



The milliners' windows make a lovely bow, but, after all, how many of the hats and bonnets therein displayed could be worn by you? How many are practicable for your particular head? If you are 30 years old or under, or even if you are well on toward 40, and are sure you don't look it, then this felt hat in the picture will be suitable for you. But it isn't fit for a middle-aged matron. It is a fawn-colored felt hat, with curled edges, trimmed with brown velvet and leathers. On one side



A Fitting Felt Hat.

under the ribbon a beautiful bow of velvet is placed which fastens an ostrich feather and an egrette of fancy feathers.

When it comes down to facts, the general character of hats for early winter has not changed materially as worn on the street. Everything is only a little more so than last summer, that is all. I really think the millinery windows are intended as sort of liberal educators for us to study the styles in. The majority of buyers look with awe and some envy at the hats on the "figures," but they end by getting their own idea of the mode, and it is framed upon what they actually see worn. The crowd-drawingly collection that poses on a brass candleabra in a milliner's window is a vision to behold, but not to be worn.

For trimming the large felt hats, the long velvet bows will be found simply invaluable. They can be bought at the store, and will form quite a sufficient trimming in themselves for many of the shapes now being worn. An exceedingly pretty bow is made of coque feathers in various shades of coloring, with a tall caper in the center. The small coque egrettes are very useful placed either singly or in groups of two or three. If you trim your own hats, you can help yourself out very much by buying these things ready made.

Guitars as Photograph Holders. The banjo and guitar craze is about over. In many homes the banjos, guitars and mandolins unused and neglected. They are too valuable to give away and they are too obtrusive in the odd nooks and corners where they are stowed. What shall we do with them?

An ingenious young woman has answered the question. She hung her guitar on the wall and transformed it into a photograph holder by twisting and turning the strings so as to form loops and receptacles for her favorite pictures. Of course the inevitable bright blue bow is conspicuous, and ribbon of a terra-cotta shade on the handle of the guitar gives a contrast in color that is effective.

The young woman who uses gold paint will be sure to guild the musical photograph holder she will make upon reading this, but it looks prettier as it is.

The Hair Net Again. The blow has fallen, and the hair net is with us once again. It has, so to say, been hanging over our heads for a long time past, and early in the summer I noticed that one or two daring spirits led

the van of fashion by inclosing their locks in the silken meshes which by some strange freak was once considered becoming. Men have laughed at us for frizzing out our heads into the semblance of furze bushes; they have grumbled at the altitude to which we have aspired in dressing it, but surely their artistic souls are not so dead, their eyes for the beautiful so dim that they will ever encourage their fashion-ridden womanhood to bring their hair down into the meshes of their necks in the appallingly ugly net and so give their heads the appearance of a sofa cushion or a traveling pillow.

I consider that our reputations are positively trembling in the balance while the popularity of the hair net remains undecided, for what will they think of us a few years hence when they see our portraits and our fashion plates and find that we stooped to a revival of this hideous mode?

The Novel Feature Gowns. Some of the most charming and popular dresses of the season are what might be fittingly called "feature gowns." That is, such as include the most striking and artistic features of those that are pronounced renaissance.

For example, here is a gown worn by a woman of perfect taste recently returned from Paris. The material is of soft, flexible cloth in gray warmed by an ecru tint. The sleeves are of the pronounced Empire sort, close along the lower arm and with full puffs along the shoulder. At the hand it is slashed about four inches and faced with satin. The upper part is turned back from the arm and the lower part down on to the hand. About the shoulders is a broad, frill-like cape of satin and at the waist-line is a narrow satin cincture. The skirt is cut with a demi-train and at the foot is a narrow satin ruffle headed with a thick cord of the same material nearly an inch across. With this are worn red shoes and red stockings, and altogether it is a very chic and modish costume.

Hints to the Household. COLLARS and cuffs look well when encased in a new box made especially for their reception. It is circular, gold lined and is executed in apollo satin finish.

New candle shades imitating lace are exquisite. The effect is produced by the thick and thin porcelain with the light shining through. Thus far they are only in white, but very delicate shades are being made.

