Mattia's Love Affairs.

He had been away from his hills about three months; and, do what would, for twenty days or a month he could not be made to smile. He had bawled like an ass on his threshing floor, which, encircled by tomatoes and pumpkins, was as big as city square; and he had stamped about the farmhouse, yelling "No." He had spent hours in his beloved chestnut grove, all coiled together like a hedge hog; while, on the night before his departure, he had been found in the stable, hugging the cow closely and blubbering in her ear.

At sight of such a lubber, brown as a tench, loose jointed as an ape and rank enough to be scented a mile away, his employers uttered a shriek. Mattia opened wide his mouth, his eyes and his nostrils, bit his hat brim and stood nodding yes and no. After a week of forced ablutions they regarded him with less disfavor. He no longer smelt bad, and his hair was less unruly, while the two tears that kept ever welling up in his eyes made their azure most beautifully transparent.

They put him into a plaid suit, with brass buttons and a slouch hat, whose brim flapped out like the wings of an immense harvest fly, and, hanging a basket on his arm and sending him on trifling errands, they finally succeeded in fetching a sorry sort of smile to his phiz. Mattia scratched his pate, wherein all those little matters buzzed like a swarm of horse flies, opened the door and dashed like a streak down the streets of Florence.

For a time he felt such a dizziness that he believed he was going mad. Then he began to look about him; he stretched his arms and legs and raised his head; he gave a jauntier bend to his broad hat and even dared, now and then, to pinch the maid servants in the market betwixt benches loaded with garden stuff and tables covered with plucked fowls.

His employers beheld him transformed. It was Mattia here and Mattia there; the whole house was full of Mattia, while, down in the kitchen, Nanna and he seemed to see who could raise the most racket.

Nanna was a tall blonde, with whitish eyes and skinny face; she had dwelt there for a half dozen years, making stews and pastry, and dreaming probably of somebody on her own

The first day that Nanna and Mattia met in the kitchen they stood staring at each other like a couple of goats making ready to butt. Yet, when Mattia had had six or seven washings, Nanna slackened rope, while he drew it in! The spry, pallid, lanky maid put him in mind of his beloved tassels of corn on the slopes of La Borra, where in August the qualis whisiled, while he lay stretched on the ground, dead tired, beneath the burning kiss of the sun.

When the ice was really broken between Mattia and Nanna, the householders were abroad, and into the kitchen stole the smell of the garden while green boughs touched the window panes, whence the sunlight was diffused over dripping pans and saucepans. Mattia had dropped into a seat, with his hands rolled in his apron, his white cap stuck on one ear and his eyes glistening. He was thinking of the threshing floor, the armhouse and the cow.

What alls you?" asked Nanna. He raised his head and saw the tall blonde standing right in front of him, with those big, staring, whitish eyes and those dangling arms of hers

'Nothing," replied he, and he put out his hands. But there re-echoed the thwack of a solemnly administered cuff.

During the fortnight that their masters were away Mattia and Nanna did nothing but chase each other round the garden walks, and folks outside, hearing the shricks and the aughter, poked their noses through he bars of the railing. The merry time lasted for a while and then suddenly ceased. Mattia tarried in reurning with his purchases, and, when he did come back his hat was crooked and he displayed a red face. One morning he forgot the potatoes, another the fish and a third saw him appear with the basket empty. Nan-

na flew into a flery fit. "Why don't you behave yourself! You ugly plowboy, you; you can't do anything right!"

"Hush, Nanna!" cried Mattia,

scratching his pate. "No, no! you ugly plowboy!" she persisted. "Bad luck to them that took you away from the cow! You're only fit for the cow! You ought to have married the cow!"

Mattia tugged at his hair, and continued to scratch his pate.

"I wouldn't have married the cow; o, not I!" he retorted. "But I liked her much better than you."

