PARIS FASHIONS.

THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL'S DRESSES.

HATS AND WRAPS—EMPIRE AND DIRECTOIRE STYLES NOT THE MOST ELEGANT.

Paris, Sept. 14.—The new fall fashions present a number of small but notable modifications, which, detached from the general descriptions of toilets, will give a clearer idea of what the inventors of fashions have proposed to introduce.

As skirts of every description we make without drapery, the long straight line being observed, heavy and thick materials will be employed. Street dresses will be made entirely of cloth. The celebrated couturiers have ordered great quantities of that material, and propose to use it for the making up of fancy walking, calling and carriage dresses. Heretofore these dressmakers rather disdained the stuff, and left it for tailors who, chalk in hand, outlined ladies garments as they do gentlemen's coats. To-day, they have changed their minds, and at the Felix establishment I saw two models of elegant cloth dresses made for the Queen of Portugal, to be worn during the festivities attending her niece's marriage in Turin.

The most fashionable color will be green, all shades of green. The one most in favor is a very pale green tinged with light gray and called "fresh almond green." Combinations of moss, Nile, mignonnette, pea, bottle and ivy greens, all shades, in fact, will be worn. Beige combined with brown is still considered effective. I also saw several toilets made with the old-fashioned indigo blue. That color not combining well with any other, it is generally mixed with white or trimmed with bands of fur. Since the very convenient lace dress is no longer in vogue here, and silk has been abandoned for the making up of fall suits, very few black dresses are on exhibition. "Why not discard black altogether," said M. Felix to me, "and leave it for mourning? Twenty years ago only those who were in mourning wore black. I think it was a good distinction between the gay and the sad, and for my part, I shall use black now only in combination with some relieving color." For occasions in which cloth would be out of place, brocades, lampas and matelasses will be used. Coats and polonaises are made of brocades in broad stripes mingled with the narrow trailing variegated flowers of the time of Louis XVI as the half-closed wreath of the First Empire, made up of ivy, laurel, oak, or palm leaves. To modify the weighty appearance of these overdresses, they are worn over long gathered flounces of lace or some other light material covered with embroideries or deep fringes. Plush and velvet are too effective not to be extensively employed in combinations. They will be Worth's favorite materials for fall and winter.

The newest models, from the back of the neck to the edge of the skirt are made plain, without the least trimming of any kind. Bodice and skirt are cut in one piece. The gathering or folds at the back of the skirt are allowed in the stuff after the cutting of the bodice. What stamps distinction in these models is the graceful curve from the small of the waist to the back folds of the skirt. No basque, postilion or jacket flaps must break the harmonious line. There must be just enough tournure all the way down to sustain and not puff out the skirt.

On the other hand, the fronts of dresses are very ornate. They are made of highly trimmed and embroidered stuffs, whose patterns are taken from medieval portraits. The Directoire and Empire styles, however, toned down for present use, are considered rather eccentric by ladies who object to be conspicuous in dress. In preference, therefore, couturiers study medieval styles, which they know will be more acceptable. The round bodices are gathered or tucked, then adjusted with tight-fitting pieces of fine embroideries done with dim colors, old gold and dull silver. Sometimes these pieces are prolonged and form "stoles" down the front of the skirt, while in some others models they end above the narrow stiff belt and assume the shape of a widely-opened but close-fitting vest. The tight sleeves are trimmed with a high but narrow puff on the shoulders. The skirts, slightly gathered on the bodices, fall straight to the feet, or else show a richly embroidered underskirt by being slightly looped—a la chatelaine—with the prolonged ends of the narrow embroidered belt.

The few short wraps worn with fall costumes are made to match the dress in stuff and ornaments. The pattern differs from the lace, velvet and jet wraps which for the last three years have been so fashionable. It is made longer in the back, forms long heavily trimmed panels in the front, and the sleeves are wide, flowing and decidedly pointed in the back. But couturiers do not encourage the sale of short garments; they mar the general symmetry of the present make of dresses. Long, amply gathered garments are more befitting. These, for calls, are left in the carriage, or, if kept on, are thrown back so as to hide no part of the dress. The long Louis XV mantle is a Worth invention, or rather a revival of the old one. It is made of a subdued colored silk covered with Chantilly lace; a thick ruching of lace around the neck. The material is shirred from neck to shoulder to form a deep yoke, then is left to fall in gathers to the edge of the skirt, defining the figure only in the middle of the back, where it is fastened to the waist with ribbons as belt. Short, stout ladies ought to beware of these cloaks; they are only becoming to tall, thin persons.

All novelty in hats seems to be exhausted, at least so says the arbiter of styles, Mme. Virot; and she warmly recommends the toque and capote. Still, for for those who persist in wearing hats, she has quite an assortment. The Tosca, with the broad front brim cut so narrow on the sides that there is nothing left of it in the back, still prevails. The crowns are small and low. The brims of the most effective ones are covered with long ostrich feathers; a tuft of feathers or an elongated bow of ribbons makes up the trimming. Plush and velvet hats made to match the costume in color will be most in favor. Pokes are still worn with Directoire and Empire toilets; the brims are left plain and the top of the crown is covered with feathers. The favorite toque and capote for street wear will be made with a piece of cloth to match that of the dress. The piece is so loosely thrown, gathered or folded on the form, that any lady may be easily led to believe she can, for this occasion, be her own milliner. Four or five fruitless attempts, however, will convince her that in millinery the more easy a thing seems to be in make, the more experienced the fingers must be to give it the precise twist. I find headgear covered with the usual amount of wings, birds and plumes de coque. The latter are chosen small; they are bent downward, made into round tufts and topped with aigrettes. Ladies seem to have had enough flowers this summer; none are seen on any of the fall bonnets.

To suit the dimensions of hats and poke bonnets veils have grown in size. They are made to envelope the whole of the face, to lie in ample folds on the brim of the hat and then to be tucked up in a small wad in the back. Ladies who are fond of the real Chantilly lace veils, with thickly worked borders, have revived the fashion of throwing them loosely over hat or bonnet, as their grandmothers used to delight in wearing them. Dotted veils have now the precedence over plain ones.

