

# The Goldsboro Herald.

A. ROSCOW, Editor.

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN."

W. P. DAVIS, Publisher.

VOL. I. NO. 19.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY. 13, 1888.

Subscription, \$1.00 Per Year.

### TUB BARK AND THE SOLDIERS.

They and ready the troopers ride,  
 Greatly belted with swords by side;  
 They have ridden long, they have ridden  
 hard,  
 They are brave and battle scarred;  
 The hand ground shakes with their martial  
 tramp,  
 And every eye is the laugh of the men of the  
 camp.

They are a spot where a mother stands,  
 With a baby clinging to her little hands,  
 Looking about at the gallant sight  
 Of the mounted soldiers fresh from the fight.  
 The Captain laughs out, "I'll give you this,  
 A handful of gold, your baby to kiss."

And the mother, "A kiss can't be sold,  
 But gladly will I kiss a soldier bold."  
 He lifts up the baby with a smiling grace,  
 And covers with kisses its smiling face,  
 And the mother, with a delighted cry,  
 And her eyes were moist as the kiss they  
 gave.

—Chicago Ledger.

The brown horse had probably been  
 feeding lonely, and was glad of com-  
 pany, for he made no objection what-  
 ever when Stuart led down a pair of  
 bars, and going up to him, took hold of  
 his forelock and led him into the road.  
 But he objected very vigorously to  
 having four boys on his back at one  
 time, and kicked and careered until he  
 succeeded in ridding himself of all four  
 of them in a twinkling.

"We'll have to take turns riding,"  
 said Ben Hopper. "Each fellow can go  
 as far as the bridge, and then turn  
 back."

They had made a bridle out of a rope  
 Stuart had in his pocket and a piece of  
 wood they picked up in the road, and the  
 horse allowed one more ride, to be guided  
 very easily. He seemed spirited but  
 very gentle, and had evidently been  
 trained to trot.

The boys acted on Ben's suggestion,  
 and took turns at trying the animal's  
 patience.



about his misfortune, for he did not  
 want to worry her. It would be time  
 enough to tell her when he had  
 seen Mr. Peiffer.

That she would not suspect that some-  
 thing had occurred to trouble him, he  
 tried to eat his usual allowance of griddle  
 cakes at breakfast, but every mouth-  
 full seemed to choke him, and he had to  
 give up the attempt in despair.

As soon as he rose from the table he  
 put on his hat and went out, despite his  
 mother's prophecy that the sun would  
 make him feel worse, and turned his  
 steps at once in the direction of Mr.  
 Peiffer's beautiful suburban residence.

He had prepared a little speech with  
 which he intended to begin his confes-  
 sion, but every word of it fled from his  
 mind when he entered Mr. Peiffer's  
 grounds and saw the old gentleman  
 standing only half a dozen yards away,  
 and an angry look on his face and his  
 eyes glaring at a young negro who stood  
 before him looking sullen and defiant.

"You needn't deny it, sir," were the  
 first words Stuart heard. "I wouldn't  
 believe you on oath. You're the dullest  
 fellow I ever had around my stables,  
 but I did think you had sense enough  
 to put the bars up when you turned a  
 valuable horse like that out to pasture!  
 You're discharged, and you needn't ask  
 for a recommendation, for I won't give  
 it."

With a heart that seemed like a lump  
 of lead in his breast, and hesitating  
 footsteps, Stuart approached the angry  
 pair.

"Mr. Peiffer," he said, in a low,  
 shaken voice, "I want to speak to you,  
 sir."

"Well, speak, and be quick about it,"  
 was the rough rejoinder. "You want  
 work, I suppose, and big wages. You  
 may as well leave, for I haven't any  
 work to give you."

"No, sir, I don't want work," stam-  
 mered poor Stuart. "I want to tell you  
 that I took your horse out to pasture,  
 and—and it got frightened and fell  
 over the bridge."

For a moment, it seemed much longer  
 to Stuart in his agony of suspense, the  
 old gentleman stared at him in utter  
 silence, his face fairly purple with rage.  
 "You—you young rascal!" he ex-  
 claimed at last. "You ought to be  
 shot!"

