EUGENE CITY. OREGON.

He Did Not Get an Audience The Listener has heard another characteristic story of the great Russler, generalissimo of the house of Smith, Smyth & Co. Russler now has in attendance in his antercom a colored man of distinguished appearance, who serves as a sort of a breakwater to the who serves as a sort of a breakwater to the mighty flood of business that is supposed to continually roll in upon the great man of affairs. The other day an old friend and companion of Russier's, a plain, rustic sort of fellow, took it into his head to call and congratulate him on his rise in the world. They had been hall fellows well met all their past life, and the old friend felt it would be al-ways so between them. He called, and was

mys so between them. He called, and was onfronted by the colored porter. "I want to see Russier," said the old friend. "Cabd, sah," said the porter, icily. "Card! I haven't got any card," said the

visitor, "I don't carry 'em.

"Have to pass in your cahd, sah, befo' you kin see Mr. Russier." The visitor tore a bit of paper out of

notebook and wrote his name on it. "There," be said, "I guess that Il do."

The colored man glanced at it rather askance, but took it in to the inner sanct-

uary In a few minutes he returned with ondescending smile on his face.
"Mr Russler, sah," said be, "will grant

you a audience in three-quahtabs of an hour." The visitor was some moments in catching

"An audience!" be exclaimed. "And in three-quarters of an hour! Well, I'm afraid when the time is up he won't find his 'audience.' I've got other fish to fry meantime. Tell his highness, please, that I'll have to attend at the palace some other day; I've got a load o' taters that's got to be sold. Good day!"—Boston Transcript.

Pass Him the Medal.

They were talking in a Portland barber shop about their skating powers, and, of course, there was more or less lying. A gent from indiantown told this one: "One night along in the fall a good many years back I was skating down the Kennebecasis from above Milkish. It was quite dark, and as there were some holes in the ice I had to keep going at a very rapid rate to avoid drop-ping into them. I am no ice creeper—even now—but that night I honestly think I beat

"How did that great speed save you from the holes?" a listener asked sarcastically. "How did it save me! Why I could see them. I kept my skates going so fast that sparks flew from the ice in showers, making it so light that I could have seen a pin ten yards abend."—St. John (N. B.) Gazette

A Pointed Attention







The Intelligent Bride.

Clerk to young laify who has purchased a pair of gold sleeve buttons for her flance—Any initials, miss!

Young Lady—Oh, yes, I forgot; engrave the letter U, his first name.

Clerk—Ah. May I ask, miss, if it is Uriah

or Ulymest Names with U are rare.
Young Lady proudly:—His name is Eugena.—Town Topica.

Nothing Mean About Her "Is that all you can give me, ma'am," pleaded the tramp, "a dipperful of water?" "Why, no, certainly not," replied the woman with the big heart; "you can have as many dipperfuls as you like."—New York

Everything Explained. is to landlord - Are you sure, lord, that this is a spring chicken! Landlord-Yes, sir That chicken is from my own farm, it was t

Josef-Oh, that er

An exchange, in speaks of "a lady" s explain how - distin

ton:" but it doem't ob a lady's sk

A vein of lignite coal seven feet thick from Whatcom near the line of the Se-attle, Lake Shore and Eastern road. Mr. Idman of New Whatcom is interested the mine. A shaft thirty feet deep been sunk. The specimens exhib-

COLONELQUARITCH, V.C.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Her father made no answer beyond atting down at his table and grabbing viciously at a pen. So she left the room, indignant, in-deed, but with as heavy a heart as any

woman could carry in her breast.
"Dear Sin," wrote the not altogether un-naturally indignant squire,—"I have been informed by my daughter Ida of her en-tanglement with you. It is one which, for reasons that I need not enter into, is most distasteful to me, as well as, I am sorry to say, ruinous to Ida herself and to her family. Ida is of full age and must, of course, do as she pleases with herself. But I cannot con-sent to become a party to what I disapprove of so strongly, and this being the case I must beg you to cease your visits to this house. I am, sir, Your obsdient servant, "James DE LA MOLLE."

Ida, as soon as she had sufficiently recov ered berself, also wrote to the colonel. She told him the whole story, keeping nothing back, and ended her letter thus:

"Never, dear Harold, was a woman in a greater difficulty, and never had I more need of help and advice. You know and have good reason to know how hateful this marriage would be to me, loving you as I do entirely and alone, and having no higher desire than to become your wife. But, of course, I see the painfulness of the position. I am not so selfish as my father believes or says that he believes. I quite understand how great would be the material advantage to my father if I could bring myself to marry Mr. Cossey. You may remember I told you once that I thought no woman had a right to prefer her own happiness to the prosperity of her whole family. But, Harold, it is easy to

speak thus, and very, very hard to act up to it. What am I to do? What am I to do? And yet how can I in common fairness ask you to answer that question? God help us both, Harold! Is there no way out of it?"