Milliners and dressmakers pay special attention to fancy muffs this season. To be in style, a lady must have one to suit every dress, and each must be made of the same material as the costume. They are very small, are made wide at the ends and are intended to be more for show than comfort. Back of the top trimming a small aperture is left for inserting a small lace handkerchief.

Here are descriptions of a few Felix street costumes sent to Maria Pia, Queen of Portugal:

A fresh almond-green and dark-green cloth suit has the front of the skirt made of the almond-green. It hangs plain and straight, only slightly gathered on the bodice. This skirt, about half way up, is worked with cream-silk twine in long, narrow festooned leaves reaching upward; these leaves are filled with delicate embroideries of cream and green twine dotted with gold threads. Below, attached to this garniture, falls a deep, loose fringe made of almond-green silk twine alternating with cream twine frayed out into lengthened tassels. The deep heading to this fringe is a wide, light-green passementerie, composed of medallions joined with threads of gold. There is a plain almond-green under-bodice, and over this under-dress, a dark-green cloth polonaise is adjusted. The plain back of the bodice and gathered skirt are cut in one piece. The narrow sides fall in straight panels, and the edges toward the front are turned over displaying a dark-green velvet lining. The dark-green bodice in the shape of a cuirass opens wide across the front and is slashed under the chest to allow the under green bodice to show. This cuirass is heavily encrusted with delicate green, cream and old gold embroideries. A narrow, stiff embroidered belt holds the rounded cuirass about the waist. There is a high embroidered neckband, and the very long, tight-fitting dark-green sleeves are trimmed with a narrow, dark-green velvet puff on the shoulders and around the elbows. The little capote to be worn with this dress is unique. The front is made of a straight band of cloth embroidery to match that of the dress; it lies flat on the hair like a peasant's cap. The edge is bound with a bias of dark-green velvet, whose corners, near the ear, turn up. A full dark green cloth crown lies in deep folds high above the front band. The trimming is a tuft of short curled cream rooster's feathers, topped with a black aigrette. This headgear is fastened under the chin with a narrow bias band of velvet with no bow as ends on either side. The fancy muff, lined with almond-green silk and made with alternate bands of embroidered cloth and plain velvet, is gathered in at the top and trimmed with a tuft of feathers to match the bonnet.

A handsome beige and brown cloth suit has the front of the skirt in beige gathered slightly into the bodice. The edge is heavily worked with arabesques of beige and brown embroideries, mingled with a passementerie of worked gold, from which hang tiny pendants. The front under-bodice is a graceful combination of beige tulle folds and rows of gold passementerie which cross each other from right to left. The space near the neck is filled in with a jabot of malines lace. Over this under-gown a brown cloth coat is adjusted. At the back the bodice is plain and the skirt is gathered. The narrow side panels are bound with seal fur so as to form a roll on both right and wrong sides. These panels are heavily worked with arabesques to match the underskirt. The front of the corsage is a tight-fitting jacket which falls only to the upper edge of the embroidered round belt, and it is not adjusted inside of it. This jacket is also rolled with the fur, and embroidered down the sides. The high embroidered neck band is edged with a cording of seal fur, and the tight brown cloth sleeves have a roll of fur across the shoulders and around the elbows and wrists. The belt is clasped on the side with an antique gold buckle mounted with precious stones, and from the buckle hang two stiff ends of the belt, falling about half way down the skirt. The capote to be worn with this toilet is also unique. It is made of beige cloth, the front embroidered, bound with seal-skin and terminating in a peak. The crown is a long narrow piece of embroidered cloth, bound with fur, and it protrudes high above the front with a point. The space between the back and front points is filled in with birds of beige and brown plumage. The small muff is also made of cloth in the shape of a medieval pocket such as the chatelaines wore at the side. It was fastened with an antique clasp mounted with precious stones.

A TRIBUTE TO NANTUCKET.

From The Boston Transcript.

A friend who has been spending a vacation in Nantucket brings the Listener home a very neat story about Robert Collyer, illustrating the eloquent old man's readiness of wit. Collyer, not many summers ago, visited Nantucket, and fell in love with the island, as everybody does who goes there. Some little time afterward Mr. Collyer met, when on a visit to Boston, a young lady whose acquaintance he had made at Nantucket. She rushed up to him and shook him by the hand; and while he returned the salutation as heartily, it was quite evident to her that he had forgotten her name and everything about her, except that he had met her at Nantucket. Continuing to shake her hand slowly, he looked at her with a queer expression, smiling and seeming to look through her face, to the island lying away out at sea.

"Dear old Nantucket!" he said, with his musical deliberation of utterance, "and yet they say that people die and go from there to Heaven!"

A DOG IN A DILEMMA.

From The Philadelphia Times.

There is a white bulldog now living in Philadelphia whose case should be brought before the Ladies' Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for amelioration and sympathy. His name is Pete, and in the past he has not been wholly unacquainted with the prize-ring, as a few scars on his body and one torn ear surely testify. At present he is the property of a young medical student, who is the victim of a consuming passion for poker. To this passion all his griefs are due. It so happens that the owner's devotion to the Goddess Fortune is not bounded by his ancestral wealth; and the consequence is that Pete, representing a certain monetary value, is being continually put up as collateral during the progress of these interesting games. During the past month he has been staked at least twenty times, and is carried off by a new owner at the expiration of nearly each evening's sitting.

Being of a loyal and affectionate nature, Pete is put in a sad dilemma by this state of affairs. Just as he is beginning to learn to love, honor and obey a new master a bad stroke of luck comes in and that night he finds himself the property of another and a stranger. It is true he may be won back in a day or so, but all the same it is very embarrassing for the dog. When on the street he has to be continually keeping in mind whose property he is for the time being, lest in a fit of absentmindedness, spying some former master, he might follow him instead. Pondering so deeply upon this subject has had the effect of straining Pete's brain quite severely, and it is but right that some charitable society should take the case in charge.

ELECTRICITY INSTEAD OF LAUGHING GAS.

