

The Tarboroough Southerner.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D Crockett.

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TARBORO, N. C. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1894.

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FOR FALLING HAIR, —USE CULLEY'S— Bald Head Preparation

I desire to say to the public and the la-
dies especially that I now have my
Hair Preparation
so that I can arrest the falling out of the
hair within 12 to 15 days, and this you
will readily see if you will give it a trial.
Hair also thickens from its use. It has
no unpleasant odor and leaves no danger
contracting neuralgia, cold, etc. Mus-
taches easily thickened up by its use.
Young men will please make a note of
this. Nothing asked to show the truth-
fulness of the above except a fair trial of
CULLEY'S BALD HEAD PREPARATION. Good
references given to show that the hair is
thick if not thicker than ever.

ALFRED CULLEY,
Tarboro, N. C.

TETTER FOR 15 YEARS

On Face And Scalp. Physicians Pres-
criptions and Remedies Fail. Lost
All Hope of Cure. Thought Himself
DISFIGURED FOR LIFE
Outcure Remov'd Crusts at Once.
Disease Entirely Gone in One Month.
Now No Trace. Skin Smooth.

For more than fifteen years I was effected
with itching Tetter on my face and scalp.
Various prescriptions and many remedies were
tried, being afterwards treated by many
physicians, and all to no avail. I had lost all
hope of ever being cured, and concluded that I
was disfigured for life. A friend persuaded me
to try Tetter Ointment, and after using it
two or three times I noticed a trial, which
did in this way: Taking Tetter Ointment
years two or three times after each wash, the
crusts were all removed, in one month the
scalp was perfectly smooth. I give this
cheerful testimony for the benefit of all who are
thus afflicted.

T. J. CARANIS, D. D.,
Columbiana, Ala.

TETTER ON SCALP AND HAND

Used CUTICURA REMEDY for Tetter on the
scalp. They left me sound and well. My hair
had fallen out of the scalp since I had used
CUTICURA REMEDY.

Had Dry Tetter on my hands. Used several
remedies without relief. CUTICURA REMEDY
entirely cured me. My hands are smooth
and soft.

F. R. WALKER, Oakland, Ga.

THE TORTURED, DISFIGURED

And humiliated, everywhere, will find in the
CUTICURA REMEDY a speedy and economical
cure for every disease and ailment, from pimples
to scrofula, from infancy to age.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA
Remedy, 50c. per bottle. Prepared by
J. C. WALKER, Sole Proprietor, Boston,
Mass. "How to Cure Skin Diseases," mailed free.

LOVE, LINDSEY, WHITNEY, CHESTNUT and SOFTEN
Hands prepared by CUTICURA.

SHORT BREATH,

Chest Pain, Soreness, Weakness,
Asthma, Neuritis, and Inflammation
of the Lungs, and all the ailments
of the Chest and Pain Pleurisy.

TIN SHOP.

I AM DOING A
Tin, Slate and Roofing
BUSINESS
as cheap as any.

I do repairing in
Tin, Iron and Copper
promptly.

J. T. WARD,
Austin Building.
I make the most superior Coffee
Pot ever offered to the public. 13 1/2

Nathan Williams,

Only a few doors below Hotel Farrar,
TARBORO, N. C.

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OFFICE FURNITURE CO.,
Jackson, Tenn.

School, Church and Office Furniture.

School and Churches Seated
in the Best Manner.
Offices Furnished
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Administrator's Notice.

Having qualified as administrator of
Gracy C. Stallings, deceased, late of Edge-
combe county, North Carolina, this is to
notify all persons having claims against
the estate of said deceased to exhibit them
to the undersigned on or before the 13th
day of April, 1895, or this notice will be
pleaded in bar of their recovery. All per-
sons indebted to said estate will please
make immediate payment.

This 13th day of April, 1894.
HENRY JOHNSTON,
Adm'r of Gracy C. Stallings.

Administrator's Notice.

