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Extensive educational reforms are projected by the Madrid ministry. The war demonstrated the need of teaching the Spanish young idea how to shoot.

Since July last 990 bicycles have been stolen in Chicago, and the police of that city give out the opinion gravely that some bike burglar is trying for a ten-century record.

The shade of Christopher Columbus, in the Elysian Fields, must smile with amusement to see his countrymen of today carrying his brother's dust to and fro upon the earth under the pious fiction that it is his, while his own rests undisturbed by the side of the rusting fetters he once wore.

One of the first acts of General Wood at Santiago de Cuba was to reform and vastly improve the school system. General Kitchener's first act concerning Khartoum since his conquest of the place is to raise \$500,000 for the establishment of a college there. That is what Anglo-Saxon conquest means today—the building not of fortresses to enslave people, but of schools to educate and elevate them.

The vegetarians may be expected to deny the recent statement of an American physician in Porto Rico, who says that the Porto Ricans have become physically degenerate because they eat vegetables and not meat. The vegetarians can bring up the authority of the Bible, for it relates of Daniel that after eating nothing but pulse and water for ten days his countenance "appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat."

The advantages of ancestry and family are worth little in themselves to a young man save in our oldest communities. In the newer parts of the country the day laborer, provided nature has gifted him with brains and energy, may cherish any ambition. Lincoln was a day laborer. General Miles was a clerk in a dry goods store. Blaine taught a country school. Garfield drove mules on the towpath. McKinley practised law in the insignificant little town of Canton, Ohio.

The Omaha exposition was a remarkable demonstration of the industrial prosperity of that section of the West which contributed to its array of exhibits. It was another indication of the rapidly increasing industrial importance of a part of our country which the Eastern mind is accustomed to regard in a somewhat confused and nebulous light—as a vast stretch of farm-lands, most of them heavily mortgaged, and none of them removed very many steps from a state of uncomfortable poverty. The exposition at Omaha tended to prove, along with the unceasing argument of the Western press, that the West in reality enjoys a high degree of prosperity, and, furthermore, that its activities are not confined to agriculture, but that they are fast stretching out into directions which the East is inclined to consider as lying within the limits of its own special field of usefulness. The fair at Omaha made an especial effort to show that the West is fast assuming importance as a manufacturing and commercial territory.

Queensland is inaugurating a new departure in the fruit trade, says London Invention. It is found that dried bananas take the place of raisins in puddings very well, and an enterprising firm in Queensland has sent to the Agent General's office, in Victoria street, Westminster, a consignment of dried bananas, with the object of opening up a market for them in England. As soon as the public have tested for themselves the agreeable flavor which dried bananas give the puddings, there is sure to be a big demand for them.

In Germany 45,251 persons under 13 years of age were convicted of crime or misdemeanor in 1897. Of these 22,544 were sentenced for theft, 7,537 for violence to the person and 5,687 for fraud.

DAN JUDSON'S RIDE.

By EDWARD JOHN HART.



PRISINGS were in the air and Salisbury, the capital of Mashonaland, was in a state bordering on panic, in the month of June, 1896. The Mashonas had risen to aid their former oppressors, the Matabele, and from the 15th to the 18th of June, and thence onward for many terrible days almost every hour brought tragic tidings. Prospectors, miners and travelers, unsuspecting of danger, were being slaughtered in all directions. Stores and lonely houses were besieged, looted and burned, after the owners were slain.

Judge Vincent, the Chartered Company's active administrator, could only muster 250 burghers armed with but eighty rifles and one Maxim between them, to protect the 300 women and children in Salisbury.

Mr. Dan Judson, chief inspector of the Chartered Company's Telegraphs, and a then recently gazetted captain in the Rhodesia Horse, was one of the few men who had prophesied that the Mashonas would rebel. Though a young man, he was an old pioneer, had taken part in two campaigns, and knew the country well.

Having friends at the Mazoe—a small settlement centering round the Alice Mine at the head of the Mazoe Valley, about twenty-seven miles from Salisbury—Judson wired to Mr. Salt-house, manager of the Goldfields of Mazoe Company, the news of the murders as it came in.

When, however, early on Wednesday, the 17th of June, the inspector had occasion to wire the Mazoe people the terrible list of murders ending with the blood-curdling Norton massacre, he suggested that their women folk, at least, had better come into Salisbury, where a strong laager was being constructed.

