

A WOMAN'S POCKETS.

BAB TALKS OF THE DRESSMAKER'S AUTOCRACY IN PROVIDING THEM.

Arrival of the South-Sea-The Pope's Love for Perfumes-The Original Hackett's Tinted Face-Eve's Predilection-A Hysterical Melodrama of Miss-Hen Charles the Second Night Have Been Reformed.

St. Louis Republic.

As our party consists of mere women except from Saturday to Monday, we have an opportunity to do not only considerable talking, but considerable thinking. Even the most talkative woman uses up her chatter in time. And then she rests and waits for fresh ammunition. The thinking is done during the resting period. On Saturday we suddenly become conscious of the importance of mankind, for we are informed that the gentlemen will arrive on the 8 o'clock train. The two gentlemen consist of Uncle Timothy's brother, who is over 70, and Aunt Maria's Willie, who is 19, and clerking in the city. The entire household gets on its best clothes and goes down to meet them. Willie is an ambitious youth, given to fancy scarfs and with a desire to make money enough to go to college next year. I respect his ambition, but I do wish that he would not stammer and blush so every time you speak to him and that he would not fill his pockets with all sorts of things. When he walks around he has a lurid appearance, and unless Aunt Maria gets hold of him and manages to make him unload, his coat never sets smoothly on him. It is a queer thing that the average dressmaker nowadays has absolutely no consideration of the comfort of womankind.

WOMEN AND THEIR POCKETS.

She declines to put a pocket in a skirt. She expects you to tuck your handkerchief up your sleeve, or to keep it in your pocketbook, and she counts on your being willing to carry your purse in your hand and chance losing it. With the average dressmaker I have a standing quarrel on the subject of pockets. A pocket I will have. I insist upon having, and I do get it. Of course, I don't want to put in my pocket all the things that a man carries in his five or seven, or nine, or whatever number belongs to him, but still I like to know that there is a place where I can slip a love letter or a bill, or keep the always necessary hairpin. A purse, a knife, a handkerchief, a watch, a pencil, a memorandum book and a snuff box are only a few of the things that men carry in their pockets. Some men have loose bits of paper, and when this candy gets covered with dust and when it lacks the delicacy of taste it had when it was new. Some other men carry a whole writing set-up; that is, a small pad of paper, one of those pens that hold ink, and it stopped up when you wish to use it, and a collection of postage stamps. Other men indulge in cigarettes and cards, while still other men wear on their double chains and conceal in their pockets what they call snuff boxes, but they are not only great bunches of keys, but often two and sometimes three watches. The three watches are worn to see what time it is in America, England and Russia.

Speaking of snuff, which the extremely smart middle-aged man is just now taking up again, it is the most difficult thing to find a good snuff box.

Just try if you want to give one to some body. You can get bonbon boxes you can get stamp boxes, but a snuff box ought not to be made of wood, or of metal, or of any other material, but of something somewhat difficult. Then, too, a snuff box must be fat, so that it will not make the waistcoat bulge, and yet it must hold sufficient snuff for at least half a day. To be very well, you must make an effort to get the Pope's snuff. I have smelt it, and its odor is decidedly good. I am told that the Pope has a great liking for perfumes, consequently he is very fond of snuff, but it is perfume of the star of roses. Baltimore is proud of the fact that it is made there and under the direction of no good a judge of snuff as Cardinal Gibbons.

It is interesting to know, speaking of pockets and the things that are needed, that the abominable bag made of netting, which is seen in most of the national who go out to buy a lot of little things, and is birth not in Philadelphia, nor in Boston, not in New York City, but in Rome, and was fancied by the stern Roman matrons. The ancient Hebrew matrons carried a pouch, but in addition to the netted bag carried by the Roman matrons, they had some way of arranging what they called the strophium, which was really their stays, so that a pocket was permitted near the heart, and in it they carried their most precious jewelry. The ladies of the old days carried a sort of oval bag of leather, and set with velvet gems. The Roman matrons, when they went to the Forum, wore bags hanging at their sides in which there was supposed to be money to give away. Just now a good many of us would like to meet a good Roman dame who has some money to burn or offer without interest to her friends. I often wonder what Eve did without a hairpin, or was she the original inventor of this useful article? Did she really first call it the mitous hair pin? I hate Latin, but that just expresses the possibilities of this part of woman's costume. I have been trying with the help of a girl I know, to think of all the things a hairpin can do. In the first place, it buttons gloves, shoes and collars; it takes the place of a paper-cutter, and it opens a letter neatly. I have seen it used when a lock was obstreperous. It is valuable when a cork-crow is not around. It will smooth and make clean the wick of a lamp when it refuses to burn properly and hold in the

and allowed to darken, it may take the place of an eye-brow pencil.