Boston letter to The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Boston people nowadays have their superfluous teeth drawn by means of electricity. Inasmuch as all new ideas in the arts and sciences are spread from this enlightened metropolis originally, and from hence extended over the country, there is little doubt that sooner or later this new method will supersede laughing-gas and ether in other big cities of the Union. The process in question is very simple, scarce any apparatus being required beyond an ordinary two-cell battery, with vibrator attachment. This attachment is a thin strip of metal, fastened at the ends, which is made to vibrate a thousand or more times per second by the electric current. At each vibration the circuit is cut off and renewed again, the effect being to give a perfectly steady flow of the mysterious fluid. In order to make sure that the flow is quite satisfactory the operator tunes the machine—assisted by a little reed tuning-pipe—until the strip of metal sings "A." So far, so good.

Now, to the battery are attached three wires. Two of them have handles at the ends, and the third is hitched to a forceps. The patient in the chair is given a handle to hold in each hand, and the current is turned on gradually until it becomes painful. Then he is told to grasp the handles as strongly as possible, the electricity—having been switched off for a moment—is turned on again suddenly, and the dental surgeon applies his forceps simultaneously to the tooth. The instant the molar is touched, it, as well as the parts surrounding, becomes electrified and absolutely insensible to pain. When it is withdrawn from the socket, the subject of the operation feels not the slightest disagreeable sensation. A jerk and the tooth is out, the patient drops the handles and the affair is over.

THE SPEECH WAS ALL RIGHT.

From The Chicago News.

W. H. Hinrichsen, Editor of "The Quincy Herald," tells of an amusing experience he recently had with the venerable Phocion Howard. It seems that Phocion stalked into "The Herald" office the other day with his usual budget of political information, which he forthwith proceeded to open and to disseminate for the information and the instruction of the editorial force.

"And, by the way," said Phocion, at last, "I have run over from Danville to deliver an address before the Grand Army men of this city this evening. It has occurred to me that your paper might like to publish a synopsis of my speech, and if it would I shall be glad to furnish that synopsis."

"Yes," answered Hinrichsen, "we'll do it and do it cheerfully. I'm not going to be in town myself; at 3 o'clock this afternoon I have got to run up to Jacksonville to attend to a little matter of business; but I'll leave a note for my assistant, who will take charge tonight during my absence, telling him that the report you bring in is all right."

This was eminently satisfactory to Phocion. The next day Hinrichsen was greatly annoyed to find that no copies of that morning's "Herald" reached Jacksonville by the early train. It was the first time in many months that the paper had missed the train. Hinrichsen was pretty hot about it, and when he got back to Quincy that day he made up his mind to raise particular Tophet with the editor whom he had left in charge and who must have been responsible for the hitch. So he made diligent search for that young man, and having found him he expounded unto him the exposition vulgarly called the riot act.

"But it wasn't my fault," pleaded the young man; "you wrote me this note, didn't you?"

The note he exhibited read in this wise: "The Phocion Howard matter is O. K. Put it on the first page. Hinrichsen."

"Yes, I wrote that," said Hinrichsen.

"Well," continued the assistant editor, "Phocion didn't bring his matter into the office until about midnight, and that was why we missed all the mails."

"But how can you explain," asked Hinrichsen, "how can you explain why the mere synopsis of a speech should demoralize the machinery of a first-class newspaper office?"

"Synopsis?" repeated the assistant editor, in a tone of blank amazement. "Synopsis? Look a-here, Mr. Hinrichsen, have you seen our paper to-day?"

"No, not yet."

"Well, just take a look at it and you'll see what Phocion Howard meant when he suggested providing you with a synopsis."

Hinrichsen went over to the file that lay upon the table yonder, and he turned to the first page of the morning's paper. The telegraph news had all been crowded out. Phocion had got in his work with fatal effect. The report of his speech, as furnished by himself, filled four columns and a half of solid nonpareil!

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

From The Buffalo Courier.

A happy father out on Massachusetts-st., had his first child, a girl three month old, vaccinated day before yesterday. "By George, isn't that great!" he exclaimed as he saw the doctor at work. "By Jove, why I guess I'll call her by that name! Vaccine! Why that is a girl's name, ain't it? Vaccine Virus Saunders! Capital! People will think we are descended from some old Roman family. Dear little Vaccine!" The mother strongly objected to this appellation for her first-born. She wanted it named Imogene, but the father was determined and Vaccine Virus Saunders she will go through life. Her diminutive will probably be "Vacksy."

A CHINESE TIGER STORY.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

Here is a Chinese tiger story from a paper called "The Hu Pao": West of Kaiding City, Kwantung Province, in a wild, mountainous locality, lies the little village of Tak'ang Ts'un. Outside the village is a little old temple of Wu-ti, and the man in charge, who is not a shaven priest, carefully locks himself in at night; but two holes drilled in the door afford him a means of looking out and a guarantee against suffocation. One night a tiger came and crouched just outside the door for a long time, as if he knew there was a man inside. He then first put a paw in through one of the holes and clawed around, and next inserted his tail to feel for his prey with this sensative member. The temple guardian, maddened with fear, got a chopper and waited for the animal to renew the experiment, and then dealt a violent blow and cut the tail through. The tiger gave a roar that shook the tiles on the roof of the joss-house, and then charged at the door repeatedly, finally knocking it off its hinges and on to the man who had been trying to prop it up on the other side. The tiger charged in over the prostrate door and, not seeing the man who was hidden by it, seized one of the josses which stood on each side of the door in its jaws and galloped away, while the man bolted off to the village. The next day some grass-cutters on the mountains found the joss lying on a wild, lonely hill-side, where it had been abandoned by the tiger, and, recognizing the sacred image, brought it back to the village, and there heard the extraordinary story of its removal.

GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL.

SOME CURIOUS INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF GOOD "BISHOP" OBERLY.

BUFFALO BILL AND MINISTER PHELPS—ALLEN'S PRECOCIOUS MULE—GENERAL SHERMAN'S FEAR.

