After the Storm.

As men's cheeks faded
On shores invaded,
When shoreward waded
The lords of fight;
When churl and craven
Saw hard on haven
The white-winged raven
At mainmast height;
When monks affrighted
The windward sighted
The birds full flighted
Of swift sea-kings;
So earth turns paler
When Storm the sailor
Steers in with a roar in the race of his wings.

O, strong sea-sailor,
Whose cheeks turn paler
For wind or hail or
For fear of thee?
O, far sea-farer,
O, thunder-bearer,
Thy songs are rarer
Than soft songs be.
O, fleet-foot stranger,
O, north-sea ranger,
Through days of danger
And ways of fear,
Blow thy horn here for us,
Blow the sky clear for us,
Send us the song of the sea to hear

—*Swinburne*

THE NEW NORTHWEST.

A Glowing Tribute to the Northern Pacific Country and Extension of Land Grant Urged.

[Editoriol in Chicago Times, Sept 7.]

Everywhere in this number of the *Times* will be found another of the interesting and instructive letters from a *Times* commissioner who has been making an extensive tour of observation in the country traversed by the Northern Pacific railway.

The observations and general conclusions of the writer coincide with the impressions made upon all intelligent visitors to that region since the beginning of actual settlement and cultivation, and furnish additions to the now entirely satisfying mass of evidence showing the error of those who, at the outset of that great enterprise, affirmed that much of the country through which that railway must pass was an inhospitable and uninhabitable desert. There is, in truth, no section of country, of any considerable extent, anywhere in that region, to which such words are applicable—at all events, there is no such country, north of the forty-fifth parallel, between the Mississippi river and the Pacific ocean. The poorest portion on the whole line lies between the head of Lake Superior and the Mississippi. It is a lacustrine region containing a great deal of "tamarack swamp," and a great deal of more or less valuable timber, but only a light and scanty soil. Crossing the Mississippi at Brainerd, the country begins almost immediately to improve, and grows better steadily until its fertility culminates in the marvelous valley of the Red River of the North, a vast plain that is hardly surpassed in agricultural capabilities by any equal area on the globe. From the western margin of that remarkable "valley" to the Missouri river the country is undulating, treeless, and bears an imperfect resemblance to the more southerly region called "the plains," but possesses much greater agricultural resources. There are no "desert" places; no "bad lands;" none of any considerable extent that do not present a rich, deep soil. Probably not less than 80 per cent. of all the country between Brainerd and Bismarck is a region of good agricultural land.

Soon after leaving the Missouri the topography of the country changes to broad valleys and intervening water-sheds. The valleys of the Little Missouri, the Yellowstone, the Poudre and many other large streams furnish everywhere, in the luxuriance of vegetation, evidence of extraordinary fertility and a hospitable climate. Timber begins to be plentiful, and the hills contain coal in abundance. Throughout its length and breadth, Montana is a country of noble rivers and broad, magnificent valleys, separated by hills and mountains clothed with forests. On account of its general aspects, as well as by reason of its varied and vast mineral resources, it has been styled the Pennsylvania of the Northwest. Already in many of the valleys its thriving settlements, where herds of catt e may be counted by thousands, and where orchards of apples and peaches yield unfailing harvests in sight of snow-capped mountains. Perhaps of all the Northwestern territories Montana is the one which in the variety of its resources and capabilities, the advantages of its topography, the beauty of its scenery, and the hospitality of its climate, holds out the highest inducements to rapid settlement

Such is a general glance at the country, east of Washington Territory, traversed by the line of the Northern Pacific railway. Comparing it to the country traversed by the Union Pacific, the reality is not a comparison, but a contrast. The Northern region is in every respect vastly the better region. Between the Mississippi and the Pacific, along the Northern route, not 20 per cent. of the country is bad, for purpose of agriculture, whereas, between the same extremities along the central route hardly more than 30 per cent. of the country is good for any purpose. The local traffic possibilities (nay, certainties) of the northern road—the traffic resources that must appear along the line of the road by consequence of its existence—are incomparably greater than it would be possible to claim for any other continental line constructed or proposed.

