

Fashion Notes.
Buff tints are revived.
New beiges are striped.
Scarlet rings are now worn by ladies.
Velvet ribbon is seen on new bonnets.
Silk-muslin bows are worn at the throat.
Watered-silk revers trim cashmere dresses.
Small capotes with triple plumes are in favor.
Polonaises rival pointed bodices on new dresses.
Four shades are seen in the new changeable silks.
Paniers are draped in heavy folds around the hips.
Satin-faced ruffled silk will supersede twilled satins.
Flageoole silver buttons in bullet shape are used on dark costumes.
Green serpents, made of plush, are on new bonnets and on dress sleeves.
Plain goods are used for basques, with stripes or borders for the skirts.
Sulphur yellow, with brown, is a stylish combination for dresses and bonnets.
Dark straw hats, with gloves and hosiery to match, are announced for next Summer.
A pointed bodice, with paniers, promises to be the popular style for Spring toilets.
Box plaitings are superseding flat plaitings and killings as a dress trimming.
Sunflower yellow, elegant pink, and pale sea-green, are three esthetic colors in high vogue.
Black, blue and lemon-colored pocket handkerchiefs, of sheer linen, embroidered with contrasting colors, are the eccentric novelties lately imported.

It Was His Wife.
A noted music teacher in New York city relates the following incident, which contains a moral worth recognition.
A year ago last fall a card was brought into my music-room bearing the name of a well-known and fashionable married lady. When she was ushered in I was surprised to see so young a looking woman, though, to be sure, she is not yet 40, and a fair complexion and clear blue eyes make her look younger. She seemed a little embarrassed, but asked me to try her voice. I did so, and found it uncultivated, but was singularly fresh and sweet; in quality a light soprano. I told her so, and her face flushed eagerly as she asked: "Professor, could you teach me to sing?" "Yes," I replied, "if you choose to apply yourself earnestly."
"I will; and if you can manage it so that I need not be seen, and that no one knows of it, I will take a lesson every day." We made the best arrangements we could, and the lady never failed to appear promptly at the hour. She was so anxious and so persevering that she made the most extraordinary progress, and, when spring came, her voice had so strengthened and developed as to be almost beyond recognition.

During the summer I heard nothing of her beyond mention in the society papers of her being at Saratoga, but about a month ago she called upon me, and, taking both my hands in hers, shook them earnestly, as she said, "Professor, I have come to thank you for making me the happiest woman alive." She then told me that her husband, to whom she was deeply attached, and was passionately fond of vocal music, and had always regretted that she could not sing. She had never cultivated her voice before marriage, and afterwards the coming of children and the claims of society had prevented her attempting it; but the lucky day came when Mr. R. made the acquaintance of a charming widow with a charming voice, who was always ready and willing to sing sweet songs to her, and he gradually fell into the way of spending his evenings with her. At heart devoted to his wife, he was conscious of his gradual neglect of her, and would have been astonished had she resented his enjoyment of these musical tete-a-tetes. About the widow I am not prepared to speak. Mrs. R., like a nice woman, did not resent it, but undermined the enemy, as you will see. Her music lessons she kept a profound secret from her family. In the summer they went, as usual, to Saratoga and took possession of one of the pretty cottages, at the United States hotel.

The morning after their arrival the local newspaper contained a notice that the leading soprano of the Episcopal church was ill with a throat affection, and the congregation was asked to make due allowance for the disabled choir. The next morning (Sunday) Mr. R., with two of the children, wended his way to the church, Mrs. R. having excused herself on the plea of a headache.
After the opening service, the minister announced that "a lady from New York had kindly volunteered to sing in place of the sick soprano, and in consequence the musical service would be the same as usual." A few moments later a clear, sweet voice rang through the church and touched the hearts of the people, and perhaps, even more through the exquisite expression and feeling with which the music was rendered than the qualities of the voice itself. Mr. R. was fascinated, delighted, and inwardly made comparison between it and the witching widow, not flattering to the latter. After the services were over he eagerly sought the minister to ascertain the name of the charming soprano, whose face he had not been able to see from his seat.
"Come with me and I will introduce you," said the minister, who knew Mr. R. by reputation. They entered the choir together, and the good man began: "Miss Brown, permit me to introduce—" when he was interrupted by R. ejaculating: "Great heavens, it is my wife!" And, place and company notwithstanding, he gave her a hearty embrace in his delight and surprise. To cut the story short, he fell in love with her all over again, the singing siren was forgotten, and I don't believe you could find a happier couple in New York.

