

THE STORY TELLER

THE DOORWAY.

In the heart of the day I strayed to the heart of a tangled wood. And there, like a dream, before me a deserted portal stood.

Strange and solemn and sombre it stood—and I knew not why. Mystery fell like a fog; fear swept by like a moan.

It was bolted strongly above, and bolted below as well. And one of the bolts was Sorrow, and the other bolt was Pain.

Two dim lights hung in the shadow, two red and misty spheres. And my soul sank as I saw them, for I knew they were Blood and Tears.

The way was lost behind me, backward I dared not go; I beat upon the portal, and my heart broke with the blow.

Bruised, and bleeding, and blinded, I forced the bolts to move— I passed through the dreadful doorway and I found the other side was Love! —Ella Heath in Lippincott's Magazine.

A HOUSE BUILT UPON THE SAND

THE haze of a lovely day in October lay on Jamaica bay. A gentle southwest wind stirred the water into shining ripples.

After on the horizon the salt meadows resembled the islands of the Blest. The wind, blowing over a thousand leagues of heaving sea, was redolent of salt and freighted with stimulation.

Crayfish Bill is a bayman. He lives on Ruffie bar, four miles away from shore as the crow flies, in the cabin of an old canalboat drawn up on a bar and surrounded by piles driven into the sand to protect it from the sea.

"Say, Jim," said Bill, as his visitor came down the cabin stairs, "this ere cabin ain't no Astor hotel, with a French cook, but I can give you some oysters right out of the bay."

Fifteen minutes later the visitor drew a cracker box to the table. The menu consisted of oysters on the half shell, soft clam, roasted in the oyster with a slice of bacon on each, milk toast made of bread four days old and condensed milk, and tea brewed in a pot backed as the stovepipe that projected from the top of the cabin.

After this meal was finished and the cats were fed, Bill lit his pipe and his tongue began to wag. Said he:

"You ain't been here since I lost my house last March?"

"Where did you get money enough to buy a house?" said the visitor in playful irony.

"I saved it," said Bill. "It cost me about \$35. I s'pose I'll never have so much money again at one time. I'm over 50 and ain't so strong as I used to be."

"This ere is the oyster season and I'm watchin' the oyster boys to keep the thieves away. Last night, when I was out oysters in the daytime, I s'pose you never tonged for oysters with tongs 15 feet long in a strong tide-way?"

"Well, it ain't no child's play. A day's work is a boatful of oysters, and you have to cull 'em after you've dug 'em up. You don't do much dreamin' nights after you have been congin' oysters all day—your're too tired."

"It took me two years to save that money to build my house. I got permission from an oyster planter to build a house on one of his bars. I had a kind of a feelin' that I'd like to own a house that was all my own and that didn't cost me nothin' for rent, and when I shut the door I could look around at the stove and the cupboard and the bunk and the dollar clock and say to myself:

"This ere house is all my own. I built it with my own hands, paid for it with my own money. Laid every timber in it and drove every nail, from the cellar to the tarred roof."

"Of course, you understand, I'm only 'jokin' about drivin' nails in the ceiling, 'cause there wasn't no ceiling. At high tide there was two feet of water where the ceiling ought to be."

"I had that house all planned out in my mind for a year before I started to build it, even to the vinegar barrel I was goin' to have settin' outside the door to catch the rain water from the roof, 'cause you can't get Croton water in the middle of Jamaica bay."

Bill laid his knotty, brown hand upon his knee and looked with unseeing eyes up through the companionway. He was aroused from his reverie by his visitor, who said, with a grin:

"Did you build your foundation of stone or of brick?"

"No, sir," said Bill. "My foundation was built of eight-inch piles, ten feet long. There was a contractor drivin' piles over the Canarsie side of the bay, and he had a dozen piles too short for his use. I bought 'em for half what he paid for 'em."

"How did you get the piles over to Ruffie bar?" said the inquirer.

"Made a raft of 'em and towed 'em over behind my skiff. Took me seven hours to do it on account of the tide, which carried me to the raft down to Barran Island. There were blisters on my hands as big as walnuts when I got over to Ruffie bar."

"How did you sink your foundation?" said the visitor, seeking to disturb Bill's serenity.

"It's queer about that," said Bill. "On them bars in the middle of the bay the tide rises from four to five feet, according to which way the wind blows. A nor'easter would blow the water out of the bay so there wouldn't be a foot of water on my lot. And then again a sou'-wester for two days would make a tide six or seven foot high. Consequence I had to sink my piles at dead low water."