Nanna's whitish eyes glared at him, and a chair came flying his way. But let us not tarry in saving that

poem was stirring in Mattia's

One morning when Cluffo threw i chunk of meat into his basket, Mattia drew back and the meat dropped on the ground. Leprina's eyes had d his head, and from that day be dreamed only of Leprina, thought only of Leprina, and ate with Leprina's face in every spoonful of broth and every forkful of meat.

two or three mornings the two exchanged a laugh, and there was an end. But afterwards they got to talking together, talking fast and freely, with the wanted pauses, and

making of sheep's eyes. "I like you," sold Mattia one day, sooking into his basket.

She gave him a pinch, and laughed

long and merrily. "Why, what are you spooning over?" Nanna blurted out one evening, planting herself squarely in front of Mattia, who had assumed a mysterious air, and was gazing at the moon through the casement. He gave a start. He was thinking of Leprina, but beheld only Nanna.

'I know!" she went on, while he held his peace, "I know, you ugly plowboy!

"Nanna, be still."

"No, no, no! You are just baked in love, like any tile!"

"You!"

Mattia rose to his feet and appeared to wish to make some sort of protest, but merely sat down again.

You humbur!" Here the scene ended; but there vas poison in Nanna's heart. Mattia had the honey, and was keeping a close mouth.

He had set Leprina upon the altar of his hopes, and fancled how she would look up among his hills, all affection for him, with flowers about her and the full sunlight on her pretty little face. He fancied her tomato-festooned there, on the threshing floor, and in the farm house during the long winter evenings, with the fire flashes reflected in her black eyes, and he there, too, close by, envied, but so contented, overwhelming her with his caresses.

Upon such dreams Ciuffo, the butcher, threw, so to speak, a jug of ice cold water.

"Leprina," quoth he, "seems an angel dropped from the skies; but she isn't. Let Mattia beware. A man forewarned is a man forearmed!"

The result of this warning was a fist fight, and Mattia changed his butcher, without changing his mind in the least. Leprina smiled on him more sweetly than ever, and made him believe that he beheld a paradise, with seraphim and cherubim more gloriously depicted than by Dante Alighieri himself.

The first charce that Mattia had of hugging Leprina was one evening, just behind the wall of the Viale. The laurel boughs shielded them; silence surrounded them, while the moon cast its white radiance upon the little villas over the way. Amid the shadows could be discerned the girl's pretty head, studiedly inclined, and Mattia's visage uplifted, with its glistening eyes and its open mouth.

And above this little tableau, perched amid the leafage like an owl, was Nanna, apparently upon the point of pouncing down upon them. Instead, however, when Leprina and Mattia put their heads together for a resonant kiss, Nanna vanished, with a stirring of the branches that caused the couple to turn round and look up, and then stare at each other.

"Good-by, Nanna!" said Mattia one day not long after. "My masters have discharged me."

Nanna did not reply. She had turned to her oven, and was looking at a saucepan that contained nothing. Mattia touched her on the arm. Then she wheeled about, with two big tears dropping from her eyes.

Mattia was serene. He was dismissed, and he would go. The folks were not satisfied with him; so let them suit themselves elsewhere!

"Where do you intend to go?" in-

quired Nanna. "Home."

"That is not true!"

Nor was it true. He would have gone home, had Leprina not been in the way. But there she was, "Mattia, you want to ruin your-

self!" exclaimed Nanna, in a strange tone of voice. "Stay here, and I-I will go away myself."

She turned again to the saucepan, while a sort of a tickle smote Mattia in the stomach, which was beyond his comprehension.

"You shall remain alone, and be contented! Leprina-She interrupted herself, and, suddenly turning round with an altered counter nance, ejaculated square in his face: You plowboy!" and walked away with her face in her apron.

Mattia stood somewhat amazed but presently sat down once more, content not to understand anything further. A breeze stole in at the vindow and caressed his cheeks: and little by little, Leprina, Nanna, frying pans and dried sausages began to dance in a circle before him, till he ended by playing the bass fiddle for the ball himself! Something like two hands clasping his head and two lips pressing close against his forehead caused him to give a start, and burst into laughter. What things dreams are now and then! Why he could have sworn that it was Nanna!

Nanna reappeared.

"Don't go away," she urged.

"Why not?" "Because I tell you not to go. Nanna laughed, Mettia did likewise, and caught her hands in his. She let him have his way, while on his breast sank the head that put Mattia in mind of the tassels of corp.

