W N U DALLAS. 21-96

When Answering Advertisements Mention this Paper.

A Successful Doctor.

We take pleasure in calling your attention to the advertisement of Dr. Marsh with regard to his cure for the opium and morphine habit to be found in another column of this paper. The doctor has been engaged for twenty-five years in this specialty, and is well and favorably known for the cures he has made of these habits. We take pleasure in commending him to any and all who need his services, having been personally acquainted with him for the past twenty-five years.

Finishing Touches.

The German kaiser has turned his late battle paintings over to the famous painter of military subjects, Herr Roechling, who will put a few finishing touches on the imperial masterpieces, and incidentally fit them for exhibition.

It beats the ears how a sensational story will travel.

YOUNG AT FIFTY.

HOW A METHODIST MINISTER CARRIES HIS YEARS.

From the Times, Oswego, N. Y.

Probably no man is better known or more highly respected in Oswego, N. Y., than the Rev. William Young, of the Methodist church. Mr. Young holds a responsible position with the Oswego City Savings Bank, where he has been an employe for the past twenty years.

In the spring of 1894 Mr. Young looked as if his time on earth was limited but, instead of falling as was predicted, he soon gained a more healthy look and appeared stronger. As the months went by this improvement continued, until now he is as rugged and apparently as healthy as a young man of thirty, although his gray locks denote a more advanced age. A Times reporter, determined to find out what had made this great change, called upon Mr. Young at the bank and put the question direct and received the following reply:

"In truth I am a changed man, and I owe my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the spring of 1894 I was all run down and had commenced to think that my time had come. I had to be prescribed for by physicians, and although I received temporary relief, the same old trouble came back again and I was worse than before. I had no strength or appetite, and physically I was in a miserable condition. After my work I would go home, but the general lassitude which hung over me left me without any ambition, and when I would go to the table to eat, my appetite failed me and I would have to leave without taking hardly any nourishment. My kidneys were also badly affected, and I was in utter despair. One day, here at the bank, I happened to pick up one of the local papers, and my eye fell on the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The advertisement gave a description of a man who, afflicted as I then was, had been cured by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was not a believer in that kind of doctoring, but concluded as a last resort to try a box of the pills, making up my mind that if they did not help me I certainly would not be injured any. Going to a drug store I purchased a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and commenced taking them according to directions. Very soon after I began to feel better and I saw I had made no mistake in trying the pills, and before the first box was emptied I felt so much improved that I immediately purchased another. I had taken seven boxes of the pills, and at the end of last summer I felt I was entirely cured and discontinued their use, but always keep a box handy if occasion requires. I am now entirely cured. The lassitude has left me, my kidneys are all right and my appetite—well, you should see me at the table. I am a new man again, and instead of feeling like a man of fifty, which is my age, I feel like a youngster of twenty, and I give Pink Pills the full credit for this great change. I have recommended these pills to several of my neighbors and acquaintances, who have been relieved of their complaints."

(Signed) WILLIAM YOUNG.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of May, 1895.

BERNARD GALLAGHER, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

Any man who talks about his great ability in any line is a fraud.

IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

INTERESTING READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

A Texas Diana Who Kills and Skins Her Own Game—Some Dainty Designs—A Symphony in Green—When a Woman Is Old.

IN TEXAS THE wildcats, the black bears, the wolves and the Mexican lions are learning to beware of petticoated beings. Miss Zola Saint Louis is the woman who has inspired the animals with this unusual respect. Since the opening of the hunting season last fall she has killed twenty-five deer, five black bears, seven wildcats, three wolves and one Mexican lion. Besides being a hunter of big game, Miss Saint Louis is a taxidermist. She has studied the gentle art of skinning and stuffing her trophies until her home is a sort of museum of Texan natural history. Four years spent at Hardin college, in Mexico, Mo., made her as skillful a taxidermist as there is in the state. In spite of her unusual accomplishments she is not a masculine young woman, but a somewhat slenderly built, brown-eyed, graceful girl.

