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PHILOSOPHY - A FABLE. BY THE EARL OF LYTTON.

Deep in the chill heart of a piney glen
That streak'd with hollow gloom the barren glare
Of frozen hills, a solitary inn
Served as the haunt of greedy guides: who there
Watch'd for the coming of adventrous men,
Hil-climber-, cager with bold foot to fare
Thro'cloud and cold, past reach of human ken,
Albeit to walk alone they did not dare
In that lone land. Full many such there be:
Experience guides them, but exacts her fee.

And to that solitary inn one day
At nightfall thro' the darkening hills did wend
Three travelers, by the single narrow way
That edged the valley to the valley's end.
These, when they saw above them, in a gray
Ahysm of mist, the pathiess peaks extend, Reyond whose snows their onwar I journey lay Wrapt in obscurity, resolved to spend Their tak was of the road and of the weather.

About the road the guldes (exhibiting Their patents by the Burgomeister sign'd) Their patents by the Burgomeister sign'd)
Replied to many an anxions questioning
With knowledge and authority combined;
Upon that point permitting no such thing
As doubt or choice. And best it is, you'll find,
The guide by fate assigned you (church cr king,
Or creed or school) with defference due to mind,
If thro' the world you would not miss your way,
Where a l who go unguided go astray.

But as regards the weather, it was not
By means of patents which the state provides
Es-y to certify if 'twould be hot
Or cold upon the morrow. And, besides,
Afraid of risking an unlucky shot,
Anthority was reticent. The guides,
Press d upon this point, would vouch afe no jot Or revelation. Coy as maiden brides To craving lovers, so adroit were they, Each understood them in a different way.

The first one, therefore, of those travelers three Vade preparat on to withstand the cold: he second fear'd the sun's excess: and he The second tear of the sens excess; and he lis for cost to his fectow-pilgrim sold:
The third, mistrusting the utility
Of the whole enterprise, and being less bold,
Or more indifferent as the case may be,
Went onward by a way which he was told,
Though thrice as long, could be more safely
wended: wended; St unning the mountain his two friends ascended.

And so they parted: one along the plain, Alone; the other two, with staff and guide, In the neat hostel on the other side,
In the neat hostel on the other side,
The two who who wer the mountain tops had ta'en
Their arduous course, arrived their first; but,

Severely by the adventure, each was fain There, with exhausted forces, to abide So long a while, that he who went alone Got there at last before the two were gone.

These two had cross'd the mountain, so they said, Each by a road as different as could be: Be cause i beir guides, the both were patented at, could not agre On the same road. Thus each his own guide led By his own way: yet in the same degree The two ways were so difficult to tread, Even with incessant toll of hand and knee, That each wayfarer, when the goal be won, Was just as weary as the other one.

Protless that goal both reach'd with bleeding feet. The man who was well covered from the cold Had suffer d all his journey from the heat; le who at starting his warm coat had sold He who at starting his warm cost had sold Was nearly frozen by the icy sleet;
Yet each, despite the woful tale he told,
Averred that naught in nature could compete With the mysterious splendors round him roll'd In solemn rapture by the mighty hills,
Which, seen and felt, repaid a thousand ills.

And all this had they seen and felt; had seen
The sudden sunrise burst from underneath,
And wrap with rosy fames the summirs keen;
Had felt the fine joy, shared the radiant wreath,
Of the blithe sprite that dances in the sheen
Of the sonorous torrent; feit the breath
Of life grow godlike, breath'd in laste between
The cold wide-open arms of watchful death,
Upon the slippery peaks. And, after that,
To them the plain seemed pitiably flat.

The less adventurous traveler, while his two Regain'd companions told their story out, inced smiling at his garments good as new, And boots still comfortably soled and stout; hen, with a sigh of satisfaction, drew The flagon to him, turn'd his chair about, Lighted his pipe, three puffs deliberate blew, And, like a man who hath dism'ss'd all doubt, He cross d his legs, and clear d his throat, and said:
"All's well that ends well, as in books I've read.

"And we, methinks, must be content, we three,
Esch with the road he chose, who here to-day
Mee: all together just as well, you see,
As if we all had travel'd the same way.
You two have traversed heights unknown to me;
But, missing these, I miss'd the pains you say
Their pleasures cost; have kept my shin-bones free
From aches and bruises; have no bills to pay
For doctors' stuffs; have saved my baggage, too;
And, though admiring, do not envy you.

