

### A NECKLACE OF LOVE.

No robes of red for my lady—  
No jewel that glitters and charms,  
But the light of the skies in a little one's  
eyes  
And a necklace of two little arms.  
Of two little arms that are clinging  
(Oh, we're as a necklace like this!)  
And the wealth of the world and Love's  
sweetness imperiled  
In the joy of a little one's kiss.  
A necklace of love for my lady  
That was linked by the angels above,  
No other but this—and the tender, sweet  
kiss  
That sauteeth a little one's love.  
—Frank L. Stanton, in Ladies' Home Journal.

### HIS SECOND CHOICE.

"And you are really going to fall into that trap, Dick?" said Hetty Morgan, indignantly.

Mr. Richard Carisforde looked calmly at his wrathful little cousin.

"I don't exactly phrase it in those terms, Hetty," said he, quietly. "If you mean to question whether I am intending to offer myself to Miss Deerhaven, I can only answer you yes."

"It's a trap, and I insist upon it, that it is," said Hetty, vehemently. "Oh, dear, why will men be so wise on all other subjects, and so idiotically blind when women are concerned? Julia Deerhaven is an ill-tempered, scheming—"

"Hetty!"

"She is not your wife yet; no, nor even your fiancée, thank goodness," persisted Hetty; "and something may happen to open your eyes before you have hopelessly committed yourself."

"Hetty," said Mr. Carisforde, restlessly turning a lead pencil round and round his fingers, "what has occurred to give you such a prejudice—an unfounded one, as I sincerely hope—against Miss Deerhaven? She is certainly pretty, and—"

"Pretty? Yes," said Hetty with a shrug of her shoulders, "so is a spotted tiger pretty after its fashion, and a black and yellow leopard."

"And amiable?"

"No," interrupted Hetty, emphatically. "Her temper is anything but the temper to make a man's life happy."

"What makes you think so?"

"I don't think so," said Hetty, with an air of calm assertion. "I know it; she is ill-natured, shrewish, with her poor old father and mother, unamiable in every relation of life."

"You misjudge her, Hetty. I am sure," pleaded Mr. Carisforde, with a troubled look.

"Oh, of course," answered Hetty, satirically, "that's always a man's argument. I only hope you won't find my judgment correct when it is too late to mend matters."

"At all events she is industrious, or she would never have undertaken to lead the district school."

"Yes; because she wants more money than she can screw out of her father for dress, ornaments and inappropriate jewelry."

"Now, you are uncharitable, Hetty."

"Oh, am I," retorted Hetty, with a toss of her pretty little head. "Just you wait and see for yourself, that's all; only don't say that I haven't warned you."

And she flitted out of the room like a butterfly in high dudgeon.

Richard Carisforde sat with contracted brows and grave, thoughtful eyes, as he still turned and twisted the cedar pencil between his fingers. Could it be possible that there was any shadow of truth in what Hetty Morgan had been saying to him. No; surely not—and yet—the reflection would keep recurring to him that if it was so, what a very disagreeable discovery it would be to make too late. He thought of Julia Deerhaven, fair, serene and dew-eyed as an angel—surely she could be taught but what she seemed. Hetty must be mistaken; and yet Hetty was pretty shrewd in her conclusions, quick to understand, and an adept in reading all the signs of character.

"Is there no way of deciphering this riddle?" sighed the would-be lover. "Oh, for a wise woman to unfold the mysteries of futurity—for a plume to the hidden meaning of a sweet voice or a gentle glance! I remember how, as a boy, I used to write in my poppybook, over and over again: 'All is not gold that glitters.' Can it be possible that I am destined to live over the significance of the words? If Julia Deerhaven is not perfect, then women are more of dissimulators than I have any idea."

And Mr. Dick Carisforde, too unquiet to sit still, went for a long walk, whose winding took him past the one-story schoolhouse where Miss Deerhaven taught young ideas how to shoot, at the rate of twenty-four dollars a month, and in sight of the lower farmhouse, under the hill, where Farmer Deerhaven himself dwelt, trying to force a precarious living out of the sterile and rocky soil. For the fair Julia was the eldest of seven young Deerhavens, and money didn't grow on every blackberry bush in the pasture meadows, by any means, as the poor tiller of the soil found to his cost.