"Did you have a plectivator to sink your foundation?"

"None of your guvin' son," said the veteran. "I chopped one end of the piles wedged and worked 'em down into the mud and sand. It's

surprisin' how that meadow sand does stick to a stick of timber. One man can work it down about three or four feet and 20 men couldn't pull it up."

"How big was this wonderful house of yours, Bill?"

"'Twas just 15 feet square. I measured it with a six-foot oar," replied the bayman. "When I had all the piles worked down solid in the sand I sawed off the tops so they were all even, and the foundation was finished. There were three rows of piles, four feet apart."

"'Twas two months before I got enough money to get the floor beams. They were six-inch pieces of hemlock that I got from a second hand dealer in lumber at a bargain."

"When I got the beams laid down solid I laid some pieces of scantlin' down on top of the beams and did a song and dance on the floor, my floor, the only floor I ever owned."

The look of reminiscence, gratification on the bayman's face was so real, so earnest, that the cynical visitor was shamed into quiet.

"After that the clammin' was poor and the oysterin' was worse, and 'twas six months before I could afford to buy my joists and weather boards. When I got my joists and boards up it didn't take long to finish the house."

"The roof was made of smooth pine boards, squared and grooved, and covered with tarred paper. To make the house warm I put tarred paper under the flooring. When I got the house finished I had four windows in it, with panes of glass a foot square, and two bunks in the corner with excelsior mattresses in 'em."

"On summer nights I used to lay in the lower bunk with the door open listenin' to the tide listenin' just like folks a-sabbilin' and a-gurglin' agin' the piles, and a-murmurin' sleepylike through the grass. But when the nor'easters blew I shut the door. That's when the tide got noisy and quarrelsome."

"It spit spray agin' the winders and jumped up agin' the floor as if it was jealous that my house was finished and I was snug in my bunk. But, Lord bless you, I wasn't afraid of the tide. The ebb and the flood are old friends of mine."

"Did you ever see the tides meet? The ebb runnin' out and the flood runnin' in? There's a place in the bay where they meet and pile up in a ridge of foam a foot high."

"The ebb seems to say: 'Git out of my way; I'm goin' out to sea.' The flood humps itself and says: 'Don't be foolish, I'm goin' all over the bars and the meadows, and I've got the sea behind me pushin' and, of course, the flood wins.'

"But 'twas the ebb and the flood and the wind and the sea that wrangled together and agreed to push my house off the bar, and that did it."

"Were you in the house at the time, Bill?" said the visitor.

"Sure," replied Bill. "I was inside with my three cats."

"Three cats?" said the visitor. "I should think that one cat would have been enough for one man."

"One cat is enough for one man ashore, but three ain't any too many when you're out here in the winter, four miles away from solid ground, with a nor'easter playin' peekaboo with your winders."

"When I got the house finished and a half ton of coal in the locker, I went ashore to Canarsie to get some groceries. When I got there I saw a man comin' down to the shore with a bag and a hat, and three kittens that he was goin' to drown."

"They looked so mealy and they meowed so sorrowful like that I grabbed the bag, cats and all, and took 'em over to the house. I bought a quart of milk for 'em before we started, and that was the last drink of fresh milk they ever had, for there ain't no cows or goats on Ruffie bar."

"I named the cats after the three men in the Bible that went through the fiery furnace—Hayshack, Meshack and Beldago, for I knew the cats was up agin' it and were bound to see trouble before they got through with 'em."

"How long was it after your house was finished before it was swept away?"

"From 'till March," replied Bill. "I got along all right through the winter, and the comfort them cats was to me in the long evenin's was a caution. I used to lay in my bunk and watch 'em rollin' over each other, while the wind was screenin' 'round the house and the tide talkin' noisy in the cellar."

"I think I'd 'ave gone crazy with loneliness if it hadn't been for them cats. You ought to have seen Hayshack sparmin' with a spider crab I thumped up one day! A spider crab, you know, is all claws and bone and has no innards to speak of."

"On the night before St. Patrick's day the wind was roarin' around the shanty. It had been blowin' from the north and it shifted to the south, and it blew the water tumblin' back in the bay. To make things worse for the cats and me, the bay was full of float ice six to eight inches thick."

"The ice was floatin' back and forth on the tide, and at low water it was stranded on the bars ten foot high. Some of this ice came sailin' along and landed up in my cellar, and it lay there groanin' and grindin' agin' the piles."

