

THE FASHION PLATE.

New French jacket bodices that are so closely fitted that they serve also as dress waists are very short and fancifully finished.

Among the new shades in mohair, English serge and bourette fabrics for traveling costumes touchwood and nasturtium are the newest shades in brown.

The new repped fabrics are softer and richer looking than ever, but the chief distinguishing feature is found in the beautiful color blending effected in the weaving.

The rage for the early part of the winter season will be for cape collars, oddly shaped collarettes, fichus with long stole ends and bolero, zouave and Eton jackets made of furs innumerable.

Not only is the short French corset worn with cycling, golf, tennis and other outdoor costumes, but it is now preferred by a great majority of women to the abnormally long, stiff "dress" corset, which gives an unnatural look to the figure.

Many of the yokes and chateleine and mutton leg sleeves on French and English gowns are laid in tufts that are often 1 1/2 inches wide. Heavy fabrics for day wear, even velvets, are tucked quite as often as delicate textiles for evening uses.

Black costumes are always in style to a certain degree, but they take a prominent place this season, not, however, interfering at all with the elegant costumes in their endless colorings, but giving a fine rich contrast and background to the more brilliant attire.

The seven gored skirt appears to be the favorite model among the newest styles, although there are a dozen shapes from different designers. All, however, are considerably alike in effect.

The flare still remains at the bottom of the skirt, but it is somewhat reduced. — New York Post.

TURF TOPICS.

A great year for the pacer, 2:01 1/2 to 2:00 1/2.

Star Pointer, 2:02 1/2, has been a money winner this season.

Quality, 2:13 1/2, cost William Simpson \$7,500 as a yearling filly.

Bright Regent's record is now 2:06 1/2. He is the greatest cripple on the turf.

There is talk of holding a running meeting at Springfield, Ill., next spring.

Bicycle races were a feature of the recently held Orange county horse show at Goshen, N. Y.

More Gay Head clay is being put on the track at Readville. This course will be a hummer in 1897.

It is quite probable that Hulda, 2:08 1/2, will soon be bred to the champion stallion Directum, 2:05 1/2.

An Austria-Hungarian named Pisklug has created a sensation in Vienna by giving performances with a whip.

Young Wilkes, 2:28 1/2, is dead at the home of his owner, A. T. Hall, Paw Paw, Mich. He was 28 years old.

An effort is already being made to form a circuit in South Dakota for next season. Six associations are interested.

Old Jack, the "hero of 100 battles," won a race at Chillicothe, Mo., recently, stepping one of his hoofs in 2:16 1/2.

The great mare Kentucky Union, 2:07 1/2, it is said, has won over \$5,000 and 19 heats, from 2:07 1/2 to 2:13 1/2 this year.

The honor of having given the word when Gentry set the world's pacing record at 2:00 1/2 belongs to Starting Judge James Culbertson.

M. Beamer of Blackburn, Mo., is 53 years old and still directs the training of all the colts on his farm. He owns President Wilkes, 2:19 1/2.

STAGE GLINTS.

John Glendinning has appeared as Macbeth at Glasgow.

Mme. Marie Samary's Theatre Blanc, which surprised Paris last season, will reopen.

Allice E. Ives is at work on a play for Neil Burgess, in which he will star this season.

Forbes Robertson has produced at Edinburgh a mystical music play by Ian Robertson and Learmont Drysdale.

Jules Aubray, a French "india rubber man," is a friend arrested in Paris, charged with desertion from the army.

The German emperor has commanded three special performances of Wagner's Nibelungen Ring trilogy at Berlin next month.

R. N. Stephens is to write another play for E. H. Sothern. He will also compose a modern comedy for the New York Lyceum stock company.

Laura Johnson, one of the first pupils of Steele Mackaye, has won distinction in the new melodrama now running at the Drury Lane theater, London.

The present bill of the Paris Folies-Bergere includes Yvette Guilbert, Li'ane de Pongy, Polin, Cavalieri and the new Spanish dancer Tortajada.

Emily Bancker produced recently a comedy entitled "A Divorce Cure." The play is a dramatization by Harry Saint Maur of one of his own stories called "An Averted Divorce."

John Haro's American tour will begin Nov. 16 at Montreal. His repertory will include "The Hobby Horse," "Caste," "Mamma," "A Pair of Spectacles" and two new plays to be seen first in New York.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

An average of 100,000 pounds of snails are eaten each week in Paris.