HER HERO.

Miss Betty was asking me the other day who my favorite hero was. Now, Miss Betty is nothing if not proper, and yet she confessed with a faint blush, that of all the men in history she liked Charles the Second the best. She said she thought he would have differed if the proper influence, through some good woman, had been brought to bear upon him, and yet she was not sure that she would have liked him quite so well if he had been different. From the beginning of the world women have adored rascals. Who was interested in Abel? Who cared for the good boy of the family? Ask the average woman about her hero, and she will select one of the French Louis, probably Louis the Fourteenth. She likes his good looks, his fine manners, and she is sure he must have been fascinating, else so many women could not have cared for him. She has a leaning towards Bloch, toward Robespierre, and an expressed fondness for Sheridan. Personally, I think Diarrel stands foremost in my affections. Men say of him that he was the most conceited man that ever lived, but women who are wiser than men, know that he had much to be concealed about. The story of his life, the story of his ambitions, his public speeches, his written books and his inner life all come to me with wonderful fascination for women and draw me toward him. Just take up one of his memoirs if you want to convince yourself of his thorough understanding, not only of women, and of love, but of society. He had the wisdom to marry a widow, and he never grew tired of her; while she had the wisdom to care for him as he wished to be cared for, so that he never worried of her. He said that I respect if two people wished to live happily they should see very little of each other in the daytime, should visit at different houses and meet after midnight, to discuss whatever was interesting, over cold chicken and champagne. What a wise man he was.

Diarrel suggests primrose, and primrose suggest to me that right here under my own eyes that old, old story is being told again and that the old fashion of making love is to be done. Ever morning Nancy comes into breakfast with a wonderful bunch of flowers at her belt. At first I only thought that she had been out in the garden for a walk, and that this was the result of her early visit to the flower beds; but one morning I noticed that her bouquet was largely composed of primroses and purple pansies, such pansies as only grow in Mrs. Jim Johnson's beautiful garden. The story is plain to me. Every morning she goes down to the village, where he is staying under the single Judge, who is the power, he leaves a bouquet on the gate post and Nancy, queerly enough, finds it. It would be cruel, but it would be interesting to get up early and go down and see what that bouquet. I wonder what Nancy would think if she saw her posies in the belt of another woman? She would probably think that she was the only absolutely young girl in the house.

THE SIGN OF LOVE.

It is almost as pretty as seeing two birds making love to watch one young girl when she is first conscious that a young man's heart is drawn towards her. She is nervous and she sits around in a quiet sort of a way exactly as the yellow canary bird does in its cage when the bird in the other window trills a particularly sweet song. It is a good thing, this old-fashioned love. It keeps everybody young. Even the lookers on find their hearts growing tender, and something every human being hearing the love story of someone else. I was again in the first love that came to her. My first love was given to a gentleman old enough to be my grandfather. I nursed it in silence and I told him of the deep affection that I had for him. To me he represented everything that was great, everything that was handsome, and everything that was intellectual. The fact that he was my own uncle did not interfere in the least with my love, since it was a spiritual one, purely. The first love is always spiritual and that is the reason why no wise woman marries her first love. In marriage a little thought must be given to the material. The bread and butter of the future is to be considered. It is impossible to live without loving words, and it is also impossible to live entirely upon them.

That is the reason why it is well for a boy to learn the value of money, since, through it he can cure properly for the woman from whom he wishes loving words and loving kindness.

BAB KNOWS WHAT MONEY IS.

