Your faith in the future, alas! is faint. O Farmer John, you're a truthful type Of the land you live in and love so much; Your smiles eannot make the crops grow ripe, Or send up the markets to such and such.

() serious, serious Farmer John! 'Tis that old, deep feeling of discontent That through plenty and famine has moved us

For grumbling brings good government.

BEHIND THE TAPESTRY.

[Cassell's Magazine.]

The first part of the strange story which I am about to tell happened some ten vears ago.

to do with fancy? Ten years ago I was in the first sorrow of my widowhood. I was childless, too; able feeling from my mind, and stirring and when the grave closed over my hus- the fire to a cheerful blaze, I drew one of band I thought that there was no place the black oak chairs near it and sat down. left for me in the world. ened before she left me, that out of consid-

I was rich, young: and my friends, and my own reflections in the glass, told me eration for her feelings I had allowed her that I was beautiful. Of course I had many acquaintances; what rich young widow has not? But acquaintances and friends differ widely. I did not care for the people who flattered

and made much of me, but I turned, even by the fire I saw the reflection of my diain the first days of my trouble, to one She, too, was young and beautiful. We were schoolfellows; we were engaged at the same time: we were married in the

same month of the same year. During the three years of my married all? Of course I did not believe it. I life we had seen little of each other, but laughed aloud as the idea came to me. I when my husband died, and Mary Clifford wrote to me tenderly out of her full heart, get into bed as quickly as possible. I answered back her love. She asked me to stay with her, and

How peaceful were those days spent in her beautiful home! The house and place were called Aspen's Vale. The house was hung in such a way as to reveal a large many centuries old. Its architecture was portion of the room, and I now saw, not remarkable; its rooms curious. It was a the diamonds, but-something else. rambling old place, and of course it had In the folds of the dim and old-world lovely grounds, overlooking wood and river. Altogether, it was one of the show-

I stayed with the Cliffords for a couple Now I knew why I felt that I was not of months. During that time the house alone. was quiet, visitors few-they eschewed

At the end of two months I left them, was human, or I had never looked on hucomforted and helped, and with many promises of a return by-and-by. man eye before. I was alone with a thief, perhaps with worse, and gems of immense Circumstances, however, too varied and value lay within his reach. I was absotoo many to mention, prevented that second visit taking place for a couple of years. At the end of that time a great longing came over me to see Mary Clifford again. I must write to her, and promise a visit.

By return of post I got a short, but characteristic reply: full. Large as it is, it is crammed from | in no way betrayed my knowledge to my | circumstance my visit would have been

My dear, I don't want to refuse you. I | ing out the situation and my chances of do long to see you. Will you sleep in the escape. Tapestry room? for of course it is empty. dare not put anybody else there, but I

put up your maid. Your loving friend, MARY CLIFFORD. To this letter I made a short answer: I do not believe in the ghost. The ring. Tapestry room will do beautifully. Ex-

pect me to-morrow. The next evening I arrived at Aspen's silver candlesticks. Vale in time for dinner. The Tapestry room looked charming. I fell in love with it on the spot, and vowed laughingly that the ghost and I would make friends. My maid, however, looked grave over

pelieved in supernatural visitations. Gayety of heart, however, was over me. I could not resist the cheerful influence of tapestry, and a man got out. When he to the court, and see for ourselves the prismy old friend's company. I felt happier | did so I opened my eyes wide; at that dis- oner in whom he was interested. than I had done since my husband's death, and after a very delightful evening, retired to my room, feeling brave enough to ehcounter any number of ghosts that might had a black beard, and a quantity of thick we entered, the case under discussion had

The Tapestry room was quite away from | were tolerably regular. the rest of the house-it was at the exsmoking-room, a morning-room, and a back off his forehead-so white was it that little oriel chamber, which Mrs. Clifford in the fire instantly revealed it to me. her early married-life had curiously fitted | The man did not glance toward the bed, up for herself, but now seldom occupied. he went straight, with no particularly Neither did she believe in the ghost, but | quiet step, to the dressing-table. I closed | was my guest of the Tapestry chamber of she confessed that this little oriel chamber | my eyes now, but I heard him taking up

ad an eerie feel.

The morning-room opposite, cheerful Then he approached the bed-side. I felt his vast breadth and height, his raven and pretty enough, was unused. Its fur- him come close, I felt his breath as he black hair, and that peculiar white lock niture was antique, it belonged to a bygone day, and its inhabitants were dead. The smoking-room also was deserted; even the fumes of tobacco had left it, the squire dressing-table. I heard him rather noisily ground. preferring a more central apartment in the strike a match, then with a lighted candle erything but my sense of discovery. I modern part of the house.

