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POOR DOCUMENT

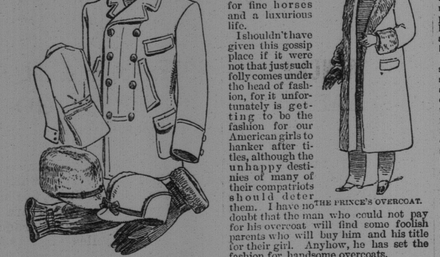
FASHIONS FOR MEN.

OLIVE HARPER GIVES THE STRONGER SEX SOME POINTS.

She Also Gives Young Wives a Little Advice, One of the Chief Warnings of Which Is: "Never Make Your Husband a Shirt."

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 17.—It seems rather strange, but it is nevertheless true, that men do have fashions and they follow them with quite as much blind docility as women have always had the name of showing for theirs. We have always supposed that fashion somehow really was a feminine deity, and that men were too noble, grand and brave to deign to follow anybody's dictates or to occupy their massive brains with any such frivolous matter; but recently it has been borne in upon me that "fish do have feelings," and that men do have a realizing sense of the eternal fitness of things, particularly trousers and coats—yes, and shirt collars.



SHOOTING COAT, CAP AND GLOVES.

This last fact, however, will not surprise any married lady who ever undertook to make her dearest Tom, Dick or Harry "a dozen shirts for his Christmas, bless him!" only to weep a briny, scalding tear for every stitch she set when he tried them on, and then let loose his flood of eloquence as he arrayed each separate portion of the garment for a distinct and individual sin from collar to gusset, from button holes to the hem on the bottom. And after having bought these sins forth he gives them the benefit of a criminal trial, with himself as the prosecuting attorney and his wife the capital offender; and then he turns to the stern judge, and condemns the whole thing generally and collectively, and only calms when he is out of breath and the dreadful criminal in tears. He would go to a store, tell the number of inches it takes to go around his pimply, hairy, old Adam's apple neck, and pay all sorts of prices for the garments in question, and take what the store keeper sent him, only saying an impatient life D—— mill to himself when he found them not half as good as those his adoring little angel of a wife made for him, and if he ever mentioned them to her at all it would be to make invidious comparisons. It may possibly be that I have mentioned this subject before, but it is a subject that is always repeating itself in real life, and every bride always has longings that way. So, dear young wives, let one who has passed through that fire twice in her life warn you. Never try to make your husband a single shirt. Delegate that duty to lone hirelings, and if you must do something, why let it be something ornamental, not useful. There was never yet man born of woman who could be made to believe that his wife knows how to make a shirt, after she has nearly killed herself trying. Why, I have seen loving couples seek divorces— Well, I will say no more, for it is like getting married. All women look upon a dozen home made shirts as their duty.

* * *

To those women who wish to give their husbands a really useful present—one that will probably not be required oftener than once in five years, and when it is the occasion is such that the wearer is too excited to care whether it fits or not—I suggest the heavy tweed shooting coat, cap and gloves. All of these can be made by the wife's fair fingers, by the aid of a pattern, the material and patience. That additional pocket in the back to hold lunch and dead birds is excellent. The front ones are for medicine in case of snake bites. The gloves are excellent protection against musquitoes, though rather warm for summer. Now, that coat, cap and gloves can be made by any lady, and only requires a day or two of labor, while the shirts need a fortnight. This will please any man, for if he hunts he will like it, and if he don't he will be glad it isn't shirts. These pretty little fancy things are also good for wives to make for their darling bubbles, for they work off the little MENTAL EXERCISE FOR HUSBANDS wife's anxious energy and also give the husband enough to occupy his superflous mind in studying out a use for them. I believe they are for scarf pins, collar buttons, handkerchiefs and so forth.

* * *

From the best authorities I glean that the styles for spring for gentlemen will vary materially, and the eye glass will hereafter be worn in the other eye. The coat lapels have a sort of shawl roll from neck to waist when the coat is open, and it can button nearly up to the top when it is closed. The skirts to Prince Albert coats are cut so that the bottom is a trifle full.

The double breasted frock coat is correct style for day dress, particularly for staid and respectable men, though the sack coat and cutaway are suitable and much worn. There are some single breasted frock coats with five buttons and very peaked lapels, which are silk faced.

Vests for day can be of Marseilles or cashmere, cloth or cheviots. The collar is straight, creased or notched, with five buttons, and opens about fifteen inches.