"Yes, sir, I know it," answered Stuart.  
 "I was never so sorry for anything in  
 all my life as I am for this. But we  
 only wanted to have a little fun, and  
 never thought of hurting the horse," said  
 Mr. Peiffer.

"No, sir,"

"Who were the others?"

"There's no use in telling that, sir,"  
 answered Stuart, true to the promise of  
 secrecy he had made. "I was the one  
 who was on the horse when he fell over  
 the bridge, and it was all my fault. I  
 ought not to have tried to cross the  
 bridge. I might have known he would  
 be frightened at that old tree."

The angry flush left Mr. Peiffer's face,  
 and a very peculiar look came into his  
 keen gray eyes.

"Nevertheless, you had better tell me  
 the names of the boys who were with  
 you," he said. "It will be wise for you  
 to do so."

But the covert threat contained in  
 these last words did not cause Stuart to  
 waver an instant. He was very gener-  
 ous as well as brave.

"I told the boys I wouldn't, sir," he  
 answered respectfully.

"They didn't offer to come with you,  
 I suppose?"

"There was no need of it, sir."

"Well, am I to look only to you to  
 pay me for my horse?"

"Pay him!" Stuart stared at the old  
 gentleman aghast. The thought of  
 paying for the horse had never entered  
 his mind.

He knew payment was out of the  
 question. He had not a dollar of his  
 own in the world, and it was only by the  
 strictest economy that his mother man-  
 aged to make her small income cover  
 their necessary expenses—they did not  
 indulge in luxuries of any sort.

"That horse was a thoroughbred,"  
 continued Mr. Peiffer, his keen eyes  
 still fixed on the boy's white, distressed  
 face. "I paid six hundred dollars for  
 him the day before you broke his neck."  
 "Six hundred dollars!" gasped poor  
 Stuart, his face growing whiter still.

"Oh, Mr. Peiffer!"

"I can show you the receipt for the  
 money if you want to see it. I have it  
 here," tapping his breast pocket.

"Costly fun you had, eh?"

Stuart tried to speak, but his tongue  
 clove to the roof of his mouth.

"You haven't any money I suppose?"  
 said Mr. Peiffer.

"No, sir, not a dollar."

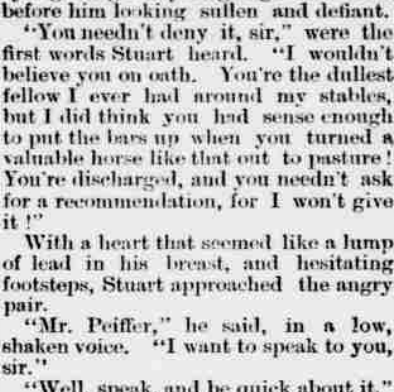
"You must work it out, then. Are  
 you willing to do that?"

"Oh, yes, sir," cried Stuart, the color  
 coming back to his face. "I'd be glad  
 to do anything to pay you."

"Very well, report to me to-morrow  
 morning at my factory. I'll see what I  
 can do for you."

Mr. Peiffer turned away, and without  
 another word sent into the house and  
 closed the door.

With a feeling of profound relief Stuart  
 went home and told his mother all  
 about that piece of costly fun, its tragic  
 ending and the bargain he had made.



What Came of it.

STUART WILLARD  
 was a kind hearted  
 boy, frank, generous,  
 honest and truthful,  
 but so lazy that his  
 mother despaired of  
 ever seeing him  
 amount to anything.

She was a widow, with no one to  
 help her train her son, and neither  
 able, or willing, to argue with  
 his obstinacy. He studied no  
 more than was actually necessary to  
 enable him to keep up with his classes,  
 and no ambition to be at the head of  
 any of them, and worked as little as  
 possible about the house, though love  
 and consideration for his mother per-  
 suaded him from ever shirking his regu-  
 lar duties, such as mending the cow,  
 cutting wood and bringing water. But  
 he stood at her elbow when she pro-  
 posed that she should take entire charge  
 of the garden, devoting to it his time  
 before and after school hours, thus sav-  
 ing the expense of hiring help.