From the time of St. Peter down to the year 1153 the popes of Rome all wore beards.

The normal temperature of a human being is 98 1/2 degrees F. that of a fish only 77 degrees.

PERSONALITIES.

J. D. Wood of Beaver Canyon, Ida., has flocks aggregating 75,000 sheep.

M. L. Lachenal, president of the Swiss Confederation, is paying a visit to England.

The Duke of Westminster gives his private secretary \$5,000 a year and apartments at Grosvenor House.

C. E. Duggers of Decatur county, Ga., was recently carried over the Okeana falls, 40 feet in height, while bathing. He escaped unhurt.

Henri Meilhae has sold the billiard table on which he used to play with Dumas, fils, and Meissonier. He is growing old and needs the room for books.

Prince Ademyiwa of Jebu Remo, in west Africa, a jet black Methodist, sat by the side of the magistrate during a recent trial at the Old Bailey, London.

Hon. Richard T. Browning recently discovered in the bottom of Deep creek, Garrett county, Md., a canoe that belonged to his grandfather 60 years ago.

Dr. Charles James Branch, bishop of Antigua, who has just died, had spent the whole of his ministerial life in the West Indies and was beloved by all classes.

Sir Somers Vane has resigned the assistant secretaryship of the British Imperial institute in order to be associated with a large commercial enterprise in the colonies.

Sir H. H. Kitchener's services as head of the Dongola expedition have been recognized by his being promoted from the rank of brevet colonel to that of major general in the British army.

The Manchester people are going to put a portrait of Dr. Maclaren in the art galleries of the city. Dr. Parker has just styled Dr. Maclaren "the prince of preachers in the English speaking world."

Sir Edward Monson, the present British ambassador to France, is not unknown in America. He acted as arbitrator between Denmark and the United States in the famous Butterfield claims.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton, at the time of his death, had completed his autobiography up to his twenty-fifth year, when he was married. The narrative has been continued from that time by his widow and will be published soon.

John Pakkala of Calumet, Mich., after having an arm amputated at the shoulder, was able to get up and walk down the hospital stairs to the ambulance. Though he fought in the Russian ranks all through the Turkish war and has for the past 12 years worked in a dangerous calling underground, this is the first time he was ever hurt.

SILK.

In 1840 the silk factories of Prussia employed 14,000 operators.

In 1714 the first regular silk mill in England was put in operation at Derby.

The size of each thread, as spun by the silkworm, is one two-hundredths part of an inch in diameter.

The official executioner of the sultan of Turkey uses a silken cord in strangling persons ordered to be put to death.

Silkworm authorities estimate that the larvae from one ounce of eggs will eat 1,200 pounds of mulberry leaves and produce 120 pounds of cocoons.

"Muscadine" is a disease to which silkworms are liable. It consists of a fungous growth in the body, which breaks through the skin and speedily kills the insect.

The spider produces silk of a fair quality, but the difficulty of rearing spiders and the small quantity of product from each insect has caused the abandonment of all efforts to produce spider silk.

In the time of Francis I silk gowns were forbidden to all ladies below the rank of countess. The wives of wealthy merchants managed to evade the law by having woollen gowns lined with bright colored silks.

In the year 1895 the value of the manufactured silk imported to this country was \$31,206,202. In the same year the value of the unmanufactured which was brought to this country was \$22,626,055.

In the time of Pliny silk was supposed to be a vegetable product, and his "Natural History" contains a long story of the way in which it was picked from trees in the East Indies and spun and woven into fabrics. — St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

DAINTY TRIFLES.

Bohemian glass loving cups are as attractive in appearance as in name.

Turkish coffee cups set in silver frames are expensive, but beautiful.

Silver bell, silver name plate and silver bicycle whistles are now counted among the well to do wheelwoman's outfit.

There is quite a fad just now among both sexes for collecting steins, or German earthenware beer mugs, from purely decorative motives.

Side combs of light tortoise shell surmounted by a close set row of pearls and turquoises mixed please young women for evening wear.

An aluminum alcohol lamp set in a square case of crocodile leather is designed for the woman globe trotter and is convenient for heating water, curling tongs, etc.

A novelty in chateaines for ladies' watches is composed of several enameled bars, graduated in size and linked together with little gold balls. The enamel corresponds with that on the watch. — Jewelers' Circular.

Feared the Worst.