Washington, Sept. 29.—John H. Oberly, whom the President appointed the other day Commissioner of Indian Affairs, must have had rather a checkered career before he came to Washington. He was once, I understand, a man of means but lost every dollar in politics and journalism. In the early days, before the war, he was a printer in Tennessee; later on he settled in Illinois. About six years ago he figured as the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee of Illinois, and at the same time did reporting for "The Chicago Times." In the winter of 1884-'85 he turned up in Albany, for the little town became then the Mecca for every place seeker and office hunter in the country. The President-elect was supposed at that time to be going through the secret process of forming his Cabinet. He held forth in the Executive Chamber at the Capitol, but it was as easy for the reporters who were there from all the important papers to see him as it was to see the clerk of any one of the hotels. Presently, however, he resigned the Governorship and went to a little dwelling on Willet-st., facing the Park; a quaint little structure whose front door fanlight bore the outlines, done in lead, of a fat spider waiting in the inner sanctum of the web for any prey that might come along.

Governor Cleveland shut himself up in the top story bedroom beside a great desk, and, as he would admit none except intimate friends there, he had to come all the way down to the parlor when any one whom he wished to see called upon him. Certain newspaper reporters, five or six in all, were privileged callers and their cards always brought him down stairs. They saw what a nuisance this was getting to be, when, as often happened, they each called him down three or four times a day; and so, as if to disprove wholly the theory that reporters are all cheek and no conscience, they held a meeting and resolved that if Mr. Cleveland would agree to it, John H. Oberly should represent them all and get the news for all, excepting when one of the cabal got special orders to see the President-elect or was seized with a special desire to see him for his own paper exclusively. Mr. Cleveland was touched by this bit of consideration and readily agreed to the plan; the consequence was that Bishop Oberly for two months represented the principal newspapers of the country, and became the future President's privileged and semi-official reporter. I never heard that the "Bishop" abused the great trust reposed in him; he certainly was never accused or suspected of withholding anything or showing any favoritism.

The President has always shown great partiality toward the "Bishop." He first rewarded him with the Commissionership of Indian Education, or something of that kind, then made him Civil Service Commissioner, and now Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Precisely what qualifications he possessed for either of those places has not appeared. His record as a spoilsman and office broker certainly did not point him out as a man in sympathy with Civil Service Reform. That, however, seems to have made little difference with the President. He was bound to reward a personal friend and faithful adherent; and he did it, it must be confessed, with great promptness, at the expense of the public service.

I was just saying that Oberly spent the early days of his life in Tennessee. If he looks back now to those days, as undoubtedly he does occasionally, he cannot help reaching the conclusion that politics make strange bedfellows, and that the whirligig of time works wonderful changes. In February, 1861, the Tennessee Legislature refused by a decisive vote to take an initial step in favor of secession. It was a great disappointment to Southern men generally, but to none more so than to the Governor, who was an outspoken States' Rights man and in full sympathy with all the secession leaders. Unable to force the Legislature into treason, he set about to see what he could do himself to carry the State into the Confederacy. He inserted advertisements in Northern newspapers, inviting proposals for furnishing arms and ammunition of war to the State of Tennessee. A steamer was fitted out flying the State flag, and sent by the river to St. Louis. There she was loaded with guns, cannon and other materials of war. On her return trip she was seized by the United States authorities. This was precisely what the Governor intended. The seizure was at once denounced as an outrage by every secession sympathizer and the State was ablaze with indignation. In a week the Governor had made more converts to the cause of secession than he could have hoped to make in years by other means. But he did not stop there; he invited speakers from every part of the South to come to Tennessee and talk treason. The effect upon the people of Tennessee can easily be imagined. It was in this excited state of the public mind that a mob gathered one May evening in the Court House Square of Memphis. That morning the leading newspaper of the town, "The Bulletin," had printed an editorial in the following words:

"'The Bulletin' entertains as much respect for Wendell Phillips, Joshua Giddings, Lovejoy, and other abolitionists of the North, as it does for Jefferson Davis, William L. Yancey, Lamar, and other fire-eating secession followers of the South. Their aims are the same; their results will be the same; all want to desert the Union. The American flag cannot be torn down, the American Union destroyed, by such fratricidal hands."

The editor of "The Bulletin" who wrote those words was a Union Democrat. On more than one occasion, he and his trusted assistant had denounced secession as a blunder and a crime. But it was for the last time that they were to do so in Memphis. The mob which had gathered in the Square had come to have a reckoning with them. They surged around the roughly constructed platform, from which a speaker in intemperate and revolutionary language denounced the attempt of the Federal Government to coerce sovereign States into submission. He denounced the sentiments uttered by "The Bulletin"; he denounced the editor, his staff, and everybody connected with the office; he called upon his audience to expel such traitors from the community. The responsive yells showed the effect the words were having.

"Hang him"—"Clean out the Yankee dogs," came from different quarters.

In less than an hour after the conclusion of that speech, the office of "The Bulletin" was a wreck. The editor, warned by a friend, had made his escape. His assistant found his way at night to one of the boats on the river; thence he escaped to Cincinnati. In Vallandigham's District he became the editor of a Democratic newspaper; and at the close of the war, he removed to Illinois.

The Governor of Tennessee, at whose invitation the speaker of that fateful day in 1861 had addressed the crowd in the Court House Square at Memphis, was Isham G. Harris, now United States Senator and Pan-Electric statesman.