I never pretend to undervalue money. I think it a great blessing. A nice, kind man wrote me a letter and asked me what I thought of the silver question. To be quite honest, I do not think very much about it, but I do know this—gold is much nearer to hand. Then, too, I remember the day of the trade dollar, that awful day when one dollar represented 85 cents or one hundred of them. Silver is not pleasant in the purse. A man who knows a great deal says that if we have silver we will not be counted honest by foreigners. I do not think we are counted as particularly honest by foreigners now. As a nation, we are too forgiving. We overlook the embezzler and count the gentleman thief as a person who is to be regarded with sympathy. Our law courts are laughed at by people of the Old World and we do not know what we are talking about; that we are an immortal nation as far as honesty goes, but an immortal one, not knowing about holy what real honesty is. And sometimes I am afraid this too.

The eagerness of our men for money-making causes them to forget that "outs" deals are not always square ones; that getting ahead of a man may

result in a pile of money, but not in self-respect. In the old days our merchants thought extreme honesty a good advertisement. Nowadays, it is believed that extreme business ability, so called, is most desirable.

I do not like those words business ability. Ability ought to mean capability. The direction of honesty, not in the direction of unending in one way and overruling in another, but a merchant can sell me a pair of gloves for half their value. I know he is going to make it up by charging double the value for a handkerchief. It doesn't pay to buy things for less than they are worth, and when anybody is fool enough to be caught in this trap the dresses to be pinched. You see I am not strong on the silver question, though I confess to liking a silver spoon to eat with, and a silver-backed brush for my hair, but I am particular about my money. There is no mention of either of these two things in the Ten Commandments. I don't think there is in the New Testament, but still as we read translations, the old books can be twisted around to suit the morals of the day. What are the morals of the day? The chief rule seems to be to get as much out of your neighbor as you can, and to do so as little for your neighbor as you can. It is a bad law one that is not good to live by, nor to die by, and that is why we have got to think of. Not only the living, but the dying. The sweetest old writer who belonged to the days that have gone, gave the world a great book on holy living. Then he wrote one on holy dying. He knew that what we did here counted for as much as what we did in the hereafter, and he combined the two. That is what we want to do. Live so that our dying will be easy. Try to do well as well as I can, but even if I do not practice so perfectly, I assure you that when it comes to preaching, neither you nor your neighbor can compare with

THE PICTURE OF BRYAN.

Julian Hawthorne in New York Journal.

Mr. Bryan made a favorable impression on me when I saw him for the first time this morning. He is a man of five feet, ten inches, of a figure not athletic, but naturally solid and strong. His face, as innumerable portraits have already informed me, is clean shaven, the lips thin, but there is a curve in their line of junction and a sort of dimple—if one may use such a word in describing the features of a prospective president—at the corners, which I have frequently observed in men distinguished for eloquence. Gladstone and John Bright had it, and so have Choate, Bishop, Potter, Bourke Cookran and our own Chauncey. Mr. Bryan has also something which not all the above named orators possess—large, dark, kindly eyes, which show the coming smile before it gets lower down, and disposes the interlocutor to smile responsively.

In manner in greeting a stranger is very quiet and courteous. He appears at once serious and genial and a dignity which is not manufactured, but innate. There is no pose about him. When in his speeches he ascribes the enthusiasm of his hearers to his cause rather than to himself, he speaks sincerely, and to say the truth, it may be the power behind this young man, rather than force in himself, which will enable him to carry the coming election. The power of the people is unknown and incalculable, and the best leader of the people must be a man, who, like Bryan, can adequately absorb their passion and purpose and competently express and execute the same.

I doubt not that Bryan is a greater man to-day, thanks to his faculty of receiving the contagion of a national will, than he was before he addressed the Chicago convention. He is a man who has developed by his position and opportunities, and if we are in no reason to doubt, his judgment be sound and his rectitude valid, we may look to see him become a worthy head of the American people.

I lay stress upon this sympathetic quality in Bryan, because it seems to me not the least valuable element in the conflict which is before him. No man can control this nation when, as now, it is aroused; but a man may inspire and comprehend its needs and its will better than it can itself, and he can lead them and by a happy genius so emphasize what is sound and manipulate what is questionable as to bring forth the best results. Neither Andrew Johnson nor General Grant possessed this intuition, and to their lack of it are due the errors of their administration. Lincoln, on the other hand, did possess it in full measure, and he became the loftiest figure in our political history.