"How is your wife this morning?" asked a well known Washington attorney of a brother lawyer, whose wife was ailing.

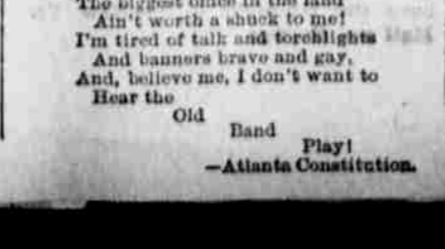
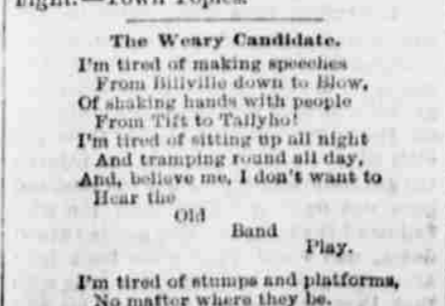
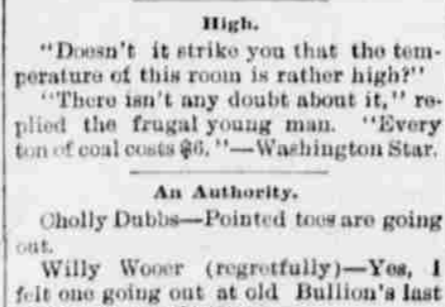
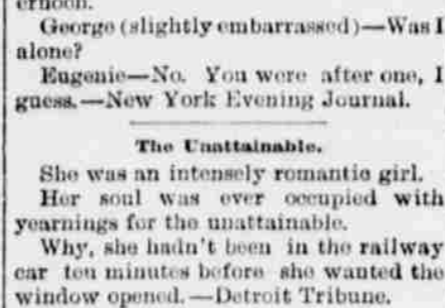
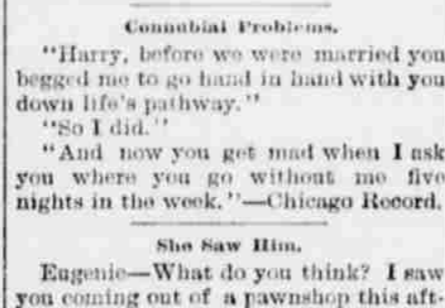
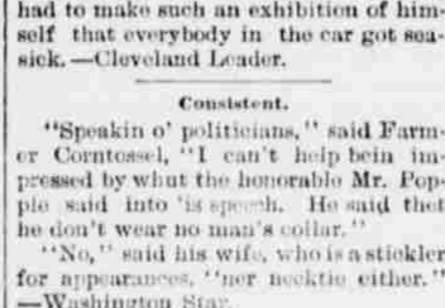
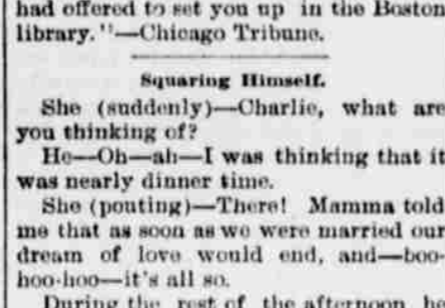
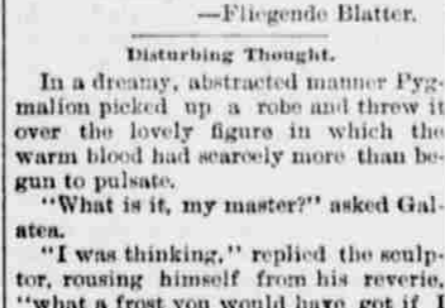
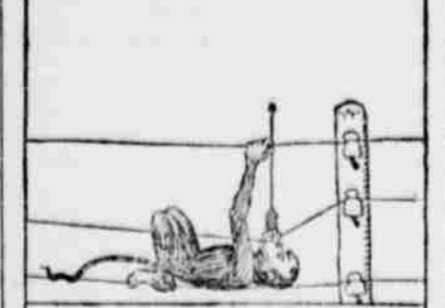
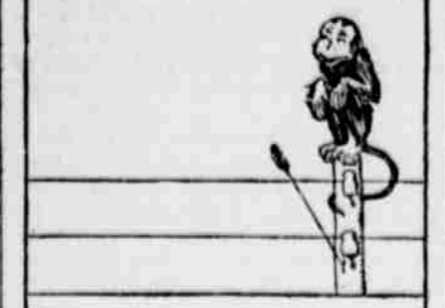
"The prospects are very gloomy," was the reply.

