

# BAR HARBOR.

## A Wild, Weird Tale of Love and Adventure.

BY AMOS LEE.

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Lydia could see the gleam in her companion's eyes as she said this.

"She is spending her summer here, but leaves soon for Lake Maggiore, where her family is staying. It was there her brother was killed. For that reason, she greatly dislikes the place. Her stay there is always short. She lives very quietly here and avoids society. She came to-night, solely to gratify the Marquis and his wife."

"But," said she, suddenly, observing how eagerly he was listening, and thinking that he had forgotten himself, "if you don't know her, why were you so disturbed at her sudden appearance on the stairs?"

Fairfax was on his guard in an instant. "Oh!" replied he, with a cleverly-interested sigh and quite truthfully and naturally, "only because she reminded me of a recent little incident in my career."

"Is that incident a secret?" inquired she, archly.

"I think it scarcely worth while relating," answered he, with a faint smile.

"Well," said Lydia, shyly dropping the subject, "to return to Natalie, one effect of her brother's death upon her is that she shuns not only society but, in every way, men's society—especially that of young men. Suitors there would, but may not be; for she refuses not only to speak with them, but even to see them."

The wily speaker observed Fairfax closely during these words, but the face of that individual was as immovable as that of a statue.

"Come," said he, "let us go back."

The same waitz was still in progress in the hall-room. The same entrancing strains enticed the nimble dancers to perform feats of grace and skill, but Fairfax was no longer the same. He walked mechanically.

Lydia perceived the change and felt piqued at it, but was more annoyed with herself for allowing such an interest in an un-known American, so far below her in rank. Presently she said:

"Let us stop and go into the hall."

There she found her chaperon, who reminded her of the late hour.

Turning unexpectedly to Fairfax and looking him full in the face with her marvelous eyes, she held out her hand with the sweetest of smiles, and said in a manner that ought to have melted the most frigid heart:

"Mr. Fairfax, I am very glad to have met you, and I hope that you may meet again. Will you not call upon us, here, with your friend? And, should you come near us in England, I trust you will look us up."

Fairfax, in a stiff, pre-occupied way, bowed assent and thanks.

Lydia blushed angrily, but quickly recovering herself, bade him "good-night," in her most charming manner.

"Come Arthur," called his cheery friend, Dick, "come, Fairfax, old man, we must be going."

CHAPTER IV.  
SHALL I DO IT?

"What a fool you were," said the polite ejaculation of Mr. Richard Oxford, as they entered the carriage and were driven away, "the most infernal ass I ever saw!"

"Doubtful?" replied Dick, in angry astonishment. "Because the finest girl in all Europe, not even excepting the Princess—and I admit she's hard to beat—to-night showed more interest in you than she ever showed to show to any man before; and she's seen every body from the biggest lord down to the smallest baronet. Scores of splendid fellows have been completely gone over her, and only too ready to treat the faintest smile as a sign of hope. Why you consummate idiot! she walked with you, talked with you, watched you like a lynx all the time, and what is more, held out her hand to you, and said 'Good-night'—and it's deuced seldom she ever takes the trouble even to say 'Good-night'—do you hear that, you deaf and blind dolt!—held out her pretty hand in her most fascinating manner, and gave you a look that might have melted any thing but a senseless blockhead; she said she was glad to meet you, and actually asked you to call upon her! Heaven's you, an humble school-teacher in that low, plebeian America, to call upon one of our nobility! And you stood by, like a cold block of marble, and simply nodded that devilish sorrow-stricken head of yours! I'm utterly prostrated! This is too much for me."

Dick, after this tremendous burst of oratory, the peroration of which was delivered in the most tragic manner and hair-lifting tones, entirely collapsed and sank back on the seat, murmuring, softly:

"O for a draught of Valerian!"

"Cooled a long time the deep-drooled earth!"

Even Fairfax could not repress a smile. He said, quietly:

"I'm sorry."