The speaker who addressed the mob and nearly brought about the hanging of the editor of "The Bulletin" and his assistant, was L. Q. C. Lamar, now one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The assistant who escaped from the mob and succeeded in making his way, at night, to the bank of the river and finally became a citizen of Illinois, is none other than our good "Bishop" who has just been appointed by Mr. Cleveland Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Here is another adventure of ante-bellum days in which Bishop Oberly figured as one of the principals, and the scene of which is likewise laid in Tennessee. Ex-Congressman Farquhar, of New-York, was then a member of the National Typographical Union, and attending a session which that association was holding in Nashville. Oberly was there as a delegate from Memphis. One evening a party of typesetters visited a beer garden in the outskirts of the city, where a number of young women were employed as bar maids and waitresses. Seated near them were several young Nashville bloods, one of whom grew very jealous of Oberly's polite gallantries to the pretty girl at their table. At the first convenient opportunity, the young man, whose name proved to be Ellsworth, addressed an insulting remark to Oberly which the latter did not distinctly hear. Farquhar called Oberly's attention to it. Ellsworth, who had been reared in the belief that a Northern man was destitute of pluck and courage, attributed Oberly's silence to this. He was soon convinced of his error, however, when he repeated the remark, for Oberly promptly knocked him down. The scene of confusion which followed may well be imagined. For a little while it looked as if there would be a regular pitched battle between the printers and the friends of the young Nashville man, but cooler counsel prevailed and the two factions separated without blood having been spilled. Ellsworth, however, did not permit the matter to rest there. He assured his friends that the honor of his family was at stake, and that nothing but blood could wipe out the disgrace. Farquhar, who had called upon him to settle the difficulty in a peaceful manner, the next morning, found him in a very belligerent mood. He insisted upon a duel; nothing else would do. Farquhar told Oberly that he must have a fight or get out of town. Oberly at once declared that he was ready to meet Ellsworth at any time or place, and in any way he desired. That afternoon, one of Ellsworth's friends called upon Farquhar with a challenge. Colt's revolvers were selected as weapons, and a secluded spot near the Hermitage was fixed upon for the place of meeting. When Oberly and his friend arrived on the ground, they found that Ellsworth, his second and his surgeon, had already preceded them; but to their great surprise, they found the opposing party in a very pacific frame of mind. Oberly insisted that the duel should take place. When he saw that a Northern man really meant business, Ellsworth who was a most arrant coward, broke down completely, and it all ended by Ellsworth making a most abject apology. I need scarcely add that the good "Bishop" became the hero of the hour.

There is still another reminiscence of Oberly's young days, and he tells it himself. It was when he had been elected Assemblyman in Illinois. He was frightened, he says, when the time came for him to go to the Capitol at Springfield, for he was conscious that he was not the possessor of a polished education. He feared that he would be paled by the flashing of bright intellects all around him. He took his seat, on the first day, in fear and trembling; but in five minutes he was put perfectly at ease, and was made to think that perhaps he might be one of those who would "shine." This was what wrought the great change in his mind:

"Mr. Speaker," said one Assemblyman, "there are no ink in the inkstand.

Young Oberly was amazed. "By gracious," he thought, "is this the kind of timber they send here?" Hope rose when another Assemblyman, since famous as "Long Jones" and known to all the good people of Illinois rose, and

"Mr. Speaker," said he, "there are ink but it are froze in the bottles."

This was all young Oberly needed to put him perfectly at ease in the Legislature.

Buffalo Bill has been delighting the statesmen with his pictures of life in the Wild West this week. His friends say he isn't a bit puffed up by his success in pleasing royalty; and one of them tells an incident of the influence of the Hon. Mr. Cody which shows that he was of more account in England than Minister Phelps. Colonel Clark E. Carr, an Illinois politician, was on a visit to London, and dropped around to the American legation. He presented his card to a liveried lackey and was ushered into the presence of Minister Phelps:

"You are Colonel Carr," said the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, with a shade of doubt in his tone.

"I am," responded the visitor.

"Ah, now, do you know I am so glad to see you."

"I'm glad to know that," said Colonel Carr.

"Ah, you will pardon me," quickly interposed the diplomat, "but I have no tickets of admission to the House of Parliament. So many of our people come abroad nowadays, you know."

"Don't worry about that," retorted the Colonel, with some heat. "I've a friend who has been kind enough to look after that matter."

"Indeed," exclaimed the discomfited Minister, "might I ask who he is?"

"Buffalo Bill" was the reply, as the visitor bowed himself out the of the diplomat's presence. This was true. Colonel Carr's brother is a noted Indian fighter and Buffalo Bill had been with him in the West. When he found out that another Colonel Carr was in London and wanted to visit the Houses of Parliament, he easily secured the tickets which the Minister was unable to get.

Mr. Cody took his Indians and cowboys up to the White House one day, but the red men were not specially impressed with the "Great Father." The interview took place in the east room and was public. Since last spring Mr. Cleveland has been shy of receiving the noble savages in private. At that time there were delegations from a dozen tribes in Washington on various missions. Most of them were trying to have their reservations protected from the timber spoliations which were allowed to go on under Secretary Vilas. One morning two of the chiefs who were able to pilot themselves slipped away from their interpreter and went to the White House. They had been there before and Loeffler, the doorkeeper, thinking they had come to keep an appointment, ushered them into the President's room. Lamont was away, but the chiefs managed to make Mr. Cleveland understand that they came to pay him a social visit. He could not well dismiss them at once and they made themselves at home. One of the chiefs became thirsty and in making this known also contrived to have it understood that something stronger than water was wanted. It has been said that Mr. Cleveland has no sense of humor, but he grasped the situation at once. Loeffler was told to admit no more callers. Then the President sent to the White House cellars for some of his favorite cherry bounce. The chiefs pledged the President "how" in a goodly potation and went away content.

The sequel, however was not pleasant. The next day they were again at the White House. Fortunately Mr. Cleveland had gone out to Oak View. The third day, however, not only the two chiefs were again on hand, but the head men in several other tribes put in an appearance. The word had been passed around and they wanted a taste of that cherry bounce. How they were all appeased nobody but Colonel Lamont knows. It took all his diplomacy, and for a long time afterward whenever an Indian delegation made a visit they were received in the east room and no chance was given the chiefs for social converse with the "Great Father." They might have got thirsty.

Senator Zeb. Vance does not always come off first best when he tries to chaff, though he is an adept in it. Lately he was riding up to the Capitol in a street car with some fellow Senators, when a newsboy boarded the car and made a direct appeal for the sale of his wares:

"New-York papers—two for five," he piped, looking straight at Vance, as much as to say that the bargain was only for him.

"Go away, sonny," said the North Carolina Senator sternly, "I've got no money, can't you see that?"