It was no very tempting casket to snrshine the jewel of Julia Deerhaven's rich blonde beauty—yet Richard Carisforde stood looking at it as lovers will gaze upon the homes of those they have learned to worship, until the purple clash came down, like a royal curtain all glittering with stars, and a light flashed out of the lowly casement, where, perhaps, even then, Julia was lightening her mother's household cares with the tender ministrations of filial love.

He stood quite silent and immovable for full ten minutes—then started as if from a magnetic trance.

"I can but try it," he said, as if addressing some other presence than his

own individuality. "It seems a strange, unnatural way of solving the riddle, but I am placed just now in a position where conventional form and mere surface inquiry are actually worse than nothing. I will go back again to the pictured visions of my boyhood, and temporarily play the part of the disguised sultan who visited the streets of the eastern city, seeing life as from his throne he never could have had the opportunity to behold its various phases. Hetty's real friendship for me deserves that the matter should be tested—and if she is really right, why then—"

Mr. Carisforde did not finish the sentence—it was not an alternative upon which he liked to look.

Miss Deerhaven, released from the duties of preceptress of the little schoolhouse at the cross-roads, was stretched upon the kitchen lounge, in no very picturesque dishabille, her feet thrust into loose slippers, her yellow hair pushed back, and a novel in her hands, while the six younger Deerhavens were playing about the floor, and their mother, flushed and wearied with her long day's work which was not yet approaching its end, bent over the cooking stove when a knock sounded on the outer door. Miss Deerhaven started to her feet.

"If it should be anybody!" she exclaimed, sotto voce, "and I such a figure!"

"Oh, pshaw!" said Joseph, the eldest boy. "Julie's visitors all go to the front door, and old Carisforde has gone to New York, 'cause Miss Hetty told me so when I took a pair of blackberries up there to sell this mornin'!"

"Will you stop your noise," said Miss Julia, imperiously. "or I'll give you something that will make you! Mother, why don't you go to the door?"

"I thought perhaps you were going, my dear," said the farmer's wife, humbly.

"Well, I'm not," said Julia, petulantly. "I should think you might know enough for that, and me in this dress! Hurry up, why don't you?"

Mrs. Deerhaven obeyed her pretty daughter's not very dutiful injunction, and found herself confronting a tall, slouching-looking fellow, with his hat drawn down over his eyes and both hands in his pockets.

"Heard as how Farmer Deerhaven wanted a hand to help along with his hayin'," was the explanation of the errand that had brought him, "and, bein' as I was out of work—"

"Mr. Deerhaven isn't in," said the farmer's wife. "He's after the cows."

"Well, now, if that ain't too bad!" said the hand; "and me come all the way from Smith's Forks!"

"But I expect he'll be back presently," said Mrs. Deerhaven; "won't you sit down and wait a spell?"

"Don't care if I do," said the stranger, dropping his whole weight upon one of the flat-bottomed chairs. P'raps, miss, there, would give me a glass of water."

Julia stared haughtily at him without deigning to notice his request, while Mrs. Deerhaven, moving slowly and wearily across the floor, brought him a gourd-shell full of clear, dripping water from the cedar pail by the door.

"Ain't lost the use o' her limbs, nor nothin', has she?" drawled the harvest hand.

"Why?" asked the mother. "No, of course not—but why do you ask?"

"Out our way, gals don't lop down on sofas and let their mothers do all the work!" explained the newcomer, "unless they've got rheumatiz or chills and fever, or such-like ailment!"

"Mother!" interrupted Julia, sharply, while the indignant color rose to her cheek, "if you don't stop those children's racket I shall go up-stairs and stay—they're enough to drive one crazy! As for you, sir!" to the man with the slouched hat, which he had not had the courtesy to remove. "I'll trouble you to mind your own business."