Anything like correct ideas of the country traversed by the Northern Pacific, any correct or even approximately correct notions of its fertility and wonderful capabilities, have only been acquired since the completion of the road to the Missouri river, and in fact since settlements along the line began to spring up. As actual knowledge of the country and its resources increases, it becomes more and more apparent that the Northern Pacific is, of all the projected railways to the western ocean, the one which must be of the greatest value and importance to the American people. It is the one which will open to settlement by far the most extensive, most fertile, and every way most desirable regions. It is, therefore, the one for the construction of which it was the wisest policy to give public aid in the way of a grant of public land. And it is for the same reasons that it will be manifestly wise policy to extend the time limited for the completion of the road. The necessity for such an extension has arisen by no fault or omission of the able and energetic gentlemen composing the present company. They have fairly forfeited no right; have failed in the fulfillment of no undertaking; have done nothing and omitted nothing to change any reason that ever existed in favor of the carrying forth of this great enterprise. On the contrary, stronger and more cogent reasons can now be urged in favor of an act extending the time for the completion of the undertaking than any that could have been given at the outset for beginning it. One or two of these reasons it may be timely to mention.

The completion of one railway to the Pacific gave rise to a stronger argument in favor of a second than could have been made in favor of a first. A single line of railway across the continent is of course a monopoly, unchecked by any possible competitor. To bring such monopoly within a reasonable power of control, a competing line becomes a necessity.

The force of this argument is shown by the recent action of the Union and Central Pacific companies in doubling their rates of transportation. Last winter, it will be remembered, Congress passed an act, (the Thurman act, so-called) to compel those corporations to pay the interest which they had solemnly engaged to pay, on the bonds issued to them by the government, but which they had never even pretended to pay. What was their response to the act requiring them to pay what they had agreed to pay? As if to manifest their contempt of the Congressional act, and show that they would devise a way of evading it in effect, they doubled the rates of transportation. What was it but to say: Congress has compelled us to pay the interest on the country's bonds, as we agreed to; therefore we will compel the country to pay it back by doubling our freight charges; thus, in spite of Congress, we propose to avoid an honest fulfilment of our obligations. It certainly looks as if this were the real motive of those companies in doubling their freight charges. It looks as if their real purpose was to make the country pay what Congress declared that the companies should pay, as they had agreed to.

What answer can Congress make to this? How can the country escape the consequences of such a power in a railroad company—virtually a power to overrule and defeat the supreme mandate of the national legislature? It is plain that the only certain and effective way would be the opening of a competing railway to the Pacific. The most appropriate, as well as the most effective, answer to the outrageous proceeding of the Union Pacific line, which Congress could give would be the passage of an act extending the conditions of the land grant to the Northern Pacific. The company are asking for an extension for ten years; but if it be granted, the Northern Pacific will most likely be in operation throughout the whole line in less than six years from this time.

The *Times* has no hesitation in saying that such extension of the Northern Pacific grant can be put upon the highest ground of public interest, justice, and propriety. It is an exceptiontional case, if there ever was one. It is a case in which the reasons now manifestly justifying and demanding an extension of this particular grant are ten-fold stronger than any that were or could hav been originally urged in favor of any railroad grant whatever.

STYLES.

For the Ladies to Read.

Ragged-sailor is a flower much in favor just now.

Silver jewelry now takes on the massive form.

All the stylish dresses for fall are to be cut short.

Old-fashioned red is the fashionable color now.

Linen ulsters are finished with the triple collars.

Very small jet buttons will be used in dress trimming.

The desire for shaggy goods still continues unabated.

The most fashionable ribbons are of velvet, satin lined.

Slides, buckles and fancy ornaments in gold will be much worn.

It is not uncommon for Spanish ladies to possess a hundred fans.

For the house this season dress skirts will be longer and wider.

Cutaway coats, simply trimmed, will be much worn as fall wraps.

A favorite pastime with the ladies now is crocheting silk purses.

Polonaises of colored goods are no longer worn over black skirts.

New chatelaines consist of pieces of ivory bound and linked with silver.

