

SOME FROCK BABLE.

THE WOES CAUSED BY UNBUSINESS-LIKE DRESSMAKERS.

Summer Purchasing Must Be Done in Winter—Paying Attention to Modest—Not a Queen of Sheba—After All—The Howling Wind Milling to be Mended.

St. Louis Republic.

There is always a time in the early spring when the woman who has grown wise through experience concludes that she will be ready in time for hot weather, and achieve this readiness by arranging about her gowns very early. While the snow is still on the ground, she invests in Swiss muslins, in gingham, and in all the pretty cotton fabrics that go to make up the wardrobe of a dressmaker. Then she lies herself to a dressmaker. She is greeted with joy, and told, with much sweetness, that if she will send all her gowns at once and give a few hours to a thorough fitting, she need not bother any more, and that when the warm days come, because of her wisdom in taking time by the forelock, she will be gowning like a lily of the field, and will be able to see to her less wise sister. "Look at my frock and be unhappy!" The dressmaker who incites the female mind to this so-called wisdom is usually short, plump and of Milseian birth. She is flattering in manner and profuse in compliments. Occasionally she asks for a little money in advance.

But to return to the woman. On the first day of July she will have the pleasure of knowing that after she has scolded, written, telegraphed and even prayed, the seasons of the wily dressmaker have never been put into the frock of her innocent self. And there are people who every year cry, "Lo, the poor dressmaker!" Now, there are women who are at once dressmakers and good business women, but the average modiste deserves to have a string put around her neck with a large stone attached to the other end, and to be lowered to the bottom of the deep blue sea. The cry that ought to go up should be this: "Lo, the poor woman who depends on a dressmaker." Men wouldn't stand such treatment from their tailors. A woman has to know, therefore, to be amiable and admire the dressmaker's appearance, her eyes, her hair, her family and at once recognize and respect the blue blood that appears whenever she pinches her fluff or if she wishes her frock.

It is altogether likely that you see something that suits your complexion in the way of a frock, and you pocket-book and in which, by of joy, you find the poor dressmaker. The dressmaker in the world. The man of your heart listens to a lovely story about the color and width of that material, the fact that you selected it because you knew he would like it, and then you tell him of the treasure you have discovered who is to make it. His birthday happens to come on Sunday, and this wonderful frock is to be worn on that day. The day comes and although you look very nice, it suddenly dawns on the man of your heart that you had expected to appear like the Queen of Sheba, and that somehow you didn't come up to expectation. And he asks why. Of course it is the old, old story. She—with a pronounced emphasis on the she—after promising to give you a frock almost, disappointed you; she hasn't sent it all, and she snubbed you dreadfully when she exerted herself it was for people who had really exquisite gowns and who had a great many maid, and you could help not having the Duke of England to back you. Some day you got the frock; but it is never what you expected, and life goes on, and it is full of frock and full of disappointments.

TERMS STRICTLY C. O. D.

However, all that is going to be changed nowadays. About two years ago a girl who is a howling swell had the misfortune to lose her money, but she was plucky as she was pretty, and so she concluded to open a shop. She hired a first-class milliner, and had it distinctly under that while the best materials would be used and every effort made to please the people her terms were strictly C. O. D. She is going to be married, now, and she is to her partner, for she has made a success of her work, and she made it because having suffered from the unbusiness-like methods of milliners and dressmakers, she made a rule in her establishment that promises made were to be kept.

Another brilliant woman, who was making a poor living at painting pictures, realized that there was room for a dressmaker who would ask reasonable prices and keep her word. She advertised extensively, stated her prices, which were fair, and announced that a frock would be turned out in a week. She hired a number of competent workers, and to-day she is making plenty of money. A few years will see her richer, and then she will paint pictures for pleasure. But this woman insists on the C. O. D. rule, and no matter who the customer is, the law stands—no money, no gown.

This is printed upon her business paper, and her customers are also informed in the same way that any frock requiring alterations must be returned within three days. This woman is an business-like as a man's tailor, consequently her success is easily understood. I asked her if she would try to get frocks without paying for them; she said, occasionally, but if any woman took a frock from one of her girls and did not give her the money she acted promptly, and sent a policeman at once to demand either the money or the frock.