Dress coats are black cloth, fine serge or diagonal materials, and the Prince Albert of the same material, though they are frequently seen in dark brown or drab, sometimes even in dark wine color. The dress suit for the Anglomaniac has the addition of a pair of drab cloth gaiters and a crush hat. These gaiters belong to the eye glass and the dude belongs to them both. The one button cutaway is the favorite of the portly, jolly, handsome men, and the three or four button coats of the same kind are favored by slimmer gentlemen. These all have all the outside pockets finished with flaps, which go in or out. Straight front sack coats will also be worn by young and quite middle aged gentlemen.

THE ANGLOMANIAC.

* * *

The trousers for the early spring will be from 20½ to 21½ inches at the knee and from 18 to 19 at the bottom. The seams down the outside will be welted. The trousers in general are neither too loose nor too snug, and are a happy medium [illegible] bottoms and beg tops. I hope the men will know what this means; I don't.

* * *

The highest style of overcoat is the Chesterfield, and is about 37 to 40 inches long. This is made of black or dark blue beaver, though light weight cloth will be worn in eight or ten weeks, according to the weather. As it is just now the style in the illustration is in vogue. This is the style of overcoat worn by a Russian prince who has come over to this country to get a rich wife. The overcoat is of sealskin with sable cuffs and collar, and he had much trouble in getting the coat, as it appears he had no money to pay for it with and ordered it on the strength of his engagement to a rich widow, who had promised to pay for it as soon as they were married, and, like the impulsive American she is, at once destroyed his hopes by breaking off the engagement. He retaliated by saying that he had been on the point of sacrificing himself, and that anyhow his mamma objected to his marrying anybody who would not settle more than ten thousand dollars a year on him. And so now he is looking for some foolish lady who will settle upon him a good round income, in return for—what? The title of princess of nowhere and nothing, attached to an insignificant fellow who confesses to a love for fine horses and a luxurious life.

THE PRINCE'S OVERCOAT.

I shouldn't have given this gossip place if it were not that just such folly comes under the head of fashion, for it unfortunately is getting to be the fashion for our American girls to hanker after titles, although the unhappy destinies of many of their compatriots should deter them. I have no doubt that the man who could not pay for his overcoat will find some foolish parents who will buy him and his title for their girl. Anyhow, he has set the fashion for handsome overcoats.

* * *

There are several other styles of overcoats, the ulster shapes and Inverness capes being the favorites with the gilded youth. The Inverness is lined with satin, which makes them go on and off easily. These have capes and are considered very swell. The skirts reach to the ankle and the capes to the waist, which gives the slim youths much the appearance of a half opened umbrella.

Collars are seen in every shape and width, and cravats are as various. I saw some pretty China crepe ties, with gold colored silk worked figures, which were very pretty in white and light tints. Plain white satin, cream colored satin, gros grain silk and colored satins and silks are all made in the four-in-hand styles, which can be tied in any way the poor martyr wishes.

Gloves for gentlemen for ordinary wear are dark brown, tan and leather color with wide black stitching on the backs, and white linen hemstitched handkerchiefs are preferred to the white silk or colored bordered ones.

Dress shirts have embroidered dots or small detached sprigs of flowers all over the bosom, though some are seen where there is simply a fine line of embroidery along the button holes. White linen crochet and pearl buttons are used in preference to gold or jeweled studs, and very little jewelry is worn.

Another new and praiseworthy fashion has come to the surface for general use, and that is for each head of a household to set apart a certain sum of money for the use of the women, to be paid monthly or quarterly, as is preferred. This is an excellent fashion and one to be greatly commended. It is called pin money, and though there is a general belief that this fashion has obtained for many hundreds of years it has never been general here. It ought to be, for no woman can respect her husband nor herself who is obliged to beg or coax for money of him.

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I am sure that everybody ought to be pleased with the impartial manner in which I tell them the newest fashions.

OLIVE HARPER.

Sale of a Hindoo God.

Messrs. Phillips, Son & Neale, of New Bond street, London, says The Times, sold by auction a large collection of Burmese, Indian and Japanese curiosities, the property of a gentleman who formerly occupied an official position in India for many years. The great attraction at the sale was "the Hindoo Lingam god," consisting of a chrysoberyl cat's eye fixed in a topaz and mounted in a pyramidal base studded with diamonds and precious stones. This curious relic stood two and one-fourth inches in height. It was preserved for more than a thousand years in an ancient temple at Delhi, where acts of devotion were paid before it by women anxious to have children.

The base is of solid gold, and around it are set nine gems or charms, a diamond, ruby, sapphire, chrysoberyl cat's eye, coral, pearl, hyacinthine garnet, yellow sapphire and emerald. The gems are all rudely carved, and would, no doubt, by more scientific cutting, be greatly improved in value. Round the apex of this gold pyramid is a plinth set with diamonds. On the apex is a topaz 1 10-16 inches in length and 9-16 of an inch in depth, shaped like a horseshoe; in the center of the horseshoe the great chrysoberyl cat's eye stands upright. This is 15-16 of an inch in height, and dark brown color and shaped like a pear.

