

	1 w.	4 w.	1 m.	3 m.	1 year.
1 inch	1 00	3 00	8 00	12 00	120 00
2 inch	2 00	6 00	16 00	24 00	240 00
3 inch	3 00	9 00	24 00	36 00	360 00
4 inch	4 00	12 00	32 00	48 00	480 00
5 inch	5 00	15 00	40 00	60 00	600 00

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### A Summer Longing.

I must away to wooded hills and vales,  
Where broad, slow streams flow cool and  
silently,  
And idle barges flap their listless sails;  
For me the summer sunset glows and  
And green fields wait for me.

I long for shadowy forest, where the birds  
Twitter and chirp at noon from every tree;  
I long for blossomed leaves and lowing herds;  
And nature's voices say, in mystic words,  
"The green fields wait for thee."  
The green fields wait for thee.

I dream of uplands, where the primrose shines  
And waves her yellow lamps above the leas;  
Of tangled copses swung with trailing vines;  
Of open vistas, skirted with tall pines,  
Where green fields wait for me.

I think of long, sweet afternoons, when I  
May lie and listen to the distant sea,  
Or hear the breeze in the reeds that sigh,  
Or insect voices, chirping shrill and dry,  
In fields that wait for me.

These dreams of summer come to bid me find  
The forest's shade, the wild bird's melody,  
While summer's rosy wreaths for me are twined,  
While summer's fragrance lingers on the wind,  
And green fields wait for me.

—George Arnold.

### SLIGHTLY ELEVATED

I knew it was he the first instant I  
glanced at him, as he stepped into the  
elevator, and then, seeing a lady, took  
of his hat and stood there with it in his  
hand, while others filed in and seated  
themselves. I wondered if he had seen  
me. I hoped in heaven that he had  
not. It was not very bright in the  
place, and I cast down my eyes with a  
true ostrich-like sagacity, forgetting I  
could be seen if I did not see; forgetting  
to the mirrors lining the box if one  
happened to look in them. However,  
at the second floor he left, and I went  
on, thankful I had not been obliged to  
make the stir of moving out before he  
did.

I would not have gone down to dinner  
that day if I could have helped it, I  
said to myself—not although mamma  
had asked the Lovings to dine, and my  
new garnet velvet had just come  
home. But mamma would have made  
such a song of it that one thing would  
be as bad as the other.

I was hardly inside my room when I  
looked the door, and fell on the bed  
so faint that I should have died if it  
had not been able to cry—a good,  
long, refreshing cry that lasted till I  
grew so angry with myself it dried my  
tears. And when Amy came to the door,  
but I told her she must go along into  
mamma's room; she couldn't come in  
there. And she went away declaring it  
was fine time of day, and other things  
of the sort, till I thought me that it  
was fine time of day if I fainted away  
and cried myself ill, and locked my  
sister out of her room, all because I had  
happened to meet Loring Richards in  
the elevator five years after our boy and  
girl engagement was broken.

I called it a boy and girl engagement;  
but it had been life of my life, and it  
had almost torn my heart out in coming  
to an end. And what had he cared—  
the great, dark, handsome creature,  
standing there without a line upon his  
face that told of any trouble it had been  
to him, who had left me to suffer all I  
had had to suffer alone? Not go down  
to dinner? I would go if I went up in  
a chariot of fire directly afterward. I  
sprang up and bathed my face, and pow-  
dered it till it was cool, and unlocked  
the door and called Amy, and sat bent  
over a novel, and thoroughly absorbed  
in it, my hair streaming round my face  
and shoulders, till she was dressed, hav-  
ing to hurry a little for some caller in  
our parlor. Then I blew off my pow-  
der, took a hot bath, called Davis, and  
had her brush my hair till it tingled,  
and put on the garnet velvet with its  
creamy ducal lace and the yellow  
pearls—everybody dresses so at that  
hotel. I only came near breaking down  
when, Davis not being able to find a  
jewel I wanted, I tumbled over the  
things myself, and a little old mini-  
ature that nobody knew I had kept tum-  
bled from its hiding-place, and showed  
me for half an instant that proud, grave  
face. But I recovered presently, and I  
looked in the glass, and defied him to  
tell that I cared a straw, even if he  
saw me in that varnished of the splen-  
did hotel dining-room, with its chande-  
liers, its mirrors, its frescoes and its  
throngs. And anybody would have  
been justified in making such remarks  
as were convenient concerning my vanity  
who could have known the second  
thought that flashed through me as I  
looked in that glass, and saw the olive  
oval with its rich hair, the dark and  
glowing eyes, the dewy lip, the clear  
set outlines. If I thought it was a pic-  
ture Loring Richards or another might  
be glad to see, how could I help the  
thought?

