THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, EDITOR AND PRO'R.

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MIDDLEBURGH, PA., OCT. 19, 1890,

a homestead taken up in Nebraska fix years ago for nothing is worth now shout \$2000.

There are associations in Great Britain which insure against elopement, matrimony and twins.

A Maine farmer who found recently a fine gold watch and chain hanging in one of his apple trees thinks the thief got the worst of it.

The signs "Barber Shop," "Shaving Parlor," "Tonsorial Studio" have all gone out of date with a Pittsburg hair dresser, relates the Chicago Herald, who displays a fine new shingle bearing the proud inscription, "Theophilus Browne, Capillaire."

The intensity of confined sound is illustrated at Causbrook Castle, Isle of Wight, where there is a well 200 feet deep and twelve feet in diameter, lined with smooth masonry. When a pin is dropped into it the sound of it striking the water, 182 feet below, can be distinctly heard.

Commander Ludlow, of the Mohican, which has been patrolling Bering Sea all summer, estimates the product of pelagic scaling this year at 60,000 skins. The total value of the year's scaling product, including the catch of the lessees of the scal islands, he estimates at about \$1,000,000.

It is to be feared, says the New York Sun, that the Infanta Eulalia, of Spain, has been spoiled by her taste of this land of the free, for she is reported as having a little lark in London. She has been living "incog" in a furnished house, riding in the park on a hired horse, and shopping on foot. Her two small boys, Princes Louis and Alfonso, have been with her.

The bicycle is getting to be nearly as common in the country as in the city, declares the New York Sun. There is probably not a village of any consequence in New England where at least one performer on this instrument cannot be for ad, and the night of three or four machines beside the door of the local tavern at meal hours.

forms or bicycle, either there are no tor. more tall wheels nor wooden wheels in the country than in town, for, in spite of the high prices, the farmers manage to get the best.

The panic of 1893 has differed in several respects from all previous ones, and particularly that manufacturers, producers and the general business public have been for months preparing for what we have experienced this summer. There has been for a long time a continuous contraction of stocks on hand in almost every branch of industry, the result being that stocks of goods of all sorts at this time are probably smaller than they have been for a great many years. This fact will start mill; and shops into prompt activity to meet the demand which must inevitably come.

The wonderful strides the petroleum industry has taken in Pennsylvania since the first barrel of refined oil was offered for sale thirty years ago, is illustrated by some figures which are found in a report recently made by Albert S. Bolles, Chief of the State Bureau of Industrial Statistics. The exports of refined oil now rank in value fourth on the list, being excorded only by cotton, breadstuffs and provisions. For the year ending June 30, 1864, the total exports were 23, 000,000 gallons. Five years later they had increased to 100,000,000 gallons. In 1874 to 200,000,000 gallons, and in 1891 to 700,000,000 gallons. A larger percentage of the oil product of the country is sent abroad than of any other product except cotton. The reduction in price has been remarkable. In 1861 the price of a gallon of export oil was 61; cents; in 1871, 23; cents; in 1881, 8 cents; in 1891, 6; cents; and in 1892, 6 cents. The growth of the industry is also well illustrated by the facts that 25,000 miles of pipe lines and 9000 tank-cars have been built to convey the oil. Fifty-nine freight steamers are now employed in transporting it to foreign countries. The capital in Pennsylvan wells and lands is estimated at \$87,000,000, and \$65,000,000 is invested in plants for producing the crude petroleum. This is exclusive of such accessories as pipe lines, tank-cars, refineries, docks, fleets of vessels, etc., and an estimate of \$300,000,000 as the total valuation of all branches of the industry is not too high.

A SONG OF LOVE.

Here love has built his nest-Let us rest, let us rest, Love in peace, or love in pain-Love in loss, or love in gain-So that love at last remain, Still is best, still is best.

Here love has built his nest-Let us rest, let us rest! Life in love's abode is spent In the sweetest heart content, And the love that pays the rent, Still is best, still is best!

-Atlanta Constitution.

RECONCILIATION.

BY THOMAS P. MONTPORT.



T was a close, sultry summer afternoon, with scarce a breath of air stirring, while the sun poured his scorehing rays o from a cloudless

sky. All about the old Burton farmhouse a deathlike stillness reigned. There were no sounds of voices from within, no creaking footsteps on the uncarpeted floors; while without, even the songs of the birds were hushed, The dingy, foriorn-looking house, with its unpainted, weather-stained exterior, its low doors and its small windows, was even more desolate and forsaken in appearance than was its wont, and at first glance one would have thought it completely deserted. But a closer observation proved that such was not the case.