Shells are beautifully polished and placed upon silver tripods and serve as bon-onon dishes. Mother-of-pearl spoons accompany these, and what a pretty way to utilize a shell, precious as a souvenir of place or friend!

ENGLISH wares have beautiful shapes in Jarvillieres and a very great protection to floor or standard is the added shallow trays to place them in, thus avoiding all danger from draught or moisture. Milton and Leeds are the favorite pottery for them, but the most graceful is made in France.

A CHARMING fire-screen is made of wrought iron in delicate, tasteful pattern and set with stained glass in the familiar bull's-eye pattern. A screen of this kind, set with pale yellow and orange glass bull's eye, would be especially pretty in a yellow room or in a room with a red carpet and a blue French reception room furnished in enamel.

The newest sets of brushes, combs and boxes for the toilet table are made of ebony, covered with an open worked pattern of cherubs and leaves in silver of Louis XIV. style, for white exceedingly artistic in effect. The set costs less than one of solid silver and is much easier to take care of if the mountings are oxidized metals, as they usually are.

MRS. TRACEY'S THANKSGIVING. After a Sad Experience in This Country She Returns to Ireland.

Mrs. Catherine Tracey at last arrived at her sister's home near Milford Station, Ireland, yesterday. It must have been a joyful thanksgiving she offered up, having accomplished the desire which has filled her heart and mind since she has been left alone in the world. It will be remembered that THE DISPATCH some time ago published exclusively the history of Mrs. Tracey, how she lost each one of her family of four by their going insane, and how endeavoring to obtain enough money to take her across to her sister's in Ireland, where a home had been offered her to spend the remainder of her life.

As a result of the article Mrs. C. L. Magee sent word to Mrs. Tucker, the Oakland manager of the Society for the Improvement of the Poor, that she had complete charge of Mrs. Tracey, nursing her in her sickness and troubles and providing for her when she was well, that she would defray the expenses of Mrs. Tracey across the water. An order for a ticket for New York was given her by the Department of Public Charities, and Mrs. Magee donated \$30 for the balance of the expenses. A ticket across the water was purchased for \$18; \$2 was expended for a bed to be used on board; \$3 was given her for incidental expenses, and \$10 was put into a draft subject to her order from the other side.

After providing her with warm clothes and provisions, the Society for the Improvement of the Poor, sent Mrs. Tracey to New York last Tuesday week, and she arrived in her home yesterday.

A Policeman Sealed at a Fire. The alarm from box 345, Allegheny, at 12:20 yesterday afternoon was caused by a fire in a summer house in the rear of No. 18 Spruce street. The damage was slight. Police Lieutenant Holland had his leg badly scalded during the fire by a stopcock on one of the fire engines blowing out and the water spurting over him.

The popularity of Salvation Oil is not astonishing when we hear of its many cures.

CAUSED BAD BLOOD

Patrol Wagon No. 3 Wins the Prize, but the Others Are Not Satisfied.

Considerable interest was displayed in the inspection of police patrol wagons yesterday. Except that City Hall was closed and the officials were taking a holiday, the inspection was the only municipal recognition of the day. Two wagons from each police district were in the line drawn up in the Central station yard. Mayor Gourley, Chief Brown and Police Superintendent O'Mara officiated as judges. Several hundred people witnessed the proceedings. The judges critically examined the appearance and condition of wagons, harness, horses and men, and then unanimously decided in favor of the Twelfth ward station wagon.

Mayor Gourley presented the winners in the competition with a handsome gold handled whip. It was donated by Joseph Loughrey. The Mayor, in a brief speech, complimented all the competitors, selecting companies 1, 3 and 7, in the order named, for special praise on their appearance. T. J. Morley, one of the men on the Twelfth ward wagon, received the whip in a well-timed speech, in which he claimed Pittsburgh's police patrol service unequalled in the United States.

