

SONNET.

Across the hedges, thick with autumn flowers,
I watch the wild, rough wind's breath come and go.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Dress Goods and Costumes for the Mid-winter Months.

All the changes having been rung on
basques, bodices and jackets,
polonaises will receive a large share of favor this winter.

The elegant short dresses for visit-
ing and afternoon toilets sent out by
French modistes are combinations of two kinds of velvets.

A great many stylish gowns are made
of plain cloth combined with striped
or plaid material.

Fine smooth Austrian broadcloths,
trimmed with Soutache in applique
or embroidered with dark shaded silks
and beads.

The new tea-jackets are convenient
and pretty. One example is in dove
gray plush, the shape of an In-
croachable coat.

Hereditary gout is a most unjust
disease. The father has had all the
fun and the son catches most of the
pain.—N. O. Picayune.

A philosopher says: "Poverty has
no back bone. We beg to doubt this.
It is only when poverty comes that a
man knows he has a back bone."

It is very difficult for a lady to
enter or leave a carriage properly.
It requires practice and a carriage.
The carriage is the hardest part to ac-
quire.

An exchange refers to a contem-
porary as having changed its form to a
quarto. He could not probably find
sufficient exhilaration in a pint-o. Ah,
there-of

When the irreligious man goes to
the telephone he usually says "Hello!"
When he comes away from the tele-
phone he is very apt to turn the ex-
pression around the other way.

A SINGULAR THEORY.

Why the President Should Never Shake
Hands with an Indian.

In speaking with a old army officer
on the subject of the frequent Indian
outbreaks within the past few years,
he advanced a singular theory, which,
to his mind, at least, accounted a satis-
factorily for much that has heretofore
seemed inexplicable.

Railways and Food.

One of the most momentous, and
what may be called humanitarian, re-
sults of the recent great extension and
cheapering of the world's railway sys-
tem and service, is that there is now
no longer any occasion for the people
of any country indulging in either ex-
cessive hopes or fears as to the results
of any particular harvest, inasmuch
as the failure of crops in any one
country is no longer, as it was no later
than twenty years ago, identical
with high prices of grain; the prices
of cereals being at present regulated,
not within any particular country, but
by the combined production and consump-
tion of all countries made mutually accessible
by railroads and steamships.

A Pair of Shoes Per Minute.

"Yes," said the proprietor of one of
our largest shoe manufacturing in this
city to the writer, "it doesn't take
long to make a pair of ladies' shoes.
Some time ago a gentleman and his
wife walked into our factory, and in
just one hour and thirty-three minutes
the lady left the house wearing a pair
of fine shoes which were made for
her from the stock while she was in
the factory. This was simply an ex-
periment. These shoes were made on
a single set of machinery and passed
through the hands of the different op-
eratives at their machines. By run-
ning a double set of machinery and
crowding the machines our crew of
one hundred men make six hundred
pairs of shoes in a day, or one pair of
shoes per minute. That is six pairs of
shoes per man."—Portland (Me.)
Press.

Many a lady will extol the fair-
ness and spread the fame of a business
house during her whole lifetime just
because of some little concession they
made to her, which cost them little,
but flattered her self-esteem.—Carpel
Trade and Review.

Little Bess (who is so much ac-
customed to sea baby creep that she
thinks it is his natural mode of travel-
ing)—"Oh mamma, some quick! Baby
is standing on his hind legs."

When you congratulate your
barber on the birth of an infant son,
you can make your reputation for wit
by referring in a flattering manner to
"the little shaver."—Lowell Citizen.

James M. Baldwin, A. M., Ph. D.,
is one of the most successful young in-
structors in the country. He was
graduated from Princeton in 1884. He
has since then been assistant professor
of modern languages at that institu-
tion. He has just accepted the chair
of metaphysics at the Lake Forest
University. This is one more illustra-
tion furnished that this is, par ex-
cellence the age of young men.

MUTUAL ASSURANCE.