These letters were both duly received by

Harold Quariteh on the following morning, and threw him into a fever of anxiety and doubt. He was a just and reasonable man, and, knowing something of human nature, under the circumstances did not altogether wonder at the squire's violence and irritation. The financial position of the De la Molle family was little, if anything, short of des-perate; and he could easily understand how maddening it must be to a man like Mr. De la Molle, who loved Honham-which had for centuries been the habitation of his raceetter than he loved anything on earth, to suddenly realize that it must pass away from him and his forever, merely because a woman happened to prefer one man to another, and that man, to his view, the less eligible of the two. So keenly did he realize this, indeed, that he greatly doubted whether or no he was justified in continuing his advances to Ida. Finally, after much thought, he wrote to the squire as follows:
"I have received your letter, and also one

from Ida, and I hope you will believe me when I say that I quite understand and sym-pathize with the motives which evidently led you to write it. I am, unfortunately—al-though I never regretted it till now—a poor man, whereas my rival suitor is a very rich one. I shall, of course, strictly obey your injunctions; and, moreover, I can assure you that, whatever my own feelings may be in the matter, I shall do nothing, either directly or indirectly, to influence Ida's ultimate de-cision. She must decide for herself."

To Ida herself he also wrote at length:

"DEAREST IDA," he ended, "I can say nothing more; you must judge for yourself; and I shall accept your decision loyally whatever it may be. It is unnecessary for me now to tell you how inextricably my happing. ness in life is interwoven with that decision but at the same time I do not wish to influ ence it. It certainly to my mind does not ence it. It certainly to my mind does not seem right that a woman should be driven into sacrificing her whole life to secure any monetary advantage either for herself or for others, but then the world is full of things that are not right. I can give you no advice, for I do not know what advice I ought to give. I try to put myself out of the question and to consider you, and you only; but even then I fear that my judgment is not impar-tial. At any rate, the less we see of each to appear to be taking any undue advantage. If we are destined to pass our lives together, this temporary estrangement will not matter, and if, on the other hand, we are doomed to a life long separation, the sooner we begin the better. It is a cruel world, and someme as from year to year I struggle on to ward a happiness that ever vanishes when I stretch out my hand to clasp it; but if I feel thus what must you feel who have so much more to bear? My dearest love, what can I

say! I can only say with you, God belp us!"
This letter did not tend to raise Ida's spirits. Evidently her lover saw that there was another side to the question—the side of duty, and was too honest to hide it from her. She had said that she would have nothing to do with Edward Cossey, but she was well aware that the matter was still an open one. What should she do? What ought she to do? Abandon her love, desecrate berself and save her father and her house, or cling to her love position, nor did the lapse of time tend to make it less cruel. Her father went about the place pale and melancholy—all his jovia manner had vanished beneath the pressure of impending ruin. He treated her with studious and old fashioned courtesy, but she could see that he was bitterly aggrieved by her conduct, and that the anxiety of his position was telling on his health. If this was the case now, what, she wondered, would

happen in the spring, when proceedings were actually taken to sell the place? One bright, cold morning she was walking with her father through the fields down the ootpath that led to the church, and it would have been hard to say which of the two looked the paler or more miserable. On the previous day the squire had had an interview with Mr. Quest, and made as much of an appeal ad misericordism to him as his pride would allow, only to find the lawyer very courteous, very regretful, but as hard as adamant. Also that very morning a let-ter had reached him from London announcing that the last hope of raising money to meet the mortgages to be paid off had failed The path ran along toward the road past a line of caks. Half way down this line they

came across George, who, with his marking instrument in his band, was contemplating ome of the trees which it was proposed to

take down.
"What are you doing there?" said the squire, in a meiancholy voice. "Marking, squire,"

"Then you may as well save yourself the trouble, for the place will belong to some-body else before the sap is up in those caka."
"Now, squire, don't you begin to talk like that, for I don't believe it. That ain't a-go-

ing to happen." "Ain't a-going to happen, you stupid fel low, ain't a-going to happen? answered the squire, with a dreary laugh. "Why, look there"—he pointed to a dog cart which had drawn up on the road in such a position that they could see it without its occupants seeing them—"they are taking notes already." George looked and so did Ida. Mr. Quest

was the driver of the dog cart, which he had pulled up in such a position as to command a view of the castle, and his companion, in whom George recognized a well known Lon-don auctioneer who sometimes did business in these parts, was standing up, an open notebook in his hand, alternately looking at the noble towers of the gateway and jotting

utterly forgetting his manners.

Ida looked up and saw her father's eye land upon her with an expression that see

the ruin you have brought upon us."

the ruin you have brought upon us."

Lis turned away; she could not bear it,
and that very night she came to a determineto Harold, and him alone. That de

tion was to let things be for the present, upon the chance of cometting happening by means of which the disemma might be solved. But if nothing happened—and indeed it did not seem probable to her that anything would happen—then she would sacrifice herself at the last moment. She believed, indeed she knew, that she could always call Edward Cossey back to her if she liked. It was a compromise, and, like all compromises had compromise, and, like all compromises, had an element of weakness; but it gave time, and time to her was like water to the dying "Sir," said George presently, "it's Boising bam quarter sessions the day after to-mor row, ain't it?" (Mr. de la Molle was chair

man of quarter sessions.) "Yes, of course it is." George thought for a minute.