"Sorry! Will you hear him! He says he's sorry! Why, man, she's worth her millions—an only child; and a purer and more lovely being never walked the earth. She is, by all odds, the handsomest woman in the market to-day. I acknowledge that the Princess is a devilish handsome, but she's out of the question—a soul from another world; to be worshipped at a distance; a sort of cold, pure, ethereal essence, without a being. Beside all that, you can't get at her. She receives no visitors, and hasn't for the last two years. There's no chance there. It's very surprising that she ever broke her rule to come here to-night. She's never been out, they say, since her brother's death."

"But," continued he, turning toward his companion, "what's the matter with you at any rate? I never saw a man so changed in six short hours."

"I think you are mistaken, Dick, with regard to the Lady Lydia. She simply treated me as a casual acquaintance."

"Casual! Idiots! I'd like to be treated one twentieth as casually, and if I were not Lord Lydia within a twelvemonth it wouldn't be my fault, I can assure you. Humph!"

After a moment's reflection, the irrepressible youth continued:

"I must say, my boy, I never saw you appear so well. Never. You looked most divine. The dignity and the air you carry fit to assume became you devilish well, and made you the most interesting masculine figure in the eyes of more than one sentimental female. Upon the whole you were the most noticeable fellow there; and," added he, with astounding self-complacency, "when I'm around, that's saying a great deal. I never saw such an altered individual. Secretly, old fellow, I felt proud of you. A fellow who could so coolly receive the advances of such a woman must necessarily make a sensation. Every body was

asking who you were, hating it all! I wasn't going to tell them that you were only a tutor. So I gave you a status equal to your looks and the impression you had created. Trust me for that, my son. And now to think that you must leave to-morrow and forgo this superb chance. It's too much for human nature to endure!"

"I am not going to-morrow," quietly replied Fairfax.

"What! Good for you, old man! I thought you had more sense than to let such a chance slip."

"You're mistaken. I haven't the least interest there." Then, observing the disappointed look on his friend's face, he added:

"I have other fish to fry, and far better, too."

"What!" queried Dick.

"That I can't tell you, now, but I want your assistance and—the first time I have ever really asked for it—the loan of considerable cash."

"You shall have it, old fellow," was the eager reply.

"Listen, Dick! Are you with me for a scheme requiring much nerve? Let me tell you, it is something rather venturesome. You never before have been and probably never hereafter, will be, asked to take part in so unusual an adventure."

"My friend, I never knew you to undertake a thing that had not something commendable about it. I'm with you, most decidedly."

All night Fairfax tossed feverishly about upon his bed. He scarcely slept. An absurd and extravagant idea had suggested itself to him. He put it away again and again. Each time it returned with overwhelming force. Even he, reckless as he was, felt daunted at its boldness. It drove him nearly wild. When he got a wink of sleep, his mind was full of it. In dreams, it became doubly disturbing.

"And pray, what was this wild idea that so harassed him?" asks some reader.

Let Mr. Fairfax reply, as he blindly reasons with himself: "To-morrow is the day I've set for leaving America, at any rate. I can't stay longer, because I've hardly cash enough to take me back, let alone remaining here any longer. Beside, if I did stay, every thing and every body points to the fact that I would probably never see her again. She receives no visitors, and is soon going away from here."

"No," will do no good to stay and try to win her. There is only one way! If I win, I'm a made man. If I lose, I'm utterly ruined! Shall I do it?"

"But what was that way?" queries the same reader.

Let the succeeding chapters tell it. It was like the man who conceived it—brilliant, but absurdly quixotic.

At dawn of day, he arose and walked forth, returning just as Dick was coming down the stairs to breakfast.

"Well, you old fellow, lady-masher, how do you do this morning? Been out to take a walk and reflect upon your folly of last night, eh? Well, it's about time you reformed," was the salutation of that plain spoken individual.

Fairfax made inquiries as to the location of the nearest telegraph station. He was astounded to learn that it was at St. Malo, eighteen to twenty miles distant.