"O mother, I never could," he said,  
 "the seeds would be higher than my  
 head in a month's time, I'm no hand at  
 a rake or a hoe."

"You've no hand at anything, so far  
 as I can see," said his mother. "There  
 will have to be a radical change in you,  
 Stuart, if you expect ever to win money  
 or position."

"I don't know that I care for either,"  
 answered Stuart. "I'm not one of the  
 making kind. A quiet life suits me."

"And you'll be content to see all your  
 friends get ahead of you, I suppose?"

"Now, mother, don't worry"—and  
 Stuart looked really distressed. "I'll  
 come out all right never fear."

"There'll have to be a miracle worked,  
 then," said Mrs. Willard, sighing.  
 "Laziness is the enemy of your char-  
 acter, and it will keep you down all  
 your life."

Though adverse to exertion of any  
 kind, Stuart was a fun loving boy, al-  
 ways ready for a frolic, and not apt to  
 think, until reputation was too late to  
 be of any avail, of the right or wrong of  
 the good time. And he had three par-  
 ticular friends, who, in his particular,  
 "never stuck at anything" when there  
 was fun about.

They all considered old Simon Peiffer,  
 the richest man in Westville, fair game,  
 for it was well known that he had  
 hated anything in the shape of a boy,  
 and never spoke to or looked at one, lit-  
 tle or big, without growling like the  
 fiercest of dogs, and uttering his char-  
 acter, and it will keep you down all  
 your life."

Though adverse to exertion of any  
 kind, Stuart was a fun loving boy, al-  
 ways ready for a frolic, and not apt to  
 think, until reputation was too late to  
 be of any avail, of the right or wrong of  
 the good time. And he had three par-  
 ticular friends, who, in his particular,  
 "never stuck at anything" when there  
 was fun about.

What Came of it.

STUART WILLARD  
 was a kind hearted  
 boy, frank, generous,  
 honest and truthful,  
 but so lazy that his  
 mother despaired of  
 ever seeing him  
 amount to anything.

She was a widow, with no one to  
 help her train her son, and neither  
 able, or willing, to argue with  
 his obstinacy. He studied no  
 more than was actually necessary to  
 enable him to keep up with his classes,  
 and no ambition to be at the head of  
 any of them, and worked as little as  
 possible about the house, though love  
 and consideration for his mother per-  
 suaded him from ever shirking his regu-  
 lar duties, such as mending the cow,  
 cutting wood and bringing water. But  
 he stood at her elbow when she pro-  
 posed that she should take entire charge  
 of the garden, devoting to it his time  
 before and after school hours, thus sav-  
 ing the expense of hiring help.

"O mother, I never could," he said,  
 "the seeds would be higher than my  
 head in a month's time, I'm no hand at  
 a rake or a hoe."

"You've no hand at anything, so far  
 as I can see," said his mother. "There  
 will have to be a radical change in you,  
 Stuart, if you expect ever to win money  
 or position."

"I don't know that I care for either,"  
 answered Stuart. "I'm not one of the  
 making kind. A quiet life suits me."

"And you'll be content to see all your  
 friends get ahead of you, I suppose?"

"Now, mother, don't worry"—and  
 Stuart looked really distressed. "I'll  
 come out all right never fear."

"There'll have to be a miracle worked,  
 then," said Mrs. Willard, sighing.  
 "Laziness is the enemy of your char-  
 acter, and it will keep you down all  
 your life."

Though adverse to exertion of any  
 kind, Stuart was a fun loving boy, al-  
 ways ready for a frolic, and not apt to  
 think, until reputation was too late to  
 be of any avail, of the right or wrong of  
 the good time. And he had three par-  
 ticular friends, who, in his particular,  
 "never stuck at anything" when there  
 was fun about.

STUART WILLARD  
 was a kind hearted  
 boy, frank, generous,  
 honest and truthful,  
 but so lazy that his  
 mother despaired of  
 ever seeing him  
 amount to anything.