"The top of a big wave came slap agin' the house and a thin stream of water ran under the door and over the floor. The crab had been sparmin' with Hayshack as usual, and got one of his claws fast in the cat's whiskers, and when the water came in Hayshack and the other cats jumped up on the table, and the crab was still hangin' to Hayshack's whiskers."

"Things got pretty lively after that and I didn't have no time to see what became of the crab. The cats were meowin' with fear. In about five minutes there came another big wave that lifted one end of the house off the piles about a foot, tumbled the clock off the shelf and a pot full of bollin' potatoes rollin' over the floor."

"When the big wave rolled away the house came down on the piles again with a crash that smashed all my dishes, put out the lamp and made a big hole in the floor where the ice and water came through. This time the water was a foot deep on the floor."

"I jumped out of the bunk, grabbed the cat, and yelled to the cats, and I'm blamed if them cats didn't jump off the table, swim over to me and

stick their sharp claws into my bare shins. I grabbed one of 'em in each hand and shoved 'em into my pockets, and Hayshack climbed onto my shoulder."

"I waded to the door, and when I opened it the wind came roarin' in and tore off the roof like a leaf. All this happened quicker'n I'm tellin' it. I knew the next big wave would carry the house away, and I moved quick. In stormy nights I still can hear the wind howlin', the cats squallin' and the ice grindin' agin' the floor."

"Did you swim, Bill?" said the visitor.

"Swim!" said Bill in quiet contempt. "I couldn't live three minutes in that sea and that ice-cold water."

"I had a duckboat tied to my piazza. The piazza was two boards wide. The boat was jumpin' around like a frisky colt right agin' the side of the house. I jumped in and pushed off."

"'Twas a cloudy night, but not very dark. I got 100 feet away, when I saw the house lift up again five or six feet and the red-hot stove slid through the back joists and scantlin', and when I looked agin' the house was gone."

Bill smoked reflectively for a moment, with Hayshack purring against his leg. Then he led the way up the cabin stairs, and, pointing with his pipe across an arm of the bay, now dimpling in the sunlight, while the tide lollored lazily to the sea, resumed his tale.

"It looks peaceful enough now, don't it? But on the night I'm tellin' about the white horses were jumpin' five foot high. I could never tell you how the duckboat lived in that sea, but she floated like a cork and me and the cats got over here alive."

"Did you save anything out of the wreck?"

"Yes, I saved them four piles you see stickin' out of the sand and a pickle jar."

"A pickle jar?"

"Yes, you see, I kept my savin's in the pickle jar in cents and nickels and quarters. There was \$15.50 in the jar. It had a glass top screwed down on a rubber band, so it was watertight. If it had been empty it would have floated away, but the cork took it to the bottom and I found it on the sand at low water."—N. Y. Sun.

BRANNIGAN WAS MODEST.

Told Who the Bravest Soldier Was, but Didn't Reveal His Own Identity.

He looked unmistakably an old soldier, and it was not long before the conversation drifted to matters military. Then it came out that he was a Crimean and Mutiny veteran, and soon he was fighting those terrible days over again for the benefit of an interested 'busful of fellow-passengers, relates London Tri-Bits.

"And who was the bravest deed you ever saw?" asked one.

"The capturin' of the Rooshin gun, by Brannigan, that I told you of," replied the veteran.

"And who do you consider was the bravest soldier you ever met?"

"Brannigan, sir. Brannigan was the boy."

As he stepped stiffly off the step of the 'bus, with a parting military salute, a passenger remarked: "Modest old hero that. Did you notice that he never boasted of his own deeds, but always of those of his old comrade, Brannigan?"

MISSED HER OWN PARTY.

There Was So Much to Do in the Kitchen Aunt Sally Had to Lead a Hand.

Senator Joe Blackburn tells a story of a queer old woman in a remote Kentucky village who was locally famed for her kindness of heart and good will toward her neighbors, says the New York Herald.

"For months and months she had been saving her slender means to give a great party, so she said," the senator relates, "and at last came the great event. All of her friends, dressed in their best, were on hand to render the occasion notable in the annals of the village and all voted the party a great success, the only false note in the gamut of their enjoyment being the mysterious absence of their hostess."

"Meeting her the next morning, one of the guests of the night before spoke rapturously of the party."

"I'm certainly glad you enjoyed yourself," returned the old lady, beaming her satisfaction. "So it really was a success? Yes? My! I certainly should like to have seen it."