"Mister," piped the urchin as he backed out of the car' "do you know that people go to h——l for lying?"

Then he was gone and Senator Vance's colleagues poked fun at him all the way up to the Capitol.

Representative Taulbee, of Kentucky, has a queer set of constituents, and it may be said of him that he very well represents them. In the backwoods and the mountain regions, where Mr. Taulbee makes his canvass before election, every man has his own idea of quantity, and there are no two men whose views on diction are exactly the same. Mr. Taulbee possesses a thorough knowledge of the peculiar dialects of the people whom he represents. He sometimes puzzles his neighbors in the House with extracts from letters in his daily mail. A few days ago he was relating to a little group of members some of the linguistic peculiarities of his people, and told of some of their quaint sayings. There is one man in Mr. Taulbee's district who is suspected of possessing a superior education. He has never in any way merited this suspicion, but his innocent neighbors are pleased to imagine these things about him. He was addressing a crowd of his neighbors one day when he used an expression which stuck in Mr. Taulbee's memory. It was this:

"The gimfastic affairs of this yere Constikushion are about to be overwhellumed by the pulley-blocks o' nature."

This noble sentiment was applauded to the echo. A stranger in the district asked the way to the place of a man named Owen. The mountaineer to whom he addressed the query was also a person of superior culture and his reply was couched in those weird words:

"Although Owen's place is strictly adjacent to mine, I cannot circumwent with any degree of certainnities his wherefores or whichabouts"; a reply that would have delighted the late Mr. Weller.

For some time there has been wandering about the floor of the House just before its time of meeting a rather commonplace man of medium height, who is seen to make copious notes in a large book after brief conversations with different members. He has been propounding to the members of the House a question which must appear strange to many of them. It is simply, "Are you a Christian?" The man's name is Doolan. He was on the soldiers' roll of the House in the XLVIth Congress and was employed as doorkeeper of one of the galleries. He is obtaining statistics for a sort of religious census. He has chosen a rather unprofitable field, for the members of the House, I fear, are inclined to be scoffers. Many of them "guy" the census-taker, but he has had only one distinctly unpleasant experience. Judge Blank, of ———, could not see the utility or humor of the question when it was put to him, and after inquiring if the questiner did not think himself impertinent, he proceeded in a feeling way to consign him to the lower depths.

The action of Mr. Kilgore, Acting Chairman of the House Committee on Enrolled Bills, in withholding from the President, for a time at least, the Chinese Exclusion bill, has directed attention to the Committee on Enrolled Bills in the two houses and the power they possess to delay and in some cases nullify the acts of Congress. When Mr. Kilgore was asked at what time he intended delivering the bill at the Executive Mansion, he said that he was in the habit of going to the White House about once in ten days. He said that he would not be in any hurry about delivering the bill. The effect of a corrupt use of the power possessed by the committee can be easily imagined. That the committee has misused its power is well known. It is not denied. If for any reason a member is desirous of having a bill withheld from the President the Committee on Enrolled Bills will, if he be a person of sufficient influence, pigeon-hole the measure and it may be a long time before it sees the light of day again. The committee has now on file, I am told, bills which received the signatures of the presiding officers of the two houses three months ago. They lie all covered with dust in a drawer of the Committee Clerk's desk, and there they will lie until the committee gets ready to send them to the White House, for until some one interested in the legislation learns of their position and through resolution of the House compels the chairman of the committee to perform his duty.

One of the measures in the clerk's desk is a public building bill. The member who introduced it and pushed it through the House now has another bill on the calendar. It provides that certain terms of court shall be held in his town. If those terms of court are held in the town the public building provided for in the bill will be needed, otherwise it will not. The member is having the public building bill held back so that the other bill shall go to the President first. The other bill is on the calendar and there it has remained for three months while the public building bill bearing the signatures of the presiding officers of both houses lies in the Committee on Enrolled Bills. The only rule governing this committee is one which says that it shall transmit to the President bills which have passed both houses. There is no limitation whatever and the committee, unless directed by special resolution, can make the delivery when it pleases.

In the course of the Maine campaign Congressman Springer, of Illinois, helped to swell the Republican majority by making Democratic speeches in various parts of the State. At one place at which he was billed to speak he had prepared himself for a long discourse on the tariff question, but the chairman of the local committee came to him and said:

"For Heaven's sake leave the tariff alone. There is no use talking anti-tariff here."

So Springer gave one of his best imitations of thinking. Suddenly an idea struck him. There were the "trusts" which the Democratic party hated with such awful hate that it lay awake at nights worrying about them. Of course there could be no more agreeable subject for a good Democratic audience than a denunciation of the monster "Trust." Mr. Springer with a smile made the suggestion to the committeeman. A shadow came over his face. "Trusts?" he said. "I don't think our people are very much interested in them."

"Are they not grinding the workingmen into particularly small powder?" said Mr. Springer. "Are they not ruining the trade of your people and concentrating business into the hands of a few men who practically control the price of the product of honest labor?"

"Well, you see," said the native, "we have nothing of that kind in this neighborhood. Most of us here are in the lime business. We've a little association for our mutual protection, and we agree not to produce more than a certain amount and not to sell at less than a certain rate; and so we work along together. But we don't any of us know what these Trusts are up here and I don't think they'd interest our people."

And Mr. Springer, after this explanation of the system of brotherly love which governed the business of the Democrats of Maine, agreed with him perfectly.

"I see," said Representative Allen, of Mississippi, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, "that Senator Hampton has been telling about a crow he owns that can talk, and Senator Vest tells about a dog that can black boots and imitate a Methodist exhorter. Now I have a mule on my farm in Mississippi whose favorite amusement is to go in swimming with the boys; and, would you believe it, he can swim on his back and dive head foremost like a fish. Yes, sir, he has dived at least thirty feet and come up with his head all covered with mud.