Some bad feeling exists as a result of No. 3 company getting the prize. Inspector McLaughlin, of the Second district, and Captain Stewart, of the Third, were each confident they would win, and the spirit of competition was so strong that various officers in the Second and Third districts wagered money on the result. After the judges had decided they were inconclusive, and at last accounts were talking of a competition of their own for a purse subscribed by all who may enter.

HURT IN A COLLISION

An Electric Car Runs Into a Wagon and Injures the Occupant.

While on her way to market at 5:30 o'clock yesterday morning Mrs. Mianie Stoltz, a middle-aged woman living in Snowden township, met with a sad accident which very nearly terminated fatally. She was driving a wagon containing a quantity of produce which she intended to deliver at the South Twelfth street market and in crossing the car tracks at Thirteenth and Carson streets the wagon was struck by car No. 30 of the Birmingham Traction Company.

The force of the collision threw Mrs. Stoltz from the seat into the body of the wagon, where she lay unconscious for a few moments. On being removed to a physician's in the neighborhood it was found she had sustained a severe injury to her spine from which she may not recover. The injured woman was at once taken to her home.

YOU can get a good tenant by using THE DISPATCH cent-a-word columns.

Closed up Ball. The Allegheny police, at 1 o'clock yesterday morning, closed up a ball at Semple's Hall on Federal street. The ball was given by the Mycelia Club. A number of young girls were present, and it is charged the people behaved badly and disorderly. At length it was decided to close it, and at 1 o'clock the people were sent home.

Keeping Down the Death Rate. Pittsburgh's death rate for the week ending the 19th inst. was 20.59 per 1,000 inhabitants per annum. This is a low rate, the average of large cities generally being about 23. The total number of deaths was 103. Diphtheria caused 6, typhoid fever 7 and pneumonia 11. Of the deceased 40 were under 2 years of age.

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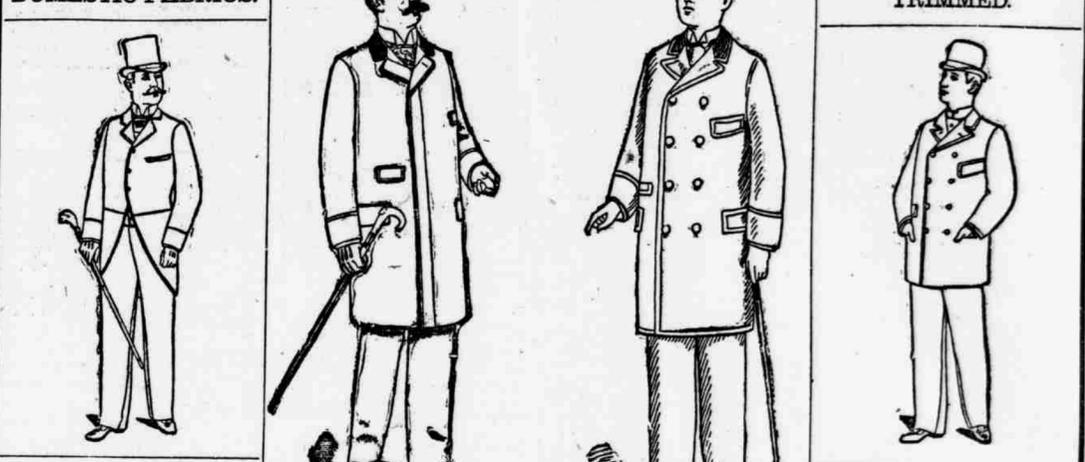
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THE DACIAN VIRGIN. BY CARMEN SYLVA

[HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.]

At night by the light of the moon, the imposing form of a virgin strays with uncertain steps along the Danube's bank. She wrings her hands as she enters the water high up her waist in quest of a ford, by which to pass over to the opposite side, while she raises her voice in lamentation, thus: "Do you not see that I have taken the last soldier from the recent battle, and that I must cross over? Oh, foaming waves, suffer this the last warrior to escape to the opposite bank, so as to be sheltered from the fury of the enemy. Let the bride pass. Show me the ford that I may not see the Roman hosts trample on my dead. Let me, O Danube, cross thy gory waters."