Young ladies now wear caps like those worn by Roman peasant women.

Etruscan-gold buttons, engraved like pure gold, will be used on plaid dresses.

Persian colors and designs are brought out in the new brocaded silks for fall.

A new style of handkerchief is the plain hemstitch, with polka dot centers.

Very handsome inlaid buttons are being imported in colors to match costumes.

White velvet brocades on satin grounds will be the winter style for wedding dresses.

Black figured velvets will be much worn for carriage and full-dress toilets.

The latest carriage parasols are made of Cardinal satin and edged off with deep white lace.

The new style of velvet imported for bonnets and their trimmings is called the Medicis.

The short walking dress will be brought out in more graceful designs this winter than ever.

The newest thing in an engagement ring is a tiny thread of gold supporting a solitaire diamond.

The belts to the plaid short walking costumes will be wide and fastened by square gilt buckles.

New imported fans are of swan down mounted on pearl sticks and ornamented with tiny ribbon bows.

In the selection of color in dress, ladies should be guided by what suits their hair and complexion.

White satin, brocaded with a small figure in colors, will be a handsome style for evening dresses.

A beautiful material of rich Oriental coloring, used for trimming hats and bonnets, is called "Nabob gauze."

Ostrich feathers will be mose used this winter than they have been for years past. They are low priced just now.

The earliest importations of fall wraps show sacques, or coats, for plain garments for general wear, and mantles for driving wraps.

India cashmere and camel's hair cloths will be chosen for all mantles; black steel gray and dark blue will be the popular shades.

Reversible shawls, different on each side, are new and will be popular, striped shawls with richly shaded borders are also a new style.

Some of the new French slippers worn with morning costumes have straps around the ankle, like children's shoes, and ribbons to tie the ends of the straps together.

A novelty for morning wrappers is a fine quality of flannel's which is called camel's hair flannel. It comes in dark colors, such as garnet, blue, gray or black.

The brocaded materials are gradually reviving the stomacher, and in a short time one need not be surprised to see the waits of dresses as short as in the days of one's grandmothers.

A pretty novelty is what is called "a set of flowers," that are sold together. One little bunch is for the hair, one for the belt, another for the throat, and still another to hang from the chatlaine.

The newest short dresses have three kilt-pleated flounces crossing the back and covering the back breadths from belt to foot. In front there is an apron wrinkled across and one wide knife-pleated flounce at the foot.

Widow's dresses have their own distinctive fashions, as, when the expense can be afforded, they are covered in every visible part with crape. The silk lining of the basque may be merely covered with English crape in the summer, but in winter the wool fabric is also laid on and then covered with crape.

A brunette of swarthy complexion looks well in brilliant yellow or splendid red; but a delicate, pale brunette must not wear striking colors; on the contrary, soft hues should be employed, especially pale blue. It is the same with blondes. If the hair of a blonde be golden or red, it ought to be accompanied by its complimentary color—dark violet. Green of a medium intensity likewise suits all shades of red hair.

A stylish new paletot, for wear over every elegant long light dresses, is made of *Surah*, very light in shade, and trimmed with deep Valenciennes lace; a *abot* of the lace ornaments the front, and large lace pockets, ornamented with lace bows, are trimmed upon the back. It is very effective for summer races or afternoon riding at Newport and Saratoga. It has no sleeves, but there are epaulets of the lace, set in full on the top of the arm holes, and mounted with ribbon loops.

Buyers, or other managers, find the new Bonaz embroidery a great convenience in the work of renovation, as the manufacturers will supply it in every shade, and of every combination, at nearly the same price as it is asked for in the shops. Most of the blended embroideries on lace are also excellent garnitures, to which the perplexed economist may resort when a shade that is not at the moment a leading tint of fashion, is to be provided with a match or a contrast of color.

The London *Lancet* says a blow on the ear has often raptured the drum, and warns parents against boxing children's ears. You can get more music out of a child by applying the slipper a couple of feet below the "drum."—*Norristown Herald.*

Sabbath Morn in the Country.

How still the morn of the hallowed day?
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The plowboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song,
And the wish is general that they might stay hushed.