She was a widow, with no one to  
 help her train her son, and neither  
 able, or willing, to argue with  
 his obstinacy. He studied no  
 more than was actually necessary to  
 enable him to keep up with his classes,  
 and no ambition to be at the head of  
 any of them, and worked as little as  
 possible about the house, though love  
 and consideration for his mother per-  
 suaded him from ever shirking his regu-  
 lar duties, such as mending the cow,  
 cutting wood and bringing water. But  
 he stood at her elbow when she pro-  
 posed that she should take entire charge  
 of the garden, devoting to it his time  
 before and after school hours, thus sav-  
 ing the expense of hiring help.

"O mother, I never could," he said,  
 "the seeds would be higher than my  
 head in a month's time, I'm no hand at  
 a rake or a hoe."

"You've no hand at anything, so far  
 as I can see," said his mother. "There  
 will have to be a radical change in you,  
 Stuart, if you expect ever to win money  
 or position."

"I don't know that I care for either,"  
 answered Stuart. "I'm not one of the  
 making kind. A quiet life suits me."

"And you'll be content to see all your  
 friends get ahead of you, I suppose?"

"Now, mother, don't worry"—and  
 Stuart looked really distressed. "I'll  
 come out all right never fear."

"There'll have to be a miracle worked,  
 then," said Mrs. Willard, sighing.  
 "Laziness is the enemy of your char-  
 acter, and it will keep you down all  
 your life."

Though adverse to exertion of any  
 kind, Stuart was a fun loving boy, al-  
 ways ready for a frolic, and not apt to  
 think, until reputation was too late to  
 be of any avail, of the right or wrong of  
 the good time. And he had three par-  
 ticular friends, who, in his particular,  
 "never stuck at anything" when there  
 was fun about.

STUART WILLARD  
 was a kind hearted  
 boy, frank, generous,  
 honest and truthful,  
 but so lazy that his  
 mother despaired of  
 ever seeing him  
 amount to anything.

She was a widow, with no one to  
 help her train her son, and neither  
 able, or willing, to argue with  
 his obstinacy. He studied no  
 more than was actually necessary to  
 enable him to keep up with his classes,  
 and no ambition to be at the head of  
 any of them, and worked as little as  
 possible about the house, though love  
 and consideration for his mother per-  
 suaded him from ever shirking his regu-  
 lar duties, such as mending the cow,  
 cutting wood and bringing water. But  
 he stood at her elbow when she pro-  
 posed that she should take entire charge  
 of the garden, devoting to it his time  
 before and after school hours, thus sav-  
 ing the expense of hiring help.

"O mother, I never could," he said,  
 "the seeds would be higher than my  
 head in a month's time, I'm no hand at  
 a rake or a hoe."

"You've no hand at anything, so far  
 as I can see," said his mother. "There  
 will have to be a radical change in you,  
 Stuart, if you expect ever to win money  
 or position."

"I don't know that I care for either,"  
 answered Stuart. "I'm not one of the  
 making kind. A quiet life suits me."

"And you'll be content to see all your  
 friends get ahead of you, I suppose?"

"Now, mother, don't worry"—and  
 Stuart looked really distressed. "I'll  
 come out all right never fear."

"There'll have to be a miracle worked,  
 then," said Mrs. Willard, sighing.  
 "Laziness is the enemy of your char-  
 acter, and it will keep you down all  
 your life."

Though adverse to exertion of any  
 kind, Stuart was a fun loving boy, al-  
 ways ready for a frolic, and not apt to  
 think, until reputation was too late to  
 be of any avail, of the right or wrong of  
 the good time. And he had three par-  
 ticular friends, who, in his particular,  
 "never stuck at anything" when there  
 was fun about.

STUART WILLARD  
 was a kind hearted  
 boy, frank, generous,  
 honest and truthful,  
 but so lazy that his  
 mother despaired of  
 ever seeing him  
 amount to anything.

She was a widow, with no one to  
 help her train her son, and neither  
 able, or willing, to argue with  
 his obstinacy. He studied no  
 more than was actually necessary to  
 enable him to keep up with his classes,  
 and no ambition to be at the head of  
 any of them, and worked as little as  
 possible about the house, though love  
 and consideration for his mother per-  
 suaded him from ever shirking his regu-  
 lar duties, such as mending the cow,  
 cutting wood and bringing water. But  
 he stood at her elbow when she pro-  
 posed that she should take entire charge  
 of the garden, devoting to it his time  
 before and after school hours, thus sav-  
 ing the expense of hiring help.