Consequently at midnight a wagon, or large wagonette, and six mules left the telegraph office in charge of Mr. J. O. Blakiston, Captain Judson's clerk, and Trooper Zimmerman of the Rhodesia Horse.

At nine the next morning (Thursday, the 18th) a telegram was received from Blakiston announcing his safe arrival, that he had met nothing on the road, and was ready to leave with the women as soon as they had breakfasted.

Judson then—by wire, of course—ordered the Mazoe telegraph office to be closed, after first instructing Blakiston, Salt-house, and the men with them to start off at once with the ladies. The inspector passed the next few hours feverishly anticipating their arrival.

On going into the office later on, he was astonished—believing Mazoe to have been deserted since morning—to hear the Mazoe instrument clicking. It ceased as he entered, and Lieutenant Harrison, then in charge of the Salisbury Telegraph, silently handed him this message:

"Blakiston to Inspector Judson. Three men killed. Alice Mine surrounded. Send help at once. Our only chance. Good-bye."

The news from the Mazoe greatly distressed Judge Vincent, for he was now being harassed on all sides with the most piteous appeals for assistance, which, for the most part, he was unable to grant. Now, when Judson asked him if nothing could be done to assist the Mazoe people, he said he was afraid no men could be spared. After some talk, however, the inspector was granted permission to take four men, and these he chose from the members of the Rhodesia Horse.

Just before sunset, the little patrol of one officer and four men rode out of the town on its forlorn errand. The party consisted of Captain Judson and Troopers Honey, Gayton, Godfrey King and Hendriks; but three miles out it was joined by Captain Stamford-Brown, who was chief p Yamstomer of the Rhodesia Horse, but not on its ordinary fighting strength.

The patrol then pushed on, and near the Gwebi River unearthed a native, who, when challenged, fled precipitately. With one brief halt to loosen girths and allow horses and men a hasty meal, the patrol rode on to Mount Hampden, and again halted, keeping a sharp look-out the while. Here, at half-past three in the morning, they were joined by a reinforcement from Salisbury, consisting of Troopers Finch, Pollett, Niebuhr, Coward, Mulvaney and King.

Before starting, Judson addressed his comrades, pointing out that they were about to enter what might prove a veritable death-trap, and that there must be no thought of turning back after they had once started. Not a man of them, however, shrank from the mission; and descending the rise on which the farm stands, they crossed the Tatagora River and proceeded in single file, Judson leading, with Captain Brown a close second.

After covering half a mile or more, they entered a stretch of tall, dense grass, in length about 300 yards, terminating in a perfect jungle. It was an ideal spot for an ambush, and turning in his saddle, Judson gave the abrupt order, "Gallop!" Still going in single file they tore along, the only sound being the thunder of the hoofs of the horses.

Judson dashed through the extremity of the patch about ten yards ahead of Brown, who was closely fol-

lowed by the others. Then he wheeled his horse round, and raising his gun covered the thickest clump of grass, past which Niebuhr and Pollett were then galloping. As he did so, a dozen shots rang out in rapid succession; fire and smoke burst out of the grass not six yards from the two men, and at the same moment both of them were on the ground, horses and all. In the same instant Judson caught sight of the natives crouching in the grass and fired his slug-charged barrels, felling two of them. This alone prevented a volley being fired on Honey and Coward, the latter of whom was thrown by his horse—who was frightened at the sudden discharge—right in front of the enemy.

Two horses were killed outright; Pollett was badly shaken and Niebuhr severely wounded, his hand having been shattered by slugs. Brown, Hendriks, Coward and Honey then opened a hot fire on the enemy to engage their attention, while, with great difficulty, Judson got the wounded man to his horse behind him, Pollett clambering up behind Hendriks.

Then they fired a volley into the rebels at forty yards, and again started off at a gallop, Niebuhr's wounded and useless arm hanging limply over Judson's shoulder, and saturating the front of the latter's tunic with blood.

Before they had galloped many hundred yards, a large party of the enemy was seen running parallel with them along the mountain side to cut them off. Judson at once halted his detachment and poured volley after volley into the enemy, the Martins at 300 yards range doing good execution among the natives and forcing them to retire.

