

FASHION NOTES



NEW YORK, Aug. 4, 1893.

ERELY by the width of your shoulders can your status as a woman of fashion be decided. You may be short or tall, thin or plump, long waisted or otherwise, young or old, but you must be as broad across your shoulders as your dressmaker can make you. To this end crinoline and haircloth, ruffles and ribbons, lace and fringe, puffs and bretelles all contribute, and when the gown fearfully and wonderfully made is on you, how do you look? It makes a difference who is observing you as to how that question is answered. Your dressmaker, your vis-a-vis in the opera box, your discouraged imitator in the parquet will tell you you look absolutely lovely. Your gentlemen friends will echo this, no doubt; they are bound to think you lovely in any guise, but the artist and the lover of the natural and simple, the respecter of the human form divine will turn away speechless, the fact being that you are altogether stunning. That is the effect many women like to achieve, and nothing that fashion has ever invented is more calculated to help in bringing it about.

time is round and quite full, hooks in the center and is confined by a folded belt of velvet. The skirt is of the umbrella pattern, all its seams being finished with passementerie and ornamented around the bottom with a band of lavender velvet, edged top and bottom with the same passementerie. As sketched the costume is composed of figured cream-colored silk shot with lavender and green and trimmed with lavender velvet and tinsel passementerie.



Cape like granitine.

The next picture presents a natty walking dress composed of woolen crepe trimmed with braid of the same shade as the goods, and showing a few gold threads. The circular bodice is four yards in width, lined with silk and the bottom is garnished with four rows of braid. With the costume is worn a sleeveless jacket made of the same material. It is light-fitting, is slashed around the bottom, and edged down the front and around the back with one row of braid. The blouse is fashioned in pink and yellow changeable silk, with a yoke of white surah and a standing collar of white moire ribbon. The changeable silk is gathered to the surah yoke and forms a full puff in the front and back and over the shoulder, under which the top of the jacket is hidden. The jacket hooks in the front. The puff is held in place in the front by two buttons and a slender gold chain, or two buttons and a cord loop. All this makes a simple and pretty costume, without exaggeration anywhere, yet with allowance made for fashion's decrees as to wide skirts and shoulders. The picture which follows is merely a very pretty device of embellishment, being a collarette of black onyx tips. It is sewed to a black satin foundation and around the neck there is a ruching of tiny tips, and the two long ends may either hang down in front or be taken around to the back and held in place with a ring. The feathers on the hat should correspond with those of the collarette for the sake of harmony.



Wide at shoulders and skirt hem.

The very square shoulder effects—which the profane observer might be excused for calling a bald-faced imitation of a policeman's uniform—are indebted to much patient padding and building up on crinoline or other foundations. The real flesh and blood shoulder is left far beneath the structure and nature's pretty curve is wholly obliterated. Perhaps, in view of the independent position of womankind in these days of intellectual and industrial progress, it is fitting that they should go about looking as if they carried a ship on their shoulders. This very latest fad is relieved of the numerous gathers, plaits, and shirrs in sleeves and bretelles, the stiff foundation enabling the architect to lay on the excess goods and trimmings quite smoothly. In the case of a decolette costume the extra width of shoulder can be secured by wings of lace on a proper foundation, or by bows of ribbon which simulate the wings of a butterfly. As the sleeves diminish in size these wing-like effects are a necessity to maintain the vast area between shoulder and shoulder. The wings are a very practical conceit, at all events, whether they are copied from the wings of the god Mercury and to stand for vigilance, or from those of a butterfly who lives the life of a rover and symbolizes pleasure. Vigilance is not wholly out of place either when you consider what a woman undertakes who follows the fashions.



With lace draped shoulders.