"No, Nanna. I must go. If I have behaved badly to you, forgive me!" She snatched her hands away, answering dryly: "No!" and walked

across the kitchen. He was breathless with impatience to be off. Leprina was waiting for him. She had promised to go with him when he was free, even to the ends of the earth!

He was satisfied with less. "Leprina, dear Leprina," said he, "I will lead you up to my home and we'll live like princes of the church, work.

You shall attend to the cow, and I will work as of old. You shall see how Gianna, Venanzia, Galletta di Memo and Secca di Mestolo will be eaten up with bile. Leprina, won't you answer me?"

Leprina bent her head still further. She was ready to burst with laughter; she attend to the cow? She the wife of that block of flesh? Mother Eve

deliver her! They were in the Via Montebello In the distance the tall acacias of the Cascine made one open one's mouth, to breathe with all one's lungs, while from the Fosso Macinante rose the exhalations from the stagnant water

and sun-fermented mud.

Leprina looked at the beautiful earrings that Mattia had bought for her with a little pile of money hoarded for a different and nobler purpose -when he was still thinking about his old mother.

Mattia carried his bundle of clothes to a mean room in the Via Nova, where Leprina had promised to mee him again. He now awaited her there, striding

up and down, and, in fancy, fondling the slender little figure, whose like had never been seen at Maona among the hills.

When he had been obliged to part from her at the street corner, he had sighed with sufficient force to have extinguished a street lamp, had one been lighted; and he had scratched his noddle, and given most languishing looks. The gravity of the step he was about to take now impresse him fully. Not Nanna's wild-eyed face, warnings and threats, nor his employer's orders to return at once to Maona, nor his own secret misgivings, could avail to restrain him, for Leprina had promised to go to the ends of the earth with him.
"Until later!" he had exclaimed,

while Leprina had answered "Goodby," and walked off, with her eyes fastened on the gold pendants.

Mattia, when a certain hour had come, fixed his eyes on his old silver watch, and, as the outer atmosphere gradually darkened, his countenance became white with emotion. Then, just the reverse occurred, for, as the sky lightened towards morning again, his face grew more gloomy, until the broad daylight found him as dusky as a cuckoo. He had a crick in his neck from constant watching out of the window, an empty stomach, parched lips, and hair all tousled from the manifold scratchings that he had given his head. Hitherto he had never learned how to swear, but during this night he discovered a collection of original oaths. Rest he could not think of, and uttering a curse, he sallied from the house.

Away, away, he sped through the streets, like a madman. High and low did he search, wherever there was a chance of meeting Leprina and flinging in her face the fury that devoured him.

"Can it be possible?" cried he.

After so many promises!" When evening was again come, utterly exhausted, with his tongue protruding from his mouth, he reascended to the room that had been an inferno instead of a paradise. No news of Leprina. Not a soul had seen her!

Then Mattia thought of his old mother, and of the little hoard of quattrini which would have been a fortune for her.

"Thief!" he cried, hoarse with rage, "thief!" and there, where he had hoped to kiss an angel, he abandoned himself to weeping over the infamy of a demon.

A hand clasped his. He jumped up, with the tears streaming down to his lips, and a face to have evoked the liveliest pity.

whom he had despised; Nanna, who had been able to give him advice; Nanna, who had kissed him on the forehead, who had followed him, and who now was gazing at him with those big white eyes full of tenderness.

With heaving breast Mattia threw himself on her neck in a way to have sent her sprawling on the floor.

Swaying to and fro, she let him have it out. The tears from his eyes fell on her dress, and the black locks of that great dolt mingled with her blonde ones; while sobs shook his chest and his feet stamped on the floor as if they would go through it.

She still suffered him to relieve his feelings for a while. Then, giving him a kick and flinging him on the bed, she giggled in his face: "You plowboy!"

He ceased to weep, and, pulling Nanna toward him, planted a huge

smack on her nose. There was a knock at the door. Ere Mattia could stir, Nanna had opened it and rushed out like a wild

Mattia heard her gnash her teeth, and then tegan such a battle of cuffs and scratches as would have scared the dead out of their graves.