Meeting of an Insurance Agent and a
Corn-Save Fiddler.

The other day a well-dressed s-
-nger, carrying a hand-valise, called at a
life insurance agent's and inquired if
the agent was in.

The agent came forward, rubbing
his hands, and the stranger asked:
"Do you take life-insurance risks
here?"

"Yes, sir; glad to see you, sir. Sit
down sir," replied the agent.

"What do you think of life insur-
-ance, anyway?" inquired the stranger,
as he sat down and took off his hat.

"It's a national blessing—an institu-
tion which is looked upon with a
sovereign favor by every enlightened
man and woman in the country."

"That's what I always thought,"
answered the man. "Does your com-
pany pay its losses promptly?"

"Yes, sir—yes, sir. If you were in-
sured with me, and you should die to-
night, I'd hand your wife a check with-
in a week."

"Couldn't ask for any thing better
than that."

"No, sir; no, sir. The motto of our
company is 'Prompt pay and honor-
able dealings.'"

"How much will a policy for one
thousand cost?" inquired the stranger,
after a long pause.

"You are, let's see—say thirty-five,
and in good health—a policy on you
would cost about twenty-five a year."

"That's reasonable enough."

"Yes, that's what we call low. But
ours is a strong company, does a safe
business, and invests only in first-class
securities; if you are thinking of
taking out a policy, let me tell you
that ours is the best and safest, and
even the agents of rival companies
will admit the truth of that."

"And when I die my wife will get
her money without any trouble?"

"I'll guarantee that, my dear sir."

"And I'll get a dividend every
year?"

"Yes, this is a mutual company,
and part of the company's profits
come back to the policy holders."

"And it won't cost me but twenty-
five dollars for a policy of one thou-
sand dollars?"

"That's the figure, and it is as low
as you can get safe insurance any-
where. Let me fill you up a proposal.
You'll never regret it."

"Them's the blanks, I suppose?"
said the stranger, pointing to the
forms.

"Yes, sir," replied the agent, as he
drew one to him, and took up a pen.

"What do you say, shall I fill one
up?"

"No, I won't take any to-day," re-
plied the stranger, as he unlocked his
valise. "But if you want something
else that will take that wart off your
nose inside of a week, I have got it here.
It's good for corns, bunions, the tooth-
ache, ear-ache, sprains."

"Clear out of here," screamed the
duped agent, with a heightened color,
"or there will be a chance for the
coroners in this neighborhood im-
mediately, if not sooner."

He cleared out.—London Tidbits.

He Had Excellent Reasons.

Among the vehicles on the market
the other morning was a one-horse
wagon in which was a barrel of cider.
A citizen who was evidently spying
around for something of the sort ap-
proached the owner of the cider and
asked:

"Is your cider new?"

"Of course."

"Make it out of apples?"

"Certainly I did."

"Reduced it with water?"

"No, sir."

"Are those straws around the bung
real wheat straws from the farm, or
only artificial?"

"What do you take me for?" indig-
nantly exclaimed the farmer.

"Keep-cool, my friend. Were the
apples windfalls or regular cider ap-
ples?"

"You go on! I don't believe you
ever saw cider made!"

"Ah! my boy, there's the pinch! I
used to make two hundred barrels a
year in a cellar up the street, and the
only use we made of apples was to keep
a peck in the window up-stairs for a
blind! I'm buying now, and that's
why I am so particular."—Detroit Free
Press.

To Owe or Not to Owe.

"Which is the best, to owe or to
have something owing to you?" asked
Colonel Lagerbeer of Gus De Smith
the other day.

"Why, to have something owing to
you, of course," answered Gus, who is
one of the brightest society youths in
Austin.

"I don't agree with you," said
Lagerbeer.

"Well, why not?"

"Because if you have something
owing to you you may never get it.
But if you owe something, when you
are able to pay it, you have value re-
ceived, anyhow; and if you never pay
—why, then you are sure to make a
handsome profit."—Texas Siftings.