Costumes for Those in Mourning.

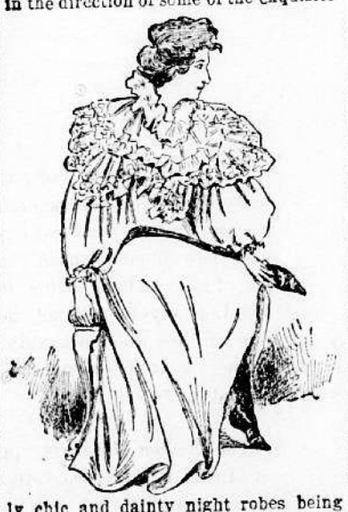
There is not a great deal of change in deep mourning from year to year. Henrietta cloth reigns supreme as the correct mourning fabric, while crape veils of varied lengths proclaim the relative mourned as plainly as the death notice of parent or husband. In the deepest mourning the Henrietta cloth costumes made absolutely plain are the correct ones to wear. After three months crepe trimmings may be used; at six months entire gowns of crepe are considered quite possible. Widows' mourning is the deepest, but the last year or two it has been the fashion (as it has been from time immemorial in England) to wear the sheer white turned-over collars and cuffs, which are so becoming, and lighten the dead black. The white ruche inside the bonnet is supposed to be the widow's cap, which at one time was always worn; now caps, even for old ladies, are out of fashion, so that the ruche is merely symbolical.

For a father or mother the mourning is almost as deep as for a husband, but the veil is not so long, nor is the mourning worn for the same space of time. All mourning is now laid aside much sooner than was formerly the case, a year to wear the long veil being quite the limit. It is difficult to have crepe bonnets becoming, but there is no reason why they should not be made so if only care be taken to have the bonnet shape fit quite close to the head. The folds of the veil will give all the height that is necessary, and any fancy shape only looks grotesque under the crepe. When the mourning is first lightened and the veil thrown back a few soft bows on the top of the hat are added, and give a smarter look.

Many veils of nuns' veiling and of soft, heavy silk tissue—a sort of grenadine—are now used, always with the face veil of net with the crepe border; for wet weather they are very much the best.—Ex.

Some Dainty Designs.

While every thought is given to the decking of the body for street wear it will be well to turn a few stray thoughts in the direction of some of the exquisite-



ly chic and dainty night robes being sent over for our inspection. The softest of soft India silks and the finest of fine batistes are used for the smartest of these, and whole pieces of ribbon and the loveliest of delicate laces are lavished on them. The batiste gowns are especially lovely and launder in the best posible way. Very, very pretty ones are made of this stuff in a soft creamy tint, with the narrowest of Valenciennes lace set in at the seams. Some sort of an odd, full collar flares out over the big bishop sleeves, which usually reach to the elbow and are finished by a frill of lace. The big sleeves are drawn in at the wrist by ribbons run through the open work lace, and fastened in a bow on the top of the arm. In the same way the collar is drawn in at the throat and fastened in a full bow in front.

When the tan-tinted batistes are used the lace matches in color, while the ribbons may be of any shade desired. Robes de chambre of silk are dainty enough for a princess to wear. They are made in the Mother Hubbard shape, with deep oval yokes, all lace insertions, set together with narrow satin ribbons, ending with a bow at each row and edged all about with a deep frill of lace. Sometimes there is a collar in sailor shape, or one set together in deep points, made of white mousseline de soie, set together with tucked frills. Jabots of lace reach from throat to hem, with here and there full knots of ribbon.

A wonderfully lovely robe of empire silk in pale rose pink and white stripe an inch wide is made up with pelisses frills of white mousseline de soie and a tucked yoke of the same. Yellow, in the pale, soft shades, is a favorite color for brunettes, but is worn beautifully by pale-skinned blondes as well. Full choux of satin ribbon in baby width are tucked in among the frills with pretty effect.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Symphony in Green.

