A SENSATION.

Opinion of a Fashions le Wom-a of the World.

"Do you expect to win in your dress reform movement," was asked of Mrs. Annie Jenness-Miller, 19 E. 14th St., New York, editor of Dress.

"I hope to."

"Why do you object to the present style?"

"It is ungraceful, deforming and injurious."

"Do ladies generally support the reform?"

"Yes, very generally. My correspondence is very heavy. Next to Mrs. Cleveland's mine is said to be the largest daily mail of any woman's in the United States, and from not only ever state in the Union but from almost every country of Europe."

"Is the magazine, Dress, succeeding?"

"Very handsomely, indeed. Dress has been published less than a year, and I am gratified with reports from all over the world of the acceptance by ladies in the very highest rank, of the reform which Dress advocates."

Mrs. Miller is a comely woman in appearance, and is very enthusiastic in her dress reform agitation. As the New York Graphic says: "She herself is young and attractive, with a figure so harmoniously developed as to suggest strength, power and beauty."

The reform which she is urging with so much eloquence and grace seems to be the coming one. Mrs. Jenness-Miller has the advantage of high social position, being of the same family with the late Wendell Phillips, and the poet, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"It is in the fashionable world, of course, where all the styles are determined, and where the change must begin," she says.

"How do you endure so much work and keep so well?"

"I dress myself according to my own ideas, and furthermore, I give myself the best of care and treatment. Six years ago, I was nearly exhausted from my work of lecturing, writing, etc."

"Indeed, you do not look like it now!"

"No? I am not now. I am a perfectly well woman and intend to remain so. You see I understand the laws of life too well to be, or remain ill, but strange as it may seem for one to say who is opposed to medicine on general principles, if I find myself tired or feeling ill I fly to the one single remedy which I do endorse, and that is Warner's safe cure, which gives new energy and vitality to all my powers. It is indeed what I sometimes call my 'stand-by.' I have many opportunities to recommend it, and embrace them gladly, because I know that it is thoroughly reliable, and for women especially effective. Indeed, I often find myself recommending it to my friends as warmly as I do my magazine, or indeed my improved garments, and this I would not do did I not personally know of its virtues!"

Mrs. Miller insists that all women can and must be beautiful, and will be so if they follow her style of dress and self-treatment.

"Will you not state, briefly, in just what your reform consists?"

"Oh, with pleasure! I propose a jersey fitting garment to be worn next to the body, making of woman a vision of loveliness!

II. "Over this I put a cotton or linen garment, of one piece, without bands or binding, covering the entire body also.

III. "In place of the petticoats, I propose one complete body covering garment called 'leglettes.'

IV. "We abandon the corset entirely as totally unfit for use, in its common form, and we substitute therefor a supple supporting waist, and then we make the outside gown as beautiful as artistic skill and common sense can design."

Mrs. Miller's words of counsel, which every woman should heed, will undoubtedly give to the women of America some new ideas upon a subject so very near to each of them.

Moody is conducting revival meetings in Montreal.

One hundred ladies are students at the Cornell university.

Virginia winter apples are scarce, and are selling high already.

New York is to spend $256,000 in beautifying Morningside park.

By the last of October 2,000 men will be at work in the Brooklyn navy yard.

The packing of Mexican mackerel is becoming a big industry on the gulf coast.

The Lick telescope is expected to be ready for work at the beginning of the new year.

Of the 4,614 federal offices in Massachusetts 3,828, or 83 per cent., are filled by republicans.

Sumatra has a flower which grows to nine feet in circumference and weighs fifteen pounds.

The new Y. M. C. A. hall at Atlanta, Ga., is one of the handsomest buildings in that city. It cost over $100,000.

Good telegraph operators are offered by the Mitkiewicz Barker syndicate $300 a month for their services in China.

The famous case of Myra Clark Gaines comes up again in the United States supreme court at its next sitting.

Ioel Schutz, of Stroudsburg, a constable, who is 80 years of age, recently walked fifteen miles to serve a sommons.

It is estimated that $2,180,927 will be required to pay the expenses of the New York fire department next year.

The board of trade of Aberdeen, Miss., are being urged to take steps looking to place a boat in the river at that place.