BUILDING LIARS.

The Plaint of a Man Who Has Given Him-
self Into Their Power.

This world is macadamized with liars
to such an extent that you can scarce-
ly believe what appears to be the truth.
Perhaps the greatest liar, as well as the
one entitled to the highest award, is
the building liar.

You call upon him in the middle of
May to see why he hasn't finished the
foundation that he said would be com-
plete in April. He will tell you that
March was so cold that men could not
work in the open air, and that a founda-
tion made in such a temperature would
not last.

When you ask him, a little later on,
why the house is not lathed, he tells
you the man he engaged to do that
work is in the hospital, having only
two days before fallen off another
building in course of erection. Finally,
the lathing is done, and a week or two
later you casually ask the builder if
there is going to be any plaster put on.
He tells you the plaster can not be put
on until after the gas-pipes have been
put in.

Then you go to the man who has the
plumbing contract. He admits frankly
that he is behind, simply because the
furnace pipes have not been put in. He
assures you that if his work were al-
ready done, that the plaster could not
go on until after the pipes from the fur-
nace were in also.

Then you go to the furnace man to
know why the pipes have not been put
in. He tells you that if all the furnace
pipes were in, the gas-pipes would have
to go in, also, before any plastering
could be done, and refers you to the
plumber.

The man you engage to erect your
iron fence is not strictly a builder, but
he is sufficiently identified with build-
ing to lie fairly well. The fence you
order on the 1st of March he doesn't
put up until June the 24th, owing to
the, to him, pleasant fact that he "had
a number of big orders from New
Haven." In all probability he never
had an order from New Haven, unless
it was an order to leave the town inside
of twenty-four hours.

As you are lingering about, you sud-
denly see a strange dog come bounding
out of the hole that is going to be a win-
dow. You ask where the windows are,
and a couple of men who are down in
the cellar pretending to be doing some
thing tell you that they have been dis-
appointed in not getting the window-
weights. Consequently, every window
waits till they get ready to put them in.

If you are not around on the look-
out, or if you depend on an architect
to superintend the building while he
sits in his New York office, you will
get pine where the specifications call
for some thing else, and the some thing
else will be painted, that you may not
discover that you are getting the
wrong kind of wood.

If you have the work done by con-
tract, your house will not be properly
built until after you have been in it
three years. But it will be built swift-
ly—almost while you wait. But if you
have it done by day's work, you won't
get in for a year after the house is
promised. This is because the men who
work by the day are conscientious, and
take their time, and their time is
money. Almost any time you can find
them playing poker on a lime-barrel.

Then the house is not painted, be-
cause the Boston concern hasn't sent
on the creosote stain; and the mantels
can't be made, because the architect,
whose stock in trade is a pair of eye-
glasses, has forgotten to send on the
plans; and the panel-work is not fin-
ished, because the factory has not been
able to turn it out, owing to a fire.

After you are in you find your beams
are not the right thickness, and that
your double-floors are single; and that
the man who rubbed the varnished
closet-doors down with pumice-stone
didn't touch the insides. You would
like to touch his insides with a load of
No. 3 shot; but by this time he is lost
to sight and memory any thing but
dear.

If Job himself were building a house
to-day, his patience would not last half
as long as the "Patience" of Gilbert
and Sullivan did. He would rush
wildly from the building, and jump
against a barbed-wire fence for com-
fort and consolation.

For the average builder never builded
half so well as he knew. Suppose the
birds did not finish their nests until
some time in September! Suppose the
beavers didn't get their winter homes
built until March! If they didn't, they
would be on a level with the builder
who promises a house in May, and
gives it to you the following January.

If we had our way, we would have
all the builders killed by architects.
Then we would have the authorities
hang the architects.—Puck.