"O mother, I never could," he said,  
 "the seeds would be higher than my  
 head in a month's time, I'm no hand at  
 a rake or a hoe."

"You've no hand at anything, so far  
 as I can see," said his mother. "There  
 will have to be a radical change in you,  
 Stuart, if you expect ever to win money  
 or position."

"I don't know that I care for either,"  
 answered Stuart. "I'm not one of the  
 making kind. A quiet life suits me."

"And you'll be content to see all your  
 friends get ahead of you, I suppose?"

"Now, mother, don't worry"—and  
 Stuart looked really distressed. "I'll  
 come out all right never fear."

"There'll have to be a miracle worked,  
 then," said Mrs. Willard, sighing.  
 "Laziness is the enemy of your char-  
 acter, and it will keep you down all  
 your life."

Though adverse to exertion of any  
 kind, Stuart was a fun loving boy, al-  
 ways ready for a frolic, and not apt to  
 think, until reputation was too late to  
 be of any avail, of the right or wrong of  
 the good time. And he had three par-  
 ticular friends, who, in his particular,  
 "never stuck at anything" when there  
 was fun about.

STUART WILLARD  
 was a kind hearted  
 boy, frank, generous,  
 honest and truthful,  
 but so lazy that his  
 mother despaired of  
 ever seeing him  
 amount to anything.

She was a widow, with no one to  
 help her train her son, and neither  
 able, or willing, to argue with  
 his obstinacy. He studied no  
 more than was actually necessary to  
 enable him to keep up with his classes,  
 and no ambition to be at the head of  
 any of them, and worked as little as  
 possible about the house, though love  
 and consideration for his mother per-  
 suaded him from ever shirking his regu-  
 lar duties, such as mending the cow,  
 cutting wood and bringing water. But  
 he stood at her elbow when she pro-  
 posed that she should take entire charge  
 of the garden, devoting to it his time  
 before and after school hours, thus sav-  
 ing the expense of hiring help.

"O mother, I never could," he said,  
 "the seeds would be higher than my  
 head in a month's time, I'm no hand at  
 a rake or a hoe."

"You've no hand at anything, so far  
 as I can see," said his mother. "There  
 will have to be a radical change in you,  
 Stuart, if you expect ever to win money  
 or position."

"I don't know that I care for either,"  
 answered Stuart. "I'm not one of the  
 making kind. A quiet life suits me."

"And you'll be content to see all your  
 friends get ahead of you, I suppose?"

"Now, mother, don't worry"—and  
 Stuart looked really distressed. "I'll  
 come out all right never fear."

"There'll have to be a miracle worked,  
 then," said Mrs. Willard, sighing.  
 "Laziness is the enemy of your char-  
 acter, and it will keep you down all  
 your life."

Though adverse to exertion of any  
 kind, Stuart was a fun loving boy, al-  
 ways ready for a frolic, and not apt to  
 think, until reputation was too late to  
 be of any avail, of the right or wrong of  
 the good time. And he had three par-  
 ticular friends, who, in his particular,  
 "never stuck at anything" when there  
 was fun about.

Telegraphic Ticks.

Masked men robbed a coach of mail  
 pouches near Gibb, La.

Fire destroyed the large wholesale  
 grocery house of Porter & McRea, No.  
 361 Front street in Memphis, Tenn.

Immanuel Presbyterian church, one of  
 the finest edifices in Milwaukee, Wis.,  
 was totally destroyed by fire.

A large portion of the town of Hicke-  
 ville, Ohio, including the handle and  
 mills, was burned. Loss \$100,000. There  
 is much suffering among the homeless.

A powder magazine explosion at Aloy,  
 China, November 21, destroyed one-  
 fourth of the buildings in the town,  
 blew fifty soldiers to atoms and killed  
 several hundred of the inhabitants.

A collision on the Utah and Northern  
 Railway, near the city of Dillon, Mont-  
 ana, killed one engineer and seriously  
 injured several firemen and brakemen.