"A finer rapture feit through every vein,
A wider prospect, and a purer air,
On heights where yet you could not long remain,
Were yours; and now you mourn because you
the le'er, Whilst here on level ground, can feel again What I, who have not ever mounted there, What I, who have not ever mounted there.

Ne'er felt at all. Fut o'er the common plain.

K eping the common path, 'twas mine to share

The joys of common life, by contrast spoil'd

For those who through untrodden realms have

XIII. "And long will you dispute, nor e'er agree,
Which way was best of those two ways you went,
Even as your guides, of whom each boasts that he
Found out the only right one. I, content
To take the beaten track, at least am free From all such doubts; and, having kept the bent f custom's course, my way was made for me; No guide I needed, since the trodden dent

Of other footsteps served as guides to mine, And show'd me where to sleep and where to dine. "So compensation is assigned to each, There's something better, born of something

worse, In every choice; and different men may reach In this accommodating universe)

By different ways the self same end. To breach All barriers, built by circumstance perverse, Is boid and brave; but bones of heroes bleach In warning heaps the stormy winds disperse On mountain tops, which men who cannot climb May turn by ways more safe, if less sublime."

Full hard of access is Philosophy;
A mountain region, misty, cold, and gray.
Innumerable guides across it try
To lead men, each one by a different way,
Though boasting each the same authority:
The highest climbers must at last some day
From their high climbing, climb they ne'er so high,
Descend into the common plain; where they
Will haply find some less ambitious soul
By lowlier ways hath won the wisht-for goal.

For he, perchance, makes way in life at last.
Who doth to turn life's obstacles contrive Shunning what he cannot surmount) as fast
As they who stoutly to o'ercome them strive.
The pleasant roaming over summits vast,
But, after all, philosophers must live
Here on the plain wdere man's low life is pass'd.
And in the sundown all at length arrive,
Whate'er the road that meanwhile pleased us best,
Beeted, or bootless, at The Traveler's Rest.
—Youth's Companion.

THAT STOUT PARTY.

Aunt had left me a good deal of property, and it was while on a journey My blood was bilin'. from Liverpool to New York to look after the same that I fell in with the "I never knew you!" stout party.

Her name was Crumbe - Sararann for a young woman of her size; for she was a stout party, and no mistake, and, Sararann, this is much too thin!" or other. I even begun to write a poem agin! to her, so you may know as I was pretty desperate. I'd written advertisin' rhymes shout our soap, you know, but I found reaches \$200,000,000 per annum.

love verses quite different, and I balked after the fust two lines-

My heart is yours, oh, Sararann Crumbe ! I long to speak, but love strikes me dumb." That was, in my opinion werry neat as fur as it went, but it didn't go fur enough. But at last she seemed more friendly like, and I told her about Aunt Berlinder and the fortin' and the soap

business.

"I've quite a snug little shop of my own," sez she, "only I'm werry lonely." Then she giv me one of them meltin' looks with her eyes that seem to make a fellow's heart jest simmer down into

But I plucked up courage to say, "It's yer own fault, mum, if you're alone. A charmin' young woman like you must 'ave 'ed loads of chances for gettin' a companion."

"Oh, I'm afeard you're a flatterin', Mr. Stokes," she says, a smiling up at me, so as I couldn't help stealin' my arm around her waist-well, it didn't go 'alf round, you know-and sayin', "Well, if you never 'ad a chance before, what do you say to takin' me for better or wuss? I'm sure you won't find it wuss." She didn't move away from my arm a

bit. She just looked at me with them black eyes, and says she, "Oh, Handrew! I'm hever thine!" And then—it was pretty dark on deck, so I took her in my arms-that is, as much as I could of her and stole a kiss for to seal the engage-

After that, you know, the days slipped away like magic. She was a woner to talk, she was; she had, in fact, the gift of the gab werry gallopin'. But she seemed rather shy about permittin' any embraces or affectionate squeezes. "I don't want to make a spectacle of myself," sez she. "I don't care if we make a pair of spectacles," sez I; and then I wendered if it was her oncommon corpulence as made her awerse to squeezes, as them stout parties has difficulty in getting their breath at the best of times, and I thought after we was married I'd try and coax her into takin' anti-fat, or some of them advertised things as say they have given folks a view of their own shoe-strings as 'adn't 'ad the pleasure of contemplatin' 'em for twenty years. So I 'ad to be contented with a squeezin' of her 'and, which, queer enough, was slim, and long, and quite thin.

"Yer 'and don't never seem to belong to yer, Sararann," sez I, one day. "No, it belongs to you," she sez, with a quick look and a smile.