Isaac Burton, old and gray, and bent under the cares and burdens of years of trial and toil, sat on the doorstep of the house with his face buried in his hands, now and then casting a furtive glance through the open door in the direction of a bed in a corner of the room. While he sat there the sun crawled down the western sky, casting its shadows obliquely through the open door, yet he seemed unmindful of the fact that time was passing. Rising from the steps finally, he stood an instant listening to the slow, regular breathing that came from the bed, then walked out across the neglected yard, mettering, half audibly:

"She sleeps well but I don't like the 'pearance of her face.'

Reaching the crooked rail-fence that separated the yard from the public highway, old Isaac stopped and for a little while stood looking down the hard, white road that ran through the long, straight line to the east. The road was deserted, not a living object being visible on all the two miles of it that lay within his view.

"She ort to have the doctor," he muttered, "yit I don't like to leave her to go an' fetch him. She looks mouty quare 'bout the face an' eyes, an' I'm afeerd she's bad tuck." Then, after a short silence: "If only some-You'y was passin' this way, so's I could "common solor are these obsolete | send word to the mill an' get the doc-

> Then Isaac cast a loos the direction of the ridge, a fourth tab mile to the west, where a small "ing house, similar to his own, stood, and someing his head sadly he turned away.

an' comfortin' just now," he mused, "an' I'd give a heap if we had some. remarks the New York Independent, I never got lonesome when Lindy was up an' about, but now she's down I feel like half the world is gone, an' it 'pears like I hone fer somebody to keep me company. Them people," nodding toward the house on the opposite ridge, "ain't no neighbors, an' no matter what comes I can't go to them fer nothin'.'

For some time old Isaac walked to and fro in the little path leading from the gate to the door, then again he went and leaned over the fence to look down the road. Instantly his face brightened and a glad light came into eyes; for, away down the lane, he saw a man approaching. Nearly a quarter of an hour passed before the man came up, but Isaac waited for him and accosted him at once :

"Sam, I never was so glad to see anybody as I am to see you. Are you goin' over to the mill?"

"Yes," Sam replied, after eyeing old Isaac inquiringly for almost a min-

ute. "What has happened, Ike?" "Lindy is bad sick, Sant?" Ike said in a low tone, "an' all night an' all day I've been stayin' with her alone. I knowed, too, that she ort to have the doctor, but I was afeerd to leave her, an' there wa'n't nobody to send. You kin tell him to come when you git to the mill?"

"Yes, I'll tell him, Ike, an' if there's anything else I kin do for you I'll do it an' be glad to."

"No: that's all. Tell him to come

as quick as he kin, Sam." "Yes, I will. But you ort to have somebody to stay with you, Ike. Somebody to help 'bout nussin' an' 'tendin' on Mis' Burton."

"I know that," Isaac replied, with a sigh and a slow shaking of his head. "I'd give a heap to have somebody here, but I can't git nobody now."

For a moment Sam was silent, cast ing a glance, first at Isaac, then at the house on the ridge to the west. Isanc saw the action and understood.

"No, Sam," he said, half sadly, half vindictively, I'll never go there for a favor, never!

"In a case like this things ought to be different," Sam suggested. "People ought to forget and forgive, Ike." "Mebby so, Sam, mebby so; but they wouldn't feel that way. All that's been said an' done in thirty years can't

be forgot in a day." It was a little while before Sam spoke again. He wished to proceed just right in his kindly purpose-that of reconciling two long estranged families-and for a time he was at a loss

how best to do it. Finally he said: "Ike, if Mis' Martin felt inclined to

Isaac shook his head. 'She won't feel so inclined, Sam It ain't natural that she should "I don't know," Sam replied. "Mis' Martin has a kind heart, an' she is sympathizin' with the sick an' the

needy. She's a good woman, Ike."
"She may be, but I sin't ready to say so. It's been thirty years since my family an' the Martins have neighbored, an' in all that time not a word has passed between us. It's hard to forget an' forgive after so long, Sam, an' I 'low Mis' Martin can't do it. She may be a good woman, but she ain't good enough to do that."

She said no more, but went on up the road toward the mill, while Isaac returned to his seat on the doorstep. Lindy still slept, and as her husband sat listening to her breathing, his thoughts ran over the conversation he had just had with Sam Gross.