Altogether, this wing of the old house bed. This time he bent very low indeed, out of curiosity; they paid brief visits, and it before my closed eyes. I lay still, how- ber the night when I got the terrible preferred doing so in broad daylight. It must have been quite a hundred years since the Tapestry room in the far end of I heard him give a short satisfied sigh. this wing had been slept in. Old as the Again, candle in hand, he returned to the he stands." other rooms in the wing looked, the Ta- dressing-table. Once more I heard the pestry room bore quite the palm of ancient | clinking sound of my trinkets as they fell | appearance. There was not an article of | through his fingers. furniture in it, not a chair, not a table, which must not have seen the light of cen-

The furniture was all of the blackest oak; the bedstead the usual four-poster on He opened the door and went out. I which our ancestors loved to stretch them- did not know what he went for-perhaps selves. But the curious feature of the to fetch a companion, certainly to returnroom, that which gave it its name, was but I did know that my opportunity had the tapestry. Not an inch of the walls come. was to be seen; they were hung complete. In an instant, quicker than thought, ly with very ancient and very faded tapes- had started from my feigned slumbers; I try. One Dame Clifford, of long, long it. There were several bolts to this oldtry. There was a story about this tapes- was at the door, I had bolted and locked gone days, had worked It, with the help of her maidens. She had come to an untimely end on the very day on which chain secure. I was not an instant too the great work of her life had been com- soon. I had scarcely fastened the last I know not; this is the present end of a

It does not matter to this story what the thief returned. became of the proud and fair dame, but it He saw that he had been outwitted, and was her ghost which was said to haunt the his savage answer knew no bounds. He wing, and the Tapestry chamber in par- kicked at the door, he called on me wildly

"They do say, ma'am, as Dame Clare life would be the forfeit. Clifford appears with her head tucked under her arm, and threads from the old were no idle boast. The old door, secured tapestry hanging from her skeleton fin- by its many fastenings on the one side, gers, she's dressed in gray silk, that don't was weak on the other; its hinges were might stand all alone, they do say. 'Tis wful lonesome for you, madam, to sleep with the meaning the said to-day he'd bet he'd vote and form the little Rock and Fort shows a given a good education and was always from their resting-places in the wood.

"Well, he said to-day he'd bet he'd vote and handsome residence in a fashion nancially in the Little Rock and Fort able part of the city. His daughter was from their resting-places in the wood."

"Well, he said to-day he'd bet he'd vote able and handsome residence in a fashion nancially in the Little Rock and Fort able part of the city. His daughter was from their resting-places in the wood.

Raleigh

Register.

here alone, and I'll stay with you with

I thanked Warden, however, and as-

alone. I heard her footsteps echoing

den's footsteps echoed out and died, and

that profound stillness followed which can be oppressive, I had a curious sensa-

I did not call it fear, I did not know it

it made me uncomfortable, and caused my

The sensation was this-I felt that I was not alone.

Of course it was fancy; and what had I

I determined to banish this uncomfort-

Warden had looked so pale and fright-

sparkle, again that strange sensation re-

turned; this time more strongly, this time

vous. There was nothing for me but to

and go over to the old-fashioned four-

poster when again my attention was at-

tracted to the glass over my head. It was

There was one hidden between the ta-

pestry hangings and the wall of the cham-

-that I was a very brave woman.

Then I put the extinguishers on the can-

The room, however, was still brilliant

It may have been ten minutes-it seemed

before I heard the faintest movement.

my eyes were shut, I was breathing gently.

fashioned door, there were even chains.

I drew every bolt, I made every rusty

burst the old door from its hinges, and my

To my terror, I perceived that his words

betrayed me.

went to the door.

with the light of the fire on the hearth.

low, and closed my eyes.

dles-they were wax, and stood in massive

with a cold shiver. I was not alone.

heart to beat irregularly.

evening on the dressing table.

down the corridor-they died away.

other inhabitants of Aspen's Vale.

sured her that I was not in the least afraid; for a little longer, to gain a fresh entrance

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1884.

I knew that I was only protected for a pleasure if it comes to that, though my few minutes, that even if the thief was nerves aren't none of the strongest." alone he had but to continue to assail the door as vigorously as he was now doing

and she, with a well-relieved face, left me | into my chamber. I rushed to the window, I threw up the sash, and bent half out. Into the clear was now out of reach of all human help, calm air of the night I sent my strong for in this distant room, in this distant young voice. wing, no possible sounds could reach any "Help, he "Help, help!-thieves!-fire!-danger

I shouted these words over and over, I think I have implied that I was brave. but there was no response except an echo. In my girlhood, in my short married life, My room looked into a distant shrubbery; even in the sad depression of my early widowhood, I have never known physical the hour was late, the whole household fear; nevertheless, when the last of War-

was in bed. The thief outside was evidently making way with the rusty hinges, and I was preparing, at the risk of any consequences, he moment he entered the room, to leap from the window, when I heard a dog

for that grim and pale-faced tyrant; but bark. I redoubled my cries. The bark of the dog was followed by footsteps; they came nearer, treading down fallen branches, which crackled under the welcome steps. The next instant a man came and stood under the window and looked up at me. I perceived by his dress that he was a villager, probably taking a short cut to his house. He stood under the window; he seemed terrified; perhaps he took me for the ghost. He was not, however, all a coward, for he spoke.

"What is wrong?" he said. "This is wrong," I answered; "I am in to leave the jewels which I had worn that extreme danger-extreme danger. There is not a moment to lose. Go instantly-in-There they lay, a set of very valuable stantly, and wake up the house, and say brilliants. There was an old-fashioned mirror over the mantel-piece, and as I sat that I, Mrs. Crawford, am in extreme danger in the Tapestry wing. Go at oncemonds in the glass. As I noticed their at once!"