"I know it, my love, but I mean it's not like the rest of you; it's thin, but you're as plump as-a-a angel!" "I'm not always fat," she sez.

"Oh, ain't you?" sez I, with a little feelin' of relief, I must confess, 'cos she was a leetle too much so, and I didn't want a wife as Barnum would be covetin' for his show. "No, it's the sea voyages as does it,"

she says, quite bewitchin'. "Perhaps you won't love me as much when I git

"Oh, I'm yours through thick and thin!" I makes answer. "There's no changin' in Andrew Stokes, my dear." I noticed, however, that Sararann was not altogether easy in her mind. I began

to be afraid as there was another feller in the background or somethin', and I pressed her to name the day. But sh was werry firm on that point. "You must wait till we're on land,"

she says. "I feel that nervous while I'm on the water I can't settle nothin'. Wait till we're safe on land."

So I waited. It was a hot day enough when we hove in sight, and I really pitied poor Sararann, she felt it so, with so much flesh on 'er. She was that flustered I couldn't keep up with her, and actilly, she scarcely waited for the plank to be put down before she stepped ashore. I was hurryin' after her, when I saw her stopped by two strappin' fellers. I couldn't hear wot they said, but I know jealousy was like a wulture tearin' at my witals. I saw her throw up her 'ands, and then I seemed to 'ear her cry "Handrew!" But before I got near 'er she 'ad disappeared as if the earth 'ad opened an' swallowed 'er up.

You can fancy the feelin's of a fellow as sees 'is sweetheart swollered before his weirry eyes. I tore around here and there, and asked questions of everybody in a wild way. At last a Custom 'Ouse officer stopped

and eved me a moment. "A stout party?" sez ne. "Oh, yes, a stout lady," I answered,

pantin'. "Perhaps you're her pardner?" sez he.

"I don't mind confessin' I'm goin' to be," sez I, givin' him a wink. "Oh, come now, none of that," sez

he, quite stern. "We're incorruptible, as you'll find. An' if you're goin' to be her pardner, I've a word to say to you. Just come in here." An' if the fellow didn't take me by

the arm as if I was a prisoner, an' he walked me into an inside office. I'adn't more than got in when I see another Custom 'Ouse fellow coming out, an' behind 'im came a long, lanky beaupole of a female, with 'er clothes 'angin' like bags on 'er arms. But, the dress! Surely, I knew that garnet merino with the yellow trimmin's an' that 'at with yellow feather, an' the lace shawl!-I felt as if I 'ad got among magic! An' when I saw Sararann's own face at the top of this lanky picture, I sez to the officer, "Punch me, or stick a pin in me, for I believe I'm crazy or drunk. Who

is this woman?" "Why, you said you was 'er pardner," says he, with a grin. "She's a smuggler
—a first-class one! She's an old stager, she is, an' they're a takin' 'er off to prison, an' you bein' 'er pardner 'as got to be searched likewise,"

At that moment the strange-lookin' female caught sight of me. "Oh, Handrew!" she cried. "Thank 'eavens, you are 'ere! Save me-save me!" But I didn't care a bit. I looked stern.

"Woman," sez I, without flinching, "Oh, what a base deceiver!" she

screamed. "An' you said you'd love for a young woman of her size; for she "But this is too thin!" says I. "Oh,

queer enough, if she didn't seem to git An' so she was hustled off, an' I was stouter every day. I watched her so searched, but as nothin' contraband was close, it seemed I could see 'er a-swellin' found on me I was let free. An' I never wisibly before my werry eyes. But I was saw the stout party again or the thin one gettin' deeper an' deeper under that 'ere either. An' I got my eye-teeth cut that spell as makes fools of us all some time time, for no female ever bamboozled me

The leather product of this country

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

He Seemed to Know Him.

"Do you see that man over in the corinto a friend's office. "Yes.

"Do you know him?" "Never saw him before in my life. Do ou know him?" "No, I don't, and that's what makes me mad.

"What's the matter?" "He called me a liar." "Why, how did he get acquainted

"He never did. Didn't I just say I never-" Something in the friend's face stopped him suddenly, and he went out like a flash and hasn't been back since. -Merchant-Traveler.

Seeking a Fortune in the West. "My dear," said a father to his daughter, "how long ago was it that George Jackson went West to seek his fortune? "Just a year," the girl replied with a

blush. "Was there anything between you and George? I sometimes thought he was fond of you."

