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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1889.

The largest county in the United State is Custer county, Montana, which contains 36,000 square miles, being larger in extent than the States of Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware and Rhode Island, One-tenth of our present population could find a means of livelihood in this one county, and then it would not be so populous as Belgium.

BISHOP NEWMAN, of the M. E. Church, said publicly in Chicago the other day: "I look forward to the time—and I hope it is not far distant—when we can stand up and firmly say, 'no foreign born citizen shall henceforward have a place in the legislative conduct of this country.'" The old Know-Nothing spirit still has a lodgement on the tongues of some of our professional public men.

The Bankers' Magazine of September predicts "a year of plenty, activity and low prices." We have, says the Magazine, the best prospects for the largest crops and the biggest exports on record. The cotton crop is already estimated at 500,000 to 1,000,000 bales more than ever raised before, or, bales at least, a crop of 7,500,000 bales, with 2,000,000,000 bushels of corn, 700,000,000 of oats and 520,000,000 of wheat.

According to the annual report of the United States Commissioner of Education great progress has been made in the public schools of the South in the decade ending in 1887. The public school systems of the Southern States, he says, have been undergoing an unprecedented development, and are now practically all established on a permanent basis. Colored children are apportioned an equal share of the school funds, unless in the State of Delaware, and their schools are kept open as long and under as well paid teachers as those of the white inhabitants.

The safe in the Iron Exchange Bank at Hurley, Wis., was opened last Friday night and over \$40,000 stolen. The money was to pay the miners of the Ashland and Germania mines. The cashier put the money inside of the iron vault and left shortly after nine p. m. The second door of the vault was opened with a key; this indicates the work of experts. Officers are at a loss to know which way to turn. A light was burning in the office and a few minutes after nine a man was seen working at the safe; but he had on the cashier's office coat, and nothing was thought of it by those who passed the bank. The cashier returned shortly after eleven o'clock, when he discovered the money was missing.

Wonderful as has been the development of the postal service, there is necessity for continual improvement if it is to keep up with the demands of the times. Ex-Postmaster-General James, in an article in the Forum for October, shows the advantages that would follow from improvements: (1) The consolidation of contiguous small offices, whereby responsibility would be concentrated and expense saved without inconvenience to the public, each small office being a branch of the central one; (2) a cheapening of ocean postage, so that we may be rid of the necessity of paying five cents per half-ounce on a letter to London when we can send one to Alaska nearly twice the distance from New York for two cents an ounce—just as if it were the trans-Atlantic rate; (3) a cheapening of the money order rate, which is now 8 cts. on \$10, and 4 cts. on \$100; and (4) the complete organization of the service on a business basis without any regard to party politics.

WILL OF THE LATE S. S. COX. In the office of Surrogate Ransom, New York, Monday, was filed for probate the will of the late Congressman Samuel Sullivan Cox. It is in the statesman's characteristic handwriting, and fills nearly two pages of foolscap. Mr. Cox leaves his entire estate to his wife, Julia Ann Cox, with the power to dispose of it as she sees fit. In the event of her death, his wife's life he had provided that after all debts and claims had been settled one-fifth of the estate was to go to his sisters and brothers or their heirs, one-half of the remainder to his wife's sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Hardeburgh, and the other half to her brother, James Cunningham, or his heirs if he was not alive at Mr. Cox's death.

The will is dated August 20, 1888, and the witnesses are E. J. Fricke, Peter Garvey and Maggie Edmott.

A YEAR OF DISASTERS. The year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine will go upon the records of time as one among the most disastrous to property and life since the period of Noah's great wash-out. Some one, who takes a particular pleasure in foretelling coming evils, said early in January, that calamities of an unparalleled character in the world's history would be the distinguishing feature of the year; but as he had been saying the same thing from time immemorial, he evidently knew no more about what would occur than Wiggins does about the weather. But this is neither here nor there, as it matters very little to mankind in general whether he had or had not anything tangible on which to base his prediction; but this we all know, that calamities are following one another in fearfully quick succession.

The destructive floods of this nation and of China and Japan, the cyclone of the latter and India, the storms in the west, and the recent ones along our eastern coast, are without any well-authenticated historical parallels. Add to such catastrophes the numerous railroad accidents, mine explosions, dynamite disasters and ravages of fires, and you will find a list of calamities sufficiently long and appalling to satisfy any and all the cranks who revel in the work of predicting evils.

