that belied her defiant countenance. She struggled up the aisle, quite hopeless of anything more than a strap to which she might cling, but just as the car was fairly in motion a girl with the face of an angel, the gown of a Parisian, and a package of bon-bons, worth their weight in nickel, stood up, tall and straight and fair, and with a kindly touch put the poor battered creature into her vacant seat, while a dozen men young, strong, healthy and unburdened, lolled and stared at her in unabashed ease.

No More Bustles.

The flat of fashion has gone forth that bustles shall be banished from the toilets of the fair sex, at which the unfair sex profess to be rejoicing merrily. "There will be more room in the street cars," says one. "We shall see graceful draperies," adds another, while a third delicately phrases his idea of clinging-skirts and graceful outlines. The initiated smile with derisive pity, remembering that the unfair sex knows nothing of reads. Only two small reads which will be worn in every feminine skirt. The poor little bustle took up very little room in the street cars. It was the reads that usurped space. The bustle fitted snugly to the small of the back, incommending no one but the wearer; the reads spread out in sitting down, and in walking were shaken by the wind. But what will become of all the bustle manufacturers? There were a great number of them, and if this change in the fashion prevails their occupation will be gone. It serves them right, too, because they were all conducted by men, and it is men who have always howled about bustles. The story runs that a certain Parisian leader of fashion owed a bill for bustles which she was not prepared to pay. The bustle man sued her, and out of revenge she discarded bustles, and introduced the adjustable read. Hence a very large industry received a serious blow. It seems hard upon all the work people who made the wire for the bustles, and the greater number who constructed the articles, and the young women employed to sell them, to say nothing of those who have bought a collection of bustles and don't know how to get rid of them.—Togger's Times.

Splendid Jewels a Heavy Care.

The care of splendid jewels weighs very heavily upon their owners some-

times, and the women are too small to be mentioned. They can console themselves with the fact that the crooks and sharp in the city are not intensely perusing such matters, and laying plans to render them diamonds. Some of these summer resorts, who carry times about with them in their cases, are extremely reckless in the use of them, and send cold shivers down hotel clerk's spine by coming sleep midnight, dropping one hundred or said dollars' worth of precious stones on the desk and making off before stop to see whether he is looking over One bold snatch, on these occasions would make a hotel thief confident for life. The rich cottagers, however, are more careful. They are aware they are known all over the country, and the value of their gems accounts registered in burglars' note-books, so they take proper precautions, and all have heavy burglar and fire-safes set into the wall of their bedrooms, and their costly possessions are deposited there every night. Mrs. W. Astor and Mrs. Ogden Goellet both have diamonds attached to the safes in their bedrooms, so that the slightest tamper with the door will let a noise that can be heard a mile, and is calculated to induce a prostration. When any of the Astors, Vanderbilts, Whitneys, Lards, or Van denesselaers travel, a courier is sent by their jewelers to their diamonds, and he is responsible for their safe delivery. He is abroad with them, it being his business to go to the safe deposit company, to receipt for the jewels, see that the captain's safe aboard the steamer take them out on the other side, get a receipt from the London banker who has them in charge, and owners remain in Europe. Some men, however, will not trust their treasured jewels to the hands of a detective, and their methods of ally transporting them are as various as only feminine methods. Mrs. Paron Stevens, who is not original, carries thousands of dollars' worth of blaring gems down brown paper parcel and tied with white cotton string. Her argument is that thieves would never suspect a shabby by a looking bundle, fastened into a shawl strap, while carrying away. Mrs. H. whose cousin, by the way, is a eve of marriage with a French transports that superb one thousand dollar necklace and set of a million worth of diamonds, chancy's belt about her waist. Bradley Martin has some dear stones that she used to carry in a silk-covered hair brush, and she herself as a butle. Now that she is disappearing, she will be obliged to hide a new hiding place.—Graphic.

Fashion Notes.

Onyx is given a dead finish.

Cashmere colors are a new millinery.

A combination belt buckle and chain is among the novelties.

Steel bead passmenteries are vored to trim black and gray gowns.

Soft finished antique brocade in combination, and also dresses.

The fashionable tints of the green, red and gray, in myriad variations.

New black woollens into mourning wear have crinkled like crape.

Among the recently imported jewelry we note a tiny ring in fan shape.

Earrings in form of stirrups set with diamonds, the other pihires, are a novelty.

Drap d'Alma is an old favorite revived among the nuttums of all the fashionable shades.

Various shades of gray-green blue are conspicuous in the proportions of dress fabrics.

Boas and muffs to match furnished by the fashionable with all the "confections" of the season.

Alpenstocks, suggesting the mer season, are now made for the decoration of the house, becoming a sort of museum.

Linked sleeve buttons are resembling coupled coffee beans, the other a copper tinted gold, and a fourth oxidized iron.

Coats for the street, jacketed wraps in beaver cloth, with worn in red, terra cotta, and golden brown, marine blue.

Directoire styles have again the fore, and broad lapping, and waisted evening bodices at the street wear, will be a feature of the season.

A bodice that will be seen for evening gowns this winter and square in front, with lappets falling down from the draped collar and the opening a chemise of fine pleated tulle.

Cape overcoats grown in inches is their correct length, average man, but to our mind cut sack, of dark blue or red, not too loose, with velvet stitched cuffs and edges, is more stylish.

Long loops of ribbon will not even pretend any longer to the girde, flaut or dangle of many new flat skirts, and wearers many of the complete wardrobe incident to the complete wardrobe.

Stylish women no longer petticoats upon the street, one too short to show, which is trimmed at bottom with petticoat, while skirts of fabric, or soft wool go near and match it in color.

Straight, undraped skirts of the richest metal embossed for their only trimming, feature of new imported dresses have tiny pads at the back, suspicion of steels, which that the bustle dies back and match it in color.

Nurses' aprons of white broad cloth, with hand, and are trimmed with lace and tucks above the waist, or else looped with white muslin has an embroidery, or else looped with bon are around the cro-