NOT A DULL MONTH

Real Estate Sales Keep a Very Good Average.

SALES IN THE SOUTH END

Have Been Most Numerous the Past Week, But Something Has Been Done In All Directions.

Unvaryingly steady has been the course of the real estate market throughout what is generally reputed to be a dull winter month. Last week was no exception and the sales of city property went steadily on and, taking one day with another, the number and value of the transfers will average up with former weeks very creditably. The most valuable transfer of the week was that of a residence on Madison avenue, sold by Mrs. Harriet W. Hamilton to Claude C. Hopkins for $6,000. The next in value was the sale of a fine piece of Bostwick street property from Louis Van Hatten to Samuel H. McCalf for $5,900. Charles Stone sold a house and lot at Fulton and Lagrave streets to D. B. Snead for $3,400, and Thomas Hume sold a place on Washington street to John M. Banks for $1,800.

South End Sales.

George Ducas sold to George D. Sison a lot on the south part of Madison avenue for $500 and F. F. Cotton transferred two lots on Vineland avenue to John Woodward for $500. A lot on the Grandville road, in Caulfield's subdivision, was sold by John Caulfield to Herman Foil for $725 and a part of the same was afterwards transfered to Klaas Kuiper for $500. Mayor Stuart bought three lots on Buchanan street from Mary E. Earx for $1,200, and another lot and a half from Jane K. Johnson for $500. He sold a portion of the same to Flossie J. DeVries for $700. A lot on Cass street was sold by Marion H. Baars to Anna A. Lechlear for $1,200, and one on Hefferman in the southern suburbs was transferred from J. L. McKee to Henry Degger for $250.

Transfers in North End.

Sales in the north end were twenty-two feet frontage on Plainfield avenue, sold by John Doggr to George Roteson and others for $1,000; two lots on Bradford street, sold by Sarah M. Cook to George Roelofs for $1,400; [illegible] feet front on Sweet street, from Hannah Green to Edgar Smith, for $[illegible], and a lot on Madison street, sold by Isabella Price to James McGregor for $900.

Cross Town Transfers.

Sales were few in both the east and west districts. Two lots on Clancy street were sold by Manager Chapman of the Street Railway company to F. J. Wilcox for $1,200 and a house and lot on Tustin street was sold by Adelle Fox to John Sewerly for $1,800. Harry L. Gregory sold to Henry W. Reid a house and lot on Sherman street for $1,500. On the west side Nathaniel Thayer sold a lot on Alpine avenue to Ame Van Eree for $700, and Joseph Wegienka purchased from Frank Muller a house and lot on Pettibone street for $1,100.

Real Estate Transfers.

Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, pt lots 9 and 10, E L Briggs add $ 100
Achsah S Weiss to George N. Johnson, s ½ ft lot 1 and n ½ ft lot 2, block 5, Graves' add 2,700
J Frederic Baars to Ada A. Dewey, lot 4, Bear's sub 4,000
Johnson W Knight to Gilles Hoebeke et al, pt lot 57, Kent plat 400
Lydia J Nash to Agnes W. Pettitt, lots 5 and 6, blk 5, H G Stone's add 850
Louis N Spring to Eugene C. Goodrich, lot 6, Dunham's farm add 750
Guy Webster to David Ebersol, lot 18, blk 4, Pearson plat 700
Henry A Denison to Wm Perry, s 16½ ft lot 2, Alpine 1,500
Henry A Denison to Frances Perry, w ½ lot 2, Alpine 3,000
Isaac A Jones to James Montague, pt lot 16, Stewart & Ives add $ 900
Thomas Hume to John M. Banks, lot 5, blk 1, Shurtz's add 1,800
Frank Muller to Joseph Wegienka, n ½ lot 11, and n ½ lot 10, blk 1, Pettibone & Cavanagh 1,100
George A. Powell to Herbert Vander Hoef, s 40 ft lots 11 and 12, Mulford's add 1,100
George D. Sison to Joseph H. Sisson, lot 1, blk 1, Reynolds & Franklin's add 500
Ralph Scantlebury to Fincher J. DeVries, lot 7, Bradford's add 400
George Lemmen to George H. Sisson, lot 1, blk 1, Reynolds & Franklin's add 500
H. C. Spaulding to Cordelia Brown et al, pt lot 4, block 3, Grand Rapids 400
Martin Freeman to Isaac Gee, pt lot 4, block 3, Grand Rapids 400
Simon Leonard to Wesley Brake, one undivided half of Park 300
Frank J. Powell to John Woodward, lots 7 and 8, Silver Creek 700
Louis Gaudette to Andrew Smith, lot 13, blk 2, Bradford's add 500
John Cassidy to Thomas Pell, lot 11, blk 1, Campbell's add 700
Hermina Pelgrim to Simon Kuiper, s ½ lot 6, blk 1, Pelgrim's add 600
Nathaniel Thayer et al, to Ame Van Eree, lot 6, blk 1, C. G. Mason & Co's add 700
Wilhelmina Van Eree to Frederick DeVries, lot 6, blk 1, Thayer's add 800
Frederick DeVries to Ame Van Eree, lot 7, blk 1, Thayer's add 800
Mary Lechlear to Anna A. Lechlear, lot 10, blk 1, Thayer's add 1,200
Sarah E. Cook to Anna A. Lechlear, lot 9, blk 1, Thayer's add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 10, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 11, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 12, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 13, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 14, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 15, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 16, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 17, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 18, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 19, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 20, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 21, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 22, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
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Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 32, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 33, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
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Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 37, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
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Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 40, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 41, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 42, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 43, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 44, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 45, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 46, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
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Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 51, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 52, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 53, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 54, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 55, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 56, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 57, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
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Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 61, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 62, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 63, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 64, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 65, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
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Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 70, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 71, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
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Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 77, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 78, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 79, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 80, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 81, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 82, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 83, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
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Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 88, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 89, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 90, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 91, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 92, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
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Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 95, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 96, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 97, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 98, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 99, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200
Jacob P Stad to Henry Schaafsma et al, lot 100, blk 1, Briggs' add 1,200

John Dragge to George Roteson et al, n 10 ft lot 10 and n ½ lot 11, James W Brown's sub 1,000
Homer M Peck to Martin M Van Syckel, n ½ lot 1, blk 2, Wolfe's add 850
John Rock to John Kreuzman, e 50 ft lot 3, blk 2, Hudson's add 300
Nettie L. Donovan to Harvey A Clement, lots 6, 7, 8 and 9, Wheeler's fair ground add 500
Edward Averill to Theodore Myers et al, n ½ lot 5, south, Byron 525

Marriage Licenses.

The following is a list of the marriage licenses issued since last publication, with the names, residences (when out of the city), and ages of the parties.

	Age.
John Molenowski and Mary Marcus	42—30
Alva Hall, Solon, and Alice Deering, Solon	24—24
John Oltman, Ottawa county, and Mary E Howell	35—30
Frederick H Moorman, Wyoming, and Francesa Roach, Wyoming	21—18
James DeJonge and Sellie Koerman	21—20
William D. Sherman, Gaines, and Katherine E. Swanty, Caledonia	20—19
Martin Morgan and Mary A. DeYoung	20—18
Judson C. Bailey, Newaygo, and May McLewin, Montcalm county	22—18
Thomas F. O'Brien and Harriett C. Mackie	27—21
George H. Langer, Byron, and Viola Crofoot, Byron	20—21
Henry D. Brown, Mary E. Coubes	22—20
Alva L. Moore, Eva L. Stevens	22—18
Job Barnhart, Coopersville, and Ida Mill	62—62
Martin B. Hunter, Jenison, and Dora DeVyver	20—20
Frank N. Davis and Florence N. P. Norvile	25—18
Neil M. Marshall and Lillian Winton	27—23
John A. Fuller and Elizabeth B. Arndt	61—56
Welka L. Ripsema and Minnie A. Van Zwol	19—18
Julius Koehn and Emma A. Micke	22—20
Leonard Feec, Ada, and Lillie McCaul, Ada	20—17
John Rynerink, Esberdena Krommendyke, Zeeland	22—23
Joseph W. Carpenter, Ada; Hattie A. Winters, Ada	20—19
Terry M. Walton, Wyoming; Rose G. Hadix, Wyoming	23—17
James R. Baker, Kent City; Hattie Morse, city	62—30

Births of a Week.