Instantly a transformation took place in the man. Every nerve seemed to tingle with energy. He realized the vast importances of his plans. From listless dreaming, he sprang into full control of all his powers. He now knew exactly what he wanted and how to obtain it.

He asked his landlord to secure him a fleet horse—be sure and get the fastest you can find. I'll pay you well for your trouble, and the owner handsomely for his use. I have important business at St. Malo. If any thing happens to the horse I'll buy another in his place."

Impressed by the earnestness of the man, the landlord went directly to his own stable and led back a large black mare, his special pet. There was no better for miles around. Jeannette could speed like the wind.

Fairfax, meanwhile, had taken his friend aside, and putting his hands upon the latter's shoulder and looking him full in the eye, was saying:

"Dick, my friend, I am forced to go to St. Malo, but will probably return this afternoon. From three to six o'clock I want you to await my return at the inn. Have a horse and chaise in readiness to start at a moment's notice. I have not, as yet, completed my plans. You must rest content to know that I will, later on, tell them to you. I want the loan of \_\_\_\_\_ pounds."

Dick gasped!

"\_\_\_\_\_ pounds! \_\_\_\_\_ dollars! Why, my dear fellow, I've only forty pounds with me!"

"Never mind, give me those forty pounds now, and an order upon your bankers for the remainder. I need it have it."

"Must have it!" Dick stared, aghast at the cool impudence of the man.

Striplings to his friend's sanity began to tingle through his brain. He looked cautiously and carefully at Fairfax. Never was there more sane look in any man's face. Determination, self-control and perfect coolness were written upon that worthy's face. He, apparently, knew perfectly well what he was about.

Fairfax had never before asked Dick for any thing beyond the temporary loan of a few francs. But this sum was something enormous! Something tremendous! And the impudent presumption that could ask for it was something colossal. What could the man mean!

Dick began to reflect. He looked again at his strange companion. Inevitable resolve, unshaken self-reliance and perfect knowledge of and trust in his own abilities shone unmistakably in Fairfax's countenance. There was something in this man that more than awakened confidence. It inspired enthusiasm. He had, unquestionably, a great power over others. He rarely failed to lead them as he desired.

Dick could not resist his influence. He found himself beginning to be infected with a strange excitement. "Beside," he

Fairfax had conquered, and, as he took the money, knew that the die was cast.

"Yes, Arthur, I'll do it. If you want twice as much, you shall have it. I'll give you my pass-word with my banker, and you can telegraph, when and for what you wish. From three to six this afternoon I will wait for you here with a horse and carriage."

"Zama," was the magical pass-word and the banker's address, London.

CHAPTER V.  
NOW LET US COME WHAT MAY!

Mounted on the fleet steed of Landlord Sandray, Fairfax flew like the wind.

He sped by farm-house and village without stopping. Jeannette breathed hard and her sides and flank were covered with foam; but she seemed to be good for miles yet to come. A magnificent creature she was, with immense reserve power.

One hour passed and he had revolved the entire scheme in his mind and came to the conclusion that it was practicable. Once or twice, he felt astounded at the daring and apparent folly of it—especially as he considered it in connection with himself, the poor pedagogue whom no one in his own land had deemed worth a second thought.

But this was no time for reflecting upon the result of the affair itself. He had entered upon his undertaking now, and every

thing must be action, sharp and decisive, or ludicrous, yet disastrously overwhelming defeat—perhaps a life-time ruined.

On, on he dashed, his brain preternaturally clear and active, his muscles stretched to their utmost tension, his blood coursing fiercely through his veins. He had a return journey to make; but he could, no doubt, procure a fresh horse at St. Malo.

Less than one hour and a half after leaving the village he reined up at an hostler's in that city.

Flinging the lines into the hands of the gaping stableman, he left the panting Jeannette in the latter's care. To the proprietor he put the question:

"Have you a fast, fresh horse?"

"Not for any such riding as that, sir," was the gruff response.

"Let me look at your best horse," continued the unabashed Fairfax.

The other, unwillingly led him to a stall where stood a fine mare, almost the counterpart of Jeannette.