All the employees of the Union Glass  
 Works, of Somerville, Mass., 165 in  
 number, finished up their work on Sat-  
 urday morning and left, refusing to accept  
 the manufacturer's list of rules for the  
 coming year.

The bridge across St. Mary's River has  
 been rebuilt, and through connection is  
 restored between Savannah and Florida  
 over Waycross Short Line.

The loss by the recent fire in the town  
 of Honnam, La., was \$150,000; insur-  
 ance, \$17,800. Many families did not  
 even save their wearing apparel.

The freight employees of the Pennsylv-  
 ania Railroad Company have demanded  
 an advance of wages for over time. No  
 trouble is anticipated.

Wm. Herrig, of St. Francis, Ark.,  
 who shot his wife and her paramour and  
 burned his house, has been lynched.

Patrik O'Brien, of Iowa, was picked  
 up dead drunk in the streets of  
 Cincinnati, Ohio, with \$8,000 in cash,  
 \$6,000 in bonds, besides valuable jew-  
 elry, in his pockets.

The engine-house of the Equitable Gas  
 Works in New York was blown to pieces.  
 One man killed.

Perkin, DuPee & Co., stock brokers of  
 Boston, have failed. Liabilities \$95,  
 356. They offer 60 cents on the dollar.

The cashier of the Herkimer New York  
 National Bank has absconded with \$80,  
 000 to Canada.

Jone's Shoe Factory, at Stafford, Mass.,  
 was burned to the ground. Loss \$80,  
 000; insurance \$35,000.

Near Harrisonburg, Calabarun County, N. C.,  
 a negro named White shot and killed  
 Green Johnston, colored, with a revolver.

Three men in Rutherford County, N. C.,  
 named Alexander, all brothers, set  
 upon a white man named Cox Robbins and  
 stabbed him fatally.

Rev. Geo. S. Williams, of Nashville,  
 Tenn., has telegraphed the congregation  
 of the Raleigh Baptist tabernacle his ac-  
 ceptance of its unanimous call to the  
 pastorate.

The Newberne, N. C., people are quite  
 dispirited in regard to the recent de-  
 cision of the supreme court in the matter  
 of the election on the question of the \$100,  
 000 subscription to the Wilmington,  
 Omslow and East Carolina railroad.

Deputy Sheriff Whittington brought to  
 the penitentiary at Raleigh, N. C., from  
 Greensboro a negro girl named Mary  
 Hairston, who is sentenced to one year's  
 imprisonment for throwing stones at a  
 train at Greensboro. She is the first  
 woman ever arrested in the state for that  
 offense.

A few nights past there was an affray  
 at Shaw university, colored, in Raleigh,  
 N. C., between two students, P. P.  
 Streeter and Walter Scott. Streeter's  
 brother took a hand. Scott seized a stick,  
 with which Streeter had attempted to  
 strike him, and struck Streeter on the  
 head. Streeter died. It is claimed that  
 his death was due to pneumonia, and not  
 to the blow given by Scott.

The executive committee of the North  
 Carolina Teacher's Assembly met in  
 Raleigh last week and arranged a pro-  
 gramme for the next meeting, which will  
 be held at Morehead City next June. The  
 assembly hall has a membership of 2,000.  
 It was decided to lay the corner stone of  
 the assembly hall April 2nd. That cere-  
 mony will be witnessed by several schools  
 which will make an excursion to More-  
 head City.

Investing Ben Franklin's Money.

In 1890 will end the term of 100 years  
 during which the cities of Boston and  
 Philadelphia have each enjoyed the reve-  
 nue from a bequest of \$5,000 made by  
 Benjamin Franklin. The money was to  
 be loaned out to young married artificers,  
 and the trust has been executed, although  
 the lapse of the century requires a new  
 disposition of the funds. It is significant  
 that while in Boston the \$5,000 has  
 grown to nearly \$328,000, in Philadel-  
 phia the \$5,000 has become only \$10,  
 000, and that in both cases the amount  
 is less than Franklin estimated it should  
 be. But as the natural philosophers of  
 Franklin's day generally fell short of  
 the sage in ingenuity, so too the suc-  
 cessive boards of trustees have been far  
 from equal. I'm in business ability. It  
 is interesting to note, however, that the  
 two funds still exist, and that part of  
 the Boston reserve goes in the purchase  
 of a public recreation ground to be  
 known as "Frank in Park."—*Electrical  
 World.*

Interesting to Women.