The undersigned having qualified as
adm'r of T. B. Barlow, deceased, this is to
notify all persons owing the said deceased,
to make immediate payment, and all per-
sons having claims against the said T. B.
Barlow, to present them for payment
within one year from date, or this notice
will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

This 3rd day of May, 1894.
W. L. BARLOW, Adm'r.
J. L. Bridgers & Son, Att'ys.

THE COMMERCIAL MARBLE WORKS,

111, 119 and 115 Bank Street,
NOBFOLE, VA.
LARGE STOCK OF FINISHED
Monuments, and Gravestones,
Ready for Immediate Delivery.
March 31.

\$525 Agents' profits per month.

Will prove it or pay forfeit. New
terms free. Try out. \$1.50 sample and
terms free. W. L. BARLOW, Adm'r,
302 8th St., N. Y.

HER VIEWS.

Impressions of an Australian Traveling in the United States.

Housekeeping in This Country as Seen by
a Foreigner—Bread Making at Home—
The Heating of Houses and
Railway Carriages.

When I visited England many
years ago, I was struck by the perfect
arrangements and the smoothness
of the domestic machinery, not only
among the wealthy, but among what
is called there the upper middle
class. It was far beyond what we
could hope to reach for, although
our Australian help has faculty, and
can do many things fairly well,
and undertake new things bravely,
she is not the perfect instrument de-
manded by modern division of
labor. American housekeepers seem
to strive after the impossible. They
know what is desirable, and con-
quer it, they aim at it. They try
to run a house which in England
would have five or six servants with
the aid of three or four bread-
making and washing probably
thrown in. They succeed marvel-
lously well, thanks to their own cle-
verness and assiduity, but at an im-
mense expenditure of nerve force,
and often at the sacrifice of health.
I think American domestic servants
do more work than they do in Aus-
tralia, and more than they do in
England.

When I asked: "Why is bread-
making at home so general in Amer-
ica, for surely that is a business
that ought to be done by experts?"
I was told that everyone preferred
home-made bread. I discovered the
probable cause for myself. Wheat
and flour are as cheap in America as
anywhere in the world. Every ex-
porting country has its home price
fixed in the London market, deduct-
ing the cost of transport. The price
of flour, therefore, is the same in
America as it is in Australia. But
the price of bread is a very different
thing. In Australia I paid five
cents, or 2 1/2d., for a loaf weighing
two pounds. In several American
cities I find the baker sells a single
pound of bread for five cents. The
prudent classes buy flour and make
bread at home, but the poorest peo-
ple are those who pay cent. per cent.
on the price of this prime necessity
of life. Why cooperative bakeries
are not established in every city in
the union is a question which will be
asked me in England, where cooper-
ation is a great and a beneficent
agency.

I must confess that a good Amer-
ican house, with all its labor-saving
appliances, is a great help towards
domestic comfort. I should like to
import one bodily into Australia,
though we could dispense with the
elaborate heating apparatus. When
the heating is not overdone (the
great temptation to Americans), the
main in a question the wide sliding
doors can be left open between the
public rooms on one floor gives one
an idea of space impossible to be
conveyed when each room is closely
shut to keep in the heat from the
open fireplace. I have never missed
the open fireplace. Winter in Aus-
tralia is the short half of the year,
and there is no intense cold, so that
we do not cover beside the fire.
The equable warmth of the whole
house is agreeable, though the con-
trast between indoors and out-
doors is pretty sharp. The over-
heating and bad ventilation of rail-
way carriages are the greatest in-
conveniences I have suffered from.—
Miss C. H. Spence, in Harper's Mag-
azine.

How to Live a Hundred Years.

Dr. Fortin, of Paris, has just pub-
lished an interesting book under the
alluring title: "How to Live a Hun-
dred Years." It is on the art of pro-
longing the human life and is evi-
dently a work in which the doctor
has his heart and soul. Man does
not die. He kills himself. This is
what Dr. Fortin asserts. If you
want to have a long life you must
first of all desire it with all your
heart, and for that purpose you must
early in life become old. In a word,
the art of living is the art of grow-
ing old, the definition being taken in
all the senses that it comprises.
Fortin rests his case first of all on
one piece of advice among many others
—and that is the renouncing of
spirituous liquors.