"Sartinly, mam," answered the farmhand with a chuckle—and Julia vented the wrath she could not reasonably expend on him in a sounding box on the ear, bestowed on Augustus Frederic, her third brother, who broke into a howl.

"Ma," cried this promising youth, "ain't she to stop? She's all the time knockin' me round, and my arms are black and blue where she bit me last night? It is, you cross thing!" with a grimace at Miss Deerhaven, whose eyes shone just then with anything but a dove-like expression, "and I'll be glad when old Carisforde marries you, and takes you off away from here, so the e-ere, now!"

And Augustus Frederic fled to his mother's skirts for protection from the uplifted hand of his elder sister, while Julia burst into angry tears!

"It's too bad!" she sobbed, "they're just a pack of aggravating little wretches, and you back them up in it, mother, you know you do! I hate them all—I hate home, and I wish I was well out of it!"

The harvest-hand rose slowly to his feet, doffing the broad-brimmed hat that he wore, and unfastening the folds of a cotton pocket-handkerchief that was twisted about his throat by way of substitute for a necktie.

"I am afraid I am one too many in this little domestic tableau," he said quietly, and Julia started as if a galvanic shot had stricken her at the clear, calm sound of Mr. Richard Carisforde's voice. "They say listeners never hear any good of themselves, and perhaps I may be charged with enacting that part; but old Carisforde has certainly heard much that may be productive of good to himself. I beg leave to wish you a very good evening."

And Mr. Carisforde bowed low and retired, before Julia Deerhaven could summon up sufficient presence of mind to speak a single sentence.

The prisoner (enthusiastically)—Hooray.—Pack.

gan was sitting at her needlework, by the shaded lamp.

"Hetty," he said, "you were right about—about Julia Deerhaven. I beg your pardon for ever doubting you. But one thing is certain—I shall never marry now!"

Men often say this, but they seldom keep their word. Mr. Carisforde did marry before the year was out, and his bride was Hetty Morgan, the pretty cousin who had bravely ventured on such a timely warning!

Nor did he ever regret his second choice!

### DECLINE OF THE DUSTER.

The Practical Disappearance of a Garment That Was Once Familiar.

A traveler by rail cannot fail to notice the decline of the duster. And one does not need to be, as the man said, a centenarian to observe this. In fact, only thirty or forty years ago dusters were commonly worn by railroad travelers. They were co-existent with the carpet sack and the alligator mouthed valise, both now more completely passed away than the duster itself, and almost as completely gone as the hair-covered trunk.

The duster in its original form was built of brown linen, which, when starched, stood boldly out like a garment of thin and flexible, but not too flexible, sheet metal. It was worn, of course, to protect the wearer and his garments from the dust. When the linen duster flourished locomotives burned wood, tracks were sand-balasted, and rails were tight, cars were not vestibuled, or provided with dust screens for the windows, and the time required to cover a given distance was far greater than now. A duster was far more needed then than now, and it was likely to be a part of the equipment of the casual as well as of the regular traveler. Indeed, it may be said that the casual traveler would scarcely have thought that he had made a trip by rail unless he had provided himself with that indispensable part of every traveler's equipment.

Prim and stiff and sheet-iron in effect as the freshly ironed linen duster was when first put on, it presented a very different appearance when it had been worn for a time. At first, sat down in on a day such as was then simply called sticky or muggy, but which in these fashionable modern days is called humid, the duster was creased with many creases that seemed, later, despite the weather, to be frozen in. And these creases, in appearance like accordion pleats struck by lightning, shortened the garment somewhat. They took it up, and made it bigger around and more bunched.

The next effect came with continued wear, when the starch was all gone out of it, and the duster became stringy. And if before it had seemed to shorten up and grow stout it now seems to become lean and attenuated; to take into itself many little rolling longitudinal wrinkles to sort of shrink in on itself sidewise, and to draw over lengthwise, and by this time it had probably come to hang unevenly, so that the front corners had a dip and were lower than the back of the coat. In its first estate the linen duster was, if not a garment of dignity, one that had an effect of preciseness, but in its last was very far from that. In fact, it is doubtful if a person of even the most imaginative temperament could conjure up anything more negligible in its general effect than a stringy linen duster.