"What is her value?" sharply demanded the American.

Taken at unawares, the man named a large sum.

Fairfax subtracted its third from it, put his hand in his pocket, took out the money and holding the silver before the owner's face, said, decisively:

"I'll give you that, and only that, for her."

Surprised and tempted by the sight of so much money, the incautious man assented.

In an instant Fairfax had thrust the coin in his hand, snatched up a saddle and

ordie, hanging near by; put them on the mare, and was off, like a shot, shouting back to the hostler to keep Jeannette until called for.

Hastening to the telegraph station, he quickly dispatched two messages which he, with his usual forethought, had framed, as he was riding thither.

"Brown, Bro's & Co., London," ran the first. "\_\_\_\_\_ pounds, Zama, per Paris agents, immediately, last address, except as \_\_\_\_\_ OXFORD."

The second read as follows:

"Mr. J. G. NEBBITT, CARE OF LE FOLLET & CO., PARIS: Imperative necessity demands interview to-morrow, ten a. m. Exact place of meeting. Answer at once, please, St. Malo. ARTHUR FAIRFAX."

Turning to the operator he indicated that official, by briefs and intimations of the important nature of the business, to "rush" the messages with a display of energy that aroused the wonderment of the apathetic receiver at the central office in Paris.

It was now nearly eleven o'clock. The answer from the London bankers, as Fairfax expected, came immediately.

"Order attended to at once."

Half-past eleven—twelve—half-past twelve and, finally, one o'clock struck.

That message must not miscarry.

Fairfax ordered it repeated and returned, again, from the Paris office, with the assurance that it had been properly delivered.

And, finally, he "wired" the banking firm of Le Follet & Co., asking why Nebbitt did not reply.

In a few moments, two answers were handed the impatient young man; one from the central telegraph office at Paris, the other from Le Follet & Co.

According to the former, every thing had been properly attended to; the second said, curtly:

"Answer delayed. Mr. Nebbitt sailed to-day in his steam-yacht Morna from Havre for America."

Fairfax's face grew white with dismay.

But his discomfiture was only for a moment. Lost in thought, he arose and began pacing the floor.

The operator watched him curiously, admiring the pluck of the man and wondering what would be his next move.

In a moment Fairfax formed his plans. Le Follet & Co. it was evident, were extremely negligent and impertinent. It was necessary that they should receive some reprimand. Time was short. It was now going on toward two o'clock, and matters were fast approaching a climax.

"I rendered Nebbitt that services in the Alameda affair of '83, and shall enter complaint against you for neglect of duty. My business is of great importance. If Nebbitt didn't sail direct for America, repeat my first message to every port where likely to touch, ere leaving for good. Also, repeat Havre and ask if positively sailed. Spare no pains or money."

This message had the desired effect.

The operator at St. Malo now became intensely interested; those in the Paris central office actually exerted themselves to speed the message, to the detraction of others, and earlier ones. Most clearly, this man was in earnest, and earnestness generally awakens sympathy.

About a quarter of three came the message.

"Have says said this a. m. positively."

Then, another idea coming to him, Fairfax cursed himself that he had not thought of it before. He again telegraphed Le Follet & Co.