The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, with faded flowers,
That yestermorn bloomed waving in the breeze;
And when the old man comes along
And finds it there he will startle the quiet
Of the hallowed day with shouts and roars
And takings on of one kind and another
That will make a hired man sink into his boots.

Sounds of the most faint attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee looking for some one to sting,
The trickling of the (mountain) dew, glug, glug,
Glug, gluggerty, gluggerty, glug, glug!
The distant bleating, midway up the hill,
Of the heart-broken goat when he first discovers
That he can not climb a tree!

To him that wanders o'er the upland leas,
With his shot-gun on his shoulder,
The black-birds note comes mellower from the dale,
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heav'n-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen,
While from yon roof whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise,
And the hired girl swearing at the cook stove!

—*Oil City Derrick.*

The Lucky Shot.

An Adventure in Australia.

"Very wet day, sir," said the cheery host of the "Traveller's Rest," as he assisted me to take off my heavy riding coat.

"Very wet, indeed," I replied. "I've had my share of it during my thirty miles' ride to-day."

My host conducted me to a room with a cheery fire burning in the grate, and having been served with a good hot supper, and my favorite glass of good hot brandy, I began to feel more comfortable. I drew my chair up to the fire, encased my feet in a pair of easy slippers, and filled my pipe preparatory to a quiet smoke, when I was disturbed by the entrance of my host.

"Won't you join the company in the next room, sir? We have a social club held here twice a week, and perhaps they may amuse you during the evening."

"With pleasure," I replied. So taking my glass and pipe, I followed my landlord into a large room, which was almost filled with a numerous company. At the moment of my entrance they were listening with evident satisfaction to a story told by one of their number. My host briefly introduced me, and I took a chair close to the story-teller, and prepared to enjoy my smoke.

"Now, Mr. White, you must begin your story again, in honor of the gentleman." So Mr. White re commenced.

"You must know, gentlemen," he began, "that the scene of my tale lies in Australia, just about the time of the gold fever there."

The tones of the speaker's voice seemed familiar to me, and I gave him a searching look. What did I see? The lobe of his left ear was missing. I half started from my seat, upsetting the glass of brandy by my elbow, and startling the company generally.

"I beg pardon, gentlemen; a sudden spasm—that is all!" I stammered out.

"It is the same man," I soliloquized.

I was supplied with a fresh glass of brandy, and Mr. White resumed:

"Well, I was only a young fellow at the time, and had got bitten by the gold fever, like many other people besides. Every paper contained dazzling accounts of the riches to be found in that far-off land, so at last I made up my mind to go and try my luck. When I told Mary, she cried, and tried to dissuade me, but it was no use; I was determined; and soon after left home for London, where I entered my name on the books as a steerage passenger on board the clipper-built liner, Australasia."

"Mary was his sweetheart," interposed my left-hand neighbor.

"I well remember the day we sailed. The scene at the docks were very affecting. Husbands were parting from wives, brothers from sisters, fathers from children, young fellows from their sweethearts, and I was not sorry when the tug towed us out to sea. We were a motley company. There were representatives of all classes—laborers, mechanics, broken-down lawyers, and students, clerks, and a good sprinkling, too, of the hangers-on about town, and even a couple of Methodist ministers. All were going to try their fortunes in the New Eldorado. We had very good weather during our voyage, and I suffered but little from sea-sickness. I made many acquaintances, but there was a man I took an aversion to. He was called Wapping Bill. He was a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a great shock of red hair and a close-cropped beard; a pair of small, ferret-like eyes that seemed to vanish beneath his shaggy eyebrows when any one addressed him, and an expression that showed him to be the reverse of a quiet and respectable man.