A bear at Carter's ranch, about five miles from Mangus, New Mexico, has killed one hundred goats within a few weeks.

The remains of a boy who was drowned nine years ago were found in England recently, and recognized by his boots and a tooth.

Temecula, made famous by Mrs. Jackson in "Ramona," is said to be the only place in southern California that is at a standstill.

A piano company in New York city is doing a great business by offering to give music lessons on the instrument to each purchaser.

The robbers of the Atlantic and Pacific trains have been traced into Tonte basin, Arizona, but there is no definite further clew.

One of the boasts of an interior town in Florida is that it can show up more people to meet trains than any place of its size in the south.

The decision of the Baltimore judge that a husband is not liable for a wife's debts will probably start a matrimonial boom in the monumental city.

An artist in Holland recognized a linguist who spoke six languages with a strong Dutch accent. He said: "It will some rain more as yesterday—don't it?"

A Maine man who doesn't want to be bothered with baggage when he goes traveling takes an extra collar, and carries that under the sweatband in his hat.

The people living along the Mexican border are in favor of the coining by both countries of a dollar that will be good for its face value in Mexico and the United States.

Miss Nellie Shaw and Mrs. L. P. Longfellow held the reins in a horse-trot at a Maine fair. Miss Shaw's trotter won in 3:42, but the committee divided the purse of $6 evenly.

Negotiations are on foot for a colony of ten thousand Germans from Chicago to settle on hundred acres on what is known as Storm's ranch, between Colfax and Grass Valley, Nev.

Some of the vineyardists about Santa Rosa, Cal., are dissatisfied with the prices paid for grapes and claim that the wine-makers have entered into a combination to keep the prices down.

Science is trying to find out how quick a man can wink. The instantaneous photographer should try to catch the eye of a St. Louis deacon in front of a temperance soda fountain.

The American flag is to be raised on the capitol at Sacramento, Cal., every day after the expiration of the time it has been ordered at half-mast in respect to the memory of the late Gov. Bartlett.

A pair of rubber hands have been attached by a Newark N. J., doctor, to the wrists of young Walter Alexander, whose hands were cut off by coming in contact with the machinery of a rubber-works.

The new state capitol of Texas will be completed by next June. The state paid for the building in and valued at $4,000,000. The contractors have already made over $1,000,000 profit on their bargain.

A HEARTY SEASON.

A Kansas Farmer Dreams of New England Joys.

Ezra had written a letter to the home folks, and in it he had complained that never before had he spent such a weary, lonesome day as this Thanksgiving Day had been. Having finished this letter, he sat for a long time gazing idly into the open fire that snapped cinders all over the hearthstone and sent its red forks dancing up the chimney to join the winds that frolicked and gamboled across the Kansas prairie that raw November night. It had rained hard all day and was cold, and, although the open fire made every honest effort to be cheerful, Ezra, as he sat in front of it in the wooden rocker and looked down into the glowing embers, experienced a dreadful feeling of loneliness and homesickness.

"I'm sick o' Kansas," said Ezra to himself. "Here I've been in this plaguey country for goin' on a year, and—yes, I'm sick of it, powerful sick of it. What a miser'ble Thanksgivin' this has been! They don't know what Thanksgivin' is out this way. I wish I was back in ol' Mass'chusetts—that's the country for me, and they hev the kind o' Thanksgivin' I like!'

Musing in this strain, while the rain went patter-patter on the window-panes, Ezra saw a strange sight in the fire-place—yes, right among the embers and the crackling flames Ezra saw a strange, beautiful picture unfold and spread itself out like a panorama.

"How very wonderful!" murmured the young man. Yet he did not take his eyes away, for the picture soothed him, and he loved to look upon it.

"It is a picter of long ago," said Ezra, softly. "I had like to forgot it, but now it comes back to me as nat'ral like as an ol' friend. And I seem to be a part of it, an' the feelin' o' that time comes back with the picter, too.

Ezra did not stir, his head rested upon his hand, and his eyes were fixed upon the shadows in the firelight.