An extremely mobile opalescent light crosses the length of the stone in an oblique direction. When Dad Shah Bahadur Shah, the last king of Delhi, was captured and exiled to the Andaman isles, his queen secreted this gem, and it was never seen again until, being distressed during the mutiny, she sold it to the present owner. The gem was finally knocked down at £2,450 to Mr. J. S. Phillips, jeweler, New Bond street.

Destroying Books.

The following is the translation of the Latin text accompanying the quaint cut which served as frontispiece to The Book Lover. The cut and text, both in fac-simile, were taken from that most famous of cradle books, "The Nuremberg Chronicle" (1493):

"Forty thousand books belonging to the most famous library in the world were once burnt up in Egypt. Ancient writers praise the zeal there evinced in collecting books. Aristotle bequeathed both his library and his school (Lyceum) to Theophrastus. And he (Aristotle) was the first (as Strabo opines) who collected books and instructed the Egyptian kings how to arrange their libraries. Theophrastus thereafter left his library to Neleus. Neleus carried it to Scepsis (a city in Mysia), where it came into the hands of ignorant men, who kept the books shut up and in the worst disorder. Ptolemaeus Philadelphus also collected a large number of books. And as Seneca puts, 400,000 volumes, a most beautiful monument of royal opulence, were consumed by fire in Alexandria. Livy says that this library had been the ornament and object of care to the illustrious kings. In truth, it was not so, but rather a kind of studious luxury; indeed, not studious even, to speak more correctly, because they accumulated books, not for study, but for the sake of display, just as books to many ignorant and servile collectors are not instruments for study, but only a sort of (showy) furniture in their dining halls."

The destruction of the library is described by Abulfaragius: "John the Grammarian, a famous peripatetic philosopher, being in Alexandria and in high favor with Amru, the conqueror of the city, begged that he would give him the royal library. Amru told him that it was not in his power to grant such a request, but promised to write to the caliph for his consent. Omar is said to have replied that if those books contained the same doctrine as the Koran they could be of no use, since the Koran contained all necessary truths; but if they contained anything contrary to that book they ought to be destroyed; and, therefore, whatever their contents were, he ordered them to be burned. Pursuant to this order, they were distributed among the public baths, of which there was a large number in the city, where for six months they served to supply the fires."—The Book Saver.

BEAUTY VS. UGLINESS.

One Time When the Latter Had Very Much the Better of It.

The late Lord Pembroke was one of the most eccentric of men, and his vagaries sometimes made one doubt his sanity. Some forty years ago Doche, the great French actress, was at the zenith of her beauty and fame, and all London had gone mad about her. Both Louis Napoleon—afterward Napoleon III—and the late Lord Pembroke were in love with her, and it is recorded that the fair enchantress did not know which to choose. "You must do as you like, of course," said the prince; "I cannot marry you, because my name does not belong to me, but to a dynasty; nor can I afford to lavish so much money on you as Lord Pembroke can; but I can tell you what I will do if you will consent to refuse his suit. I will promise you never to marry, even if I become emperor, and I will settle £1,000 a year on you for life now, and make you a countess and a millionaress if ever I become emperor."

That was not good enough for Doche, who had no belief in the imperial dreams, and who gambled to such a terrible extent that a thousand pounds, and double that sum would slip through her fingers in a week. So she said no, and gave Lord Pembroke to understand that if he were inclined to be generous, she would not turn a deaf ear to his sighs. The capricious Frenchwoman had, however, heard of the extravagance of the lary English "milord," whom she knew to be madly in love with her, so she thought it politic to play fast and loose with him, in hopes that he would, in a moment of passionate exasperation, lay something like half his fortune at her feet.

She went too far, however. Day after day she would accept his lordship's invitations to supper, and always at the last moment send an excuse. "At last," Lord Pembroke one day said to the late Lord Clanricarde, who used to tell the story, "I am tired of this folly. I am giving a supper to night at Richmond, and I have invited Doche. If she comes before 11 I will give her £10,000; if she comes before 12 I will give her £2,000, but if she comes after 12 I won't recieve her, and if she does not come at all I will give tomorrow £20,000 to the ugliest woman in London, and the one our Doche hates the most—Schaeffer, the daususe."