I am a believer in beautiful gowns, and the woman who is not has something wrong in her general make up. It is a part of a woman's life to look her best. And although I have heard women say that they don't dress for men, I think it is all nonsense. It may be that men don't look at the details

of dresses, but they are influenced by the general effect, and they are very quick to notice untidiness. There are women so lacking in womanly knowledge that they never get becoming gowns. There is the flat-chested woman, who looks utterly shapeless, and who says, "No, I will have nothing done to my gown and I won't lace."

"I PREFER A NATURAL FIGURE."

Now, when the natural figure is hideous art should come to rescue, and the wise dressmaker is the one who pays no attention to this nonsensical chatter, but who carefully inserts just enough of cotton to make curve where there are none, and makes that woman look more feminine and less hideous. Then there is the other woman with the heavy red face, who wears a bright blue frock. What does she want? Either red or black. Red will tone down the color in her face, and so will black. Then, too, there is the woman with pronounced features, who, for some unknown reason, elects that her bodice shall be decorated in miniature buttons. On these buttons are the faces of women whose features are perfect and whose eyes are bound to recognize and find ludicrous the contrast. The woman with the long chin or long nose should learn to hold her head back, so that these features are not made more prominent. She will ugly teeth should smile, but never laugh so that they show, while the woman with the dumpty hands must stick religiously to dark gloves, leaving tight ones to the possessors of long, slender fingers.

The artist in dress chooses a veil with a thin mesh, and rather small dots on it; the large ones, a great distance apart, have the effect of black spots on the face, and if a dot happens to land upon one eye and another on the tip of one's nose, the effect is ridiculous, a something that a woman can never afford. The blonde can level advantageously to pink yellow, while the brunette, because of her rich color and her glossy hair, may put on pale blue, that exquisite color only becoming to the perfect brunette, the angel child, and those other angels with wings, harps and perfect complexions. The blonde, already old, is made to look older and more colorless when she assumes blue. The woman who is stout should never wear a tailor-made suit. She needs fullness to conceal her extra flesh. She whose face is badly shaped should beware of a white shawl, or a velvet slipper. The woman with a long, slender foot may assume the velvet slipper, but she must have a very high rosette to conceal her lack of instep.

ALWAYS DRESSING.

That woman who dresses well is the one who utilizes her belongings to accentuate her virtues and conceal her defects. Unless a neck is beautiful it should be covered, and it is just as well to remember that if the skin of the neck is dark, a black bodice will make it look almost as black as the proverbial devil. It should never be forgotten that the arm of the average woman is uglier from the elbow down and so there should be a charitable frill of lace, or chiffon, attached to every elbow sleeve, that sleeve which used to be the abhorrence of Worth. She whose waist is large must wear a black belt and a small buckle. The woman who is stout must forswear the large hat which extends over her, while the large one must give up the little bonnet which tends to make her head look lopsely. Once you have discovered the style of costume best suited to your face, choose it for life; no matter what the fashion may be it will give you a certain individuality, and you will know that, artistically, you are always correct. That movable background, the parasol, may be white, black or yellow, but blue is never advised, and pink will give you a dainty flush, but with it the gown worn must be pink also.

The knots of ribbon on your pink or blue cotton gown should be black, while gray demands pink ribbons; brown, pale yellow, and white eon. Your sleeves and your collar will, this year, either make or mar your bodice. A long sleeve is not to be too long, and a very short one had better be omitted altogether. The business woman can, at least of all, afford to overlook the value of dress, but her gowns must be exquisitely simple, and no matter how many diamonds she possesses, they must never be introduced to the office. Velvet is the ideal gown for a matron, and nothing more elegant can be dreamed of than a hellebore with a ruffled collar, made magnificent with just buttons of the finest cut steel, and the effect is superb. Cotton may be dainty; velvet or silk is elegant; while all wool materials have for their adjective the word suitable. I should as soon think of talking about an "elegant gown" as I should about an "elegant cotton dress, and yet women occasionally make this mistake. As we accumulate years it becomes proper for us to wear rich fabrics. Simplicity adorns itself only to the beauty de die.

WHAT MAN KNOWS.