A Fantastic Bonnet.

The taste of a woman is beyond
ordinary comprehension. Once the
ambition of a woman's heart was to
have a truly "love of a bonnet," but
times have wonderfully changed.

Mrs. "Jack" wears a strangely
antiquated headpiece of rib device
known as her "Egyptian bonnet,"
which enjoys the happy distinction
of being unique and solely alone in
its glory.

Another woman equally noted in
her particular sphere as a writer
wears a bonnet which invariably
strikes curdling terror to the heart
of a sensitive creature. Above the
fair face of the lady so fine is a glory
of golden snakes. Two snakes, with
bodies an inch in diameter flashing
with thickly-studded mock jewels,
wreath and wreath around the fair
lady's golden head.

The upright tails of the reptiles
form the trimming in front, while
the great heads in the midst of
agitated form the back trimming.
It is needless to say that although
the wearer is a fascinating woman,
a cold horror chills your heart as you
look at her.—Boston Advertiser.

A FISHHAWK'S MISTAKE.

His Keen Eye Deceived the Ocean Fishes in the Case.

Fishhawks get their entire food
supply from the water. Their eyes
are so constructed that even at
great heights they can see fish that
swim near the surface and then dive
with lightning speed. The fish is
caught in the claws and is taken to
the nest of the bird before being
eaten. The writer has seen a hawk
make a mistake and catch a hard
crab, and when the crab got both his
big claws fairly at work on the ten-
acles of the bird's legs there was
some what of shaking and abating in
the air to get rid of the crab, but it is
not often that they fool. It is gener-
ally all in their favor. A hawk will
fly away with a big eel wriggling
in its claws that a man could not hold
thirty seconds with both hands. The
hawk sometimes, however, will dive
at things they do not want, and a
thing occurred a few years ago which
is worth telling.

A steamer was passing Seabright.
It was a big coaster from Savannah
to New York, and a lady on board
lost overboard a handsome and valu-
able lace shawl, which floated away
after striking the water. The pas-
sengers, being interested, watched
the shawl as far as they could see
it, and finally saw a fishhawk dive at
it, get it fast to his claws and fly in-
stantly with it. The lady was very
much put out at losing the article
and advertised a reward for the same.
A line man took a notion he could
get the shawl after hearing the
circumstances, and with his
spurs he started to pay a visit to
every fishhawk's nest in the country
immediately back of Seabright. The
shawl was found hanging on the
side of a nest on the Lewis White
farm near Little Silver. What the
hawk wanted with the shawl is hard
to tell, for they use no such thing in
building their nests.—Philadelphia
News.

GOLD MINING IN GEORGIA.

Tons of Precious Ore Said to Be
Available.

Some time ago a prominent geolo-
gist on being approached on the sub-
ject spoke of the possibilities of the
production of Georgia gold very
highly, says the New York Journal.

"The gold in Georgia," said he,
"is in a perfectly accessible region,
which makes it twice as valuable as
gold that might be taken out of Cal-
ifornia or the Black Hills. A mine
of enormous richness is a little
value if it is in an impenetrable
region. The gold country of
Georgia is in a perfect network of
railways, and the metal can be
found very near the surface, thus
making it easily reached by the
miner. The water courses that
pour down the hills give the best
possible power, labor is cheap and
easily procurable, and it is neces-
sary to transport the ore but a
short distance."

It has been estimated that the
gold in Georgia is about one
hundred million in value. The richest
sections of this belt have been
found to be in the counties of Chero-
kee, Lumpkin, White and Dawson.

A well-known mining specialist,
in talking of late discoveries, re-
cently said: "It seems to be decid-
edly in the range of probabilities
that tons of the precious ore can be
taken out of the existing mines or
newly opened veins, if the proper
machinery is used and the shafts are
sunk deep enough. It is a question
of international importance where
we may replenish the fast-decreas-
ing supply of the precious metal
when the mines now being worked
fail. I do not think that govern-
ment aid would be misplaced in
opening up these valuable lands,
but whether or not any action is
taken by our government, the
Georgia hills cannot long remain
undeveloped."

