



AN ANGLER'S YARN.

How a Fisherman Was Almost Caught... An old sergeant of police who adores angling illustrated the other night how the sport of catching striped bass so fascinated him that, "taking a chance" to fish for them while on patrol duty, gave him what he termed "the closest call" he ever had.

"My post," he narrated, "was on the North river front, and at the time I speak of the fish were sitting freely at the switchman's platform. At One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street. I was to go on duty at midnight, and had provided myself with bait, which I stowed away until roll-call; then I put it in my pocket, took my beat and left the bait at the switchman's."

"About two o'clock in the morning I made up my mind that no superior officer would visit me, so I got the switchman's boat and my bait and tackle and, after hiding my uniform and putting on an old coat and a big slouch hat, rowed off the platform a hundred feet, anchored and was soon happily pulling them in."

"I happened, just as day broke, to look toward the platform, and I thought I'd have from when I saw Sergeant and Roundsman—come on it. I had time to yank the hat over my ears and fix my attention to my line when the sergeant yelled out: 'Any luck?' He was a fisherman, too."

"Of course I didn't answer, and trusted to the wit of the switchman to help me out of my scrape. He was as smart as I thought he was. The sergeant yelled again, and I heard the switchman say: 'Faint no use a holier-in-at-him; he's from the deef'n dumb asylum, poor fellow.'"

"'Is, hey?'" said the sergeant. "Well, Nick, I guess we'll go and hunt up that blamed man on the post." And they left.

"I had enough of fishing that morning. I had the creeps, and you can bet that as soon as I dared I up with my anchor and went ashore, and as soon as I got my uniform on I hunted for the sergeant and roundsman and gave them a yarn to explain why they didn't find me." If I'd been caught I'd have resigned, for it would have been tough to have been tried and have had the commissioner poking fun at me, but worse than hanging to have it get in the newspapers.

"Spite of this lesson, 'twasn't long before I took the same chance again."—N. Y. Sun.

OLD PAPER IS NEVER WASTED. Not White Paper at All Events—What Old Metals Are Worth.

"There is no such thing as waste paper," said the junk dealer. "Hardly a scrap of white paper ever wasted. Every bit of it that is thrown away is carefully gathered up and finds its way eventually to the mill again, to be made over. The note-book in your hand may furnish material for the pages on which you will write a letter six months hence, and perhaps a year later you will unknowingly find it incorporated in a summer novel with yellow covers. Thus the stock of paper that supplies the world is used over and over again indefinitely through the medium of the scavengers the dealers in junk, and the factories, which are continually engaged in transforming the discarded material into fresh and clean sheets."

"Brown paper, however, is different. Because it is composed of nothing more valuable than straw it is mostly thrown away and never used again. I would not pay you twenty-five cents for a ton of it. A few years ago old newspapers were worth four cents a pound, being made out of wood pulp and straw, and their market value is only a quarter of a cent a pound. Office papers, such as old bills and such scraps, are worth the same price as newspapers, while what we call 'office sweepings,' composed largely of envelopes, are quotable at fifteen cents a hundred weight."

"The kind of paper for which I pay the highest price is such stuff as ledgers with the covers torn off and other fine writing paper. For that kind of material I will give one dollar and twenty-five cents a hundredweight. 'Reading books are worth fifty cents a hundred pounds. Ordinary mixed white paper has a value of fifteen cents a hundred. Old metals I purchase just as I do waste paper. For old iron I pay twenty-five cents a hundredweight, and for old lead three and one-half cents a pound by the quantity. Old copper is worth seven cents a pound, and old brass fetches from five to six cents. There are people who deal in second-hand machinery, but I only buy it as old iron. Saws, wheels and dumbbells I buy and sell as such when they are in good condition."—Chicago Tribune.

Corean Hospitality. In the matter of hospitality we might learn many fine points from the Coreans, who appear, from the following story, to keep alive the ancient notion that nothing should be too good for the stranger within their gates. When Admiral Shufeldt went to the Hermit National to arrange for a treaty, Miss Shufeldt missed a valuable bracelet, the theft of which was duly reported to the proper authorities. Suspicion rested on two natives, who were taken before the tribunal and subjected to a rigorous examination. The officials found that no incriminating evidence could be obtained against the suspected culprits, and informed Miss Shufeldt of the fact, but added, in a spirit of courtesy, that "if Madam wishes, however, we will at once cut off the heads of both men."—National Tribune.

