AUTUMN STYLES.

They Promise to be Neat, but Simple.

General Intelligence for Our Lady Readers.

The marked change in hats is from extravagantly broad-brimmed shade hats to neater and more compact shapes. The four illustrations here given are drawn from the very newest models. The light weight basket braid hats are attractive with their garnitures light and ethereal. Soft tinted crapes, tulle and illusions are used as well as lace grenadine and velvet ribbons. In these hats of shirred net and mull the lightest and most airy effects are aimed at, the finish consists generally of a spray of lilacs, in some cases mounted with small clusters of moss rose buds, or drooping ostrich-tips, or a pearl-tipped pompon, mounted with an aigrette, held up by a chou of the net. Beautiful effects are shown in Leghorn hats, with the crown encircled by a band of black velvet ribbon, drapery of point-d'esprit tulle smothering the crown, and in front a ribbon bow or chou sustaining a monture of ostrich tips in black or straw color, or a cluster of delicate red silk field poppies branched with wilted leaves of india rubber. For wear in the dainty toilets affected on the piazzas of fashionable watering places there is much favor shown the hats of shirred mull, point-d' esprit tulle, and other transparent tissues. Premonition of a hat for the earlier weeks of the autumn,

FOUR HATS.

shown in a shape trenching upon a military hat, has a tapering crown of medium height, and brim, wide and curving, pressed up closely at each side and drooping in a squared-off narrow point in front and back.

Colored tulle veils matching the hat trimmings are still largely in vogue. The most becoming, however, are those of pale rose color which impart a soft, youthful bloom to the complexion of the wearer. Bonnets made entirely of flowers continue quite popular for wear with summer costumes. Such flowers as marguerites, white or colored lilacs, mignonette, wild roses or hyacinths are usually chosen.

As with hats so it is also with dresses. Flummery is seen less and elegant simplicity is seen more. For evening wear at the seaside or in the mountains an eider down cloth wrap is proving serviceable as well as fashionable. Black wraps in silk satin, lace and grenadine are now worn with a costume of any material or color, and are both plainly and elaborately trimmed. A new silk glove for summer wear is long enough to go over the sleeve, and so trimmed with bows as to appear as if fastened by them. The latest model for a traveling cloak is of plain cloth of light weight, made up in redingote shape, and gathered into a yoke of plain velvet, having full sleeves with deep velvet cuffs, and a velvet belt around the waist. Of the colors in vogue for street costumes, favoritism is still shown

RATHER PLAIN BUT NEAT.

toward heliotrope, salmon, pink, tortoise, olive green, bronze and violet. Mouse-colored basket cloth is also classed among the fresh arrivals to the wardrobe. Bias velvets are now selected in preference to satin, being quite as handsome and more durable upon the lower part of skirts. Plaid and striped goods are also largely made up plain. White foulards, showing black figures, lines or stripes, are increasing in favor, and they certainly make stylish costumes. They are elaborately adorned with lace and ribbon, which add not a little to their effectiveness. Linen suits, trimmed with velvet are looked upon with more favor for traveling purposes.

House dresses range from the simplest, loosest, most informal gown to the tight, compact fitting dress. Exquisitely beautiful tints are in soft woolens—notably, the most delicate browns with chequering stripes of greenish hues, navy blue with pink, not merely in the two colors, but in various shades of those colors. Mastic is very fashionable striped and chequered with fifty tones of the same color. As to spotted fabrics there is an endless variety of them, with "all over" tiny embroidered spots on a plain chequered ground; or the spots are grouped to form patterns and are frequently in as many as three colors. These are the freshest ideas for in-door wear.

—Certainly some lunatic asylum is furnishing the hosiery manufacturers with

HOUSE GOWNS.

designs. The latest freaks are unpardonably ugly. Think of a stocking lavender up one side and black up the other, or pale blue the front half and maroon the back. The worst specimens are put on little girls and boys. The effect is appalling. A child looks as if it were walking on a clothespin, for only the dark half shows, the light shade of blue or lavender is lost. Another monstrosity was a pair of black silk stockings with a pink V shaped piece let in on the calf. The effect of

SEPTEMBER TOILETS.

this unique piece of foolishness is to make the wearer, a boy in kilts, look as if be were wearing a pair of stockings split half way down the back. Women are not usually fond of mending stockings and yet they are now doing it. In a group of girls the other day some information in the stocking mending line was astonishing. The conversation turned upon the really disgraceful way in which the fingers of silk gloves and the toes of silk stockings wear out nowadays. There were three young ladies away from home without maids. They were asked how they managed. Miss No. 1 for answer pulled off her slipper and shows her advanced views of darning. There had been a good sized round hole. She had taken a needle and thread and run around the place, gathered it up and fastened it in the middle, making the most ridiculous lot of radiating puckers rather worse to wear than the hole. She dared No 2 to show her method. No. 2 held back, but finally yielded, and behold on the heel of this young lady's stocking was a hole neatly stopped with a postage stamp.