Bodices are now most often secured at the waist, and generally a plain piping of the material is used as a finish. The waist is carried to its full length, and this is certainly a more becoming arrangement than the high folded bands, which shortened the figure and made even a small waisted look thick and large. The fashion of bodices totally different to the skirt both in color and material is gaining in favor, and colored bodices are much worn with black skirts. Black, either of silk or satin, is called these burros names that have "stuck to them." Sullivan, Dexter, Jim Blaine, Harrison, Phil Sheridan, Samanthe, Lummu, Tarantula and Rats were the donkey coterie that made the excursion last week. The baggage wagon, led by the van. There is something more than poetry in calling him Rats, for while he accepts his burden with apparent submissiveness, he no sooner starts up or down the trail than he endeavors to unload himself in the scrub oak hedges, and only Roy's loud and repeated commands summon him back to the discharge of his duties. Among minor incident that interested a small party coming down the trail last week was a pair of mountain quail, a pile of dry brush close to the trail. Roy said they were 25 in the flock, but as the young ones kept running in and out of the brush and only the old ones stood still, he counted, I think Roy must have divided the number. The old bird stretched his neck, evidently looking for firearms. Roy thought his courage was due to the game law being in force. I half believed I saw a copy of the law stuck under his wing, which he proposed to read if he saw a gun. As we rounded a point Roy called out, "See that you take a straight shot!" The bandit proved to be only a scenic artist who proposed to take as hostage a copy of the cavaloide. If you see a picture of a cavaloide between Strain's and Martin's camp with a pilgrim-like individual in it, know by these presents, that's me! Go up to Wilson's peak!



A feathered beauty.

Each of the five examples of current fashionable attire set before you in the artist's sketches shows a method of adorning the shoulders by building up, widening or draping to increase their apparent size. In the case of the initial picture it is accomplished by means of a short velvet jacket with wide bretelles edged with passementerie. Then the sleeves, which below are a long light cuff, finished at the wrist by a band of velvet, have a huge balloon puff at the shoulders. The waist itself in this costume is three and a half yards wide and has a panel of the same stuff as the plastron on either side of the front. The material is not wide enough, a sufficient number of narrower breadths must be taken in order to give the required width. The round waist hooks in front and the plastron comes over. It has only one seam in the back, and one dart in either front. The plastron has a pleat down the center adorned with tiny gold buttons. A full blouse of black lace forms the wide collar which partly hides the plastron and disappears in the belt in the front and the back. The lace is not cut away, but forms a point in back. The girdle is wide and pointed at the top in front, but narrows toward the back, where the point is correspondingly shorter. The wing-like ornaments for shoulders which have already been mentioned are also seen with long sleeves and high necks, and are made by stiff pleated velvet or by pleated lace over a stiff foundation. The velvet is sometimes ornamented by jet simulating spots on butterfly wings. Though the newest capes droop a little over the shoulders, it is so very little that one's wings remain untrifled, so to speak. When bretelles are used to heighten the effect of width—and when they are not—this same butterfly or wing style is the one most used. In light or thin material, the frills, gathers, and shirrs do the work; in heavy goods, velvet and silk, which are pleated wing style. So it is, too, with the epaulettes. Even the fichu of lace or muslin is made to do the same service by spreading its wings over the shoulders. The circular bodice meets the top of the sleeves where the fullness of the lace makes the airy, just-poised-for-a-flight effect so much admired. It is too tantalizing, dear girls. Your adroitness know that your virtues if you do not tilt the scales about the moment, and this outward semblance of an inward grace, met at every step and in every assemblage, makes the flight too threatening. Be as broad-chested and sturdy of lung as you will, but don't cultivate wings so audaciously. Copyright, 1893.

CALIFORNIA IN MINIATURE

Kate Field's Idea of the State's Chicago Exhibit.

This State to Produce the Typical American.

Some of the Unique Attractions of the State—The Work of the Commissioners at the Fair.

Kate Field's Washington: The typical American will not be born for 200 years. Then he will be born in California. I ventured to say this at the dedication of California's state building and laughter ensued in consequence. There is more in it than meets the eye. When Governor Markham, Commissioner James D. Phelan, Commissioner M. H. DeYoung and other enthusiasts of the Golden West told of California's past and present, I thought of the future of a state which, excelled in size only by Texas, stands alone in the romance of its history, the grandeur and beauty of its scenery, the diversity of its climate and the picturesque variety of its products. The land of mission architecture, of Shasta, Yosemite and the Sierras, the land of the orange blossom, the grape, the olive and the fig; the land of sunshine and of gold is the land of the poet and the novelist. Bret Haris and Ramon are but the shadows of our occidental literature.

GO UP WILSON'S PEAK

The Advice of a Recent Traveler Up the Mountain.

Have you not been up the burro trail to Wilson's peak? Then don't let the summer pass without trusting your fate to a burro and making the ascent. Ladies all call the burro a bureau. I suppose by associating it with that familiar and harmless piece of furniture they acquire confidence in the little long-eared animal with less wear and tear to their mental clothes. Most people have an opinion that the weight of a finger toward Asia and you realize what I mean, a fact that would be strongly accentuated were Hawaii added to a republic whose commerce with the Orient will some day rival that with Europe, Asia, and perhaps Africa.