"But why were you not there, Aunt Sally, at your very own party?"

"Laws, child," answered the erstwhile party giver, "I had to stay in the kitchen and wash the dishes."

Had Use for His Hat.

An aged clergyman with silvery hair was the recipient of several simultaneous requests from young ladies for a lock of his hair. The requests were complied with, the clergyman being pleased to fulfill wishes which seemed founded on a sentiment of respect, and all went well until his wife received this note: "Dear Mrs. —: Won't you please ask your husband to send me a little lock of his hair? We have all been taking lessons in making hair flowers. So many of the other girls asked him, and he sent it to them, that I thought I would rather ask you to get it for me. Won't you please do this for me? It is so hard to get white hair for miles of the valley."—London World.

"We Eat!"

Formerly in Devonshire the reapers, when they had finished, would weave a ring of wheat. Holding to this, the harvesters would form a circle and about together: "We eat!" (we end), after which they ate the ring to the house, and had the privilege of kissing the first maid he met. That curious practice has passed, and others as gentle with it. Nevertheless, there is still the harvest dinner, where the squire, be he gentleman or noble, sits down with his "hands" and drinks from the same ale jug. This custom shows no sign of decay. —Everybody's Magazine.

Discussion of Winter Fashions

NOTABLE among fashionable colors this season is the real orange shade—very effective when used sparingly, such as to face in lapels or border a vest edge—or a petticoat of orange—all looks well with a brown or black gown.

Orange shades will take the place of emerald green for day wear, while for evening use pink will lead, and next to this, black—for black evening gowns are considered very smart even if worn entirely black, or relieved with a dash of color, such as blue, pink, white, or orange.

Walking dresses are made with a short skirt, and bolero blouse coat in saque style, or the new fitted back yoke effect, sloping on to the shoulders, is yet favored; while deep cuff finishes are mostly shown for the bishop or leg of mutton style of sleeve, or for the full French shape there is a long cuff, handsomely embroidered and finished with a ruffle of real lace, which nearly covers the hand.

Mentioning blouses, reminds me of the pretty collar and cuff sets now arranged, as well as the smart "twice round the neck" ties of glaze silk ribbon, decorated with colored embroidery in silk. The ends are V-shape, and often hem-stitched or fagotted; then raised dots, crescents, stars, or even silks, or that useful thread, "Peri-Lusta," which has all the appearance of silk, and washes perfectly. The collar and cuff sets are of glaze silk, edged with narrow crochet or tatted edging worked in silk; or fine linen or canvas sets ornamented with Hardanger embroidery are the very latest, this being worn also ornamenting blouses in the shape of straps for bosoms, yokes, etc.

For evening blouses there are roses, asters, etc., made of chiffon, with ribbon or velvet ends, finished with the flower bud. These floral additions replace the velvet bow and rosette so long worn, and are extremely chic. Floral garnitures are much used for blouses being the favorite blossom. The coarse Yak or woolen lace, used so much for dress trimmings, is often decorated with cross-stitch worked in red and blue, pink and pale green, two shades of orange, etc. It makes an effective trimming for flannel blouses, the stitching being added to the lace, which much enhances its decorative possibilities.

For day wear the tailor-made gown with short skirt and smartly cut coat, fitted at the back, regulation coat sleeve, and a small basque, is in good taste; then for more dressy wear comes the full skirt, even on the ground all round, the coat, somewhat of the bolero order, with large sleeves hanging out from the shoulders, where they are pleated, gathered, or gored, while the cuff terminates with a full ruff of lace.

The three-quarter length coat is this season's fancy, and the Newmarket shape again appears. The Inverness coat returns to favor, and capes of every conceivable shape are shown—especially the three, four, or five-tier capes, known upon fashion, in fact, and in faced cloth these capes are left with cut edges.

ELLEN OSMONDE.



A WALKING GOWN. Made of Cloth and Trimmed with Bands of Silk of the Same Color.

the time is now here when one can really wear what becomes one.

If you desire to dress in a plain and unobtrusive style you can do so—or if you wish to dress in the latest fashion, there are the lovely Directoire and Louis creations; while as to the "happy medium" styles, never has fashion been so generous. A word, however, do not wear the Directoire styles unless you are moderately tall and slim—as slimmness is essential for this style of dress.

There is absolutely no season of the year, nor time of the day, when blouses are not admissible—indeed, blouses are worn as much as ever—and a very welcome addition they are to one's wardrobe.