"He was, papa," and the girl hid her face on the old man's shoulder. "I promised George when he went away that I would wait for him for years if neces-"I have a letter from him."

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed. "Does he-er-has he-oh, tell me, what does "He wants twenty dollars to get home with."-New York Sun.

A Difficult Problem.

Mrs. Blank is a rather young woman with a rather aged husband. He is a scibors say he is compelled to do most of if she displeases his parents. the work about the house. This view of the case was recently strengthened by what a lady visitor saw. The wife of the scientist was at home and greeted the visitor cordially, who responded: "How do you do? I am glad to see

you looking so well. And how is your "He is quite well," replied the wife engaged in solving some difficult mathe-

matical problems.' Just at this moment the voice of the scientist was heard from the kitchen: "I've got through grinding coffee. What shall I do next?"—Siftings.

Nearly as Lively as Baseball. "Smithers, did you ever play lawn-

"No, Brown-Jones. you know I don't play baseball and lacrosse and football, faithful he can put her to death. and games of that sort."

"Yes, but tennis isn't easy." "Oh, rubbish! Why, women play tennis.' "Well, you just come down to the court and try a game with me." "Well, if you want to see what an ath-

lete will do with your namby-pamby game, I'll come. Smithers smiled disdainfully at the racket that was handed him. "I couldn't miss a ball with that

thing, could I?" "No," replied Brown-Jones. Brown-Jones served a hot overhand cut, and Smithers made a swipe that didn't come within a foot of it.

"One strike!" he yelled. "Fifteen-love," said Brown-Jones. "What do you mean by that?". "That's a point for me.'

Brown-Jones served again. This time Smithers caught the ball a terrific righthander, and sent it whizzing into the next township.

"Whoop! Home run!" he shouted. "What's that?"

"Another point for me." Brown-Jones served again. Smithers

returned it. Brown-Jones cut it diagonally over the net and close in behind it. Smithers made a rush and a swipe. He struck the ground with his racket, broke it short off at the handle, pitched head- can be lowered, raised, moved laterally first into the net, and wrapped himself with one hand as easily as a garden hose, up in it, while one of the stakes ran into and which pours out automatically 600 his mouth and knocked seven of his shots a minute! teeth into the innermost recesses of his being. "Say, Brown-Jones," he said, when he

had collected himself and found out who he was: "this game is blamed near as lively as baseball."—Puck.

see my daisy!" he chuckled as he rubbed his hands together.

business on your own account? Yet, turns of the hammer crank-and then, after all, why not? An undertaker might | when the chain of cartridges is nearly as well furnish the flowers as the coffin." exhausted, fasten a new chain to the top of the forehead, and formed a diadem hook at the end and push out the old of hair. strike you?"

"That's a hearse—a new one." "But it's the daisy I was speaking of. Iraining the weapon. Isn't she spic-span and shing?" "Very nice."

"I should smile. It lays over anything of the sort in this town, and don't you forget it! Get in and lie down and let tree on his farm, and in cutting it up he tened among the hair, which hung me bob the springs to show how easy it found, imbedded in the trunk, seven or loosely on the sides of the head. In 1340

"No. thank you." up on the driver's seat."

to the house of the late deceased. Lands! but won't the other undertakers look blue! Say, feel of these curtainspure silk."

body around in a lumber wagon and then gaze on this! Just notice how these rear | kind .- Lumber World. doors open to admit the coffin."

"Very handy."
"Handy? Why, man, it's superb! cause it begins to hum. —Siftings.

"Good! Why, it's the finest in the world—the very finest! I wanted something to show off the coffin, and here it ner?" said an excited individual rushing is. I tell you, the late deceased ought to feel proud to ride in such a vehicle! 'em all out. Say, how are you on styles?"
"What styles?"

"Coffins and shrouds, of course. Come n a minute. I've got a new thing in shrouds-something you are bound to appreciate, and I'm after a patent on a coffin with an air-receiver in it. Say! do me a favor. Let me enclose you in my new coffin and see how long the supply of air will last you. I'll bet a dol-" But the reporter had gone. - Detroit Free Press.

Divorces of the World.

The following particulars as to the methods of securing divorces in different countries are interesting: Siamese-The first wife may be divorced, not sold, as the others may be. She then may claim the first, third and fifth child, and the alternate children are yielded to the husband.

Arctic region-When a man desires a divorce he leaves the house in anger and does not return for several days. The wife understands the hint, packs her clothes and leaves.