Climate and geographical position are potent factors in making the typical American. Distance from the present scene of immigration and the expense of a journey across the continent prevent rapid population of a vast territory of 158,000 square miles, capable of supporting as many people as now make the census of the United States 63,000,000. Hence whoever immigrates must have a motive, a purpose and have a fixed and intelligent purpose in view. Balmly air lures to Southern California well-to-do Americans in search of health, which they find in cultivating the grape, the orange, the almond, the walnut, the peach. The fact that European grape vines cannot be grown east of the Rockies attracts expert vineyardists of France, Italy, Germany, Austria and Spain, who, with silk growers, constitute the best of California's immigrants. The wealth of California's grain and fruits lures the disgruntled American farmer from his stony crops, and thus for one good reason and another California takes her place of humanity. The result is a mere question of time.

Realizing that \$300,000 could not do justice to a state with a coast line of 800 miles, an average width of 200 miles, and every climate on earth, from an annual rainfall of an inch in the southeast to 80 inches in the northwest, public-spirited citizens induced the legislature to pass a special act, enabling counties to raise money for their own exhibits. Thus the \$220,000 were added to the treasury. Los Angeles, Santa Clara and Alameda contributed \$40,000 apiece. Still the cry was for "more," and \$180,000 were raised by popular subscription, the Kern County Land and Irrigation Co. contributing largely.

What was all this money for? To create a miniature California in Jackson park; and those wise men of the Pacific determined to make no mistake in their building. They called for designs suggestive of the state. The one necessity was that the architecture should be distinctive. They didn't want Rome, or Greece, or France, or Italy. They wanted a structure that would mean California on sight. Seven designs were presented, several of which were good. One, however, was so eminently satisfactory as to excite universal admiration. It was unanimously accepted by the world's fair commission, consisting of Messrs. John Dagggett, R. McMurray, A. T. Hatch, Irving H. Scott, James D. Phelan, J. Rose and S. W. Ferguson, all of whom are blessed with common sense and good taste. A Page Brown, a rising young architect who had studied with McKim, Mead & White of New York, did the right thing at the right time. He adapted the requirements of a state exhibit. Without, surrounded by a semi-tropical garden, it fascinated the eye. Within, it provides for the display on floor and in galleries of the varied products of an empire. What wonder that the commissioners exclaimed "well done." They build even better than they knew, for no visitor to the fair but what warmly praised what he may not understand, while ar-

ists like Augustus St. Gaudens speak of Mr. Brown's work with enthusiasm.

Architecturally triumphant California then looked to her exhibits, which surprised by their extent and variety. In addition to her collective exhibit under her own vine and fig tree, she maintains special exhibits in the great departments of agriculture, horticulture, mines, fisheries, manufactures and transportation. In fact, there is not a building in Jackson park, including the Art palace, where California is not seen, while in the midway pleasure she claims these quarters for a new world, the orange, lemon, olive, Japanese plum, date palm and other semi-tropical fruits bloom in the open. Rich as is the flora of California, flowers could not be brought on for exhibition, but in floriculture the state succeeded in doing what no other has attempted. From the day of opening she has maintained an exhibit of fruits in season, beginning with strawberries and lemons, taking in turn strawberries, blackberries, apricots, searberries, peach-plums, apples, pears, etc., etc., until July 18th, 90 carloads of exhibits had been forwarded.

I was asked what one word best describes California, I should answer "diversity." The moment I enter her portals I feel like eating and drinking, exclaiming a friend. Hospitality permeates the atmosphere. Everybody is glad to see you, seats are frequent, reception rooms abound, pictures hang everywhere, and the most creditable state of the art galleries are on every right of state, where the student the history of California from the landing of the Spanish padres to the days of Wells, Fargo & Company's express; from the driving of the last spike, uniting the United States by the Pacific coast, to the interesting exhibits of the State and Leland Stanford, Jr., universities, and the blessed kindergartens that owe so much to the munificence of Mrs. Stanford and Mrs. Hearst.