"I'd be glad to have Mis' Martin here," he thought, "but I sin't no right to expect her to come, even if she was Christian enough to forgive an' forgit. Three months ago, when Martin lay sick, I never went about him, an' even when he died I kept away from the house, not so much as had nearly expired, and at the next seein' him buried. I ain't no right to sitting of the court the case would be expect her to be more forgivin than

When Sam Gross strived at Mrs. Martin's house he went in and asked for a drink of water. She gave it to him, then asked him to stop a while to

"I'd be glad enough to," Sam reolied, mopping the perspiration from "but I'm in too much of a hurry. Comin' by Burton's just now, Ike he comes out an' says Landy is bad tuck, an' that he's afeared she's goin off, an' he asks me to send the doctor up, so I'll have to git 'long as peart as I kin. Poor Lindy!" Sam went on, after a short pause, "I low that doc-tors an medicine an sich likes ain't agoin' to do her much good 'less'n she has proper nussin'. Ike can't tend on her with shucks, no matter how hard he tries, an' if he goes 'bout in sight of 'er with that forlorn, sad look like he wears, she'll die shore, jest o' that alone. She needs a good, cheerful woman nuss, Mis' Martin, seech as you'd be, now.

Sam stopped and waited, as if for a reply from Mrs. Martin, but she did not speak, and he went on:

"In cases like that," he said, "it's a great pity folks ain't got no neighbors, fer good neighbors is a power o' comfort to the sick an' them as is related to the sick. There's no knowin' what good nussin' would do fer Mis' Burton, ner how consolin' a word o' sympathy would be to poor old Ike in his loneliness. I feel fer them poor critters, Mis' Martin, an' I do wish somebody would be neighborly with 'em."

Again Sam paused, but Mrs. Martin said nothing, and he saw that he must speak plainer in order to make the impression he desired.

"Mis' Martin," he continued, "life is powerful short, 'people expect to prepare fer eternity they ain't got no time to waste in useless bickerin's. Them as experts to be happy in the next world can't afford to spend their time here in contentions. Fer my thing like a sigh escaped him. Shak- part, Mis' Martin, I'd hate to let a twixt me an' my neighbors, much less that with me an' my neighbors, much less which, if 'twas agreeable to you, would betwixt me an' heaven. Now fer thirty years that cross-fence up there has kept you uns an' the Burtons apart. makin' you enemies when you ought to 'a' been friends an' neighbors, an' it was all on account of contentiousness. Either family would 'a' made up in a minute if the other would 'a' tuck the fust step, but neither would budge an inch, an' so it's gone on an' on, all of you bein' as miserable as sin. Mis' Martin, 'tain't right. People as hopes to be fergive in the next world must fergive in this. I put it to you, now, Mis' Martin, if I ain't right?"

"Sam, you are right," Mrs. Martin "That cross-fence trouble replied. has caused me many sorrowful days, and there never has been a time when I wouldn't gladly have buried the strife and made friends with the Burtons. But I thought the first advances toward a reconciliation qualit to come from Isaac. He was most to blame.'

"Mis' Martin," said Sam, "I don't know who was most to blame. I sin't no call to speak of that. But this I know. If a person is a true Christian, an' wants to so set, that person mustn't stick at no fine p'ints; an' in a effort to fetch about a reconciliation he must be willin' to go more'n half-way to meet t'other party. Scriptur says, Mis' Martin, to do good to them that despitefully use you, an' as Christians we're bound to do it."

Sam spoke with deep solemnity, and it was plain that his words had a great effect on his auditor. Mrs. Martin was a Christian woman, and she meant well, but, like many other good people, she found it hard to humble herself. There was a long silence, during which a conflict between duty and pride waged within Mrs. Martin's

"Sam," she said at last, "do you think Isaac would not resent my coming into his house?"

"I know he wouldn't," Sam replied, promptly. "More than that, Mis' Martin, I know he'd welcome you."

"Then I'll go, Sam, an' let the outcome of it be what it may, I know I shall feel the better for goin'."

Sam started on his way, happy in the thought of what he had accomplished, and hoping that his efforts might lead to the burial of the differences that had so long kept the two families at enmity.