"This mule can counterfeit almost any wind instrument. There is a ferryman who has shot at him several times. The ferryman has a horn on the opposite side of the river for travellers to blow as a signal whenever they want to come over. The mule caught on to this racket and whenever he gets a chance he goes down to the river and brays just like a horn ablowin'. On foggy days the ferryman cannot see across the river and he doesn't know whether it is the mule or a traveller. He told me the other day that last year he pulled his boat over sixty times to answer that 'blessed long-eared mule,' as he termed it.

"On my farm I have a large bell with a rope attached to ring up the hands at daybreak. An old colored man used to attend to this duty, but one day about two years ago, he suddenly died. The next morning everybody was astonished to hear the bell ring at the usual hour. I went out to see who was ringing it, and, I hope I may never get back to Mississippi, if it was not that mule. Yes, sir, and that mule has been ringing that bell ever since at daybreak every morning. Not only this, but he canters down between the negro quarters just as the old man used to do to see that everybody gets out on time. The old man had a way of kicking on the door of a hand who did not move out briskly; and one morning, the mule followed his example. In a certain cabin there was a very lazy colored family that never stirred until everybody else was out at work. Just at daybreak the mule backed up to the front door and gave a kick with both feet that sent the whole family through the back window. The mule did not know it, however, and kept on kicking. The next day it took four carpenters to put that cabin together again. Oh, it is a great mule, that mule of mine."

Here is an interesting letter which shows the drift of politics in the State of New-York. It is written by one Democrat to another. Unfortunately I am forbidden to use the writer's name. He says:

"The political outlook here is not so favorable as it might be to the Democrats, and unless we have a windfall of good luck I think our name is Dennis in New-York. The trouble is solely and exclusively the tariff. To win New-York we must have the Irish and German workingmen with us. In 1876 we had both and won the State. In 1880 we lost the Germans and the election. In 1884 we lost part of the Irish and pulled through. This year there is as much German disaffection as in 1880 and as much Irish as in 1884. Both classes are protectionists. Thus far all the Democratic tariff orators have been from Southern States. We are making here a defensive fight entering as Cleveland says a 'no free trade crusade' but at the same time denouncing the protective system. The Democrats have great hopes of the West but I do not share them. It seems to me that the election will be close. There may be a reaction deep enough to give the Democracy the victory. The "Old Roman's" visit East was a failure, through accident; and he is, practically, no longer a factor."

Senator Palmer, of Michigan, has probably found out by this time that fools build houses and wise men buy them. He set out two years ago to build a house on McPherson Square, which was to cost in the neighborhood of $40,000. He has since then expended nearly $85,000, and he has not settled for a number of bills yet. He does not intend to, either, without indulging in the luxury of a legal controversy. Being a very rich man, I suppose he can afford to do this. He charges a local architect who supervised the building of the house, and the New-York architect who designed it, with having submitted accounts which, in many instances, were false and fictitious. He was assured by the architects that the house was not to cost more than $40,000, and yet they immediately after making that statement turned around and took out a permit at the Bureau of the Building Inspector for the erection of a $50,000 house. The sympathies of every man that has ever attempted to build a house on his own account are with the genial Senator from Michigan.

General Sherman does not seem to be appalled at the thought of dying; at any rate, he speaks of it sometimes in an off-hand sort of way that is almost amusing. Not long after Sheridan's funeral, in referring to the decease of many prominent officers of the late war, he said to a writer in "The Capital":

"I shall have to hurry up and die pretty soon, or there will be nothing but militia to bury me."

A SAD, SAD TALE.

From The Detroit Free Press.

A stranger with a sad, tired look, and a manner indicating that he wished to escape general observation, came into a little Western town the other day. He stopped at the town well to slake his thirst and bathe his flushed face and brow, and while he drank a denizen of the town drew near to quaff of the cooling water. He, too, had a careworn face and an air of general discouragement.

"Stranger here, ain't you?" he asked of the wayfarer.

"Yep—stranger now, but I used to live round here."

"No—did you! Lately?"

"No; it's nigh on to ten years since I left."

"And you ain't been back since?"

"No. There's been a good many changes, I see, since then, and I don't reckon there's many left I useter know?"

"Mebbe not; who'd you know?"

"Well, lemme see—there was a woman named Watts I useter know—Sally Watts."

"Did you know Sally Watts?" asked the denizen of the town.

"Knowed her well. I—I—did you ever hear of Sally?"

"Yes, I—"

"Do you know Sally Watts?"

"Yes, I—I—"

The wayfarer looked carefully around, lowered his voice, and said, cautiously:

"See here, mister; I've a favor to ask. It ain't much. Would you mind not mentionin' it to Sally Watts that a stranger was 'round astin' fer her? She'd know it was me, an' I'd ruther have a hyener on my trail than Sally Watts. She's an idee I'm dead, an' I want her to cling to that idee. If you know Sally Watts, mister, mebbe you know how nigh she comes to bein' kin to the devil. If she ain't a Zantippy I never see one. Lookee here, stranger, you've got a sympathetic kind of a face, an' I b'leeve you'd know how to feel fer a feller that's went through what I've went through with, an' I feel as if I'd like to confide in you. Stranger, I useter be married to Sally Watts!"

The recipient of this confidence gave a little gasp and wrung the hand of the poor wayfarer, saying, with deep fervor:

"Pity me, man, I'm married to her now!"

SHERMAN IN ATLANTA.

DID HE EXPECT GRANT'S ARMY TO MEET HIM THERE?

THE MARCH TO THE SEA SAID TO HAVE BEEN A NECESSITY AND NOT AN INSPIRATION.

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 29.—It is generally believed that General Sherman abandoned Atlanta and marched to the sea to carry out a plan of campaign mapped out in his mind months before. This view is favored by some war histories, but the facts of the case as understood here do not bear it out. The General had not been in Atlanta many days before he issued an order requiring Confederate sympathizers to go South and the Union citizens to go North. At that time the wealthiest and most prominent Union man in the city was Mr. William Markham. He was a Northerner, and his sentiments were well known to both the Confederates and the Federals. He had borne a conspicuous part in the formal surrender of the place to the invaders, and they naturally looked to him for information and advice. When the order was issued commanding the people to leave the city Mr. Markham went to the commander and protested.