The Lovings were waiting when I  
went into the parlor, mamma and Amy,  
who had become used to my caprices in  
five years, talking as if they were not  
half worried to death for fear I was not  
going to dine at all—mamma's soul  
being deeply concerned in doing the  
Lovings honor; for she meant the  
Amy should marry the doctor, if  
obliged to give up hope of my accepting  
Mr. Lovings's bonds and stocks with  
himself. Poor mamma had come to  
make a fetish to herself of bonds and

stocks. And it was a condescension,  
in a manner, for them to dine with us,  
anyway, at a hotel—the aristocrats of  
the avenue in general despising the  
cuisine and the herd of the vulgar who  
get their two or three days' yearly  
splendor at an inn, and these being  
aristocrats in particular, and cruelly  
conservative in practice and principle.

So we went down. And mamma  
sailed in with Mr. Lovings, and Amy  
with the doctor, and I followed with  
Julia Lovings, whose little soul curled  
all up at contact with the crowd, like a  
sea-anemone when you touch it; and  
just at the door my train caught on a  
carpet-hook and a couple of servants  
made haste to loosen it, but not before  
a gentleman had stooped and set it  
free, and bowed without looking up,  
and passed on; and it was Loring Rich-  
ards, and he had not known me again.  
So near me, and had not known me!  
Once, the air my garment brushed  
would have thrilled him through and  
through! And you can imagine if I  
knew whether I were eating gumbo  
soup or Blue Point oysters, or what not,  
after that! What was Loring Richards  
doing there? Who was that lady he  
joined in the hall? Had he married?  
Was he here, possibly, on his wedding  
journey. Had he then forgotten me?

Forgotten me! Well, why should I  
be the only one to remember? Let me  
forget. Alas! had I not been trying to  
forget for five years? But I leaned  
over my plate to ask Mr. Lovings a  
question, the length of whose reply I  
knew would be like spool silk, war-  
ranted three hundred yards; and I was  
hanging on his words, when my eyes  
caught sight of a person that had just  
come in, and was seated a few tables  
distant, had taken out a newspaper, and  
was never glancing up from the column.  
A chair was turned down near him, and  
it remained vacant for some time. For  
his bride? No; a man does not come  
down to dinner and leave his bride to  
follow alone. For his wife of longer  
date? When I had the opportunity of  
another look, a dazzling creature sat  
there, a gold-headed darling, radiant as  
if a star had turned a rose. Was I not  
ashamed of myself to wish to look that  
way? What did I care for Loring  
Richards, or his wife either, if he had  
one? Not in that direction again did I  
turn my head. I was gay and all alive  
myself, and Mr. Lovings was all devo-  
tion. I knew by some other senses  
when those two left the room, but not  
by my eyes or ears.