Once more the party started forward, but this time at a gentler canter, emptying their rifles as they rode, and keeping up a running fire. On approaching thick clumps of grass which swarmed with concealed natives, they dislodged them by firing volleys into them as they advanced, and then rushed past the dangerous spots at a flying gallop.

Judson gave orders that, in the event of any more getting wounded, and the survivors being unable to carry them, they were to stick together and endeavor to secure a position on one of the kopjes, where they would be able to hold their own, at least while the ammunition lasted.

Judson decided, and so informed his comrades, that if they were unable to discover their friends alive, they were to fight their way to the telegraph office and inform the Salisbury authorities of their plight. They would then laager up as best they could, the fact of their having no food and but little ammunition left forcing him to realize that such a proceeding—though the only one possible under the circumstances—could be but a preliminary to certain death.

Just as they were heading for the telegraph office, they heard a great shout of mingled triumph and despair, and looking round they beheld, standing up and waving to them from within an improvised laager on a small kopje near the Alice Mine, the men and women they had fought their way so gallantly to rescue. But for that about the patrol might have ridden past, so hidden was the laager by masses of the enemy. Through these blood-thirsty savages the relief force now shot a pathway for themselves and whilst under a hail of lead, but still firing volley after volley, they came up the slope at a gallop, and in a minute rescuers and rescued were united.

Thus Dan Judson's patrol had had to fight their way in under a continuous, heavy, close-range fire from dense cover, for a distance of eight miles. But the besieged had also a terrible experience to relate.

When on the Thursday it was decided that all the Mazoe people should proceed to Salisbury, a party of the men, as before related, started on ahead, taking with them fourteen native carriers and a cart drawn by two donkeys to carry their provisions.

About 11 a. m. they left the rough laager of logs and boulders which had been constructed the previous day, but had not gone above three miles when their carriers led them into ambush. Cases and Dickenson were done to death on the grass with assegais and knobkerries, whereupon the rest turned the cart round and jumped in, but had not proceeded far when Faull, who was driving, was shot through the stomach by a native concealed in the grass not four yards from him. Almost at the same moment one donkey was killed and the other wounded, and the men, abandoning the cart, then ran for their lives.

They met the wagonette containing the three ladies and turned it back. Finally, shooting for all they were worth at fifty or sixty natives who chased them and fired as they ran, they regained the shelter of the laager.

And then occurred a strange thing, which for heroism is not to be excelled in the annals of war. A message had to be wired to Salisbury for relief, but in the face of certain death would volunteer to take it?

Then Blakiston, who was a telegraph clerk, but not an operator, volunteered to take the message if Routledge, who was an operator, would accompany him to transmit it. The two men knew it was certain death, too—and yet they went.

Blakiston was wounded in the foot before he reached the telegraph office, but sent his message—and his good-bye. The people from the laager

caught sight of them on their return, when they were some 1700 yards distant. They saw Blakiston fall on the road, man and horse, riddled with bullets. Routledge ran for cover into the bush, but was never seen again.

After the arrival of the relief, the enemy for a time practically ceased firing, though the watchers knew they remained concealed in their vicinity.

For the promised reward of \$500, a singularly plucky Cape boy named Hendrix was induced to ride to Salisbury with a dispatch asking for a reinforcement of forty men and one Maxim gun.

On the Gwebi Flats he met Inspector Nesbit of the police, with a patrol consisting of Troopers Ogilvie, Harbord, McGregor, Byron, Edmonds, Arnot, A. Nesbit, Berry, Van Staaden, Zimmerman, McGeer and Jacobs—thirteen men in all.

The inspector elected to proceed at once to the Mazoe, without waiting for further reinforcements, and partly on account of the darkness, and partly owing to the enemy making sure of them on the return journey, they reached the Mazoe without fighting.

The party now numbered thirty men and three women; and after the new arrivals had fed and rested their horses, all hands set about preparing for their departure.

Judson had the two sides, and to an extent the back of the wagonette armored with sheet-iron, which—as was observed at the time—fitted so well, that it seemed to have been made for the purpose. The mules had all been shot or lost, so six men were dismounted, and the six troop horses inspanned in their place, though they had never been in harness before.

The order of march was an advance guard of five mounted men and eight on foot, and then a rear guard of seven mounted and eight footmen. A start was made before noon.