The advance samples of goods which have been examined indicate that small checks will be very much worn this autumn and winter. Invisible checks will be popular in wool dress fabrics. Plaid will return to favor again in entire costumes as well as in combinations of plain. But few stripes will be worn this autumn and winter. Wool dress fabrics will be chiefly in plaids, checks and figured styles, and the finish will be different. Instead of the soft wool finish the preference will be for a cloth finish possessing a firmer face than the soft wool fabrics. Black silks trimmed with velvet will be fashionable

TWO MORE.

again: in fact, silks are once more coming into favor as dress materials for street wear. A walk along our streets will convince anyone of this fact, as more silk dresses are seen than before in years. What is wanted to give additional popularity to silks is honesty in their manufacture. Get rid of the loaded finish, put in pure materials and then consumers will have confidence once more in silk fabrics. Manufacturers must inaugurate a reform in their processes of manufacture if they expect a general demand for silks. The September styles of toilet are well pictured above.

The newest and most novel design for cloaks for traveling is said to be copied from the cloaks of the Irish peasant woman and envelopes the wearer from head to foot. They are made of six or seven breadths of twilled silk gathered to a velvet standing collar. They are without sleeves, but the front breadths are doubled from the foot up and the arms pass out between the doubled fronts: a ribbon belt attached to the two back seams forms them into waist. Cloaks are shown in brown, gray or navy blue striped with hair lines of ecru or red, and are shirred into the velvet collar. Thin silks made water proof are made up in this design for rain or dust cloaks. Other traveling cloaks of gray camel's hair or serge are made up with a much closer shape and are trimmed with three rows of dull silver galloon. Dark cross-barred homespun in shades of ecru and brown are made up as ulster and traveling cap for use in ocean voyaging.

Fashion Gossip.

Silk warp French cashmere will compose one of the very fashionable dress fabrics the coming season.

Roman-red foulard dresses, very much draped with black Spanish guipure lace, are the rage in Paris.

Changeable wool stuffs of very light weight are the novelty introduced for summer dresses at the seaside and country resorts.

At a recent gathering of very fashionably dressed people, it was noted that more than two thirds of the younger women wore white toilets, many of which were unrelieved by a particle of color.

Considerable opposition has been made by fashion leaders to the reviving mode of matching the various parts of the toilet, but the current has fairly set in the direction of this elegant but rather expensive fashion.

The new sashes are very elegant, very wide, and very expensive. Five yards are often used where the wearer is tall and elects for a Louis Quinze sash, the ends of which reach quite to the foot of the dress skirt.

Among the recent nick-nacks in jewelry are seen silver bead necklaces of one, two, three and four strands; a silver anchor, entwined with colored enamel flowers for a lace pin; flower designs used in belt buckles; initial finger rings of fine twisted wires; a novel lace pin in the shape of a shepherd's crook, in the center of which is a Pan pipe.

A pretty boating costume, recently utilized for tennis, was made of cream-white pilot cloth, the skirt of the same fabric striped with gray, the sash of dove-gray surah fastened in front with a large silver buckle. Upon the head was a jockey cap of white serge, and the wearer looked very charming in it, her golden hair cut short and curling in short rings all over her head.

White ulsters and cricket caps to match are chosen for coaching and seaside wear. Some of these are entirely plain, with merely rows of stitching for trimming, while others have a hood with silk lining of Gobelin blue or bright scarlet, or of glace silk, and the cap is trimmed with a kerchief to match set in puffs and pointed ends in front or one side. Green cloth jackets of bright green billiard cloth are made for Newport and seaside wear generally, over white wool or muslin dresses, and are also pretty additions to black lace toilets when a wrap is needed.

It is reported from Rome that the most Rev. John McEvilly, archbishop of Tham, Ireland, will shortly be raised to the cardinalate. At the present time there is no cardinal attached to the Irish church.

Rev. Dr. Henry M. Scudder has given in his old church in San Francisco a farewell lecture on Japan, preparatory to going to that country to spend the remainder of his life.

JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

Samanthy Goes on a "Tower" to the Capital of the Nation.

Josiah and me done first rate last year, and so when he axed me to go off with on some towers, two or three on 'em, I consented with alackrity. Towers are so elevatin' and upliftin'.

He proposed that we should go on our first tower to Washington. Says he: "We are all run behind in payin' visits; le— go first and see Miss Bean."

Miss Bean is his favorite third cousin on his own side. He thinks a sight on her. But good land! so do I. I hain't a mite jealous; I like Miss Bean. She may be a little vain and gin to likin' her relation over and above well. But good land! that is a good fault. I like Miss Bean. And we owed her lots of visits; she had made her home with us before she married Bean.

So we sat sail early one mornin' and arrived at Miss Beanses, Washington, D. C., just as sunset was a lowerin' down her purple mantilly and hangin' it in graceful folds over the settin' sun. The sun had gone out of sight, and the mantilly I speak on all lay in dusky crumpled folds right down on the horizeon, but I have to flower off facts a little.

Miss Bean wuz glad to see us, and she and Josiah seemed almost overglad to meet again. But I see at first sight (and mentioned it to Josiah afterwards) that poor woman had failed dretfully, and I pitied the poor thing, and seys I: "I am afraid that Bean hain't what he should be."

And Josiah seid: "He never had thought much of Bean," which may be true so far as I know.

Bean was off a travellin —he road for groceries.

Well, the next mornin', knowin' that this tower was a short one, we didn't lay out to stay more'n two or three days, and knowin' from our elevated positions a great deal would be expected of us by Janesville and the world in the line of knowledge, I seys to Josiah early the next mornin'—

"Josiah Allen, it stands us in hand to be up and a doin'," and seys I, as midellin solemn events. "What shall we tackle first, Josiah?"

And he seys, "The Capitol."

And consequently we tackled it.

Immegetly after breakfast, a good one (though the steak wuzn't so tender as I have seen, and the bread wuzn't like the bread in a certain stone churn, in a certain buttery, and so I mentioned to Josiah) still it was a midellin' good breakfast, and we sot out in pretty good sperets and the street car. We thought we would ride round the city a little afor we tackled the capitol.

Miss Bean had to stay to home to tend to things, and though Josiah seemed to be desperated about her not goin' with us, I felt inclined to look on it as a dispersation and to be resigned to it.

I was dressed well and felt well. I had on a bran new parmethy dress and a mantilly of the same, with tabs, a long new green veil, a umberel, as good as new, and I also had a new pair of woosted gloves, the same color as my dress. I corresponded all through, and felt well, but not haughty.

And so we wended our way along the broad, clean, beautiful streets; why they wuz that clean you could almost eat your breakfast offer'em, and broad, why broad is no name for 'em.

And I says to Josiah. "What do you spose makes the streets so broad and clean?"

And he says: "What henders the streets from bein' broad when the government owns the hull country. It would be a pity if it couldn't make the streets broad enough to spread itself out in." Seys he. "The law of American freedom is a wide one; it takes sights of room to roll round in, and it impresses foreign natives dretfully to see the wedth of its tracks. And as for their bein' so clean," seys he, "there is lots of able-bodied men here who don't have a thing to do only to make a law now and then, I spose mebby they lay hold and help sometimes."

"I don't believe it," says I. "They'd think it were demeenin' 'em. Not that it would be," says I. "For this is clean work compared to some they have to do. But, howsomever, they wouldn't do it."

"Oh, well, says Josiah. "I shouldn't wonder if they would, jest to pass away time, jest for exercise, you know."

But I knew they didn't. And how under the sun the city is kept so sweet and clean is a mystery to me, unless the folks along the road gets up and washes 'em off with a cloth durin' the night.

And I don't believe they do that, because that would wear on 'em—and everybody looked so good-humored and happy, and sort of refreshed and gay, that I gin up that idea. And so I had to put it away in the closet where I keep mysteries. (That closet is jest packed full and has got to be enlarged.)