"It is a picter of the ol' home," said Ezra to himself. "I am back there in Belchertown with the Holyoke hills up north an' the Berkshire mountains a loomin' up gray an' misty-like in the Western horizon. Seems as if it wuz early mornin'; everything is still, and it is so cold when we boys crawl out o' bed, that, if it wuzn't Thanksgivin' mornin', we'd crawl back again an' wait for mother to call us. But it is Thanksgivin' mornin', an' we're goin' skatin' down on the pond. The squealin' o' the pigs has told us it is five o'clock, and we must hurry; we're going to call by for the Dickinson boys an' Hiram Peabody, an' we've got to hyper! Brother Amos gets on about half o' my clo'es and I get on 'bout half o' his, but it's all the same; they are stout, warm clo'es, and they're big enough to fit any of us boys—mother looked out for that when she made 'em. When we go down stairs we find the girls there, all bundled up nice an' warm—Mary an' Helen an' Cousin Irene. They're goin' with us, an' we all start out tiptoe and quiet-like so's not to wake up the ol' folks. The ground is frozen hard; we stub our toes on the frozen ruts in the road. When we come to the minister's house, Laura is standin' on the front stoop, a-waitin' for us. Laura is the minister's daughter. She's a friend o' Sister Helen's—pretty as a dagarr'otype, an' gentle-like and tender. Laura lets me carry her skates, and I'm glad of it, although I have my hands full already with the lantern, the hockies and the rest. Hiram Peabody keeps us waitin', for he has overslept himself, an' when he comes trottin' out at last the girls make fun of him—all except Sister Mary, an' she sort o' sticks up for Hiram, an' we're all so cute we kind o' calc'late we know the reason why.

"And now," said Ezra, softly, "the picter changes; seems as if I could see the pond. The ice is like a black lookin' glass, and Hiram Peabody slips up the first thing an' down he comes lickety split, an' we all laugh—except Sister Mary, an' she says it is very inp'lite to laugh at other folks misfortunes. Ough! how cold it is, and how my fingers ache with the frost when I take my mittens off to strap on Laura's skates—but oh, how my cheeks burn! And how careful I am not to hurt Laura, an' how I ask her if that's 'tight enough,' and how she tells me 'jist a little tighter,' and how we two keep foolin' along till the others hev gone an' we are left alone. An' how quick I get my own skates strapped on—none o' your new-fangled skates with springs an' plates an' clamps an' such, but honest ol'-fashioned wooden ones with steel runners that curl up over my toes an' have brass buttons at the end! How I strap 'em and lash 'em and buckle 'em on! An' Laura waits for me an' tells me to be sure to get 'em on tight enough—why bless me, after I once got 'em strapped on, if them skates hed come off, the feet wud ha' come with 'em! An' now away we go—Laura an' me. Around the bend—near the medder where Si Barker's dog killed a woodchuck last summer—we meet the rest. We forget all about the cold. We run races an' play snap the whip, an' cut all sorts of didoes, an we never mind the pick'rel weed that is froze in on the ice an' trips us up every time we cut the outside edge, an' then we boys jump over the air-holes, an' the girls stan' by an' scream an' tell us they know we're agoin' to drowned ourselves. So the hours go an' it is sun-up at last, an' sister Helen says we must be gettin' home. When we take our skates off our feet feel as if they were wood. Laura has lost her tippet; I lend her mine an' she kind o' blushes. The old pond seems glad to have us go, and the fire-hangbird's nest in the willer trees wave us good-bye. Laura promises to come over to our house in the evenin', and so we break up."

"Seems now," continued Ezra, musingly, "seems now as if I could see us all at breakfast. The race on the pond has made us hungry, and mother says she never knew anybody else's boys that had such capacities as hers. It is the Yankee Thanksgivin' breakfast—sausages an' fried potatoes, an' buckwheat cakes an' sirup—maple sirup, mind ye, for father has his own sugar bush and there was a big run o' sap last season. Mother says: 'Ezra an' Amos, won't you never get through eatin'? We want to clear off the table, for there's pies to make, an' nuts to crack, and laws sakes alive! the turkey's got to be stuffed yit! Then how we all fly round. Mother sends Helen up into the attic to get a squash while Mary's a makin' the pie-crust. Amos an' I crack the walnuts—they call 'em hickory nuts out in the pesky country of sage brush and pasture land. Ev'ry once 'n a while one on 'em slips outer our fingers an' goes dancin' over the floor or flies into the pan Helen is squeezin' pumpkin into through the colander. Helen says we're shif'less an' good for nothin' but frivolin'; but mother tells us how to crack the walnuts so's not to let 'em fly all over the room, an' so's not to be all jammed to pieces like the walnuts were down at the party at the Peasley's last winter. An' now here comes Tryphena Foster, with her gingham gown an' muslin apron on; her folks have gone up to Amhurst for Thanksgivin', and Tryphena has come over to help our folks get dinner. She thinks a great deal of mother, 'cause mother teaches her Sunday-school class an' says Tryphena ought to marry a missionary. There is bustle everywhere, the rattle of the pans an' the clatter of the dishes, an' the new kitchen stove begins to warm up an' git red till Helen loses her wits an' is flustered, an' says she never could git the hang o' that stove's dampers.