Mr. Bryan's head is high above the rest, but not so much developed behind. A physiologist might say he had more firmness than energy. But the enthusiasm and magnetism of his nature prevent this combination from degenerating into doggedness. Bryan must always be in the front of any movement with which he is connected. His intelligence is exceptional and swift. He perceives the larger relation of things. If there be a typical American of the west, this man is he, but he has individual attributes which lift him above the type.

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ARP SAYS IT IS HOT.

HE LIVES IN A LIVELY VILLAGE AND SHOULD KNOW.

Old Chaps of Carterville—The Major Grows Romantic and Writes in Respective Fashion—Old Time Politics. Will App in Atlanta Constitution.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom. The republicans are making much ado about something that Mr. Bryan said about the supreme court, and even some of the Georgia lawyers criticized so severely and defended the court as the best bulwark of our liberties, and spoke of it as the high tribunal that stood like a wall to protect the people against the assaults of passion and prejudice. All that is very pretty to a young man, but old men have more memory and less confidence. There was a time, a good long time, when that court had the respect and the reverence of the nation, especially the south, when John Marshall and Roger B. Taney, two Southerners, were the chief justices for a period of nearly 60 years; but soon after Taney died partisan politics and sectional prejudice crept into the court and it is there yet. It has been only 20 years since members of the court ruled Mr. Tilden out of the presidency and seated Hayes, as clear as day, and legal fraud was ever perpetrated by the most unscrupulous politicians. Law is said to be the perfection of human reason. Then how is it that in such great questions republicans judges decide one way and democrats the other? It is right melancholy to recall that stupendous farce—seven democrats and eight republicans all under oath to do justice in this great question, and yet they drew the great lines to a man. That Tilden was elected all parties now admit and history has so recorded. He was cheated out of the high office by three members of that supreme court. This is the same court that decided that income tax to be unconstitutional. Why, I wouldn't trust such a court with any case that involves great corporations, or Bradley was a young man and in 1870 he was president and director of two railroads and several great insurance companies. He couldn't tote fair with them on one side and the people on the other to save his life. No, I am like Bryan. I've lost confidence in the integrity of that court. I will not say that its members can be bought with money, but their wills are moulded by undue influences and ought to be broken. That income tax was a fair and just measure and in 1870 he was president and treasury near \$40,000,000 and no doubt saved the government from the disgrace of that bond business.

But I didn't start to write on politics. The weather is too hot to think about anything that excites indignation. We old chaps here in Carterville have been going to school every night for a week, preparing for the democrat skule show that was to come off. The ladies got it up and then leveled on us and put the eldest school ladies in the front class, and we had to do a drink man, and learn our a b c on a blackboard, and be taught to sing "I want to be an angel," and we had to speak a speech like we used to speak it away back in the '30's and '40's. Some of us had to walk up and be licked for our mischief, and we had a recess and played many, many stars with the girls and I got kissed several times and so forth. The night was hot, but we had fun, lots of fun—old-fashioned, innocent fun. Old people never so happy as when recalling the memories of the old school days. That is about as far back as we can go, and it is a big landmark in life's history. Shakespeare tells of the whining schoolboy creeping unwillingly into school. That was a true picture sometimes, but, as a general thing, we were glad to go. Charles Lamb writes of his joyful school days. It was a most delightful mixture. With a mother to help us get our lessons and a father to help us courage and a teacher to praise us when we did well, the daily task was not hard, and then the surroundings, the frolics, the recess, the dinner buckets, the good time going home in the evening, the pretty branches we had to cross, the red gullies where we got chalk, the walnut trees over in the field and the chestnut trees on the hill, and then there were permission and blackboards and mayhap not far away. We had townhall at noon, and we used to walk down to the school and get our good balls to the better and wanted him to hit it and knock it a mile if he could. Then there was our old-fashioned shanty that was akin to the modern golf. It was a hard game and kept us with bruised shins and a bloody nose, and gradually fell into a state of innocuous demerit.