The social season is again in full swing after the lenten lull. Easter gowns and bonnets have been worn and are now familiar. We are used to

the flower-garden appearance of our thoroughfares. It no longer surprises us to see a woman dressed in vivid purple or grass green or bright yellow. Somber colors appear dead in our eyes. Our curiosity regarding color is sated and we now turn our attention to form.

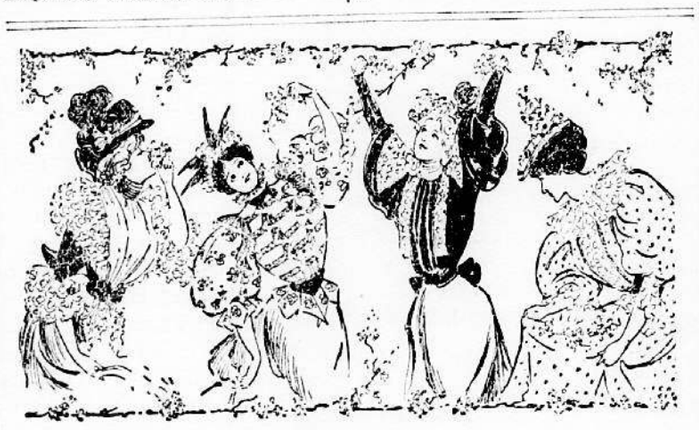
We find that skirts will generally be flounced, sleeves are large, bodices will be divided—if not by jacket fronts, by a trimming which gives that effect. Neck trimmings are aggressive and higher than ever, although it is to be hoped that this mode will change before the hot weather is fairly upon us.

A Fifth avenue belle, who is already preparing her summer outfit, has a gown which is a perfect symphony in green. The gored skirt is of pale green batiste—the sheerest linen batiste—on which is a delicate line of white. About the bottom a row of batiste rosettes, resembling fall roses, encircles the gown. A tiny cord of dark green velvet outlines each seam of the skirt and that material also enters into the designing of the bodice. Straps of it appear on each side, the front and down the sleeve puffs.

The sleeves are curious, for each strap of velvet was edged one side with a lace ruche, an upstanding ruche which increased the apparent size of the sleeves.

Finishing each strap of velvet on the bodice was a tiny jabot of wider lace and down the front at regular intervals were three rosettes, similar to those on the skirt, but of velvet.

The young lady proposes to wear this gown when she walks under the spreading branches of the trees and beside the rippling brook. Then a woodland fairy will she be.—The Latest in Chicago News.



A SUMMER GOWN.

When Is a Woman Old?

All of the leading actresses in Germany have been asked the question put above, and some of the replies were worth noticing. Jenny Gross takes to the usual refuge that "A woman is as old as she looks." Frau Nuscha Butze thinks "a woman is only old when she tries to make herself young again." Mary Popischil declares that "as long as a woman believes in youth and clings to her youth she appears young even when she is not really so," and Marie Reisenhofer considers somewhat obscurely that "woman is old when she begins to love reason, and finds no love in return." Rosa Bertens reflects that "a woman is old when she begins to ask herself 'When is a woman old?'", and Clara Ziegler, the famous tragedienne, is the author of a phrase in her reply: "When is a woman old? The conceited never, the unhappy too soon, and the wise at the right time."

Generosity or Royalty.

Queen Victoria sent the ameer of Afghanistan, by his son, presents valued at $250,000, and he has given her a lesson in oriental munificence by sending her a lot of things, worth double the money.

Church-Going Cyclists.

It is suggested to churches in and about Boston that they provide a dressing room where bicyclists can spruce themselves up a little before going into church after a spin on the dusty roads.

It is surprising how thin some women and some stories are.

Nobody really knows how he stands on the finance question.

Your idol is probably a great bore to other people.