But the linen duster was not the only one. There were dusters of alpaca and of mohair and of other materials, some of them black and some gray; big, flowing, comfortable dusters, which, if not beautiful, had at least the grace that all things made of good materials possess. You could almost tell a man, without seeing his face, by the duster that he wore.—New York Sun.

### Why He Was Happy.

Whistling in a public conveyance is an offence against good manners, but the Chicago Journal reports an instance which really seems to have been excusable, as it was excused.

The rest of the passengers were reading the morning news, but one man gazed with unseeing eyes out of the window and whistled softly, the tune being broken now and then by a smile that crossed his bearded lips.

The young girl directly opposite thought him handsome, and ascribed his preoccupied air to romantic reasons. And the older woman who sat with her glanced sharply across from time to time, to see what the young man meant by rudely whistling in a public conveyance. But the looks of youth and age were alike lost on him, and after a while he turned his face toward the light, and sang with such hearty untunefulness that his spectacled neighbor felt bound to remonstrate.

"Young man," she said, "have you hired this car for your own use?"

He stared at her blankly a minute, and then flushed to the roots of his hair.

"Was—was I singing?" he asked.

"You were making a horrible noise," she replied. Then he laughed a wholesome, honest guffaw, and leaned forward confidentially.

"The joke's on me," he said. "To tell the truth, my baby has just cut a tooth, and I was just thinking how cunning the little chap looked when he grinned."

The war light faded in the woman's eyes, and a smile touched the corners of her mouth as she beamed on the young father and said with deep interest:

"Upper or under?"

### Willing to Go.

The Judge (sternly)—The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be expelled from the court room.

The prisoner (enthusiastically)—Hooray.—Pack.

## THE REALM OF FASHION.

Skirt of Figured Foulard. Figured foulard in sage green and white is here shown with a pretty simple foot trimming, composed of three



LADIES' SIX GORED SKIRT.

narrow frills of sage green satin ribbon.

Having a straight back breadth with each bias edge of gores joined to the straight edges, this skirt will not sag and is, therefore, especially adapted to sheer fabrics, such as organdy, lace net, silk tissue and other light textures, while for washable fabrics it is more than desirable. The front gore is of moderate but fashionable width and separate two narrow gores on each

side, which fit smoothly over the hips and fall in pretty folds with the fashionable flare at the foot.

The lower edge measures about three and one-half yards in the medium size. Bands of braid, ribbon or insertion, with or without ruffles, ruching or other applied trimming can be used to decorate the skirt in any preferred style.

To make this skirt for a lady of medium size five and three-eighths yards of material thirty-six inches wide will be required.

Dress For a Growing Girl. Whatever number of more elaborate and delicate gowns the growing girl's wardrobe may include, one of sturdy stuff, simply made, is essential to her comfort and well-being. The model shown in the large illustration is of light weight serge in royal-blue and is trimmed with fancy black braid. But chevot, covert cloth and all the new spring suitings, as well as cashmere, are equally suitable.

The foundation for the waist is a fitted lining that closes at the centre-back. On it are arranged the full body portions and the yoke, which is extended and divided to form slashed epaulettes. The straight strip shown at the front is lined with crinoline, then applied to the waist proper, covering the edges of full fronts. The sleeves are two-seamed and fit snugly, except for the slight puffs at the shoulders, which are universally worn by children and young girls. The pointed wrists are finished with frills of lace, and at the throat is a high standing collar.

The skirt is four-gored and fits smoothly across the front and over the hips, the fulness at the back being laid in backward-turning plaits. It is lined throughout, but unfastened, and is trimmed with two rows of fancy braid.

To make this costume for a girl of eight years will require two and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material.