A bubble about frocks? Well, my friend, even if you are a man, you must confess that you like to see a woman well dressed, and I must confess that men have very good ideas about women's clothes. They like rich fabrics. Velvets appeal to them, and yet they know when these materials are improperly worn. They know when a woman is properly dressed for the street, or for a dinner party, and they are equally clever in their criticisms. They like frocks, and they appreciate the frock from effects that no so-called womanly. I never yet saw a man who encouraged a woman in the wrapper habit. They seem to know that the loose, ungraceful garment, worn outside of the bedroom, is the first step toward untidiness of dress and speech. Man is not a bad critic. He may be ignorant of ways and means, but he can judge rightly. As he seldom overdoes, he is bitter

ly opposed to it, and doesn't like the woman who rates his heart to attract attention by loudness or by dress, or her manners. It has been a pet belief of mine that women are largely influenced, morally, by their gowns. It would be impossible for a woman to be free and easy in velvet and rose point, and it would be equally impossible for her to grieve in pink satin, or to dance the minuet in black crepe. Who could be dignified in a cotton frock made frivolous with many ribbons? Who could be businesslike in a Swiss muslin? And who could be sufficient in a white tulle looped with laces?

WIDE DIVERSITY OF TASTE.

Generalizing, the American woman is a good dresser. The French dressmakers claim that she lacks originality but that she takes the best and assimilates it to herself. The English woman, inclining to simplicity, is afraid to suggest, and depends largely on her dressmaker. She dreads being conspicuous, and yet she wants to look well. The Russian woman is a good dresser, and a French modiste says of her that she is the most critical as far as her bills are concerned, but that she always pays promptly. He is bitter toward the Italian. Of her, he says that she is hard to please, when dressed, no credit to him, and very poor pay. Generalizing again, I think American women are honest. I wish I could say the same of the general dressmaker, who doesn't find it necessary to be honest either in words or deeds.

The woman who doesn't care for her appearance, who isn't interested in frocks, in bonnets, in coats and hats in parasols and gloves, and handkerchiefs and fans, is the woman who belongs to no century and who is in the minority. She is not feminine, therefore she is not interesting. Men don't like her, women don't find her companionable. She is a mistake. And there is no place for her either in heaven or on the earth, though there may be in the water under the earth. She is not approved of by men, by women, and certainly not by— Bab.

Presidential Labor.

In an interview with Frank Carpenter, publisher in to-day's Republic, John Sherman bids good-by to the presidency.

The reason he gives may do for a magazine, but not for any man on the right side of the street. A few men below sixty have been induced by the motive. Those who would be so easily deterred have never had enough of character enough to be within reach of the first American office.

Senator Sherman speaks of the exacting work and worry that befall the occupant of the White House. When a man is stopped by fear of work and worry he is not built for dealing as chief executive with the affairs of the American people. Such a man ought to hold a subordinate position in a private establishment, which will let him plot to clear his employer out of as much time as possible and sit around home and complain to his wife about hard luck and overwork.

Overwork of distinction are performed by men who love their work and find pleasure instead of worry in the hours which keep flowing the sap of growth. Contenting with men and directing them, meeting emergencies and bringing systems out of confusion, settling in motion the springs of vast affairs—he who is fit for the presidency reveals in those exertions and is uneasy when he is idle.

Overwork is generally a complaint peculiar to men who do not like work and think of its irksomeness more than of its triumphs.

Strong characters love power and enjoy both winning and using it. Every strong American character has the presidential ambition. Weak wills and uncertain courage had men in department clerkships.

Just Like a Woman.

Let a poor man do some foolish thing and every woman for miles around will laugh at him, but when a woman falls into a trap the men don't laugh—not much.

The other day a most estimable married woman in Greensboro came down town to buy a new hat. She visited every millinery store in town. She would not have been a woman had she done otherwise.

At such place she tried on from two to a dozen hats, and finally went home without one. She would not have been a woman had she done otherwise. She who got home she stopped before a mirror (she would not have been a woman had she done otherwise) to take off her hat, when she was surprised to see that she didn't have any on her head.

She had been pulling it off and trying on others so often that she forgot her own headgear and walked all the way along the street bare headed, but no one seemed to notice it, probably thinking she had on one of those little tricks, called a bonnet but only about as large as one's hand.

Last June Dick Crawford brought his twelve-months old child, suffering from infantile diarrhea, to me. It had been weaned at four months old and had always been sickly. I gave it the usual treatment in such cases but without benefit. The child kept growing thinner until it weighed but little more than when born, or perhaps less. I then started the father to revive Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Before one bottle of the 25 cent size had been used a marked improvement was seen and its continued use cured the child. Its weakness and puny constitution disappeared and its father and myself believe the child's life was saved by this Remedy. J. T. Marlow, M. D., Greensboro, N. C. For sale by O'Ryan and Kennedy Drugists.