"I'm thinking, squire, that if I aren't wanted that day I want to go up to Lunnon about a bit of business."

"Go up to Loudon!" said the squire; "why,
"Go up to Loudon!" to do there! You were in

London the other day," "Well, squire," he answered, looking inex-

pressibly sby, "that ain't no matter of no-body's. It's a bit of private affairs."

"Oh, all right," said the squire, his interest dying out; "you are always full of myster-ies," and be continued his walk.

But George shock his fist in the direction of the road down which the dog cart had of the road down which the dog cart had

"Ahl you devil," he said, alluding to Mr. Quest, "if I don't make Boisingham, yes, and all England, too hot to hold you, my name ain't George. I'll give you what for, my cuckoo, that I will!"

> CHAPTER XXXIII. GEORGE'S DIPLOMATIC ERRAND.

George carried out his intention of going n. The morning following the day when Mr. Quest had driven the auctioneer in the dog cart to Honham, George might have been seen an hour before it was light purchasing a third class return ticket to Liver pool street. Arriving there in safety, he partook of a second breakfast, for it was 10 o'clock, and then taking a cab he caused himself to be driven to the end of that street in Pimlico where he had gone with the fair "Edithia," and where Johnnie had made so quaintance with his ash stick.

Dismissing the cab, he made his way to the ouse with the red pillars, but on arriving was considerably taken aback, for the place had every appearance of being deserted. There were no blinds to the windows, and on the steps were muddy foot marks and bits of rag and straw which seemed to be the litter of a recent removal. Indeed, there on the road were the broad wheel marks of the van which had carted off the furniture. He stared at the sight with dismay. The bird had apparently flown and left no address, and he had had his trip for nothing.

He pressed upon the electric bell; that is, he did this ultimately. George was not accustomed to electric bells, indeed he had

never seen one before, and after attempting in vain to pull it with his fingers—for he knew that it must be a bell because there was the word itself written on it—he as a last re-source condescended to try it with his teeth. Ultimately, however, he discovered how to use it, but without result. Either the battery had been taken away, or it was out of gear. Just as he was wondering what to do next he made a discovery—the door was slightly ajar. He pushed it and it came open—revealing a dirty hall, stripped of every scrap of furniture. Entering, he shut the door and walked up the stairs to the room whence he had fled after thrashing Johnnie. Here he paused and listened, for he thought he heard some-body in the room; nor was he mistaken, for presently a well remembered voice shrilled

Who's skulking about outside there!" said the voice. "If it's one of those bailiffs he'd better hook it, for there's nothing left here." George's countenance positively beamed at

"Bailiffs, marm?" he sung out through the

"Bailiffs, marm?" he sung out through the door; "it ain't no varminty bailiffs, it's a friend, and just when you're wanting one seemingly. Can I come in?"

"Oh, yes, come in, whoever you are," said the voice. Accordingly he opened the door and entered, and this was what he saw. The room, like the rest of the house, had been stripped of everything, with the solitary exceptions of a box and a mattress, beside which there were an empty bottle and a dirty glass. On the mattress sat the fair Edithic alias. Mrs. D'Aubigne, alias the Tiger, alias Mrs. Quest, and such a sight as she presented George had never seen before. Her flerce bore traces of recent heavy drinking, and was moreover dirty, haggard and dres ful to look upon; her hair was a frouzy mat, on some patches of which the golden dye had faded, leaving it its natural hue of doubtful gray. She had no collar on, and her linen was open at the neck; on her feet were a filthy pair of white satin slippers, on her back that same gorgeous pink satin tea gown which Mr. Quest had observed on the occasion of his visit, now, however, soiled and torn. Anything more squalid or more repul-sive than the whole picture cannot be imagined, and though his stomach was pretty strong, and in the course of his life he had seen many a sight of utter destitution, George

"What's the matter?" said the hag, sharp-ly, "and who the dickens are you? Ah, I know now; you are the chap who whacked Johnnie," and she burst into a hourse scream of laughter at the recollection. "It was of you, though, to hook it and leave He pulled me, the devil, and I was fined two pounds by the beak."

Mean of him, marm, not me; but he a mean varmint altogether, he was; to go and pull a lady, too; I niver heard of such a seem to be in trouble here," and he took a eat upon the deal box. "In trouble; I should think I was in trouble

There's been an execution in the house, that is, there's been three executions—one for rates and taxes, one for a butcher's bill, and me for rent. They all came together, and yesterday, and you see all they have left me; cleaned out everything down to my new yel-low satin, and then asked for more. They wanted to know where my jewelry " as, but I hid them there, hee, hee!"