I spoke distinctly and the man seemed to understand. He flew away, the dog following him. I instantly threw myself on my knees, Who was in the Tapestry chamber? Was

it the ghost? Was that story true, after and in the terrible moments that followed I prayed as I had never prayed before. Would the man be in time? Must my felt that I was getting quite silly and ner- | young life be sacrificed? Ah! no. God was good. I heard ful sounds; the thief's attacks on the door I was about to rise from my easy-chair | ceased suddenly, and the next instant the squire's hearty voice was heard. "Let me in, Honor! What is wrong,

> I did let him in, and his wife, and several alarmed-looking servants who follow-We instantly began to look for the thief,

but-mystery of mysteries-he had disap-I looked again; there was no mistaking it | peared. That terrible man with the black hair -it was an eye, a human eye, looking fixedly at me through a hole in the canvas. | and white lock over his forehead had van-

never been.

his feet on the old oak door, there was not Some one-not a ghost. That eye a trace of his existence. I believe the servants doubted that he had ever been, and only thought that the young lady who was foolish enough to sleep in the Tapestry chamber had been lutely alone, not a soul could hear the visited by a new form of the ghost. Be most agonized cry for help in this distant | that as it may, we never got a clew to where or how the man had vanished.

Now I knew-if I had ever doubted it Ten years later I was again on a visit at The imminence of the peril steadied the Aspen's Valc. This time I did not sleep nerves which a few minutes before were in the Tapestry room. Dearest Honor: Of course I-long to beginning strangely to quiver. I never I now occupied a most cheerful modern see you, but unfortunately the house is started nor exclaimed. I felt that I had and unghost-like room, and but for one

terrible guest. I sat perfectly still, thinkthoroughly unremarkable. This was the circumstance which seems in a wonderful way to point a moral to my Nothing but consummate coolness could | curious tale. I paid my visit to the Clifwin the victory. I resolved to be very fords during the Assizes. Squire Clifford, don't think you, Honor, will be afraid of | cool. With a fervent and passionate cry | as one of the most influential county magthe ghost. If the Tapestry room will do, to One above for succor, I rose from my nates, was necessarily much occupied with come, and a thousand welcomes. I can chair, and going to the dressing-table, I his magisterial duties during this time. slipped several costly rings off my fingers. Every morning he went early into Lewis, I left them scattered carelessly about. I the town where the Assizes were held. denuded myself of all but my wedding. One morning he told us of a case which

interested him. "He is a hardened villain," he said; "he has again and again been brought before me, but has never yet been convicted. He is unquestionably a thief; indeed, one of the notorious characters in the place; I got into bed, laid my head on the pil- but he is such a slippery dog, no jury has yet found him guilty. Well, he is to be tried again to-day, and I do hope we shall

my jesting remarks; it was plain that she | more like an hour to my strained senses- | have some luck with him this time." The squire went away, and it came in Then I discovered a little rustle behind the to his wife's head and mine to pay a visit

No sooner said than done. We drove tance he could not possibly see whether they were open or shut. He was a power- into Lewis, and presently found ourselves ful man of great height and breadth. He in the large and crowded building. When black hair. I noticed his features which not begun, but a moment after a fresh prisoner was ushered into the dock.

I also noticed another peculiarity: among What was the matter with me? I found treme end of the wing. No other bed his raven locks was one perfectly white. my sight growing dim, I found myself rooms were in the wing. There were a One rather thick white lock was flung bending forward and peering hard. The memory of an old terror came back, the sensation of a couple of hours of mortal agony returned to me again. Who was in the prisoner's dock? I knew the man. He ten years ago.

> bent over me. I was lying on my side, flung back from his brow. He did not glance at any one, but kept his eyes on the I could not contain myself; I forgot ev-

in his hand he once more approached the started to my feet, and spoke. "Mr. Clifford, I know that man; he was seemed dead. Visitors only came to it and I felt the heat of the flame as he passed in my room ten years ago. Do you rememever; not a movement, not a hurried breath, fright in the Tapestry chamber in your

house? There is the man who frightened me. I could never forget his face. There Whatever effect my words had on the squire and the judge, there is no doubt at all of their remarkable significance to There was a pause, and then-for no the prisoner. His indifference left him; he reason that I could ever explain-he left stared with wide open and terrified eyes at me. It was plain that if I recognized him, the trinkets untouched on the table, and

he also recognized me. All his bravado left him; he muttered something; his face was blanched; then not long till he had followed her, his heart suddenly he fell on his knees and covered having been completely crushed by the it with his hands.

clusive; and that day, for the first time. nor was there poison, except that poison Hercules Armstrong was committed to that comes from bitter words unjustly him. What his subsequent career may be chain, with fingers that trembled, before strange and perfectly true story.

He had his Candidate.

"Mr. Brown," said a little Brooklyn boy ticular. Warden, my maid, as she helped to open it; he assured me that he had ac- to a visitor the other night, "who are you the to undress, looked quite pale with complices outside, that they would soon going to vote for for Mayor next election?" "I don't know yet," replied Mr. Brown, 'the candidates haven't been nominated.' "Well," said the boy, "pa's got it all fixed who he's going to vote for."

WOMEN FOLK.