What the remaining part of the year has in reservation for the world the future only can tell; but should it be as fruitful in calamities as the past has been, the list by the end of the year, will be one that will delight the heart of the great enemy of mankind, who ever he is.

SILVER WEDDING.

Celebration of the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the Marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Benschhoff of West Taylor Township.

On Wednesday September 25, 1889, Rev. Solomon Benschhoff, and his wife Susan, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. The occasion was made memorable by the gathering of a large number of their relatives and friends at the old homestead where the day was pleasantly spent. Over sixty persons sat down to dinner in the old farm house, and to those who have ever partaken of a feast on an occasion like this, in the country, it is needless to say that the good things of the earth were there in abundance, and of such an appetizing kind, that all, even though they were gastronomes, were more than satisfied. At the conclusion of the feast Elder P. J. Brown of Ohio, of the Brethren Church, made a brief speech, congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Benschhoff on this happy occasion, and Rev. J. B. Rutgers, pastor of the Brethren Church, in Johnstown, in behalf of those assembled presented to this couple who had passed twenty-five years together a few tokens of the esteem in which they were held by their friends. Mr. Benschhoff briefly responded returning his heartfelt thanks for such an expression of kindness, and the different members of the party amused themselves the balance of the day in numerous ways. Among the gifts presented were many of value, including a large amount of silver table ware, and a few who had brought nothing else presented a purse of twenty-five silver dollars.

Solomon Benschhoff is one of the oldest residents of this neighborhood, his parents being pioneers in this section. His father and mother, Paul and Barbara Benschhoff, settled in what is now Coopersburg township, when there was no one living within miles of the place. They had thirteen children. Solomon being the tenth, and was born March 7, 1812, and is consequently past seventy-seven years old. Most of Solomon's boyhood days were spent on the farm now owned by Louis Bannier, in West Taylor township, his father having purchased a large tract of land and moved there when he was a child. Solomon has been married three times, once to the father of eighteen children, and of the six born to his first wife, the three now living are Mrs. Abram Hibbett, Mrs. Joseph P. Goehsoun and John Benschhoff. The two children of his first wife are both dead. To his third wife ten children were born, five of whom are living, they all being single except Paul, who is married and has been farming the old place. Of his brothers and sisters only one, Mrs. Martha Strayer, widow of John Strayer, of West Taylor township, is living. His two oldest sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth Knauve, and Mrs. Susan Coughlin, both died a few years ago at very advanced ages. To the other residents of this place, his brothers, John, Eli, Paul and Lewis were well known, all being farmers in the vicinity.

His own companions belong to a past age almost. The famous, Levergoods, (Columbia, Minnely, Kenly, Stutsmans, Good, Robert Gageby, Dr. Pythian, Judge Nvan Roberts and others who were in the prime of life forty years ago, being his associates. A few are living at an advanced age, such as Charles B. Ellis, Charles Barnes and others who were his companions. Although always a strong Republican, he pinned his faith in legal matters to what Hon. Cyrus L. Pershing said, and of late years Col. John P. Linton was his adviser, he having no faith in the legal fraternity except barbers or sergeants at law. When Mr. Benschhoff moved to the farm where he now resides in 1837, it was a vast wilderness. He was assisted very considerably in clearing out the farm by the chestnut farmers, who took off a large amount of the timber, the very best timber at that time being put to no better use than being made into charcoal or consigned to the log-heaps. Of a robust constitution, Mr. Benschhoff was always hard at work, and opened up one of the best farms in this section. The disadvantages under which he labored then, seem to the people of to-day, to have been very great, but nevertheless energy and continued

application, brought happiness with the hard work. Mr. Benschhoff was a great hunter, and in his day game abounded that was more worth the powder than that which can be found here now. At least once or twice a year, a bear hunt would be indulged in, and the game was generally brought down. Deer were plenty and scores of this species of game were laid low by Mr. Benschhoff's unerring rifle. Many anecdotes of more than usual interest are recounted by Mr. Benschhoff of the sport they had in hunting in the times when he was young, and it is the delight of the younger people to sit and listen to his recital of them. His first gun was an old flint lock and later a muzzle loading rifle, with which he claims he could hit a squirrel's head at a distance of 100 yards.

When Mr. Benschhoff first settled where he now lives matches had not been invented and fire was started by striking a piece of steel or flint and having the spark alight on a bit of "Punk" or rotten wood. Tallow dips, or a lard lamp was all the method of illumination for many years.