"Meaning, marm?"
"Meaning that I hid it—that Is, what was left of it—under a board. But that ain't the worst. When I was saleep that devil Ellen, who's had her share of the swag all those years, got to the board and collared the things, and boited with them, and look what she's left me instead," and she beld up a scrap of paper, "a receipt for five years' wages, and she's had them over and over again. Ah, if ever I get a chance at her," and she doubled her long hand and made a motion as of a person scratching. "She's boiled and left me here to starve. I haven't had a bite

left me here to starve. I haven't had a bite since yesterday, nor a drink either, and that's werse. What's to become of me? I'm starv-ting. I shall have to go to the work house, Yes, me," she added in a scream, "me, who have spent thousands. I shall have to go to a work house like a common woman."

"It's cruel, marm, cruel," said the sympa-thetic George, "and you a lawful wedded

thetic George, "and you a lawful wedded wife 'till death do us part.' But, marm, I www a public over the way. Now, no offer ut you'll let me just go over and fetch a bite and a sup."

"Well," she answered, bungrily, "you're s

gent, you are, though you're a country one.
You go, while I just make a little toilet;
and as for the drink, why, let it be brandy."
"Brandy it shall be," said the gallant orge, and departed.

of beef patties, some plates and glasses, and a bottle of good strong British brown, which, as everybody knows, is sufficient antity to render three privates or two ble

quantity to render three privates or two que-jackets drunk and incapable.

The woman, who now presented a slightly more respectable appearance, seized the bet-tle, and, pouring about a wine glassful and a half of the contaction into a tumber, mixed in an equal quantity of

it off at a draught.
"That's better," she sold, "and now for a atty. It's a real picnic, this is." He handed her one, but she could not est

nore than half of it. for alcohol destroys the

"Now, marm, that you are a little or comfortable, perhaps you will tell me how you got into this way, and you with a rich susband as I well knows to love and cherish

"A husband to love and cherish me! aid: "why I have written to him three times to tell him that I'm starving, and never a cent has be given me—and there's no allow-ance due yet, and when there is they'll take

it, for I owe hundreds."
"Well," said 'icorge, "I call it cruelcruel, and he rolling in gold. Thirty thousand pounds he has just made, that I know
of. You must be an angel, marm, to stand it, an angel without wings. If it were my husband, now, I'd know the reason why."
"Ay, but I daren't. He'd murder me. He said he would."

George laughed gently. "Lord! Lord!" he said. "to see how men do play it off upon poor weak women, working on their narves and that like. He kill you! Laryer Quest kill you, and he is the biggest coward in Boising ham? But there it is; this is a world o wrong, as the parson soys, and the poor shorn lambs must jamb their tails down and turn their backs to the wind, and so must you narm. So it's the workhus you'll be in to porrow. Well, you'll find it a poor place, the skilly is that rough it do fare to take the

skin off your throat, and not a drop of liquor, not even a cup of hot tea, and work, too, lots of it-scrubbing, marm, scrubbing!"

This vivid picture of miseries to come drew something between a sob and a how! from the women. There is nothing more horrible to the imagination of such people than the idea of being lorged to work. If their notions of a future state of punishment could be got at, they would be found, in nine cases out of ten, to resolve themselves into a vague concep-tion of hard labor in a hot climate. It was the idea of the scrubbing that particularly

af'ected the Tiger.
"I won't do it," she said, "Pil go to choke trst".

"Look here, marm," said George, in a per-masive voice, and pushing the brandy bottle toward her, "where's the need for you to go to the workhus or to chokey either—you with a rich husband as is bound by law to support you as becomes a lady? And, marm, mind another thing, a busband as has wick-edly deserted you—which how he could do so ain't for me to say—and is living along of another young party." She took some more brandy before she an

"That's all very well, you duffer," she said "but how am I to get at him! I tell you I'm afraid of him, and even if I weren't, I haven't a cent to travel with, and if I got there what

"As for being afraid, marm," be answered. 'I've told you Laryer Quest is a long sight nore frightened of you than you are of him Then as for money, why, marm, I'm going down to Bossingham myself by the train that leaves Liverpool street at half past 1, and that's an hour from now, and it's proud and pleased I should be to take a lady down and be the means of bringing them as has been in holy matrimony together again. And as to what you should do when you gets there, why, you should just walk up with your marriage lines and say, 'You are my hus-band, and I call on you to cease living as you didn't oughter, and take me back,' and if be don't, why, then you swears an informatio and it's a case of warrant for bigamy."

The Tiger chuckled, and then suddenly seized with suspicion, looked at her visit sharply.
"What do you want me to blow the ga

forf" she said: "you're a leery old hand, you are, for all your simple ways, and you've got some game on, I'll take my davy."
"I a game—If" answered George, an expression of the deepest pain spreading itself over his ugly features. "No, marm—and when one has wanted to help a friend, too. Well, if you think that—and no doubt misfortune hev made you suspicious—the best can do is to bid you good day, and to wisi you well out of your troubles, workhus and all, marm, which I do according," and he rose from his box with much dignity, politely bowed to the hag on the mattress,

turning walked toward the door. She spring up with an oath.
"I'll go," she said. "I'll take the change out of him. I'll teach him to let his lawful care if he does try to kill me. I'll ruin him. and she stamped upon the floor and screamed 'I'll rain bim, I'll ruin him," presenting suc picture of abandoned rage and wickednes hat even George, whose nerves were not finely strung, inwardly sbrunk from her.