FAMOUS AMERICAN BEAUTIES.

sad Ending of Two Brilliant Careers. [New York World.] A strange fatality seems always to have attended beautiful women from the time years before. Northern people had begun of Helen of Troy down to the present hour. Cleopatra, after having triumphed over flock there with the same unanimity. It sought relief in suicide. Everybody knows | Sulphur and Saratoga that the report origthe sad story of Petrarch and Laura, of | inated that Nellie Hazeltine and Mr. Sam-Abelard and Heloise and of Beatrice Cenci. uel J. Tilden were engaged to be married. been seen there nor will any like them be | the same time. She was in every gatherever seen there or elsewhere again. It was | ing the centre of a circle. There was an the last brilliant glow of Southern chival- irresistible charm about her presence that ished as completely as though he had war. Most of the men had been distin- about the same time, which, on account of to do so with elegance. guished officers in the Confederate army, her wide reputation, gained circulation in Except for the marks he had made with such as General Butler, General Gary and all the papers of the country. The fact

General Hampton, of South Carolina; that her innocence was clearly established Gordon, of Georgia; General Beauregard, of the affair did not wholly remove the imof Louisiana, and dozens of commanders pression that had been created, and to esof lesser renown. Most of them were yet cape the disagreeable consequences of it in the vigor of manhood and had about she married a young man greatly her inthem the fresh fame that had come from ferior but believed at the time to be the their achievements on the battle-field. The old South had not yet entirely faded hardly passed till his father's money was away. Many of the opinions and preju- lost in a railroad venture, and soon her dices held before the war were still enter- death followed. The memory of it is yet tained; the heroism of Jackson, Lee and fresh in the minds of many people, for it hundreds of others was a theme of exhaust- occurred only last winter. Thus faded anew and victories were won afresh. In women of America, not distinguished alone prominent selection of color. this charmed circle, almost closed to peo- because she was beautiful, but because of ple of the North, Mattie Ould was the ac- a bright intellect as well. The disappointevery great ball given at White Sulphur famous women are never to be spoken or

sunny South none have been her equal. | brought tears to the eyes of thousands | cred old style for the present. The shape Her company was sought by every distin- when they heard the sweet strains of of the wrap in other respects is unaltered; guished soldier and statesman. Her pres- "Under the Daisies"-a song she used to if any change, they are a trifle longer. ence was like a magic charm to every assemblage. In voice, look, gesture, movement, everything, she was superlatively beautiful Bellefontaine at St. Louis was redingote and the Molière habit, either of attractive. She was the realization to every man of all that he had ever in the in by the young ladies of that city who drapery. The redingote may have the wildest stretches of his imagination pictured a beautiful woman to be. Hair that shoulders like a golden cloud; eyes that | twenty-five. were great and luminous and appealing, that subdued every beholder; such eyes under such a wealth of hair; such cheeks of rose tint, full and round; a neck of perfect poise, graceful as the swan's and white and soft as the swan's-down; a bosom that rose and fell like the bosom of the sca, and a mouth that could but give some sweet utterance to charm every listener. Whether in the ballroom, at dinner, or in a simple social gathering of a few close friends, she was the same unspeakably de-

lightful creature, too unearthly to be touched by human hands, and too valuable a prize for any one man, whether he be the conqueror of a hundred battlefields or statesman full of honors. All these came to her and bowed themselves at her feet. No woman was ever more completely the master of men, and many a one lives to-day to testify to the sharpness of his grief at her refusal of his addresses. But a shadow comes suddenly and shuts out forever all view of this lovely girl. The sad story of her departure from her paternal roof, hasty marriage and untimey death will probably never be told in east of the Mississippi and the Southwest a shell-pleated frill of silver lace at the full-and probably ought not to be. Her own mother had died when she was a growth than is now apprehended. But tunic of pale blue satin brocaded with child and just as she was coming to girl-

hood her father married a second time, and between her and her step-mother there arose an irreconcilable feud, which embroiled even the father, and at a moment when she was piqued and humiliated at some cruel word where there ought to have been expressed a kindlier sentiment. she left her home forever and consented to a marriage more through a feeling of revenge than the prompting of her own heart and judgment. She made the fatal mistake of marrying a man she did not love, and from the day she went to live under his roof her spirit was broken, and she wilted away like a flower plucked by rude hands. In two years she had died still unreconciled to her father, and it was death of his beautiful daughter. In this My evidence was remarkable and con- tragedy there were no swords or pistols,

> A woman who belonged to time still more recent than that of Mattie Ould and who had almost as great fame for her beauty, was Nellie Hazeltine, of St. Louis. She, too, belonged to the society of the South, but not of that kind so distinctive and pronounced as that of which Mattie Ould was so captivating a representative. St. Louis is in the matter of its social complexion a Southern city. Slaves were owned there before the war and the leading people there came originally from Virginia and Kentucky. Nellie Hazeltine was the daughter of a once well-to-do thousand dollar bonds you sold to Tom leather merchant of St. Louis, who had a Scott * * * our relative positions fi-