January 22—Otilia Martomine—son. Charles F. Cobb—son. William Remer—girl. Charles D. Valentine—girl. Thomas Mason—girl.

January 23—W. McLean—son. A. M. Eive—son. E. M. Moore—girl.

January 24—Alice Van Klaken—girl.

January 25—John Tanies—son. William Stockard—girl. John Meyer—girl. Max Kelsey—girl. H. Van Dyke—son.

January 26—J. A. Morr—son—girl. Samuel Remirand—son. J. C. Ormann—son. Cooper M. Dreste—girl. Basil Stepcanoff—son.

January 27—Fred Huntley—son.

January 29—Pieter de Kruin—girl.

Deaths of Last Week.

Catherine O'Donnell, Woman's home; Marguerite Ailsworth, No. 28 Paris avenue; Hazel E. Lutz, No. 18 Canal street; James W. Reid, No. 84 Turner street; Myrtle Price, Deweese, Mich.; Reil Gilman, Woman's home; John H. Simonds, 50 Vete street; Mrs. Nellie Pykes, Paris township; James Mars, No. 235 Cass street; Bethuel J. Davis, No. 91 Ottawa street; Michael Farne, South Yards; Ray Clemons, South Yards; Jocopie Leuwenburg, No. 46 Grandville avenue.

IRVING'S COLUMBUS.

A Statue That Has Stood in Nassau for Sixty Years.

There stands in front of the government house at Nassau, the Bahamas, a statue of Columbus that has had its troubles. Historically this statue is valuable from the fact that Washington Irving assisted in designing and executing it. There was a time, however, when armed sentries guarded it night and day. Unauthorized persons were forbidden to approach the spot where it stood. If these precautions had not been taken the statue would undoubtedly have been destroyed. That was in the days when the home government was trying to abolish slavery on the island. Gov. Smyth was sent out to the Bahamas to prepare the property-owners for this change and public sentiment was against him. Gov. Smyth was captivated by beautiful Nassau, and he presented to that city this statue of Columbus. The donor's unpopularity was for several years reflected on his gift. Slavery was abolished, however, public sentiment in the Bahamas changed, and, according to the New York Sun, this same statue of Columbus is now considered one of the greatest treasures of Nassau. Graggon, an artist of some local reputation, modeled it in London in 1851. Washington Irving was in England at that time, and he brought to Graggon's aid the results of his own extensive research in the libraries and galleries of Spain in quest of material for his "Life and Voyages of Columbus." He displayed much interest in this work, and the design is strictly in accordance with Irving's conception of Columbus. The statue was brought out from London by the British brig Rose Hill, and was landed at Nassau on May 9, 1852. It was intended to erect it in front of the public buildings opposite Rawson square, but this idea was abandoned on account of numerous threats to destroy it. The work of erection was completed during June, 1852. The unveiling and presentation of the statue were accomplished with appropriate ceremonies and were followed by a ball at the government house.

Difficulties of Our Language.

"It is unusual for a person who goes into a foreign country after he has grown to adult years to acquire the language of that country well enough to conceal his alien origin, but there are exceptions. There is a German in New York," says the Sun of that city, "who has been here only six years who speaks English without a trace of accent, although he never studied the tongue until he arrived in America. A professor of French in this city says that Englishmen and Americans betray themselves more by stress on the letter l when they try to talk his language than in any other way. Frenchmen are more 'stumped' by the sound of th than by anything else in English. One of them who declared that he could pronounce anything in our tongue was asked to say 'Theophilus Thistlethwaite.' He threw up his hands and exclaimed: 'Ah, barbarian!' This sound is trying to the Germans likewise, and one of the early things in Puck, when that was a German paper, was a series of pictures representing a Teutonic waiter twisting his neck and cracking his teeth in the attempt to say 'thanks.'"

Tenth Century Oaks in Massachusetts.