"Is she so much worse?" "She was sitting up when I left, but the doctor gives me no hope. She won't die from her present ailment, but I am afraid it will break up our home."

"Is her mind affected?" "It does not seem to be."

"Then what is the trouble?" "I don't know, but the doctor said she would be a new woman within a week, so I am prepared for the worst." — Washington Star.

The Wise Monkey.



A RUN ON THE BANK.

It Was a Close Race, but True Genius Was a Winner.

It lacked one solitary moment of 10 o'clock a. m.

The streets before the national bank were alive with people, all intent upon business.

Suddenly there was a great commotion.

Amid a great roar and expressions of wonder and alarm two figures were seen going at a breakneck pace down the avenue in the direction of the bank.

One of these was a young man with the fire of genius in his eye and still more of the same in his legs. The other was a pompous, puffing old gentleman, with a pallid countenance which bespoke a terrible mental strain.

Somebody, seeing the hatless, coatless figures flying by, yelled: "Fire! Murder! Police!"

But the bluecoats were nowhere, and the two sprinters rushed on as if chased by 10,000 demons on wheels.

Suddenly they reached the marble steps of the bank, collided and rolled into the gutter, knocking down several passersby on their way.

Still undaunted, bruised and grimy, they arose simultaneously and made another break for the bank entrance, each flourishing a piece of paper in his hand.

Great rumors spread abroad. Ten thousand people gathered, and a run on the bank was momentarily threatened.

The bank president, very pale, came forth and addressed the multitude.

"Friends and fellow citizens," said he, "there is no cause for alarm. The Hon. Josiah Peterkins had a daughter married last night, and in order to be thought the most generous papa-in-law in the world gave the bride a check for \$50,000 with the intention of coming here ahead of the bridegroom and stopping payment or getting another check in ahead. But inasmuch as there is only \$49,999 to his credit the bridegroom is bound to get it where the chicken got."

"Nip!" shrieked the bridegroom, emerging from the bank with his coat pockets bulging and his hands full of greenbacks. "The account lacked \$10, to be sure, but as I am not such a fool as to start out in the world with nothing it was easy for me to deposit the \$10 before I shoved in the check for \$50,000. Good day."

And the blow almost killed the father. — New York Sunday Journal.

Its Final Phase. "You seem sad and distraught," said the bride. "Do I?" asked the groom, averting his gaze. "You don't love me any less?" she hazarded curiously. "No, indeed," he asserted positively. "A thousand times no."

"Then, what is it?" she asked. "There was a long pause. Finally, with a deep sigh, he registered the eleven thousand three hundred and forty-seventh kiss and spoke: "When we started on this bridal trip," he said, "I had in my pocket just \$365. Today I have been over our financial accounts and find that we have expended \$364.75."

The bride wrinkled her brow and began making mental calculations with her fingers. "Which means," he went on sadly, "that our honeymoon" —

She stopped the digital reckoning to give him her full attention. "—is on its last quarter." — New York Evening Journal.

Never Drowned in His Life. Barney Phillips is a sailor living in Alpena, and last month he was reported as having been drowned off the barge Monitor in Lake Erie. Barney returned to Alpena the other day and claimed that he was not drowned. To a newspaper reporter in that city he said: "Get ces tan lie dat am drown. Haf nafer been drown in ma life. Am tell you som' man bis tan liar when he say am drown'ed off Monitor. Am been from Cincinnati to Montreal since dat time and am nafer drown in ma life." — Detroit Free Press.

Amplly Demonstrated. "How singular it happened that Mrs. Delaware was able to find proof that she had known her husband in a previous incarnation." "How did she discover it?" "She found a letter she had given him to post in a former state of existence." — Buffalo Times.

His Proper Place. Mr. Footbault—Where (hic) do you wantsh t' play? Captain (disgustedly)—Oh, you can keep on playing full.—Up-to-Date.

Absence Accounted For. "Did Miss Dabb make her debut last night?" "No. She didn't have the face to make her appearance before such a large assemblage." "What was the matter?" "Her make up box was stolen." — Norristown Herald.