regarded as a beautiful girl, but it was not until 1876 and 1877 that she became famous throughout the country. She, like Mattie Ould, achieved her great triumph at White Sulphur Springs, in Virginia, but it was when that summer resort had lost something of the emphatic Southern flavor that characterized it three or four to come and Southern people did not both Julius Casar and Mark Antony, was while spending a summer at White The truthfulness as well as the pathos of While there never was even a thread of this idea is wonderfully wrought out and truth upon which to found that report, it fixed forever in Shakspeare's "Romeo and served to make her more celebrated than Juliet." There seems to be a sort of pen-alty for being surpassingly beautiful. she otherwise would have been. It fol-lowed her to her grave and clings to her Very few women who have become famous memory. Nellie Hazeltine and Mattie because of their beauty, have lived to a Ould were both Southern types of beauty mature age of reasonable contentment and happiness. Probably the most beautiful manner and disposition. The former was woman known in this country during re- not so loveable a girl as the latter; that is cent years was Mattie Ould, of Virginia. she was not so attractive to men. Mattie She was not only a girl of transcendant Ould was free, spontaneous, overwhelm-beauty of face, but of wondrously brilliant ing. She had a flow of spirits, of wit, of intellect. Her father, Robert Ould, was bright speech that bore down everything famous during the war as the Commission- and captured every listener. Not that er for the Exchange of Prisoners on the alone, but her beauty was of the voluptupart of the Confederate Government, ous kind, not coarse in the least degree, When a young man he was District At- but insinuating and everlasting-a beauty torney for the District of Columbia, and | that flashes out-like the warm, full-faced, lived in Washington. He was a lawyer of over-mastering sun from behind a cloud much dignity and ability, but the latter | Nellie Hazeltine had a more faultless face, part of his life was clouded by the defeat | judged by the classic standard. There of the Confederacy and the unhappy end- was not about it a hint of sensuousness. ing of his daughter's life. She was the For an immortal type, she would, of the person more than any other who gave two, have been chosen by one competent White Sulphur Springs, in Virginia, great to judge. Her head and face and shoulfame as a watering-place. Sometimes a ders were of perfect mould according to fashion resort owes its success to the pat- the rules of the Greek sculptors. There tronage of a single person. It was large- were moments when she looked as though ly if not entirely so in this instance. she had just been chiselled out of the mar-Mattie Ould was the bright and shining ble by the hand of Praxitiles, putting out up in Richmond just after the war. They | and the wealth of brown hair that covered were the last and the most famous repre- her head. In t she was a brilliant consentatives of a society of Virginia and the versationalist. While she was more re-They were at White Sulphur dur- Mattie Ould, she was as thoroughly at ease ing the summers of 1872-73 and there- and had, in almost as great a degree, the

heir to a large fortune. Two years had

filled to overflowing with flowers thrown

prime and beauty of her womanhood.

The Harvests of 1884.

[New York Herald.]

be found too high when the returns are all

in, but if realized the forthcoming crop

English Humor.

[London Letter.]

and them's two for three half-pence.""

leader of a coterie of young girls that grew of mind the delicate pink of her cheeks novel, and show very artistic shadings of one single color. South that now seems to be well nigh ex- served in her manner and less witty than the past season in light summer fabrics. The about. No such assemblages have since ability to entertain a number of people at of the crinoline worn in conjunction mary-a something that has now passed into instinctively drew others to her, and while with pointed bodice similarly outlined, the realms of memory and of worth mainly she never had as many earnest suitors as a foundation upon which romancers of memory and of worth mainly she never had as many earnest suitors as and cuffs to match, give a more substantial and cuffs to match, give a more substantial and cuffs to match, give a more substantial are to this make of gowns, which, after the following substantial are to this make of gowns, which, after the following substantial are to this make of gowns, which, after the following substantial are to this make of gowns, which, after the following substantial are to this make of gowns, which, after the following substantial are to this make of gowns, which, after the following substantial are to this make of gowns, which, after the following substantial are to this make of gowns, which, after the following substantial are to this make of gowns, which are to the following substantial are to this make of gowns, which are to the following substantial are to this make of gowns, which are to the following substantial are to this make of gowns, which are to the following substantial are to the the future may build. For three or four admirers. But her life, too, was to go out ter all, is only suitable for young girls or with this latest triumph of "high" art, seasons White Sulphur was the rallying in disappointment. Her father failed in youthful married ladies; and this conced- the latter "inspiration" is certainly a rangements were soon made by which the gentlemen and ladies whose fortunes had the means to maintain her position in so- metry of figure are even then essential to hibited fifty years hence, would probably Bartlett, and was to receive in the course not been altogether swept away by the ciety. She became involved in a scandal enable the wearer of "housemaid gowns" create even greater derision.

General Joe Johnston, of Virginia; General to those who knew her and knew the facts sey bodice. Mother Hubbards are also crossed with hair-lines of pale blue.

both in fabric and coloring, this fall, that they predominate in the richest walking strength and intelligence. The porter of the small boy. The latter was somewhat costumes, and are frequently combined with silk, velvet, or plush. Dark colors room back of the office. The dog slept suspended from the rafters of the barn at prevail, and the leading colors are deep in the office. On Thursday night last the a height of about three yards from the royal blue, the wine and currant shades, and green in many shades and tones. In and soon fell into a heavy sleep.

None of the newly-made fur shouldercapes appear with raised shoulders; not knowledged queen. She was the belle of ment and secret sorrow of both these the slightest puff or elevation is percepti still drunken and drowsy porter tried to to the saddle and began to work the pedble; but since many persons are in possesfor two or three seasons. And she justly written, and those who knew them will sion of costly capes purchased last year, earned the distinction given her. Of all hold forever a saddened but precious all of which present the condemned feathe brilliantly beautiful women of the memory of them. The funeral of the one ture, raised shoulders will not be consid-