"Ab, marm," he said, "no wonder you're out out. When I think of what you've had suffer, I own it makes my blood go a b'iling through my veins. But if you are a-coming perhaps it would be as well to stop cursing and put your bat on, for we have got to catch the train," and be pointed to a headgear hiefly made of somewhat dilapidated pea sock tenthers, and an ulster which the ba

ad either overlooked or left through pfty She put on her hat and cloak, and then go ng to the hole beneath the board, out which she said the woman Ellen had stole her jewelry, she extracted the copy of th ertificate of marriage which that indy had not apparently thought worth stealing, and put it in the pocket of her pink silk peignoir Then George, having first secured the remainder of the bottle of brandy, which h put into his capacious pocket, they started, and, finding a bansom, drove to Liverpootstreet. Such a spectacle, as the Tiger looke upon the platform, George was wont, in after days, to declare be never did see. But it can easily be imagined that a flerce, dissolute hungry looking woman, with half dyed hair who had drunk as much as was good for her dressed in a bat made of shabby peacool feathers, dirty white shoes, an uls some buttons off, and a gorgeous but fithy pink silk tea gown, presented a sufficienti curious appearance, especially when con trasted with her companion, the sober and melancholy looking George, who was arrayed

day suit. in his pepper and sait Su So curious indeed was their aspect that the round them, and George, who was heartil ashamed of the position, was thankful enoug when once the train started. He had, from motives of economy, taken her in a third class ticket, and at this point she grumbled saying that she was accustomed to travel like a lady should, first; but he appeared her with

the brandy bottle.

All the journey through be talked to b about her wrongs, till at last, what between the liquor and his artful incitements, she was inflamed into a condition of savage fury against Mr Quest. When once she got to brandy seeing that she was now ripe for h purpose, which was, of course, to use her to ruin the sun who would ruin the bo

magistrates assembled in quarter sessions at the assions house at Boisingham, little had trembled all these years, was even now ralling on his head, or that the band that cur the bair that beld it was that of the stupi bumpkin whose warning he had despised

> CHAPTER XXXIV. THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

At last the weary journey was over, ar George's intense relief be found himse upon the platform at Boisinguam. He wa-a pretty tough subject, but he fult that a very little more of the company of the fair Edithia would be too much for him. As it appened, the station master was a partic that worthy when he saw the respecta Secree in such company cannot be expres

ITO BE CONTINUED!

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

-Salt will curdle new milk, bence in prepar ng milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

-Black Current Tea.-Two tablespoonfuls of black current jam to a pint and a half of boiling water, stir, strain it and set aside to cool; serve with eracked ice. -- Boston Herald.

-A writer in the New York Herald says, in commending the use of whole meal bread, that "it makes fine flesh. feeds the nerves, and teeth that have begun to crumble and decay renew themselves on this food with sound bone and enamel.

-To mend a very large hole in socks or woven underwear, tack a piece of strong net over the sperture and darn over it Thus mended the garment will be stronger than when new and look far neater than if darned in the ordinary way.

-Papier mache for filling cracks in floors can be prepared by heating to a paste cuttings of white or brown paper boiled in water and then mixing the paste with a solution of gum arabic. Make the solution hot in which you mix the paper paste and apply direct.y, thus making it adhere more firmly. -Graham Gems -One teacup of flour,

level, one half teacup of cornmeal, one teacup of milk, one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of cream of tartar, one tablespoon of sugar, one-half teaspoon of salt, one egg. Sift both soda and cream of tartar with flour. Beat egg very light and add last. Bake in hot oven ten or fifteen minutes.-Yankee Blade.

-Tomato Soi.-One peck green toma toes, one cup salt, one cup sugar, one cup grated horse radish, twelve small green peppers, ten onions, two tablespoons cloves, two tablespoons cinnamon. Slice the tomatoes and stir the salt into them, then let them stand over night. In the morning drain them, and add the other ingredients. Cover them with vinegar and let them boll until done.—Housekeep r.
—Good Macaroons.—Blanch and heat

in a marble mortar, with rose water, three-quarters of a pound of sweet and one-quarter of a pound of bitter almonds. Mix with one pound of pow-dered white sugar and add to this, a sittle at a time, the stiffly beaten whiteof six eggs. Mix well and mold into little balls, flatten, brush over with egg white and put on sheets of tin well sprinkled with granulated sugar. - Bos-

ten Budget.
-Fresh Trout or Salmon Pie.-Shred fine some co.d baked or boiled fresh brook-trout or salmon, removing all bones. Into three pints of flour chop balf a cupful of butter, add one teaspoonful of baking-powder, and milk, to make the pastry. Roll out, and cover the bottom of a baking-pan. Into one quart of minced fish mix half a teaspoonful of salt, pepper to taste, half oupful of butter, and one cupful of thick, sweet cream. Fill the lower crust with the fish, add the top crust, and bake. This pie is not spoiled by standing. Any fish may be used, though canned fish is not so good as fresh -Demorest's.