And all along the broad, clean, beautiful streets, every now and then, and sometimes offtener, are little three-cornered parks, they 'em call reservations, full of green trees and flowers, and fountains and statuets. All over Washington, at almost every street corner, you'll find 'em, and even big parks full of all sorts of beautiful trees and flowers. Glossy leaved magnolias, one mass of brilliant rose color, and then trees bending down with pink and snowy bloom, a bendin' down as if to compare their beauty with the frequent beds of flowers of all colors underneath 'em. And birds a dartin' and a singin' over 'em both, as if they were dizzy with delight and couldn't settle the matter. And white statutes a lookin' serenely down or up into the blue heavens, as the case might be, but either way a seemin' lost in a vision of rapped beauty. And the musical murmur of the fountains a tellin' somethin' about their own ideas of beauty and glory in their own liquid language, well beknown to them, but not translated yet into ourn. And anon, or oftener, right out of the green velvet of the turf would be big, cool ponds of water, bound in white marble, thousands of goldfish a darting in and out every day.

And all along the streets wuz houses, big and noble and grand looking, and little and clean and cozy looking, all a minglin' together and seemingly enjoying themselves first rate. And big churches, occasionally, if not oftener. The steeples are very high, and so are the characters of the perfessers, as far as I know.

And then we went by some big taverns. Yes, Mr. Riggs and Mr. Willard keeps firstrate taverns, so I wuz told, and so dos Mr. Arlington, too. But they don't do it all themselves; they keep help. Why, good land, Miss Willard and Miss Riggs, and Miss Arlington couldn't begin to wash the dishes, to say nothin' of wipin'. They keep a hired girl, all on 'em, and mebby more than one.

And all along this beautiful and enchantin' highway, a good deal oftener than once, would be massive and impressive marble buildins'. Why, I never see anything so impressive, and Josiah never did. They towered up and spread out as a magesty that made 'em fit for the name they bore, public buildins. The public deserves it all. I like the public first rate, and so does Josiah. The public is a good old creeter a good deal of the time. And way up over our heads, wherever we waz, we could see the shinin' tall spire of Gen. George Washington's monument, a seemin' to point up towards the heavens, all the time a drawin' the minds of the law makers up where they ought to be. But though George's head is way up in the clouds, mists and mud are present with his feet. And that is the way with most on 'em I spose, lofty, towerin' ambitions, and mere grovelin' ones, all in one monument.

Wall, anon, we see the walls of the capitol, like a poem in white marble, a risin' out of a billowy sea of green; waves on waves of beautiful green of every tint, and blossoms, white, pink and cream color.

We got out of the car nigh to the buildin' and walked afoot up through the broad paths, a leadin' under that verdant shade. Great masses of flowers wuz sot down in the green velvet turf borderin' them paths. Statutes looked out at us through the green boughs; birds sang to us—the posys nodded their perfumed heads at us—

And high up—up—over our heads, right out of that fairyland of beauty, riz the white walls of that most perfect and beautiful buildin' in the world.

And as I went up one of the broad flights of marble steps, as wide and high as from our house clear up the hill to Mr. Sewedy's, if not further—I nudged Josiah and seys:

"Josiah, I don't believe I ever had such feelin's towards George as I hev to-day."

"George who?" seys he.

"That George," seys I, turnin' round and pointin' to where he sot on his monument, calm and noble, though considerably thin-dressed. "He who wuz first in war, first in peace and first the hearts of his countrymen."

I didn't say much more a goin' up the steps; not that I wuz put to it for emotions, not at all, but my breath had gin out long before I had got half way up.

But at last the steep ascent wuz climbed, and we stood in the lofty marble halls where justice and other things are administered to us. My feelin's wuz powerful, but I controlled 'em with almost marble firmness, for I felt that I mustn't give way before 9 o'clock in the mornin', when so much wuz ahead of me. And anon, after roamin' through lofty and majestical corridors as far, I should judge, as from our house to Janesville. I stood in the rotunda, that wonderful room, alookin' up in deep amaze and dumbfounder, up, up past the statues and pictures, and alto and other reliefs, up, up into the high heavens of light that shine down through the many colors, I wuz fairly lost in contemplatin' the loftiness and grandeur, and I don't care who knows it. And before I wuz found my companion had discovered sunthin' very mysterious. It was a kind of a whisperin' block. You stood on a certain piece of the marble floor, and a man way out in front of you will speak to you, and the voice will seem to come from right behind you, clost to you. They said it was caused by some accustik property.

And I said I didn't know anything about the gentleman nor how much property he owned. But, seys I, "If he wants to sell any of this property and don't ask too much I would be glad to buy a little, it would be so handy for pardners to have sometimes when they were far off from their companions and want to whisper in a still, small voice in their ear and speak to 'em sudden sometimes, unbeknown to 'em."