"In due time we arrived at Melbourne. It was then a mere collection of wooden houses and hastily-thrown up shanties, and was peopled by representatives from nearly all civlized nations on the face of the erath. Twenty of us formed a party, bought some tools, and proceeded to the digging on foot. Arriving there we bought claims, and set to work to unearth the long talked of gold. My chum was a steady-going fellow, called Sandy—a Scotchman. We dug a shaft, hauled up the gold-bearing earth, and washed it in a large box with plates full of holes. The water washed away the earth, leaving the gold in the form of nuggets and dust on the plates. For a week or so we found little or nothing, and my golden dreams began to wane. Then one morning Sandy gave a shout of joy, and, hastily ascending the shaft, I saw in the cradle several nuggets of pure gold. I was half mad with delight, and for the rest of the day I worked with the energy of two men. Before nightfall we had more than twenty ounces of small nuggets and dust. We stitched it up in small canvas bags, and hid it for safety in the floor of the tent. We went on this way for months, then our claim began to give out.

"Just about this time a convoy was going to Melbourne to take some gold to the bank there. We therefore agreed to send some of ours to be deposited in the bank, and get notes in exchange. When we got to the place of starting, I was surprised to see, among the mounted troopers forming the escort, my shock-headed fellow-voyager. I mentioned my distrust of him to my chum; and in consequence we only sent half of the intended quantity. The fellow evidently knew I distrusted him, for when I went up with our parcel, he gave a malicious look that boded me no good. The escort numbered about ten or fifteen well-armed troopers, with a four-horse wagon, and they left early in the morning for their destination. We gave them three ring ing cheers at the boundaries of the camp, and wished them a safe return. I had a singular foreboding that I had seen the last of my gold, but I mentioned my fears to none but my chum.

The day following I went to Mat Durn's drinking-hut—a place frequented by the lucky finders and loafers to hear the day's news. The saloon was full of diggers. Some were discussing the day's finds; others were playing poker, the stakes being nuggets of dust; the majority were standing at the bar drinking and smoking. I called for a drink, filled a short cutty, and took a seat among the card-players.

"Well Tom, how's your luck" said a broad-shouldered Yorkshireman, who had come ever with me.

"'Very poor at present,' I replied.

"'Have a hand then, man; winning dust at poker is better than digging.'

"I joined the game and played for awhile. At last one of the players threw up his hand, and said he was cleaned out; so, thinking it might be my turn soon, I stopped. I finished my glass, and prepared to leave the room. Just as I got to the door a burly digger came rushing in, almost upsetting me, and uttering the most frightful oaths. The entire saloon was in an uproar in an instant. Revolvers and knives were drawn, and a dozen voices shouted out, 'What's the matter?'

"'Matter enough!' cried the invading digger, with another volley of expletives 'The cseort's been attacked, and the gold is gone!'

"Words fail to describe the scene that ensued. Men swore, tore their hair, danced and raved like madmen. When the tumult was somewhat subsided, I managed to make out that the wagon had been attacked in the dead of night, by a party of armed rangers. A fight had taken place, not a trooper had been killed, and the gold had been taken. The attack had evidently been pre-arranged, for half of the troopers had been found drugged, and were consequently unable to fight. Three of them were reported missing, Wapping Bill amongst the number. I went off to our tent and told Sandy. 'You're right about the villain, but we'll be even with him yet.'

"We went back to the saloon, where we found all the diggers assembled, listening to an account of the affair from one of the troopers. It appeared that shortly after leaving the camp the axeltree of the wagon broke, necessitating a stoppage. Night came on, and found them still delayed by the booken wagon. Rain fell, and some of the troopers took a little spirits to keep out the cold. About midnight, the troopers who were acting as sentries were alarmed by the rush of half-a-dozen mounted bushrangers. They endeavored to wake up the others, but they were overpowered and fastened to the trees. The contents of the wagon were divided among the gang, and they soon rode off, followed by Wapping Bill and the three troopers. In the morning the bound troopers managed to wake the others by their cries, and then it was found by their condition that the spirits must have been drugged, hence their inability to offer any resistance.

"We held a hasty council, and decided to send to a station four miles away for fresh troopers. By means of a fleet messenger, a search party was organized, and they left the camp two hours later, preceded by the black trackers to point out the trail. Luckily, I managed to be enrolled among the party, much to my satisfaction. I had a score to settle with Wapping Bill, and I intended to give a good account of him if we met. We numbered twenty resolute, well-armed fellows, carrying revolvers and knives, whilst the twelve troopers with us had rifles in addition.