Among the modes indicated as likely to suit the popular taste are the demi-long

The Molière habit is a modification of The critical period with the crops, when the Louis XVI. coat, the jacket proper untimely frosts may spoil the fairest pros- cut to descend well over the hips, fitted pects, has almost, if not altogether, passed, snugly at the back and under the arms, and the harvests over by far the larger por- and having loose fronts, devoid of darts, tion of the country are now largely secure. opening over a vest that is half-tight and The aggregate yield of the cereal crops in | which falls from six to eight inches below the United States will probably be excepthe jacket. Very often this vest is finely tionally good, both as to quality and quan-satouched, while the overjacket is of plain tity. The Department of Agriculture re- cloth, with cuffs and collar only, finished port the corn crop as in better condition with the ornamentation. For driving, an than in any September since 1880, the gen- English house in Paris sends over a handeral average being 94, against 84 last Sepsome coat in Newmarket style, cut doubletember, 83 in 1882 and 60 in 1881. The breasted, close-fitting in the back, and estimate made for this year's yield is \$1,- made of dark blue cloth delicately barred 800,000,000 bushels. These figures may

with hair-lines of Neapolitan red. Among a number of superb costumes designed for a prospective bride in this will be the largest ever reported in the city, is an exquisite dress of Watteau brohistory of the country. So far this fall cade in pale blue and silver, which cerno serious and general frosts have occurred, tainly looks like a reminiscence of Arcaand no such frosts are now reported as im- | dia. The short and quite full underdress minent. The long drought in the States of pale blue satin is made plain, excepting may have more seriously affected the foot of the skirt. Above this is a pannier this week's rainfall has considerably re- small silver roses and lilies-of-the-valley, lieved the drought in many localities. The also in silver. This overdress is looped in official returns put the wheat harvest of true shepherdess fashion, the drapings 1884 at about 500,000,000 bushels, the caught up with knots of the brocade run general average of condition being 98, through with silver shepherd-crooks set against 83 last year. The wheat estimates, with Rhine pebbles. The sharply pointed though highly satisfactory, are not rela- bodice laces up the back, the front is cut tively as high as those for Indian corn. square in the neck and edged with silver lace with blonde pleated in beneath. The They are also subject to revision when fuller reports are received. But the prob- Watteau sleeves are likewise adorned. Anability is that they are not far from cor- other lovely costume of palest green satinrect. The cotton crop, though backward, | brocaded tulle-the designs outlined with suffering from the effects of drought and tiny gold and silver shells-is worthy of a likely to be below the average yield, is in | Naiad.

The newest waistcoats are considerably better condition than it was last September, while the condition of tobacco is re- longer than those worn for two seasons ported higher than in any September since past, and are made after the French Guard style with pockets several inches below the waist on each side, covered with very wide flaps richly decorated with embroidery passementeries, appliques in bead-work, or braiding. Half-vests of rich colored vel-The delicacy of English wit is something vet satin or brocade, matching other garthat the American mind fails to appreci- nitures on a costume, are of a broad, tridinner-party one evening recently. A boy, this autumn, this having no skirts in front, evidently from the green-grocer's shop, and a postillion back, with the vest beneath had been engaged to do the waiting. invariably pleated, finishing at the belt with a wide scarf laid in soft folds, and When he placed two dishes of tarts before the hostess, she-probably thinking it not drawn tightly around the waist, fastening correct to know what was coming-asked: at the ends under a silver buckle. The "Taking into account the one hundred strapped across the front at intervals all servant came in to replenish the fire. Af-

THE FASHIONS through the autumn season, with dresses of silk and light woollen fabrics; and later on tucks, either narrow or wide, will AS FIXED BY PARIS FOR THE NEW YORKERS

And by New York for us Country Folk.

New York Evening Post. White bonnets trimmed with white

dressmaker first sponging the silk in a solution made of a pint of boiling rain plumage will form the dressy bonnet par excellence the coming winter. gum and borax finely powdered sifted in, and then let to cool. The silk was not Charming gowns for brides have trained skirts trimmed with flounces of white-embroidered silk, intermingled with rose and shell pleatings of white brocade edged with real Valenciennes lace. English brides wear pointed Chinese

rolling up a heavy sheet of pasteboard. The silk, after passing through this process, was pronounced as crisp and lustrous shoes of white satin, with the insteps covered with a fine rich embroidery in raised lady purchased to finish the dress was made into three ruffles for the skirt with A lovely evening toilet for a young lady

chenille work outlined with pearls. is made of white satin foulard brocaded with pink blossoms. The dress is cut in plain princesse style, open at the back. The lower portion of the skirt in front is then slashed at equal distances, and heavilv lined. The skirt then forms regular panels, with one directly in front. Between each panel is then set a fan-pleating of pale pink satin, matched to the shade of the blossoms of the brocade. There is a full draping of the foulard in the back, and the bodice portion is cut with a V-

The newest pelerines reach quite to the waistline in the back, and terminate in medium-length tabs in front.

An immense importation of figured stuffs are shown, designed both for costumes and wraps, among which are beige and ecru-grounded cloths of finest quality in frappé or ciselé effects, being sprinkled with brilliantly shaded blossoms, these slightly raised and formed of velvet, plush, or chenille. Some of the designs of the most expensive patterns are quite

Dressmakers are improving upon the simple "housemaid's dress" worn so much plain skirts hang far better than they did at first, and a change in the shape terially assists the modiste in making such improvement. Wide crossway bands of velvet, set on near the edge of the skirt, ed, a certain grace of carriage and sym-

Mohair and alpaca are once more used for school dresses, these made with a tucked and kilted skirt and blouse or Jerpopular again this season, and a pretty model was made of red and golden brown

Wool fabrics are so rich and beautiful, less congratulation; battles were fought out the life of one of the extraordinary monochrome costumes golden brown is a

had known and loved her when in the skirts attached across the hips after the manner of the still popular Newmarket fell about her head and face and neck and Both died before they reached the age of coat, but it reaches quite to the knees of the wearer, and is cut so full below the building and the hotel was filled with bicycle within the first hour or two of its waist that pleats are laid under the seams at the back of the skirt, from the spring The dog no sooner saw that his helpless of the waist downward.

understand in looking out for their safety.

down stairs, only to at once return in his health by excessive indulgence in athsearch of others. Once a lady with a letic sports. child in her arms tripped on the stairs while hurrying out, and fell to the bottom.