DON'T INTRUDE

You do not visit your neighbors unless asked to, and do not attend a party or wedding without an invitation; then why should you intrude on the privacy of a storekeeper without an invitation? Buy of the live business man who not only invites you to come and see him every day, but educates and keeps you posted on what is popular in his line of goods. Patronize the man who advertises.

SEEK NEW BUSINESS.

That's What the New Baby in the Cleveland County is to do.

BUZZARD'S BAY, Miss., July 19.—The President and Mrs. Cleveland have named the little girl, now twelve days old, Marion Cleveland. As in the case of both Ruth and Esther, no middle name is given. It is not at present known, of course, what influence the parents selected this name, but it will be readily recalled that it was at the clearing town of Marion, Buzzard's Bay, where Mrs. Cleveland spent her first summer in New England and where she made many warm personal friends, besides becoming very much attached to the place.

A Look Into the Future.

There is every human probability that the alliance formed last year between the Republicans and Populists of North Carolina will be continued next year. All the news of the present time points that way. It has been suggested that fusion between these elements next year will be a year of a national election and that the faith of the Populists and Republicans being different at every point. Those who thus argue have not looking beneath the surface. They have been considering principles, and believing that all vote on principle, whereas the Populists and Republicans of North Carolina are more apt to beat the Democrats and for what they can make. They could mix a electoral ticket and commit it to nothing except opposition to Democracy. They could mix a State ticket as they did last year, and call upon their followers to fall in and beat the Democrats. Those Democrats who lay to their souls the question of distinction are performed by men who love their work and find pleasure instead of worry in the hours which keep flowing the sap of growth.

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PLACIDA IN WINTER.

Away up in the Blue Ridge. We used to call it the wilderness when I was young and the wild is up there yet just the same and the game that is found there is not to be reckoned down as a great deal. The country is visited by us only to see the game that is found there. The country is visited by us only to see the game that is found there. The country is visited by us only to see the game that is found there.

You can take in miles and miles at a glance and if a man only had his eyes on the lack of his head his eyes would be complete. But then he would have to have another eye on the lack of his head his eyes would be complete. But then he would have to have another eye on the lack of his head his eyes would be complete.

Business Interests Throughout the South Continue to Expand.

BALTIMORE, Md., 19.—Special reports to the Manufacturers' Association show that notwithstanding the mid-summer heat, the business interests throughout the South continue to expand. A dispatch from a special correspondent, who has been investigating the coal and iron interests of Virginia, says:

"Throughout the length and breadth of the Shenandoah Valley the growing revival in business is clearly shown. Particulars are given regarding the great salt and soda ash plant just completed in Southwest Virginia as an expenditure of over \$2,000,000 by New York and English capitalists. It is expected that this plant will largely meet the demand heretofore filled by Kentucky manufacturers for nitrate of soda, soda ash and similar compounds.

Some five or six railroad enterprises involving the construction of from 10 to 60 miles of road each, have been reported during the week, including one company organized in Baltimore to build a line across the Peninsula of Maryland and Delaware to the seacoast. A construction company with a capital of \$200,000 has taken the contract for this road. A large water power in North Carolina has been purchased and will be developed on a large scale. A \$300,000 company has been organized in the same State to purchase another water power and build a fifteen thousand spindle cotton mill, with the expectation of largely increasing the size of this mill. In South Carolina, a \$150,000 cotton mill company has been organized at Lancaster, and at Weldon, N. C. a contract has been let for a \$100,000 spinners' mill. Two cotton seed oil mills, each with a capital of \$25,000 have been organized, one in Texas, and one in South Carolina.

Among other enterprises reported for the week were a basket factory to employ 100 hands in Alabama; a cotton spinning and compress company to erect a plant and press in Arkansas; a \$300,000 gold mining company in Arizona; a \$20,000 electric plant in Missouri; a \$10,000 machinery company in Maryland, and a large number of miscellaneous enterprises throughout the South.

A Good Political Bridge.

Truman H. Aldrich, the Republican contestant for the seat in congress from the sixth Alabama district, said in the interview with the New York Tribune, last week:

"We, as Republicans, have been working with the Populists, who form a strong party in the State. I should perhaps explain the cause. You know it is difficult for a Democrat to change all at once, and the Populists make a good political bridge. If a Democrat allies himself with the Populists, we know we'll get him sooner or later."