"An' now," said Ezra, gently, as a tone of deeper reverence crept into his voice. "I can see father sittin' all by himself in the parlor. Father's hair is very gray, and there are wrinkles on his honest old face. He is lookin' through the window at the Holyoke hills over yonder, and I can guess he's thinkin' of the time when he wuz a boy like me an' Amos, an' useter climb over them hills an' kill rattle-snakes an' hunt partridges. Or doesn't his eye quite reach the Holyoke hills? Do they fall kinder lovingly but sadly on the little buryin' ground jest beyond the village—ah, father knows that spot, an' he loves it, to, for there are treasures there whose memory he wouldn't swap for all the world could give. So, while there is a kind o' mist in father's eyes, I can see he is dreamin'-like of sweet an' tender things, and a communin' with memory—hearin' voices I never heard, an' feelin' the touch of hands I never pressed—an' seein' father's peaceful face I find it hard to think of a Thanksgivin' sweeter than father's is.

"The pictur' in the firelight changes now," said Ezra, "an' seems as if I wuz in the old frame meetin' house. The meetin' house is on the hill, and meetin' begins half pas' ten. Our pew is well up in front—seems as if I could see it now. It has a long red cushion on the seat, and in the hymn-book rack there is a Bible and a couple of psalmodys. We walk up the aisle slow and mother goes in first, then comes Mary, then me, then Helen, then Amos, and then father. Father thinks it is jest as well to have one o' the girls set in between me an' Amos. The meetin' house is full, for every body goes to meetin' on Thanksgivin'. The minister reads the proclamation an' makes a prayer, an' then he gives out a psalm an' we all stan' up an turn 'round an' join the choir. Sam Merritt has come up from Palmer to spend Thanksgivin' with the ol' folks, an' he is singin' tenor to-day in his ol' place in the choir. Some folks say he sings wonderfully well, but I don't like Sam's voice. Laura sings soprano in the choir, and Sam stands next to her an' holds the book.

"Seems as if I could hear the minister's voice full of earnestness an melody, comin' from way up in his little round pulpit. He is tellin' us why we should be thankful, an', as he quotes scriptur' an' Dr. Watts, we boys wonder how anybody can remember so much of the Bible. Then I get nervous and worried. Seems to me the minister was never comin' to lastly, and I find myself wonderin' whether Laura is listenin' to what the preachin' is about, or is writin' notes to Sam Merritt in the back of the tune book. I get thirsty, too, and I fidget about till father looks at me and mother nudges Helen, and Helen passes it along to me with interest.

"An, then," continues Ezra, in his revery, "when the last hymn is given out, an' we stan' up agin an' join the choir, I am glad to see that Laura is singin' outer the book with Miss Hubbard, the alto. An' goin' out o' meetin' I kind of edge up to Laura and ask her if I kin have the please of seein' her home.

"An' now we boys all go out on the common to play ball. The Enfield boys have come over, and of all the Hampshire County ball-players they are the toughest to beat. Gorham Polly keeps tally, because he has got the newest jack-knife—oh, how slick it whittles the old broom handle Gorham picked up in Packard's store an' brought along jest to keep tally on. It is a great game of ball; the bats are broad and light and the ball is small and soft. But the Enfield boys beat us at last, leastwise they make seventy tallies to our fifty-eight, when Heman Fitts knocks the ball over into Aunt Dorcas Eastman's yard and Aunt Dorcas comes out an takes it into the house an' we have to stop playin' Then Phineas Owens allows he can flop any boy in Belchertown, an' Moses Baker takes him up, an' they wrassle like two Tartars, till at last Moses tuckers Phineas an' downs him down as slick as a whistle.

