About Women

RAVISHingly pretty yachting suits are to be seen at Newport, Bar Harbor and all of the fashionable watering places that line the New England coast.

Most of these are of domestic make and are equal to the many imported ones in material and fit, if not in coloring and draping. The latter are made similar to those worn at the French watering-places, and many of them are decidly bizarre in effect.

Miss Mary Anderson is so often on the Thames in her pretty boat that a new yachting suit has been named for her. It is made of heavy serge and is a deep gray, shading toward blue in color, and is trimmed with crimson serge of the new shade known as sea-red, and which is said to defy the salt spray and sea glare as well as the sun.

The skirt is edged with a full band of crimson, above which is a narrow piping of soft white cloth, which lends a harmonious look to the toilet. A full drapery of the blue is caught up with a wide sash of crimson lined with white, which starts from the left side and passes across the front above the knees, falling in long tasseled ends at the right hip.

The blouse has a white vest and a deep collar and cuffs of the crimson, and a little fez of the crimson banded with the blue completes a very dainty outfit.

Heretofore blue has been considered the proper shade for seaside dresses, but this season the "sea-crimson" mentioned above has the preference, and not only is it combined with white, blue, gray and black, but it is made up in entire suits.

Pretty maidens, decked out entirely in scarlet, make a vivid bit of coloring on board a boat, and when hat, gloves, parasol and even shoes are all of the same glowing tint, the effect may be called brilliant.

A yachting dress of this description, made in imitation of one ordered by Saran Bernhardt, was recently sent to a guest at one of the New England cottages. The material was of fine boating flannel, and the blouse was lined throughout with soft, white silk. The skirt was almost three yards wide, very full over the hips and was made without any drapery, a long sash of crimson silk being fastened about the waist and falling to the deep hem of the skirt at one side.

Already the midsummer toilets are beginning to have a touch of autumn. Knots of velvet ribbon are used in greater profusion, and quaint little zouave jackets in bright cloths and flannels and made without sleeves are slipped on over white gowns in the morning for the after-breakfast promenade. These little jackets are crimson, yellow, sometimes blue or green in color, and are often richly braided or embroidered.

The dainty surah and satin petticoats that peep from beneath walking dresses are as much a reminder that summer is waning as the golden rod onthe roadside. These shirts are made of soft striped satin and silk, and are trimmed with flounces edged with lace. They are not made so long as the cambric skirt of lace and embroidery, because they are intended to be worn in rainy and muddy weather. Some of the more elaborate cost as high as $75, and are made of blue and white or pink and white satin trimmed with flounces edged with hand-made lace.

A NEAT YACHTING HAT.

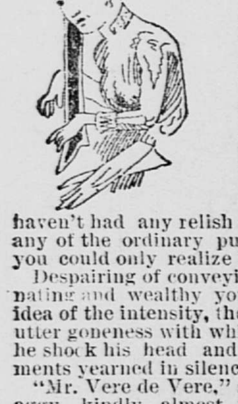
omething New for Seaside Wear—It Will Shake Water Like a Duck's Back.

A SUMMER girl sent for a yachtinghat the other day. It came in dueseason, dark blue felt with a white cord twisted about the crown. The summer girl looked at it, then at her flannel gown splashed with salt water, her canvas shoes bruised by rock climbing, her browned cheek and sunburned hands. It was a new hat, fresh and trim, not the thing for August wear. People would think her just out of the city,off for a week's juant only if she appeared so neatly dight. She dipped it in the water, trailing it a minute through the waves. Then she beat it dry against a thwart, then she put it on. It was a seasoned veteran after such treatment, rough and ready like the rest of her, indicating at the least a country season that had lasted since June. As the season wears on the summer girl breaks bounds.

VERE DE VERE BLUNDERS.

He Should Have Smoked the Cigarette.

Chicago Tribune.



YOUR question takes me by surprise, Mr. Vere de Vere. How long have you entertained for me the feelings you have just expressed?"

"From the first moment I ever saw you, Mrs. Canaggy. For the last six weeks I have been in a state of biliousness and unrest. I have fallen off sixteen and a half pounds in weight, and I haven't had any relish for my food or any of the ordinary pursuits of life. If you could only realize how I yearn—"

Despairing of conveying to the fascinating and wealthy young widow any idea of the intensity, the abandon, the utter goneness with which he yearned, he shook his head and for some moments yearned in silence.

"Mr. Vere de Vere," said Mrs. Canaggy, kindly—almost tenderly—"have you ever tried Corkins' liver pills?"

"Talk not to me of pills!" exclaimed the young man, with flashing eye. "Can you reach the affections through the liver? Would you minister to a wounded heart by putting a mustard plaster on the feet, Mrs. Canaggy?"

The lady looked dreamily at his full-grown Waukenphast shoes, and as she smoothed out the folds of her magnificent silk dress with a richly jeweled hand, she murmured softly: "It would indeed, be a terrible waste of mustard."