The great oaks of Waverly, Mass., are survivals of an oak forest that must have existed in that region, according to the geologists and students of trees, as far back as the tenth century. They bear every evidence of great age, and an elm tree in the neighborhood, with its great limbs lying on the ground and nearly all of its branches decayed, is the most venerable object in the line of trees that can probably be displayed in any part of New England. It is well worth a visit to Waverly just to see this venerable elm. It is immense in the size of its trunk, and its dignity in decay is very impressive. The dozen oak trees in the neighborhood are of the sort that attain a very great age and that maintain their virility unimpaired. We know of only one other oak tree in New England that can be compared with them. That is located in Ipswich and is larger and more venerable apparently than any of the Waverly oaks, and that and the Waverly oaks, we are glad to know, have been inspected by the state park commissioners and are likely to be preserved.—Boston Herald.

WILL THE HOOPS GO

Maybe and Maybe No; Unhappily You Can't Tell.

PRETTY LUNCHEON GOWNS

To Say That Women Have Too Much Sense Is Flying in the Face of History—Winter Street Dresses.

"Isn't it absurd?" said the woman who writes cowboy and ranch stories from the safe seclusion of Washington square north.

The woman had climbed the six flights of stairs which lead to my office on the roof, and had sat thereafter silent for a space. My visitors usually do. Then she had broken out as above written.

"Isn't what absurd?"

"That English women should be begging the princess of Wales to countenance an anti-crinoline league. Do you believe any woman in her senses would put on hoop skirts in this year of grace, princess or no princess, fashion or no fashion?"

I looked at my cowboy writer's six inches of good camel's hair lying on the floor. Then I said, serenely: "Yes; any woman who wears long dresses in the street would wear hoop skirts if her dressmaker told her to."

My Texas ranger was silent for another space. Then she pushed up her

THE SLOPING SHOULDER.

dotted veil and moved a little nearer to me. "Would you?"

She thought she had me cornered. I considered hastily but prayerfully my possible exits and dodges. I remembered the seasons when I went bustleless. I remembered how shop girls neglected to wait on me because my gown was not, like other and well-regulated gowns, "bouffant." I remembered how I hung to straps in the horse cars because I was not "stylish" enough to tempt any man to give me a seat. I remembered how such of my friends as were good-natured smiled pityingly, and such as were not good-natured called me "queer." I remembered how I joined a woman's club and in the intervals of discussing Dante they discussed my clothes. I remembered how I read some loose-penned girl's New York letter to the western press, in which she described some ingenue's amazement at having a "well-known fashion writer" pointed out to her in an evening company. "What!" said she, "in that gown?" "What!" said I, "dare I think that I am well-known? Does that mean me?"

I got very morbid about bustles before bustles were done. Could I do it again?

I remembered how I refused to put on long dresses and how a sprig of a youth called me "Sissy" on Broadway and asked me to go into a cigar shop and change a dollar bill for him. I remembered how I made a foolish speech at Sorosis, and the face of the matron who said disentingly when I had done, "the very young lady"—with such a distressing accent on the "young"—will change her mind probably, etc., looking at my shoes with every word. Dear soul, she never saw them again. I bought a trailing skirt on the way home and regarded the mud it gathered with pleasure, even. Peace of mind is of much more consequence than peace of body, after all.

Would I wear hoop skirts? Well, probably not, but in the light of past experiences I could look up at my ranch woman and say: "Very likely." I wasn't cornered, but perhaps I lied.

There are some things to take into account in all this crinoline agitation. First, the men are dead set against hoop skirts. Second, the manufacturers and the dressmakers favor the fashion almost unanimously. Is a woman governed by her husband or her modiste? Much depends on the answer. Why do the dressmakers want crinoline, want

OUTDOOR DESIGNS.

it so bad that the talk of its coming has been kept up against protest for full two years? Why, pardon, of course. Do you know what it means to get a twelve to fifteen yard circumference down to, say, twenty-six inches? It means gores, it means gathers, it means an overhaul for your dressmaker, it means also trimmings.

Are we fighting a logy? Is the crinoline an impossibility? Well, maybe, but could you get now to have their sweeps cut on an eight inches on the pavement? You can and have got the gown sent to let up so as to be properly worn.

I was at a reception the other evening where the possibility of present dress and dress trains struck me horribly. Making their bows to the hostess at one end the same time were a tall and a short woman. The tall woman wore a straight, short-waisted empire frock, the short one wore an 1830 gown, flounced and so proportionately large in circumference as to suggest stools in the pentroof, one, if not two. The bodice glanced from one to the other and somehow kept her countenance, but we who stood behind grinned. It was the meeting of two generations and the older was by long odds the more graceful.