Come to Stay. Kingley—Old man, I hear that you have a new addition to your household. Allow me to congratulate you. What is it, a boy or girl? Bing—Neither. It's my cook's sister from Ireland.—N. Y. Truth.

Regard for Harmony. Miss Young—Have you seen Miss Waite's engagement ring? Miss Green—Yes, I think it is a horrid insult. The idea of a man giving a spinster of her years a ring of old gold.—Jewelers' Weekly.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she clung to Castoria. When she became Miss, she cried for Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

WOMAN OF FASHION.

Some Valuable Points on the Coming Hat.

The Way It Looks at Present—Wonderful and Striking Combinations—New Fall Dresses—A Novel Way to Make a Cape.

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What shall I say of the coming hat? In what words shall I bring it before your vision? The Easter bonnet, it seemed to us a few months ago, surpassed in brilliancy and loveliness all former creations, with its dainty colorings, flashing stones and flying streamers; but the coming hat is not lovely and bewitching, it is not tender and winning; none of these. It lures us with its deep rich beauty, it fascinates us with its luxuriance of color, with the sparkling of its gems, with the bril-



A DEMI-SEASON COAT.

liant colorings of its plumes, with the splendor of its velvet folds, with the decadence of its striking combination. We cannot resist it. No woman could ever resist a bonnet, anyway, but this holds her completely captive. Truly, we are victims, slaves, anything you will; we bow low before the coming hat.

Its shape, as yet, is like the summer hat to a great extent. It is too early yet for an innovation in that direction. Its characteristic, however, is a broad brim in front to admit of much trimming. Many of the new felts have a broad beaver band around the brim, about an inch inside the edge, and also a beaver crown. Many have this band made of very flat feather trimming instead.

What is the favorite color? It's like the dress materials; there's such a mass of brilliant coloring that so far no prophet, no matter how keen her eye, can tell what color whimsical women will select from this bewildering maze, to call her own these cooler days. The brown tendency has been overwhelmed by this mass. One combination is almost as fascinating as another. Here's a rich, dark green, trimmed with great folds of green velvet, with sigrettes, with Rhinestones. Here an exquisite white, with a towering creation in front of tips that run from white into deepest green, and from white into deepest brown; a quantity of sigrettes and some delicate white velvet add the finishing touches. Here's a brown, with no other color, all velvet; on the side, stretching forward, even to the very edge of the front, stands a long velvet bow, clasped in the middle by a buckle. Here's another, such a funny shape, in brown, positively square in front, straight across the face, and at the sides, where it rounds off into the back, drooping down slightly in a roll. It is trimmed with pale green velvet ribbon that is white satin inside, and it has yellow and brown plumes in great number. Here's a tiny, straight, English hat, black, with a straight row of pale green feathers laid along the entire side in the front, a large orange velvet bow, and tied in with a delicate passementerie band of cream embroidered in gold and pearls.

Oh! there are so many of them, and all so beautiful, that it's bewildering to look at them. We turn away with a vague impression of luxuriant brilliancy, thinking that we'll wait awhile before we decide what to get.

Another importation of winter goods shows broad bands richly embroidered, some in the applique satin leaf style like the French embroideries in fancy work, and below a narrow edge of fur or thick feather trimming. I saw one like the new shot velvet stripes on the street the other day. It was made in princess style, entirely plain except for a full bodice front of pink chiffon that turned back in loosely hanging revers.