"Victoria Canaggy!" protested Harold Vere de Vere, rising to his feet, and speaking with burning energy, "Listen! You have pictured to yourself, doubtless, in the dreams of your girlhood, the kind of a man to whom you would willingly surrender the priceless treasure of your love. I may not stack up exactly as the man of your girlish dreams. Possibly the late Mr. Canaggy did not. But no man that ever lived could cherish for you a deeper or more passionate devotion, or would shield you from the rude blasts of the world with half the pride and tenderness that I would feel if you gave me the right to be your champion. Victoria, does not your own heart plead for me?"

"Mr. Vere de Vere," said the lady, evidently moved by his appeal, "pardon me for asking the question, but I have known you for so short a time, and it is a matter that concerns me deeply—are you a gentleman of correct habits?"

"I can answer you truthfully that I am."

"Do you drink intoxicating beverages?"

"No, upon my honor."

"Do you attend horse races?"

"Never."

"Nor chew tobacco?"

"No, no."

"Nor smoke cigars?"

"No."

"Nor cigarettes?"

"Cigarettes, Mrs. Canaggy? If there is one thing on the face of the earth I utterly detest, loathe and abominate it is the cigarette. It is the quintessence of all that is vile, execrable and abhorrent. A man who would smoke cigarettes would steal sheep, Mrs. Canaggy, and the person who manufactures or deals in them is a pirate and a double-dyed scoundrel, for whom hanging is too good."

"Mr. Vere de Vere, I regret to give you pain, but I can never be your wife," said the beautiful young widow, sadly.

"Why? O, why, Mrs. Canaggy !"

"Because," and her voice fell upon his ears like the murmur of a distant cascade, or the weird, sepulchral wail of the night wind among the ghostly tree tops of a November landscape—"because I am a silent partner in a cigarette factory."

COURTING IN THE COUNTRY.

A Description of the Loves of Daphnis and Chloe Given by an Expert.

EVERY lad in the country,no matter how lowly his occupation may be or how small the wages he may earn, makes it a point to own a set of harness and a buggy. This, anyway, and, if possible, a horse. If he can't get the horse, however, it doesn't make so much difference, for he can generally manage to borrow an animal of some sort, either from his employer or some neighboring farmer. These things are absolutely essential to the kind of courting he does, and the only one who doesn't enjoy it is the horse.

When Saturday afternoon comes around the boys may be found hard at work with a bottle of harness polish, making the horse's apparal shine for the regular Sunday turnout. And then a bucket of water and a sponge are brought into play, and the buggy is made to look as bright and clean as new. Sunday afternoon everything is in readiness, and, decked out in his best suit of clothes, which sometimes fits him, but more often doesn't, he ties a piece of bright ribbon on his whip, climbs into the buggy and drives off.

Maybe he has a friend from some other point stopping with him, and in that case the friend goes along. The latter is taken to some house along the route where there is a daughter in the family. She is asked whether she expects any caller or not that evening, and if the answer be in the negative the friend is introduced and left in care of the girl, who treats him just as if they had been lifelong friends, and he in turn does his share towards carrying out the presumption. He takes tea with the family and then is escorted to the parlor, when he and his new-found acquaintance are left alone to entertain each other as best they see fit.

In the meantime the buggy owner has driven on to his destination. His best girl welcomes him with open arms. A hug, a kiss and a how-do-ye-do comprise the salutatory, and then he goes through the same course as the friend whom he has left behind. After tea he goes to the parlor and he and the object of his admiration sit and chat together the whole night long. This is a fact, and they don't sit as city folks do, either. They huddle together on a lounge or sofa and clasped in each other's arms, sit and coo like a pair of turtle-doves. No one is there to disturb or embarrass them. The old folks have gone to bed, and the youngsters are alone in their glory. For a time they talk about crops and the weather, and discuss the habits of some mutual acquaintances, and when they have exhausted all subjects on which they find it easy to converse they don't go ahead and talk for the sake of saying something, as city folks do, but they remain silent and sit for hours hugging and kissing each other, until the break of day warns the youth that it is time for him to retire. Then he gives his girl a parting kiss and hug, another for good luck and takes his departure.

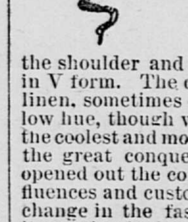
Jay Gould's Daughter Nellie.

MISS Nellie Gould is to run down to Atlantic City for a day or two, her chief object being a visit to the Children's Seaside house, in which she has taken much interest. When she was there last spring she was accounted one of the brightest and sweetest ladies at the Brighton. She is an artist of considerable ability, and it is said that her collection of bric-a-brac, which has been adorned by her brush and pencil, at home and on her journeys, is very fine. Miss Nellie is probably the richest heiress in America, and at her father's death will come in for more than $20,000,000. She is not too proud to wait on herself, nor is her mother. She walks and rides in horse cars in most of her New York shopping excursions, and it is said she does not appear nearly as consequential as the wives of some of the men who serve her. When at home she has a pleasant habit of taking several little girls from a New York charity hospital on some of her brief seashore visits. She will not remain away from her father's side very long.