"Then we all go home, for thanksgivin' dinner is ready. Two long tables have been made into one, an' one of the ol' tablecloths gran'ma had when she set up housekeepin' is spread over 'em both. We all set around—father, mother, Aunt Lydia Holbrook, Uncle Jason, Mary, Helen, Tryphena Foster, Amos and me. How big an' brown the turkey is, and how good it smells! There are bounteous dishes of mashed patatoe, turnip an' squash, and the celery is very white and cold, the biscuits are light an' hot and the stewed cranberries are red as Laura's cheeks. Amos and I get the drumsticks; Mary wants the wish-bone to put over the door for Hiram, but Helen gets it. Poor Mary, she always did have to give up to 'rushin' Helen' as we call her. The pies—oh, what pies mother makes; no dyspepsia in 'em, but good nature an' good health an' hospitality! Pumpkin pies—mince an' apple, too—an' then a big dish of pippins an' russetts an' bellflowers, an' last of all, walnuts with cider from the Zebrina Dickinson farm! I tell ye, there's a Thanksgivin' dinner for ye! That's what we get in old Belchertown an' that's the kind of livin' that makes the Yankees so all-fired good an' smart

"But the best of all," said Ezra, very softly to himself, "oh, yes, the best scene in all the pictur' is when evenin' comes, when the neighbors come in, and when there is music an' singin' an' games. An' its this part of the pictur' that makes me homesick now an' fills my heart with a longin' I never had before—an' yet it sort o' mellows an' comforts me, too. 'Miss Serena Bidwell, whose beau was killed in the war, plays on the melodeon, an' we all sing—all on us; men, women-folks an' children. Sam Merritt is there, an' he sings a tenor song about love. The women sort of whisper that he is goin' to be married to a Palmer lady nex' spring, an' I think myself I never heard better singin' than Sam's. Then we play games—proverbs, buzz, clap-in-clap-out, copenhagen, fox-an'-geese, button-button-whos'-got-the-button, spin the platter, go-to-Jerusalem, my-ship's-come-in and all the rest. The ol' folks play with the young folks just as nat'ral as can be, and we all laugh when Deacon Hosea Cowles hez to measure six yards of love ribbon with Miss Hepsy Newton, and cut each yard with a kiss; for the deacon hez been sort o' purrin' round for goin' on two years. Then, later on, when Mary an' Helen brings in the cookies and nutcakes, cider and apples, mother says: 'I don't believe we're goin' to hev enough apples to go 'round; Ezra, I guess I'll have to get you to go down-cellar for some more.' Then I says: 'All right, mother, I'll go, providin' some one'll go along an' hold the candle. An' when I say this I look right at Laura an' she blushes. Then Helen just for meanness, says: 'Ezry, I s'pose you ain't willin' to have your fav'rite sister go down-cellar with you an' catch her death o' cold?' But Mary, who has been showin' Hiram Peabody the photograph album for more'n an hour, comes to the rescue an' makes Laura take the candle, and she shows Laura how to hold it so it won't go out.

"The cellar is warm an' dark. There are cobwebs all between the rafters, an' everywhere else except on the shelves where mother keeps the butter an' eggs an' other things that would freeze in the butt'ry up stairs. The apples are in bar'ls up against the wall, near the potater-bin. How fresh an' sweet they smell! Laura thinks she sees a mouse an' trembles an' wants to jump up on the pork bar'l, but I tell her there sha'n't no mouse hurt her while I am around—and I mean it, too, for the sight of Laura a trembling makes me as strong as one of father's steers. "What kind of apples do you like best, Ezry?" asks Laura; 'russets or greenin's or crow-eggs or bellflowers or baldwins or pippins?' 'I like the baldwins best,' says I, 'coz they've got red cheeks just like yours.' 'Why, Ezry Thompson! how you talk!' says Laura. 'You oughter be ashamed of yourself!' But when I get the dish filled up with apples there ain't a baldwin in the whole lot that can compare with the bright red of Laura's cheeks. An Laura knows it too, an' she sees the mouse again, an' screams, and then the candle goes out, and we are in a dreadful stew. But I, bein' almost a man, contrive to bear up under it, and knowin' she is an orphan, I comfort an' encourage Laura the best I know how, and we are almost up stairs when mother comes to the door and wants to know what has kep' us so long. Jest as if mother doesn't know! Of course she does; an' when mother kisses Laura good-bye that night there is in the act a tenderness that speaks more sweetly than even mother's words.