For morning use there are no end of pretty blouses in flannel, with and without yokes—box-pleated, tucked, lustrated, and made more or less fussy as fancy may dictate, and embroidered and embellished as time and taste may allow. Some of the new flannels and such-like fabrics, including Vivella, are manufactured in such delightful colorings and designs as to find favor for afternoon wear—and with a broad yoke of Yak, or other coarse lace, they are quite stylish-looking. For more dressy wear, nothing

is brighter than the new chrysanthemum shadings which can be introduced into the tea gown with more success than in the ordinary toilette de visite. The ideal fabrics are chiffon, sole de Chine, mousseline de soie, laces plain and laces embroidered, and some beautiful raised designs and quaint patterns in old-world embroideries. Lovely, too, are the laces worked in dull steel and pearls. There is a revival of sequins; jet is also getting popular; but these are chiefly used in the orthodox robe de diner and the robe de bal for the demoiselle.

The jewelers of the rue de la Paix are really very clever, and I think their taste is better than it has ever been. They are copying the beautiful designs of the Louis XV, and Louis XVI, periods not only in diamonds but in a judicious mixture of precious gems of different colors.

In the day time, I must tell you, the real French elegance is wearing very little jewelry, and does not commit the

Tea Gowns and Jewelry in Paris

PARIS—Although the wearing of what in America is known as the tea gown is not so universal over here, has lately become much more popular, and the French chatelaine down at five o'clock the same style of garment as is made for the American hostess of the country house shooting party.

On the whole, perhaps, the gowns in vogue here are rather more negliges than those adopted by our country women; this year, par exemple, the embroidered or lace coat hanging loosely over an "Empire," accordion-pleated under-dress, composed of the "bustle" material, is a charming idea of a gown for five o'clock. Of course, the tea gown has some pretension to "fit," while the saut-de-lit is absolutely plain. Many of the best models are cut a la Empire. But I think those made with a lace coat edged with a narrow trimming of ermine are very beautiful. The mixing of lace, fur and chiffon is at all times an enchanting combination.

The lace blouse is also de rigueur over here for five o'clock; but it is never worn with a dark skirt. The necks of these elaborate blouses are very often quite transparent, but there is no suggestion of a décolletage. A few exclusive models have a V at the neck to permit of the wearing of a Louis XVI ornament or pendant, which is suspended from a chain, and to some of the dainty toilettes of the same period.

A charming tea gown worn by a well-known elegant (who is greatly addicted to the English custom of entertaining one's friends at tea), is in iridescent shades of taffeta with a long, plain flowing skirt and a Marie Antoinette band of old-rose velvet holding in place the dainty, unlined blouse of taffeta, arranged with a V-shaped piece of old worked lawn, cut open very slightly at the neck to display a miniature on a black velvet ribbon. A shu-like drapery crosses back and front, and is finished with two long sash ends at the back. The sleeves are very large transparent bishop sleeves of muslin, lined with shaded chiffon.

Another charming five o'clock is in silver gray accordion-pleated chiffon, held at the waist by a girle of silver and finished with a high Medici collar of lace standing away from the outfit, and just showing the throat, which is encircled by a high, diamond dog collar. Over this is worn a sleeveless coat of fine, blonde lace, cut up at the sides and edged with mink. These, or something such garments as these, one realizes that the Parisian now understands the beauties and possibilities of the indescribable gowns known to the English as the tea gown.

A color scheme is the characteristic note of such gowns emanating from well-known ateliers. Worth especially understands that glorious mixture of shades running from deepest claret

DEBAUCHERY OF RUSSIANS.

Much Drunkenness and Insolence Among Soldiers—Suffering of the Wounded.

The correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph at St. Petersburg sends some lurid pictures of matters at the front. At Harbin, where the troops rest in order to prepare for active work, vodka, cards and coarse pleasures, he says, are the preparations that most of them make. He quotes a general order of the day issued by Gen. Volkoff, which says: "Drunken soldiers are met at every hand's turn on the streets, as well as at the railway station. Many who have been insolent and disobedient have been court-martialed."

A Russian correspondent thus fills in the general's sketch: "I had scarcely quitted the train at Liouyang when the wounded began to arrive. Gradually the moaning of the bleeding soldiers grew in volume till it deadened the din of the station. More and more the atmosphere became saturated with the peculiar smell of blood known only on the battlefield."