When there were some pretty girls to look on and admire, and we had our sweethearts and loved to stand by them at the Friday evening spelling and sometimes ventured to hold their hands on the sly, and would purposely misspell the word to let them get above. That was chivalry, pure and simple. Then came Saturday, a long, long, happy day, when we gathered chinquapins or chestnuts, or went to the mill and went to washing while holding for the grist. Sometimes we didn't wait the grist, but ran pony races and even went to work in the afternoon for another frolic.

It is still memory's delight to recall those delightful days, and it is no wonder that the poets have written about them; and one of them says: "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood." The next era that stands out most prominently is that of the lover. Shakespeare knew all about that, too, and drew the picture, no doubt, from his own experience when he was dying for pretty Ann Hathaway. Every man and woman could write a story of love's young dream if they would, and

some of them would be sad, very sad. I wish that every lad and lassie had a lover—not a transient one, who, like the butterfly, sips the honey from one flower and then seeks another, but a true, firm lover who chooses a willing mate and sticks. The true, confiding love of a young couple who are married as well as married, is the most beautiful thing in life.

THE WORLD'S NECESSITIES.

Should Be Considered by The Young Men Unleashing a Career.

Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in an article on "Selecting a Career," addressed to young men, in August *Ladies' Home Journal*, says: "In the life of each one of us, when we reach a certain stage in our history, there comes a moment that is the thrilling counterpart of that, a moment when we become strangely conscious of resource, and when the fibres of body, mind and spirit knit themselves into a kind of rigid consciousness of power, and when that power is felt with bewildering distinctness in its relations to the times in which we are living and to the years that we are facing. And the same overwhelming question comes to us as came to Jesus when He heard God's voice, as came to Moses when he beheld the burning bush; as came to Paul amid the dazzling light by Damascus: 'What am I going to do with all this?' I can make myself great by means of it, or I can make the world great by means of it, or I can do which? It is a big question, and I cannot answer a big question in a small way. It strikes to the very root of the whole business of life, and you cannot possibly grasp the root by chewing the twigs on the branches. It is one of those crises in a man's life that for success or failure reaches clear out to the end of the years. The entire genius of the whole Christian business lies right in there. "It is a matter of throwing one's self for all he is worth into the scale of the world's necessities, and the process of choosing a career is simply the way in which one meets the question as to the particular channel along which the world's necessities can best be reached and supplied by his own personal resources."

A REMINISCENCE.

Detroit Free Press.

Deacon L'emberton Skinner is a very devout and industrious colored man with a penchant for large words. He stopped on his way home, at the house where he enjoys the exclusive "cold vittles" privilege and remarked to the lady on the step: "Dutty wahn weather, sho' uff." "Yes, it is rather warm. I see you have your pick and shovel with you. It must be pretty hard to work with them when it is so hot." "Yas'm. De perfumion of excavatin' hab its drawbacks. But I has merrim occupied wif thoughts so' so I keeps a-recreatin' right along wif m' industriality."

"What do you think about?" "I pater er good deal er my meditations on de preachin' dat I done hyund er Sunday befo'."

"Sometimes I does. An' den agin' his er good deal er worriment ter me. De' sumpin' dat de preacher said las' Sunday dat keeps er'ristin' ter my min' an' a rankin' in m' er bosom."

"What is it?" "De clergymen, he does eloquence de sayin' dat er man ruz' earn his bread by de sweat er his brow." "I trouble you, your conscience surely doesn't trouble you in that connection. That's how you earn your bread, isn't it?" "Yas'm. De' s' how I gits de over-shy'w' all de sustenance on er disshere life. But I've gittin' discontented dese wahn days."

"Do you get tired of working?" "No'm. I likes ter wuk. But ef whut er man gits fro' it is measured by de preparation on his brow, I's sho'ly intitled for mo' dan bread. I order hab pie an' cake at de berry less!"

She Takes Care of Mr. Bryan.

A correspondent of the N. Y. World writing about Mrs. Bryan's solicitude for her husband, tells this: "She watches her husband with fierce vigilance. She won't let him sit in the sun, and she marches him off to his meals, willy nilly. "It's bad enough for him to get his food on the installment plan," she said, when they had left breakfast, then she goes out and be cheered and sympathized and welcomed "but food he must have, committees or no committees."