In calling California an empire I use the word in the sense in which every other state in the union, and has as many climates as it has counties. A fallible legislature made these counties; inflexible nature divided California into several great and diverse sections. As the country broadens her business, let us follow nature. The coast region north of San Francisco and the east of the Trinity mountains is New England shore of its ruggedness and barrenness. Here grows abounding timber, here nestle valleys dotted with farms, and the soil is rich and clover. Cattle roam the hills and bawling brooks tell of a steady rainfall. South of San Francisco the coast is transformed. Below the redwood forests of Santa Cruz and Monterey, gently rolling hills are covered with oak forests and around which cattle browse with the dumb complacency of philosophers. The people are pastoral and the shores recall Sicily and the Adriatic. From Point Conception to San Diego, the coast is the most fertile and the most genial home than the sea.

Quite by itself is the great valley system of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, 500 miles long and 60 miles wide, the greatest domain of arable land in the world, producing the finest wheat and the most abundant fruit of the temperate zone. When thoroughly watered by irrigation, as it soon will be, the valley will easily support a population of 20,000,000.

This is the California we seek and prize. Entering the front door of the state building, the eye is first lights on the exhibit of Kern county, deftly displayed for the most part in a small replica of the Bridge of Sighs, famous in Venetian history. The idea was suggested by Mrs. Mary Rankin of San Francisco and was promptly accepted by those clever men, Messrs. Lloyd Tevis and J. B. Haggin, who have actually made Kern county within the last few years. Nobody ever heard of a region which belongs geographically to Southern California until these capitalists saw what could be done by irrigation with apparently worthless land. Today the taxable wealth of this county is \$12,902,019, and when its 2,000,000 acres of farming land are taken up in small plots by intelligent immigrants, the results will startle the very men who have redeemed a neglected El Dorado.

What counties constitute Southern California? There are the names in gold letters on a blue banner that sauntered by the fair: San Bernardino, San Luis Obispo, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Bernardino, Orange, Santa Barbara and Ventura. An area of 44,901 square miles and a population of 20,000,000 make such artistic and varied exhibits as astonish by their amazing magnitude. A few bottles of pure olive oil would create no remark, but when Mr. Elwood Cooper of Santa Barbara plants a pyramid of olive oil in bottles before your eyes there is no escape from a huge fact. Another pyramid of gorgeous fruits in jars of varied sizes presents an object lesson that cannot be forgotten. Not to know Ventura is not to know beans. To prove that this county riots in beans she puts up a unique pavilion made of them. Great globes of oranges excite the hunger of the best-fed visitors and the bread of white pavilion that is a downright symphony in wines, jellies, grains and fruits. Whoever designed it deserves a medal. There's another pavilion inlaid with nuts, Agriculture, horticulture, viticulture, viniculture and other culture are presented in no novel manner so to do great credit to the artistic side of California.

Here is the thatched roof of Fresno's pretty pavilion, adorned with classic vases made of redwood. Originally Fresno was one of the "cow counties," an important industry, but its greatest wealth lies in raisins, which may be called its raison d'être. In 1889 the income of its people amounted to \$10,000,000, \$1,000,000 dollars of which came from cattle, wool and sheep and \$1,500,000 from raisins. Not more than 10 years ago Miss Austin, a New England school teacher transplanted to Fresno, became possessed with the idea of turning Fresno grapes into

raisins. She lived long enough to carry out an inspiration which has so fructified that today 440,000 acres are devoted to raising grapes that this year will be worth \$3,000,000 to packers and producers. Minerals and timber are within its boundaries, but Fresno means raisins, and a woman is the mother of them. Two-thirds of this crop now comes from this district, and very soon they say nine-tenths of it will be grown there.

Adjoining Fresno is the interesting exhibit of Santa Clara, in which county are located the great Lick observatory, the state normal school, St. Joseph's college and that wondrously sudden creation, the Leland Stanford, Jr., university. If its people do not soon make a brilliant exhibit in knowledge, they will have themselves to blame. "Have you seen the horse and rider made of prunes?" ask the curious as they enter the California building. Sure enough, poised above Santa Clara's section is a capital presentation of a man and beast in three colors of prunes, as large as life and singularly natural for prunes. Santa Clara county is 60 miles long and 50 miles from San Francisco. Besides its specialty of prunes, growing more than half the prune trees of America, Santa Clara is distinguished for its grapes, its apples, silver, fruit, grain, wines and brandy are largely produced, and its population of 60,000 think that San Jose ought to be the center of everything.