Dainties for the Sick.

In providing dainties for sick
people it should be remembered that
sweet things are seldom as tempt-
ing to the sick as they would be if
the person were in health. Tart
sweets, such as crab-apple jelly or
currant jelly, are generally accept-
able, but strawberry preserves or
jelly will sicken. They belong to
the cloying sweets. As a general
thing, salty things taste best to the
convalescent; a weak bouillon,
rather salt, or a bit of nice, sweet
ham, with some butter toast taste
of the salty butter, a soft-boiled egg
well salted, a slice of poach with dry
toast—all these will be eaten by a
sick person who would not want to
touch them if well. One prime re-
quisite in catering to sick people is
to be neat about it, and serve things
daintily.—Medical News.

"How Can We."

A gentleman, accompanied by a
lady wearing a handsome dress and
bonnet, came out of the Albert hall
one night to find it raining, while
they were without umbrella or wa-
terproof clothing!

"Why, Charles!" the lady cried,
"it is raining!"

"So I see," said Charles calmly.
"Well, what shall we do?"

"I rather think we shall have to
let it rain," replied the matter-of-
fact husband.

Excited by the disaster awaiting
her garments, the lady amused the
bystanders greatly by saying:
"Why, Charles, how can we, when
I have on this light dress and bon-
net?"—Tid-Bits.

THE CHILD-POET.

Little People and Their Beautiful Gift of Imagination.

Helen and the Dandelion—The Leaves
Called Her—Robin in the Apple Tree
—The Vestibule of Heaven—Mar-
ring—God's Pretty Sky.

Children have the poet's gift of
personification. Their vivid imagina-
tion endows everything with life,
and they make companions of bird
and tree, bush and flower.

A little girl was walking with her
mother one day when they saw in
the grass the first dandelion of
spring. "Run, pick it," said the
mother. The child ran, but presen-
tly came back without it. "Where
is the dandelion?" asked the mother.
"Oh!" answered the child, "it looked
at me and said: 'Please, little
Helen, don't pick me. I want to
stay right here.' So I didn't pick
it." To her little sensitive heart
the impression was just as real as if
the flower had actually spoken the
words.

A little fresh-air child who was
seeing the country for the first time,
would throw herself upon the grass,
face downward, and fondle and talk
to each separate blade as she lay
there, and the sight of a growing
flower would throw her into an
ecstasy of delight. One morning
she came stealing down as soon as it
was light. "Why didn't you sleep,
Bertha?" called the house mother as
she heard the child coming down.
"The leaves talked to me and I
couldn't," answered Bertha, looking
with eager eyes toward the open
door.

A little boy stood with bushy
breath and parted lips, listening
eagerly to the twitter of a robin in
the apple tree.

"Don't make a noise," he softly
said. "Birdie is telling a story to
the apple-flowers."

A little girl was watching a gor-
geous sunset, when with awe-struck
face she exclaimed:

"O mamma, God has opened His
door and I can see right into
heaven!"

She did not know that some poet
before her had likened the flaming
clouds to the "reticulate of heaven."

A six-year-old boy was watching
the fire-works on a Fourth of July
evening. The full moon had just
risen, and to more than one ob-
server the sharp contrast between
God's work and man's was made
strikingly apparent; but to Ernest
the contrast was more than he
could bear. Suddenly he exclaimed:
"Auntie, I shouldn't think God
would like to have his pretty sky
spotted with smoke."

To this post-soul the whizzing
rockets and wheels and Roman can-
dies were as nothing in comparison
with "God's pretty sky."—Harriet
A. Farrand, in Chautauquan.

GROWTH OF NEW WORDS.

How They Are Gradually Adopted
Into Every-Day Language.

The growth of new words in our
existing languages is the safest
guide to the origin of language in
general. Such new words are con-
tinually arising from day to day in
our midst.