She will not discuss politics. She will not talk about this State or that State. She hopes her husband will be elected. She says she doesn't think it would be any fun at all to be mistress of the White House. She says she could have a good deal better time in many ways if her husband was defeated, and for all that she hopes he will not be defeated. "People are always asking me what is the secret of my husband's popularity," she said today. "They do not seem to realize what he represents a great principle. It isn't Bryan these people cheer; it's the things he represents."

"Some people call it magnetism," said "a man with a note book." "Perhaps they do," Mrs. Bryan said quietly. "I call it truth, and an honest purpose in speaking it. That's the kind of magnetism I believe in."

POLITICS ON ROCKY CREEK.

Admiral Hunt Westcott's Testimony Shows How Won in the Race For High Courtship. Mrs. Hunt's Remarks in Gallery Lodge.

When it comes to making a stump speech little Buck Weatherford ain't very many. In fact, he is only a very few. But on the still hunt for votes when it comes to gain with the boys and settle up the pigs—be it way under the most smoothest and slickest card in the deck—hot stuff and a whole passle of it.

By some hook or crook I forgot to tell you that Buck is now high on the list of Rocky Creek. And the way in which he whipped his fight and won the race, hangs down in the hills to show that a man in politics has always been and always will be—American politics.

"You see there was three good men out for the same place, and between the other two they did make the road tremendous hot and dusty for me," says little Buck to me the next day after the election. "But Will Tom Pickett he was a candidate from over in the hill country, whilst Bud Newton he was running from down in the Flat Woods. Will Tom he had worked a scandalous strong back in from the boys in the hills, whilst Bud he never was in the fight scarcely any to speak of."

"Now in a flat-footed scrub race I could beat Bud Newton every day in the year, but it is a whole lot different with Will Tom Pickett, which there ain't a better man to settle than him. Well, finally, at last I got in and figured the thing out in this way. If Bud don't get nervous and run up the white feather and jump the game I am a hot favorite and bound to win. But if he pulls out and leaves the field to Will Tom and me, then the man and the odds must meet and I will have to be the man."

"So, consequently, you can see at once, Rufus, that the making thing with me was to keep Bud Newton out of the race and hold out the vote which he would bring up from the Flat Woods. Bright and early the next mornin' I saddled up and lit out for the Flat Woods, and I didn't let any grass grow till I rid up the Newton place and called Bud out for a private conference. I then up and told him I was thinking of right serious about pulling out of the race since it looked like the old man was bound to lay a Newton egg before he quit the nest. I likewise went on to tell him how my votes were fallin' out and fockin' to the Newton column."

"Will Tom Pickett is like the label on a bottle," says I to Bud—"all around it but not in it any at all scarcely—and I would love to be your first deputy if the cards keep on runnin' your way."

"I spread it on and piled it up in that way, Rufus, till Bud was tickled most to death and I knowed he would stay in the race till the evening of the last day."

"Next then on my return back home I rid around through the hill country and give out the new free and promises that Bud Newton was at least three lengths ahead in the race and gainin' every jump. There is many ground at every jump. It looked like Rufus, that would a whole lot rather run with the biggest crowd and holler for the winnin' ticket, and what I was after there in the hill country was to start a grand rush and stampede some Pickett's votes into the Newton column. In the main time I didn't have nothin' else to do but to pass the word around amongst my friends to be about every jump and still and wait for the cat to jump."

"And man, sir, the general machinery worked as slick and smooth as you ever saw—never missed a lick nor jumped a cog. Bud Newton stayed in the race. He held his own and got some scatterin' votes which I had stamped out of the hill country and away from Will Tom Pickett. And then finally at last when the old cat bunched her feet she jumped my way like a shot out of a shovel."

Human nature is most in general always human. Mortal man, born of woman, is of few days and no teeth, but full of his tricks. Work for the Next Legislature. Medical Recorder.