Doche never came to the supper, so the following morning Lord Pembroke sent one of the leading Bond street jewelers to her house with the message that as his lordship had decided on offering diamonds to the amount of £20,000 to Mlle. Schaeffer, and as he knew Mlle. Doche was a connoisseur in diamonds, he would be obliged if she would select up to that amount such stones as she might think would suit her friend. Doche, when she had heard the man out and fairly grasped the situation, boxed the jeweler's ears and had hysterics. But this did not prevent the tradesman from unclustering up the four pairs of stairs of a little house in Leicester square, where he found Mlle. Schaeffer washing her stockings, and telling her of the golden shower which was about to fall upon her. She fainted.

Schaeffer was hideously ugly and very pretty been entailed would have given her everything. A distinguished French family, "De Montgomerie" (Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery), the members of which are well known in the "high life" of the French capital, is the result of this strange infatuation. So poor Doche lost both her French and English lover. Had she accepted Prince Louis Napoleon's offer it might, perhaps, have made a difference today in the map of Europe; had she not trifled with the English earl it certainly would have made a considerable difference in his fortune.—Town Topics.

A Gas Hammer.

John Bull uses a lot of iron in making tools, but he makes some very good ones—sometimes. A Scotish branch of an English machinery house has recently brought out a gas hammer which must prove very handy in the shop. Instead of steam furnishing the motive power, a mildly explosive mixture of common coal gas and atmospheric air is employed. It is used to propel the hammer piston very much as in the cylinder of a gas engine. Softer blows are given by reducing the range of movement of the hand lever, and the force of the blow can be regulated as easily and accurately as with the steam hammer. The hammer is that known as the three-fourth hundred weight size, but the ordinary blow struck by it is equal to a weight of three hundred-weight falling through a height of one foot; 3,000 blows only use thirty-three cubic feet of Birmingham gas, which at 2s. 6d. per 1,000 cubic feet costs one penny, or 4,500 light and heavy blows can be struck for the same sum. The hammer is always ready for work at any moment, day or night, for short or long periods, and it works at the same economical rate for one blow as for 1,000. It is only necessary to light the Bunsen flame, open the gas cock, and it is ready for action. The hammer is arranged to work with hand gear, but it preferred it can be arranged to work with foot gear also. Yankee ingenuity has no business to let Cousin John get ahead. We can find an excellent use for gas hammers where there is no steam supply available.—Boston Manufacturers' Gazette.

No Stoves in Rome.

If you propose to do as the Romans do, you will have neither open fireplace nor stove, says a correspondent of The Philadelphia Telegraph. You will spend about $3 and buy a brasiere. A pan or plate stands upon three legs about four inches from the floor, and the cover to this is generally dome shaped, about a foot and a half in height, of polished brass in ornamental design. In the pan part you put about a soup plateful of carbonella or gas extracted charcoal, and on top of that some live cinders. You then fan the cinders until the coke is all ignited. Once ignited, it burns itself. It burns very slowly, and you sit above the embers, coaxing warmth and a headache, until the upper part of your anatomy is chilled through. You then find it necessary in order to get warm, to go out to a walk or go to bed.

This is the chief Italian method of house-warming for rich and poor alike. On the same principle, there is another instrument called the scaldino, which is made of terra cotta, is bowl shaped, and has a base of about the diameter of a coffee saucer. Live coals are placed in this. It is likewise a favorite of both rich and poor. You may see the poor match vender huddled up in the corner of a church step with her scaldino on her knee, warming her hands; or find the cozy little porcelain bowl under the princess' feet as she receives you in her drawing room, with her fur cape over her shoulders and her hands in her muff.

"Cheek" Achieves Some Things.

There was quite a big fire over on the North Side the other night. Two young men saw the reflection in the sky, hailed a cab, and told the driver to drive them to the scene of the conflagration. He did so. When they arrived there the burning structure was blazing fiercely. Directly across the way was an unoccupied building, yet unfinished, in the windows and open doorways of which were forty or fifty people watching the progress of the fire.

One of the young men in the cab complained that he could not see the fire. His friend said that he would "fix it," and getting out and going up to a policeman near by he said to him: "Here, officer, how is it that those people can overrun my building? They are liable to deface it." The officer addressed called the other premises and together they cleared the vacant building of sightseers in a jiffy. Then the cheeky young man and his friend took possession all alone and watched the fire.—Chicago Herald.

A Haytian Hero.

If there is one thing on earth above all other mundane sources of mirth, it is a full fledged Haytian general of the black typo in the gala uniform of his rank. One of the sable military heroes in particular was a spectacle to cause a spasm of genuine hilarity which no living low comedian could elicit. He was tall and burly. His big, round, broad face shone like polished ebony, and was portentous from affected dignity. His round, beady eyes rolled solemnly about, and his bullet head was covered by the jauntiest of French cocked hats. The flowing plumes tickled his huge right ear. The swallow tailed coat was awfully tight and must have been a fearful burden, with its loads of gold lace, as the wearer stood in the rays of the broiling sun. The massive, brawny legs were incased in wrinkleless light blue trousers, which disappeared at the region of the knee in the tops of besparred enamled leather jackboots. A sword of French make hung to the floor by the wearer's side.—Philadelphia Press.