Mrs. Martin went immediately to Burton's, and when old Isaac from his seat on the doorstep saw her coming up the yard-path he was more surprised than he ever had been in all his life. However, he composed himself sufficiently to give her a fitting reception and remove from her mind all come you wouldn't object, would you?" | fear of her visit being considered an tains 670 pages.

intrusion. At first there was an air of restraint about the actions and conversation of both, but that gradually

died out, and in time they became easy and natural in their deportment. The doctor came, but he could not give Isaac any encouragement, for he found that Lindy was in a dangerous condition, with little prospect of improvement.

"She is very low," he said, "and we can hope for no change for the better. I'm afraid she cannot last long."

And the doctor was right, for day by day the sick woman sank, and after the lapse of a week she closed her eyes on earth forever. All through the week Mrs. Martin stayed by the bedside, devoting herself to the invalid as faithfully as ever nurse did, receiving the blessings of her charge and the heartfelt gratitude of Isaac. Then, when all was over, she returned to her home happier than she had been for thirty long years.

A year passed, and the people of Possum Ridge began to wonder it the cross-fence trouble was to be revived in court again. The time for which a stay of proceedings had been granted called up for further action. Isaac and and Mrs. Martin had become neighborly, but neither of them had ever mentioned the cross-fence, and the matter stood just as it had before Lindy's death. People had talked a great deal about it, some conjecturing that old Isaac would dismiss the case after Mrs. Martin's kindness to his wife, some maintaining that he would not, and some going so far as to pre-diet that Mrs. Martin, in the forgiving disposition of her heart, would dismise the case herself.

Late one afternoon old Isaac donned his best clothing, and taking down his cane, walked up the road to Mrs. Martin's. The widow received him graciously, inviting him to a seat on the long, rambling porch, and exerting herself to the utmost to make him feel welcome. "Mis' Martin," Isaac said, after

they had exchanged a few commonplace remarks, "you know, of course, that the cross-fence suit is to come up in court next week?" "Yes; I know it," the widow an-

swered, sadly, "and I wish with all my heart that it wasn't. I'm tired of

"So am I, Mis' Martin," Isaac said, with a slow shaking of his head. wish now that cross-fence had never existed. It's been a source of sorrer to all of us, an' many's the time I've regretted deeply that the suit was ever brought, an' I've regretted it a thousan' times more than ever durin' the last year."

"So have I," the widow replied. "If we could only all been friends an' neighbors while Martin and Lindy lived. We've missed a great deal, Mr. Burton, by our contentions, an' now that t'other two is gone we ought to try to live better an' happier lives. We ought to drop the old suit an' bury our differences. Don't you feel

"I do. I've felt so for a long time, Mis' Martin, an' I come here this evenin' to talk the matter over an' see cross-fence atween two farms stand be- if we couldn't agree to a plan of settlesettle the trouble forever.'

Mrs. Martin arched her evebrows in surprise when Isaac spoke her first name, for that was the first time in his life that he had shown such familiarity. Yet she did not seem offended at all, nor did she appear displeased when he drew his chair nearer hers and looked into her face with an unmistakable tenderness.

"Jane," he went on, in low, soft tones, "we are gettin' old, an' we're all alone in the world. For thirty years we've been as strangers, an'we've each helped to sadden the life of the other. We can blot out the old trouble, an' the line fence with it, an' I feel that we ought to do it. It's our duty to forget the past, an' in the future try to make up to each other the happiness we've missed. We can make the farms one, Jane, an' then there'll be no need of no cross fence, an' we kin make our lives an' interests one, an' then there'll be no need for no more contentions.'

Isaac paused, but as the widow did not raise her eyes nor attempt to speak, he went on :

"I'm a lonely old man, Jane," he said, "an' I want somebody to keep me company through my few remaining years, an' nobody would suit me like you. I love you, Jane, for your kindness to Lindy, an' I want you to forgive me for all of the past an' be my wife. We can be comfortable, an' we can cheer each other in our declining days. Jane, will you do it?"

The widow lifted her face, beautiful in spite of its age, and, looking into Isaac's eyes with an answering tenderness, laid her hand in his.

"Yes, Isaac," she said, "I will be your wife, an' will faithfully try to fill Lindy's place in your home.

A few days later the old couple were married, and Sam Gross, who was present at the ceremony, took to himself much of the credit for the happy termination of affairs and not unjustly, either.

Isaac immediately threw the old suit out of court, then put men to work to tear down the old line fence and turn the two farms into one, just as the owners had turned their lives and interests into one. Thus the last vestige of the old trouble was removed, and the two surviving litigants entered on a quiet, happy existence, at peace with all the world. —Frank Leslie's Weekly.