A philosopher may hold forth on the  
 immutability of Time, the indestructi-  
 bility of Cosmos, the popularity of the  
 equinoxes, the disintegration of the  
 Belva Lockwood party or the differentia-  
 tion of female suffrage, but he can't in-  
 terest the average woman one-hundredth  
 part as much as a cut in the price of  
 hairpins or a four-line announcement of  
 a remnant sale.—*Biographian Republican.*

He Needed Rest.

First Omaha Youth—What's the mat-  
 ter? Got a day off?  
 Second Omaha Youth—No, I've re-  
 signed.  
 "What for?"  
 "Nearly worked to death. The store  
 was always crammed full of customer's,  
 and it just kept me on the jump all day.  
 Couldn't stand it."  
 "But why are you going to do now?"  
 "I'll shall try to get a place in some  
 store that don't advertise."  
 OPPORTUNITIES are like vacant lots.  
 They must be improved to be profit-  
 able.

THE shoes of an evening dress are  
 always correctly made of the materials  
 of the gown.

### NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

The hat pin grows in size and novelty  
 of decoration.  
 Passementerie and peltry stand first  
 among wrap trimmings.  
 Cloth bonnets to match the costume  
 are very stylish for street wear.  
 Braided felt is made to imitate fancy  
 straw. It is fashionable and new.  
 Dotted tulle and colored blonde laces  
 are favorite fabrics for evening wear.  
 Miss Eilers, M. D., receives \$18,000  
 for prescribing nice things for the Queen  
 of Corea.  
 Brown and white is still a favorite  
 combination particularly for little chil-  
 dren's garments.  
 Rolled bands of fur instead of flat are  
 the fashionable freak in trimming furs for  
 outer garments.  
 Belt clasps are often used that  
 buckles, they being more convenient and  
 quite as effective.  
 The newest lace pins are of oxidized  
 silver, with mountings of antique, marine  
 and military subjects.  
 The use of soutache braid in two  
 widths is very effective and is seen on  
 costumes and garments.  
 Green velvet short wraps are made  
 with string sleeves and are as stylish as  
 anything in colored velvet.  
 A woman, Mrs. A. H. Holloway, has  
 been given a five years' contract to clean  
 the streets of Buffalo, N. Y.  
 Miss Mary B. Coleman is Register of  
 Deeds for Clay county, Ill. One of the  
 first women to hold such a place.

The tiny edge of ostrich feather ruch-  
 ing which is used on hats or bonnets is  
 becoming and makes a pretty face trim-  
 ming.  
 Gobelins are still one of the most  
 attractive colors of the season and is  
 combined with almost any dark, rich  
 shade.  
 Miss Annie Whitney, the sculptor, has  
 won high praise for her bronze statue  
 of Leif Erikson, recently unveiled in  
 Boston.  
 Shirts of lace, sown lengthwise with  
 ribbon between, alternating with bands  
 of silk embroidery, are stylish world  
 without end.  
 Half-sleeves of silk or moire, longest  
 on the inside, are worn over full sleeves  
 of lace or close ones of velvet—and are  
 abnormally ugly.  
 Lizzie Bell Sinclair, of Everittstown,  
 N. J., celebrated her twelfth birthday  
 recently by completing a bed quilt that  
 contained 11,210 pieces.  
 Princess gowns of two fabrics have  
 the fronts of the different materials, the  
 right lapping far over the left, which  
 shows as an under-waist.  
 Fancy stripes in velvet make very  
 pretty petticoats for young girls, and at  
 any age they may be worn this season,  
 for bright plaids and gay stripes rule the  
 day.  
 Except in jet, beads are giving place  
 in dress trimmings to metallic threads,  
 which are used for applique or other  
 embroideries, either alone or mixed with  
 cord.  
 The serpent ring is most worn as the  
 ancient symbol of eternity. A jewel in  
 the head does not harm the significance  
 and adds much to its effect. An emerald  
 is effective.  
 Shot stockings are shown to wear with  
 evening gowns. Some of these have  
 openwork stripes in relief, which run  
 from the foot to the ankle, then cross the  
 leg horizontally.  
 A Louisiana lady of aristocratic rear-  
 ing, who was once famous for her wealth  
 and the number of her slaves, now wears  
 a few cents a day by picking cotton on  
 the plantation that was her own before  
 the war.  
 The parures and skirt decorations in  
 artificial flowers are very elegant and be-  
 coming, and are imported in a variety  
 of beautiful trailing buds and blossoms,  
 the jessamine being among the newest and  
 most graceful.