MY QUEEN.

Ah! how often have I held her
In a loving, fond embrace,
And gazed with deep admiration
Upon her upturned face.

How often have I seen her form,
So pretty and petite,
Come gliding toward me silently,
My captured guse to greet.

How often have her winning ways
Entranced my willing heart
So deeply that 'tis with a sigh
Again from her I part.

How often, ah! yes, how often,
My hopes to raise or crush,
For my queen I've waited with patience
To make up a "royal flush."

—Frank C. Leroy.

A SMALL BOY'S REVENGE.

He Creates a Family Row Over His Father's Pretty Typewriter.

A good story is told on a certain well known lawyer, who now has one of his daughters to manipulate his typewriter instead of the winsome blonde who was formerly a handsome piece of furniture in his office. The change came about in this way:

One day his ten-year-old son wandered into his office just as the legal light was examining a letter written by the hired amanuensis. In order to read the letter it was necessary for the lawyer to bend over the back of the young lady's chair. The youngster looked at his parent, took in the situation, and then said: "Pa, I want a quarter."

"I'm busy now, don't bother me, boy," said the father, and he continued to hang over the shapely shoulder of the fair typewriter and peruse the letter which she held in her hand.

"Pa," said the boy again, "I want a quarter. You'd better give it to me and I'll clear out."

"Don't worry me, I tell you," said the father. "Can't you see that I am busy?"

The youngster didn't say any more, but just hung around the office. He looked out of the window and counted the white horses as they went by; he pasted a row of notarial seals across one of the desks; he emptied some sand into an inkstand and then thickened the compound with mucilage, and did a lot of other mischievous tricks such as will only suggest themselves to a 10-year-old boy. But he kept a close watch on the governor and the typewriter, and every now and then would shrug his shoulders, as much as to say: "I'll get even with you."

Finally, the lawyer was ready to go home, and taking his little boy by the hand they walked to their modest appearing but handsomely furnished residence. Very little was said on the way, and the father was evidently nettled at what he considered the misbehavior of his son. When the family sat down to dinner he narrated the circumstances to his wife, and she sternly told the young man that if he could not behave himself she would not let him go down to his father's office again.

The boy didn't seem to mind that much, and finally said, as he balanced his fork on his forefinger: "Perhaps I was somewhat rude stupid, but, comparatively, stands off of the entire government force. It seems impossible, but here the Indians were, now dodging the soldiers in the mountains and now dashing in among them and killing more and flying away again.

THE STORY OF OLD COMANCHE.

"But at that battle where Custer was killed something occurred that I have never seen in print." Capt. M. W. Keogh, for whom Fort Keogh is now named, rode a magnificent charger called Comanche. Capt. Keogh was everywhere in the thick of the fight. Repeatedly his gallant horse bore him where fire streamed heaviest from Indian guns. Keogh, though wounded two or three times, still kept his seat and renewed his charges.

"There were successive advances and retreats until the battle extended all up and down the valley. The Indians were in great and general, every man for himself, and at last when the massacre of troops was complete, and others visited that battle ground, they found old Comanche four miles away from the attack, his dead rider by his side, and the gallant steed with seven balls in his body.

"The faithful war horse was so frightfully injured that no one had hopes of his living, yet with one accord they became his attendants. A surgeon was especially detailed to extract what bullets he could and prescribe for him. It was a long struggle, but finally Comanche began to mend.

"He was with difficulty removed to Fort Standing Rock and the secretary of war issued an order that henceforth old Comanche should have a soldier especially to attend to him and that no one should ride him.

"The fort and agency of Standing Rock take their names from an exceedingly queer looking rock which towers up on the prairies. In the distance, and even after the observer comes close up to it, it looks strangely like a withered up old woman of gigantic size.

"The Sioux call the old stone figure a petrified squaw, and they have a strange legend of how many moons ago, in the days when the Sioux were of giant size, this squaw, who had been the daughter of a great chief, refused to do the bidding of her lord and master, himself a noted chief, and was forthwith changed by the Great Spirit to stone. Her terrible fate is oftentimes quoted now to the Sioux wives and maidens as a reason why they should render implicit obedience to the many stalwart bucks who may have things they wish done."—San Francisco Examiner.

Don't Stuff a Cold.

If you do you will nine times in ten, have a fever to starve.