The thick bushes and kopjes were alive with thousands upon thousands of the enemy officered by experienced Matabele, and armed with Lee-Method, Martinis and elephant guns, crammed with pot-legs and every variety of slug.

Mounted natives never ceased to harass the rear guard, and pressed it so close that at one point a halt had to be made, and volley after volley fired to drive them back. A few minutes afterwards Lieutenant McGeer fell, and his horse bolted, but was pluckily ridden after and recaptured by Hendriks. Then two of the patrol had their horses shot dead under them. Judson and Stamford-Brown ran back to see McGeer, and found him lifeless, with several bullets through his head. All this while the enemy for the most part remained hidden, the grass edging the roadside being from eight to nine feet high. In this dense cover the natives squatted, and took pot-shots at the patrol, who had only flashes and puffs of smoke to aim at in return.

About a mile from the Tatagora Drift, where the road winds between the foot of a large kopje and the river, annihilation seemed certain. The blacks were swarmed to within three yards of the road, and bullets seemed to rain upon the horses from every quarter. Here one of the leaders of the team was shot through the head, but not killed, and kept its place. Immediately after, however, the off-side wheeler fell mortally wounded, and while Brown and Salt-house were struggling to cut him loose, the near wheeler was killed and almost fell on Salt-house.

Next Jacobs and Van Staaden were shot dead, the latter falling with the side of his head completely blown away. Arnot was cut off from his comrades, but eventually escaped. Hendriks in the advance guard was shot right through the jaws and mouth, and was ordered to abandon the conveyance and save himself. Ogilvie was shot and severely injured; and Burton, receiving a terrible wound—right through the face—just managed to clamber into the wagon, and fell bleeding among the horrified women.

Still the agonized procession forged slowly ahead, and still the four remaining horses painfully dragged the wagonette, blood pouring from the nose and mouth of the wounded leader. The advance guard now made a series of charges on the ambushes ahead, and so diverted some of the fire from the wagonettes. At the end of that terrible valley, a ruse de guerre was attempted, the advance guard riding forward and cheering wildly as if they sighted advancing relief. The cheering was taken up by the rest—and the ruse succeeded.

The firing slackened off perceptibly, and soon ceased altogether; and before they reached the Gwebi River all pursuit was abandoned.

With one halt, varied by a false alarm that the natives were again in sight, they toiled painfully over the intervening seventeen miles, reaching Salisbury Laager about ten o'clock.

They received an indescribable ovation, it being reported that all were killed. The attack on the Alice Mine and the reliefs had lasted, with but little intermission, more than sixty hours.

Inspector Nesbit—possibly because he was connected with a force more nearly allied to the regular forces—was given a Victoria Cross, but he was the only member of that gallant little band whose services were recognized by government. Captain Dan Judson, the organizer, leader and moving spirit of the most heroic expedition in colonial annals—despite the strenuous recommendations of Judge Vincent—received—nothing! But his heroic feat of arms is not likely to be forgotten by the people of the veldt side, and will be remembered by most Englishmen who know the story.—Wide World Magazine.

The elephant beetle of Venezuela is the biggest of its species. An average specimen of this insect, when full grown, weighs half a pound.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Queen Victoria as Godmother.

Tommy Atkins at large, and particularly Tommy Atkins who has been fighting with Kitchener, is in great delight at the latest act of the good English Queen. After the death of Captain Findlay, of the Seventy-ninth Highlanders, who was killed at the battle of Atbara, Her Majesty signified her desire to become godmother to his infant son. The Captain stood six feet four inches tall, and was said to be "as brave as he was tall." He had been married only a few months at the time of his death, and when baby was born the Queen named him Victor Alexander and presented him with a beautiful baptismal cloak.

The Discomfort of Conventional Dress.

It is a singular development of these latter days that discomfort is somehow believed to be an adjunct of high civilization. To be comfortable in low shoes, low collars, loose gowns and durable colors and materials is allowable in periods of relaxation, as in summer vacations, but when the work-time begins, and the so-called "social season" is inaugurated, the raiment must be girdled and tightened. Thus the poor, protesting but sternly repressed body passes its most strenuous periods in an armor which not only lessens its efficiency, but positively hastens its decay and dissolution. The extraordinary fallacy that in some inscrutable way bodily comfort and a stiff and girdled conventionality are necessary to the preservation of high social and moral standards, ought to be sloughed off from our modern code.