I saw also a gown of exquisite coloring. It was that soft shade which the French call turtle dove, and it was combined with a real peach color. The skirt was all of the peach color, braided at the edge with soutache a shade lighter and trimmed above with two rows of white satin ribbon. The dress was cut all in one piece at the back and had two narrow bands of the soutache work, which started under the arms and curved down into the line of the back until they reached the skirt of the front of the basque, which was also braided, and which was cut away entirely in front. The space left was filled in with the peach-colored chiffon gathered at the neck, caught up at one side, and then allowed to fall loosely, even below the basque itself, only confined by four white satin bands that formed a belt. A turn-down collar of soutache ran



THE NEW PARISIAN TOUCH.

down in revers in front. A big ruff of peach-colored chiffon, of a much deeper shade than the front, was tied around the neck, terminating with falling ruffles of pink chiffon; the long gloves were just off white. She made a glad-some picture, and it was good to look upon her.

A New Coat from Paris.—It is long, fully half-way down, and is made of Russian green cloth of light texture. The back is plain; the front turns back in revers, covered closely with rows of mohair galloon laid crosswise, and cut in points at the outer edge to form a scallop. Where the revers stop the scallop is continued down the front. The revers make a very high collar, and the coat stands apart considerably in front, more than last year's style did.

Do you want to make a beautiful cape effect out of your feather boa? Or rather from two feather boas, unless the one you have is extremely long. Well, then, let us hang a little at one side; then bring it forward to the middle of the waist and up one side of the front; then around the neck and down on the other side. Then pass it through the band at the waist and bring it all around again. If the boa is full you will find this covers the whole front of the dress, leaving only a long V displayed. If you have a delicate chiffon front in your gown, and your boa is black, the effect is very beautiful. Of course there's nothing at the back but the two rows at the neck, which must be kept high to form an imposing collar.

There are some beautiful new silks and satins for evening dresses to be secured just at present. It will be some weeks, to be sure, before we shall think very seriously of new evening gowns, but it's well to know what will be the thing. A rumor says young girls will wear black velvet, but surely most of them will cling to the dainty colors and shining silks. Most of the new satins—and all that I saw were satins—were

liant colorings of its plumes, with the splendor of its velvet folds, with the decadence of its striking combination. We cannot resist it. No woman could ever resist a bonnet, anyway, but this holds her completely captive. Truly, we are victims, slaves, anything you will; we bow low before the coming hat.

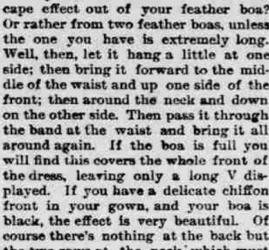
THE PATRIOTIC DRAMA.

Howard Fielding's Impression of a New Naval Play.

The Numerous and Willful Murder of Bob Hilliard and William Harcourt, and Their Repeated Resurrection—Antics of a Corpse.

[COPYRIGHT, 1892.]

The fall theatrical season has opened, and some of the worst shows that were ever seen on earth are now receiving the benefit of a metropolitan indorsement. No man to whom the good name of this planet is dear can fail to be thankful that this year's drama is performed under cover while Mars is so near us. However, if the telescopes on



THE CORPSE FANS HIMSELF.

the red planet are sufficiently powerful to make such things visible, we are ruined already by the roof garden entertainments of the summer.

We are running to extremes. The farce-comedy of the new season has more specialties and less coherency, and the thrilling melodrama has more bloodshed than ever I saw before. The farce-comedy is too harrowing to dwell upon, but I hope to restrain my emotion long enough to pen a few words about the melodrama.

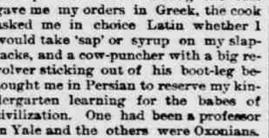
If the tailors who at one time pursued Mr. Robert Hilliard still retain any resentment against him they should derive no little satisfaction from seeing him butchered a dozen times or more for the purposes of the dramatic hash of which he is now the leading ingredient. But his fate is nothing to that of Mr. William Harcourt, who is shot on sight by every character in the piece and drops dead whenever he can find six feet of space not previously occupied by the corpses on the stage.

It is a naval play, and is so realistic that the action, like that of many of our principal navy officers, goes on entirely upon the land. I went to see it from motives of pure patriotism. In campaign times, when half our common country is engaged in calling the other half bad names, it is a good thing to see a patriotic play and hear the audience hiss the British flag and the unfortunate actors who are temporarily enrolled under it. For the benefit of my readers I will briefly sketch the leading incidents of "The White Squadron."

