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FOUR DAYS IN OVENSVILLE.

Why Mr. Fielding Will Not Go to the Country.

The Regime Was too Attractive and the Sleeping Accommodations too Full of Novelty and Variety—Life in the Adirondacks.

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I have drawn up my plan for a Summer vacation, and it suits me to death.

Shall I go to the country? Not unless I am kidnapped.

Shall I go to the sea shore? Oh dear, no. I have learned to read the most mendacious hotel circulars without a quiver.

THE WATERFALL AT OVENSVILLE.

I shall stay right here in the city. I shall drop into the office regularly at the most uncomfortable part of the day. I shall put my feet on a desk and watch the boys work, and perspire, and swear. It will be so restful. A diet of envious contemplation like that will build me up much more than the mosquitoes and cream of the country could do.

I know, because I have been there. I lost twelve pounds in four days up in the Adirondacks last Summer and they can stay there. I wouldn't go back after them if I knew that I could find them the first day. The experience was painful but the record of it may be useful.

It was my old school friend—of course it was my old school friend; it always is your old school friend who gets you into a scrape. As I said before, this man, Sam Benson, lured me up into the Adirondacks. He didn't exactly invite me to visit him, but he said that as we had been boys together he would let me his second-floor room on the north corner of the house for $17 a week, including all the milk I could drink and all the scenery I could find. His wife was to have a few friends visit her later on, young ladies who would add to the attractions of the place, and he thought that it was no more than fair that he should write and give me a chance to engage the best room in the house.

I was just foolish enough to reply that I would take the apartment. It was an awfully hot day when I left the city, and it grew hotter all the way up. For further particulars I quote from my diary:

Aug. 1.—Reached Ovensville at 11 a. m. Town is in a hole among half a dozen hills, so arranged that the sun is always right overhead. Wind never blows in Ovensville. Ventilation of the town is very bad. Inhabitants don't care. They're proud of it. Claim that they're breathing the same air that Hendrick Hudson breathed when he visited the place, three or four hundred years ago. During all that time the black flies have been dropping in, and haven't been able to find their way out again over the hills. They're all here to-day. Every time a fellow gasps he swallows some of these flies. If he doesn't gasp he suffocates. I spent the entire day trying to decide which I'd rather do.

One of Mrs. Benson's friends has arrived. Miss Addie Pace—big, fat girl. Not much in conversation but she perspires freely. Don't blame her. It's as hot as blazes.

Sam asked me as a special favor to his wife if I would give up the second floor room to Miss Addie. Didn't make the request until the lady had retired. Sam is considerable of a diplomat. I complied.

Aug. 2.—Slept in small room under the roof—very close under the roof. Sat up suddenly in the night and put my head out through the shingles into the quiet starlight. Thought I perceived a faint breeze through the hole in the roof which partially atoned for a fractured skull. When the sun rose it shone through the hole in the roof straight into my eyes. Dragged my bed all over the floor but the sun chased me. Went down stairs and had breakfast of crackers and milk.

Two more of Mrs. Benson's friends have come. One of them has red hair and the other plays on the piano. What shall I do?

I've locked the piano with a nail while nobody was looking but I'm afraid they'll pry it open.

Sam suggested that we go out and see the waterfall. We found an aged rustic who agreed to show us the fall for a dollar apiece. Sam had left his pocketbook at home and his credit appeared to be bad. I paid for the scenery, and told the rustic to lead on.

A PLEASANT ROWING EXPEDITION.

"It's all right," said he, "you can see it from where you be. It's behind that board fence."

Subsequent investigation revealed the fact that the rustic owned the waterfall. He had built a dam across the brook, and the fall couldn't tumble unless he said so. When he pulled the string it opened a gate on top of a rock and part of the brook ran out and trickled down.

"It ain't zac'ly Niagary," said the rustic, "but it's the only waterfall within nineteen miles o' this place."

He let it run for five minutes and then shut it off. Just then Miss Addie arrived, and she could have wept to think that she had missed seeing the fall. I paid another dollar all around and the natural phenomenon was exhibited again.

As evening approached Sam took me aside.

"Howdy," said he, "as an old friend I know you won't object to giving up your room to these two young ladies. One of them has money, and there's no knowing how a little courtesy of that kind might be appreciated."

"I might sleep in the barn," I suggested.

"Well, the trouble is," said Sam, "that I've let the barn to one of my neighbors, and she's putting up some of her people there, that she can't accommodate in the house. It's the rush season now and everything is crowded."

"I might lay the roof."

"Too steep," said Sam, shaking his head.

I thought it would be a little steep at $17 a week, but I didn't say so.

"I can give you one of the most comfortable places in the house," said Sam. "I've been saving it for you. It's the big wood-box back of the kitchen stove. Just make up a bed in the bottom of it on the nice, soft kindlings; jump in, shut down the cover to keep the flies out, and there you are. You'll be the only man in this part of the country that the mosquitoes won't bite to-night."