Early in life Mr. Benschhoff became a member of the Dunkard Church and has always upheld the peculiar tenets of that body. He was elected a preacher in the church in early life and his expounding of the scriptures is familiar to everybody in the neighborhood. He was gifted with a remarkably good voice, and had he devoted himself to public speaking, would without doubt have become a noted orator. For the past twenty years he has been a bishop in the church, and in the split in the organization some years ago he went with the progressive party. For the past two years he has been confined to the house not being able to work although still retaining much of his former vigor. A respected and honored citizen he enjoys the esteem of all his acquaintances.

One of Talmage's Whims. The Rev. Dr. Talmage is one of the many men who believe that they can read the character of a woman in her face. He goes still further, and declares his ability to discern the general sort of experience you have had. Every crease, wrinkle, dimple, hollow or protuberance means that you have had joys or sorrows of some particular nature. The Tabernacle had its first autumn reception a couple of weeks ago, and among the guests were the Rice twin sisters, whose exact resemblance to each other is a standing marvel at Westboro, Massachusetts. They are indeed wondrous counterparts, and many are the anecdotes in which confusion of their identities figures. You may study them for an hour without discovering the faintest difference. One is still Miss Rice, while the other became Mrs. Kelley by marriage about ten years ago. Well, they were presented to Talmage, and he conversed awhile with them interestedly, for they are ladies of literary attainment and more than the average of attractive sociability. An hour later, a mischievous member of Talmage's flock asked him how he liked the twins. He didn't recall their names, but he had been very favorably impressed by them.

"You were telling me the other day," the plotting sister continued, "that every important experience of life left its impression visible upon the sensitive face of a woman. Now, how do you account for the fact that these ladies have remained so precisely alike, down to the minutest detail of their faces?" "Easily enough," the preacher candidly replied. "They were reared together, they have lived always under the same family conditions, their mothers have been alike and so they remain as you see them—as perfect likenesses as they were when they lay together in a cradle." "And you are sure that any difference in their manner of living would have produced more or less difference in their faces?" "I am sure of it." "Well, I only wanted to let you see what you yourself say to your theory, because the facts as to these twins knock it completely out. One has been a wife for ten years, while the other remains unmarried, and what becomes of your theory of physiognomy as applied to these facts?" At that point Talmage found that polite ness required him to pay attention to another group of parishioners.

A Great Trip at a Low Rate via Pennsylvania Railroad. No uniformed body of men presents such a gorgeous spectacle as does the Knights Templar. It is only once in three years that they assemble in a body in one of the principal cities of America, and as they have selected Washington to be the theatre of their triennial convulse this year, the double opportunity to witness the brilliant gathering and to visit the beautiful Capital City on the Potomac will be offered from every station on the various lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad on one fare for the round trip. The convulse will continue from October 8th to 11th, 1889, and tickets will be sold October 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th, valid for return trip until October 31st, 1889. Returning a stop-off within the limit will be allowed at Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia, Trenton, Harrisburg, Williamsport, Elmira, Emporium, and Corry, as the route of the excursionist may suggest. The occasion will be one of the most enjoyable seasons of the year to visit Washington. Specific rates will be furnished by agents on application.

Public Meeting. All the citizens of the different boroughs are invited to attend the public meeting, at the corner of Main and Market streets on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, to consider the bridge question.

FANCIES OF FASHION.

COLORS AND GOODS FOR WEAR THIS AUTUMN.

A Pretty Promenade Costume Described and Illustrated—Statements as to Colors Which are as Easily Disproved as Made—An Early Autumn Dress—Terms of Winter Fashions.



PROMENADE TOILET. The costume illustrated here is of bengaline in silver gray combined with rich printed bengaline with a similar ground. The gray skirt front has a corner elaborately embroidered in silks and silver.

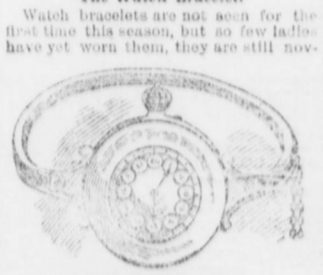
A preference for the blue and red colors of the same silk is on the left side, with an embroidered border at the front and tower edge. The right side and back is of flowered silk, and the left side, which is full, of plain silk, with an embroidered band that is made to appear the continuation of that on the skirt. The management of the skirt is especially novel and stylish.