Silken fabrics were never cheaper than  
 at present, and being light in weight and  
 comparatively durable, it is little wonder  
 if they continue to attract the majority,  
 particularly as this is a fashionable sea-  
 son for silk of all kinds.  
 Passementerie in which there is a  
 metal thread is very stylish and can be  
 made into a very appropriate trimming  
 for an outer jacket or dress trimmings  
 either. It comes in sets for vest, collar,  
 and cuffs and sometimes revers.  
 At a church entertainment in Wash-  
 ington recently, boxes of luncheon were  
 sold to the young men, and in each box  
 was the card of some young woman who  
 was present. The purchasers were sup-  
 posed not to know what names were on  
 the boxes they bought, and each was ex-  
 pected to share his luncheon with the  
 girl whose name he found in the box.  
 One of the most prominent and beau-  
 tiful society women of Chicago takes  
 all the exercise she gets in her room.  
 The major portion of this consists of  
 quick and graceful movements of limbs,  
 performed before a fine large mirror,  
 each movement being repeated a score of  
 times, until the whole series (fifteen) has  
 received due attention. Then she  
 "rests," at which she is also an adept,  
 and rises reinvigorated and refreshed.  
 In his quest fancy has not merely run  
 riot, but gone to seed. They are of all  
 conceivable shapes, sorts, sizes, colors  
 and combinations. Some have a round  
 back, over which the draperies button;  
 others, the well-worn and venerable  
 postilion, yet others leaves of two or  
 even three materials overlapping each  
 other, while the fronts are even more  
 various. Three plants each side the vest  
 narrowed to a point at the waist line is  
 new and stylish to a degree, but any  
 combination of vest rever or lapping  
 front that the mind of woman can con-  
 ceive is good and high fashion.

A Clock Without a Tick.

A curiously considerate invention has  
 just been produced in the shape of a  
 noiseless clock for sick rooms. In place  
 of the usual pendulum, the hands are set  
 in motion by the unrolling of a chain, the  
 end of which is fastened to a buoy float-  
 ing in a tank of liquid. This fluid es-  
 capes at a uniform rate, and can be  
 utilized to feed a lamp-wick, thus giving  
 the apparatus the double character of  
 clock and lamp. When the lamp is  
 extinguished the necessary diminution of  
 liquid takes place by combustion, at  
 other times by a carefully regulated  
 dropping.

### THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

LUMOROUS NOTES CLIPPED  
 FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

He Read a Piece—She Will Make  
 Him Tir-d.—He Wanted the  
 House.—Not Worth White.—A  
 Willing Martyr, etc., etc.

A WIND INSTRUMENT.  
 Socialistic Orator:—Yes, my down-  
 trodden fellow sufferers, the time has  
 come.—  
 Crowd: Hooray!

Wife—Why, James, where have you  
 been? Your clothes are torn, your face  
 is scratched and your hair in confusion.  
 What's the matter?  
 Husband—Oh, nothing. I just tried  
 to pass a shop where fall opening of  
 bonnets was in progress.

RE KNEW BETTER.  
 "I tell you what it is, Gus; Aramin-  
 ta's father can't appreciate us. He has  
 no soul."  
 "Oh, he hasn't eh? Well, if you'd  
 been in my place last night you'd have  
 thought he was all soul."

CARRIED HIM OFF.  
 Judge.—What expense have you to  
 offer for this violent assault?  
 Prisoner.—I was assaulted away by an  
 uncontrollable temper.  
 Judge.—Well, I'll see that you are  
 carried away by the Sheriff.