A cold is a shock received by the myriad nerves that bristle near the surface of a human body. This shock is transmitted to the nerve centres, and then back to the mucous membrane, creating a more or less severe irritation and consequent rise in temperature, followed by chills. Excess of food is the temperature still more increases the temperature, and, worst of all, helps clog the secretions or natural outlets of the body. It is high time we broke away from all notion which, like some others, has done more harm than good. For example, in years past how many poor fever sufferers, burning with an internal fire and thirst, were hurried to an untimely grave because not allowed cooling drinks or a bit of ice by the old time treatment for fevers, as foolish as the adage for colds. At last one cunning delirious patient got up, pump of cold water and drank his fill; determined not to leave until the well ran dry, he slacked the fever, recovered, and doctors learned a lesson. Experimenting with a severe cold is a dangerous custom, as most persons try one remedy only until some friend suggests another "sure cure," as Mark Twain so humorously describes. When slight hoarseness or tightening of the nasal membranes warns one of a skin exposure or chill from wet, act promptly; a delay is dangerous. With children it may mean croup or strangulation; with adults catarrh, bronchitis, perhaps pneumonia. If neglected, neglect of a cold may lead to sneezing, red nose, and woe-begone look of a person with a cold. Scores of mother's would as soon go to bed without matches in the house as without that old fashioned remedy, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment near at hand for croupy children. Used with a mild laxative as described in a pamphlet which J. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send free to anyone. Johnson's Liniment will cure a cold for adults quicker than any known remedy. A mild nutritious diet, a gentle physic to open the secretions, and a bottle of that old Anodyne from your druggist, will conquer any cold. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was originated by an old family physician more than seventy years ago.

That beautiful glossy sheen, so much admired in hair, can be secured by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. There is nothing better than this preparaton for strengthening the scalp and keeping it free from dandruff and itching eruptions.

It detracts somewhat from the interest of the report that a man has been found with two hearts to learn that they were both up his sleeve.

WILD SIOUX CHIEFS.

SCENES ON THE BATTLE GROUNDS WHERE CUSTER WAS KILLED.

Shrewdness of the Indians in Eluding Capture — Reminiscences of the Famous Battle—A Gallant Old War Horse—A Woman Changed Into Stone.

"Custer's battle ground," said H. S. Park, the artist and correspondent for Harper's Weekly and Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper, "is one of the most curious places I ever visited."

Mr. Park has spent several years at various places in the western territories.

"I was saying that the battle ground was peculiar," continued he. "The fight, you know, took place in a valley on the Little Big Horn river. Well, all about that river and far in the distance on either side are low, undulating foothills, covered in summer with some luxuriant wild grass and the greatest variety of wild flowers possible to imagine. You can find almost any conceivable color there. In the distance, just over the first low hills from the river, are other hills covered with some wild pines and shrubs, characteristic of the high table lands. Blending the bright green grass and many colored flowers and trees with the clear sky and the bright running river, you have a scene for a painter.

OUTWITTING A GREAT CONTRY.

"It was here that the heroic Custer fell on June 26, 1876. The points which I got from the Sioux and others while at Standing Rock were to the effect that Chief Gall, and not Sitting Bull, led the attack. As to the Indian who killed Gen. Custer, it was Rain-in-the-Face. Custer had always so contented to engage in the fray than this chief, who, with his band, was ambushed in the wild pines, shot him dead. Then the Indians rushed in on the troops and engaged in wholesale butchery.

"All the able bodied Sioux of the 6,000 and more now at Standing Rock agency took part in the battle, except the old chief, Sitting Bull, who, as now clearly established, was away, and thus after long years it developed that Sitting Bull, who was credited with leading the attack, was not there at all. Crowfoot, son of Sitting Bull, was, however, and it was he who surrendered Sitting Bull's gun. As for Sitting Bull, he claims that he never did surrender.

"We call this a great country, but is it not odd that though this battle occurred back in the middle of 1876, Chief Gall was not captured until the winter of 1881? Crowfoot, Sitting Bull's son, finally surrendered at Fort Qu'Appelle, D. T., in 1882, and Rain-in-the-Face, who was captured shortly after the massacre and confined at Fort Lincoln for murder, escaped, and it was not till 1881 that he finally surrendered at Fort Keogh. The government was a long while also in capturing several of the other prominent Indians.

"There they were out in the hills all this time successfully eluding the troops, and the war was protracted for years, a mere handful of Indians, comparatively, standing off the entire government force. It seems impossible, but here the Indians were, now dodging the soldiers in the mountains and now dashing in among them and killing more and flying away again.

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"But at that battle where Custer was killed something occurred that I have never seen in print." Capt. M. W. Keogh, for whom Fort Keogh is now named, rode a magnificent charger called Comanche. Capt. Keogh was everywhere in the thick of the fight. Repeatedly his gallant horse bore him where fire streamed heaviest from Indian guns. Keogh, though wounded two or three times, still kept his seat and renewed his charges.