The first autumn toilets will be of light camel hair, soft, sufficiently warm, but of comparatively light shades, with a preference for the blue and red colors. A cordoned plaited skirt will have a tight fitting vest and fronts which open on a well fitting vest that is crossed by a girdle of fabric or more of the same material, the jacket fronts being lined with the same silk. Light colored but warm woollens will be worn all through the autumn, and until the stormy days of early winter impose darker tints. As winter colors, two or three seasons ago, a statement is made that the coming season will see a return to the bright, solid colors of good old times of purple, blue, neutral and composite tints, not to be worn as regularly twice again as the statement is held by subsequent events. It is safe to predict that next season the lines will still be old-blues tinged with gray, the greens mossy, the pinks pale and tinged with cream or yellow, and old rose will not be renounced. There is not likely to be any sudden change in this respect next winter.



A charming early autumn dress just seen in a of some gray crepe de Chine. The skirt opens at one side over an under-skirt of black velvet; it is trimmed everywhere with gold lace, which on the open side edges the velvet. The bodice is gathered and opens on a black velvet yoke covered with gold embroidery. The full crepe de Chine sleeve ends at the elbow, merging in a light lower sleeve of black velvet, ornamented with a deep row of gold lace. The entire dress is rich and harmonious, yet quite simple in its effect. The preference is for all sorts of clinging stuffs, and crepe de Chine is in high favor.

Indeed, shirred bodices, full sleeves and softly flowing skirts could not be made of stiff, harsh materials. Autumn toilets, it is safe, contain the germs of winter fashions. If that is the case, some of the indications are significant. None of the skirts are entirely straight. On the front, at the sides, or at the back, somewhere there are gentle curves or fluctuations of the folds; it is raised here, or draped a trifle there, but never quite straight. Some of the bodices are fairly fascinating. One is high and full, confined below by a corset of velvet or silk; another has the top forming a yoke in large plaits, on which is applied the edge of a lace bodice, held by a deep folded girdle; another has a vest with a deep belt and a short loose jacket above, as, indeed, jacket corseages show the greatest variety.



The Watch Bracelet. Watch bracelets are not seen the first time this season, but a few ladies have yet worn them, they are still novelties.

Watch bracelets are not seen the first time this season, but a few ladies have yet worn them, they are still novelties. The bracelets are made of gold, ornamented with diamonds. There are others of plain gold or silver, with very little decoration. Jewels will undoubtedly be worn more during the coming winter than ever before.

The fall and winter patterns for suitings are of the most subdued character. The mixtures are mainly in gray and black and blue and gray. Occasionally the quiet nature of the design is enlivened by haphazard threads of red or bright brown punctuating the fabric.

AT SASSAFRAS FARM.

ETTERLY, am I in love with him?" said Etta Hamersley to herself.



She was sitting up in her solitary little garret room with her elbows resting on the window-sill; the sun, setting after a brisk shower, was diling the room with rays of scarlet light; her great blue-gray eyes gazing intently out at the sky, and her golden hair catching the fiery gleams of the love-declining light. The room was small and scantily furnished; the sloping walls almost touched one's head, if they attempted to stand upright in the apartment; and Etta's own dress was of dyed silk, turned, patched, and mended in a score of places, while the old lace ruffe around her white throat was ready to fall into shreds with old age. But for all that our little dreamer looked like a princess as she sat there, crouched by the window-sill, her girl fancies wandering out into the great unknown land of Love!

"No!" she solemnly answered herself, after a second or two of meditation. "I am not in love with him. I think so, I am quite sure of it. Not now. But shall be, if I don't firmly resolve to love myself in check. And the idea of a possible poverty-stricken creature like me, falling in love with Professor Maxwell, it is too ridiculous!" And she laughed out in the silence of the forlorn little room, but somehow the laugh was rather pitiful.

Etta Hamersley was an art student. She had her own little dreams of a career, at there were many and many a dreamer's wilderness of want and self-denial, struggling against a life to be passed in a poor school, poor food, worst paid, limited; but the free art school afforded her an opportunity for study, and means of dress, grades, and half-penny of cracker and cheese eaten by the hour of every tallow candle after the day's work was done. It was a dull, dreary life enough, but Etta was devoted to her art, and when Kent Maxwell, the young professor at the art school, bent for a second over her canvases and spoke in a congratulatory word of approval, she could live on those accents for a month.

"Where are you going for your summer vacation?" Miss Marchlands, who studied from the antique, had asked that day. "I don't know," Etta answered, "I haven't thought. I suppose I shall stay in the city." Miss Marchlands tossed her head, where crimps and puffs and fringes overlapped one another like the waves of the sea.