Thus waits the virgin the long night through, wringing her hands in despair, while the waves of the broad Danube flow on unceasingly, mighty and merciless in the light of the bright moon, which looks calmly down upon the dead as they lie in shapeless heaps. The chiefs of Dacia's heroes are seated in solemn council, still brave and strong at heart. The most venerable amongst them glances around him in consternation as he flings down the plume from an eagle's wing, and a sigh rises from the breast of each, for the feather indicates "the Romans are coming."

The youngest member of the Dacian Council leans upon his sword, his eyes sparkle, but his pale, frowning brow is expressive of grave thought, while his long locks of hair, black as the raven's wing, rise and fall on his broad shoulders from the movement of his rapid breathing. He is who takes a reed and casts it down near to the eagle's feather, his lips compressed with scorn. "The leaves of the reed indicate the Roman, for they are luscious," he says. "But one of the eldest of these warriors points toward the Danube, which is visible glistening between the gigantic trunks of the trees, takes a vase of

longing; grave and serious, like young priestesses serving the altar, they perform their self-imposed task. The sun is now at its zenith, and comes to rest on the beautiful cheek of Sola, while a glittering bead drops purplish down her brow, fair as drifted snow, to the crisp black curls below. At length the silence is broken, and the cluster of maidens burst forth into song as they burnish the arms of their heroes. Their clear notes are heard afar.

"Sweet river, noble river, with thy soft streaming waves, I have seen thee personified in a dream, under the arch of a ruin surrounded by his host. Thou hast raised thy lance, thou hast set out on the great battlefield. My dream is a bad dream, yet it has lived in me, for thou keepest watch and guard no longer, no more than I oppose thy strength against those who assault us. My arm is raised against them in vain. Oh, river, river, help us to check these hosts. Or, if thou art afraid or faint-hearted, rise up and swallow us, that we may be at peace, whilst thou roll'st on unfeeling, unfeeling, on over our young bodies, as thou drownest our cries and hearest away our lamentations."

What is this noise heard in the forest? Its depths resound with the footfall of thousands of men and horses, and with the clang and clashing of arms. The forest rings with the virgin rise in wonder, and with fixed gaze look onward into the distance as far as the eye can penetrate; but the forest seems to be unpeopled, and the birds are even asleep on the sully day. The strange muffled sound draws nearer, and with it the mysterious, invisible host.

Then Sola, mute and pale as her snowy vestments, raises her arm and points with it toward the right bank of the Danube, where the dust as if from hundreds of hooves rises to the heavens, and through it is seen glittering the steel of the helmets and the points of the lances, as they appear and vanish like lightning in black clouds. The forest rings with a loud clamor, and then comes a fainter din from the opposite bank, where on the heights above a multitude of warriors stand, and the fires which ring and riveting around the trees which they have kindled and where their furnaces seem to burn pale and dim in the glare of noonlight. At length they have risen, and the clouds of smoke and steam, which they are able to push forth a bridge, towered about as at the end of the day come also the

end of hope. Weapons are clenched and menacing fists raised stiffly toward heaven, yet still the horses come on and like to the waves of the ocean roll forward and ever forward.

On that side of the Danube the hills, the plains and forests all seem to be alive with movement, advancing toward the river as if to stem its current, or to fill up the whole heaven with smoke and fire. In silence on the doom which surely approaches them. Sola is erect and impassive, her hand shading her eyes and their pensive brows.

On the opposite bank lances and shields still shine with a bloody glow, even the dust that rises from hill and vale like thick smoke, and the rays of the sun begin to be felt. The bridge is still there, and horse and foot pass over alike in multitudes.

The Dacian host is scattered and put to rout, but it collects its remnants together, silent and steadfast like a rock of granite, on the border of the forest. Nando is borne along on a litter of branches, bleeding from his numerous wounds. Sola stands mute by, she seizes the long tresses of her hair and beats her breasts three several times. Nando, vanquished by pain and loss of blood, closes his eyes, while the warriors bow their heads in sorrow and despair.