POPULAR NOVELTIES.

of the Things Retailers Are Displaying on Their Counters.

Expensive Chantilly for really ele-

gant lace toilettes. Many black grenadines and colored French organdies. Mohair petticoats having woven bor

ders of silk stripes.
Sailor hats trimmed with box-plaited ruching of Brussels net. Hemstitched blocked lawn for yokes

and children's guimpes. of Dresden ware. Navy blue serge for ocean, mountain

and traveling suits. White canvas ties foxed and trimmed with white suede kid. Small checked cheviots for traveling

and shopping dresses. Black jet passementerie jackets wear over bright red gowns. Shade hats of brown and ecru mixed crinoline or horse hair braids.

Red ties to wear with black hose and red and black house dresses. Summer suits of checked and striped gray and black cloths for men. Pongee umbrellas, ecru and white,

lined with green, for the seaside. Dressy jackets of light cloth, with full sleeves of black guipure lace. Light shades of gloria and lansdo for dressy home costumes.

Dainty gowns, draperies and hangings of "India pongee." Velvet ribbon and mousseline de sois for seaside evening costumes.

Jetted Brussels net for handsome black toilets over black sat n lining. Black Japanese silk handkerchiefs for men to carry in their breast pockets. Gauze parasols laid in accordion plaits and trimmed with rosettes of the same.

Valenciennes lace flouncing to be lined with surah for summer evening gowns. White cloth shoulder capes embroid-

ered in tinsel for seaside and evening Large fichus of white crepe with the edges scalloped and embroidered in

Silk and worsted braid piped with narrow gilt braid for trimming woolen Dancing costumes of white chiffon, to

be lined with pink, green or yellow silk. White parasols having handles of white enameled wood ornamented with

Black bareges with colored borders and panels lined with silk the color of the border. Rubber skirt protectors to take the

place of braids on "stormy day dresses." Small buckles for fastening velvet ribbon worn around the neck like dog White dimity for dresses to trimmed with Valenciennes lace

nainsook embroidery. Colored silk mousseline to trim black straw hats in conjunction with black estrich tips.
Crepe and brocaded China ailk sailor

scarfs for ladies to wear with shirt waists and blouses. A new silk for plastrons and guimpes.

called silk elastique, which is thin, with a crimped-like surface—N Y. Letter. -Horace (standing on the steps and looking out at the pitiless storm; time. 11 p. m.)—"How it comes down!" Pen-slope (absent-mindedly)—"I do hope you may be able to get home before it stops raining." Horace (stiffly)—"I think I can." (Rushes out into the storm.)-Chicago Tribune.

-Marker McGashey-"Thot wor a close call fer yez. Jerry. Th' bullet wint shtraight trough yure hair!" Marker Fitspatrick-"It did, Corney; an' Oi wor t'inkin' av me hair had't been av good linth Oi'd had me whole hid blowed aff me!"-Judge.

BILL NYE ON TYPEWRITING

me Variegated Advice to REAT as is my on efore the languish ing public: GUILLAUME NIGH

Esq; Respected Sir-DO you think that I could GET ALONG IN new YORK with mym. little writer type wi writer i

type wi. writer mean couldent mean couldent is things for you out .; pyst444450fm my loughts if you would FIRST Think the50fm or course i can write—168hgtrfaster than this when I had some good yumrus FRIEnd to be with 587780f now DOyou get off al them droll 54437765things EVERY s

The above is, of course, more or less per personal, but the question is one which con cerns many other young men who may be thus afflicted. I therefore take the liberty of answering an inquiry publicly which I would otherwise regard as strictly confidential, suppressing the name, however, and the irst par graph, both of which read like the bliloquy of a "hell box" or the smother ejaculations of a "pied form."

ejaculations of a "pied form."

To the correspondent, whose letter is above given, I might say that I believe there would be an opening here for him if he would give himself up to a certain class of work. Of course, he could hardly hope to enter the regular channels of commercial correspond ence with a typewriter that has such a pro nounced impediment in its speech as this one has, but could be not hope to get a job at Volapuk at headquarters? Certainly there ought to be a place som

where for one whose only trouble seems to be a kind of information of the vowels. There might be a future here for such graphic and graceful style of writing, if it

might be made to arouse a good dear or in-interest if properly worked up.

Of course it would be necessary that he should tone down some of his extravagant figures of speech and avoid overexertion of the punctuator, but with his wealth of full stops he might do well on a periodical, and his space work would certainly attract atten-

tion. Or he could go into the counting room

of a man who did not advertise and do as signment work. hands, is smitier than the sword. I look for the typewriter to take the place of Indian oratory in our literature, and its tinkling notes will soon be heard, I hope, in homes where the one legged pen and the bottle of biuing all the writing now are doing.

Come to the metropolis \$x:t\%&fmf\\$.