A Cure For Bad Complexions. Bad complexions have sent more women to the grave than epidemics. Nothing frets a woman like a rough, muddy skin. A cure-all for blemishes

is certainly simple enough. It is this: Wash the face in very salty sweet milk every night and let it dry without wiping. A mixture made of one small tablespoonful of milk and a teaspoonful of salt applied to the most obstinate blemish of the skin will cure it almost like magic. This is the remedy prescribed by one of the best skin authorities in England, and it is said that the use of milk and salt is half the secret of the English woman's smooth, beautiful skin.

Fancy Braids For Millinery. To some extent fancy braids have reappeared in the autumn millinery, and may be used a little, although the Paris model hats shown in the wholesale houses scarcely use that material. The braid has been popular, and it is likely to take a long time in "dying out."

Striking Fall Costume. The popularity of the skirt made from taffeta, either black, gray or beige color, seems to increase as the season advances, and it bids fair to take first place for wear with waists of various sorts. The model shown is in a soft shade of gray and is worn with a fancy waist of figured silk, showing bits of pale corn color in conjunction with mousseline de soie of the same tender yellow. The foundation skirt is circular and fits snugly about the hips. The frills, which are five inches in width, are each cut bias and edged with velvet ribbon stitched on.

Everybody knows that Dobbins' Electric Soap is the best in the world, and for 33 years it has sold at the highest price. Its price is now 5 cents, same as common brown soap. Bars full size and quality. Order of grocer. Ad.

Paris' (France) 1890 exhibition will be the sixteenth held in the city.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All drugists.

Spain sent to Cuba 1000 tons of medicine, etc., in three years.

**Nervous People**  
Are great sufferers and they deserve sympathy rather than censure. Their blood is poor and thin and their nerves are consequently weak. Such people find relief and cure in Hood's Sarsaparilla because it purifies and enriches the blood and gives it power to feed, strengthen and sustain the nerves. If you are nervous and cannot sleep, take Hood's Sarsaparilla and realize its nerve strengthening power.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5  
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25cents.

Under Gibraltar Straits. Mr. Berlier, who has built two tunnels under the Seine, proposes now to tunnel the Straits of Gibraltar. He will let England peacefully watch the surface of the sea while he will establish safe communication underneath the water with or without the permission of England. He would not cross at the narrowest part of the Straits, but leave the European coast at the Bay of Vaqueros and land in Africa at Tangiers. The distance, including the approaches, would be about forty-one kilometers, and the greatest depth of the water on this line would be 400 meters. At the narrowest part of the Straits it is 600 meters.

The tunnel could be built in seven years, during which time the railroad along the coast of Morocco to connect with the Algerian system could be built. The cost would be \$56,200,000, and on this capital, according to wise calculations, a sufficient interest would be returned by the traffic.—Railroad Gazette.

**STORIES OF RELIEF.**

Two Letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. JOHN WILLIAMS, Englishtown, N. J., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot begin to tell you how I suffered before taking your remedies. I was so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without falling. I had womb trouble and such a bearing-down feeling; also suffered with my back and limbs, pain in womb, inflammation of the bladder, piles and indigestion. Before I had taken one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt a great deal better, and after taking two and one-half bottles and half a box of your Liver Pills I was cured. If more would take your medicine they would not have to suffer so much."

Mrs. JOSEPH PETERSON, 513 East St., Warren, Pa., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement and displacement of the womb. I had the backache constantly, also headache, and was so dizzy. I had heart trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times choking me. I could not walk around and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anything."

"I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham's medicine had not helped me."

**Sour Stomach**

"After I was induced to try CASCARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head ached and I had stomach trouble. Now, since taking Cascarets, I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for sour stomach."

JOS. KREHLING, 1921 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.



A POPULAR MODEL.

To make this waist for a woman of medium size five yards of material, twenty-two inches wide, will be required.

**CANDY CATHARTIC**  
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Never Sicken, Weakens or Grips, etc.

**CURE CONSTIPATION**  
Solely Kennedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York

**NO-TO-BAC** Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to cure tobacco habit.

**FISCH'S CURE FOR**  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Cures in Time. Sold by Druggists.