Riding "Pillion."
A "renaissance" which bids fair to be very popular the coming season is the art of riding "pillion." For the benefit of such of our young ladies whose memory does not extend far, we would say that riding "pillion" consists in sitting on a saddle behind a gentleman friend who is out for horseback exercise, and sustaining yourself by a tight grasp about his manly form, a situation that is most highly appreciated by the gentleman. Most of our young men express themselves as willing to "go into training" in this matter.—*New Haven Register*

Ancient People of America.
At the Academy of Sciences, Professor John S. Newberry lectured on "The Ancient Civilization of America," and said in substance:
When the savages were pressed back by advancing civilization until they had passed what was once the great natural water-gap between the lakes and the Mexican gulf, it was discovered that they were not autochthonous, for mounds, caves, palaces and remains of cities showed the existence of a race that lived in the highest state of civilization. Investigation and research by historians, geologists and archaeologists have brought to light much concerning these wonderful people. They can be divided into two classes, which, with local differences, are generally the same. One is the mound-builders, who dwelt in the fertile valley of the Mississippi, following a sedentary and peaceful life. Mounds built by them, and instruments and pottery and copper ornaments made by them, have been discovered all through the Mississippi valley. They were miners, farmers, raised tobacco, and remains of their oil wells still exist at Titusville, Pa. In numbers they probably equaled the inhabitants of the region at present, and enough is known of their osteology to say they were of medium size, fair proportions, with a cranial development not unlike our red Indian. Their teeth were large and strong. They buried their dead with great ceremony. When, and why, and how the mound-builders disappeared we do not know. Their ultimate fate was probably entire extinction.

The second class of these early Americans was the palace-builders of the table-lands, a class that was spread from Chili, on the south, to Utah, on the north, reaching their greatest degree of power and civilization in Central America, Mexico and Peru. The Incas and Montezumas were types of this race, and though when swept from the earth by the brutality of Pizarro and Cortez, their glory was already in its decadence, we can scarcely conceive of the extent of their magnificence. This Mexican and Peruvian era far surpassed anything in our day in the construction of public works, roads, aqueducts, palaces, and cities. The macadamized road that led from Callao to Lima exceeded in cost the Union Pacific Railroad, and if all the forts within our borders were put into one it would not equal the fortified structure that is yet to be seen on the Peruvian coast. Louis Hoffman, an engineer who was with Maximilian, has described the ruins of a large seaport town on the Pacific coast of Mexico. The Central American country abounds in evidences of the Aztec race, and this Winter many archaeologists have gone thither, and from their labors we shall soon learn more of this wondrous people. Their origin is lost in antiquity. They may have come from the seed borne across the sea by Phœnician traders—Perhaps they sprung from the fabled races of Atlantis. They were either indigenous or imported in an embryotic state from the original archipelago—the latter the most likely.—*New York Tribune*