"It is so like mother," mused Ezra; "so like her with her gentleness an' changin' love. Hers is the sweetest picture of all, and hers the best love."

Dream on Ezra; dream of the old home with its dear ones, its holy influences and its precious inspirations—mother. Dream on in the far-away firelight, and as the angel hand of memory unfolds these sacred visions, with the and them shall abide, like a divine comforter, the spirit of Thanksgiving.—*Eugene Field, in Chicago News.*

Sam Jones in Brief

When a man is bragging that his father is a Colonel you may put it down that his father is ashamed of him.

Many a man will lie down in hell and say, "my tongue has damned me."

You may baptize a man all over, but his tongue will come as dry as powder.

Some of us would get a muss up in heaven by talking about our neighbors.

I am not singing the "Sweet By and By," but the "Sweet Now and Now."

Please recognize me down here. When I am in glory, with a palm in my hand, if you don't want to recognize me you needn't do it.

I pray God to give me a heaven to go to heaven in.

I'll put up with less in heaven if I can get more down here.

Every true man is an eternal millionaire.

The greatest gift of God is a game preacher.

If a horse is sound from head to foot he don't mind the currycomb, but if there are unsound spots on him when you come into the stable to curry him he kicks.

Hell is sin intensified, and sin is hell in all its aspects.

The devil has no better servant than a preacher who is laying feather beds for fallen Christians to light on.

The devil is too much of a gentleman to go where he is not invited.

Feeling is moral perspiration.

You can't take another man's money to heaven with you. Shrouds have no pockets.

I'd rather be a bull-pup than a town bully.

I'd rather be a dead lion than a living dog.

Ignorance is as round as a ball and slick as a button; it's got no handle to it, and you can't manage it.

No man can be a Christian and drink whisky.

You get yourself tangled up with the idea that Christ is going to be good to you and you'll get left on Judgment Day.

Righteousness is rightedness, straightedness.

Nobody but an infernal scoundrel will sell whisky, and nobody but an infernal fool will drink it.

The secret of a happy life is do your duty and trust in God.

PITH AND POINT.

The man who wants the earth and compromises on Rhode Island, is not hard to please.—*Whitehall Times.*

Mr. Tourgee's new novel is entitled "Button's Inn." It is not a story for bachelors. They want Buttons On.—*Norristown Herald.*

Mary Anderson is to appear next September in "A Winter's Tale." Oh, no, not as an icicle. Whatever put that idea in your head?—*Boston Transcript*

A yacht, a keg of beer, a fool and a lot of women and children make up a combination which generally calls for the services of the Coroner.—*Chicago Herald.*

The remark was deemed inevitable at the first signs of discontent on the part of the Crows, but no one has yet observed that if the Crows want to fight they have plenty of caws.

The fool killer takes no summer vacation, the ice-water fool, the unripe-fruit fool and the beer-and-whisky fool keeps him busy all through the hot weather.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The subject of "The American Bar" is attracting daily attention in the Eastern press. It receives considerable attention here, but mostly closes at midnight.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

If Eve had worn bangs, a bustle and a big hat when she first burst upon the sight of Adam, that gentleman would have run away from his boarding house and taken to the woods.—*Fall River Advance.*

"In literature there seems to be a man constantly catching our ideas," said a writer. "Yes," some one rejoined, "and the trouble is that he catches them before you do."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

I see that X., the millionaire, is dead. I wonder to whom the property was left?" "As the will is being contested I think it is left to conjecture, but the lawyers will probably get it."—*Texas Siftings.*

It was shown in a Tennessee divorce case the other day that the wife's life was made miserable by the husband, who was so jealous that he wouldn't permit her to sit on the hired man's knee.—*Sunday Herald.*