Just at first they are usually imi-
tative or onomatopoeic and more or
less inarticulate. They are defec-
tive in vowels. The steam engine
seems to say to us: "Puff, puff, puff,"
the cat seems to say to us: "Purr,
purr, purr," the sound of a cannon
bell as it strikes the ground we
represent by "Thud," the sound of a
gun we represent by "Bang." But
when we come to use these sounds
familiarly as part of language we
soon grow to vocalize them. We
say puff, puff, puff; purr, purr, purr;
bang, bang, bang.

In proportion as we use such
words in composition do they be-
come more and more articulate and
less and less onomatopoeic, while at
the same time they tend to become
widened and conventionalized in
meaning. At last when we talk of
whizzing wheels, of a banging door,
of giving a friend a puff in the pa-
pers or of dexterously booming a
new invention, we have almost lost
sight of onomatopoeia altogether.
Even when we remark that the cat
purrs or that we distinctly heard a
loud thud at a distance we are
scarcely conscious of imitative in-
tention.—Longman's Magazine.

INGENUOUSNESS.

A Brother Plays the Fly-Paper Game
on His Church.

A good story comes from a neigh-
boring village, and a report of the
ingenuity of man's acquisitiveness
may be a pointer for some of those
not averse to turning an honest
penny—their way, says the Fargo
Forum. A certain brother in the
fold, who takes an active part in
church work, and in whom implicit
confidence has been placed by his
associates, has been detected of hav-
ing a piece of sticky fly paper in his
hat when he went to take up the
collection at the church.

All the coins that dropped upon
the fly paper stayed there, and it
was amazing how the big pieces
crowded the little ones off.

When the audience had been so-
lited, this smooth individual would
advance and turn his hat upside
down over that of another who had
been soliciting the audience on the
other side of the house. All the coin
that dropped belonged to the church,
and all that remained in the hat was
to remunerate him for the work he
had done, so to speak.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

CASES IN THIS COUNTRY.

Women Patronizing the Hansons Not
Particular About the Quality.

Two-wheelers have come into their
own again, and the hosts of women
who drop up to town for a day's
shopping this weather are generous
patrons of the hansom cab, says the
New York Sun. It is a pity, how-
ever, that they are not more gener-
ally employed by men. Women are
less fastidious in matters of
physical comfort and are careless
about the use of rubber
tires. In London no cabby could
earn his salt who rattled and banged
a fare over the stones the way they
do in New York. Even the shabbiest
public vehicle on Piccadilly or the
Strand has rubber ringed wheels,
while it is a difficult task to find one
in the long line of carriages fringing
Madison and Union squares.

A GOVERNMENT PUP.

One of Congressman Tucker's Ways
of Securing Votes.

Appropos of the distribution of
seeds from the department of agri-
culture, which was under discussion
in the house recently, Representative
Tucker, of Virginia, told a story.
He said that down in Appomattox
county there lived an old farmer to
whom he had on several occasions
sent packages of seeds and ship-
ments of fish from the fish commis-
sion, with which to stock the creeks
and ponds on his place. One court
day, when the representative was
in town, his farmer friend ap-
proached and in a confidential way
said: "Tuck, you've sent me seeds
and fish two or three times, and I
am very much obliged to you for
them, but there is one other thing I
wish you would do for me."
"What's that?" asked the repre-
sentative.

"Well, I want a thoroughbred
hound pup for my kennel, and I
thought maybe you folks up at
Washington could send it down to
me just as well as not, if I only
asked for it."

"Why, certainly," responded
Tucker. "It will give me great
pleasure to send the pup to you, and
as soon as I get back to Washington
you may look out for him." The
representative said that, so far as he
could see, there was no reason why
the government should not go into
the business of supplying the con-
stituents of congressmen with dogs
to improve their breeds, as well as
seed to improve their crops and fish
to add to their food supply. "So,"
he continued, "I hunted up a thor-
oughbred hound pup, had him nicely
crated, prepaid the express
charges and sent him down. And
you can bet that constituent is solid
for Tucker."—Washington Post.

The Dispersal of Shells.