Josiah looked kinder angry, he didn't fall in with my idea of purchasing any of Mr. Accustick's property. And the man didn't make much of any answer. I spose they want to keep all their luxuries and necessities right there in the capitol, and I spose the wives of public men need 'em as much if not more than I do, and Josiah looked very oneesy, so I didn't say no more, and after feasting our eyes agin on the pictures and alto and other reliefs that wuz ornamenting the walls on every side, we almost tore ourselves away and wandered out in the other rooms. We went into rooms full and running over with books. They were piled up on shelves and on the floors and up overhead and in every place you can think on, and the man in charge (a perfect gentleman), he said they were going to a new house to put 'em in.

And I seys: "It must be a good-sized one."

"Oh, Yes," seys he, "it is goin' to be quite a buildin'." And I see for myself afterwards. Why, besides acres and acres of vacant land, they have tore down good houses—as many houses as there is in Janesville—to make room for that buildin' to stand on. Why, I don't s'pose you will believe me, but it is goin' to spread out as fur as from our house clear over to old Grant Vickleson's and across to Alminy Magidone's, and so round back to our house again. It is goin' to be a sight to behold and built of bricks. Why, streets are goin' right under it—have got to, if they go at all; it is goin' to be that immense. Good land, good land, the idee ont.

Wal, we wandered round into other lofty rooms where justice (and other things) are admistered to us. And after travelin' through wide halls and rooms—every one on 'em nobler lookin, than the last one; after goin'—as fur as we calculated—as from our house to Janesville and half way back agin—we at last found ourselves on the peaceful street in front of this stupendous and magnificent buildin.'

And then my pardner proposed that we should go and see the Smithsonian Institute.

And I seys: "I am ready, Josiah Allen, for if there is a man on the face of the earth that I honor it is Mr. Smithsonian."

Josiah Allen's Wife.

OLD HICKORY'S WAY.

He Could Take Prisoners, and Try Them, Too.

Judge Isaac J. Faubes, county attorney of Jackson county, Kentucky, says that he had the honor of naming his county after Old Hickory. "You see, I knew Old Hickory personally. My father served under him at New Orleans in 1814, when my eyes were first opened, at Jonesboro, East Tennessee. I've seen the bushes many a time behind which Russell Bean concealed himself when Jackson compelled him to answer the summons of the court. Bean did not like the appearance of his newly born child, which he said did not belong to him, and in his anger he took a knife and slit its ear. He was indicted by the grand jury, and a warrant issued for his arrest. Gen. Jackson was judge then of that district, and when the sheriff reported that he could not arrest the prisoner unless he killed him in the attempt the judge said: 'You haven't summoned the right kind of men to your aid.' 'Your honor,' said the sheriff, jocularly, 'I summon you.'

The judge got off the bench without saying another word, went home and buckled on his pistols and proceeded alone to a little hill where Bean was hiding. He called Bean and told him he must obey the law. Bean said: 'Go away, general, I don't want to hurt you.' 'Deliver yourself up to me at once,' said the general. Bean said he would not, when bang went the pistol. The ball passed through Bean's whiskers and grazed his cheek and the scalp just above the ear. He cried out quickly: 'Don't shoot again, General, I'm coming.' He was marched to the jail by the general as a special bailiff, who, when he had turned the prisoner over to the jailer, got on the bench and opened court to try the case. Subsequently the prisoner was convicted, and as we had no penitentiary in Tennessee at that time he was ordered to be branded in the right hand with the letter 'M.' As soon as the branding iron was applied and released, and while the steam was still arising from the burned flesh, the prisoner put his hand to his mouth and bit out a large mouthful of flesh, and said: 'There, now, take your brand.'"—Nashville Letter.

General Pickett's Widow.

From the N. Y. World's Gettysburg Letter.