No Apologies for Dinner.
Apologies for poor dinners are generally out of place. But when a lady has a forgetful husband, who, without warning, brings home a dozen guests to sit down to a plain family dinner for three or four, it is not in human nature to keep absolute silence. What to say, and how to say it, form the problem. Mrs. Tucker, the wife of Judge Tucker, of Williamsburg, solved this problem years ago. She was the daughter or niece (I am uncertain which) of Sir Peyton Skipworth, and celebrated for her beauty, wit, ease, and grace of manner. Her temper and tact were put to the proof one court-day, when the judge brought the accustomed half-score or more of lawyers, for whom not the slightest preparation had been made, the judge having quite forgotten to remind his wife that it was court day, and she herself, strange to tell, having overlooked the fact.
The dinner was served with elegance, and Mrs. Tucker made herself very charming. Upon rising to leave the guests to their wine she said:
"Gentlemen you have dined to-day with Judge Tucker; promise me that you will all dine to-morrow with me."
This was all her apology, whereupon the gentlemen all swore that such a wife was beyond price. The judge then explained the situation, and the next day there was a noble banquet.
Moral: Never worry a guest with apologies.—*Lippincott's Magazine*

About Poultry.
An "Old Poultry Raiser" gives his experience about poultry in the *Country Gentleman* as follows: All black varieties of chickens are poorly suited for market poultry. They show the pinfeathers, and are not so salable as white or light-colored fowls. Those with yellow legs and skin are more salable than blue or white-legged ones. Asiatics are among the best winter-laying fowls, and the chicks can be raised in early spring, when they command a high price as broilers. The small breeds are tender, and may die if hatched early; they cannot stand cold or wet. Asiatics grow and thrive even when snow is on the ground. In starting in the poultry business do not build one large house, but several small ones. They need not cost much to hold thirty, or near that number, without crowding. The smaller flock always does the best under all circumstances, provided they are fed in proportion. Divide the flocks into several buildings, and healthy fowls and the best results are sure to follow, if food and cleanliness are also provided.

Mrs. Hutter, of Virginia, says in defense of the cart-wheel hat: "Why, only a brief week ago, one rainy night, I walked for two squares behind a young couple, whose best protection from the driving storm was a Gainsboro hat and their simple, loving faith in each other. It was a beautiful and affecting sight."

A Georgia mule has his right fore foot cloven like that of an ox.
The only liberty that is valuable is a liberty connected with order, that not only exists along with order and virtue, but which cannot exist at all without them. It inheres in good and steady government as in its substance and vital principle.—*Burke*

The Cunning Cat.
Puss has her likings and dislikes, and is capable of forming attachments for those people who are necessary to her comfort; for she is frankly and undisguisely selfish. She lives for herself, and compasses her ends without scruple, patient to wait, skillful to feign and scheme, and utterly pitiless and unrelenting. But should sportsmen be very severe on the creature that evidently enjoys with a gusto as keen as their own the pursuit of the hapless prey which it hunts and toys with, often as much for diversion as for hunger? One hopes, for the sake of the sportive birds and sportive mice, which it fascinates with basilisk eyes and captures with cruel paw, that there may be some occult provision of nature to disarm their fate of its terrors. But appearances are against this theory. In early youth cat nature appears at its best. Once having emerged from the pulling, sightless stage of its first nine days the kitten becomes a winsome and attractive creature. "Cattlike" is a reproachful epithet applied to women of the Becky Sharp type; but it is not considered derogatory to the most fascinating girl to be credited with kittenlike ways—for the kitten is an embodiment of playfulness and grace. The cruel instincts of its tribe are not, however, slow to assert themselves, and it is comical to hear the mimic growl of puny thunder with which the tiny creature gloats over its first mouse. Rats cannot baffle it; noiseless, on gloved feet, her keen ear is not to be caught napping.

Senator Sawyer's Daughters.
Senator Sawyer, who is one of the very rich men in congress, is evidently eminently practical. After his daughters grew up he called them to him for a solemn conversation one day, and said impressively:
"My children, you know that I am a rich man now, but you also know that riches are apt to take wings to themselves and fly away, so I would feel much happier about your future if I felt certain that you could take care of yourselves if I should lose my money and be unable to provide for you. Now, to please me," he added persuasively, "won't you learn to make your own clothes and to cook a good dinner?"