Aug. 3.—Last night has given me some points on the proper construction of a coffin. If my last resting place does not fit me better than that wood box I will kick the roof off it and rise before I am called.

This morning we had a little boating party on the alleged lake. Two more of Mrs. Benson's friends arrived, and joined the party. I rowed. The girls conversed merrily among themselves and left me out in the cold. They also held parasols over themselves, and left me out in the sun. We skimmed the gentle, simmering surface of the lakelet in search of pond lilies but they had all dried up and blown away.

When we returned home Sam told me that he and Mrs. Benson had been seriously considering an important question.

"Look here, Sam," said I, "you don't mean to put those girls in the woodbox and turn me loose in the world?"

He replied, "I will see that you get the best there is of everything, and I've already decided to make it fixed that. My wife has decided to place for the girls on the kitchen table, and I suggested that if you would go down the woodbox first, and let me nail the cover, all delicate questions could be avoided.

"If you'll put a silver plate on it bearing my name, age, and an appropriate passage of Scripture, the plan would be perfect," said I, losing my temper. "No, no, Sam; it won't do. I dreamed of funerals all last night but this would be too painfully realistic. With your permission I'll try the stairs."

"Too late," said Sam, "they're engaged. An old friend of my wife's brother is coming on the 8.36 train. She's saving the stairs for him."

The old friend arrived on time. Then Sam and his wife had a consultation while I sat on the piazza enjoying the mosquitoes and a banjo solo by Miss Addie. Presently Sam came out and grasped my hand warmly.

"It's all right, old friend," said he. "I've fixed it for you. You're to have a lower berth."

"A lower berth, where?"

"Why on the stairs. The other fellow's got to take the top. My wife and I matched

FIELDING'S FRAME GETS A LITTLE TWISTED.

pennies and I won it for you with a copper with two heads on it. It's ever so much more comfortable down below."

Then Sam left me to enjoy the music while he and his wife's brother's friend drank hard cider and played forty-five at the railroad station. When they came back I had already taken the lower berth. They both fell over me, and I was much grieved to observe their condition. I carried them to the head of the stairs where they both went to sleep. At frequent intervals during the night they fell down the stairs, sometimes singly, sometimes both together; but, either way, they broke my rest and several of the banisters.

Aug. 4.—They have succeeded in opening the piano, and I have spent the day wandering on the hills. The air was too thick to allow of any enjoyment of the scenery. Fog? Oh, no; flies. Couldn't see from one tree to the next.

Another guest has arrived and Sam's got a new scheme. I am to sleep in a hammock out under the open sky. I like the idea.

Aug. 5.—Did you ever sleep in a hammock? Don't you try it. Did you see a bow-legged sailor, with one shoulder higher than the other, and a twist in his spine? That's because sailors sleep in hammocks. My hammock was slung between two trees that were too near together. I lay on my back at first in the shape of a letter V, and gazed out at the pole star between my knees. It was comfortable enough at first and I fell off into a doze. When I awoke my back felt like the toothache, and I turned over on my side. That was how I got so mixed up. In the morning when Sam found me standing beside the hammock he said my frame was so twisted that he couldn't tell after I began to move whether I was coming in to breakfast or going back to town.

There was a suggestion involved in his remark which struck me as good, and I took the 11.20 train home. They were sorry to see me go but I told them that the attractions of Ovensville were so numerous that I was afraid some one might come up during the day and steal my hammock away from me.

HOWARD FIELDING.

Book Agent and Author.

Book Agent—I have here, sir, one of the most valuable books of the century, entitled "How to Succeed."

Author—I am familiar with the work and am glad to hear you declaim so enthusiastically in its behalf; but I do not wish to subscribe.

B. A.—Why, sir, you are making one of the great mistakes of your life.

A.—You are in error. I know more about the book than yourself, for I am its author.

B. A.—You wrote this book?

A.—I did.

B. A.—Well, sir, I appreciate your good sense in not putting your name to it. Keep the identity of its authorship quiet, please, till I can book a few orders in town.

HOME DRESS-MAKING.

Seasonable Notes and Hints of More Than Ordinary Interest.

Home dress-makers are advised that simple gowns, with gathered waists, full sleeves and straight skirts, grow in favor as the season advances, and are easier for the amateur to make than any dresses lately worn. Any thing like fussy or elaborate drapery on the skirt destroys the style of the gown, and many not or lace skirts now hang perfectly straight all around, a new Paris fancy being a finish at the foot, of a small lace ruffle sewed to the edge—not upon it—of the net skirt. Wool skirts, and those of wash goods, are quite plain at the foot, or else have a flat border trimming. The front of waists is the place for drapery or elaborate trimming if the wearer prefers it, and unless the material is thick, it is usually full on the shoulders and shirred at the waist line, or lapped diagonally, with a Directoire ruffle edging it. The fashions of waists at present suit slender figures best, and the same is true of the very bouffant sleeves. The very long waist can be given a shorter appearance by the wide sashes and broad-lapped fronts. For full figures the smooth-fitted tailor waists are preferred, and even lace bodices can be made up quite plain, and apparently lengthened by being composed of lengthwise rows of insertion alternating with ribbon stripes, or else the lace waist has long bretelles of ribbons passing over the shoulders and tapering to a point at the waist line in back and front.