ANI ENT EGYPTIAN GOWNS.

Robes That Were Worn by Queen and Peasant.

Woman's World.



IN THE old empire in ancient Egypt, both queen and peasant wore, as a rule, the same close-fitting robe, which reached from the shoulders to the ankle; this was either supported by two straps somewhat like the modern braces worn by men, or it covered the shoulder and opened on the chest in V form. The dresses were made of linen, sometimes of an unbleached, yellow hue, though white was preferred as the coolest and most cleanly. When later the great conquests of the Egyptians opened out the country to foreign influences and customs, we find a great change in the fashion of dress; then it was that both men and women began to wear the long transparent robes, more decorative perhaps than useful; these are found represented most perfectly in the sculptures of Abydos, though some of the casts from the tombs of the kings at Thebes in the British museum give us a very good idea of their beauty. The outer robe which covered the old close fitting garment descended in graceful folds to the feet; it was sometimes made without sleeves, part of the dress hanging over the shoulders and tied in front with long bows; at other times the left arm only was put through a sleeve, and the right arm left free; or there might be two sleeves either almost close fitting to the arms or hanging down nearly as far as the knees. These dresses were capable of artistic draping according to the taste of the individual, but always in the case of the woman followed the beautiful lines of her figure, and were never forced, like some of the men's clothes in ancient Egypt and some of the modern dresses of our own country, to represent an exaggerated shape which could belong to no human being. The dress simply clothed the figure the woman, too unconscious of her beauty too try to hide it, allowed the long sweeping lines to be seen, until the Greeks taught them those beautiful elaborate folds of drapery which win the admiration of the world. The materal found in such quantities in the tombs is never made up into dresses, partly because such dresses as were worn required little making, partly perhaps because the living friends and relations thought that the fashions might alter so much in the course of years, that the lady who was gone to Hidden Land would rather have her trousseau in such form that she could use it as she liked. This material is always of linen, generally toned by age to a beautiful yellow or tawny brown. Notwithstanding their love for white, we often find the Egyptains represented their goddesses or their deceased friends in robes remarkable for the wealth of coloring lavished upon them. These dresses are sometimes yellow with red sashes tied in front, the long ends reaching to the bottom of the robe; sometimes red covered with yellow stars; others are embroidered in diamond patterns with pearls and precious stones, designs of lotus or papyrus forming a beautiful border at the top and bottom. This coloring may seem to us crude and harsh, and indeed it is quite unsuitable for our dull climate, but in the atmosphere of Egypt the brilliance of the sunshine takes out all vivid coloring and blends it into the softness and harmony of a rainbow.

AUGUST JEWEL NOVELTIES.

Jeweler's Weekly.

RUSTY-LOOKING chains of oxidized silver are in the field.

Woven gold gauntlets are now designed as watch charms.

New tortoise shell combs are mounted with large amber Griffins.

The heavy rope pattern is a stylish form of the padlock bracelet.

Heavy twisted gold penholders, brightly polished, are great favorites.

A new amber cigar-holder is wound with a rough silver ribbon from end to end.

Filigree silver finger rings, studded with turquoises, are commencing to appear.

A novelty in queen chain pendants is a miniature tomatoe made of fine choral.

Quite a number have taken to match boxes completely covered with small garnets.

Unique umbrella handles of heavy oxidized silver imitate swords in scabbards.

Large bunches of Parma violets of enamelled silver are frequently worn in the hair.

Out West jewelry set with butterflies, wasps, beetles, etc., is at present all the rage.

Imported cuff buttons of white onyx, figured like French percale, are neat and stylish.

A bunch of richly-chased feathers, arranged as a Japanese fan, form a brooch of no mean order.

The newest patterns in gents' chains include a Dickens, one side all gold and the other all platinum.

Among foreign novelties is a clock in the head of a beer barrel, which rests upon a solid-looking trestle.

Jewelers are showing queen chains made of tiny gold, silver and platinum links which look very attractive.

The run which moonstones have had this season is extraordinary. Those with a bluish tint now have the call.

Useful and ornamental as well are the new combination paper cutters and bookmarks of mottled oxidized silver.

In bracelets a knife-edge band set with small torquoises and pearls, in threes alternately, is considerably admired just now.

FASHION NOTES.

OUR lustrous hematites set in claws on a knife-edge make an attractive brooch for half mourning.

A cable of Roman gold running side by side with a rope of enameled forget-me-nots is one of the newest and prettiest of the designs for bracelets to be produced next season.

Girls at Bar Harbor are wearing with their white flannel blouses solid silver belts, to which are hung bonbonieres, fans, mirrors, glove-hooks and powder-boxes, all of repousse silver.

Bathing shoes of chamois, in moccasin patterns and braided with blue or red braid, to match the bathing suit, are the latest additions to the gorgeous surf costumes at Narragansett Pier this summer.

A unique bracelet, both brilliant and attractive, has three jeweled bugs mounted on a knife-edge band. The bodies of the insects are a moonstone, a pearl and a Cape ruby respectively, while the wings of all are of small seed pearls.