Fast and Present. "Why did I try to steal the sacred fire?" repeated Prometheus sadly. "If you'd ever lived in a flat-house with a janitor and steam heat?" "Once again did the hoary hand of the past grasp the hand of the present across the abyss of cons." — New York Press.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

The Old Gentleman Had Been There Before and Was Foxy.

The old gentleman had been rather craft when the young man entered and his manner had not been particularly inviting while the young man was shifting from one foot to another and preparing to state his business. He stately said, "Well?" in an inquiring tone when the young man announced that he had come to see him on a matter of vast importance, but there was a great change when the young man said, "Your daughter?"

"My what?" interrupted the old gentleman with sudden animation.

"Your daughter," repeated the young man, and then he added, as a horrible suspicion crossed his mind, "Is it yours, isn't she?"

"Of course she's mine," retorted the old gentleman. "She hasn't fallen off her bicycle and hurt herself, has she?"

"Oh, no, she's—"

"And she hasn't run over any children or eloped with the coachman, or—"

"Nothing of that sort at all," answered the young man, becoming a trifle more courageous. "You see, she came here to ask you—"

"She sent you?"

"Yes, she—well, of course it was my suggestion first—but she said it was you."

The old gentleman seemed to be alive to the situation now. He stepped the young man by a gesture, and he got up and shut and locked the door.

"What's the matter?" asked the young man with some agitation. "Any one listening?"

"Not that I know of, but I am taking no chances."

"Ah, from past experience you are inclined to suspect—"

"Well, you know, to be sure I am with you," returned the old gentleman. "Now, go ahead."

"But I should think you could be all by having a trap," suggested the young man, ignoring the request of the elder to proceed.

"That's what I've done," was the reply. "Now, go on."

"Ah, servants are such—"

"Servants! Who said anything about servants?" roared the old gentleman. "The last fellow who came in here to ask me for Mary weakened before he got half through and bolted, and I don't propose to take any chances this time. Now, go ahead."

Of course, under the circumstances, there was little difficulty in reaching a conclusion that was satisfactory—temporarily, at least. — Chicago Post.

He Knew What He Was About. Among the stories told to the deserved credit of such lawyers as have no scruples against distorting and concealing the truth in order to shield persons whom they know or have every reason to believe to be guilty the following is entitled to a good place: An attorney had occasion to defend a man who was justly accused of counterfeiting paper money, and he manipulated the case with such skill that he secured the acquittal of the prisoner. When the lawyer and his client were alone together again, the counterfeiter overwhelmed the lawyer with thanks.

"And now," said he, putting his hand in his pocket.

"And now," the lawyer took up the sentence, "I will have my fee, and I will take it in hard currency, not in bills, if you please." — Youth's Companion.

Color Blindness. "Does a man fail to see any colors at all when he is color blind?" asked Mr. Drinkhorn, "or does he see them wrong?" "He sees them wrong, as you call it," explained the physician. "Now, your nose, instead of appearing in its natural color, would look to a color blind person to be green."

"Green? Any particular shade?" asked Mr. Drinkhorn with the intention of being facetious.

"Yes—bottle green." — Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wanted the Other Kind. The lawyer patted his client soothingly on the shoulder. "Now, don't you worry," he said with a reassuring air. "You shall have a fair trial." The gentlemanly burglar turned pale. "That—that's what I'm afraid of," he returned nervously. — New York Sunday World.

The Ruling Passion. "What will Senator Sorghum do if he's defeated?" "Oh," replied the rural constituent, "he'll git ready ter run ag'in." "And what course will he pursue if he's re-elected?" "Same ez usual. He'll git ready ter run ag'in." — Washington Star.

Had Been There Before. Mother—Don't eat your pie now, Johnnie. Save it until the last. Johnnie—Say, maw, I don't distrust you, but the kid who swiped my pie at the picnic said the same thing. — Adams Freeman.

Looking. "They are a curious couple." "Yes?" "Yes. She cares for nothing on earth but looks and he—well, he's very visionary." — Detroit Tribune.

Her Inside Pocket. She has pockets in her jacket; She has pockets in her dress; She has pockets in her bloomers. And most everywhere, I guess, And she thrusts her dainty fingers In a way that makes me start.

In the little inside pocket. That lies just above her heart, For not long ago I gave to her A photograph of mine, And she vowed that on her bosom It forever should reside. But her tantalizing manner Often fills me with despair, Till my heart grows weary, longing Just to know that it is there. — New York Sunday Journal.