But it did not last long. Nanna presently returned, with her face besmeared with blood, grasping Mattia's gift, which she had torn from the ears of Leprina. "Look!" said she.

Bewildered and amazed, he tool the earrings, gazed at them, turned them over, while one more tear, the last, of rage and remorse, dropped down. Then, so very softly and gently, he put the carrings in Nanna's ears, and said:

"They are thine."-Orosio Grandi translated from the Italian by William Struthers, in the American Culti-

Three new stamps have just been issued in Holland. Those who stick them on their letters pay double postage, half the salue going to the State and half to anti-tuberculosis



New York City.-Striped materials are so much in vogue and so generally becoming that such a waist as this one, which is especially well adapted to their use, is much in de mand. In the illustration a pretty gray and white marquisette



trimmed with gray silk banding and sombined with chemisette of lace, but all materials that are soft and thin enough to be tucked successfully are appropriate, the many silks and silk wool fabrics and also the pretty allk and cotton mixtures that are so varied and so well liked. The plain | forty-four inches wide; for either el-

Blouse Sleeves

Sleeves are constantly in need of emodeling, for no detail of dress changes its style more often, and consequently such satisfactory models as these are always in demand. They provide a number of different sorts, and will be found adapted to every style of shirt waist or blouse. In the illustration No. 1 is made of a dotted batiste with cuff of embroidery, while No. 2 is made of linen and Nos. 3 and 4 of handkerchief lawn, No. 4 being trimmed with pleating, while No. 3 is finished with banding, but trimming and finish can be varied again and again, the sleeves being adapted not alone to the washable materials, but also to the silk and wool waistings that already are being made up. The cuff of No. 1 affords a special opportunity for the use of the hand work that is so distinctive and smart, while No. 3 shows a straight band cuff that can be treated in various ways, and Nos. 2 and 4 provide the best possible styles for the tailored waist. Each sleeve is cut in one piece. No.

1 is gathered and joined to a band to which the cuff is attached, No. 2 is finished in regulation shirt waist style, No. 3 is gathered and attached to the straight band cuff and No. 4 is tucked and joined to a band, to which the roll-over cuff is seamed.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is for either long sleeves one and three-fourth yards twenty-one, one and five-eighth yards twenty-seven or seven-eighth yard



silk banding is effective and fashion- | bow sleeves one and one-eighth yards able, but it is not obligatory, for any twenty-one, one yard twenty-seven or applique could be substituted that five-eighth yard forty-four inches may be preferred. Again, the design is not confined to striped materials, as it can be made from plain or figured ones quite as well. Crepe de chine and chiffon taffeta suit it admirably well and would be charming with trimming of heavy lace, either in self color or in a lighter tone as liked.

The waist is made with combined tucked and plain portions and is cut out at the neck so that it can be worn with or without the chemisette. The chemisette is entirely separate and is arranged under the waist and closed at the back, but the closing of the waist proper is made beneath the edge of the left front. There are comfortably full sleeves that can be either tucked or gathered at their lower edges and that are trimmed with shaped bands.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-one, three and one-half yards twenty-seven or two yards forty-four inches wide, five-eighth yard of allover lace and six and three-fourth yards of banding.

Low Shoes Popular. white duck tops and white ribbon ties promise to be popular.

Low, Flat Heels.

One of the most sensational changes of the present season has been the substitution of low, flat heels instead of high ones usually approved by the chic Parisienne. For some time past many of the aristocrats the newest chapeaux. have worn sandal shoes in the house, especially with Early Victoria tollets and out of doors no one who is smart thinks of wearing now the long knifeshaped boot, choosing instead one with a flat heel and a square toe.



Low shoes in brown leather with wide, with one yard of ruffing for No. 3, one and one-half yards of banding for No. 4.

> Accentuating Simplicity. Still further accentuating the simplicity note are the ribbon trimmed Whole bolts of soft, glazed

ribbon are utilized in concecting the bows and loops which adorn some of Stylish Cutaway Coat.