THE ILLUSTRATED HERALD.

The Proposition of Sending It to the Public Libraries.

Tomorrow the HERALD will begin the work of mailing the Columbia illustrated edition to the various public libraries, reading rooms and Young Men's Christian associations of the United States and Canada. The magnitude of the work can scarcely be realized by the public, as it will require between 8000 and 10,000 copies to properly circulate the paper. It will be carefully wrapped and addressed, and the cost of postage alone will be upward of \$350.

Mr. Willard, secretary of the chamber of commerce, was seen yesterday by a HERALD representative. He complimented the HERALD very highly for the enterprise that it is displaying in this matter. "You can say for me," he said, "that I am exceedingly sorry that the chamber of commerce has not the funds or it would certainly do the very best method by which our resources can be placed intelligently before all of the readers of the United States and I know positively that it brought us a large number of settlers here last year and I think that the number will be still more beneficial this year."

Mr. E. F. C. Klokke was standing by at the time and he also expressed his appreciation in a similar manner of the project. Judge Ross of the United States district court was seen, and he expressed himself very forcibly: "I believe that everybody is interested in this and it ought to be made a matter of public interest. The publication is a grand one and cannot help but redound to our credit."

Several other leading citizens were seen, all of whom expressed themselves similarly, and they felt gratified that the HERALD is doing such a vast amount of missionary work for Los Angeles.

It is hoped that every person interested in Los Angeles and Southern California will lend their aid to make this enterprise result in a natural boom and a large influx of new and desirable citizens.

A Question of Veracity.

EDITORS HERALD: Your little skit in yesterday's paper, headed "Heintz contradicted," is so evidently a bald attempt to shift responsibility and make a controversy between the state board of horticulture and the fruit growers of Southern California appear personal instead of general, that it merits a reply. Mr. Block is reported as having said certain things in the official report of the meeting of the state board of horticulture which he repudiates by saying he has been misreported. This Mr. LeLong's stenographer flatly denies by asserting that he did say just what the said report contains. Thus we have two contradictory statements, both of which cannot be true. Either the powers that be at 220 Sutter street doctored the report to suit themselves or else Mr. Block is disavowing his own words. The well-known reputation of Mr. Block and the high esteem in which he is held in the Santa Clara valley would lead one to suppose that he was well grounded in his assertions and knew what he was doing when he charged inaccuracy against this official report. Since this is a controversy within the board itself, a mere looker-on in Venice" is directly concerned, and may be pardoned in objecting to his name being dragged into it. Why does not Secretary LeLong prove the accuracy of this official report, presumably published under his immediate supervision? Yours truly, C. M. HEINTZ.

To the Ladies of Los Angeles.

Do you want a first-class hand-sawed and hand-turned shoe worth \$6 for \$3? If so, call at our office. Do you want a pair of shoes for \$2.50? We have a large supply of the above quality of ladies' shoes in 2 1/2, 2 3/4 and 3, and if you can wear any of the above sizes, you can have them at just one-half the price at which they formerly sold. This is no "advertising fake" or "money-raising dodge," but a genuine disolution sale, in which we are making a special effort to dispose of a large stock of goods and have seen fit to adopt this plan. Our stock is high grade throughout, having been selected by our personal selection of selected stock, and by the best of workmen; there is none better. Consequently you will make no mistake in purchasing your shoes from us. Respectfully, GIBSON & TYLER CO.

World's Fair Columbian Edition Illustrated Herald.

This beautiful publication printed on the finest book paper, is now on sale by all the news dealers and at the HERALD business office. It contains 48 pages of information about Southern California and over 50 illustrations. As a publication to send to eastern friends it has never been equaled. Price 15 cents in wrappers.

Terminal Train Service Sunday. For Long Beach and San Pedro, 8 and 9:45 a. m., 12:45 and 5:15 p. m.; for Redondo and Echo Mountain, 9 and 10:30 a. m., 1:25, 4 and 6:20 p. m. Last train leaves Redondo cañon at 6:20 p. m. Fare, 75 cents round trip. Londonderry Water. Wooliscott, ag't.

REV. DR. ELLIS IS STILL ANGRY.

He is Still After the Men of the Presbytery.

Warm Times Probably in Store for the Synod.

The Reverend Gentleman Proposes to Carry the Case into His Enemies' Camp—His Line of Campaign.