At supper there was a fine chance for the connoisseur in shoulders. Eating her salad, just opposite, was a big, plump, placid blonde. She scarcely seemed to speak or to move and her skin was too smooth to allow the idea that she ever disturbed her countenance with a smile. She adorned life sufficiently by existing and existing with those shoulders. They had a decided slope to them, like the shoulders of 1830, and to bring out their old-new, antique-fashionable shape more clearly a deep bertha of magnificent creamy lace was pinned about them. She was an ice maiden, frozen to the shape of my grandmother.

Standing behind and looking down upon her was a firefly. The firefly had black hair and dark burning cheeks and a black frock with crimson bows standing upon the shoulders. The shoulders were square and high and English as shoulders have been for five years. It made a very pretty picture to look from one to the other, but, impassively against nerve bunch though it was, the nerves had the best of it, for square shoulders are wholesomer. It takes a perfect digestion to stand out against sloping shoulders.

I've seen some pretty walking dresses lately, and it's time to drop railings against "fate and flat steels" and tell about them. In a winter trousseau at which I was looking this morning was a dark red street dress with a red brown skirt scalloped and faced with red. Two slits formed pockets and the back was laid in four plaits showing red on

THE EMPIRE AND 1830 NOW IN COMPETITION.

their under sides. There was a triple brown cape faced with red and full sleeves with red cuffs and a brown felt hat faced with red and trimmed with heavy brown plumes.

Another dress which was my neighbor at an afternoon concert was of striped blue and cream wool, with bands of fox fur. It was fitted with a yoke, from which fell a loose front of plain blue cheviot, turning into a tight fitting jacket at the back and falling apart at the sides, to show big fur-trimmed leg-o'-mutton sleeves, with ruffles on the shoulders. The hat that went with it was of blue felt, with velvet trimmings.

There have been pretty skating dresses at the park, but not many. One was of a ribbed green wool, that gave the effect in its shadow of being striped with black lines. A deep band of maroon finished it at the bottom and there went with it a Russian blouse of green, edged with Astrakhan and with large triangular lapels and shoulder puffs of maroon. A little maroon turban, with an Astrakhan edge, an Astrakhan muff and a smile of perfect content were the finishing touches of the picture.

A luncheon gown or two and I must call halt. At a Lakewood festivity recently Mrs. Cleveland wore a gray bengaline dress that was not so well suited as it might have been to her dark complexion, but was in itself very pretty. A deep-plaited flounce gave it the look of being made with a double skirt, and below were three rows of black velvet ribbon. The bodice was slightly open at the throat and had velvet revers opening over a white chemisette of some thin silk plaited loosely.

Another costume that figured on the same occasion was of apricot-colored taffeta with a black and gold bodice and a belt of black velvet clasped with gold.

Much quieter for daylight wear was a tan-colored silk with a deep foot trimming of velvet and a brown embroidered lace spencer, two lengths of ribbon forming a point at the back, passing over the shoulders, tying in front and hanging to the floor.

ELLEN OSBORN.

THE WAVERLEY OAKS.

Ancient Trees of Wondrous Beauty in the State of Massachusetts.

The great oaks at Waverley, Mass., are survivals of an oak forest that must have existed in that region, according to the geologists and students of trees, as far back as the tenth century. They bear every evidence of great age, and an elm tree in the neighborhood, now almost dismantled, with its great limbs lying on the ground and nearly all of its branches decayed, is the most venerable object in the line of trees that can probably be displayed in any part of New England. It is well worth a visit to Waverley just to see this venerable elm. It is immense in the size of its trunk, and its dignity in decay is very impressive. The dozen oak trees in the neighborhood are of the sort that attain a very great age, and that maintain their virility unimpaired. We know of only one other oak tree in New England, says the Boston Herald, that can be compared with them. That is located in Ipswich, and is larger and more venerable, apparently, than any of the Waverley oaks, and that and the Waverley oaks, we are glad to know, have been inspected by the state park commissioners and are likely to be preserved. It is worth one's while to see and study these majestic oaks. They are seen to great advantage in the winter, when their rugged limbs are bare and their immense strength is revealed, and in summer, when they are covered with foliage, they are objects of wonderful beauty. The state of Massachusetts has a duty to enfranchise these trees and make them public property. They are the glory of the state, and almost as much an object of interest as the old state house, or the venerable structure called the Old South Meeting-house.