The child was thrown on the floor of the opens a grand future to our bicyclists. night clothes, carried it safely out.

saw the frantic rush of the mother toward the burning building and heard her exclamation that some one was burning up in the house, and, although the building was now a mass of smoke and flames inside ate. An English weekly offered a prize angular shape, starting from the collar- her back from her insane attempt to enter seconds jumped slightly toward me, haltof £1 for the cleverest original anecdote band, and filling in the opening of a basque the house, disappeared with a bound over ing after each leap and gazing up into my that should be sent it, and the following secured the money: "I was out at a small sian jacket is having a large following a large following a large following significant states and a small significant states and a small significant states are also should over the house, disappeared with a bound over the burning threshold. The faithful animal never appeared again. mal never appeared again. [From Every Other Saturday.] This expression reminds us of a little story related by Mr. Longfellow. A Paris-'What are these, James?' Whereupon the blouse vests and the Molière waistcoats ian once remarked to him that there was boy, pointing first to one dish and then to have narrow ribbon or velvet tied across one American word that he never could the other, replied: 'Them's a penny each, the full drapings at the waist-line, ending understand, or find in any dictionary. in many loops and ends which fall over "What is it?" inquired the poet. "That-the tunic in front. Some of the pleated eldo," was the reply. "I never heard of Russian vests for young ladies' wear are the word," said Longellow. Presently a

the way down, usually with velvet ribbon | ter putting on a little fuel Longfellow re-Tucks upon the skirt, tunic, bodice, and often upon the sleeves will be worn all marked to him, "That will do." "Ha!" railroads, directly or indirectly, immediately or remote."—Blaine, in House of Rep-"Well, he said to-day he'd bet he'd vote large and handsome residence in a fashion- nancially in the Little Rock and Fort run through gilt or silver buckles or slides. marked to him, "That will do." often upon the sleeves will be worn all very word which has troubled me."

A Queer Word.

Baleigh Begister.

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RALEIGH REGISTER, econd Floor of Fisher Building, Fayetteville Street, next to Market House.

BICYCLE.

NO. 33

be seen in heavy flannel goods, ladies cloth

in flexible qualities, suitings, and the like

A lady recently had a black silk "made

over" in the following manner: She used

her old silk for a foundation skirt, the

water, with an ounce each of camphor

pressed with an iron at all, but was tight-

drawn over a sort of long tunnel, made by

as new. The brand new black silk the

five medium-sized tucks at the edge, and

below this a ruffle of Escurial lace, mak-

ing a rich-looking finish to each flounce.

The tunic was trimmed in the same man-

ner. The trim-fitting basque bodice had

front, with a fall of Escurial lace around

the throat, and a double frill of the lace

The popular characteristics of French

millinery grow more and more exaggerat-

ed. Many of the Parisian "novelties,"

sent over both in hats and bonnets,

have reached an altitude perfectly ridicu-

lous. The front of one monstrosity meas-

ured quite half a yard, and when on the

twisting the ends of many silk handker-

of antiquity as seen in the historical pic-

A MOVING STORY OF A DOG.

He Had a Brave and Noble Mind.

[New York Tribune.

OLEAN, N. Y., September 22.—The large

"horned" variety, and, ex-

below five narrow tucks at the wrists.

five narrow tucks down each side of the

THE INGENIOUS YANKEE FINDS A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING

And Puts Everything in its Place. New York Times.

There is a farmer in Vermont who has nvented a new motor that is destined to accomplish results at least as vast as those accomplished by the steam engine. The new invention is a combination of the small boy and the bicycle, and by its aid an immense amount of work which has hitherto been done by hand can henceforth

be done at an enormous saving of time and expense. Last year Deacon Smedley, the farmer n question, entertained among his summer boarders a young man with a bicycle. The young man wore gray knickerbockers and red stockings, and as he generally fell off his machine two or three times a day in the village street he naturally attracted a good deal of attention. It is needless to say that Deacon Smedley's small boy-aged 14-took a great deal of interest in the bicycle and felt that could he possess such a wonderful machine life would have nothing more to offer him. The general verdict of the village, however, in regard to bicycles was that they were ridiculous affairs, wholly unworthy of the attention of an intelligent countryman, and several local citizens of much influence in the community went so far as to say that bicycles ought to be put down by the Selectmen,

head was almost perpendicular. The newest wrinkle in decoration is to arrange the Curiously enough, Deacon Smedley ap-proved of the bicycle, and openly said trimmings in pointed effects, produced by that he wished he could afford to give one chiefs of various designs and colors into to his small boy. This was the more repoints, or rather into the resemblance of markable since the Deacon had never been the Arunn lily. A recent writer on woknown as a liberal man, and had never man's dress says: "Women like something given his small boy anything except his bright, piquant, and conspicuous. It is board and lodging. Not content with wishing to give his small boy a bicycle, the feminine instinct to attract that lies at the root of these perpetual changes of the Deacon actually opened negotiations fashion." Attract, in a sense, new French with the bicyclist with a view to buying millinery certainly will. It will attract his machine, and one day when the young ridicule. There is not a single head-dress man was under the doctor's care in consequence of a severe contusion of the skull tures from the dress departments of the the Deacon extorted from the bicyclist an past of any nation more ugly or absurd agreement to sell his bicycle at half price. than some of the new creations of to-day. The next step taken by this admirable Fortunately there are exceptions. At South father was to advise his son to hire out to Kensington Museum, England, is exhibited a neighboring farmer and so to earn money a rail or horned-head covering, which has enough to buy the bicycle. Deacon Smedley agreed to advance the purchase money. buy the machine, and hold it in trust until his small boy could repay him. Arof the winter the aggregate sum of thirtyfive dollars. This he was to pay to his father, who had agreed to purchase the bicycle for thirty dollars, thus giving the Deacon a profit of only five dollars on the