## MINES AND MINING.

### Some Valuable Information Imparted by a Veteran Assayer.

Since the beginning of time the base has been plentiful, the precious rare. The average ton of iron ore yields 1000 pounds of metal, of lead ore 600 pounds, of copper 200 pounds, of silver three pounds, and of gold less than one of the 32,000 ounces is shining gold. That order of things has never been reversed, yet with a gravity that will become the colossal proportions of their veracity (?), men speak of great ledges of precious metal ores that yield 60 per cent of pure silver, or something less of fine gold, and, with a degree of credulity less becoming, other men believe, and, believing, buy shares in those mines upon which rests the ends of the rainbow. The product of fabulously rich mines is usually marketed by mail, but the output of the mines that produce the world's supply of gold and silver is moved in long trains of cars. It is true that an occasional car load of selected ore yields thousands of dollars, but the train loads yields less than \$500 per car, and possibly there is one car of the first to five train loads of the latter. Established truths are safe guides and should not be forgotten. Instance the following: The \$400,000,000 of gold and silver produced by the Comstock mines of Nevada came from ores having an average value of about \$48 per ton. The average value of Leadville ores, which have yielded \$135,000,000, was and is less than \$30 per ton. In Gilpin County, Colo., whence came more than \$70,000,000, the average of all ores, is under \$40 per ton, and the number of princely fortunes acquired in the three localities mentioned is a matter of history. Danger of overproduction. None at all. There has been an overproduction of paper money, but the men who make money dealing in that species of property don't produce much money metal. There has been an overproduction of bonds and mortgages, also, and for some months they have formed a considerable percentage of our exports. The day may come when Europe will not care to exchange gold for large blocks of American securities, and if so the outward flow will be so strong that our present supply will shrink rapidly. No, there is no reason to fear an overproduction of gold and silver. It takes hard work to produce the money metals—very much harder work than to issue bonds, and most men like easy jobs. Presumably, that is the reason why the face value of bonds and mortgages, issued every year, exceeds the value of gold and silver taken from American mines.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

## CONTEST OF DIGITS.

### Two Angry Tyrolean Youth Settle a Dispute in a Singular Way.

The spirit of emulation is one of the strongest in the human breast. In obedience to it men freely risk life, reputation, and even honor itself. A tourist in the Tyrol watched two hot-headed youths, who, having got into some dispute over money matters, had agreed to settle it by a resort to what, in that country, is called "fingerbuckeln."

This game, or rather struggle, is a simple trial of strength of arm and biceps. The table is cleared, and the two competitors seated opposite each other, with the table between them, stretch out their right hands so as to let them meet in the center. Each, bending the middle finger in the shape of a hook, entwines it with that of his rival. At a given signal each begins to pull, the object being to drag the antagonist across the board.

Both were strapping young fellows, each eager to show off his prowess, and the fact that they were well-known adepts at it, rendered the struggle doubly interesting. Victory swayed hither and thither; the most prodigious efforts were made to wrest the slightest advantage from the foe, the subtlest ruses coming into play, the most impossible contortions of the body undergone; and yet the issue seemed as far from decision as at the very outset.

With set teeth, rigid features, and heaving breasts, the two young fellows tug and pull, and neither will give in. Their hands are of an angry red, the veins swollen to double their size, while drops of perspiration on their foreheads tell of their almost superhuman exertions.

Watching the face of one, the observer all at once saw a look of agonizing pain shoot across it. His hand dropped; the struggle was at an end. Poor fellow! his finger is maimed for life; for the principal muscle has been rent in the fierce struggle. His antagonist, by a sudden jerk—one of the numerous stratagems of fingerbuckeln—has succeeded in unbending his adversary's finger.

Very frequently sees in the Tyrol a man with a finger bent nearly double on the right hand. If you ask the cause, you will invariably be told that it happened while "fingerbuckeln."—*Chicago News.*

"Yes," said the sweet girl graduate in a burst of confidence, "my education is now complete, but still I am not altogether happy. Mamma and papa, unfortunately, have a habit of pronouncing their words so badly and they know so little of polite literature and the sciences, you know, that it really is quite a hardship for me to associate with them."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Maine baby has been christened Anna Versary, because she was born on the anniversary of the parents' marriage.

## CA. II AND CAPRIOTES.

### An Island in the Mediterranean Famed in Song and Story.

In order to see Capri to the best advantage the traveler should make the tour of the island in a rowboat. This takes about three hours, and the rugged formation of the rocks, their variegated colors, the deep blue, or light-greenish blue, of the water, and the wonderfully beautiful grottoes, with their mysterious sounds, make these few hours seem like time spent in fairyland. The Blue Grotto has become celebrated the world over, and it owes its exceptional beauty to the fact that through the present small entrance very little light can enter, but the sun's rays passing through the indigo-blue water are refracted; the blue water absorbs the red and yellow rays and gives to the cave its wonderful blue aspect. The island of Capri is composed of limestone, and these caves are formed by the chemical action of carbonic acid in the atmosphere, carried in the water, upon the carbonates of lime and magnesia. If there be a fissure in the strata through which the acidified water may make its descent. In the course of time the fissure is worn larger, and the water dissolves and bears away with it the stratum through which it passes. The action of the seawater, through the beating of the waves, assists the rain-water in enlarging the cave.