Daily work can be far better done when the body is perfectly comfortable. Not a single hard, stiff, binding feature should attach to our every-day costume. Why cannot men and women be reasonable and independent, and learn to admire realities instead of artificial fancies?—Kate Upson Clark, in the Woman's Home Companion.

For Fur For the Hat.

A hat with a fur brim may sound weighty, but it is pretty for all that, especially if the fur is chinchilla and the crown is a flat Holbein affair pressed back on one side by a huge rosette of white feathers. That at least is one type of the headgear that has a following just now. A great display is made in the shops of tany toques twisted up out of a half yard of bias velvet and absolutely nothing more. The velvet is usually of the most daring color, or shaded like a rainbow, and has two tall rabbit-ear points springing up in front. The worthy ginea hen makes the most hay in the autumn sunshine, for we now have hats the crowns or brims of which are made of the pretty speckled feathers. Brims are sometimes appropriately faced with this barnyard plumage, and there is, by the way, a deal of emphasis laid on the facing of a hat. The milliners have persuaded many customers to have a narrow line of scarlet spangles run in under the brim and just in front next to the hair. By this device, the hatmakers say, warm red light is reflected on the cheeks just above the eyes, thereby greatly adding to the brilliancy of the latter. Blond women face their hats with turquoise blue cheville lace, while sallow women make use of pale pink under the brim, and all these devices are said to be actual helps to beauty.—New York Sun.

The Value of Good Taste.

There is a young woman "sug-gester" in Washington, who, while she does no actual shopping herself, may be put under the same head. This young woman has an artistic eye, and her services are in demand by wealthy women who want to be told just what they ought to wear. The young woman tells them, and tells them just right. She has a large number of clients, and she knows just exactly what each of them should wear to appear at her best at all seasons of the year. She does not confine herself to costumes, but knows just what is best suited to each of her clients in the way of hats, shoes, gloves and other feminine paraphernalia. She makes money. Under the same heading comes a well-known Washington woman, whose circumstances are not such that she needs to be employed, but who has a standing commission from a number of wealthy Washingtonians to purchase for them whatever she likes, on her numerous trips out of Washington, in the way of pictures, statuettes, medallions, antiques and especially old and fine pottery. She is an expert in ceramics. This young woman spent a number of years as an art student in Paris, and she is known at all of the art sales in this country as a discreet and careful buyer of the very first quality of judgment. She has bought hundreds of the works of art of all sorts that adorn the private collections of Washingtonians, and she receives a liberal commission for her work of selection.—Washington Star.

Gymnasiums For Women.

Many new gymnasiums and gymnasia classes for women have been opened this season in our large cities, and smaller towns are not far behind in providing opportunities for women who have become interested in their bodily development to take up such practices work.

Women generally go into physical culture with great enthusiasm, and well-appointed gymnasiums used by them are fitted up with all the apparatus used by men. The trapeze, parallel and leaping bars, and rowing and riding machines, the bicycle school, the running track, the bowling

AN OLD-FASHIONED SPORT.

When chestnut trees are beaten bare, and hickory leaves turn yellow, when drooping papaws fill the air with perfume rich and mellow, when boys steal off in early night, while whimpering screech-owls shiver, and by the pine-knots' flickering light go giggling, down the river.

Our blazing prow in crystal swims; We bear a wind-blown tinkle Of hidden rills, and through the limbs Stars peep, and home like twinkles On distant hills; and there below, Where restless weeds are swaying, A silent circle widens slow.

The muskrat's door betraying, Alert I lean along the bowing, With slender zig held ready, While Ben now poles the boat, and now Stands still, and holds her steady. The fallen leaves in squadrons pass, Each leaf its shadow throwing, And which are shadows, which are bass, Is often past our knowing.

The townsman, rigged with rod and reel, When summer suns are burning, With an air of holds her steady, Our rustic methods spurning, But each to each his own delights—No keener sport we're wishing Than here to try in pleasant nights

Our ancient Indian fishing, And oft again in wintry dreams, Our boys' antics on the river, Glide backward down the darkling streams, Where Memory's torch is playing; Again the steel is aimed true, And down grant and sweat a river Tingles afloat the thrill they knew When sitting on the river. —William Harvey Woods, in Youth's Companion.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Rose—"Was he on his knees when he proposed?" Mary—"No; but I was."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"The vane on the church steeple says the wind is East." "Well, that is pretty high authority."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Caller—"Doesn't it worry you to think of your daughter on the ocean?" Old Lady—"Laud sakes, no. She can swim."—New York Weekly.