Tartar-The husband may put away his partner and seek another when it pleases him, and the wife may do the same. If she be ill-treated she complains to the magistrate, who, attended by the ing religiously between her horse's ears. principal people, accompanies her to the house and pronounces a formal divorce. Chinese-Divorces are allowed in all

cases of criminality, mutual dislikes, jealousy, incompatibility of temper. or too much loquacity on the part of the wife. The husband cannot sell his wife until she leaves him and becomes a slave entist who spends most of his time in to him by action of the law for deserobtuse speculation, although the neightion. A son is bound to divorce his wife

Javans-If the wife be dissatisfied she can obtain a divorce by paying a certain Thibetans-Divorces are seldom allowed unless with the consent of both

parties-neither of whom can afterward Moors-If the wife does not become the mother of a boy, she may be di- reins, a whip and directions for guiding Wedgewood designs in table ware are of the scientist. "He is in his studio vorced with the consent of the tribe, and

she can marry again. Abyssinians-No form of marriage is necessary. The connection may be dissolved and renewed as often as the parties think proper.

Siberians-If the man be dissatisfied with the most trifling acts of his wife, he tears her cap or veil from her head, and this constitutes a divorce. Coreans-The husband can divorce his

wife, and leave her the charge of maingo in for any of those easy games. I taining the children; if she proves un-Druse and Turkoman-Among these people, if a wife asks her husband's permission to go out, and if he says "go,"

without adding "but come back again, desire it, they cannot live together without being remarried.

dissolved. The husband must restore to carved, with two lines of Japanese prior to her marriage.

formed without the old ones being disif she has borne him sons, -Leeds Mer-

A New Weapon of Death.

A London correspondent of the New York Times describes a new weapon to be seen at the Inventors' exhibition, recently opened in that city, which in its fair to excel anything now used in warfare. It is the invention of Mr. Maxim, an American.

Conceive a weapon, says the correspondent, weighing only sixty-five pounds, mounted upon a tripod, which

"The basis of it all is the utilization of the receil force to fire the next shot. Each time the recoil energy, instead of being wasted in kicking the gun over, is used to eject the empty cartridge, and fire it. The cartridges are taken in from the bottom in a chain, just as the per-Had a "Baisy."

fecting press takes paper from the roll.

Come out through the back way and Each of these chains has 333 cartridges packed in a box which is set in a groove under the gun. The operator has simply "What! gone into the funeral flowers to start the gun-a matter of seven box with a new, full one. For the rest he can devote his attention solely to

A Queer Superstition.

Abram Reed, a farmer living in Beaver township, Penn., cut down a large oak "You go on! There's points about a lock of hair. The bottle had been in-hearse the public ought to know. Get serted in a hole in the tree made by an cut squarely to the length of the plaits. more or less unlucky, and not a few look p on the driver's seat."

"Excuse me, but I prefer a family carage."

In the frescoes of the chapel of St. Stephen's, Westminster, Queen Philippa and being held in the hole by the plug. The bottle was corked, and contained a with their hair thus arranged. This the bottle was corked, and contained a feebier produced a resolution of the plants. In the frescoes of the chapel of St. Stephen's, Westminster, Queen Philippa and they may expect during the following days of the week as to their business. The bottle was corked, and contained a feebier produced a resolution of the plants. In the frescoes of the chapel of St. Stephen's, Westminster, Queen Philippa and they may expect during the following days of the week as to their business. skinned, Just notice these springs. I colorless liquid. Over the plug had fashion produced a very stiff and ugly a dull Monday, and some of them will tell you it will be a positive pleasure to grown six solid rings of wood, beside result, and the next was little better. court good luck by selling to the first ride above 'em. The dish of those wheels is absolutely perfect, and such a finish!"

The front and back hair having been districted into two tresses, the skull was at a nominal figure. Others have for that man has done for that rheumatism, "You bet! Say, it will be a proud hour ma and other affections could be cured each carried under the ears and made the week as lucky or unlucky. From in my life when I hitch a span of white by the victim standing against the tree into large rolls, while the back hair was the number of marriages on Thursdays horses to that vehicle and prance around and having a lock of his hair plugged in brought forward over the border of the and Tuesdays it would appear that those away without looking at it or ever passing by the tree again. While the use of a bottle was not included in this treat"Go on, now! Hang it, but when an abottle was not included in this treatindertaker puts up his cash for at regular ment, it is believed that the one with at each other's heads, and carry bosses the purpose of marrying. - Washington daisy like this you newspaper fellows the hair discovered in the heart of the like horned beasts. If any one be withought to encourage him. Just remember oak tree was put there in the early days that the old-fashioned way of carrying a of the settlement by some believer in the of the settlement by some believer in the The dependence on hair led those who

Why is the mosquito like charity? Be-

Beautiful at Four Score. And old lady over eighty years of age, and who was once a great beauty, died recently in Paris, leaving after her a You can say in your paper that it knocks the alleged vanity of women. From the her lips. From thirty to fifty the toilet -Chicago Herald.