The inhabitants of Capri retain many of the peculiarities of their Greek ancestors, as well as much of their beauty. The women are celebrated for their clear-cut features, healthy, olive complexions, their dark, laughing eyes and their fine straight forms, which the carrying of burdens on the head tends to increase. Most of the men are away from the island nearly the whole of the year at sea, either coral fishing or employed in the coasting trade, and for this reason almost all labor is done by women. The Capriote of to-day is as avaricious as his celebrated ancestor of the Grecian isles, and in making a bargain with him it is necessary to stipulate every thing before hand; even then he will find some excuse to increase the sum agreed upon when the time for payment comes.

Quite a number of Englishmen of good families, among them a Lord, have married Capri girls, owing, no doubt, to their beauty and winning smiles, and have settled down to a "dolce far niente" existence on this little island in the tideless summer sea. It is pleasant to see the strong, healthy looking, handsome girls toiling up the rocky paths with burdens on their heads, but laughing and chatting with infectious vivacity and casting a bewitching glance at the tourist, who has come from crowded cities, where civilization makes its iron rule felt and cramps or develops our faculties and sensations as it chooses. We can not help feeling that, after all, we, who are born to highly civilized life, have not all the good things in this world as we look back on the struggle for gain or honor among the educated, whose faces are marked with the lines of care and thought, and compare the picture of selfish life in the modern gain-getting countries with the happy "sans souci" existence of all those who have eaten the lotos and dwell on this "bright gem of the sea."—*Karl Karoly, in San Francisco Chronicle.*

### MAKING OVER A MAN.

#### A Formulator Gives Away Some of the Secrets of His Art.

"Formulating done here," read a sign over a store. Within sat a little stubby man, with small gray eyes, full red beard and an unctuous, flabby face. Scattered around him on the bench on which he sat and about the floor were pieces of silk, satin and serge, bundles of horse hair and packages of half-open cotton. The little man was busily stitching a blue satin quilted article that looked like a cushion of a baby carriage.

"Yes, I am what tailors term a formulator," he replied to a questioning visitor, in a thin, squeaky voice. "The word is indicative of my trade, or rather profession. My occupation is truly the latter, inasmuch as it is an art, the art of improving, embellishing or modifying the masculine figure, as the case demands. Padding? Yes, some might term it that. Didn't you know that men pad, eh? Why, bless your soul, they have been doing it since the days of Joseph."

The speaker separated a thread with a finger-nail close to the garment. Then he held the pad toward the light, scrutinizing it critically, seized his tape line and began measuring the garment, referring constantly to a small piece of paper with the measurements on it.

"The man that I call patron is a creature of dissatisfaction. Nothing about his own personality or make-up contents him. He is essentially a being of observation. If he has a friend who is short and fat, while he himself is tall and thin, he forms the idea that he, too, would like to be stumpy and adipose. A tailor can do little for him, but we can. Liberal but discriminating padding will make him corpulent, and if his make-up is expertly perfected it will give him the appearance of being considerably shorter than when in his normal state. His friends will remark how well he is looking, ask how he has grown so fleshy, and the artful deceiver will launch into such a dissertation of gastronomy that the horse-hair appliances in his artificial chest will shrivel up into a double bowknit with surprise.