A coat of new and stylish cut is a short cutaway, almost blazer fashion in front, and sloping to a point in

FINANCE AND TRADE REVIEW

DUN'S WEEKLY SUMMARY

Fall Retail Trade Reported Excellent -Liberal Distribution of Wearing Apparel in Leading Cities.

Interest centers in fall retail trade and results are all that could be desired. There is no sectional difference on this point, all leading cities reporting a liberal distribution of seasonable wearing apparel. Supplementary orders are plementary orders are coming to wholesale and jobbing houses, and satisfactory results with autumn goods encourage manufacturers to extend preparations for the next sea-

Mercantile collections have also improved, October payments being fair-ly well met thus far, although rates for commercial paper are abnormally Among the manufacturers the most notable increase in orders is reported by New England shoe shops, while there is no idleness at cotton mills, and the reduction of steel output is not significant. In some lines there is a sentiment of conservatism that eliminates much of the customary speculative business, and this is regarded with satisfaction by those who appreciate the importance of moderation until the financial pressure is reduced.

No change has occurred in the condition of the iron and steel indus-try. Few sales of pig are reported, and some sections of the market are slightly weaker, but as a rule, steadlness prevails, and Bessemer is \$3.50 per ton higher than a year ago. port trade has broadened in several sections of the market, large tonnage of wire going to Canada.

A better feeling exists in primary markets for cotton goods, while mills are producing as rapidly as possible without overtaking orders to any appreciable extent. Jobbers in west continue to transact a large business, although the money market is still a restraining feature. Fewer goods are sacrificed by second hands, removing the most depressing influ-

Narrow print cloths are sold well up to next spring, while wide goods are taken less freely.

MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.

	Wheat-No. 2 red 3 90	92
	Ryo-No.2	7.1
	Corn-No 2 vellow, est	75
П	No. 9 yellow, shelled 73	79
Н	Mixed ear 51	68
	No 2 white 50	59
	Piour-Winter patent 4 6)	4 75
	Fancy straight winters 4 31	4 53
	Hay-No. 1 Timothy 19 01	19 50
	Clover No. 1	21 (0
1	Brown middlings 22 00	28 50
	Bran, bulk 2:5)	28 00-
	Straw-Wheat 10 0)	19:50
	Cat 10 50	11 53
٠	Dairy Products.	
	Butter-Elgin creamery 29	3)
	Ohio creamery 21	21
	Fancy country roll 15 Cheese—Ohio, new 11	15
	New York, new	15
	Pouliry, Etc.	- 22
н	Hens-per 1b	18
	Chickens—dressed	21
		75
П	Fruits and Vegetables.	44%
		15 0)
	Cabbage—per ton	4 45
	Salara Por Salara Salar	
	BALTIMORE.	
	Flour-Winter Patent \$ 4 45	1.0
ы	Wheat-No. 2 red 1 08	
	Corn-Mixed 74	73
	Butter-Ohio creamery 25	45
	Butter-Ohio creamery 25	27
	PHILADELPHIA.	
	Flour-Winter Patent 4 30	
	Wheat-No. 2 red	1 03
	Corn—No. 2 mixed	45
	Butter-Creamery 20	29
	Eggs-Pennsylvania firsts	- 22
	CONTRACTOR OF THE PROPERTY OF	

-State and Pennsylvania... LIVE STOCK.

NEW YORK.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg. Cattle. Oxen ...

Hogs.

Sheep. Calves.

Simplon Tunnel Full of Radium. wspaper at Geneva claims Prof. Joly has completed a geological examination of specimens of the strata collected from borings for the Simplon tunnel. He found richer traces of radium than any hitherto discovered in Europe. He believes the presence of these deposits caused abnormal heat experienced in

building the tunnel.

Why Currants Are Nutritious. The reason why currants are so remarkably nutritious is that they consist, to a very large degree, of saccharine in its most easily digestible form-that of grape sugar. The piquant flavor of the current, which adds so much to its pleasantness as a food, is derived from the valuable percentage of tartaric acid which the berry contains Potash is also present in the form of cream of tartar and is undoubtedly of dietetic value.-Ladies' Pictorial.