"Certainly," replied the girls with cheerful promptness, and each sealed the bargain with a kiss to her father.
Not long afterward they invited both their parents and a few intimate friends to dine with them on a certain evening, and after the repast had been enjoyed and praised by all present triumphantly announced that they cooked the dinner themselves, unaided, and each had made the pretty dress they wore on the occasion. Their father, highly gratified by their obedience to his wishes, promptly presented each one of them with a check for \$25,000.

The Star Mountain Buck.
The Watertown, N. Y., *Times* says: "The bearer of the above name was a buck of huge proportions which for six or seven years has been the target of North Woods sportsmen in the region of Star Mountain, near Paul Smith's, but until last season bore a charmed life, together with numerous rifle balls. Then he fell a prey to the unerring aim of T. Irwin, Jr., of Oswego, who procured his head and antlers to be beautifully 'set up' by a New York taxidermist, from whom he has lately received the splendid trophy. The buck, when killed, weighed four hundred pounds, while the average weight of those killed in the Adirondacks is less than two hundred. This fellow, with his long, splendid antlers, has long been the much coveted prize of several New York sportsmen."

None are without the spirit of God. We live and move and have our being because He is in us: we are from God, we are of God, and we are going on to deeper union with Him. Therefore, we know whether we are mortal or immortal. As He has wrought himself up with us, we cannot die. We are a vital part of his eternal being.—*S. A. Brooke*

Margaret.
A governor, an ex-governor, two generals, an editor, a clergyman, a banker, and a merchant were the pall-bearers at the funeral of Margaret Haughey, in New Orleans. Numerous societies were officially represented in the procession, which was honored in various ways on its route from the church to the grave, even the brokers quitting the stock exchange to stand uncovered on the sidewalk as it passed by. Mrs. Haughey was of humble origin, uneducated, and had boasted of never wearing a silk dress or a kid glove; but she was famous and beloved as a friend of the poor children of Louisiana. Many years ago she nursed a dying man. He had a little property, which he left to her for charity. She bought with this a cheap eating-house and bakery on the river front, and sold wholesome food to steamboat laborers at a little more than cost. "She gave them a roll and a cup of coffee for five cents to keep them from spending a quarter for whisky," says the account, "and they took the roll and coffee, and then spent 20 cents for whisky all the same." The business prospered, and she might have accumulated wealth; but she established and partly maintained three orphan asylums with the profits, and died rich only in reputation.

Bricks That are Magnetic.
It was lately observed by Herr Kepner, at Salzburg, in the Tyrol, that some old bricks had an attractive or repellant force on a compass. From each of eight varieties of clay in the neighborhood two bricks were molded, and one of the two in each case was baked. The unbaked brick had no action on a magnetic needle, but seven of the eight baked bricks proved polarly magnetic. Some further experiments have been made by Herren Kell and Trientl. Particles of powder of the magnetic bricks adhered to a steel magnet. Breunerte, mica-slate, argillaceous mica-slate, argillaceous iron garnet, chlorite and hornblende were, before heating, unmagnetic, but intense heating produced a magnetic polarity, the axis of which seemed to be perpendicular to the plane of stratification. The magnetism of newly heated rocks seems to fall off somewhat in course of time, but some slag of the Orzthal, perhaps thousands of years old, was found to be still magnetic.

Over-Taxed.
The majority of school-children are over-worked. Few soldiers are as severely taxed on the drill ground as many children are in our show schools and others which aspire to high reputation for order; but, as if this cruel training were not destructive enough of health and spirit, the custom grows more and more popular with teachers to make school hours merely the time of recitation, the lessons to be studied at home. After six hours spent in the school room, and from four to six at study at home, how much time and inclination has a child for recreation? Parents should remember that they have rightfully a voice upon the course of studies to be followed by their children, and should refuse to allow their home to be turned into a school room unless they are themselves going to officiate as teachers, and save their children from double restraint and double duty.