Green hats, or white trimmed with green, have more and more favor as summer grows apace, while greenish-white flowers, hops, snowballs, locust flowers, Cherokee roses and dogwood flowers are a positive rage upon black straw, either alone or combined with a bit of black net.

Though green in par excellence the color of the season, gray is a very good second, and of all of its numerous shades none is softer, clearer or more durable than the mouse or Maltese gray, which either alone or in broken plaids with white makes many of the most elegant summer gowns.

The elaborately carved shell combs, which enjoyed a revival a couple of years ago, have given place to shell pins with comb tops, equally large and even more intricately cut in leaf, flower and geometrical designs. Some of these are shell pins pure and simple, others are gold rimmed, banded and ornamented until they make very costly bits of silver.

The bathing suit of a flamboyant plaid is Asbury Park's contribution to the summer novelties. The owner of this noticable costume girths it about with a plain sash and wears a big Tam o'Shanter, which admits of the hair being tucked up under it, and ties a bandanna handkerchief around her throat. She looks as if she had been struck by a rainbow.

In the bandanna-patterned India silks the drapery and waist are made of the handkerchief-figured goods, the vest, panel, or whatever part of the underskirt that is displayed, being of a contrasting plain color of surah. For example,a costume in which the bandanna is of dark red, with orange border and figures, has a long plaited panel of very dark blue surah, and the loose vest is of the same.

Silk and cotton grow more mixed, not in fabric but in costumes. Silk blouses are seen with cotton skirts, and besides velvet collars and cuffs a wide velvet sash is much worn with cotton dresses. This velvet must be black or of some dark color. Thus a pale-blue gingham would have black or dark-blue velvet trimmings, a pink gingham has them in dark red, and pale lilac ginghams are trimmed with dark violet velvet.

Brooches grow larger and larger and from a single flower have grown to clusters or a bouquet, in which the pansy, violet and daisy intertwine their golden stems; or else it is three large Parma violets, tied together with a golden thread, and shining with diamond dew; else a spray of Persian lilac, or blue kornblumen, or edelweiss in dull white enamel, or a cluster of the "forget-me-nots that grow for happy lovers."

The newest hats are a mass of bows made of satin-edged moire ribbon, four to eight inches wide. These are placed very high, to give a bold, wing-like effect, and usually consume as much as six or seven yards of the ribbon, which is tied up into endless loops and knots. Little black birds are a rage also, and one of these hats is of dull stone-blue, with a great mass of bows of the same shade well up one side, a cluster of five tiny black birds being placed in the center of the loops. The effect is extremely chic.

Summer silks are plain surfaced, as foulard and taffeta, but for winter fine bird's-eye effects, like armure patterns and twilled peau de soie, very soft and fine, are in course of preparation. Stripes will be shown, but made by difference of weave rather than by color. Red is to be the favorite color again this winter, and heavy silks are being prepared for street use in dull Pompeiian shades. Red cashmeres, with borders of palm-leaf and camel's-hair patterns will come in complete pieces for a suit.

A moonstone owl's head in which are tiny ruby eyes, the whole within an oval of enamel forget-me-nots, is a pretty lace-pin to be seen in a Broadway window. Another use of moonstones is in a necklace made of the graded stones pendant from a chain of alternate platinum and dull gold links which was worn by an English beauty visiting at Newport. Moonstones and cat's-eyes are more popular in England than they have ever become here, and a set of cat's-eyes and diamonds is the most valued and popular of engagement gifts on the other side.

Mrs. Le Breton, a kinswoman of the Langtry, has been the latest English woman of social note to "go into bonnets," as they call setting up a milliner's shop in London. Here is one of the bonnets seen at her opening. It was of mignonette crepe, held by large black jet beads, with a spray of apple blossoms was supported by a bow of black velvet. A very novel Directoire hat had the brim turned up so as to form a square. A bow of ribbon stood upright on the crown. Black Leghorn hats, trimmed with fruit, were among her novelties, and she showed many pretty little yachting caps, with cloth crowns and velvet brims, in navy blue, principally.

THE GRAY SISTER;

Or, at the Eleventh Hour.

When Conner Oak and Viola Bray became engaged there was no end of commotion in both families, and the parents of the young people promptly banished them to the care of relatives, where they would have a chance to get over their folly. The Brays were aristocratic and owned considerable property, while Mr. Oak was only a mechanic, though he had done a good deal in educating his son.

The young people had no doubt that their love would live forever, and though time passed they were constant to their childhood's vows. Violet, who had grown into a beautiful woman, received many offers, but she refused them all, much to her parents' disgust, who were bent on seeing her make an aristocratic marriage. At thirty she grew hopeless that Conner would ever come to claim her, but she still wore the little broken sixpence he had given her when they parted.

About this time the war broke out, and she joined readily the band of devoted women in her own town who went out to minister to the wounded.

They could not hinder her. They scarcely dared to do so. All they could do was to bid her God-speed and weep; and in a little while she was gone from amongst them. They heard of her now and then. She professed herselfhappy. She never spoke of fatigue or suffering; but, then, it was contrary to the rules of the sisterhood to do so.