"That man may not be a pugilist," remarked a hotel proprietor after a stormy interview with a guest who kicked at the amount of his bill, "but I'm darned sure that he is a price-fighter!"—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

When an Irishman went into a Chinese laundry and told the Mongolian in charge to hurry up his washing, because he hadn't a clean shirt bosom to his back, that was a bull in a China shop, wasn't it?—*Texas Siftings.*

It is said that the Prince of Wales is an expert performer on the banjo. Who wouldn't be a prince? Nowadays if a man plays a banjo for his own amusement he is liable to get hit with a brick, but with a prince the case is different, he can plunkity-plunk-plunk on his instrument of torture, without danger of getting killed.—*Peck's Sun.*

"Weeping Joe" is the title of an evangelist who has appeared in Indiana. It is said that "he weeps copiously when he thinks of the millions of souls that are going to hell." If Joe intends to keep up a flow of tears at the existence of sin in the world he should be utilized as a water-power, in which capacity he would prove very valuable.—*Chicago Times.*

Beds for Winter.

There is one popular delusion—popular in so far as it is common to all womankind—that weight and warmth are synonymous, and that bed-covering which lacks weight must necessarily lack comfort. The housekeeper as winter approaches turns over her stock of comfortables, which have either been in a dark closet all summer or, it may be, remained between two mattresses; either method insuring the mustiness that is the characteristic of most comfortables. The dark-closet method is distinctly preferable, if the comfortable has been thoroughly sunned before it was laid away and is thoroughly sunned again before its winter mission begins. But the whole question of winter bedding as it stands in the housekeeper's mind, requires reconstruction, beginning with the fallacy already mentioned, that weight means warmth.

A well-made comfortable, where the best quality of both cotton and covering have been used, has its rightful place in the household economy. Such a comfortable should be two yards and a quarter in lenth, or even two yards and a third, that a generous portion may be tucked in at the botom, nor should it be less than two yards in width for the ordinary bed. Three pounds of the best cotton may fill it; five are often used, but three are ample, and this cotton, evenly and lightly laid on one surface of the covering, is caught in securely when the upper cover is laid on either by hand or by machine quilting, or by "tying" at fixed intervals with worsted or yarn of contrasting colors. Such a comfortable, for the ordinary double beds, requires thirteen and a half yards of common calico, or twelve and a half of yard-wide material. Calico may be had for five cents a yard, and the best cotton at twenty cents a pound, the article, exclusive of labor, being thus worth $1.40. Anything but the best cotton is filled with cotton-seed, and has thus necessarily, the strong smell of cotton-seed oil. Add this defect of natural constitution to the acquired unpleasantness of an unaired room, or long use, and it is small wonder that a sensitive nose suffers, and that housekeepers wonder why bedrooms seem so stuffy. The fact is that no civilized bedroom should contain an article of bedding which can not be washed or otherwise thoroughly cleansed, and herein lies the chief objection to either comfortable or quilt in which the cotton is firmly fastened down.

Cotton absorbs and holds the bodily exhalations, but, unhappily, when washed, loses its lightness and becomes a species of felt made of knots and strings. The economical housekeeper, therefore, uses benzine to remove any soil on that portion drawn about the neck, or, if matters are too serious for such method, recovers the whole, finding this preferable to cutting the numberless knots of a tied comfortable. The outside of the platter is fair to view, but what is there within? Concentrated uncleanliness, imprisoned disease, portable malaria, warranted to add its quota to the contributions from sewer-pipes or imperfect drainage, and to insure necessity for a doctor's visit a least once during the season.—*Mrs. E. Hall, in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

CAN'T GO BEHIND THEM.