"There were successive advances and retreats until the battle extended all up and down the valley. The Indians were in great and general, every man for himself, and at last when the massacre of troops was complete, and others visited that battle ground, they found old Comanche four miles away from the attack, his dead rider by his side, and the gallant steed with seven balls in his body.

"The faithful war horse was so frightfully injured that no one had hopes of his living, yet with one accord they became his attendants. A surgeon was especially detailed to extract what bullets he could and prescribe for him. It was a long struggle, but finally Comanche began to mend.

"He was with difficulty removed to Fort Standing Rock and the secretary of war issued an order that henceforth old Comanche should have a soldier especially to attend to him and that no one should ride him.

"The fort and agency of Standing Rock take their names from an exceedingly queer looking rock which towers up on the prairies. In the distance, and even after the observer comes close up to it, it looks strangely like a withered up old woman of gigantic size.

"The Sioux call the old stone figure a petrified squaw, and they have a strange legend of how many moons ago, in the days when the Sioux were of giant size, this squaw, who had been the daughter of a great chief, refused to do the bidding of her lord and master, himself a noted chief, and was forthwith changed by the Great Spirit to stone. Her terrible fate is oftentimes quoted now to the Sioux wives and maidens as a reason why they should render implicit obedience to the many stalwart bucks who may have things they wish done."—San Francisco Examiner.

Don't Stuff a Cold.

If you do you will nine times in ten, have a fever to starve.

A cold is a shock received by the myriad nerves that bristle near the surface of a human body. This shock is transmitted to the nerve centres, and then back to the mucous membrane, creating a more or less severe irritation and consequent rise in temperature, followed by chills. Excess of food is the temperature still more increases the temperature, and, worst of all, helps clog the secretions or natural outlets of the body. It is high time we broke away from all notion which, like some others, has done more harm than good. For example, in years past how many poor fever sufferers, burning with an internal fire and thirst, were hurried to an untimely grave because not allowed cooling drinks or a bit of ice by the old time treatment for fevers, as foolish as the adage for colds. At last one cunning delirious patient got up, pump of cold water and drank his fill; determined not to leave until the well ran dry, he slacked the fever, recovered, and doctors learned a lesson. Experimenting with a severe cold is a dangerous custom, as most persons try one remedy only until some friend suggests another "sure cure," as Mark Twain so humorously describes. When slight hoarseness or tightening of the nasal membranes warns one of a skin exposure or chill from wet, act promptly; a delay is dangerous. With children it may mean croup or strangulation; with adults catarrh, bronchitis, perhaps pneumonia. If neglected, neglect of a cold may lead to sneezing, red nose, and woe-begone look of a person with a cold. Scores of mother's would as soon go to bed without matches in the house as without that old fashioned remedy, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment near at hand for croupy children. Used with a mild laxative as described in a pamphlet which J. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send free to anyone. Johnson's Liniment will cure a cold for adults quicker than any known remedy. A mild nutritious diet, a gentle physic to open the secretions, and a bottle of that old Anodyne from your druggist, will conquer any cold. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was originated by an old family physician more than seventy years ago.

That beautiful glossy sheen, so much admired in hair, can be secured by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. There is nothing better than this preparaton for strengthening the scalp and keeping it free from dandruff and itching eruptions.

It detracts somewhat from the interest of the report that a man has been found with two hearts to learn that they were both up his sleeve.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

A Good Neighbor.

"Late last fall I was laid up in bed three days with a very severe attack of diarrhœa and dysentery. Nothing benefited me until my neighbor, Mrs. Dunning, recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and brought me a half bottle, which she had in her house. In three hours the vomiting was stopped, and I was able to sit up by night. I would not now think of using any other medicine." Columbus Hopkins, Hamilton, Ont.

Working the growler—Making your husband hang out the clothes on a freezing washing day.

Leading physicians recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Old and young take it with perfect safety. It cleans the blood, strengthens the nerves, and vitalizes the system. Popular experience has long placed this medicine at the head of tonic alteratives.

Some people make a dollar's worth of trouble in accomplishing five cents worth of good.

A Plain Statement.

All poisonous waste, and worn out matter ought to escape from the system through the secretions of the bowels, kidneys and skin. B. B. B. cleanses, opens and regulates these natural outlets for the removal of disease.

Happy thought—suppose we put on a bounty of a cent a pound on woollen yarn, and darn the expense.

Tried and Proved.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaint, and have proved it, after a fair trial a sure cure, both in my own case and others in the family." Laurin Wing, New Dundee, Waterloo Co., Ont.