This scheme has been worked in North Carolina under the name of Fusion and success crowned their strange combination, and as a result beheld the funny scene of the legislature and higher taxes for North Carolina. They plotted and schemed together and it was difficult during the last campaign to tell a Republican from a Populist, yet their doctrines and platforms were antagonistic. One Populist said, "We, unite merely to get into power, and say now nothing about our party principles."

The political bridge has been used and whether are the populists of North Carolina leading. They are drifting and the future will land. The Tribune thinks their position is weakening, and it is difficult during the last campaign to tell a Republican from a Populist, yet their doctrines and platforms were antagonistic. One Populist said, "We, unite merely to get into power, and say now nothing about our party principles."

A Sample of a Fashionable Neighbor's Work.

The following is an exact copy of a paper written by a new fashion designer of Cabarrus county in disposing of a case before him.

State of North Carolina, Cabarrus county. Whereas Greeting A. M. Ford offered a submission to a trespass made on 27th July this 7 day of June 1895. So come to and subscribe to before me this 7 day of June.

A horse kicked H. S. Shaffer of Freeman River, Middleburg, N. C., on the knee which laid him up in bed and caused the knee joint to become stiff. A friend recommended him to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which he did, and in two days he was able to be around. Mr. Shaffer has recommended it to many others and says it is excellent for any kind of lameness or sprain. This same Balm is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. For sale by CURRY AND KENNEDY Drugists.

Winter homes of Northern people, but most of them are considered all the year round by permanent settlers. They have long since found out that the New York or Georgia, but they may not make out of country people believe it would they try it.

Well, I have spent the month of June in that portion of Florida that lies below the belt below Tampa, and can truthfully say I did not suffer from any of the ailments which afflict our country people. While at Bradenton I rode out with Judge Cornwell several miles in the afternoon and next day crossed over to Palmetto and spent the morning riding to the groves and the hammock trees and to the groves and the hammock trees and to the groves and the hammock trees.

Some Englishmen said he did not like this country because it had no sun. Professor Cope, of the Pennsylvania university, said in a recent letter to the New York Herald that there were but two well-preserved specimens of the prehistoric man in the world. One was found in Neanderthal and the other near Saratoga, in Massachusetts, Florida, and that each of these fossils were at least 10,000 years old. That ought to be old enough for Johnny Bull or any other bull. The Herald says that Professor Cope is regarded as the most learned and reliable scientist now living, but I couldn't find but one man down in that region who had ever seen the prehistoric man. Professor Huxley said that he has heard of a fossil man being dug up there many years ago, but had not learned its supposed age or what was done with the bones. Poor neglected ancestor, if Mark Twain went over the tomb of Adam what would he have done over you?

At Milton, I visited the grand old mansion of Dr. Gamble. It looks like a bird in form and as white as the clouds it stands solid upon its swelling base and every night lights the harbor and the bay through the narrow passage of words and water. There are three things that I liked and admired in the building. The first was the strength of the masonry. The second, the life-saving service, the second was the life-saving service, the second was the life-saving service.

It is now conceded even by the advocates that the Ohio Democratic convention, which is to be held next month, will take a very decided stand against the free and unlimited coinage of silver. Those who did not expect this certainly gave the Ohio Democrats credit for very little sense. They have tried their best of the silver question and their experience has been worth something.

In 1892, with a platform which was in exact accord with that laid down for the whole party at Chicago and which demanded that the party be between gold and silver should be maintained, they elected one Presidential elector who received more votes than any man of the Republican ticket, and the highest Republican plurality in the state was only about 1,000.

In 1894, the Ohio Democrats adopted a platform in favor of silver. The day after they did the platform predicted that they would receive the worst defeat they had ever known, and the event justified our expectation. They were overwhelmed by a majority of 158,000. This sort of argument is conclusive against the availability of free silver as an issue in Ohio and the Democratic party in that state has rejected its name on the currency question.

General Andrew Jackson Warren and General Coxey take it hard, but everybody can't be pleased in this world.

Father: "What do you mean, by hugging my daughter?" Jack Ford: "I was merely offering her the likelihood of holding fast that which is good."—Lewiston Journal.

Having the recent merit to move that make good all the advertising claims for them, the following four remedial lines received phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, Coughs and Croup, each bottle guaranteed. Electric Balm, for the greatest remedy for Headache, Stomach and Kidney. Chamberlain's Pain Balm, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do that which is claimed for them and the doctor who issues is attached hereto. Will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at Curry & Kennedy's Drug Store.