The next Legislature will be called upon to take steps toward withdrawing public tax-aid from higher education, to establish a reformatory for youthful criminals, to increase the efficiency of the common schools (including the institution of a secure and incorruptible plan of adopting public school books), to pass a anti-alcohol law, to pass a law restricting fees of justices of the peace in civil cases. And politicians and candidates who disregard these objects should be taught a lesson by the people.

The New Woman in White. Wilmington Chronicle, 13th.

"The 'New Woman' passed through town last Wednesday. She was traveling from Lenoir to Winston. She was walking and pushing a baby carriage which contained a baby and other household and kitchen furniture. She was going at a 2-40 gals as she passed through town. She makes 8 or 10 miles per day. This is rather a novel way of seeing the world, but the 'new woman' has ways peculiarly her own."

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Send your address to Dr. J. C. Williams, 188 North Second Street, Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

Some Suggestions About the Campaign Manufacturers' Record.

A New York Bank is sending out a leaflet on the currency question, the opening paragraph of which is an imaginary conversation between a farmer and a bank cashier. The farmer asks what the amount of 10 to 1, and the cashier replies that it means 16 feet to 1 sensible man."

Now this stupid stuff is being distributed in the interest of the "sound-money" cause. If anything could be devised to do the silver cause more good than literature of this kind, it is difficult to imagine what it could be. The fact is, many of the gold people have put forth arguments, so called, that are largely responsible for the spread of the demand for silver. When almost in despair from the lack of employment and from the unprofitableness of their farming operations, as thousands have been, looking anxiously and honestly for some way of relief, have been ridiculed as fools and anarchists, instead of being met in the same spirit of honest enquiry and given an honest answer. These things have driven us to a point of desperation, and yet many bold adventures seem to be absolutely blind, and in danger that they are calling into existence. The Manufacturers' Record has repeatedly urged that such abuse as this be stopped; that these people shall not be given a stone when they ask for bread; that they shall not be denounced as thieves, fools and anarchists because they look anxiously for some light upon a question, the settlement of which concerns their ability to earn an honest living. If the men who are leading in this work—the bankers, the manufacturers and others—hope to win without leaving a man that may prove troublesome in the future, they must see that literature such as this New York bank is sending out shall not be used in this campaign. This is an ordinary political campaign; it is a crisis in the nation itself, and upon its settlement must depend our future. It is not a time to hand out epithets; it is not a time to call men fools and thieves simply because pressing poverty has driven them to turn any way for relief. This should be a campaign, not of abuse, not of suppressed free speech, but a campaign based on the highest educational line of work, in which every man uses it to himself, to humanity and to his country, and to seek to know the truth, and to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in him. With such a campaign as that, the Manufacturers' Record has no fear of the results. It is adding fuel to the fire, and the integrity, the good sense and the final right determination of this momentous question, which means so much for the cause of humanity and for our country.

The Week's Business. Don's Review, 13th.

An extraordinary spell of deadly hot weather has affected trade throughout the country, and in the East speculative feeling was somewhat affected until Thursday by apprehension of the possible influence of the Bryan meeting. With cooler weather there was a slight rise in the market, but the general feeling would not affect business unfavorably.

But other conditions not stimulating. According to government reports, the crops have sustained serious injuries. Labor difficulties attend, and the closing of establishments for want of work, and the refusal of commercial loans by banks, checked operations in many branches of industry and trade.

The week therefore closes as the least successful week of the season, unusually dull for the season, measured by clearing house advances 2.0 per cent. smaller than last year and 1.5 per cent. smaller than in the same week of 1892, the last year of fall business at this season.

Washington Post. "What proportion of McKinley badges do Bryan badges do you sell?" asked a Bryan supporter of the proprietor of the cigar stand at the Willard Hotel yesterday. "You ought to know as well as I do," was the reply. "No," said the reporter, "I am asking seriously."

"I sell three dozen Bryan badges to one of McKinley," was the reply. "I cannot get the Bryan badge last enough. I have ordered a gross more, but I don't know how long I will have to wait for them."

At Cleveland, E. H. Rogers' cigar store, next to the Post building, it was said that twenty Bryan badges were sold to one of McKinley.

The Advantages Over the Competitive System. New York Journal.

Candidate Bryan has the advantage of belonging to himself. His candidacy is a great improvement on the syndicate system of running a man.