The boy wonders what makes the watch go, the man wonders what makes it stop.

Constipation.

is nearly always induced by neglecting to keep the bowels regular, and is also a frequent sequal to dyspepsia or indigestion. Regulate the stomach and bowels by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which is certain to promptly relieve and ultimately cure the worst cases of constipation.

A young man can't take his girl out skating this Winter, but he can let her slide.

Unless more care is given to the hair the coming man is liable to be a hairless animal; hence, to prevent the hair from falling use Hall's Hair Renewer.

Wallpaper men do not have to wai for cold weather for a frieze.

A Terrible Ten Years.

Mrs. Thomas Acres, of Huntley, Ont., suffered all the tortures of liver complaint for ten years. Four bottles of B. B. B. entirely cured her, making her like a new woman again, after other medicines had failed to relieve her.

"Love is generous," sings the poet, but nevertheless there is more or less Cupidity connected with it.

A Severe Attack.

Miss Bella Elliot, of Pontypool, Ont., writes—My brother and I were both ill with a severe attack of diarrhœa, having tried other remedies, we tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which gave immediate relief.

"Is there anything that will keep out drafts?" asks a correspondent. There may be, but we have no desire to use it. Let the drafts come in.

It would be an excellent thing for the White Caps to warn themselves to leave the country or take the consequences.

In the Exchequer Court of Canada.

In the matter of the "Expropriation Act," and in the matter of those certain parcels or tracts of land hereinafter described.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that there has been lodged in the office of the Registrar of the Exchequer Court of Canada, at the City of Ottawa, of December, A. D. 1888, a notice to the Registrar by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries of Canada, intimating his readiness to pay over to the persons entitled thereto, the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, being the compensation, in sufficient compensation for the land or property expropriated for the purposes of the erection of a beacon light at Dipper Harbor, in the Province of New Brunswick, a plan of the work, and described as follows, that is to say:

A lot and right of way situate in the parish of Musquash, in the County of St. John, N. B., and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point on the northwest side line of a grant to the owners of Dipper Harbor, made in the year 1836 to Hugh Campbell, and distant on said line from high water mark, 330 feet; thence, by the magnet of the year 1886, south, two degrees and fifteen minutes east, 425 ft; thence south, twenty-three degrees west, 395 feet; thence south, sixty-six degrees west, 155 feet; thence south, fifty-four degrees west, 385 feet, or to its intersection with a line crossing Campbell's Island, on a course of north sixty-five degrees west, and distant at right angles therefrom 100 feet from the most southerly point of said Island at high water mark; thence on said line north, sixty-five degrees west, 100 feet, to high water mark; thence, following the line of high water mark, northerly, round the point of said Island, and northeasterly to the eastern end of the line crossing Campbell's Island, as aforesaid; thence on said line north, sixty-five degrees west, 12 feet; thence north, fifty-five degrees east, 385 feet, to the north corner of the Fish House; thence north, sixty-six degrees east, 158 feet, to a point north of Campbell's well; thence north twenty-three degrees, 410 feet; thence north two degrees and thirty minutes west, 440 feet, to the northwestern side line of the grant to Hugh Campbell, aforesaid; thence on side line south, forty-nine degrees and thirty minutes west, 22 feet, or to the place of beginning, giving a road of uniform width throughout from the present highway to the lighthouse lot of fifteen feet, and containing two roods and eighteen perches, more or less.

That Her Majesty Queen Victoria has acquired title to the land or property hereinbefore described, under chapter thirty-nine of the Revised Statutes of Canada respecting the expropriation of lands, as amended by the Act 49-50 Vic. ch. 17, intituled "An Act to amend the Revised Statutes, chapter thirty-nine, respecting the expropriation of lands."

In consequence, all persons entitled to the said hereinbefore described land or property or any part thereof, or representing or being the husbands of any persons so entitled or claiming to hold or represent incumbrances thereon or interests therein, are called upon to file in the office of the Registrar of the Exchequer Court of Canada, their claims or opposition, on or before the 18th day of February, A. D. 1889, and are notified that such claims or opposition will be received and adjudged upon by this Court, and that the proceedings herein will forever bar all claims to the compensation money or any part thereof, including any claim in respect of dower or of dower not yet open, as well as in respect of all mortgages, hypothecs or incumbrances upon the said land or property.

Dated at Ottawa, this 20th day of December, A. D. 1888.

L. A. AUDETTE,
Registrar.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Eruptions of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto

STEAMERS.

International Steamship Co., Winter Arrangement.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK —FOR— BOSTON

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 17th, and until further notice, Steamer CLEOPATRA will leave Saint John every M