SAVED A DOZEN LIVES.

Presence of Mind and Commendable Pluck of a Colorado Mine Owner.

"I have heard of some rare cases of presence of mind," said a traveler to a reporter for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "but I saw a case a few days ago that struck me as among the rare ones. We were coming south on the Santa Fe from Denver a few nights before Christmas. At about two o'clock in the morning, somewhere north of Colorado Springs, we went over an embankment. The papers were full of it and I won't go into details, but nobody knows how a millionaire saved the lives of a dozen people that awful morning. As soon as we came to our senses we all tried to get out of the sleeping car. When we did we found that the forward end was afire. Just then Bill Yankee, a millionaire mine-owner, who has property all over the state of Colorado, grabbed up an armful of blankets, and, jumping across the flames, landed in a deep snowdrift. He was barefooted and clad only in his underclothes, but he didn't seem to mind that a bit. He spread out a blanket, piled it full with snow and threw it over the flames. This he did time and time again until he had the blaze completely smothered. There wasn't another man in the car who would have thought of that but Yankee, and I tell you it was a plucky thing to do. I don't know whether I'd like to freeze or roast to death. It looked as though it would have to be one or the other there for a while, but Yankee's —e saved us."

TURKEY HUNTING IN ARIZONA.

The Great Slaughter Just Before Thanksgiving Day.

The Arizona bill of fare is too apt to contain only the items bacon, beans, hard bread, flapjacks and coffee three hundred and sixty-four days in the year. Thanksgiving is the exception, and no dinner is complete on that day without a turkey to remind the miner, prospector or ranchman of the old home in the east. In the southeastern section of the territory there is a creek called Rio Prieto, and nicknamed the "Turkey river." It is the only place within about two hundred miles where wild turkeys abound, but then there are enough of them in the narrow valley to stock a state.

Just before Thanksgiving this valley is filled with hunters from every part of the territory, and the slaughter is very great; but it takes place only once a year, and the ranks will be filled up next spring and summer. Some of the hunters come so far that they have to make "jerky" of the turkey meat in order to get it home. Aminer must be very fond of turkey when he will travel one hundred miles for it, and then take it in the shape of salted and sun-dried strips and shreds, and usually fried in a gravy of bacon, grease and flour.

These turkeys are very large birds, as half a dozen are about as much as a pack-mule can carry out of the valley. Old-timers say that gobblers weighing thirty pounds have been taken out of the Prieto canyon.

GLADSTONE AS A READER.

It Is the Premier's Habit Never to Lose a Minute's Time.

It is rather discouraging to know that if one should read more hours a day than the average American is able to spend away from business, he would be able to read only a few of the works that are really worth reading.

Mr. Gladstone, however, is not to be discouraged by this knowledge. He goes upon the principle that the only way to get any reading done is to read. In a volume of conversations, recently translated, Dr. Dollinger said: "I think it was in the year 1871 that I remember his (Gladstone's) paying me a visit at six o'clock in the evening. We began talking on political and theological subjects, and both became so engrossed with the conversation that it was two in the morning when I left the room to fetch a book from my library bearing on the matter in hand. I returned with it in a few minutes and found Mr. Gladstone deep in a volume he had drawn out of his pocket—true to his principle of never losing time—during my momentary absence. And this at the small hours of the morning."

Prussic Acid and Peach Stones.

The statement was made recently that prussic acid was made from peach stones, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. This is altogether a mistake, for, although under certain conditions a trace of the main principle of the deadly poison can be found in peach stones, there is not sufficient to produce the acid without other essential ingredients. Indeed, without the process of fermentation, there is no evidence at all of prussic acid in the stones. Prussic acid is composed of such things as animal refuse and blood solids, with large quantities of oil of vitriol. Even the smell of the acid produces pain in the throat and in the region of the heart, and there are few poisons for which there is such little opportunity for an antidote. If there is time, and there seldom is, for the poison is almost instantaneous in its action, ammonia inhaled very freely may give relief and reduce the absolute certainty of death to a grave possibility.

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