Long Hair.
The Springfield *Republican* several days ago had a story about a young lady in Chicopee Falls, Mass., named Ida Ferry, who was alleged to have hair which would trail half a yard on the floor, notwithstanding she was of medium height. I know a charming lady in this city who honors me with her friendship, who has blonde hair as fine as the thinnest of spun silk which measures over two yards in length. But probably the finest head of hair in the world is that of the wife of Mr. Halstead, the editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial*. She is a beautiful woman to start with, and her hair is more than marvelous. It is of that peculiar tint or shade that Titian loved to paint—a mixture of brown and spun gold that is rare to human sight. It is wonderfully thick, and when uncoiled and combed out it covers her like the sheet of a water fall. Its exact length I do not know, but it is certainly longer than the hair described in the Springfield *Republican*, besides being in color and texture a miracle of beauty.—*Washington Republic*

GLEANINGS.
Japan produces over ninety million pounds of tea annually, and the yield is steadily increasing.
Out of the 34,275 newspapers and periodicals published throughout the world nearly one-half are printed in English.

Rochester, N. Y., has subscribed \$240,000 toward the erection of a \$400,000 hotel, to be situated on the east side of the river.

Mr. William D. Howells, the novelist, married a sister of Mr. Larkin G. Mead, the sculptor, and she has been of great aid to him as an author.

Some one in Stockton, Cal., has made it a business to scratch many of the largest and finest plate-glass windows with a diamond.

It has cost twice as much to take care of the criminals as to educate the children of Nevada, the figures since 1865 being for state prison, \$957,090; for schools, \$468,329.

A servant maid named Angele Sibie, living with a lady in the Avenue de Friedland, Paris, has just inherited \$600,000 from a roving and long-forgotten brother in America.

The lake of Constance has recently been lower than at any previous time since 1805. At Hoernlin, on the Swiss side, interesting lacustrine formation have been exposed and a number of valuable discoveries have been made.
It has been discovered that the poplar tree is a natural lightning-rod, and the next thing is to discover how to get one on the roof of a house and make it stay there.

A Milwaukee man has bought 4,000 acres of land in Guatemala. He says he is bound to have room for himself and family to move their feet when they feel like it.

Pensacola, Fla., boasts of a model alderman. He is of the "colored persuasion," is always punctual, and is not above spending his leisure between sessions in mending chairs and lamps and making repairs upon the council chamber without charge.

Mary A. Townsend says: "I feel a poem in my heart to-night, a still thing growing." Gracious goodness, Mary, is that so? Well, that is bad. If you let it slip out, however, it will be worse, ever so much worse. Bottle it up, Mary, bottle it up.—*Rochester Express*

The cautious Mr. Newdegate recently said in parliament that England and Russia were strong because they had each an established church, while France and the United States were weak because they had none. Mr. Newdegate's mind is a truly powerful engine of thought.

State balls at Toronto are no longer the source of heart-burning in fashionable circles that they used to be when people imagined themselves neglected by being omitted from the invitations on account of limited room. Guests are now invited by installments and in alphabetical order.

Joseph Aroh, the English agitator, declares that "rack-renting" has not been confined to Ireland. He asserts that between the years 1857 and 1875 the rentals of the farmers of England were increased to the enormous extent of \$9,000,000. English papers admit that this statement is substantially true.

Capt. Percival, a Cape Cod mariner of the old school, was once awakened in his bunk by a shipmate with the announcement that the vessel was going to eternity. "Well," replied the captain, "I've got ten friends over there to one in this world; let her go." And he turned over and went to sleep again.

A large number of men will be wanted to work in the logging camps of Puget sound the coming summer. Hardly a camp on Puget sound has a full complement of men, and with the new camps starting and the enlargement of old ones, loggers are getting scarce. It is feared more will be required than can be obtained. The wages given by the lumbermen on Puget sound are greater than in any other employment, and they are higher than ever before known.

Under the microscope a hair has rough edges like a rasp. No wonder then that a young man's mustache often tickles a girl's nose.

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