There is great intensity of the physical condition sometimes, and there are facts which we cannot go behind. In illustration further of facts which settle the points of a prompt and permanent cure, the following cases are cited: In 1884 Mrs. Mary K. Sheed suffered terribly with chronic neuralgia. She writes from 1110 Maryland Avenue, Washington, D. C. In the first instance she states: "I suffered terribly with neuralgia in the face; very severe attack extending to back and shoulders; suffered intensely. Tried St. Jacobs Oil; had parts well rubbed at night; in the morning all pain gone, magically." June 10, 1887, she writes from 224 Eleventh Street, S. W., as follows: "Four years ago I sent you a voluntary certificate setting forth the fact that I had been a great sufferer with neuralgia in my face, neck and shoulders. I obtained a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and after three applications I was entirely relieved from all pain, and from that time to the present I have never had a return. The effect was miraculous." Again, Feb. 6, 1887, Mr. R. G. Troll, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "In March, 1881, I suffered terribly with neuralgia; had suffered nearly three years. Applied St. Jacobs Oil at 8.15 A. M.; at 8.40 took the rag off; at 9 A. M. went to work. In less than five minutes after that the pain was gone. The one application cured me. Have not had return of it since." Mr. E. W. Spangler, York, Pa., June 17, 1887, writes: "Years ago had neuralgia; am not subject to it now. The cure by the use of St. Jacobs Oil was permanent. There has been no recurrence of the painful affliction." Chas. W. Law, Jr., Pottstown, Pa., April 19, 1887, writes: "Was troubled for years with neuralgia in neck and head. Tried St Jacobs Oil; had tried different kinds of remedies without effect. One bottle of the former did the business. No return of pain and aches." In almost every instance the reports are the same.

An Indiana young man after making love to two girls, borrowed money of one to pay the expenses of marrying the other. He need not be surprised if his wife offers to pay his fair creditor double the sum loaned him to take him off her hands.

The jubilee of Congregationalism is being celebrated this year in some of the Australasian colonies.

The Reformed church in Hungary has existed since the time of the great reformation in the Sixteenth century.

VERDICT OF THE JUDGE.

Great Excitement in and About a Justice's Office at Clare, Mich.

For three years I have been troubled with rheumatism and a blood disorder, and could get no relief permanently until now. Am now using the third bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and have never used a medicine which has given so much relief. It gives me a good appetite and greatly strengthens my whole system. For a diseased stomach or a bilious or constipated person, I think there is no remedy equal to it. It is a great family medicine. A. W. McINTYRE,
Justice of the Peace,
Clare, Mich.

The Youth's Companion

has recently been increased in size, making it by far the cheapest Illustrated Family Weekly published. That it is highly appreciated is shown by the fact that it has won its way into 400,000 families. The publishers issue a new Announcement and Calendar, showing increased attractions for the new year. If $1.75 is sent now, it will pay for The Companion to January, 1889, and you will receive the admirable Double Thanksgiving and Christmas Numbers, and other weekly issues to January 1st, free.

Of the 860 Baptist churches in New York state over 200 are without pastors.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth St. New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

A young man who had been compelled to marry a girl at Jamestown, N. Y., shot himself through the head as soon as the ceremony was concluded.

Important to the Farmers of Lenawee County.

ADRIAN, MICH., Sept. 1, 1886.

Messrs. Wagner & Sheppard:

Both myself and husband are using that medicine, "Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup," which you advised us to try. I used it for neuralgia and my husband took it for rheumatism. It has nearly cured both of us, so that we are able to do our work in the best of health. We have recommended it to our neighbors, and they are using it with equally good results. It is one of the greatest remedies for the blood in the world, and for a lost appetite or a disordered stomach we don't believe there is anything equal to it." MRS. E. A. KNOWLES.

In a police station at Norfolk, Va., one morning recently a young man, who had been jailed the night before for drunkenness, begged the authorities to keep his name secret as he was going to be married that night.

Coughs and colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try Brown's Bronchial Troches. Sold only in boxes.

A young man at Xenia, O., deserted his bride on the day of his wedding, and got as far as Cincinnati, when his heart failed him, and he turned back. The wedding was several hours late, but the bride was made happy.

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I suffered from catarrh 12 years. The droppings into the throat were nauseating. My nose bled almost daily. Since the first day's use of Ely's Cream Balm have had no bleeding, the soreness is entirely gone. D. G. Davison, with the Boston Budget.

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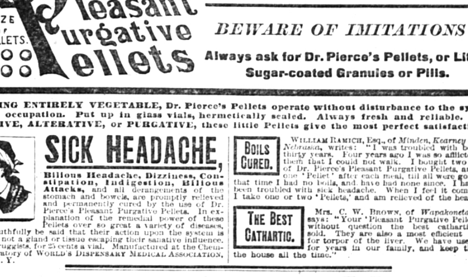

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