"Nobody stays in the city through August," said she. "Nobody, that is, that is anybody." Etta said nothing. She did not deem it necessary to explain to Miss Marchlands how by unrequiting toiling a great shirt factory during the scorching months of August, she contrived annually to amass something towards her year's art expenses.

"I think," Miss Marchlands added, comparing her canvases with her own on one side, "that I shall try a few days at Saratoga this summer. I was going down to my aunt's farm in Sasfras Hollow; but my aunt takes summer boarders this year, and she actually has an impudence to ask me to come and help with the housework. But she would allow me regular wages; I'll consider the idea of me scolding dishes and paring potatoes for a lot of stuck up city people!"

And Miss Marchlands elevated her nose at an angle of forty-five degrees and laughed derisively. "Is it a pretty place?" said Etta, without much thought as to what she was saying. "Oh, it's pretty enough," said Miss Marchlands. "Everybody knows the Jocks farm at Sasfras Hollow. There's a glen there, and an echoing ravine with a cascade in it, that everybody goes to see. But it's awfully quiet there, and I, for one, like a bit of life. I shall go to Saratoga."

The next evening, when she had sketched until the waning daylight bade her desist, Etta Hamersley put on her hat and went around to the shirt factory. "You will want my services, as usual in the month of August," she asked of the foreman. "But to her surprise and dismay, he shook his head. "Well, no," said he. "Not this year. Times are dull. We've discharged forty hands at Saratoga, and we're hiring a very sorry," observing the perturbed expression of her countenance, "but we can't take on any extra hands this season."

And Etta went away, bewildered and sad at heart. "I can't work on in the art school," she told herself, "unless I can pay my board; and I can't pay my board if I don't earn something in the week of vacation. Oh, dear, dear, what a condition thing it is to be poor!"

And one or two scalding tears dropped from under her shabby lace veil as she hurried along the sultry, dusty street. "How hot it is here in these narrow lanes!" she thought. "And how stiflingly close the air is! If only I could breathe a little country air for once, with now and then a wild rose in it!"

And then, the inspiration, Miss Marchlands' words came into her head. "A glen, and an echoing ravine with a cascade!" "How I should like to see it!" she thought. "And why shouldn't I?" Mrs. Jenks of Sasfras Farm, was, to express her own words, "driven to death" that summer. The money and farm house was full of boarders, even to the low-ceiled little rooms over the kitchen, where she was wont to keep her piles of homespun linen and sweet smelling herbs; and if Mrs. Jenks had had six pairs of hands, instead of only one, she would have had occasion for them all. She was rinsing out her milk pails in the crystal tide of the little spring that bubbled up just under the dairy window, when a slight figure came across the velvet grass from the road.

"Is this Sasfras Farm?" asked a low sweet voice; "and you are Mrs. Jenks?" "I am Mrs. Jenks, sure enough," said the good woman, bobbing the puffs up and down to make puffs sure that they were spottedly clean; "and this is Sasfras Farm. But if so be as you've come about board, ma'am, I'm very sorry, but we're all full. Every nook and corner, ma'am, with cots in the hall, and a sofa-bedstead in the parlor every night; and a sketching gent as sleeps in the barn o' nights, and declares he thinks the smell of the hay is healthy." "I did not come about board, about board," said Etta Hamersley, scarcely knowing how to broach her business to the farmer's wife. "I—that is, your niece,

Miss Marchlands, mentioned to me that you were in need of some one to help you with the work."

"Good Mrs. Jenks stared. "But you are not a servant," said she. "No," said Etta, coloring. "But I am willing to be, if you will hire. I like the country very much, and I am anxious to earn a little money."

"I'll give you ten dollars a month," said Mrs. Jenks, enthusiastically. "Twelve, if you earn it. For you look like an honest, straightforward sort of a girl, and I'm dreadfully in want of a help."

"So Etta Hamersley put on one of Mrs. Jenks' big white aprons and went to work cutting up peaches for tea. She liked it. Born and bred in the city as she was, the streets of country life possessed indescribable charms for her. The big-eyed calves, the little yellow goslings, the wild flowers in the meadows, the tinkling stream that flowed between fringes of reeds and bannanet, were all ever new sources of delight. She shrank instinctively away from the city boarders, with their croquet and archery and gay dresses and loud laughter; but she would sit forward beside Mrs. Jenks in the great, airy kitchen, listening to her stories of the "good old times."