"These forms are not limited entirely to the trunk of the subject. The calves, hips and knees all come in for their benefit. You know that the knee of

a man's trousers in less than a month after they are made become "baggy". This necessitates any amount of running to the tailor's and having the garment pressed, if the wearer desires to be well dressed. Although constant bending of the knee is in part the cause of this eye-sore to men, the constructive of the member is the principal reason of such a state of things. Now, look here," and the little man stretched one of his fat legs straight out before him. "Feel my knee; you see the knee-cap sits like a hillock over the points. Below it the limb swerves in. Now, how are you going to make a trouser leg sit smoothly here without catching? Can't say? Then I'll tell you; use forms below and above the cap, and the trousers will fit like a glove and won't bag.

"You see the form being stitched to the lining of the garment makes it stiff and prevents the cloth straining. You may have noticed that the cloth never stretches at the knee cap, but above and below it. A little dressing about the too large calf and a little doctoring at this member itself is a valuable aid to the fit of the leg casement.

"Fats" are made of a variety of materials and worn in a variety of ways. Chest and spinal articles are made like a sleeveless jacket of one continuous piece of material. There is a hole for the head and the garment is slipped on by extending the arms upwards and perpendicularly and letting the article fall over. Over the muscles of the chest the garment is padded to any extent desired. The small of the back is also touched up as necessity dictates. The body of the article is of silk or chamois. The chest pads in cold weather are always worn next to the skin. By this arrangement the effect is natural and consistent, and it is almost impossible, even by feeling, to discover the artificiality of the padding's figure. Why, there is no limit to our possibilities. A good many of our business men wear padded undergarments, not particularly for the effect, but because the clothing fits more comfortably.—*N. Y. Star.*

## NEW YORK FASHIONS.

### Liberty the Motto Inscribed by Fashion on Her Banner of '88.

The parols of the season are like small tents, and although in many cases made of tulle or lace draped, their huge size and ugly club handles suggest the utilities rather than the ornaments of dress.

Watered silk is still in high fashion, and is much used for short round skirts under draperies of summer silks or sheer wool fabrics; and pale-tinted moires are very fashionably employed in the construction of Directoire redingotes and elegant tea-gowns.

The semi-transparent India silks have received an addition in the shape of a fabric with wide stripes of lace of the same color as the silk. The effect is very beautiful. These textiles are used for polonaise or for bodice and overdress over a skirt of like tint in plain foulard or surah. Handsome toilets are prepared this summer showing white silk skirts under daphanous polonaises or overdresses and bodices of the lace-striped India silk, in tints of roseada, vieux-rose, strawberry or apricot, over plain, demi-trained skirts of moire.

The fashions seem well-nigh established for the summer. The wise party of eclecticism has prevailed, and in consequence there is exercise for all tastes and an unlimited range both in styles and fabrics. Liberty is the motto which fashion has inscribed upon her banner of '88.

In some of the "exclusive" toilets sent over from Paris for elegant evening wear this summer are some exquisite creations in cream-white camel's hair, veiling, and silk-warp Henrietta cloth, wherein stately and intricate Grecian draperies, held by silver clasps with borderings of silver embroidery, are features of these classic gowns. This style of garniture, either in gold or silver, is adopted to the exclusion of lace, flowers, or ribbon trimmings, and the effect is very unique and charming.

In fashionable summer tints, all the golden shades in fawn and brown, and many in green and yellow, are certainly predominant. In pinks there are but few shades, but those brought out are in lovely dyes for evening wear under lace, net, or transparent muslin. Primrose, apricot and corn-yellow are still much used as foundation slips under diaphanous toilets. There are also some rare shades of rosy mauve, to be used in combination with black or white lace. In grays are some exquisite tints in dove, silver and creamy pearl. In goods of fall, Irish poplin, and in cashmere, camel's hair and Henrietta cloth in fine woolen goods—these all most attractive, while the pastel shades in both grays, browns, and olives come in colors capable of producing the most artistic effects in elegant carriage and-visiting costumes of corded silk combined with moire.—*N. Y. Post.*

John Wanamaker's brother has been giving some reminiscences of the boyhood of the great Philadelphia merchant. His first work was done in the clothing store of Barclay Lippincott, where he received a salary of \$1.50 a week