The Finger Prayer Book, issued by the University of Oxford, is the smallest prayer book in the world. It weighs three-quarters of an ounce, and measures one inch in length by threequarters of an inch in width. It con-

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

A HINDOO SUIT.

A handsome suit of rooms in this city lately furnished is East Indian in style, and has the bed, dressing-table, doors, mantelpiece and woodwork of teak wood, ornamented with Hindoo traceries. The chairs are of ebony with green coverings; the couch, which is elaborately carved, is covered with Hindoo stuffs. The bright brass andirons in front of the fireplace represent the heads of elephants, surrounded by the halo of a Hindoo god. -New York World.

WEDDING GOWNS IN 1830 STYLE.

White satin gowns in preparation for autumn weddings are made in 1830 fashion. They are of the richest plain ivory satin throughout, trimmed with a single deep flounce of chiffon or of lace, and are worn with a lace veil draped entirely at the back under a small tiara or a wreath of orange buds. When brocade is preferred, the new serpentine designs are chosen with the surpentine effect in armure weaving on a satin ground. Moire antique and the moire francais, either plain or figured, will be much used for wedding dresses, as they lend themselves to the stately styles of the period now in vogue. A new moire with bayadere threads of metal, either gold or silver, is especially elegant. For those who prefer softer fabrics is the beautiful peau de soie in pearl or milk white, the design a pois, in dots of two sizes, or else the soft finished surface left plain as a foundation for rare old laces, or the simple mousseline de soie in selvage flounces or finished with slight embroidery. One of the prettiest 1830 models has the round bodice trimmed with a satin bertha cut in curves low on the shoulders without fulness, and edged with a vine of orange buds and leaves. Half-long sleeves are draped low from the armholes. The skirt, closely gored in front, with the train not too long but curved in organ-pipe pleats as it spreads out on the floor, has a deep flounce of accordion-pleated mousseline de soie, headed by a ruche

dotted with clusters of orange blossoms. The bride's mother also adopts the 1830 style for the gown worn at her daughter's wedding, but adds a circular basque of plain satin if the dress is brocade, or of velvet if the waist is of satin. The new purplish-red shades, more purple than red, and the golden brown mordore tints, are chosen for these middle-aged ladies, either in plain satin, in the new moires with both large and small balls, and in the ondule brocades with glace ground and waving stripes of armure weaving .-Harper's Bazaar.

THREATENED RETURN OF RINGLETS.

It is announced that ringlets are to be worn again by ladies and that side whiskers are coming in for fashionable men. The general attitude in face of such a piece of news is that of unbelief, with an uncomfortable underlying fear that there may possibly be some truth in it. Ringlets belong strictly to the sentimental period of the world's history, and the practical women of to-day would hardly know vogue and are much worn this fall.

what to do with them. They were founded on the theory that the hair of all pretty girls curled mounting it, is a favorite design for naturally, and that after the morning the hair. bath they had only to shake their bright tresses in order to produce a whole crop of ringlets, all arranged in the most picturesque and pleasing order. This was the theory. In practice there were curl papers, curling tongs, curling fluids, and many kindred devices, all of which together were far from sufficing to keep the ringlets in curl. It was the daily dread of the fashionable woman that the crisp corkscrew of her curls should fail her and turn into a limp, abject forlornness, in which the ends drooped | diagonal stripes. down in raggedness and the spirals

This indisposed the owner to ex- or eere guipure lace and colored velertion. Should she go out, a shower vet-ribbon bows. might come on, and the damp would at once affect her head of hair. What would become of the tennis girl, unknown when ringiets were "in," should they again become the coiffure of the day? She would have to choose between tennis and fashion, for the two would be wholly antagonistic.

In the beginning of our Queen's reign, ladies were long ringlets at each side of the face, and what was known as "back hair." Their chief occupations were Berlin wool work and flirtation, the ringlets playing a prominent art in the latter pursuit, to judge by he novels of the time. When they dushed they shook their faces to hide the carmine hue.

These curls hung outside their bonpets on the streets, and then they had double shield for their blushes, for they could "drop their veils" in some instantaneous fashion which is as mysterious as it is enviable to the women of our own day. Florence Dombey blushed or shed tears.

A facility for weeping, in fact, seems to have accompanied the era of ringets, and it is affrighting to conjecture that it might possibly return with the revival of the fashion. There is really no saying what even a modern girl might do if you put her into ringlets. She might experience a perfectly different set of emotions from those to which she is accustomed.-London

INSECTS AS JEWELS.