A book has been written by H. W.
Kew on the dispersal of shells. The
observations are naturally made by
accident, and Darwin has recorded
several cases. Mr. Kew observed a
number of fresh-water mussels
(Anodon) carried by a whirlwind and
falling with the eggs. Canon Tristram
found the eggs of some mollusk,
probably Succinea, attached to the
root of a passing mail-car shot by
him in the Sahara, a hundred miles
from water. A few instances are on
record in which birds on the
wing have been shot with bivalves
adhering to their toes. A water
beetle (Dytiscus) has twice been
captured with a small bivalve
(Sphaerium) attached to its legs; an-
other specimen was caught with
Ancylus attached to its wing-case.
Several other aquatic insects have
often been found with mollusca at-
tached to them, though they were
not actually caught on the wing.
Land shells do not seem to be thus
carried about, though some live
snails (Helix) were found in a wood
pile three days after it had been
shot, and an operculated land snail
which had caught the foot of a bum-
blebee was dragged along by it.—
N. Y. Independent.

MARRYING IS A PANIC.

One of the Follies into Which Girls
Have Fallen.

In the early part of her girlhood a
woman is apt to think all the time
she is to wait and amuse herself in
the interval, that the future holds
the fairy prince who is sure to
present himself sooner or later, and
that she will be all that she would
have him be. She has made up her
mind what he is to be like, and what
must be his various qualifications,
and she even chooses mentally the
color of his eyes and his general ap-
pearance. She is so sure of her
future, and that the "right man" will
finally put in an appearance, that she
gives little or no thought to present
suits, and remains "in maiden
meditation fancy free" until sudden-
ly she realized the awful fact that
the years are passing, and that her
"chances" are becoming lessened,
and that the fairy prince is a mirage
after all. It is then that the average
woman will, in nine cases out of ten,
take the first available candidate
that offers, rather than remain un-
married. Her family expects her to
marry; she is brought up to so occu-
pation; what the world will say she
has been accustomed to consider al-
most unimportant. So rather than run
the chances of remaining single, she
elects to unite herself for better or
for worse to some comparative
stranger, who may be utterly uncon-
genial, the match being simply the
result of a panic.—N. Y. Tribune.

It Didn't Work.

Hi-yup—Use an alarm clock now-
days?
Hi-yup—No; never tried one but
once.

Hi-yup—How was that?
Jigup—Well, you see, the first
time it went off I didn't exactly know
what it was and so I said: "O, for
heaven's sake, Maria, shut up!"
Maria happened to be awake, and—
well, that is how it was.—Boston
Courier.

BILIOUSNESS

Who has not suffered this misery
—caused by bile in the stomach
which an inactive or sluggish
liver failed to carry off.

THE PREVENTION AND CURE IS
SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

Liquid or powder, which gives
quick action to the liver and
carries off the bile by a mild move-
ment of the bowels. It is no pur-
gative or gripping medicine, but
purely vegetable. Many people
also take Simmons' Liver Regulator.

THE TRAVELING MANIA.

It is a revival of the impulse that
drove our European ancestors forth
into the wilds of North America, or
is it the inherent and restless love
of change that is supposed to animate
the modern American, which has in-
spired the society woman of New
York with a yearning for travel?
Not to Europe and back again; she
does that on an average once a year,
and thinks no more of it than the
quiet housewife thinks of her daily
trip to market. She wants to really
outdo Capt. Kidd or the Flying
Dutchman, and sail away for a year
and a day to the wildest sort of lands.
Here is a pretty girl, with an indig-
ent widower father, sending around
her P. P. C. cards for a trip to Ice-
land; a young married woman has
carried a meek husband off on a
jaunt across the steppes of Russia;
while a very merry party literally
sailed for Europe in the smartest old
type of full-rigged ship, bound first
to the Azores, thence to land at Lis-
bon and take a walking tour through
Portugal. They don't intend to ar-
rive in Paris until the autumn and
they will not go near London, which
the very few do place girls openly as-
sessed as thoroughly "done," and
holding nothing more worthy her
attention.—Decorat's Monthly.