"Who is that going out?" asked Mr.  
Lovings. "If his looks were a burn-  
ing-glass, you would be in flames."  
"One of the waiters?" I asked.  
"There is a French count among them,  
you know, and a Polish refugee."  
"Margaret!" exclaimed mamma, "how  
should you know anything about such  
people?"  
"Oh, mamma, I am interested in them;  
and since I joined the internationals,  
and the nihilists, and the mariannes,  
and the rest, I know all about such people."  
I saw Mr. Lovings's hair slowly begin  
to rise on end. "That old rag-picker,"  
I added, "told me yesterday that—"  
But Mr. Lovings's head looked more  
and more like an electric hair-brush,  
and mamma cried, "Margaret!"  
"Why, mamma, we are all human beings  
together."  
"I really must insist—" began mam-  
ma; and then Amy giggled, and mam-  
ma looked as if she thought I had gone  
out of my head, and Amy was hysteri-  
cally sympathetic.  
"Your daughter's advanced opinions,"  
said Mr. Lovings, stiffly, "are a sur-  
prise to me."  
"You silly little mother," Amy  
laughed. "It is our boating club at  
home, the internationals, our charity  
school, the nihilists, our sewing club,  
our book club, our—"  
"I really thought you meant secret  
societies," gasped that old goose of an  
elderly lover.  
"And what if I had?" said I, my na-  
tive vigor returning. "What if I were  
own cousin to Vera Sassa-itch?"  
"Do have her name right," said the  
doctor. "I was afraid that our young  
ladies would be following Natalushka's  
fashions as soon as Mr. Black made her  
so charming."  
"Charming?" said his father. "A  
girl with such ideas charming?"  
"I am rejoiced to hear you express  
yourself so," said mamma.  
"And I," said I, "because they are  
my ideas."  
"Which are your ideas?" he asked,  
"mine, or those of that young Russian  
girl and her like?"  
"Hers, certainly," I said. "The  
ideas of humanity and brotherhood."  
And my heart began to beat like an en-  
gine one hears in the night, with a wild  
sort of exultation that now, no matter  
what had happened to Loring Richards,  
I had made it impossible that I should  
ever marry Mr. Lovings's stocks and  
bonds, for the temptation was out of  
the way; it would never ask me.

But it had all been a little too much  
for me. And I saw that mamma was  
comprehending the situation, and grow-  
ing angrier and angrier. Oh, how  
angry the dear soul was! "You look  
very pale, Margaret," she said. "Are  
you not well? I see by your conversa-  
tion that you are not quite yourself.  
You had better go to your room. Our  
friends will excuse you, I am sure."  
And I bowed to them all, and caught  
the doctor's twinkling eye—the doctor  
who wanted no young mother-in-law—  
and rose and slipped from the room be-  
fore either he or his father could offer  
me an arm. I could not have held out  
through another five minutes.

The elevator was just coming up  
from the lower hall. I stepped in. A  
gentleman in it took off his hat as usual.  
I seated myself, the boy closed the door  
and we softly slid upward. We as-  
cended half way to the next floor, when  
we paused with a slight jar. The boy  
looked up at the bell signals; pulled one  
string, and then another; pushed open  
the door against the blank wall, and  
then, before he had shut it, there came  
a sudden sense of leanness, and we  
had shot up toward the roof like a  
catapult; the boy had flung himself out  
as we passed one of the open spaces of  
the flying floors; and all at once we  
stopped again with a shock, suspended  
by some unknown agency between the  
two upper floors, with some seventy feet  
of empty space under us, and nothing  
that we knew of between us and destruc-  
tion.

The light in the elevator had gone  
out, and only a dim glimmer from the  
jets in the upper hall made darkness  
visible. For a moment I closed my  
eyes and leaned back, half lifeless. "It  
is horrible," I gasped. For I thought  
of the fierce shock, the crushing of  
body and bone that was to follow at  
any moment if we fell to the lower  
pavement, if we were driven up into  
the timbers of the roof. Then came  
the thought that it was but for a mo-  
ment after all, and with it would end  
all that was so unbearable. Loring  
Richards's wife and Loring Richards him-  
self would be nothing then to me. No  
more torture, no more heart-break, no  
more tears—just peace. And there  
came with that a certain gladness over  
all the immediate horror. "Are you  
afraid?" I said, turning to the other  
occupant of the cage, at whom I had not  
glanced.  
"Afraid, Margaret? Here?—alone  
with you?" came the answer.  
"Loring! Oh, how dreadful! And  
—and your wife—"  
"My wife! There is only one wife  
possible for me, Margaret, and you have  
kept me away from her for five years."  
"Do you say you are not married to  
that lovely creature at the table—?"  
"Married? To my cousin Rose?—  
And you ask me that, Margaret?—you?"  
I raised my eyes to look at him. He  
was standing directly before me in the  
half-shadow. "Oh, Loring," I said,  
"we are in the face of death. Can you  
forgive me—now, when there is nothing  
left for us but to die?"  
He bent and caught me to his heart.  
"At any rate," he said, "to die together.  
There is no greater bliss than that."  
"Oh yes," I cried, "—to live together.  
Ah, will nobody save us? Oh, when  
we have just found each other after all  
these bitter years! Were they bitter to  
you, Loring?"  
And just then the ropes began to slide  
softly over the pulleys again, and we  
went easily slipping down, and gently  
alighted at the lower hall as if nothing  
had been the matter. Talk of the total  
depravity of inanimate things! It is  
sacrilege. I believe that elevator knew  
just what it was doing. But you ought  
to have seen dear mamma's face when  
Loring told her that he should not let  
me out of his sight again till he had a  
legal claim upon me, and he would be  
glad of her company and Amy's in the  
Church of the Heavenly Haven in ex-  
actly one-half hour's time.—*Harper's  
Bazar.*

Children should be warned not to  
take what doesn't belong to them,  
especially the measles and smallpox.

### TOPICS OF THE DAY.

A movement is on foot for construct-  
ing a railway across Australia, but the  
difficulty is the arid nature of the center  
of that large island. There are good  
reasons for believing that, at all events,  
sufficient water is to be had by sinking  
wells; for, although there is none visi-  
ble, it is a fact that gum trees flourish,  
and there is an abundance of scrub  
which must obtain water somehow. It  
is known that the underlying rock is an  
almost level bed of sandstone, which is  
believed to be saturated with water; for  
rivers are known which lose themselves  
in the waterless plain, and never reach  
the sea.

December next has been fixed for  
the sale of the celebrated Sunderland  
library, which consists of the collection  
formed by Charles, third Earl of Sunder-  
land, in the early part of the eighteenth  
century. The total number of  
volumes is 30,000, most of them being  
in fine old morocco bindings, and many  
printed on vellum. Among the chief  
rarities are first and early editions of  
Latin classics and of the great Italian  
and French authors; a superb collection  
of early printed Bibles in various lan-  
guages, including a copy on vellum of  
the first Latin Bible with date; many  
extremely scarce works relating to  
America; a series of Spanish and Por-  
tuguese chronicles; a series of English  
and French works relating to the polit-  
ical and religious events of the sixteenth  
and seventeenth centuries, etc.

A suit for \$101,100 has been brought  
by a man in California against the Cen-  
tral Pacific railroad for the loss of his  
horse, wagon and five children. The  
company, he charges, carelessly built a  
covered bridge near the road crossing  
and planted trees, so that travelers  
could not see nor hear the approach of  
a train; and the five children were trav-  
eling on the highway in a wagon valued  
at \$200. Defendant's train came dash-  
ing along at the rate of thirty-five miles  
per hour, without ringing a bell or  
blowing a whistle, and ran into the  
wagon, killing all the children and the  
horse and destroying the wagon. The  
plaintiff has sustained great damage, to  
wit: First, in the loss of the services of  
the five children, and the loss of their  
society, and by reason of great mental  
anguish and suffering occasioned by the  
death of said children, in the sum of  
\$100,000; second, damages in the sum  
of \$800, which was necessarily expended  
by plaintiff in and about the burial  
of the children; third, the sum of \$300,  
the value of the horse and wagon killed  
and destroyed.

President Taylor, of the Mormon  
church, was persuaded by the United  
States census agents to admit that the  
church is a regularly organized hierar-  
chy. It has a president and twelve  
apostles, as everybody knows. It also  
has states, each of which has a presi-  
dent and council; the states are divided  
into wards, governed by bishops and  
councilors, and so on down. The New  
Orleans Democrat remarks on these re-  
velations and says: By the strangest and  
most important piece of information  
furnished by Taylor against the Mor-  
mons was, that among the clergy of that  
church there were regularly ordained  
judges who had control and jurisdiction  
over temporal as well as religious mat-  
ters. This has been charged against the  
Mormon church again and again by the  
Gentiles, and as constantly denied by  
the Mormons, but is now conclusively  
proved by the testimony of Taylor him-  
self. It is not to be wondered at that  
the Federal government finds some diffi-  
culty in dealing with the Mormon ques-  
tion, when this church is allowed to  
have temporal as well as spiritual juris-  
diction.

Another new application of electricity  
as a motor has been experimented in  
during the last few days in Paris. M.  
G. Trounev, a well-known electrician,  
has devised a method of applying the  
electrical current to the propulsion of a  
boat, and so far the results have been  
eminently satisfactory. The experi-  
ments have been made on the Seine, on  
several occasions, with a small boat con-  
taining from two to six persons. M.  
Trounev's electric motor consists of a  
Siemens coil, which by a simple but in-  
genious arrangement is made to transmit  
its power to a three-bladed screw at the  
stem of the boat. The motor itself is  
fixed on the upper part of the rudder,  
which it follows in its movements, as  
does also the screw. The motor, with  
its accessories, does not weigh more than  
five kilogrammes. M. Trounev's appa-  
ratus may be adapted to any boat, and  
there seems to be no reason whatever  
why it might not be so modified as to  
be applicable to vessels of much larger  
dimensions than that experimented on.  
Experiments in navigation by electricity  
were made on the Neva in 1839 by Jacobi,  
but the method adopted had so many  
drawbacks as to be practically useless.

An Austrian journal reports the  
curious fact that four "Titans of the Ger-  
man stage" have lately become insane.  
The calamity was due in two cases to

### FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Very simple jewelry is worn with  
summer dresses, and the absence of all  
jewelry is far more distinguished-looking  
than the use of too much. The neces-  
sary articles—pins, sleeve-buttons and  
chatelaine for the watch—are in very  
light design, and the merely orna-  
mental bracelets are only slender rims,  
while necklaces are not worn at all ex-  
cept for full drops. The fashionable  
brooch takes the shape of a bona fide  
pin, and may be like the long scarf pins  
worn by gentlemen, with merely a ball  
head, or else there is a separate pin at  
the back, like that on an ordinary  
brooch; the latter has the advantage of  
showing all the pin, which cannot be  
done when the scarf pin is used, though  
it is the caprice of the moment to  
thrust the scarf pin so slightly in the  
lace that the greater portion of it is  
seen. Some of the prettiest brooches  
are a gold pin about three inches long  
with a pearl head, while resting on the  
center of the slender pin are two di-  
amonds, or else a sapphire with a ruby,  
or perhaps two opals or two colored  
pearls. Sometimes a jeweled bee, a  
butterfly or a great spider is poised  
on the long pin, and sometimes there is  
a flower of colored stones or of enamel.  
Less expensive brooches are of red gold  
made to represent a long letter, the  
initial of the wearer's name—a script  
capital of slender gold lines. Scarf  
pins with ball heads like those used by  
gentlemen are chosen by ladies to pin  
 fichus and kerchiefs. Some of these  
have a ball of cream white enamel dotted  
with colors, others have tiny turquoise  
set in, or else a cat's-eye, or perhaps a  
ruby, a sapphire and a diamond  
are set in star shape. Fans, spi-  
ders, butterflies and daisies are also  
favorite heads for such pins. A number  
of pins of medium size are also used for  
fastening back the loops of muff or lace  
neckties, or to fasten the ends of a  
neckerchief as well as to confine it at  
the throat. The most popular pins of  
this kind are of sterling silver, with  
round or with pear-shaped heads, and  
there are also larger scarf pins of silver  
with hanging chain and pendant pieces.  
Dull yellow gold, either smooth or  
hammered, is pretty for pins that are  
to be used in black lace fichus. There are  
also pearl heads to gold pins of various  
sizes, costing from \$1.75 each to \$20,  
according to the size and value of the  
pearl. Silver brooches in floral de-  
signs are also very popular, especially  
in the whitened silver, when a pretty  
little spray of white flowers is repre-  
sented. A silver daisy brooch is espe-  
cially popular with young ladies. With  
simple morning and traveling dresses  
a brooch is worn with a linen collar  
without a necktie or lace, but for more  
dressy occasions fichus are fastened low  
in surplice fashion with from two to  
four pins, or else a lace scarf passed  
around the neck is tied in large loops  
and pinned in several places; black net  
with tinsel dashes is prettily worn  
around the neck with a hammered gold  
pin holding each loop of the large bow  
tied at the throat. A long straight  
scarf of tumbled mull is worn around  
the neck, passed down the front of the  
corsage and fastened in a bow at the  
waist line, with silver pins to hold it at  
the throat and the waist.—*Harper's  
Bazar.*

### MAKING THINGS OVER.

"Maria," said Mr. Jones upon one  
of his worrying days, "it seems to me  
you might be more economical; now  
there's my old clothes, why can't you  
make them over for the children instead  
of giving them away?"  
"Because they're worn out when  
you're done with them," answered Mrs.  
Jones. "It's no use making over things  
for the children that won't hold to-  
gether; you could not do it yourself,  
smart as you are."  
"Well," grumbled Jones, "I wouldn't  
have closets full of things mildestew for  
want of wear, if I was a woman, that's  
all. A penny saved is a penny earned."  
That was in April. One warm day in  
May Mr. Jones went prancing through  
the closets looking for something he  
couldn't find and turning things gener-  
ally inside out.  
"Maria!" he screamed, "where's my  
gray alpaca over?"  
"Made it over for Johnny."  
"Ahem! Well, there's the brown  
linen one I bought last summer?"  
"Clothes-bag!" mumbled Mrs. Jones,  
who seemed to have a difficulty in her  
speech at that moment. "Just made it  
into a nice one."  
"Where are my lavender pants?"  
yelled Jones.  
"Cut them over for Willie."  
"Heavens!" groaned her husband;  
then in a voice of thunder "Where  
have my blue suspender got?"  
"Hung the baby-jumper with them."  
"Maria!" asked the astonished man  
in a subdued voice, "would you mind  
telling me what you have done with my  
silk hat; you haven't made that over  
for the baby, have you?"  
"Oh! no, dear," answered his wife  
cheerfully, "I've used that for a hang-  
ing basket. It is full of plants and  
looks lovely." Mr. Jones never men-  
tions the word economy or suggests  
making over—he has had enough of it.  
*Detroit Post.*

A Setter Dog Upset by a Parrot.  
A gentleman had a fine English set-  
ter of which he made use in the hunt-  
ing expeditions of which he was very  
fond, finding the dog always alert, re-  
liable and well trained. One day, how-  
ever, the family received an addition  
in the shape of a parrot, brought over  
from the sea by the sailor son of the house-  
keeper. When first the setter came  
into the housekeeper's room, he stopped  
at the doorway and pointed at the gay  
bird perched on the outside of its cage  
at the other end of the room. The par-  
rot, not at all daunted by the dog's  
professional attitude, left its place and  
came mincing across the room "with  
many a flirt and flutter," and squared  
itself in front of the setter. The two  
confronted each other for a second, and  
then the bird remarked impressively:  
"You're a blamed rascal!" The dog  
was a second transfixed with horror at  
the unprecedented phenomenon of a  
speaking bird; then his tail sunk be-  
tween his legs, and he slunk away. But  
from that day a valuable dog was  
spoiled, for the setter would never point  
again.

A Swarm of Bees in Broadway.  
Several hundred persons might have  
been seen at Broadway and Park Place,  
New York, with their heads inclined as  
if making astronomical observations.  
Instead of star-gazing, however, they  
were looking at a strange black mass in  
the air, which proved to be a swarm of  
bees. The keeper of the fruit-stand on  
the corner, who had an eye for business,  
proceeded to capture the swarm. Turn-  
ing an old fruit barrel bottom-side up,  
he performed frantic incantations over  
it with a green bough. The insects were  
soon borne off in triumph. A reporter  
followed the fruit-dealer to the office of  
The Bee Keeper's Journal, where the  
rebel colony was safely lodged on the  
roof, along with about seventy-five other  
communities. After the editor, A. J.  
King, had given the fruit man \$1 the  
reporter asked him why he kept so many  
bees. "To raise queens," he said, "some  
of which are worth \$20 apiece." An  
incident similar to this happened in the  
Strand, London, some weeks ago.—*New  
York Sun.*

### PAYING TOLL.

Al! I regret were the days when we wandered  
In dear summer time long ago,  
Through lanes that were pleasant and shady,  
With our youthful hearts all aglow.  
The bridge over the brook I remember,  
For oft to the spot we would stroll;  
How your cheeks would blush like roses  
Whenever I asked you for toll.

How gently you tried to prevent me  
To take from your lips my just due;  
But somehow I always succeeded  
In getting prompt payment from you.  
How you would pretend to be angry,  
With smiles that were dear to my soul;  
I think that you somewhat enjoyed it,  
And rather liked paying the toll.

### PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"How does this strike you?" asked  
the lightning of the barn.  
A heated term—"I'll make it warm  
for you."  
It is an extraordinary fact that those  
who get to high words generally use  
very low language.  
A young lady at a reception called her  
beard an Indian, because he was on her  
trail all the time.  
Modesty, like honesty, pays. In the  
lists of victims of casualties you never  
see the name of a modest advertising  
agent.  
The czar has succeeded in maintain-  
ing absolute monarchy. But he is  
afraid to come out and see how it is  
getting along.  
Mr. Barnum writes from England  
that he has secured the novelty he has  
long been after. It is a screw-driver  
that won't slip.  
The scientists have taught that in-  
sects have their affections, and now  
some one knows a mosquito that was  
mashed on a young lady.  
There is going to be another comet-  
hold on, don't dodge yet; it's the comet  
of 1744, and it is only expected around  
once every 122,683 years.  
One hundred head of cattle is the  
amount involved on the result of a re-  
cent Texas horse-race. This is the  
largest beefsteak on record.  
"The oldest inhabitant" is not a  
natural liar. He simply lets his im-  
agination play in the open lot formerly  
occupied by memory and reason.  
A little pair of gloves that yet  
Retain a smell of clove,  
And just a tinge of cinnamon;  
I turn them vaguely over,  
And marvel how the girl I kissed,  
That night she promised to be true,  
Could jam a number seven fist  
Into a paltry number two.

### CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

It rains twice as often in Western as  
in Eastern Europe.  
Geese have been known to live to the  
age of eighty years.  
The word lent comes from a Saxon  
word, meaning spring.  
There are 1,500 square miles of ice in  
the Alps from eighty to 600 feet thick.  
The greatest mortality of mankind is  
between three and six in the morning.  
In 1584 "cages and stocks" for the  
punishment of offenders were ordered  
to be set up in every ward of the city of  
London.  
Shells six feet in length and weighing  
500 pounds, the covering of a clam  
which weighed sixty pounds, are among  
the curiosities in the Smithsonian in-  
stitute.  
Ink used in England was formerly  
more lasting than at the present day.  
A deed of the reign of Richard II. is  
preserved in which the ink is as black  
and brilliant as though of last year.  
There are a couple of Shoshone In-  
dians in Tuscarora who have heavy  
beards, something which is seldom seen  
upon the face of the red man. They  
are both old bucks, and their whiskers  
are nearly white, giving them quite a  
venerable and patriarchal appearance.  
Very few of those who have used the  
expression, "He's a brick," know that  
it comes from Pitarach. An ambassador  
from Epidus was shown by King Age-  
silanus, of Sparta, over his capital, and  
expressed surprise at the absence of  
walls and fortifications. "Come to-  
morrow," quoth the king, "and I will  
show you our walls." On the morrow  
he showed him an array of 10,000 men,  
repeating: "Each one is a brick."  
*Fairly Beaten.*  
Goethe was one evening interrupted,  
while absorbed in literary work, by a  
caller from America. When the caller  
was asked by a servant if he had any  
special business, he replied, "Only to  
see the poet."  
Goethe was vexed at the interruption  
and showed it plainly. Coming hastily  
into the room without a word of greet-  
ing, he seated himself abruptly on a  
stool, as if saying, "If you only wish to  
see me, look at me."  
The visitor's impudence was sublime.  
He proved himself master of the occa-  
sion. In perfect silence, like Goethe's,  
he rose, took a lamp from the table, and  
walked slowly around the poet, looking  
at him from every point of view.  
Goethe was conquered by this cool-  
ness. He burst into a hearty laugh,  
and began to converse in his pleasant  
style. The visitor proved to be an agreed  
companion, and Goethe was amused  
at his impudence.—*Yost's Companion*

### Summer Jewelry.

Very simple jewelry is worn with  
summer dresses, and the absence of all  
jewelry is far more distinguished-looking  
than the use of too much. The neces-  
sary articles—pins, sleeve-buttons and  
chatelaine for the watch—are in very  
light design, and the merely orna-  
mental bracelets are only slender rims,  
while necklaces are not worn at all ex-  
cept for full drops. The fashionable  
brooch takes the shape of a bona fide  
pin, and may be like the long scarf pins  
worn by gentlemen, with merely a ball  
head, or else there is a separate pin at  
the back, like that on an ordinary  
brooch; the latter has the advantage of  
showing all the pin, which cannot be  
done when the scarf pin is used, though  
it is the caprice of the moment to  
thrust the scarf pin so slightly in the  
lace that the greater portion of it is  
seen. Some of the prettiest brooches  
are a gold pin about three inches long  
with a pearl head, while resting on the  
center of the slender pin are two di-  
amonds, or else a sapphire with a ruby,  
or perhaps two opals or two colored  
pearls. Sometimes a jeweled bee, a  
butterfly or a great spider is poised  
on the long pin, and sometimes there is  
a flower of colored stones or of enamel.  
Less expensive brooches are of red gold  
made to represent a long letter, the  
initial of the wearer's name—a script  
capital of slender gold lines. Scarf  
pins with ball heads like those used by  
gentlemen are chosen by ladies to pin  
 fichus and kerchiefs. Some of these  
have a ball of cream white enamel dotted  
with colors, others have tiny turquoise  
set in, or else a cat's-eye, or perhaps a  
ruby, a sapphire and a diamond  
are set in star shape. Fans, spi-  
ders, butterflies and daisies are also  
favorite heads for such pins. A number  
of pins of medium size are also used for  
fastening back the loops of muff or lace  
neckties, or to fasten the ends of a  
neckerchief as well as to confine it at  
the throat. The most popular pins of  
this kind are of sterling silver, with  
round or with pear-shaped heads, and  
there are also larger scarf pins of silver  
with hanging chain and pendant pieces.  
Dull yellow gold, either smooth or  
hammered, is pretty for pins that are  
to be used in black lace fichus. There are  
also pearl heads to gold pins of various  
sizes, costing from \$1.75 each to \$20,  
according to the size and value of the  
pearl. Silver brooches in floral de-  
signs are also very popular, especially  
in the whitened silver, when a pretty  
little spray of white flowers is repre-  
sented. A silver daisy brooch is espe-  
cially popular with young ladies. With  
simple morning and traveling dresses  
a brooch is worn with a linen collar  
without a necktie or lace, but for more  
dressy occasions fichus are fastened low  
in surplice fashion with from two to  
four pins, or else a lace scarf passed  
around the neck is tied in large loops  
and pinned in several places; black net  
with tinsel dashes is prettily worn  
around the neck with a hammered gold  
pin holding each loop of the large bow  
tied at the throat. A long straight  
scarf of tumbled mull is worn around  
the neck, passed down the front of the  
corsage and fastened in a bow at the  
waist line, with silver pins to hold it at  
the throat and the waist.—*Harper's  
Bazar.*

### FASHION NOTES.

There is a rage for peacock feather  
decorations at present.  
Gold bangles are the only jewelry  
coming in vogue.  
Small carriage parcels are made with  
peacock feather decorations all over  
them.  
Very large bows of colored velvet are  
worn in the hair to form lace trimmings  
with large hats.  
Ombre watered silks in new designs  
in the shaded and watered effects ap-  
pear among late importations.  
Pongee hunting jackets worn with  
black or colored skirts make pretty and  
modest morning toilets at watering  
places.  
The fiances of striped nun's veiling  
gowns are usually made of goods cut  
crosswise, but the basque may be cut in  
the ordinary way, if one prefers.  
Immense