How Ladies Should Ride.

The horsewoman should sit so that the weight of the body falls exactly in the centre of the saddle, without heavily bearing on the stirrup, able to grasp the her left knee, yet not exerting any muscular action for that purpose. For this end the stirrup leather must be neither too long nor too short. The ideal of a fine horsewoman is to be erect without being rigid, square to the front and, until quite at home in the saddle, look-The shoulders must, therefore, be square, but thrown back a little so as to expand the chest and make a hollow waist, 'such as is observed in waltzing," but always flexible. On the flexibility of the style again. person above the waist and on the firmness below all the grace of equestrianism -all the safety depends. Nervousness makes both men and women poke their heads forward-a stupid trick in a man, inpardonable in a woman. A lady should bend like a willow in a storm, always returning to an easy yet nearly upright position. This seat should be acquired while the lady's horse is led, first by hand, then with a leading stick and as nice dresses for misses. finally with a luncheon rein, which will give room for cantering in circles. But ferred instead of heavier materials for where the pupil is encumbered with summer use. her horse she may be excused for forget ing all about her seat or her position. The arms down to the elbows should hang loosely near, but not fixed to the sides, and the hands, in the absence of reins, may rest in front of the waist .-Philadelphia Times .-

The Latest Agonies in Fans.

Japanese and Indian fans are the rage this season. The newest Japanese fan shown is called the "Ning-po," and is made the exact shape a palm-leaf grows, with the stick coming down one side, so bodice of colored silk are very much that it will be more for ornament than adopted for small receptions. use. The leaf is left plain or ornamented with hand painting, a great bow of satin ribbon being fastened to the han- worn by ladies as garden hats this seashe is divorced. Though both parties dle. This same shape, which is destined to be very popular, is made up in the most exquisite of gauzes and laces, Cochin-Chinese-If the parties choose hand-painted with delicate flowers, the to separate, they break a pair of chop- stick gilded or made of carved ivory. sticks or a copper coin in the presence of | Some curious little folding fans, made of witnesses, by which action the union is paper, have four sticks, each one highly the wife the property belonging to her poetry. Larger folding fans of silk are fringed with gold tinsel or feather American Indians-Among some tribes trimming, and on many of them are the pieces of sticks given to the wit- heavy embroideries instead of paintings. nesses of the marriage are burnt as a sign | Umbrella fans, in feathers and satin, of divorce. Usually new connections are | imported from China, are among the novelties shown. A very pretty one solved. A man never divorces his wife made out of pale blue and pink feathers Swiss embreidery are much improved by closes up like an umbrella. When being made over a colored slip of camopened the stick of colored sandalwood is pressed to one side and make a per-

fect round fan. The inside is lined with pure white feathers Indian fans are coming more into favor every season. They make very curious fans of feathers and braided straw. These capacity for the destruction of life bids little round fans of fine braided straw will be used at all the resorts this summer. The tops are run with ribbon of any color. They are light, useful and pretty. Eagle feather fans with queer Indian markings in gilt are very pretty. Some will sell for fifty dollars. - New ribbon that has a bow on the side. York Journal.

Old Fashions in Hair Dressing.

Toward the end of the thirteenth century in France, under Philip the Fair, the head dress was nothing more than a simple arrangement of the hair. This mode came from Italy, where simple and elegant head-dressing was the fashion traveling dress because it catches the during the middle ages. In the first dust so easily. style adopted the parting passed over plaits, which, being crossed over the widths. neck, were made to meet again at the

was parted in the middle, two very short with lengthwise strips that alternate locks being made to curve out on either with bands of plain crepe or of watered side of the forehead; the two hind plaits silk. were then crossed and brought under the ears up the sides of the face, being faseight feet from the ground, a small glass bottle and what had the appearance of a bottle and what had the appearance of a characteristic for the field in 1840 and the sides of many years been regarded by many as the face, having between them and the an unlucky day. But there are other by many of their descendants, that asth- covered with a coif, and the front tresses various reasons selected other days of and he still continues in the same unit while the hair was still attached to his coif. The result was to produce two days are regarded as happy ones by the head. It must then be cut off close to great bosses of hair, resembling short-matrimonially inclined. The question his head, and the afflicted person walk horns, on either side of the head. An of the influence particular days may out, she is an object of scandal."

ing for a time the wimple, which did beer a year.

