

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Table with subscription rates: One Year \$1.00, Six Months .75, Four Months .50, Two Months .25.

Subscribers are requested to observe the date following the name on the labels of their papers. By referring to this they can tell at a glance how far they are in arrears.

Those who think a woman isn't trusting and clinging enough should take a novice out skating on the ice.

If the fiddler would do away with the credit business, the salvation of the world could be accomplished.

Every time a woman thinks of owning a cow, she begins to build air castles. There is nothing that will do as much toward nourishing hope in a woman's breast as owning a cow.

When a man is sick, his greatest trouble is that no one comes to see him, and he gets lonesome. When a woman gets sick, the greatest trouble is that so many come to see her that they make her worse.

It is related of the Princess Alix that when she was in Wales she put on a pair of corduroy trousers, a blue flannel shirt, an old cloth cap and heavy miner's boots, and went down in a coal mine.

When we pass a chicken coop in front of a grocery store, and hear a rooster crow, in spite of the fact that he is as miserable and unfortunate as a rooster can well be, we wonder what he is crowing about.

The career of Mr. William Cook, of Oklahoma, makes gay reading. Thwarted in love, he gathered a band of daredevils around him and took to the mountains. Thence he descended at intervals upon the plain and robbed trains, banks and government paymasters.

A British butcher never, never will be enslaved! He has put on the smock of war and whetted his knife and cleaver on the steel.

Maywood had once or twice been the guest of his employer at dinner, where he had been introduced to the fair and agreeable Miss Corlis, and an evening or two had been passed by him at her father's house; but nothing occurred to offer the parent any hope that his employe had been affected in any wise by his daughter's charms.

The offer was a liberal one. The income derivable from such a share of the profits would have quintupled Maywood's earnings. On the part of his employer, it was the opening wedge for his future plan of marrying his daughter well, and to his mind, his decision—a declination—instantly, but frankly and kindly given, astounded the generous Mr. Corlis.

WHEN THE SKIES CLEAR OFF.

The prospects will be brighter, The burdens will be lighter, An' the souls of us be whiter When the skies clear off.

A MYSTERIOUS CLERK.

Advertisement of the following tenor appeared in one of the daily journals of a prosperous and rapidly growing American city some years since.

A hundred candidates for this place presented themselves at the establishment of Mr. Corlis, and among the competitors there came a modestly attired person, who more than the others seemed, at first sight, acceptable to the proprietor.

He brought with him and presented to Mr. Corlis a few brief letters of commendation from persons residing eastward, and exhibited a draft for a limited sum upon a responsible banking house in the town.

Ernest Maywood—for thus the applicant signed his name—proved a model clerk. He must have been some thirty years of age when he entered the employ of Mr. Corlis.

His varied qualifications were quickly brought into requisition, and his employe very soon came to esteem him for his accuracy in mercantile matters, as well as for the every-day goodness of character that marked his continually upright and honest course of conduct.

Mr. Corlis had a daughter, his only child, in whom were centered all his hopes. The father thought he saw in the character of his new clerk business qualities most desirable, and he believed him to be a man of integrity and worth.

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quietly awaited another opportunity to carry out his long-cherished plan in reference to his daughter's prospects; while Miss Corlis lost no fitting occasion to second her parent's views and wishes.

"Time flies with silent wings." A twelve-month passes swiftly. Another year elapsed without making any peculiar change in the relations of the parties about whom we have written.

A rival boat was in sight, close behind, and it was the custom for these craft to halt en route at the landing in front of Mr. Corlis's warehouses, to take or leave passengers.

Mr. Corlis and Maywood were among the first who reached the river's edge. Body after body—maimed and scathed—was borne from the boat, and Maywood and his employer were actively busy in their offices of kindness to the unfortunate, when the figure of a plainly dressed man was brought out, writhing in his last agonies, and fearfully mutilated.

Maywood started back, horrified! For an instant he was paralyzed! That face and voice—that last glance! The clerk was bewildered, and motionless as a statue—and the body was taken to the levee.

Subsequent search for him proved futile. He disappeared instantly, and all efforts to find him, or to learn of his whereabouts or his fate, were alike in vain.

What disposal the bookkeeper had made of his surplus earnings, from time to time, if he had any, or whether he had saved any portion of his pay, was unknown to his late employer.

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edge of books and accounts in earlier years assumed the habiliments of the ruder sex, believing that I could thus better earn a sustenance.

"I came here, entered your service, saved a few hundred dollars—and you remember the terrible occurrence which immediately preceded my disappearance?"

"The accident on the steamer?" "Yes. We were hurrying about among the wounded, as you recollect, when the figure of one of the dying sufferers approached us."