The curtain rises on the peaceful parlor of a young Brazilian lady. We learn from a few hurried words that Leopoldo Dom Pedro is going to be exported almost immediately. Mr. Harcourt appears for a few minutes, and it is well to look at him closely, for it is the last time that we shall see him alive. He appears upon the stage often after that, but he is always either dead or so near it that he would better be numbered with the slain. After he goes out to keep an engagement with a waiting gun, Mr. Byron Douglas, the young villain of the piece and the son of the old villain, enters and says a few disagreeable things, after which Mr. Hilliard comes in, literally with blood in his eye. He has a compound fracture of the frontal bone, and his face looks like that of the losing man in a prize fight just before the police interfere to save the money they have bet on him.

"I know you, Francisco de Romoelo, by the smell of brimstone in the air," says he to the young villain, "but I cannot see you because my eyes are plugged with gore."

Then the young villain throws a glassful of water into Mr. Hilliard's face, thereby enabling him to get his eye winkers apart. They then draw their swords and slash around a little, but the young lady who owns the house



NOT A DROP FOR ROBERT.

sends them to their corners before any more blood is spilled on her sitting-room carpet.

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"Hide him," says Mr. Douglas, "it matters not where. Put him on top of the center table, if you want to, for a stage searching party is always blind."

"Do you understand the nature of an oath?" asks Mr. Hilliard. "If you think you do, swear not to betray me." "I will not betray you," said the villain, "for I have arranged to kill you later in the game."

They both go out, and Mr. Harcourt comes in. He has been shot through both lungs by a ten-inch cannon, and has only a few minutes to spare. He occupies them in conversation with Mr. Henry Lee, the old villain, who is a general in the Brazilian army, and Mr. Harcourt's superior officer. Mr. Harcourt cannot stand on his pins, but the general does not seem sorry to see him in that condition. He orders the young man to be propped up with a musket.

"I sent you out to protect a silver train," says the general. "It was to be attacked by brigands, of whom I am secretly chief. I knew you would be killed, but after you had been killed why, tell me why, did you not report the fact to me, your superior officer?" "Because," replies Mr. Harcourt, with delightful irrelevancy, "because I love your daughter."

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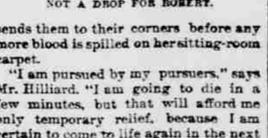
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Tuff's Tiny Pills

If you have no appetite, indigestion, flatulence, sick-headache, all run down, or losing flesh, take Tuff's Tiny Pills. They tone up the weak stomach and build up the flagging energies. Etc.

By order of the general, Mr. Harcourt's body was removed behind a screen. The light struck across the stage and threw the shadow of the corpse upon the scenery behind; and the audience was somewhat amused at seeing this shadow fanning itself industriously during the remainder of the act. It did not speak well for the dead man's character that he should begin to fan himself immediately after his decease, but the post-mortem revelation was a new thing in melodrama, and that's what they're all after.

Then Mr. Hilliard brings his fractured skull once more into full view of the audience, and goes through a harrowing scene with Miss Alice Fischer, who has just come out of a fit into which Mr. Harcourt's death has thrown her. She appears torn by contending passions of love and revenge. She loves Mr. Hilliard with a consuming fiery fervor that parches her tongue, but she believes that he shot off the cannon which killed her brother (Harcourt), and so she is determined to get square if it breaks her heart.

"I thirst; I burn," cries Mr. Hilliard. "There is a pitcher of Croton on the table. Give me a pull at it." But Miss Fischer remembers her dying brother, and she pours the Croton on the carpet, where it doubtless makes a large yellow stain. And Mr. Hilliard, instead of going out to a hydrant, falls dead; after which Miss Fischer faints and then goes crazy. At the end of the act there is nobody able to be up and about the house except the two villains.