"General," he said, after making his appeal, "this order will send thousands of innocent people out into the world homeless, helpless and starving."

"It is the fortune of war," replied Sherman. "I must look after the safety and comfort of my army. Seven of my soldiers are worth more to me than seven thousand of your citizens and the whole city. I have 300 miles of railway between me and my base of supplies. I must protect this line of communication, and it will be difficult to feed my soldiers. You will see that I cannot undertake to feed several thousand of your people, some of them enemies and some of them useless friends. It is simply a question of self-preservation with me."

"Then you intend to remain here?" inquired Mr. Markham.

"Remain here!" repeated the General. "That is absolutely settled. I shall hold Atlanta until the war ends."

A day or two later General Sherman called to see him at his residence, and talked more freely.

"My engineers," he said, "are making a survey for an inner line of fortifications running through the outskirts of the city. The Confederate breast works are too far out, and will require too many soldiers to man them. When I get through Atlanta will be as strongly fortified as Gibraltar, and just as impregnable."

"You are determined to stay?"

"Yes, I told you that the other day. The fall of Richmond is expected daily. When that occurs Grant's army will march through the Confederacy to this point, and the war will end right here."

During the week the General saw Mr. Markham several times, and his talk was always of the same tenor. Not once did he utter a word that indicated a purpose to march to Savannah or any other point. The one idea of holding Atlanta until Grant joined him seemed to be uppermost in his mind.

As he related these interesting matters of history the other day, Mr. Markham grew animated. His eyes flashed, and he spoke with emphasis. He recollected the events of that stirring period as if they had occurred yesterday, and he never hesitated to recall a name or a date or the words used in a conversation.

"Are you certain that Sherman's march to the sea was not contemplated by him when he captured Atlanta?"

Mr. Markham paused to consider the question.

"I am reasonably certain," he responded. "The General talked with me apparently without reserve. He made every possible preparation to hold the city, and he seemed to be confident that Grant's army would capture Richmond in a short time and follow Lee's soldiers through Virginia and the Carolinas into Georgia."

"What caused him to change his plans, and go to the coast, and then northward to meet Grant?"

"I think that it was the desperate battle at Altoona. When Hood's men moved around in his rear he saw that it was impossible to hold his line of communication with his base of supplies. He could not think of retreating, and so his only course was to strike out through Georgia, destroying everything in his pathway."

"So his celebrated march was not a part of his original programme, but was an afterthought?"

"That is my belief, based upon what he told me, and upon what I saw."

As the writer looked at Mr. Markham, and noted his serene appearance, he could not resist the temptation of asking him another question.

"Mr. Markham, how much did Sherman's visit to Atlanta cost you?"

"At least $114,000 in buildings alone. I cannot now estimate the value of the other property that was lost, but it amounted to a large sum."

"Did the Government ever reimburse you?"

"No, I put in a claim, but it was a year too late, and I was told it would take a special act of Congress. I have taken no further steps!"

Mr. Markham found General Sherman a very expensive acquaintance, but in his prosperous and contented old age he seems to care very little about it. He has made another fortune since those days, and is, perhaps, better satisfied with the new Atlanta than he was with the old.

SAYINGS OF LITTLE FOLKS.

Theo (3) while in the country one summer was watching the clouds passing over the full moon, calling it playing "Bo Peep." He was loth to go to bed and very early the next morning wakened me by slipping out of his crib and going to the window. He climbed in a chair and looked first in the east, then went to the other side of the room, saying "I can't find it." What are you looking for? I asked. "The moon, I guess God's tooked it in."

One day he came in holding up the skirt of his little dress full of eggs. "See, I've found a hen's nest," he said. "Oh," said the lady of the house, "I am afraid the hen will leave her nest, you should not have taken away her eggs." "Oh, no she won't, I left one for a pattern," he answered.

Eddie (3 1-2) had seen the older children correcting and copying their compositions so he wanted to write a composition. I gave him a sheet of paper and a pencil but soon he came back for more paper. "Just a little piece." "Why, I gave you a whole sheet a few moments ago," I said. "I know it but I don't want to put my think on that."

One night I called Cuyler (3) to look out of the western window to see the new moon. He just glanced up and said, "I don't think much of pieces of moons." When at its full as it rose over the houses round and bright I again called him to see it. "There, that is the kind of a moon I always would make if I was in God's place," he said.

HE TOOK A LESSON IN LAW.

From The Detroit Free Press.

"Dar's a pusson I want 'rested an' sent up," said a colored man as he entered the Gratiot-ave. station and removed his hat.

"Who is it?" asked the sergeant.

"Used ter be my ole woman."

"Your wife?"

"Yes."

"Where is she now?"

"Hangin' aroun' my house an' declarin' she will kill my odder wife. It's agin de bargin, an' she knows it, but she wants to be mean."

"What bargain did you make?"

"I dun toled de ole woman dat if she would go way an' quit-claim on me I'd gin her $2. She agreed an' de money was paid, but jist as soon as I get dis new wife she comes back to bodder us."

"Didn't you get a divorce?"

"No, sah. I jist made a bargin."

"Then you have two wives and can be sent to prison."

"No."

"That's the way of it."

"An' de bargin wasn't 'cordin' to law?"

"No."

"An' I can be 'rested?"

"Yes."

"Shoo! Say, you jess keep quiet 'bout twenty minits! I'll go home an' bounce de new wife an' take de old one back, an' make up wid her! I jess reckoned she was blowin' around, an' yere she's bad de cotton-wood on me all de time! Shoo! Gin me twenty minits an' look out fur splinters!"

THE INVENTIVE JUVENILE MIND.

From The Philadelphia Times.

The word "smallpox" fell to Tommy to spell, but he floundered hopelessly.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "do you know what a little boy who fails on so simple a word as smallpox ought to get?"

"Yes'm," replied Tommy, "he ought to get vaccinated."

Parson's Wife. "Why, Johnny, you're not going fishing on Sunday, are you?"

Johnny. "Oh," no—no. I—I only thought I'd take the pole away from the house so that my brothers needn't be tempted."