Have you noticed the glass in the sides?" FOR FEMININE READERS. not require such aids. The wimple appears to be very good." hood or capuchon, which the women wore as well as the men. In the thirteenth century they fastened a vail round the capuchon, and the part of the head-dress left unvailed was called the guimpe, or diary in which she endeavors to show up wimple. It was made of fine white linen, and came to be worn right over age of twenty to thirty she spent three | the chin and swathed round the throat. hours a day at her toilet, which foots up | Sometimes it was drawn still higher, for the period one year ninety-one days and the vail being dropped as low as the and six hours employed in dressing her eyebrows, it became a tolerably good eyebrows, it became a tolerably good hair, powdering her cheeks and painting disguise. At first a little lock of hair was worn on each side of the temple, but labors amounted to five hours a day, the as the Fourteenth Century advanced it extra hours being consecrated to cover- vanished. The hair was still dressed in ing up the tracks of time, including the plaits and twists, and might be seen obliteration of crows' feet and other under the folds of the white linen. In a necessary filling in and grading. Time, statue of the widow of a count of Flanfour years and forty days. After fifty ders, killed at Crecy, originally in the her efforts had to be redoubled. To the cathedral of St. Denis, the vail is almost last she resisted the effects of time. fitted to the shape of the head and face by a stiff border of fine pleats, the lower part falling in exactly arranged folds over the drcss, while the wimple passes over the chin and throat: and a similar fashion obtained in Germany. Later on the vail was drawn together under the chin, and lappets became more ample. Have we not here the origin of the widupright pommel with the right knee, and press against the "hunting horn" with ow's cap? To realize its likeness, one ought to recall its form a quarter of a

century back .- Magazine of Art.

Fashion inclines to large parasols. Double skirts are seen on new dresses. Lace parasols in all colors are sellom

Fashion Notes.

Jetted parasols are both novel and ele-

Old-fashioned sprigged muslins are in Wrappers of linen lawn are shown for

Thin veilings make the prettiest of summer dresses. Madras scarfs of brilliant tints will be

used as hat trimming. Limousines mixed with plain goods make very lovely toilets.

White nun's veiling remains in favor Doylies of fine guipure lace are pre-

again popular and in much demand in this country.

Poppy red and blue serge jackets will be worn on morning walks with muslin and cotton dresses. Plaid sash ribbons and Roman striped gauze scarfs make gay trimmings for

children's shade hats.

Velvet bonnet-strings are being laid aside for those of lace and gauze stuffs, especially gauze ribbons. High, full bodices of lace over a low

The little drawn muslin hats, which

Byron collars of solid jet, with two scarfs of beaded net to tie below the throat, are shown to wear with black

made for girls' country and traveling suits; they have kilt skirts and sailor Tunics, polonaises and every kind of drapery used for figured materials are equally adapted for flowered lawns and

Many beautiful pattern dresses of

Jetted zouave jackets, very short and beaded in small designs, are worn over waists of house dresses of black silk. satin or surah.

Mantles are shorter than they ever have been, and are little more than shoulder capes with a narrow part of the front lengthened like a mantilla. Pretty white muslin and linen lawn

dresses for misses are made with a fitted for the speaker's stand. basque that is worn with a belt of velvet A tucked skirt is in good style for soft, thin woolens, and should be made in lengthwise tucks for older ladies and

in horizontal tucks for young ladies and Flannel, while making a good dress for long tramps in the mountains, also for yachting suits, is not suitable for a

Braiding & so much in vogue that the head from one ear to the other, the even for midsummer, for traveling and to do a thundering sight of skirmishing front portion of the hair being carried for the seaside, small wraps of army blue around after the "what."-Newman In to the forehead and frizzed, while the cloth will be worn entirely covered with | dependent. latter part was divided into two long braiding in black mohair braid of several

Very rich black dresses for the summer are made of China crepe embroidered or brocaded for the skirt, while the A rather curious arrangement of the overdress is made of lace, either entirely hair came into vogue in 1830. The hair of piece lace, or of lace flounces formed

Monday Luck.