"We proceeded first to the scene of the encounter. We found the wagon drawn off the track and overturned. The black trackers soon took up the trail, and we went into the bush in Indian file. Our progress was necessarily slow, but we were quite certain of coming up with the rangers at last. We followed the blacks for a couple of hours, then one of them set up a warning cry, and we rushed forward. In the centre of an open glade we saw the body of a man laid upon the ground. Scattered around were bits of canvas, and grains of gold glittering in the grass. Examining the body, we recognized it to be a person some of us had seen hanging about the camp for a few days previous to the starting of the escort. A small blue hole in his forehead told what had happened. Evidently a dispute had arisen among the rangers, and this poor fellow had been shot for his obstinacy. We again took up the trail and proceeded. The bush now became less dense, and we made greater progress. About a mile farther on one of the blacks, who was some hundred yards ahead, suddenly dropped flat on the grass, and gave us a warning signal. Advancing cautiously to his side, we peered through the bushes. Down in a hollow were six rangers, seated around a small fire. Their horses were tethered near them, and various packages were scattered about. Our plans were soon laid. We made a detour, and completely surrounded them. I crept quietly through the underwood, intending to reach a tree which grew about twenty yards from the fire of the bush-rangers. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder. I hastily turned, and saw a tall ranger close by my side. He grasped me by the collar, and presented a revolver to my forehead.

"'One sound, and I'll blow your brains out,' he hissed.

"Resistance was useless, so I submitted. He disarmed me, flung me on the ground, and fastened my hands behind me with a cord he pulled from his pocket. He then went a few yards away to warn the rangers, I suppose. I heard a ringing cheer, shots, oaths, and all the usual noise of a hand-to hand encounter. Giving a shor and sudden wrench, I got lose, and rushed forward to see the result of the fight Just as I advanced I heard two shots fired almost simultaneously, and a bullet shaved past my head. I clapped my hand to my left ear. Heaven! the lobe was shot away. Another inch, and I should have been killed.

"'Rather a narrow shave, that,' said one of the troopers, coming forward. 'I just saw the fellow drawing a bead on you when I dropped him.'

"I went forward, and found the victory had been ours. Three of the rangers had been shot down, one of them Wapping Bill. Two were wounded, and lay on the ground, whilst one had escaped. Judge Lynch soon settled the two prisoners.

"We recovered all our gold, and made preparations for our return. We gave the dead a hasty burial, easing them, of course, of all valuables, etc. I found a pocket-book on the body of my would-be slayer, and from it I gleaned a full account of the gang. From information therein contained, Sandy and I, some weeks later, made a little expedition of our own to a place in the brush, where we found quite a collection of nuggets and dust—the result of many months of a bush-ranger's life. As it was impossible to restore the treasure to its lawful owners, we were obliged to keep it. We returned to the camp; and, in consideration of our successful efforts, we received a share of the geld. Some months later I left the diggings, and returned home, married Mary, and settled down here. I ought to add that I gave the trooper who so bravely saved my life an old silver ring to wear for my sake. I have never seen him since; but if I ever do, he shall be welcomed as a king. Such, gentlemen, is the story of the 'Lucky Shot'"

The hearty thanks of the company were voted to Mr. White for his story, and the company drank the trooper's health.

"You never saw him after?" I asked Mr. White.

"Never, sir."

"Could you recognize him if you were to see him?" I asked.

"Can't say; he may have altered considerably; but I should recognize the ring immediately."

"Then is that it?" said I, putting out my right hand, on the little finger of which was the identical ring.

"It is; and you are Jack Fox!"

"I am; and I am exceedingly glad to meet an old friend once more."

Loud were the exclamations of joy at this disclosure. We had fresh bumpers, and we caroused until the small hours, fighting our old battles over again.

I excepted Mr. White's invitatien to stay with him for a short time, and I must admit that I spent some very happy hours in "The Traveller's Rest."

Kid Gloves and Their Production.