transaction. Spring came, and Deacon Smedley's Newfoundland dog Heck, belonging to the | small boy paid his father thirty-five dollars St. Elmo Hotel, in the neighboring oil on the 1st day of May, and the two protown of Eldred, Pa., was known through-out the Northern oil field for its great the bicycle was to be formally given to the hotel, a small man, slept in a little surprised when he saw the bicycle. It was porter was drunk when he went to bed, floor. The rubber tire of the driving wheel had been removed, and a leather Some time in the night he was awakened | belt had been placed around the wheel and by the loud barking of Heck, who was connected with the crank of a feed chopjumping frantically on the porter's bed | ping machine. With the assistance of his and seizing the pillow with his teeth. The affectionate parent the small boy climbed make the dog go away, but the animal als. The revolution of the big driving persisted in his efforts, and it finally wheel set the feed chopping machine in dawned upon the mind of the porter that | motion, and the Deacon immediately prothe house was on fire. His room was full | ceeded to chop feed enough to last his live of smoke, and he could hear the crackling | stock for a week. The excellent old man of the flames. He sprang from bed, but found that he could chop twice as much was still so drunk that he fell to the floor. | feed in a given time by bicycle power as The faithful dog at once seized him by the | he could in the usual way, and that instead coat collar, the porter not having removed of turning a crank all he had to do was to his clothing on going to bed, and dragged | feed the machine. Once or twice the mahim out of the room, and half way to the outer door of the office, when the man the alleged weariness of the small boy's succeeded in getting to his feet, and, un- legs, but the Deacon instantly stirred up locking the door, staggered into the street. | his offspring with a pitchfork, and pointed The fire was rapidly spreading over the out to him the folly of growing tired of a

guests, not one of whom had been aroused. possession. Since that day the bicycle has been in friend was safe than he dashed back into | constant use, and the ingenious Deacon the house, and ran barking loudly up stairs. He first stopped at the door of his master's room, where he howled and small boy does not seem to retain his origscratched at the door until the inmate was | inal enthusiasm for the bicycle, and it is made aware of the danger, and hurried suspected that he would prefer to ride it out of the house, as there was no time to through the streets rather than to put it lose. The dog gave the alarm at every to a really beneficent use in the barn. Fordoor, and in some instances conducted the | tunately, the Deacon, though he was so inguests down stairs to the outer door, each | dulgent as to buy his small boy a bicycle, one of these, however, being a stranger in the house, which fact the dog seemed to "No, my son," he is said to have remarked -"we won't have no such nonsense as All about the house seemed to have lost | falling off bicycles in the street. You just their heads in the excitement, and it is enjoy your machine in the barn where you said that the hotel dog alone preserved can't get hurt and can do some good; and complete control of himself, and alone I expect you to enjoy it three or four hours took active measures to save the inmates a day or else you'll hear from me." The of the house. In and out of the burning small boy evidently obeys his parent, and, building he kept continually dashing, pi- | though he is growing rather thin, there is loting some half-dressed man or woman no immediate danger that he will injure

hall some distance away. The woman re- The thousands of melancholy young men gained her feet, and staggered in a dazed who are now aimlessly falling off bicycles way out of the door, leaving the child in in the street, and earning nothing except the midst of the smoke that was pouring | bruises, can hire themselves out to farmers from the office door. The brave dog saw and make an easy and comfortable living. the mishap, and, jumping in through the It may be less exciting to ride a bicycle smoke, which was now becoming almost suspended permanently from the rafters of impassable, and seizing the child by its a barn than it would be to ride the same machine over a smooth pavement, but it The mother of the child on being re- is much safer and far more profitable. We stored by the fresh air first became aware may expect soon to see the day when nearthat the child was not with her, and, cry- | ly all domestic machinery, including sewing out wildly that "Anna was burning ing machines and orchestrions, will be up in the house!" made a dash for the driven by bicycle power, and young Amerbuilding as if to rush through the flames ican bicyclists, instead of squandering to seek her child. Heck had already their money on surgeons and arnica, will brought the little one out, but it had not lead lives of productive industry, and yet been restored to its mother. The dog | thus become useful and even happy men.

[From Nature.] Last night I rescued a frog from the and out, the dog sprang forward and, as claws of a cat, and to my great surprise it a dozen hands seized the woman and held | turned, and, after gazing at me for a few climbed upon one of my feet. Its mute appeal for protection was most remarkable

and could not possibly be misunderstood. What is Called "a Lie Out."

"I can do something, I feel very san-guine, with Thomas A. Scott."—Blaine to Fisher, January 20, 1871.

"I never had any transaction of any kind with Thomas A. Scott concerning bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith road or the bonds of any other railroad or any buisness in any way connected with