Friday, as everyone knows, has for

Beer brewers in America employ an superstition to cure an ailment of some had not a good supply to have recourse army of half a million men; they have to artificial additions. But during the invested a quarter of a billion dollars in fourteenth century there was a reaction their business, and they sell about one against this practice, the wom? adoptTHE IRONY OF TIME

If we could resurrect the years again

When life is on the wanef we could learn by many a bitter truth The value of our youth

ere the inexorable hand of time Has harvested our prime. How we should drain from every flower wa

The last drop of its sweet! We scorn the present hour and strive to bor-

Some forestate of the morrow;

The morrow has its sorrow and the pain Of hope deferred again: So waste the years till age, defeated, stands

Desolate, with empty hands. ilgrims on paths our fathers trod before We trace their footsteps o'er On every height, in every vale we meet

Signs of their toiling feet, Gashed on the rook and wounded by the Where we are stung and torn,

What was it that they sought? Oh, burning Fixe I on low western skies, The beckening shapes that seem so fair to

Wear the same dazzling hue That lured the Vikings through tempestuous

Beyond the Hebrides, Toward purple isles of peace and golden To die on freezing strands.

Time has no precious treasure stored away Beyond our grasp to-day; Earth has no secret garden of delight Hid from our aching sight.

Too late we learn the humble highway flower Is life's best gift and dower-The light that kindles in meek, maiden eyes Is love's divinest guise; Too late! too late we find there is no more

On any sea or shore Than those rich offerings we have overthrow Pursuing the unknown, Nor any road by which we can attain Youth's vanished grace again.

-Charles L. Hildreth, in New York World. PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

There's no flour in the idler's loaf. The mouse a woman never fears-A

"Were you a bull or a bear?" asked an acquaintance of a speculator. "Neither," he replied, "I was an ass."-Burlington

The alamanac has its uses. Without it, it would be almost impossible to distinguish spring from winter or winter from spring. - Boston Transcript. RECOGNIZES A FRIEND.

And now the watermelon green, In market stalls attracts the eye; The doctor with a smiling mien Regards it as he passes by. "The Northwest lumber resources have decreased twenty-five per cent. in

the last year." The supply of block-

heads, however, keeps right up with the A Wisconsin man was reported as 'murdered" when the word should have Blue flannel and red flannel dresses are been "married," but the distinction was so slight that the proof-reader let it pass.

> You can find a man who enjoys breaking in new boots a good deal easier than you can converse with a woman who wouldn't stop eating pie to kiss a baby any t'me. - Chicago Ledger.

showing make; But you'll agree our family from them can "take the cake," Yet should you chance to doubt the fact and reckon it a myth,
Just look in the directory and find the name of Smith.

The Jones and the Browns, 'tis true, a goodly

"I have here a letter directed to the prettiest woman in the house," announced the presidentess of a woman's convention. Four reporters on the front seat were trampled to death in the rush

Asking too much-A man applied at a

house in San Antonio for aid. "You

should go to work and earn a living,"

was the indignant reply. "Go to work! It isn't bad enough that I am so poor that I have to beg, and here you come and want me to work beside."—Sift-"What and When to Eat" is the title of an article in an exchange. This is a subject on which we are posted. The "when" never gave us any trouble in all our eating, but we have been compelled

The sealskin sacque, that erst with pride she Is now in camphor safely laid away, And from the sultry city to the shore With pleasure hastes the maiden fair and

THE MERRY MAIDEN.

gay.
In linen, lawn, or muslin, or pique,
And ribbons at her throat, a vision fair, Along the yellow sands where wavelets play She passes slowly, with a pensive air, Creating havoc 'mong the hearts of mash-Call a girl a chick, and she smiles; call a woman a hen, and she howls. Call a young woman a witch, and she is

pleased; call an old woman a witch, and she is indignant. Call a girl a kitten, and she rather likes it; call a woman a cat, and she'll hate you. Queer sex, isn't it?-Red Bluff (Cal.) News. "Say not that the day of disinterested benevolence has vanished. We know of a man who has the rheumatism, which has treated him in the most cruel man-

selfish course."-Boston Transcrip FIGURATIVE ASTRONOMY Astronomy is 1 derful And interesting, 2:

Which makes a year 4 you The moon is dead and calm, By laws of phys 6 grest; It's 7 where the stars alive Do nightly scintil 8.

If watchful Providence be 9
With good in 10 tions fraught
Did not keep up its grand design
We soon would come to 0.

Astronomy is 1 derful,
But it's 2 80 4.

1 man 2 grasp, and that is why
l'd better say no more.