I had a conversation with Mrs. Pickett upon her return to the Springs hotel from the battlefield. She has been profoundly impressed by the friendship and courtesy extended to the men of her husband's old division and with the touching and delicate kindness exhibited towards herself. While we sat talking, numbers of the Philadelphia brigade, in couples and fours and sometimes in larger numbers, were frequently calling to pay their respects before departing from Gettysburg, and to assure her of their interest and kindly feeling. In almost every instance these men left their organization badges with her, and the wife of one of the Seventy-first, who accompanied her husband, took from her breast and pinned upon that of Mrs. Pickett a bow made of blue and gray ribbons. Neither of the ladies could utter a word during the touching performance, but the tearful eyes and warm pressure of hands as they separated were more eloquent than any words that were struggling for utterance.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Pickett, as she pointed to the ribbon souvenir of blue and gray, "that I have been mingling these colors for twenty years. When the war was over the women of the south were far more bitter than our defeated soldiers. We refused all overtures looking to reconstruction and declined every offer for reconciliation. Twenty years ago I was in New York city. Gen. Ingalls called upon me. I suppose I showed by my manner of greeting General Ingalls that I did not have very warm regard for him. Gen. Ingalls noticed this, and said: 'My dear Mrs. Pickett, you should not entertain and perpetuate hostile feelings toward your husband's army friends. Why, he and I were together at West Point. We slept under the same blanket and fought side by side under the same flag in a foreign land. There should be no bitterness in your breast toward me and his other army friends.' That speech of General Ingalls caused my reconciliation. It explained the feeling that brave soldiers entertain for each other. The following day I took my husband's watch, the same that was presented to him upon his graduation at West Point, to a jeweler, had the union and confederate flags placed upon the outside of the case with their staff crossed, and upon its inside I had engraved the names of the battles in which he participated under the union flag in Mexico and those in which he participated under the confederate flag."

She said that on the morning of July 3, 1863, while Pickett's division lay in the woods preparatory to the fatal charge, the general wrote her a letter, in which he told his wife about his orders to charge upon Cemetary hill. In the letter he referred to his meeting with General Longstreet in connection with the order to charge, and the hesitating manner of the latter when Pickett asked Longstreet if he should move on Cemetery hill with his division.

"After he had concluded and signed his letter," said Mrs. Pickett, "the general added a postscript in which he said 'I know that Longstreet's nod, if it meant anything, means death. God bless you, little one.'"

The Inmates of Harems Consider Their Lot Particularly Happy.

London Saturday Review.

A notion seems generally prevalent in Europe that, if only the harem doors were opened, a rush for liberty would immediately take place, and many are the sympathies wasted on the supposed prisoners of the Mohammedan marriage ties. In reality, both men and women consider their state far superior to that of Europeans. The man argues thus: "You are a slave from the moment you marry. You cannot go out to lunch or dinner or to your friends without taking your wife with you. You cannot even leave her alone for a few hours without giving an account of yourself. Such a state of things would be unbearable to me. I go where I like and my wife goes where she likes. I pay my servants to look after her, and I am sure that she is not flirting with other men when I am not by her side. You are never sure of this," etc. This is his line of argument. The woman says. "My religion forbids me to look up on other men but my husband. If I changed my religion, perhaps I should like to mix up with every fellow I came across, but as long as I am a Mohammedan I detest the thought of it. I cover my face from the sight of the world, as your women covet their bodies. As to being watched and guarded, it is a compliment which shows how much my husband cares for me. If he were to leave me to do what I liked, I should know he did not care for me and should feel deeply insulted.

It is difficult for the western mind fully to grasp with the immense gulf between our ideas and theirs. Their reasoning is fallacious and almost ridiculous from our standpoint, but it is good enough from theirs. And therefore as long as the Mohammedan religion lasts, so long will the harem exist. And its existence is, on the whole, a happy and contented one, in spite of all the reasoning which may be brought to show that it ought to be miserable.

A Dog that Loved Good Society.

From the London Daily News.

There is a legend of a dog who lived in the country and who always left his master's house when any of his neighbors had distinguished guests to stay with them. He invited himself to join them, acting on Thackery's principle that if you wish to be asked to a party there is nothing like asking to be asked. The instance of this dog may be considered adverse to our theory that beasts are incapable of conscious happiness. That the dog, it may plausibly be urged, would have been wretched in his mind had he dined at home, where there was only the family, when he knew well that a party had been asked to the neighboring castle to meet a distinguished person. But this hound must be considered an exception, like the celebrated dancing dog of Theophile Gautier. This dog once saw a performing beast of his own species at a fair. The tricks and laurels of the performing dog did not permit him to sleep. M. Gautier missed him often, and and one day found him practicing his steps by himself in an empty room. When he thought himself perfect he had an "at home" and exhibited before the dogs of the neighborhood.

HORSE MEAT IN PARIS.

How the Populace Gathers Up and Carries Off an Unlucky Cheval.