"He did not survive the accident, however; and, two hours afterwards, in homely female attire, I claimed his unfortunate remains. None recognized me in my plain apparel, and surely none could suspect that the veiled and humble woman who followed the corpse to its last resting place was in fact the bookkeeper of the well-known Mr. Corlis."

"I left town forthwith. Through your kindness and liberality I had been able to lay by a considerable sum of money, and I departed for the West, and, once more among total strangers, I continued the resumption of the habits and habits of my sex."

A Dog's Intelligence. G. Rugg Thompson, the six-year-old son of Dr. Thompson, of Glens Falls, is the owner of a large St. Bernard named Nero.

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The First Patient. A few days ago the little son of a well-known physician was entertaining a playmate at his father's house.

The lady advanced, offered her hand to Mr. Corlis and his daughter, and said: "Surely, Mr. Corlis, you have not forgotten me?"

Gilbertian humor has been exemplified by an incident at Southport, England. Last week births took place in two families living in the same house.

THE FASHIONS OF OLD.

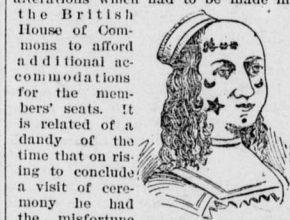
QUEER CUSTOMS OF OTHER BELLES AND DANDIES.

Breeches So Large that They Served as a Storeroom and Were Sometimes Stuffed with Bran—Patches as Adornments—Other Enormities.

Styles that Were. If some of the dandies and beauties of other days could only return to us in the flesh and wearing the habiliments of their age what a sensation they would create!



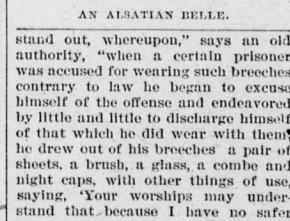
Breeches as a Storeroom. A law was made against such as did so stuff their breeches as to make them



Did Not Say "Hysterical Governness." A correspondent asks me why I have called Charlotte Bronte "a hysterical governness."



Joseph Addison. He was a celebrated English writer, born in 1672. His first poem was published in 1693.



Masks of the Reign of Charles II. legs are incased in "boot-hose tops." "The tops of his boots," says an old record, "were very large, fringed with lace and turned down as low as his spurs, which jingled like the bells of a monice dancer as he walked."

When she is seated." The same Jingle "invented a coach for the reception of one lady only, who is to be let in at the top, and the paper continues, "the said coach has been tried by a lady's woman, in one of these full petticoats (hoops) who was let down from a balcony and drawn up again by pulleys to the great satisfaction of all who beheld the sight."

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January is the greatest shopping month of the year. Camphor placed next to furs will make their color lighter. Wedding outfits can be hired in New York for so much an hour.

When my lady shops or goes skating she wears the heaviest gloves made, with huge bone buttons and big clumsy fingers.

There are twenty-four women taking the graduate course at Yale this year. Among them is one from Radcliffe College.

The Rev. Lydia Saxton, who for fifty-six years had been a preacher in Washington State, died recently, aged ninety-five.

When Sophie Lyons, the noted shop-lifter, was arrested in St. Louis a much thumbed copy of "Trilby" was found in her possession.

It is the privilege of one of the noble ladies-in-waiting to the Queen of England to extract the seeds from the orange her Majesty intends to eat.

There is no doubt that big sleeves are going out. The Princess of Wales and the Dutchess of York have all their gowns made with very moderate sleeves.

A colored woman in New Orleans is about to take her degree in medicine, and will be the first woman to practice in that city with a degree won in Louisiana.

Mrs. L. E. Castle, of Iowa, who is serving as justice of the peace, was elected to that position because the ticket had her initials instead of those of her husband.

The ex-Empress Eugenie, of France, has recently visited Queen Victoria at Windsor, and the two ladies went out shopping together in the quaint and drowsy old town.

Miss Ida Lockwood, of Munice, has lately been commissioned Deputy County Recorder in Delaware County, Indiana. She has been a clerk in the office for eleven years, and is the first woman deputy in that county.

Queen Louise, of Denmark, is one of the oldest European monarchs. She is seventy-seven years of age, but is quite youthful in appearance.

Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, D. D., of Philadelphia, has received diplomas for the ministry, law and medicine. She is Vice-President of the National woman suffragists, has an orotund speaking voice and is one of the most aggressive talkers of her sex.

Professor Porter's elaborate investigation of the weight of women seems to show that during early girlhood brunettes weigh a trifle more than blondes, but that after they have attained womanhood there is no significant difference in their weight.

Mrs. Elizabeth R. Parker, of Philadelphia, deserves the thanks of all women. She has invented a trunk that can be raised to any desired height for convenience in packing and unpacking, doing away with the back-breaking, and the kneeling positions necessary in packing ordinary trunks.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN