

KINSTON JOURNAL.

KINSTON JOURNAL
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DR. G. K. BAGBY,
SURGEON DENTIST
Office and residence on Caswell street, over JOURNAL Office and west of Monument.
Office hours from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 P. M. Sept. 1, 1881.

AYCOCK & DANIELS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
COLDSBORO, N. C.
Will practice in the courts of Wayne, Wilson Lenoir and Greene. Collections a specialty. May 21-1f

LOFTIN & PERRY,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS
AT LAW,
KINSTON, N. C.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to them, both in the Federal and State Courts. Special attention given to the settlement of estates, etc. Mr. Perry will be at Trenton every 1st Monday. July 28, 1881.

Albertson & Taylor,
CARRIAGE BUILDERS,
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LAW OFFICE.
CLARK & CLARK,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
KINSTON, N. C.
Office in Court House. Office hours from 12 o'clock, M. to 6 o'clock, P. M. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. July 28-1f

NICE LOT OF
Picture, Motto and Photograph
FRAMES JUST RECEIVED.
Beautiful Pictures and Motto Prints constantly on hand. Broken Looking-Glasses replaced. All sizes of Pane Glass furnished. Brackets, Wall Pockets, etc.

John B. Hyatt,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
KINSTON, N. C.
Practice in Lenoir, Greene, Wayne, Jones and a adjoining counties. Prompt and efficient attention paid all business entrusted to them. Settlements of estates of deceased persons a specialty. Board furnished to parties from the country. Office in Court-House square, formerly occupied by John F. Wooten. Jan 1-12m

TONSORIAL.
Having secured an assistant, I am prepared to do all fashionable work required of a Barber. Office Over Peillett's Drug Store. LOUIS GREEN. June 2-1f

DR. A. R. MILLER,
DENTIST,
Holds himself in readiness to insert Artificial Teeth, Extract, Fill and Clean, or do anything necessary to be done by a dentist. Office at residence. Board furnished to parties from the country. May 2-12m

CENTRAL HOTEL.
W. B. PATTERSON, Proprietor.
New Berne, N. C.
This well-known and commodious house, as its name implies, is situated in the central and business portion of the city, hence recommends itself, for its convenience, to the traveling public, affording solicitors every opportunity of visiting business correspondents. It has attentive servants, and its table is furnished with every delicacy of the season. Its rooms are large, airy and well furnished. An Omnibus for the conveyance of guests to and from trains and steamers FREE OF CHARGE. Terms to suit the times. Aug 26-1f

KINSTON Collegiate Institute.
SESSION OF 1881-'82.
Fall Term Ends January 27, 1882.
Spring Term Begins January 30, 1882.
Session of 1881-'82 Ends June 17, 1882.

INSTRUCTORS.
Richard H. Lewis, A. M. M. D., Principal, Instructor in Classics, Science and English Literature.
Elder C. W. Howard, Mathematics and Elocution.
Mrs. R. H. Lewis, Superintendent of Primary Department and Instructor in Junior English.
Mrs. Israel Harding, French and Junior English.
Miss Nannie Latham, Assistant in Primary Department.
Mrs. Anna L. Davis, Music.
Professor John Webb teaches Penmanship in a special class.
Catalogues on application. RICHARD H. LEWIS. Kinston, N. C., September 22, 1881.

Winter.
Though now no more the musing ear
Delights to listen to the breeze
That lingers o'er the greenwood shade,
I love thee, winter! well.
Sweet are the harmonies of spring!
Sweet is the summer's evening gale!
Pleasant the autumnal winds that shake
The many-colored grove.
And pleasant to the sobered soul
The silence of the wintry scene;
When nature shrouds her in her trance,
In deep tranquillity.
Not undelightful now to roam,
The wild heath sparkling on the sight;
Not undelightful now to pace
The forest's ample round.
And see the spangled branches shine,
And snatch the moss of many a hue
That varies the old trees' brown bark,
Or o'er the gray stons spread.
The clustered berries claim the eye
O'er the bright holly's gay green leaves;
The ivy round the leafless oak
Clasps its full foliage close.
—Ehrich's Fashion Quarterly.

THE DIAMOND EARRINGS.

If there was one person in the world more than another that Mrs. Templeton gazed at with eyes of curious regard, it was her husband's cousin, Mrs. Morris, and if she had no other ambition eclipsing another, it was to eclipse Mrs. Morris in every direction. If Mrs. Morris set up a wall-bask, Mrs. Templeton compassed a hanging cabinet. If Mrs. Morris had a new ivy pot, Mrs. Templeton would have nothing less than a window garden. A single vase on Mrs. Morris' piazza caused Mrs. Templeton's premises to break out with urns till they looked like a stone-cutter's yard. If Mrs. Morris gave a high tea, Mrs. Templeton had a dinner party out of hand; if Mrs. Morris had a luncheon, Mrs. Templeton had a ball, or what answered for one in the limited round of pleasures of their place of abode; and if Mrs. Morris indulged herself with a new silk, Mrs. Templeton always counted her finesses, and made her own phylacteries broader.

When one day, then, Mrs. Morris appeared at church—the usual place in the town of Carleton for ladies to exhibit their toilets—with a pretty little pair of diamonds sparkling in her ears, you can imagine the state of disquiet and wrath in which Mrs. Templeton walked home, and the very disagreeable time that Mr. Templeton had of it as he walked beside her, endeavoring to look like the happiest domestic man in Carleton. The sermon was criticised, the minister made out a time-server, the parish denounced collectively and personally, his own peculiar friends among the rest, and finally his cousin Hetty was reached, and her habits, her manners and her dress were made the text on which to hang anathema maranatha of worldliness, affectation, bad taste, low moral sense, irreligion, and last of all, extravagance—his dear little curls-lighted Cousin Hetty, whose red curls lighted such a frank, child-like countenance, and whose two diamonds, he had been guilty of thinking, just matched the limpid sparkle of the clear dew-drops of her gray eyes. But Mr. Templeton had far too much experience to say anything of the sort. "James Morris could not pay his debts if he were sold out to-day," said his wife. "And look at his wife's dress!—Maria, how many times must I tell you to keep those children inside the curbstone?—his wife's dress; just one glitter of satin and jet. And I declare it was impossible for me to fix my eyes on the lectern for the way in which she kept those diamonds twinkling before me, with her head on the perpetual dance. A pretty place for diamonds—church! I know a woman who wore them to her father's funeral; I suppose she would. I should think, at any rate, she could have controlled her inclinations, and waited till next Sabbath—diamonds on Palm Sunday! But it's high time of day, I must say," warming up with her husband's silence, "when I am without a single diamond to my name, and there is James Morris' wife—James Morris, who owes you \$5,000 borrowed money—"

It was very weak in Mr. Templeton to interfere; but one cannot be always on one's guard.
"I understand, Juliet, my love," said he, "that Hetty's Uncle Roberts sent her those earrings."
"Uncle Roberts, indeed! I should like to see Uncle Roberts for once, if he is not a mythical personage altogether," cried his wife, with the air of expecting Mr. Templeton to produce the alleged Uncle Roberts immediately.
"Uncle Roberts! Uncle Roberts. It is always Uncle Roberts. And you understand! forsooth! Why didn't I understand? Why were the earrings concealed from me? For all I know, you gave them to her yourself. Perhaps you are this Uncle Roberts who is always brought to the front at every pet piece of extravagance. For my part, I wish I had even a husband, not to speak of an Uncle Roberts, who would not see me trodden under foot by his little mix who chooses to toss her head above me—"
"My dear! my dear! just remember

where you are; just remember the children," murmured Mr. Templeton, frowning in a little farther.
"Where I am! I suppose you don't want all Carleton to hear how I'm outraged. You'd like to keep it a secret. You'd like to have me endure it in silence. Of course you don't want the children to hear their mother tell the plain story of your neglect, your outrage—"
Here Mr. Templeton took off his hat and made a low bow with a glittering smile to a gentleman and lady passing in an opposite direction.
"What in the world is the matter with Mrs. Templeton?" asked the gentleman. "She looks like a thunder-cloud full of lightning."
"Hetty Morris' earrings, I guess," was the answer. "She has probably seen them at church to-day. Poor Mr. Templeton! What a life that vixen leads him!"
"I don't know about that. He is tremendously in love with her."
"How can he be?"
"Force of habit, maybe. And she is a beauty, you know. And when she is good-natured there's nobody like her."
"Well, by Easter you'll see her with a pair of solitaires, Ill wager another pair. Take me up?"
"Not I. I shouldn't have any use for them if I won, except to give them back to you; and I couldn't afford to lose. Besides, I don't bet on a certainty," said the careful Mr. Bowman. And just then, Hetty Morris coming up, they stopped to admire her precious acquisitions; and Hetty heard of the wager, and shamed Mr. Bowman into taking it, before they parted and went their opposite ways, more merrily than was their Sunday wont.

Not so Mr. Templeton. As soon as his wife had banged the door behind her she tore off her bonnet and threw herself on a sofa, and called for Jane to bring the ammonia, and her husband to drop the shades, and Maria to take the children where she could not hear them, for her head was splitting with pain, as any one's would be treated as she was. And she would not go upstairs to bed, and Mr. Templeton's Sunday romp with the children was abrogated, and his dinner was made an act of silent and solitary penance; and if he told his wife he was going to afternoon service, and did go over to his cousin Hetty's, she, at least, had no right to blame him.

But woe for Mr. Templeton when he came home that evening! Mrs. Templeton had been removed to her own room, which reeked with steam of camphor and alcohol; she lay there in her white nightgown, with her black hair streaming over the pillow, with her great black eyes rolled up and fixed on a remote point of the ceiling, and with the foam standing on her lips—ghastly, stiff and immovable. It made no odds to Mr. Templeton—I mean Templeton—that he had seen her so fifty times before; in fact, always when she wanted something she could not have. Cold terror struck to his soul lest he should lose his torment; all her virtues swelled into the hosts of heaven, all her faults were wiped out as with a sponge. He was down on his knees beside her in a moment. "Oh, my darling! my Juliet! my love! speak to me! Tell me you know me!" he cried. "Run for the doctor, Jane. Where is Dr. Harvey? Why haven't you had him here already? Get him at once. Give me the brandy. Heat those soap-sops. Where are the hot-water bags?" And he was bathing her lips, and rubbing her hands, and kissing her forehead, and adorning her to give any sign of life. But it was not till the doctor's steps was heard that Mrs. Templeton vouchsafed the least indication; and then her breast began to heave, her hands to tremble, her long supple body, that had been stiffly resting on its head and heels only, began to sway and subside, her feet to twitch, and presently those feet were beating a tattoo on the footboard, and the lips parted in shrieks, and the shrieks turned to sobs, and the doctor was pouring chloral between the teeth, and the sobs sank away into sleep, and the hysterics were over.

"What could have excited you so, my dearest, and thrown you into such a terrible convulsion?" Mr. Templeton was saying next morning. "Hysterics" was a forbidden word. Mrs. Templeton would have had another attack at the sound of it. "It must have been the heat of the church; it was overpowering. Thurlow has never learned to regulate that furnace."
"The heat," sighed Mrs. Templeton, faintly, "and the glitter of those diamonds. They kept dancing so before my eyes with their bright spots that they dazzled the brain. I am afraid I was very cross yesterday, Jarvis. Oh, I didn't know what I was saying. Oh, I never want to see any diamonds again."
"You shall have a pair of your own before I am a week older," exclaimed the feeble husband.
"Oh, no, no, no! I should be so ashamed. I don't deserve them. I—I

couldn't think of it. Indeed, indeed, I wouldn't have you, Jarvis darling; I should feel just as if I had begged for them."
But when Mr. Templeton returned from the city that night, as pretty a pair of solitaire earrings as he could buy with the bond he sold glittered in a velvet case marked with her name.
As he opened the case and held it before her, Mrs. Templeton shuddered, and turned her glance away from the beautiful white sparkle, and said they looked at her with two great eyes of reproach, and she ought not to have them, and they were as heavenly as twin stars. And presently they were glittering in her ears, and all the faintness and languor were gone, and she was running to the glass and holding her head on this side and on that, and admiring herself, and turning to her husband for admiration. Looking, with her large liquid dark eyes, her pale face, her perfect features, her dazzling smile, all illumined by the shining drops, as beautiful as the most beautiful Juliet that was ever loved. And her husband felt twice and a hundred times repaid for the sacrifice of his little savings in the only bond he had yet been able to buy and lay by for the future by the vision of her and by the delighted kisses she showered upon his lips, and the warm embraces of the long white arms.

It was not once, but twenty times, that Mrs. Templeton looked at the flash of her new splendors in the mirror, took them out of her ears and put them back again, tangled her hair in them so that her husband might loosen them and be struck afresh, as he did so, with the pale pink sea-shell of the ear, the curve of the throat, the exquisite oval of the cheeks; and she went at last to the window and shielded the pane with her hands while looking out and up at the stars. "I declare," she said, "the glistening of Orion's belt is no more splendid than my diamonds. I never thought I should have diamonds, Jarvis."
Nor did she have diamonds after that one evening of ecstasy. The little borough of Carleton was no better than other places, and while she stood at the window comparing her gems with Orion's a pair of enterprising burglars who at that moment were not "burgling," chanced to obtain a view of their opportunities, and they went through the house that night, and the diamonds went through their fingers the next day.

Alas for Mrs. Templeton! It would have been idle for her to have another convulsion. Her husband had not another bond for another pair of stones. And so the mother of the Graecii could not have played a more magnanimous part than she did.
"Oh, what do I care for jewels!" she cried, when Hetty ran over to survey with her big, pitying eyes—eyes much more beautiful than the sparkle in her ears—the scene of ruin, where the burglars had left their matches and eaten their cold cakes and coffee—"what do I care for jewels? They might have taken the children. Oh, Hetty, how thankful I am they didn't take the children!"
"As if," said Hetty to her own husband afterward, "any burglar under heaven would want those horrid Templeton children, the worst imps ever born of hysterics and temper! Now if it had been our children, Louis!"
"I think you had better tell her, though, that your diamonds are only Alaska crystals," said Louis. "Pretty bits of glass, but only genuine glass, that Uncle Roberts sent for mischief."
"Well, I don't know but I will. But I think I'll lend them to her to wear to church on Easter first, for I do want Clara Bowman to win [her earrings]—they'll be the only genuine diamonds among us all. And she brought him money enough for Mr. Bowman to afford her whatever she wants; and I heard her lay the wager with him myself that Mrs. Templeton would wear a pair of solitaires to church on Easter."
—Harper's Bazar.

Sleeping Apart.
"More quarrels arise between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between clerks in stores, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes through their systems by lodging together night after night under the same bedclothes, than by any other disturbing cause. There is nothing that will so derange the nervous force, as to lie all night in bed with another person who is sorbent in nervous force. The absorber will go to sleep and rest all night, while the eliminator will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish, fault-finding and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and the other will lose. This is the law."
—Laws of Life.

A peculiar violet odor is emitted from the males of some species of Brazilian butterflies, the female being not at all fragrant.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The city of Klingenberg, in Lower Franconia in Germany, not only imposes no municipal tax, but every voter receives an annual dividend from the city treasury of a sum ranging from \$22.50 to \$25. The city recently celebrated the Sedan anniversary by giving every citizen fifty cents, with fifty cents extra to every soldier of the war with France.

The king of Ashantee, like his neighbor, the despot of Dahomey, is an adept at human sacrifices, but the latest exploit attributed to him, of killing two hundred young girls in order to get their blood for mixing mortar in the repair of a building, is almost past belief. In civilized countries, monarchs, to be sure, send tens of thousands of young men to die on the battlefield in order to build up and cement their power with warm blood, but the barbarities of the ruler of Oo-nassie are of a different sort. The eagerness for inflicting violent death is, however, such a passion with the Ashantees, as their wars with the Fantees show, that probably this latest atrocity on the Gold Coast does not produce much emotion there.

The Italian newspapers have fast increased in number of late years, and for a half-century show a progress which in a measure has kept pace with the other countries of Europe. Previous to 1797 there was not one journal in the entire country. In 1836 there were only 185, and of these 110 were published in Rome. Now there are 1,454, of which 149 are dailies, but Rome no longer has the lead. It is Milan, with 216, that comes first. Rome then follows with 147, Naples with 114, Florence with 110, Genoa with fifty-six, and Venice with thirty-two. Rome has eighteen daily papers, Naples sixteen, Palermo thirteen, Milan twelve, Florence nine, Turin six, and Venice five. On an average, there 8,000 readers for each Italian newspaper.

In reference to the recent great demand for Confederate bonds, it is stated that a Washington gentleman well known in Southern circles says of the Confederate fund that the Confederate disbursing officers had altogether a very large sum on hand, which they were too honest to appropriate and pocket, and if they retained it, the United States government, it was feared, could seize it. So they placed it in the hands of honorable Englishmen as trustees, to hold for a term of years, and then to dispose of it as seemed most just. At the head of these, it was understood, was Lord Haughton. The Bank of England is probably only the depository and agent of the trustees. The bonds issued approximated \$800,000,000. Probably not one-third are now in existence. This money in England was the product of cotton, etc., bought and paid for with bonds.

Calcutta was recently thrown into a state of intense excitement by the arrival of the great Moulvi Hafiz Ahmed, who is credited with the possession of miraculous powers enabling him to cure all diseases which flesh is heir to. His process is very simple. The people assemble with earthen pots of water; he passes among them and breathes upon the water, and forthwith it is impregnated with curative properties. Enormous crowds follow the man wherever he goes, and not only Hindoos and Mohammedans, but even Christians of all classes join the ranks. He is in easy circumstances, and exacts no fee or reward of any kind for his services; his personal character is above reproach, and his influence is always used in favor of law and order. He is a Mohammedan preacher and a great authority upon points of Mohammedan doctrine.

The Legend of Mimir.

It is a beautiful legend of the Norse Land. Amilias was the village blacksmith, and under the spreading chestnut treekin his village smithopken stood. He the hot iron ghammered and sjud horses for fifty cents all round please. He made tin helmets for the gjuds and stove-pipe trousers for the hjerces. Mimir was a rival blacksmith. He didn't go in very much for defensive armor, but he was lightning on two-edged swords and cut and slash swordcutlasses. He made cheeseknives for the other gjuds, and he made the great Bjvestensen and Arkanaw toothpick that would make a free incision clear into the transverse semi-colon of a cast iron Ichthyosaurus, and never turn its edge. That was the kind of a Bjhair-pin Mimir he said he was.

One day Amilias made an impenetrable suit of armor for a second-class ghjodd, and put it on himself to test it, and boastfully inserted a card in the "Svenska Norden" jrvaisk jkanaheld-splytdenokgorodovrasaken," saying that he was wearing a suit of home-made, best chilled Norway merino underwear that would knock the unnumbered saw teeth in the pot-metal cutlery of the iron-mongery over the way. That, Amilias remarked to his friend Bjohkn Bjrobjinson, was the kind of a Bjjehnn he was.

When Mimir spelled out the card next morning, he said "Bjji!" and went to work with a charcoal furnace, a cold anvil, and A. T. Hay's isomorphous process, and in a little while he came down street with a sjaard that glittered like a dollar store diamond, and met Amilias down by the new opera house. Amilias buttoned on his new sjaarmor and said:
"If you have no hererafter use for your old chyyeeee-knife, strike."
Mimir spat on his hands, whirled his skjvard above his head and fetched Amilias a swipe that seemed to miss everything except the empty air through which it softly whistled. Amilias smiled and said, "Go on," adding, that it "seemed to him he felt a general sense of cold iron somewhere in the neighborhood, but he hadn't been hit."
"Strike yourself," said Mimir.
Amilias shook himself, and immediately fell into halves, the most neatly divided man that ever went beside himself.

A King's Spirit.
The following story was told me as an instance of Carl (Johan) XIV's spirit: A Russian man-of-war was seen passing the fort of Waxholm en route for Stockholm without having given customary salute. The orders of the fort commandant were distinct that in a case like this two warnings were to be given. The first, that of firing a ball in the rear of the vessel. If this were unheeded, another was to be sent in advance of its bow. In case both warnings were disregarded, a ball was to be sent into the most vulnerable part of the ship. In the present instance both warnings had been given without response, and the commandant, a young beardless lieutenant, though shaking in his boots, cried out to the cannoneer: "Do you see the wheel-house?"
"Yes."
"Send a ball into it, in God's name!" This had effect. With crashed wheel-house the Russian stopped perforce. A moment later two boats were seen setting off for Stockholm; one with the frightened young commandant in it from Waxholm, and one from the disabled man-of-war, each rowing with utmost speed in hope of reaching the royal presence first. The Swede arrived just enough in advance to obtain the first audience. He gasped out his story.
"Well," said the king, "it seems she wouldn't salute, and you fired?"
"Yes."
"Where did you hit her?"
"Oh, your majesty, he graciou!"
"Did you hit the wheel-house?"
"Ye—es."
"Good! You're a major."
The Russian was permitted to rebuild the wheel in Stockholm. —Harper's Magazine.

Largest Cotton Raiser in the World.
Edward Richardson, of Mississippi, is the largest cotton raiser in the world, the khodive of Egypt coming second. Mr. Richardson owns some 52,000 acres of cotton land, from which he raised last year more than 12,000 bales. He gins, spins and weaves it, and has oil mills as well. Mr. Richardson has amassed a fortune variously estimated at \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000.
"She stoops to conquer." Can this refer to the fond mother who bends over her wayward boy with a number five slipper?

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The Young Queen of Heals.
The present queen, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Telegraph, seems likely to live and do well. Notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, there is no prospect for the advent of the son for whom both she and her young husband long so passionately. She is very happy in her summer retirement at La Granja, driving her four and sometimes six spirited ponies about the grounds, and giving a smile and a pleasant word to every one she meets, for even that stiffest and most formal of courts lays aside etiquette and royal observances in the free, pleasant atmosphere of that summer residence. Donna Christina is said to look very pretty in her fresh, white muslin dresses, trimmed with delicately-tinted ribbons, and in the shady hats wreathed with silk gauze, which are her usual wear at La Granja. Such attire fits her far better than do the cumbersome robes and rich satins and velvets which she must assume on state occasions. She has an extremely pretty figure, straight, trim, and finely molded, its only defect being that it is too straight, the queen carrying herself so erect that her waist has a backward curve. She is a devoted mother, and may often be seen driving out with the little princess and holding the baby's soft hand in her own. But they say that neither as mother nor as queen will Donna Christina be content until she is the mother of a son. The young king, I am told, makes a most exemplary husband, and his brief passion for a beautiful foreign lady during his widowhood having been replaced by a very genuine attachment to his sprightly and sensible wife.

Fashion Notes.
Belts remain in vogue.
Paniers continue in fashion.
V-necks have superseded square necks.
Combination costumes are out of fashion.
New Derbies have low crowns and no roll to the brim.
Red plush basques are worn with black silk skirts.
Ombre (shaded) stockings come in all the new colors.
Shaded feathers are a marked feature in winter millinery.
Untrimmed striped skirts still continue to be much worn.
Bodices show a variety of styles both in shape and trimming.
Fancy jewelry has multiplied itself ad infinitum this winter.
Wreaths of roses and other flowers are revived for ball collifures.
Spanish lace, both black and white, is as much the rage as ever.
Cuffs are made very deep, reaching sometimes almost to the elbow.
Seal brown cloth, with plush to match, is the favorite material for elegant promenade costumes.
Ribbons striped in moire and plush, or moire and satin, are in high favor for bonnets and hat trimmings.
Gros grain silks in the rich blue and olive shades make up beautifully, associated with brocaded velvet.
Large hats with obelisk crowns and halo brims are the first choice of the most fashionable young ladies.
Heavy brocade silks, with the designs impressed in the fabric, will be much in favor for cloaks and rich winter costumes.
The most elegant buttons have the cameo head of Queen Elizabeth, or Marguerite cut in mother of pearl. Price fifteen dollars a dozen.

From This to That.
"We don't know much about it, of course," says the editor of the Burlington Hawkeye, "but we should think after a man has been secretary of the treasury for three or four years, and had occasionally dumped \$50,000,000 into Wall street to relieve the market, and had called in \$20,000,000 sizes at one time, and bought \$2,000,000 of bond* every week, and disbursed \$11,000,000 one week and \$18,000,000 the next, we should think it would grieve him awfully to go back into his law office when the administration changed, and make out an abstract of a farm away out in Buckshaw county and sell it for an old woman down in Kickapoo township to an old fellow out in Waukiesaw settlement, and only get a fee of \$25, and have to wait four months for that, and then have to take a scroful soil for it. Perhaps the ex-secretaries of the treasury don't mind it much, but we just say we don't like to get used to it."
—Burlington Hawkeye.

New York City has appropriated \$1,000,000 for street cleaning in 1882. Her police will cost \$3,500,000, the fire department calls for \$1,464,850, the schools will have \$3,500,000, the department of charities and correction can be run for \$1,312,500 and the department of public works will command \$2,399,000.