"Etta," said Mrs. Jenks, one day, "you must bleach the curtains in the big south bedroom, and lay out fresh linen for it. There's a gentleman coming by the five o'clock train, and he'll say 'Yes,' said Etta, quietly. "I will." And she had not even the curiosity to ask his name.

She was gathering furs in the woods, the only way by which I could keep my feet in a park when all of a sudden, a dark shadow fell across the purple sunset, and the ten o'clock train looked over the hills into Kent's eyes. "Professor Maxwell!" she cried. "Yes," said Kent, stooping to pick up a stray sprig of fern that she had stepped on. "Yes," said Etta, "Are you boarding at Sasfras Farm?" "No," said Etta; "I am doing housework here. For monthly wages!" "What?" "Don't you know it?" said she, courtlyly. "That I was very poor? That the only way by which I could keep myself at the art school was by working a little in the weeks of vacation. But, of course, I shall not expect you to recommend Professor Maxwell, if—"

"Do recognize you?" he cried out. "And why not?" "Because I am a working bee in the world," she answered, smiling faintly. "Because I am not a gay party girl like the Miss Wallaces and Mrs. Dalton's daughters." "That is the very reason I shall recommend you," said Kent Maxwell. "The person I shall honor you, Miss Hamersley, above all women."

And he sat down with her the whole length of the train, carrying her formal letter, passing at the side gate at the foot of the hill.

Etta was engaged to be married, are you?" said honest Mrs. Jenks. "Well, I never was so glad in all my life; but I must say I ain't surprised. I mistook you for a young man when he used to be so serious in picking blueberries and holding beans, and all that sort of thing, when you happened to be so good-looking! I ain't blind if I believe your old folks told me a splendid falsehood, and I wish you joy."

They were married at the little country church, and Kent Maxwell carried Mrs. Jenks' "train" back to New York with him, a smiling, happy-eyed bride.

"Good land!" said Miss Marchlands, when she heard of it; and Etta Hamersley has enough to be thankful for when she sits in the evening, after all, I wish I had gone to do housework at Sasfras Farm."—N. A. Ledger.

King Charles IV's Gloves. At a meeting of the North Ocean Archaeological Society in 1841 Canon Payne, vicar of Swaffield, read an unpublished letter, written in London on the day of the king's execution, by one of the family of Bonnis of Eborac, in the East Riding, to a relative of the same name, who, as lord mayor of York, had entertained the king on his visit to that city in August, 1611. Together with this letter were exhibited the gloves formerly belonging to the king, of which Canon Payne gave this notice:

"The gloves were given by King Charles IV to the above mentioned lord mayor of York in memorial of the hospitality with which Mr. Bonnis had received him; they descended as heirlooms from him to the grandfather of the Mistress Mary Bonnis, of the Close, Winchester, who is now the owner, and who has kindly lent them to me for your inspection to-day. With one exception, when they were sent to the late Mr. Walter Scott, they have never been out of her custody until I brought them away for our present purpose. The gloves you will find beautifully embroidered about the wrists, after the fashion of their day, in gold tissue and silk upon white satin."

There does not appear to be anything remarkable or extraordinary in the pattern of the embroidery. It is simply composed of wreaths of leaves and flowers. Now, there is nothing remarkable in the shape of the gloves, except the well known characteristic of the royal hand, the great length of its fingers.—Notes and Queries.

Glassmaking and Blindness. There is one terrible circumstance in connection with the Venetian glass industry, and that is that after many years of work, when these good people are a dozen or 15 years of age, they begin to lose their sight, and after a short while are wholly blind. There seems to be no remedy for this unfortunate state of things, the many protective devices have been tried without success. The blindness is caused by the excessive heat and also by the glare of the process; and it is a confirmed case that these poor victims to art are content to live very simply, and as their wages are high they are able to save large sums. Yet, their degrading and painful condition, but the additional misery which want entails.—Chambers' Journal.

The Crown Princess May Yet Kins. It is possible that the widowed crown princess may yet become empress of Austria, for the Archduke Francis, the heir-presumptive to the throne, is next in line to be absolutely devoted to her, and his great object in life is to marry her. The Archduke was born in Dec. 1883, and he is therefore only five months older than the Crown Princess Stephanie; but the fact that he is epileptic is a serious obstacle to his marriage, and he is also grievously weak-minded. The Archduke has lately been undergoing a course of special treatment (including electric baths) in the hope that he may be cured of his epilepsy.

A gown with sleeves made of a different style and name, one from the other, is the latest thing in fashions.