She toiled patiently at her self-appointed task for two years. At the end of that time she was worn to a shadow, but as brave as ever, and she was the first to respond to a call for help in a crowded temporary hospital where soldiers lay dying of diseases as well as of wounds, where typhoid fever and small-pox were rife, where provisions were scant and life harder than elsewhere.

Five Gray sisters went to this place. At the end of the week two were dead.

It was as she left the grave that had been hastily dug for them that Violet was called to assist in the care of a new patient—one wounded unto death—a bronzed man, with a long brown beard and eyes that were bright with fever. There was no hope for him. All that could be done was to assuage his pain and he knew it. "Don't waste time on me," he said. "I shall not suffer long; there are lives you may save with your good hands. Only will you—you in the gray robe—write me a letter—a few lines—and see that it is sent. You will? God bless you. It's only this:

"MY DARLING: I loved you to the last. I died thinking of you. I tried so hard to make fortune and fame. I hadn't the chances. I enlisted in the army, hoping to rise and come back an officer and marry you. I think you care for me as much as I do for you. I know you are not married. This is the end. I am dying. I send you the token you gave me. I've always worn it next my heart. Perhaps we shall meet in heaven——"

"That's all!" faltered the dying man. "It's fancy, I know, but you seem to me to look like her, in this light. Sign it—Conner Oak; address it to—to— Oh! good God—to"——

"Oh, Conner! Don't you know me? Don't you know Violet?" sobbed the Gray Sister.

He did know her. For a moment he clasped her in his arms; their lips met; then all was over. She laid him softly back upon the pillow, took from her own neck the broken silver coin with Conner on it, and added it to that he wore, on which the name of Violet still remained.

"Bury these with him," she said to the man who came to her aid. "They are old love-tokens."

One day more and the fever had seized upon her. She also lay dying, and her lips were seen to move. One bent low to catch the words, and heard this:

"We were very young—very young—mother, but I think we knew our own minds."

That was all.

In the death-list published that week the name of Conner Oak, private soldier, stood next to that of Violet Bray, nurse. Those who knew the old story read them. "Had they met?" they asked themselves; but they never learned the truth; they never knew that the early love had never failed in these two faithful bosoms.

THUBS' COURTSHIP.

A Heartrending Story of Love. Typewriting and Despair.

Detroit Free Press.

Youg Thubs is a good business man, but outside of business he is not such a good manager. He had a beautiful type-writer, one of the perfected kind, aged nineteen years, better than new, with laughing blue eyes. Having fallen in love with it, he one day sat down beside it and told it that he wanted to dictate a letter of love to his sweetheart. It went to work mechanically.

My dearest angel, I love you deeply, devotedly; no other being could ever inspire in my heart such a fervent and lasting affection, and I take this method of laying at your feet my life, my love, my honor and my fortune. Will you accept these? Answer immediately. Your sincere lover,
B. THUBS.

"There it is," said the type-writer. "To whom is it addressed?"

"To your own dear self," said Thubs, with a voice that would make a lemonade shaker.

"And you want a reply?"

"Yes, my precious one."

"Well, you shall have it in the same manner; take this seat at the instrument. Ready?"

MR. THUBS—Dear Sir: Yours of this instant received; contents noted. In reply I beg to state that your offer is exceedingly kind and worthy, but there is a bar which would prevent its acceptance.

"Stop," said Thubs. "Why should there be a bar between us?"

"Well, you write on—"

My marriage last Thursday night with Mr. J. Squiggs renders——"

But Mr. Thubs' distant footsteps were echoing down the corridors in no time at all, and in next morning's paper was—

WANTED—A young lady typewriter. B. Thubs.

WHY?

Will some fair maiden enlighten me
On this momentous question—
That is, of course, if she feels she
Can offer a suggestion:

Why is it that whene'er a man
Has wooed a maid and missed her,
She always tells him that she can
Be to him but a sister?

If he a brother's kiss has claimed,
Why grow her cheeks so red?
Why does she say, "I'd be ashamed,"
And turn away her head?

Why does she whisper, "Oh, take care!
You must not be so free?"
And then, "I shouldn't think you'd dare
To take the liberty."

If she's his sister, tell me, pray,
Why should she be so distant?
Of course I hope you will not say
The sex is inconsistent.

—Harper's Bazar.

HAPPY CHILDHOOD HOURS.

The Quips and Jokes Made by the Little Ones.

SONGS OF THE STREET.

Careless Childhood Knows No Sorrow of Its Own.

"Ma," said Bobby, in a slightly injured tone of voice, "there were lots of things you let me do before the baby came that you don't let me do now."

"Do you think so, Bobby?"

"Yes," asserted Bobby. "Still," he went on, with more philosophy, "I can't expect you to be so good a mother with two children as you were when you only had one."

STREET CHILDREN'S SONGS.

Some Old-Fashioned Melodies Heard on a Hot Summer's Night.

New York World.