Come with your abnormal: and your little t\text{YpE\\$\pirity{E}\\$\pirity{E}\\$. Come with your startling

style of English and your chaste method o obliterating space. Come and get acquainted with mR.sAgE and mR \$\$\$\$\$. gOuLD.!! Here you will meet many yumurus people who will amuse you to a high °. You will also meet Mr. aNthoNy cOmStocK, who will

require you to drape all your figures in the following manner (8). Come to New York and get a new soft palate put into your typewriter and have an one of the ladies of the court a small palate put into your typewriter and have an operation performed on its tonsils.

Come and visit the produce \$\$\$lblbbbl bblbbl ExcHange. Come and see Wall pfd. \$\$\$0002\$ street. Ride on our Elevated railway from BBZZZT***—(0)X!!!&&;:rd, street, to GGXXKKrrtt**/#B);//&Blickernex street. Visit the brig. Theodora, dam Tarantula straight for place, b. m. Rob Boy dam Ella Jackson horse races!!

Roy dam Ella Jackson horse races!!

The more you mix up with us the more you will like us. We New Yorkers from Wyoming territory enjoy having people thrown among US. You would meet with a hearty welcome whether you came to grow up with our bactieria or to buy green goods. Cordiality is our one weakness. If a cordial

greeting would not suit you you can take

dency toward delirium tremens, perhaps that would be best, any way. I used to be acquainted with a young man who wrote a beautiful hand \$x:t\\\ 6\cdot fm\)? for that was before the days of typewriters. He would bring out his writing materials and his tongue and make a corkscrew pea cock swimming in a large cranberry marsh infested by loops and funny business, all without taking his pen off the paper. was a thorough artist, with a lofty soul, but he could not spell. He could construct a graceful swan with a halo of chirographic worms all around it, but nature and art had denied him the humbler joys of orthography. He could make a lovely purpl with a green fringe to it as eyed bobolinks, with heliotrope bosoms perched on space and bearing in their bronzed talons yet other smaller scrolls that were as graceful as a doughnut horse, and on these scrolls would be written such glittering truths as these: "In Frendship's bright gerland. Please regard me as your Humbel fur nenott," "Look up, press Onnerds & you

will git there." But his style is robbed of much of its grac and beauty by immersing it in cold and pulse-less type. He was a bold and fearless writer and his hands were ever red with the blood of murdered English. He broke down the high walls established by the brainy but discon-nected and flighty Noah Webster, and spelled such words as "pillgarlic" in a way that kept his finer writings out of the magazines. But when he assassinated the English he made no tempt to conceal his methods. He wrote under everything: "Executed with a pen." And he recked not. Not a reck.

Whether you can ever rise to such a posi tion with your type writer, Mr. \$x:t1/&fmit, I do not know. I hope you may. Your orthography is rich with improvisations, roulades and trills. Running through all and trills. Running through all your work I notice an air of gentle be bon homme, persifiage and pi. You have given utterance in your letter to thoughts which I could not think without the aid of outside influences. I could not evolve such ntiments without the stimulus of a fall from a high building or the exhilaration of a railway collision. It is the unexpected in your humor which

gives it its chief charm. No one can tell, when you start out, whether you will soar away among the asterisks and space, or get involved in a scuffle between lower case and capital, in which you will get injured, mortification and exclamation set in and you lose

your life.

I am glad you wrote to me with your lift's type writer, and though I believe that you can do better than you did, and that as a matter of fact "\$x:t}\&fm(8" is really an assumed name, your letter has given me much enly ment, and I print it this mornassumed name, and I primuch ericyment, and I p

What's the Matter with Adam and Ere The earliest partnership mentioned in the Bible was Jerry Co.—Duluth Pars grapher.

-"What is the difference between a person being in 'danger of his life' and in 'danger of his death?" "When a man is in 'danger of his life' he calls in a physician. Then, of course, the rest is understood."-Philadelphia Times,

Not Needed in Summer. Papa-I am glad to see this young man has begun his courting in the

Annie-Why, paps, what difference does that make? Papa-Well, the last fellow you hi began in November, and before spring same I thought I should go broke with his cas and coal bills.—Boston Herald

A TALK ABOUT DATHS How People Swear and Where Some Repressions Come From.

cause I said that didn't I care a dam said a gruff old Senator in conversation with the Sunday-school reporter of the Washington Star. That is not suggesting. The expression has a very different ent meaning from what is popularly supposed, and was originated by the Duke of Wellington. A dam in ladia is the smallest piece of money known and not to care that much means simply that one is very indifferent. That was all the phrase was intended to signify. The word 'damn,' from the Latin very meaning 'to condemn,' is a very different thing. Curiously enough, it seems almost invariably to be the first word is SUNday is it born in you're is it just PLAIN bring ing UP:

Please excuse bad spelling and bad cokxid .I

Please excuse bad spelling and bad cokxid .I

Please excuse bad spelling and bad cokxid .I

SO good BXxe!?