Full sleeves, especially the mutton-leg sleeves, with the wrinkles or folds extending around the arm, are made very long, covering the wrists entirely; shorter sleeves when very full are out of proportion, and have a bad effect. The yokes so fashionable for thin woolens and for cotton gowns are very shallow, not reaching quite to the armholes on the shoulders, and are round in front and back instead of being pointed. They are sometimes very prettily decorated by an embroidered collar in deep Vandyck points that nearly cover the yoke. The fulness below the yoke is attached by an erect ruffle of the material, doubled, and standing about an inch high above the edge of the yoke. Another pretty fashion is to trim the neck, the edge of the yoke, and the wrists with the material drawn in a small puff with a narrow doubled ruffle on each side of it; the front of the skirt then has a Spanish flounce, trimmed at the top with a wider puff, edged each side with a ruffle; this is pretty for lawns, cambrics, mull and challi dresses. Some of the newest French gowns for summer have the skirt quite short, showing the low shoe in back and front alike as the wearer moves—a far neater fashion than that lately worn, allowing the walking dress to touch the ground in the back, and to be too long in front for either comfort or grace.

French nainsooks or Victoria lawns are made up in separate waists precisely like those of surah now used, and will be worn all summer with various colored skirts—a cool and comfortable fashion. They may be tucked lengthwise to form a yoke, or else they are shirred at the top. The sleeves are straight and full, or if preferred in coat shape, are quite full and high about the armhole. The belt may be of insertion or of ribbon, and the space below the belt may be worn outside the skirt or thrust under as the wearer chooses.

Mousseline de soie, as we have already said, is used for full sleeves of summer dresses when a transparent fabric is required, and is newer than lace for this purpose. Thus black silk dresses have full puffed sleeves of black mousseline de soie, with a shirred band as a cuff, or else drawn tucks with fine ribbons run through them shape the sleeves below the elbow. White China silk waists with white mousseline de soie sleeves in leg-of-mutton shape are pretty for dressy toilettes. New house waists to wear with black skirts are formed entirely of bands of embroidered or tucked mousseline de soie alternating with bands of pink, vieux-rose, or turquoise blue ribbons.—Harper's Bazar.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

"A Man Who Always Has His Coat Off Never Makes Big Money."

In my boarding-house a very respectable little old man, aged seventy-eight, has for the last week been cleansing old carpets and making them look somewhat better, I think, than they ever appeared since they left Brussels. The old gentleman worked away steadily scrubbing off the dirt and scrubbing in the chemicals from eight a. m. until six p. m. every day, with the intermission of half an hour for dinner. Since his ninth year he has been earning his living, and for forty years has neither used spirits nor tobacco. He made money at his trade of carpet cleaning, and about twenty years ago invested his savings, $2,000, in a sash and frame factory. His partner involved him in debt to the amount of $4,000, and in order to pay this sum he sold out his business at a heavy loss and went back to his trade. Having paid off every penny of the debt, and preparing to start again, his wife fell sick, and, for the next fifteen years it took all the money he made to help pay his doctors' bills. His wife died a couple of years ago; his debts are not all settled yet and to-day he has to work for every dinner he eats. When asked if he knew of many mechanics still, in their old age, working at their trade, who had contrived to put money in the bank for the rainy day, he said he didn't believe that twenty out of a hundred working-men had a bank account—no matter how hard they had worked all their lives—and that very few of them ever saved more than enough to bury them. "No mechanic," he said, "who has to feed and clothe a family, and pay doctors' bills, can save money, and, as a matter of fact, a bachelor never does save. Therefore, the old Scotch saw is as true as ever that 'a man who always has his coat off never makes big money.'" I can not vouch for the old man's generalization, but I have inquired about himself, and verified all his statements with regard to his own case.—Chicago Journal.

Particular About Style.

Mrs. Prim (stylish boarding-house keeper)—It can not be delayed any longer. We must have a new set of dishes.

Daughter—Yes, ma; the old set was very handsome in its day, but it's all out of fashion now.

"Well, my dear, go to Brickabock & Co.'s and select a new dinner service; take nothing but Royal Windsor china or Dresden ware, no matter what the cost."

"Yes, ma."

"And, by the way, on your return step into the market and order twenty pounds of corn beef and forty pounds of liver."—N. Y. Weekly.

—A horse in Ansonia, Conn., got a pebble in his nose while drinking from a shallow brook, and now, whenever he crosses it, laps water there like a dog, though elsewhere he drinks in the usual fashion.

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Prices and you won't want to Jew us if you have any heart left in you. Bear in mind the way we have bought our goods and you can easily see how we can undersell all competition. What can competition do with us on a shoe that cost them two dollars at the factory, when in our great Bush purchase it only cost us one dollar? And so it is all the way through.

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