I was told that a dead horse was not by any means a dead loss in Paris, and I accepted this statement as the only reasonable explanation I could discover of the really destructive cruelty with which one constantly sees those poor animals treated. I was directed to shops where *Viande de cheval* is frankly sold. I went to a restaurant, where I was assured that this delicacy would infallibly be served up to me for beefsteak, and it was. But still I was unable to grasp the idea of the horse as an established fact in food—a coveted article of diet—until one night when I had ocular proof of the supplementary career of usefulness upon which this faithful servant of man only enters when he has toiled his last weary course over the slippery pavements of the capital of Europe, says Julia Hayes Percy in *The New York World.*

We had been wandering away from the great thoroughfare. (If you are in search of characteristic glimpses of Parisian life you will do well to keep away from the Bois, the great boulevards, and the Lights, with his little red "Baedeker" and skipping briskly from point to point, sipping information from the catalogue and the guide-book.

We had turned off from the Rue de Temple into a street so narrow that we seemed to have dropped into a crack between the tall, grim, smoke-blackened old houses that loomed on either side. This "crack" was endowed with alleged sidewalks. They were about fifteen inches wide and looked like an indefinitely protracted doorstep. No mortal but the thin man of a museum could possibly walk on them. We eschewed them and trotted contentedly through the middle of the street with the rest of the populace.

The small shops along the way were alight and so were the lamps, although overheard the tops of the high houses and the quaint, irregular roofs, with their picturesque chimney-pots, were still flushed with a sunset light the color of the pink anemones from Nice that were piled up on so many of the flower barrows along the boulevards.

We passed the venders of *marrons rotis*, who appear to grow in the angles of walls, so surely do you find them established there, with their little smoking furnaces and bag of shining chestnuts. We glanced at the stall of the woman who stands all day frying potatoes to a warm, brown crispness. At the evening hour she has many customers, men, women, and children. We stopped to watch them, but directly perceived that a little further along the street quite a crowd had gathered, and we hastened to add ourselves to the multitude.

Reaching the edge of the motley throng, we climbed upon a bench standing in front of a lavoir and looked over the heads of the people. After all, it was only a poor horse dropped dead in his tracks—no uncommon sight. I stepped down and turned to go, but Sketchem clutched my sleeve and cried, "Wait." I got back into position and looked. Several men were tugging at the beast; dragging him on to a large cart—a sort of animal ambulance. The waggon he had lately drawn stood by, with empty harness. Presently they had him in place, on his back, with his hoofs kicking at heaven.

Then a sturdy, red-cheeked, black-eyed fellow, picturesque in the lamplight and the blaze of a torch fixed at the tail of the cart, appeared on the scene. A brown woolen cap was pushed far pack on his head, the sleves of his blue blouse were rolled to his shoulders. He jumped upon the gray carcass and stood grasping one of the stiffening legs. He smiled at the eagar-looking crowd, and his white teeth shone in the torch-glare. I caught also the gleam of a long, bright knife in his hand. He fell into a sort of an address-over-Cæsar's-body attitude. "Is he going to deliver an oration on the virtues and vicissitudes of the defunct beast, or is he about to hold a clinic in the street?"

I turned with a smile and this question to Sketchem, who was too busy with pencil and paper to heed me, and I felt the smile withering on my lips as the meaning of this extraordinary spectacle dawned upon me.

I had seen enough. I slipped down and sat on the bench as the people pressed forward, litearally clamoring to be served from the impromptu butcher's shop with various cuts of *viande de cheval.*

Undoubtedly the creature had died from the same ultimate cause as did Jennie Wren in the nursery rhyme, but what disorders or disasters had led to this fatal condition none of the eager purchasers of his still warm flesh seemed to feel in the least concerned about.

The Old Beau.

The old beau is a frequenter of the pleasant dinner-tables in town, where his presence must always be welcome. He comes in, jaunty and well dressed, with a flower in his button-hole, the latest scrap of news from the seat of war upon his lips, and the latest bon mot wherewith to amuse the company, ready to be produced the first opportunity. If he is a bon-vant he is always blessed with a good appetite, and every right-minded hostess is pleased that her good things should be done full justice to, and the knowledge that he is critical in matters culinary, will only have stimulated her efforts that all that is produced at her table should come up to the mark of her favored guest's high standard of excellence. In addition, he is invariably a pleasant and a lively talker. He understands the art of conversation to perfection, has a veritable instinct as to what subjects are dangerous, and where there are pitfalls to avoid. He may be a nobody in himself, but he is known to everybody, and what is more, he knows all about everybody else. He remembers that Mr. A's father died in a mad-house, and that it is desirable to steer the frail bark of conversation clear of a discussion of the Lunacy Commission. Neither has he forgotten that Mr. B's sister went through the divorce court last season, and that Mrs. C's uncle committed suicide ten years ago, so that it would be injudicious to dwell upon any of these topics in the presence of their sorrowing relatives. In this manner he is frequently invaluable to his friends and, his ready tact is often the means of averting a social blunder or an embarassing pause.—*The Argonaut*

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Glass dollars, a dangerous counterfeit, are bothering tradesmen in a New York precinct. Glass gives a ring to the false metal. The glass dollar is brittle and may easily be broken with a hammer.

Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales, is said to have her fourth offer of marriage, this time from a Russian prince. Miss Louise must find the royal chaps a rather monotonous set.

Of the hundreds of cases pending in New York city courts against the elevated railroads for obstruction of light and air, one has been concluded favorably to the property owner by a $6,000 compromise.

The will of Thaddeus Kosciusko has been unearthed in the office of the register of wills of the District of Columbia. Thomas Jefferson, the executor, is authorized to use the entire property in purchasing and freeing Negroes and giving them an education.

Gov. Hughes of Arkansas gets two suits of clothes a year regularly from Georgia, the material being woven and his clothes being made up in that state. He has just received his summer outfit from the Goober state. It is made of checked cottonade.

George W. Ewing of Fort Wayne, Ind., one of the heirs to the great Ewing estate, while felling a tree in the Adirondacks, cut a gash in his foot, and is now lying in a critical condition. The stay-at-homes are sometimes better off than those who go away.

Jonathan Houston, a farmer of Thomaston, Me., died recently in extreme destitution, and the authorities ordered his clothing to be burned. Before the order was carried into effect his rags were examined, and money and securities worth $4,500 were found.

At Bieber, Lassan County, Cal., resides Mr. Thomas P. Ford, who writes: "I can truthfully say I have used St. Jacobs Oil in my family for ten years, and find it a never failing remedy for all painful complaints."

Josephine Shepherd, Mrs. Florence's daughter by her first husband, is to marry a foreign nobleman.

Lost wealth may be replaced by industry lost knowledge by study, lost health by medicine, but lost time is gone forever.

No task is well performed by a reluctant hand.

Mr. F. E. Rush, Adrian, N. Y., says: "My father was very lame with rheumatism. Now after using St. Jacobs Oil he is no lamer than I am. He was cured." Price Fifty cents.

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A man with a wheelbarrow on the sidewalk is not very popular, but he generally carries everything before him.

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The great usefulness of the Moxie Nerve Food in curing drunkards has made it the most popular thing in the country. It is flavored into a luscious and probably is the most popular beverage in the country today. The dealers say it is more profitable than liquors and harmless. The gay, young man and club man break up their intoxications with it now, before going home, and the usual give away of a racket can be spoiled with it in an hour. But the nervous, tired out women are its best customers. Most people think it will lead a great moral reform in drinking. The druggists say the sale is the largest ever known.

Boston Post: A St. Louis man has eaten eleven restaurant pies at one sitting, and, strange to relate, survives.

Frightful Waste.

Consumption carries off its thousands of victims every year. Yes, thousands of human lives are being wasted that might be saved for the fact is now established that consumption, in its early stages, is curable. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will, if used in time, effect a permanent cure. It has no equal as a remedy for bronchitis, coughs and colds. Its efficiency has been proved in thousands of cases. All druggists.

Detroit Free Press: An engaging smile—A lover's grin at his fiancee.

"Be wise to-day: 'tis madness to defer." Don't neglect your cough. If you do your fate may be that of the countless thousands who have done likewise, and who today fill consumptives' graves. Night-sweats, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and consumption itself if taken in time can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." This wonderful preparation has no equal as a remedy for lung and throat diseases. All druggists.

Whitehall Times: The key to a lover's heart is often found in a lock of hair.

The huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets."

The iceman's smile is talked of as a new shade in summer fabrics.

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Endow them with a legacy that they cannot squander, by sending them to be educated at the

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Hartford Post: The young man no longer swings on the front gate. He plays the "deuce" with "love" in the tennis court.

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The Burlington Route, C. B & Q. R. R., will sell, on Aug. 30, Sept. 20, and Oct. 11, Harvest Excursion Tickets at one fare for the round trip to principal points in Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota and Dakota. Limit, thirty days. For tickets and further information concerning these excursions, call on the nearest C. B. & Q., Ticket Agent.

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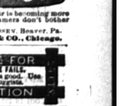

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