A Georgia Campaign.

There were two candidates for a local office in Georgia whose relations were cordial. They never quarreled, and they dined and slept together in true Christian fashion. On the day of election one of the candidates was confined to his room with a sprained ankle. When the result was announced, his rival rushed to his room and exclaimed:

"John, dad burn it, I'm elected!" "You're a liar!" cried John from the bed.

And with that and his sprained ankle he "came forth," as it were, and they dined, and such a fight as they had beat all the records in that town. The room was two brief stories from the ground, but the crippled and defeated candidate succeeded in getting the elected to the window and pitched him headlong out of it. — Atlanta Constitution.

The Orator Only Partly Right. "You, you," shouted the orator, pointing his finger at the man with tin pail and overalls, "you, my friend, I venture to say, dare not call your vote your own. Am I right, or am I wrong?" "I guess you are right," answered the laborer.

"There! Look at him. His vote owned by a soulless corporation."

"Look here, mister," the man of toil shouted in turn, "don't you go to calling my wife no names like that, or you an me will mix." — Indianapolis Journal.

An Easy Living. "Where are you working now, Mary?" "Ain't workin' nowheres. I am in business for myself. I got a couple dozen ladies that pays me a quarter a week to come around and ask 'em for a place, and it makes the hired girl they got mad, and she won't leave." — Cincinnati Enquirer.

Her Own Fault. "There have been thieves in the city hall," he said as he put down the paper.

"Oh, well, you have no right to complain," she answered. "You helped to elect them." — Chicago Post.

Misses Letitia Crouse and Lulu Smith are delegates from the Lathrop C. E. Society to the Snyder-Northumberland counties convention at Sunbury this week.

Geo. D. Fisher, the efficient landwardman of Selma, on Tuesday evening brought A. H. Smith, Editor of the Elizabethville Echo, from Selma to this place. Mr. Smith was called here by the illness of Mrs. Smith.

The Third Quarterly meeting of the Juniata Valley Editorial Association, will be held at the National House, Lewisburg, Friday morning, November 13, 1896, at 10:30 o'clock. The Editorial fraternity of the Juniata Valley is earnestly requested to attend the meeting.

"MISTAKE SUCS WHO DREAM OF BLISS."—THE FOLLOWING BARTER LICENSES HAVE BEEN GRANTED SINCE OUR LAST PUBLICATION:

J. Jas. P. Baker, Crossgrove; J. C. W. Fry, Crossgrove; Henry Fry, Washington Twp.; Alice Lawler, Jackson Twp.; A. S. W. Kline, Jackson Twp.; Carrie Jarrett.

MARRIED. On the 5th inst., at the United Evangelical parsonage, Lewisburg, Pa., by Rev. C. W. Finkbeiner, Mr. James S. Howell, of Middleburgh, and Miss Senora B. Catherine, of Lewisburg.

October 29th, at the home of the bride's father near Stoungton, by Rev. C. H. Mutschler, Francis Moser, of Meersville, Snyder county, to Miss Cora Martz, of Stoungton, Pa.

Nov. 3, by Rev. D. E. McLaugh, G. W. Sheary and Miss Marjorie Stone, both of Centerville.

Nov. 8th, by W. F. Howell, J. P., James P. Baker and Carrie W. Fry, both of W. Beaver township.

DIED. In Middlebrook township, Nov. 5th, Henrietta, wife of Samuel Bilger, aged 57 years, 7 months and 26 days.

Sheriff's Sale of REAL ESTATE! By virtue of a certain writ of Fi. Fa. issued out of the court of Common Pleas of Snyder County and to me directed I will expose to public sale at the Court House in Middleburgh at 1 o'clock p. m. on

Saturday, December 5th, 1896, the following described real estate to wit:

A certain tract of land situate in Union Twp., Snyder Co., Pa., bounded on the North by lands of Henry Blessing and Jacob S. Gaugler, on the East by lands of Andrew Shaffer and John Anekner, South by public road and on the West by lands of Henry Herold and Jacob Ross, containing 85 ACRES more or less with the appurtenances, whereon are erected a two-story log frame Dwelling House, Bank Barn, wagon shed, pig pen, corn crib, spring house and other outbuildings, a good orchard, 2 wells and a spring of water on the premises.

Seized taken into execution and to be sold as the property of A. S. Brubaker.

ALFRED SPECHT, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office, Nov. 10, 1896.