But this melancholy picture had no sobering effect upon a group of elegant, dandified Cossack officers who had just arrived from St. Petersburg. Five paces from the dead and dying they sat merrily drinking champagne and flavoring it with obscene jests. Only in war are such contrasts possible. Here men cease to wear masks and show themselves as they are. You note the arrival of officers who are lean and wasted from hunger and hardships, and cheek by jowl with these you witness the orgies of half-drunken men faultlessly dressed, heard the pop of champagne bottles, the laughs that greet ribald jests and the roars of the Cossack officers who even at this supreme moment try to wheedle tipsy officers out of their last rubles."

"It is to be regretted," writes M. Danchenko, the leading Russian correspondent, "that some officers on the way to join their regiments go so far as to treat Sisters of Charity as they are accustomed to treat women of the class that follows the rear of an army."

The correspondent of the Telegraph goes on to say that the commissariat is supposed to be better than during the Turkish campaign, but judging from the private letters from officers and the revelations of correspondents it could hardly be worse. The correspondent of the Viedemost tells the following incident: "For three days we have had nothing to eat," said a soldier to the correspondent. "Here, take your fill," replied the correspondent. "I cannot eat here," said the soldier. "Why not?" asked the correspondent. "There is an officer with me who is worse than myself," replied the soldier. "Well, call him, too, come," said the correspondent. "He is ashamed, but if you let me take him home, he will be grateful."

An officer writes that it is members of the Red Cross and other societies that are succoring the wounded who have frequently to feed the soldiers on active service. The head delegate of the Red Cross society states that he has received at St. Petersburg that the troops at the front are suffering horribly from lack of victual and clothing. The Red Cross society distributes bread and tea and tinned meats to soldiers in battle, and boots and overcoats come from the same source, and not from the commissariat.

In a letter to his wife a captain at the front says: "We officers cannot lie down at night even after a day of killing fatigue."

PERJURY IN EVERY COURT.

Great Evil That Is Becoming a Menace to Justice and Liberty in This Country.

An interesting contribution to the proof of the prevalence of perjury in court proceedings is furnished, says the Brooklyn Citizen, by a recent story of the restitution of \$50 to a street railway company. The case was the property of a Polish church in Manhattan, acting on behalf of a woman who confessed to him that she had obtained it as her share of a verdict in her suit for damages against the company by false testimony.

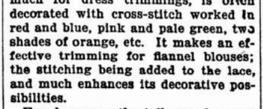
According to the story, she testified falsely by the advice of her lawyer, who told her that if she presented nothing but the truth in court she could recover nothing. So she perjured herself. Of course the priest could not be bound to reveal her identity and he did not, holding that he had done his full duty to both the woman and the company in securing the restitution of the money fraudulently obtained.

The story exemplifies the difficulties so often met with by the railroad companies in answers to the frequent damage suits, but not by the fact as it goes, their complaints of the way in which many of them are worked up; a complaint that is also made by many lawyers, who say that perjury testimony is increasingly encountered in the trial of cases, and particularly those in which the foreign element is concerned.

This state of things is encouraged by the success which, as in the case cited, is secured by perjured testimony in the suits brought, but not by the fact alone. It receives its chief encouragement from the immunity from prosecution and punishment given to perjurers and suborners of perjury through the neglect of the authorities to follow up the evidence and the clews that would often lead to the conviction of the guilty. This prevalence of perjury is, indeed, a matter of such consequence to the community—even more harmful, perhaps, than murder—that it deserves the most rigorous and rigorous attention of those who have the power to effect a general reformation in it.

Fortune from Trees.

Orsa, in Sweden, has in the course of a generation sold \$2,150,000 worth of trees, and by means of judicious replanting has provided for a similar income every 30 or 40 years. In consequence of the development of this commercial wealth there are no taxes. Railways and schools are free, and so are the schoolhouses, teaching, and many other things.



A DINNER GOWN OF LACE AND RIBBON.

error of wearing anything but the severest type of gem workmanship with her plain cloth or tailor-made costume. Thus we see a revival of the narrow moire ribbon with a single diamond or pearl slide; the very fine and such consequences to the community—even more harmful, perhaps, than murder—that it deserves the most rigorous and rigorous attention of those who have the power to effect a general reformation in it.

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Orsa, in Sweden, has in the course of a generation sold \$2,150,000 worth of trees, and by means of judicious replanting has provided for a similar income every 30 or 40 years. In consequence of the development of this commercial wealth there are no taxes. Railways and schools are free, and so are the schoolhouses, teaching, and many other things.

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