y urs truly

most invariably to be the first word in our language acquired by foreigners, and it has always been such a favorite with the English that in the last century the French always referred to them as the 'Goddams.' A distinct our language acquired by foreigners, century the French always referred to them as the 'Goddams.' A distinguished Gallis writer of that epoch said that English was a beautiful tongue and that 'Goddam' was the basis of it 'People of that nation,' he remarked have a few other words which they use in conversation, but the principal one is Goddam. You can go anywhere is

England if you know that ' "A funny misapprehension also exists as to the expression: Go to the dues! People generally suppose that the means 'devil,' whereas as a matter of fact it is derived directly from the Latin 'Deus'-God.' So when any one tells you to go to the duce he is unconsciously uttering the best of good wishes for your welfare. Speaking of Latin always reminds

me that among the ancient Romans is was considered the thing for each man to have some particularged to habitual ly swear Ly. Some swore by Jupiter. others by Mars, others by Minerva, and so on. The demi-gods, like Hercules could be used in reporting telephonic re-marks over crossed wires. The word paint-and Castor and Pollux, were also make ing and vulgar fractions are similar, and it use of in the way of oaths. Castor and might be made to arouse a good deal of in-"Twins"-"by Gemini"-the phrase whence we get our exclamation "by Jimini." It was thought very improper for Roman ladies to swear by the male gods, but they were permitted to take the name of the Twins in vain, and also especially that of Venus. In moment of great aggravation they might go so of a man who did not advertise and do as far as to cry "Mecastor!"—"by Castor!"

The typewriter, in strong and willing

The Greeks awore by the cabbage, which was the most prized of vegetables, and even to this day the same oath is often heard in Italy, while in France a lover is being intensely affectionate when he calls the lady of his heart his 'petit chou' or 'little cabbage.' 'By jingo' is from 'Jincoa,' the Basque name for God. Barbarous tribes have been accustomed to swear by the head of their ruler. Queen Elizabeth is said to have been a very hard swearer, as ladies were very apt to be in her day. Louis IX. of France forbade the use by his courtiers of such oaths as 'Pardieu,' 'Cordieu,' 'Tetedieu.' and so on. There chanced to belong to pet dog named 'Bleu.' The courtiers made up their minds to swear by the dog instead of the Deity, and hence came the parbleus and the corbleus of later times. Pythagoras had a favorite oath which most people would consider not sufficiently forcible to be satisfactory. He swore by the number four which the Greeks regarded as symbolizing perfection.

WIT AND WISDOM

-The trouble with a man covering up his tracks is that he makes new ones in

-The knowledge beyond all other knowledge is the knowledge how to excuse - Rovee -"The Czar's guards have been doubled again." "Been eating cucumbers,

I suppose?'-N. Y. Sun. -He who gives pleasure meets with ft; kindness is the bond of friendship, and the book of love; he who sows not,

reaps not.-Basile. -Beatrice-Isn't that man a fine type of a runner? Harry-He may be a fine type, but he has just made a miss-print -Harvard Lampoon. -When a man marries he fully in-

tends to be No. one in the family, but often the period drops out and he is no one.-Terre Haute Express. -She-Some has said that the occan never sleeps, but I'm sure it looks caim enough now to be taking a nap. He-

Yes, all except that part astern; that's a wake, you know.—The Jester. -A teacher who can arouse a feeling for one single good action, for a single good poem, accomplishes more than he who fills our memory with rows on rows of natural objects, classified with name and fame, -Gothe.

-Guest-Why don't you have a stop put to that fast driving on your streets? Hostess-Because the kind of people who indulge in fast driving are just the sort we like to see pass by and get out of sight as quickly as possible.- N. Y. Weekly.

-Fevered work, flurried work, and

ious work, restless work, is always bad work. Work, all of you, as if you felt and realized the dignity of work, the innocence of work, the happiness of work, the holiness of work. - F. W. Farrar. -Ferguson-Why did Richard the Third offer to give his kingdom for a horse? McCusick-I don't know, unless he had once paid cab-hire in New York, and thought it would be cheaper to own

Texas Siftings. -"So your flance is coming here next week," he said, as they strolled along the beach. "I am afraid that our little walks will then be over." "I don't know about that," she answered slowly. "Yes," he said, "I am afraid so eee my fiance is coming to."—N. Y. Sun.
—The crowned heads of Europe are

a horse, no matter what he paid for it -

said to be interested in the subject of life insurance. When the crown is of gold, the wearer of it might be classed as a gilt-edged risk. We have, however, heard of some crowned heads who might more properly be classed as guilt edge risks.—N. Y. Tribune.

"Hello! I say! Can you—" "Oh, go to Hades!" "Thank you—thank you very much. I was trying to decide where I'd go to this summer, but couldn't for the life of me. It's so hard to make up one's mind, you know. Thanks awfully. Day-day! Of course I shall see you there."-Boston Tras-

-He-"Ah! sweetheart, what is more delicious, after all, than love's young dream?" She—"Well, a little ice cream is sometimes very nice after dancing -Munsey's Weekly.

-Briggs-"Tompkins is engaged to widow, I hear." Braggs-"Yes; that's just like him. He is too lazy to do and of the courting."-Terre Haute Express