"This now the humble married man And down grant and sweat a river And carry out his wife's commands And her dear house plants in."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

First Billionaire—"Make much of the deal?" Second Billionaire—"No; not over a million." First Billionaire—"Oh, well; every million counts."—Truth.

Bangs—"How they applauded!" Griggs—"Yes; probably the man who is speaking is telling them what intelligent looking men they are."—Boston Transcript.

Bobby—"Popper, what is a respectable fortune?" Mr. Ferry—"One big enough to make its owner's opinions on any subject entitled to respect."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hoax—"Jones gets a great deal of credit for the way he keeps his family clothed." Joak—"Well, they wouldn't be so nicely dressed if he didn't."—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Benham—"Mother tried to commit suicide to-day, but I prevented it." Mrs. Benham—"I wish you'd let her have her own way about those little things."—Town Topics.

"No, Herbert, I am sorry, but I am sure we could not be happy together. You know I always wait my own way in everything." "But my dear girl, you could go on wanting it after we were married."—London Judy.

Physician (looking into his anteroom)—"Who has been waiting the longest?" Tailor (who had called to present his bill)—"I have, doctor; I delivered the clothes to you three years ago."—Pileague Blatter.

"I wonder," remarked Professor Delver, "if the Emperor William turned up his royal nose when he saw the Mosque of Omar?" "Omar" echoed Mrs. Delver, momentarily at a loss. "Oh, yes. He was the man who wrote the Iliad."—Chicago Tribune.

"Minnie," said a mother to her naughty three-year-old daughter, "what is the reason you and your little brother Harry can't get along without quarrelling?" "I don't know," was the reply, "unless it's because I take after you and Harry takes after papa."

They had been talking of the war hero. "When he passed through our town," said the blonde triumphantly, "I kissed him." "Quite likely," answered the brunette, "but I never have found it necessary to take the initiative in such matters."—Chicago Evening Post.

It was with diffidence that he rose to the sentiment. "Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen," he said, "I am not reminded of a little story— Of course he was howled down. A palpable liar has no standing before a cultivated American audience."—Detroit Journal.

He (after being accepted)—"And now, darling, may I just have one kiss?" She—"Will you promise never to ask me again if I let you have just one?" He—"I'll promise not to ask for that particular one again." She—"Oh, well, take it. But I don't see why you want to waste time asking such fool questions."—Chicago News.

The Bachelors of Ancient Rome.

Ancient Rome was severe with its bachelors, who were made to pay heavy fines and were subjected to even worse treatment, for it is on record that Camillus, after the siege of Veii, compelled them to marry the widows of those soldiers who had fallen in battle. In the time of Augustus married men were preferred for filling public offices. Romans who had as many as three children were exempt from the payment of personal taxes and they were paid instead by the bachelors. Plato condemned unmarried men to be fined, and at Sparta they were driven at certain times to the Temple of Hercules by the women, who chastised them in true military style. In modern times women were sent over to the French settlement of Canada after the men, and in order to compel unwilling bachelors to marry they were heavily taxed.

Gleanings From the Shops. Twilled lining silks at a low price. Infants' coats in crepon eiderdown. Light cloth ulsters, with flared skirt effect.

White astrakhan capes trimmed with blue fox. Military capes, in sizes from ten to fifteen years.

Fleur-de-lis garter clasps set with rhinestones. Curious and very attractive hat and belt buckles. Children's house slippers of red, edged with fur.

Small plaids in woolen goods, suitable for children. Gaufréd silk, imitating muffs, for fronts and yokes. Fancy backcombs set with turquoise, rhinestones, etc.

Tailor-made gowns of boxcloth, with flare collar of fur. Ankle and knee length gaiters of black cloth for women. Taffeta barre, in white and a color, divided by a cord effect.

Tailored suits of cloth, with white satin revers and jacket lining. Liberty silks in clusters of trunks, broken by black or white lace insertion. Silver belt buckles in Roman, Greek and gray gold, set with semi-precious stones.

Large, round glass lockets for putting a natural flower in, which is removable.—Dry Goods Economist.