The cars stop running on Wooster street at 7 o'clock. The carts stand idle in the gutters. Only now and then a passing wagon claims possession of the thoroughfare. The people swarm out of their hot houses and crowd the narrow sidewalks, and a babble of French and Italian almost dispossesses the American speech. The street is turned over to the children, and their fancy converts it into the brightest of playgrounds.

THE PRETTIEST LADY.

The other evening a reporter stood for an hour in the shadow of a wagon, in whose straw a lot of urchins wallowed, watching a group of girls and very small boys play a variety of very old games. The first play on the programme was a sprightly one, led by a vigorous twelve-year-old girl, whose clear, sweet voice had a little tremor in it. As she sang this she danced towards her companions, who kept time to the words:

Solo.
Here comes a duke a-riding, a-riding, a-riding;
Here comes a duke a-riding, rancy, tancy, teramagig.

Chorus (advancing),
What are you riding here for, here for, here for?
What are you riding here for? rancy, tancy, teramagig.

Solo.
I am riding here to get married.

Chorus.
Whom do you want to marry here?

Solo.
I want to marry the prettiest girl.

Chorus.
(The leader turned her back and switched from side to side, as in the whale song in "Olivette.")
You are too black and ugly.

Solo.
(The chorus repeating the leader's action.)
I am just as good as you are.

Chorus.
We have the prettiest lady.

Solo.
The prettist lady I can see
Is Annie Murphy. So come to me.

Reinforced by Annie Murphy, the leader began the song again. A more widely known operatta succeeded:

King William was King George's son,
Upon a royal race he run.

The dignity of manual labor is taught in the next game they play. It singing it all the actions are imitated, and there is no leader.

THE MULBERRY BUSH.
Chorus.
All around a mulberry bush, mulberry bush, mulberry bush.
All around a mulberry bush, so early Monday morning.

I.
See the lady wash her clo'es, wash her clo'es, wash her clo'es;
See the lady wash her clo'es, so early Monday morning.

II.
See the lady hang her clo'es,
So early Tuesday morning,

III.
See the lady sprinkle her clo'es,
So early Wednesday morning.

IV.
This is the way she irons her clo'es,
So early Thursday morning.

V.
This is the way they eat their fish,
So early Friday morning.

VI.
This is the way they scrub their floor
So early Saturday morning.

VII.
This is the way they go to church,
So early Sunday morning.

VIII.
This is the way they say their prayers,
So early Sunday morning.

IX.
This is the way they come from church,
So early Sunday morning.

Then with a religious "All around a mulberry bush," the performance is ended. It is evidently Catholic England, if England at all, that produced this stirring play, for the writer knew when to fast and when to pray.

Few Americans are aware of the fact that Washington had a son, but the following ballad would be conclusive proof of this to the mind of a properly constructed history maker. Notice the size of the navy. It is evidently American:

Two little ships are sailing by
Upon a Christmas morning.
Who do you think was in the ships?
It was George Washington and his son.
He washed his face in a golden basin;
He dried his face on a lily-white towel;
He combed his hair with an ivory comb,
Upon a Christmas morning.

The reporter expected this song to wind up with an advertisement of some soap, but the article was not a toilet necessity in the days of the bard. At any rate he did not stoop to flatter great soap makers, as do our modern novelists of the latest pattern.

Wooster street is not, perhaps, the seat of unmixed domestic happiness. There is certainly nothing rural about it. But no village green was ever the playground of happier children than this street upon that hot summer evening.

Base Ball Literature.

Old gentleman (to boy in bookstand)—I want a copy of "Jack, the Giant Killer."

Boy—Yes, sir; I s'pose yer goin' up to the game this afternoon.

Poetry.

Youth's Companion.

A little one happened to see a morning-glory open late in the afternoon, when all its fellows had gone to sleep. After looking at it thoughtfully for some time, she said: "I fink, papa, it must be dreaming."

Motherly Dignity.

Troy Times.

Ruth, a little, delicate, fair-haired girl, had been told she could go in the country with her mother next Monday. She immediately commenced to get ready. She took her immense rag doll called Victoria Marguetta, and with a piece of stick she began to play comb her hair, and in an authoritative tone she said: "Now, Victoria Marguetta, you can't go one step to the fresh-air fund if you have dirt in your head, for they would send you right back, my lady; what do you think of that?" Then shaking Victoria Marguetta until her head fairly lopped, she exclaimed: "Now, none of your sniveling; sposin' I did pull your hair a little, I guess you can stan' it, when you are goin' out where eggs grow and where you can get apples what hain't got eny cholera morbus in 'em—think of that, my child. Now go to sleep and let your mouth water, when you dream of egg-trees and apple bushes—that is a good girl."

Misfortune Rather Than Fault.

Troy Times.

An indignant parent, in rebuking a refractory son, exclaimed: "Remember who you are talking to, sir! I'm your father!" To which the youth rejoined: "Oh, come now, I hope you ain't going to blame me for that."

Reaffirmed.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

A pedagogue threatened to punish a pupil who had called him a fool behind his back. "Don't! don't!" said the boy; "I won't do it again, sir, never! I never will say what I think again in my life!"