In Brazil, and in fact through the whole of South America, says a French be so long. This is, however, often a writer in the Jewelers' Circular, a matter of taste with those who have multitude of magnificent insects are charge of their wardrobes.

found from which various jewels are made. A few are imported to Europe, but up to the present time they have not had all the success they merit. The coleopters which are designated by the name of Buprestis are especially used. The shape of their bodies may not be be very elegant, but their color surpasses all that can be imag. ined; their common name of "rich men" comes from their shining ap-pearance. Some are wholly of a brilliant metallic green, others are more dull, with longitudinal gilded stripes, others have on their winged sheaths fawn colored spots, irregular patterns, purplish, azure, golden reflections, how can I describe them?

Their consistency permits them to mounted in the form of brooches, bracelets, earrings, etc. The species most used belong to the genus Curculio; it is very common in its own country, where in its abundance it even sometimes weighs down that branches of the mimosas. They are frequently sent to Paris. Earrings are made entirely from Curculio; the claws and belly are of gold. On the surface of the Lystras are seen longitudinal rows of very sharp points or dots. Each point is filled with little green scales, which shine like emeralds. One earring that I have seen was made of an insect dressed all in green, a clear green, set off in several places on the surface by blackish dots surrounded by a golden crown. It was rather large, and would look better in a brooch than in an ear pen-

Some pins manufactured from these insects are very serviceable. I own one mounted in gold. the claws and under side of the same material, and two hooks for the head and tail. The insect is solidly fastened. It is a pretty kind of blue and green metallic color, with perfectly regular black tracing which contrasts finely with the clear tint of the whole. There is one Brazilian colecptera often used be cause of its very great hardness, which allows it to be cut as though it were metal; it is of an odd shape, flattened metallic, and covered with dots sunken

in; it is not especially pretty. The foreign coleopters which can be used for ornament are very numerous, The oddest shapes that can be imagined are met with, and the most beartiful tints that can be desired. For instance, one of bamboo color with greenish reflections, a surprisingly singular mingling of colors; another, mother-of-pearl with most beautiful golden bands; still another, sky blus of a wonderful softness with pretty black bands. One of the most curiou is of a golden red, of a red fire which reminds us of a fire brand. They are sometimes of an ultra-marine blue, or vellow with brownish tracery. One has green winged sheaths and blue corselet; this last one is shining, red, metallic, greenish; it is so brilliant that it makes the finest rubies seem

PASHION NOTES.

Green in all shades and tone colorings are the popular color for the fall, In head ornaments the size of the article is small, merely adorning the front of the head. The velvet bayaderes that were all

the rage ten years ago have come in A neatly-executed scroll, with a

crescent or a star-shaped piece sur-Black and white, and black trimmed

with white or ecru lace will be the ma-

terials used for many fashionable costumes this season. Fine Brazilian mohair, woven to produce the effect of rich, heavy silk, is much employed in the manufacture

of black goods this year. Material for a very stylish costume can be selected from the line of Pico Rache's for this season, made in all the new colorings, slashed with small

Dressy black satin capes for the above became attenuated and unduly autumn are shown ornamented with neck and shoulder trimmings of black

> Fine vicunas,, cameleon bourettes, novel effects in Castor beavers, honey comb, two tone, and Loie Fuller cheviots are the most fashionable goods for jacket cloths and coatings

for fall. A laundry bag, seventeen inches by thirty inches, stamped, may be purchased at any of the stores for a trifle, and when embroidered it makes a very useful and ornamental article for the bedroom.

The silk and wool Matalasses at among the richest of the many novelties in dress goods for the year. They are made in two tone colorings, green nearly always being one, blended with suitable shades of tan, brown, navy blue, or blue.

Private letters from Paris say that the Elizabethan ruff is "coming in and may be expected to cross the Atlantic in the very near future. From the same course it is learned that and Kate Nickleby were constantly crinoline has obtained that following dropping their veils while they either among the French that has been steadily refused it here.

Here is the latest fad for the five o'clock teas. A thirty-six-inch hem stitched linen square, embroidered if a conventional design, which incloses in two corners the figure 5 and in the other two corners the word o'clock Teapots and teacups of small design are worked between the scroll.

Girls of fifteen when of medius height and figure have the dresses jus above the instep. When they are very tall and mature-looking they are work longer; but when they are small and rather childish, the dresses need not