Perhaps this single act will suffice as a sample of the whole. Of course Mr. Hilliard and Mr. Harcourt return from the dead and Miss Fischer recovers her reason—which gives us some hope for the author of the piece. In the second act, after a supposed interval of eighteen months, Mr. Hilliard appears as lieutenant commander of the U. S. S. Chicago. Some of the United States naval officers ought to note this case of rapid advancement, it might give them hope. If the interval had been eighty years and Mr. Hilliard had passed



OPENING HIS GAME EYE.

from cabin boy to first assistant powder monkey, the probabilities would not have been hopelessly violated.

In the last five minutes of the play we are treated to the spectacle of a naval parade, which tells us why the piece was so named. To anybody but a landlubber the spectacle of a ship on the stage is always depressing. But this was a little worse than usual. To see the U. S. S. Chicago sail on badly greased rollers, with a sailor sitting straddle of the bowsprit and curling up his feet in order that they may not drag in the briny, is too much like casting ridicule on the flag. Admiral Walker's flagship looked to be about the size of a twenty-foot catboat, and a good tall sailor could have stood on top of the smokestack and furl the top-gallant's.

There are other good points about this play, but I have not time to consider them now. I think in artistic merit it nearly equals the production in which Lillian Lewis is appearing, and in which at the end there are but two of the characters alive, and one of them has taken Paris green.

However, it is ungracious for me to kick about the tendencies of the drama, for I have an order to write a play in which the central figure will be a barrel of a new explosive ten times more powerful than nitro-glycerine.

HOWARD FIELDING.

DRUGSTORE NAMES.

The Funny Bluffs Given the Dictionary by the Pharmacists. Oil of vitriol is not an oil. Copper is an iron salt and contains no copper. Salts of lemon has nothing to do with a lemon, but is a salt of the extremely poisonous oxalic acid. Soda water contains no soda. Sulphuric ether contains no sulphur. Sugar of lead has nothing to do with sugar, nor has cream of tartar anything to do with cream.

Oxygen means "the acid generator," but hydrogen is really the essential element and many acids contain no oxygen. German silver contains no silver and black lead contains no lead. Berberine is usually made from hydrastis canadensis. Wormseeds is unexpanded flower buds. Milk of lime has no milk. Quicksilver is pure mercury. Oil of organum is made from thyme and not from organum.—Bulletin of Pharmacy.

She Fooled the Parson. "Some one said to-day that the new minister preached over the heads of the congregation. Do you think so?" "He didn't preach over my head. I had on my theater hat."—Life.

Belie—I wouldn't marry a man for his money! Blanche—Nor I. Still I'd hate to disappoint one who was willing.—Truth.

Seeing is Believing. "He—Do you believe in love at first sight?" "She—I do if it is accompanied by the engagement ring.—Brooklyn Life.

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Photographing an Electric Bolt. Another triumph of photography in the field of atmospheric electricity has been achieved at Haines Falls, in the Catskills, by J. W. Ruska, who made the remarkable negative of a lightning flash, noted a few days ago. This time, says the Albany Journal, the exposure was made during a violent shower in daylight, and the print shows the bursting of a tremendous electric bolt about five hundred feet above the ground. From the scene of the explosion to the ground is a broad and vivid streak of fire, with the peculiar jagged outlines so often seen, sharply defined in the dark ground-work of the storm. A series of photographs illustrating the different phases of a summer shower or storm in the Catskills now seem possible, and Mr. Ruska is about to make further experiments in this line.

Who Cured Him. "Is your husband ever absent-minded?" asked one married lady, addressing another. "My husband used to be," was the reply. "What form did his absent-mindedness take?" "He used to forget sometimes to come home before midnight; but I cured him." "There was no more said.—N. Y. Press.

THE BEST

Is the best Blood Medicine, because it is a natural product of the human system, and it is not a foreign substance. It is a natural product of the human system, and it is not a foreign substance. It is a natural product of the human system, and it is not a foreign substance.

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ERRORS OF YOUTH. Errors of youth are corrected by Dr. T. Felix Goupaud's Oriental Cream. It is a natural product of the human system, and it is not a foreign substance.

FOR SUFFERING WOMEN. DR. WILEY'S GENUINE NERVE. Dr. Wiley's Genuine Nerve is a natural product of the human system, and it is not a foreign substance.

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