Self-Help.

Boston Herald.

A little fellow tumbled into the fountain and managed to crawl out before any one reached him. Pale and dripping he was put to bed, and when his mother requested the young man to thank God for saving him,Young America answered: "I suppose God did save me; but then I held on to the gwass, too."

Patriotism.

Newark Journal.

A boy in the Summer Avenue school, in the Eighth ward, scratched his head for a long time before attempting to "compare the animals of North America with those of Europe." At last, in his desire to say something, he wrote: "The animals of North America are not as large as those of Europe, but they get there just the same."

Wit.

Troy Times.

Harry's mother had repeatedly reproved him for joking on the Lord's day, but with little effect. Last Sabbath he was guilty of the same offense, for which his mother took him across her knee and administered a wholesome spanking. "You naughty boy," she said, as he righted himself up again, "don't you know what day it is?" "I should think it was Palm Sunday," replied the little reprobate, with a roguish twinkle in his tearful eye.

A Mystery Explained.

[Philadelphia Record.]

A Broad street mother reads a child's story paper regularly to her little daughter, and most of the tales are continued from week to week. The other day the little one heard the expression, "writers' cramp," and asked what it meant.

"It is a stiffening or cramping of the fingers, my dear," was the reply. "People who write a great deal often get it and have to stop writing for a while."

"Oh!" said the little miss, as a great light broke upon her perceptive faculties, "that's it, is it? I've often wondered why the writers of those nice stories always stop in such interesting places."

Humor.

Boston Transcript.

A little four-year-old was at a kindergarten school, and his teacher was showing the little ones how to find the diameter of a circle in the simplest way. This little one stood up and said, Miss Blank, I wish you would show me how to find the diameter of my mother's sewing circle?" This sounds incredible, but it is a fact. The boy is a son of a well-known surgeon.

A Sunday school teacher was explaining the parable of the ten virgins to her class, who were mostly boys. When she had finished, she asked:

"Now, why were five of them foolish?"

"Because they didn't get married," said one of the boys.

Why He Was Surprised.

Merchant Traveler.

"Is the editor in?" asked a granger, as he peered cautiously through the door of the sanctum.

"Yes, sir," responded the man at the desk.

"Kin you tell me where I can see him?"

"I am the editor."

"G'way."

"Certainly. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"You don't mean to say that you're the editor?"

"Yes. sir."

"Well, I be darned! You don't look any different from anybody else."

The Wrong Word.

Utica Observer.

He was rescuing her from the billowy waves, but it looked as if they might never see Boston again.

"Hold on tight, Penelope," he gasped; "hold on tight."

"Don't say 'hold on tight'" gurgled the girl, with her mouth full of Atlantic ocean; "say 'hold on tightly.'"

Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the

Efficacy

of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of tetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color, *and firmly set.*"—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

She Tried and Knows.

A leading chemist of New York says: "No plasters of such merit as the Ath-lo-pho-ros Plasters haveever before been produced." They are a novelty because they are not made simply to sell cheap, they are the best that science, skill and money can produce, and will do what is claimed for them. For sprains, aches, weakness, lameness, etc., they are unequaled.

404 Fulton St., Sandusky, O., Nov. 21, '87.
The Athlophoros Plaster acted like magic. It is the *best* I ever tried and I have used many kinds. Our druggist said "plasters are all about the same" but I don't think so now. I sprained my arm and shoulder in July, and it has been painful since, but it does not pain me at all now. MRS. WILLIS MAGILL.

Send 6 cents for the beautiful colored picture, "Moorish Maiden."

THE ATHLOPHOROS CO. 112 Wall St. N. Y.

OUR DRESS TRIMMING Department Has Few Equals in the NORTH WEST.

Spicy Bargains.

Our Advice to You: Don't Buy Your SEAL CLOAK Just Yet. *We'll have some valuable information to give you in a few days.*

We want to sell goods Monday and Tuesday. (We'll do it, too.) We want to clean out every broken line in the house. Remember it doesn't make the goods any the less valuable because the quantity is small, but creates a desire on our part to have them out of the house. We are going to shut our eyes on the loss this sale will incur. We don't stop to count the cost. The only thing we look at is how low a price will accomplish the result. On the list given below we think we have struck it about right.