San Francisco Chronicle: The fight between Rev. Dr. John W. Ellis and the San Francisco presbytery is again on, and the reverend gentleman is determined this time to carry the bitter quarrel into the camp of his enemies. They have carried it into his on many occasions, but when he sought relief in the civil courts he took a method which called down upon his head the wrath of one of the ecclesiastical tribunals of his church. He says now that he intends to furnish some very interesting reading to the public. He says it is going to be a public reading of the character of the men who oppose him. There is much in the private lives of his enemies which he affirms will amuse and interest the public. His medium will be a newspaper he has now in preparation. Taking into consideration all circumstances and elements of the case he has decided to call his venture in the journalistic field The Presbytery of San Francisco.

He declares that he intends to show to the private character of his mortal enemies and that the revelation promises to be interesting. His case will form one of the leading discussions of the synod, which will meet next month, and upon its determination the reverend doctor says will depend the number and details of the character sketches he intends to publish. His trial and conviction are now on appeal to the synod. Even if he is beaten there he intends to take it to the highest tribunal in the Presbyterian church in the United States, the general assembly. He has been defeated on every proposition thus far, but on this he is determined to win or make it decidedly uncomfortable for his prosecutors.

The reverend gentleman's trial forms perhaps the most sensational of any case in the Presbyterian church in this state. He was at first convicted of misappropriating the funds of the Central tabernacle, on Golden Gate avenue. He was censured and sued the presbytery for damages in the civil courts. He lost his case and was again arraigned before the ecclesiastical tribunal for having violated all canons of ecclesiastical law in taking the matter into the civil courts. That was a breach of discipline which could not be tolerated and Ellis was again convicted. As before he was belligerent and took the matter on appeal to the synod.

"If I am not treated right there," he said yesterday, "I am going to show the people of this city what the members of the San Francisco presbytery are. They have lost their case in the civil courts, deserted by God. They have lost all religious influence, and the sooner the public know it the better." One of the curious things in the quarrel, as Ellis sees it, is the fatal misfortune which has attended every man or woman who fought him. That story he told long ago. Men lost their children, women their money and all something or other they prized dearly. Ellis attributes all of these misfortunes to a direct visitation of God upon the members of one of his chosen ministers, and now he has a new series of facts to prove that he is right in the fight he is waging.

"Every minister who took part in taking my pulpits away from me," he said yesterday, "has lost his own pulpits. Distress and disaster have come upon them all. God has forsaken them. T. Chambers Easton was compelled to resign from Calvary church, as pastor. He was one of the leading prosecutors against me. The next morning he was dead. The man who conducted the prosecution. The missionary board withdrew financial support from him and he had to go east for another field.

"Rev. Dr. Chapman of Oakland lost his church, and is now financial manager for William H. Armstrong. Rev. F. Rhoda declared that his field in South San Francisco was a useless one. God had withdrawn his support from it and the church was compelled to abandon it. With it went Rhoda. Dr. Thompson tried several things for a year and then gave them up." "Not only have the ministers suffered, but so has the church. Since my trial they have lost four churches. One of them was the Woodbridge, which has gone over to the Unitarians. The Central tabernacle has been wiped out of existence and a new one is in its place. Two of our flourishing congregations in San Mateo have gone over to the Congregationalists, and I will tell you why. "The church in this city has lost its spirituality. The men at the head of it ought to be exposed to the public, and I am going to do it. If the synod sustains the sentence against me the presbytery of San Francisco will have an airing. The private lives of many of its members will make interesting reading, and I will furnish it."

The reverend gentleman is determined to make things warm this time in earnest. Through all his many trials he has conducted his own defense and he will do so in this. The local presbytery, individually and collectively, has a chill when his name is mentioned, for he has the faculty of bobbing up most inopportunistly in all its leading discussions. For almost two years he has been like the old man of the sea on its back, and even the cyclone cannot, bitter it promises to be, will not end the matter.

Members of the body do not care to place much weight in the reverend doctor's threats. He has threatened so often and made things so eminently disagreeable that they are resigned to anything which may take place. That the judgment of the presbytery will be sustained by the synod none of them doubt, and if it is there will be fun. The reverend doctor is of the church militant and is a good fighter.

Found At the drug store, a valuable package, worth its weight in gold. My hair has stopped falling and all dandruff has disappeared since I found Skooboot Root Hair Grower. Ask your druggist about it.