Have the waters of the great Danube grown red? Seems it that fountains of blood have been poured therein? Is it filled with troops of soldiers? Even the very waves seem calmed, for the river is laden with trunks of trees, so many trees it may be that a whole forest has bowed beneath the ax. Now the air vibrates with cries, and the rays of the sun begin to be felt. The bridge is still there, and horse and foot pass over alike in multitudes.

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But the Dacian host has rallied, their wounds are healed, and Sola girl signs to her that the warriors are waiting for their arms, which are ranged on the sandy shore. Then does Sola arouse herself, and turn her steps in that direction. Nando has been long standing, half hidden behind the trees. He looked neither at the Roman nor at their bridge of boats, nor thinks he of the peril which threatens his people. His eyes are steadily fixed upon upon his arms. It is Sola who has washed and cleaned them? Was hers the last hand that touched them after they were polished? He seizes hold of them rapidly, treading in the footprints that are still warm from Sola's charming hands.

But Sola advances cold as snow on the peak of the highest mountain, snow which the heat of a July sun is powerless to dissolve. She does not turn to look back, she only does she raise her hands above her head, let them fall again gently by her side, and steps rapidly onward. She is as the spirit of the night, the eveningephyr, soft and cold, and passion. Nando clasps his lance with passion to his breast and kisses his trusty shield, as if he knew that it had reflected her fair face, as if he were asking it to retain her dear image.

their overwhelming forces the Romans have again entered the country. They overrun and devastate it like a flood, which in spring is charged with ice blocks, and melting carry all before them. Even like as to a whirlwind which careers madly through the forest, uprooting trees, twisting them and bowing them to the earth.

The Dacians stand firm of foot, but seemingly all is lost to them. Nando is magnificent; his oriflamme, steeped in blood, droops from his lance like the autumn moss from a mountain pine. His breast is laid bare by a fearful wound, and from it the blood wells forth in purple streams. At length he falls to the earth, but still defends himself with his upheld sword. "Oh, Sola, my Sola, come near to me," murmurs his pale lips. "Sola, come nearer."

From the thickest of the fight she still watches his oriflamme, sees it being gradually lowered, and as length lying prone. She hears the warriors in their death throes calling, "Sola, Sola." With her arms she makes a passage through the throng, and reaches Nando at last; he is stretched prostrate on the ground, and is slowly dying from his wounds. He draws his last breath, and his eyes rest for a time, then slowly close in a last glance of love and faith on her. She kneels beside his lifeless form, takes his thin hand, from which she has brought a just fallen, and cries out amid the commotion and the strife, "Dacians, is not this the third day of battle? Behold my bridegroom."

The warriors are horror-stricken when they hear these terrible words, and a cry like thunder rises from among them. "We are then utterly lost; the omen did not lie to us; this virgin is the cause of our calamity, and she must suffer. We are doomed, and the maiden who has brought death alike on all must perish." With her hand in one of Nando's, with brave heart and smiling lip, unfeelingly she awaits the sentence inflicted on her by her own people. The hosts now fling themselves into the thickest of the battle, and are mown down like ears of ripe corn, which fall voiceless and uncomplaining. Of the mighty Dacian warriors not one remains to mourn. There scattered on the earth lie all their lifeless bodies. The women rush with fury into the cruel

fight, so as not to become the prey of the Roman victors.

At night time in the moonlight the noble form of a virgin wanders up and fro on the Danube's bank. She wrings her hands as she enters the water up to her waist, and looks vainly for a ford by which to cross over to the opposite bank. She raises her voice in lamentation. "See you not, I have taken the last warrior from the third battle, and I must cross over to the other side. Oh, foaming waves, let the last warrior pass over, so as to escape even after death the fury of his foes? Let the bride pass! Show me the ford so that I may not see my dead trampled under foot by the Roman host. Let me, oh, Danube, pass through thy blood-dyed waves."

This means the virgin the long night through, but the mighty waves of the broad Danube still flow on unceasingly, merciless and unrelenting in their course, under the calm moonlight, which looks down cruel and pitiless on the inevitable doom of the brave Dacians and their numberless dead.—Manchester Weekly.

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