Broken line Fine Satin Corsets, in cardinal, black and blue, good value at two-fifty.	Perhaps we have the size you want. $1 the price
Our entire stock Linen Collars and Cuffs, in plain white and fancy colors, all the novelties, worth up to thirty cents each.	Not one reserved. All go. 3 FOR 25 Cts.
Our entire stock Fine Gauze, Satin and Feather Fans, including hand-painted goods, worth up to two-seventy-five.	Take your choice for 87 CENTS.
20 Fine Japanese Fire Screen Fans, with standards complete; former price, one-twenty-five.	AT 50 CENTS EACH.
400 pieces Swiss and Cambric Embroideries from 1 to 15 yards each, divided into three lots, worth from 10 to 25 cents.	Lot 1, 4c. Lot 2, 8c. Lot 3, 12½c Not Over HALF-VALUE!
150 dozen Fine Sheer Linen Handkerchiefs, in colored borders, embroidered and initial, broken lines and odd lots, worth up to thirty cents each.	15 CENTS. $1.75 Dozen.
125 dozen Ladies' and Children's Fine Hose, in broken lines, some elegant goods in the lot, many worth 50 cents and above.	YOUR CHOICE FOR 25 CENTS.
Our entire stock Fine Spun Silk Gloves, in plain embroidered backs and fancy, well worth up to one dollar a pair.	Going to close the Lot. All 39 Cents.
Our entire stock Gents' Fine Linen Collars, 4-ply linen, all shapes, all styles, worth up to 20 cents.	Any of Them 3 for 25 Cents.
8-4 Raw Silk Table Spreads, in nice assortment of patterns, worth $2.75 and $3.00.	ALL GO AT $1.59
6-4 Plush Stand Covers, with handsome Ramie borders, worth $1.50.	AT 89c.
Every Remnant in our house must go on Monday. Remnants of Silks, Remnants of Plushes, Remnants of Velvets, Remnants of Dress Goods, in fact, Remnants throughout the entire house.	AT JUST 1-2 Their Value.

ALLEN AND CO. 50 E. 3D ST.

ST. PAUL.

Leaders of Popular Prices.

CITY NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE CITY TREASURER, ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 24, 1888.

All persons interested in the assessments for

Grading the alley in north half of block 8, Smith's Subdivision of Stinson's Division;

Opening, widening and extension of Arkwright street, from Case street to Brainard avenue;

Opening, widening and extension of Arcade street, from Maryland street to north city limits;

Opening, widening and extension of De Soto street, from Case street to Brainard avenue;

Construction of a sewer on Banfil street, from Western avenue to Richmond street;

Construction of a sewer on Mackubin street, from Ashland avenue to Laurel avenue;

Construction of a sewer on Maple street, from Sixth street to Seventh street,

WILL TAKE NOTICE,

That on the 24th day of August, 1888, I did receive different warrants from the City Comptroller of the City of St. Paul for the collection of the above-named assessments.

The nature of these warrants is, that if you fail to pay the assessment within

THIRTY DAYS

after the first publication of this notice I shall report you and your real estate so assessed as delinquent, and apply to the district court of the county of Ramsey, Minnesota, for judgment against your lands, lots, blocks, or parcels thereof so assessed, including interest, costs and expenses, and for an order of the court to sell the same for the payment thereof.

238-239 GEORGE REIS, City Treasurer.

CONTRACT WORK.

Grading Lawrence and Other Streets.

OFFICE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 17, 1888.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, at their office in said city until 12 m. on the 30th day of August, A. D. 1888, for grading Lawrence street, from Maury street to North street; North street, from Maria avenue to Seventh street; and Bates avenue, from North street to Seventh street, in said city, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond with at least two (2) sureties in a sum of at least twenty (20) per cent of the gross amount bid must accompany each bid.

The said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

R. L. GORMAN, President.
Official: W. F. ERWIN,
231-241 Clerk Board of Public Works.

CONTRACT WORK.

Grading Milton and Roebe Streets.

OFFICE OF BOARD PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 24, 1888.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, at their office in said city, until 12 m. on the 4th day of Sept., A. D. 1888, for the grading of Milton street, from Ridgewood avenue to Fairmount avenue, and Roebe street, from St. Clair street to Ridgewood aveue, in said city, said grading to be done under contract according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond with at least two (2) sureties in a sum of at least twenty (20) per cent of the gross amount bid must accompany each bid.

The said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

R. L. GORMAN, President.
Official: W. F. ERWIN,
238-48 Clerk of Board Public Works.

CONTRACT WORK.

Grading Osceola Avenue.

OFFICE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 24, 1888.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, at their office in said city, until 12 m. on the 4th day of September, A. D. 1888, for the grading of Osceola avenue to a partial grade, from Pleasant avenue to Avon street, and to a full grade from Avon street to Lexington avenue, in said city, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond with at least two (2) sureties in a sum of at least twenty (20) per cent of the gross amount bid must accompany each bid.

The said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids

R. L. GORMAN, President.
Official: W. F. ERWIN,
238-48 Clerk Board of Public Works.

CONTRACT WORK.

Sewer on East Fourth Street.

OFFICE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL Minn., Aug. 21, 1888.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, at their office in said city, until 12 m. on the 3d day of September, A. D. 1888, for constructing a sewer on East Fourth street, from Mendota street to Maple street, in said city, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond with at least two (2) sureties in a sum of at least twenty (20) per cent of the gross amount bid must accompany each bid.

The said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

R. L. GORMAN, President.
Official: W. F. ERWIN,
235-245 Clerk Board of Public Works.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.

Center of business. Electric bells and all modern improvements. Dining room unsurpassed. $2 per day.

P. DOUGHER, Proprietor, St. Paul.