Very few persons who are daily wearing kid gloves ever stop to think how many hands are required before a glove can be put on the counter, ready for the customer.

The materials used in making a kid glove are either the skins of kids from six weeks to three months old—and these furnish the best article—or the skins of lambs of about the same age; there are also the skins of sheep, but these make but a poor and inferior article. The first process of making a glove is the tawing. To facilitate the removal of the hair or wool, the skins are placed in a solution of time, after which they are placed in running water to remove the lime, and after being taken out of this the hair easily comes out with the aid of a blunt scraper. This process is repeated two or three times, until every hair and small particle of flesh adhering to the skin are entirely removed, and the skins then are ready for the tawing operation.

For this porpose they apply an ingredient of the yolks of eggs, alum, salt, etc., a polluted preparation, in which solution the skins remain for several weeks, so that they may become thoroughly saturated, which gives them the necessary whiteness, after which they undergo the various coloring processes. The dying requires considerable skill and a fine eye for the composition of the various shades. The color is applied to each skin separately with a brush, each requiring from one to four applications of the color according to the shade desired. The only exceptions to this are the very light shades, the so-called evening colors, which are produced by immersing 200 or 300 skins at one time in a vat containing the coloring matter, which will soak through every particle of the skin. After being thoroughly dried in a room heated up to 180 deg. Fahr., the skins reach the cutter to be cut in square pieces; this is a most delicate operation, and not only requires skill, but good judgment. The gloves have to be cut with the grain of the skin, running from the head down, and great waste of material would result from the employment of any but the most skillful hands. One skin will cut on an average from three to four gloves, according to sizes required; though when large sheep skins are used, one skin will give from nine to ten inferior gloves. The squares thus cut are put up in packages of from six to twelve pairs of gloves, and by means of a punch and a powerful press, are cut out in pieces ready to be sewed.

The sewing on the gloves is all done by hand, and requires the best seamstresses. Over 6,000 stiches are required to sew a pair of ladies' gloves, and the best hands cannot finish more than four pair in a day of twelve hours. For the sewing of lower grades of gloves there is now a machine in use, but, even with this help, the best hands cannot sew more than twelve to fourteen pairs per day. The making of button holes, putting on buttons, packing, etc., all require extra hands, each trained in their special vocation, and thus a glove, before being ready for sale, passes through no less than 200 different hands.

The largest glove producing countries are France, Germany, Belgium, Austria and Italy. England also makes some few gloves, but mostly heavier goods, such as driving gloves, etc. France and Belgium make the finest goods, using only kids skins, while Germany makes all kinds of lamb and sheep skin gloves, and Italy produces nothing but a very low priced article. The consumption of gloves in this country, in proportion of its population, is still very small. Last year there was a total importation of 700,000 dozen only, while France alone manufactured 2,000,000 dozen, of which one-half were exported. The production of Germany and Austria can be safely calculated at 5,000,000 dozen per annum.

The production of gloves in this country is still in its infancy, and limited to heavy goods, such as driving and lined gloves for winter wear; but the time is not far distant, when we will be able to produce the greater part of the gloves needed for our home consumption.

Prompt Reform of Bodily Evils.

The prompt reform of those bodily evils, enfeebled digestion, incomplete assimilation, inactivity of the liver, kidneys and bladder, as well as of the nervous symptoms which these ailments are especially prone to beget, is always accomplished by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine accredited by physicians, pronounced pure by analysts, and eminently wholesome and agreeable. Surely such a restorative is preferable to unpalatable and indigestible mineral drugs and unsanctioned nostrums The ration at large assuredly thinks so, judging by the unprecedented demand for the article from Maine to the Pacific, a demand now supplemented by immense orders for it received from tropical America, Mexico, the British and Spanish Colonial possessions, and elsewhere. Both at home and abroad it is recognized as a standard remedy and preventive, the decisiveness of its effects recommending it everywhere.

Old age does not prevent you from being cured of your Heart Disease. Mr. Thompson says:

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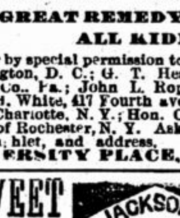

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