It is a remarkable fact, not gen-
erally known, that in Ethiopia a people
numbering about 200,000 have the Old
Testament in an Ethiopic version and
still adhere rigidly to the Mosaic cer-
emonies and laws. They are the chil-
dren of Hebrew immigrants, who in the
time of the great dispersion settled in
Abyssinia and married wives of that
nation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

One grape vine of the Mission
variety in Santa Barbara County, Cal.,
two years ago produced, four tons of
grapes. It covers an arbor 100 feet
square and the trunk is five feet
inches in circumference at the butt. It
is said to be the largest grape vine in
the world.—Boston Budget.

Something of recent manufacture is
the "adjustable boot." By means of
a patent device, which in itself is a
novelty, the shoe fits with every in-
crement of the foot. It is said a man
can with perfect ease wear a boot of
this description a half-size smaller than
in those of the ordinary kind.

When the Boulder train left
Santa Cruz depot one afternoon a
man was in the tunnel. The animal
hearing the train approach, ran
all speed along the track. The en-
gineers became interested in the
man between the train and the horse,
and did not stop running until tunnel
was reached. The railroad men on the
train say they never before saw a horse
go through a tunnel in front of a
locomotive.

Several citizens of Milan, Italy,
saw something in the sky about as high
up as the sun about one hour high in
the afternoon. It looked like a baby crawling in the
sky. On each side was a yellow stripe
like gold. It was in a
place about the size of a shadow
by an umbrella. It went some distance
then went over a cloud. When it
came out again there were five or six
come out with it. It went some
distance and then went behind a
cloud.

The Evening Sun professes to have
found the following typographical
errors in its contemporaries: Gridiron,
for Gladstone. Boston Herald,
for petrifed. Brooklyn Eagle—Snag
fried, for sang froid. Baltimore
American—The onion of the
States. Jersey City Journal—Contract
to erect a \$9,000 horse. Harper's
Weekly—Some persimmons, for
persimists. Independent—Spherical
devils for spiritual devotees. Chicago
News—Bob Ingersoll's hellebore, for
hyperbore.

The valuable gray mare recently
sold cheap to a Westport, Mass., farmer
by the horse railroad company of
New York, surprised her former friends
travelling into the barn in the latter
part of yesterday afternoon with a
tattling harness hanging to her. The
barney ployer tried to drive her out, but
she made for her old stall and threaten-
ed to make things lively for any one
seeking to dislodge her. Nothing has
been heard of the new owner, and whether
the exorbitant mare made a wheel on
her or kicked him and his threshing
machine into Westport harbor is not yet
ascertained.

An Economic Provision.
"I wonder," said a man on a railway
train, addressing some one who shared
his seat, "what they are making a
road across the track here for? They
don't seem to be any need for it."

"The railroad company is doing it."

"Wonder why?"

"To let a man stand here with a
back and look out for trains."

"But I don't understand why they
want to make a crossing whereby
they have it watched."

"Why, you see, a train has just
off another man's leg and the company
has given him a ten-dollar-per-month
job to keep him from bringing
trouble against the road."—Arkansas
Traveler.

Mrs. Nucyone—Yes, it was a
awful disease; it reely got to be an
dermis in our neighborhood; and I
so frustrated by it I had to spend
weeks at the seashore to recuperate.

How's Your Liver?

Is the Oriental salutation,
knowing that good health
cannot exist without a
healthy Liver. When the
Liver is torpid the Bow-
els are sluggish and con-
stipated, the food lies
in the stomach undig-
ested, poisoning the
blood; frequent headache
ensues; a feeling of lami-
tude, despondency and
nervousness indicate how
the whole system is de-
ranged. Simmons Liver
Regulator has been the
means of restoring more
people to health and
happiness by giving them
a healthy Liver than any
agency known on earth.
It acts with extra-
ordinary power and efficacy.

NEVER BEEN DISAPPOINTED.
As a general family remedy for
Torpid Liver, Constipation, etc., I
ever use anything else, and have
been disappointed in the effect.
It seems to be almost a perfect cure
for all diseases of the Stomach and Bow-
els.
W. J. McLELLAN, M.D.