ANCIENT COSTUMES.

The Skirt and Bodice of Scores of Years Ago—The Serpent in Fashion.

The chief point of interest in the retrospect of the year's fashions is the decline and disappearance of the tournure. There is not a vestige of its bumptiousness left. The line of fashionable beauty, in so far as skirts are concerned, is an oblique one at the back, sloping broadly out from the bottom of the waist to the edge of the fan-plaited skirt. Skirts have grown steadily longer, until now the fashionable street gown is longer than the house dress of '89. Broad bands of velvet, lace, fur or passementerie, or one or more flounces about the bottom of the skirt, assist in spreading it wide at the feet to stimulate the appearance of a fan. This skirt is very much gored, fans out only at the edge, and lies some inches on the ground. It must not be taken up by the wearer even in New York's dusty streets, but sweeps on the pavement to the wearer's dignity and grace, but to the skirt's swift ruin and destruction.

Bodices, too, have grown gradually and decidedly longer, until now even evening gowns are made with quaint long Louis XV. coats with valois sleeves and Henry II. ruffs. When they are not shaped in the stiff outlines of courtly and historic quaintness, they are not cut at all, apparently, but wrapped about the figure a la Cleopatra, with no seams of fastenings at all. Sleeves have been exaggerated to most stupendous proportions, and even now, that they are somewhat modified, require almost more cloth than the petticoat. Their last year's shoulder puffs extend quite to the elbow this season, and the lower part is fitted in closely to the arm, only to flare again at the wrist and fall over the hand.

All the royal insignia of former greatness blazes on the shoulders now of stanch republicans whose fathers or husbands made their pile in petroleum or lard. The Medici and the Tudors, the Bonapartes and their royal enemies, courtiers and Princes of all periods, have contributed their magnificence to the glory of the year that is gone. Even Charlemagne has added his mite to the general sumptuousness in the shape of an opera cloak. As the sleeves increased in size, the bonnets diminished until the outlines of the fashionable woman are decidedly suggestive of a kite standing on the smaller end. And now Cleopatra has started her collection of vipers "the trail of the serpents" is over it all. Twisted about hats and bonnets, twined about the wrists or the bare arm above the elbow, braided into the coiffure or clasped about the neck, the serpent rears his ugly head and flashes his jeweled eyes. Years hence, when the antiquarian studies the dress of the close of the century, he will find it but a reproduction of famous in former centuries grouped with regard as to anachronism, extremely artistic in effect, but devoid of individuality or distinctiveness. —N. Y. Sun.

BUT ONE THING WAS LACKING.

An Impassioned Political Orator Incontinently Snuffed Out.

"Down in my district," the story began, "there lived a soldier who wanted to become a politician. So he secured his appointment as a sub-elector, which in our country means a man who can make speeches, but for whom no one can vote. Well, this young harness-maker started off to make speeches, and he ended his campaign in the Democratic stronghold of the district:

"The hall which he had hired proved too small, and he went out under an oak tree prepared, as he says, to shake the acorns. In the front row of the crowd sat Major Blank, the bell-wether of the Democratic flock. The amateur orator was vastly pleased. 'If I can make an impression on the Major,' he said, 'my political fortune is made.'

"After a great display of oratorical fire-works, during which he kept his eye on the Major, he descended from the improvised platform on the side nearest the Major, who, much to his delight, beckoned to him.

"'I have heard the greatest orators,' said the Major, 'and never before did I see the fire of eloquence kindled as it was in your eyes to-day—'

"'O, thank you,' said the blushing orator.

"'And your gesticulations were perfect. If I had been deaf I should have understood all that you said—'

"'I am delighted,' murmured the saddler.

"'And your voice is as musical as a deep-toned church bell—'

"'You flatter me, Major,' interrupted the listener again; 'you flatter me.'

"'And if you only had some idees, young man,' concluded the Major, with crushing emphasis, 'just some idees, you would beat the world.'"—Washington Post.

Not Quite Alone.

As he entered the car he saw at a glance that there was one seat with a young lady in it, and he marched straight down the aisle, deposited his grip and overcoat, sat down and familiarly observed:

"I entirely forgot to ask your permission."

"That's of no consequence," she replied.

"Thanks. Traveling alone, eh?"

"Almost, but not quite. My husband is in the smoker, my father and brother are in the seat back of us, and the two gentlemen across the aisle are my uncles. The conductor, who is a cousin of mine, has just gone forward, but will return soon, and I will introduce you to my aunt if you will go back a few seats."

"Aw! Aw! I see!" gasped the man, and the floor of the car suddenly became so red-hot that he picked up his baggage and his feet and lit out for the next one ahead.—N. Y. Sun.

A Salutary Precaution.

"Gentlemen," said the Governor, who had been petitioned to extend executive clemency to a prisoner convicted of poisoning her husband, "I will pardon this woman, but only on one condition."

"And that is—?"

"That she shall not go on the stage."—Life.

INDIA'S PRECIOUS STONES.

Discovered, Sometimes, by Persons Ignorant of Their Value.

An old traveler who has been over half the world showed a reporter a handsome uncut ruby the other day. "This," he said, "is from India, and was given me by a friend who found it while out shooting."

Precious stones, he said, were still numerous in certain districts in India, but the rajahs who own the property were very jealous of all strangers, and resented intrusions on their territory by every means in their power. Nevertheless every now and then a fine specimen was found by some sportsman or wayfarer.

The traveler told of a party of English officers who went out shooting one day on one of these estates, but they managed to bag very little game. On their way back in the afternoon one of them came across a stone resembling a nodule, which he picked up and dashed upon a rock. The stone broke into a dozen pieces, and out dropped a beautiful brilliant pebble. This pebble the young Englishman, who was a tourist, picked up, and, after examining it, was about to throw it away again, but changed his mind and thrust it into his pocket, remarking: "I'll keep this thing as a memento of my visit to this place where a fellow can hardly find any thing to shoot, you know."

When he arrived at Bombay, this English tourist dropped into a jeweler's store to have his watch repaired. In taking it out he found the stone in the same pocket, he threw it upon the counter and remarked to the jeweler: "Aw, here's a nice stone I came across, what'll you give me for it?"

The head of the firm took up the stone, and as he examined it his eyes opened wider and wider. After humming and hawing awhile, he said: "I'll give you 100 rupees for it."

Had the jeweler offered the tourist a shilling for the stone the latter would simply have told him to take the stone and keep the shilling and be blowed, as up to that moment he thought it was only a piece of crystal. But the offer of 100 rupees awoke his suspicions, and he quickly guessed that it was a real, fine diamond. Taking it from the jeweler's hand he exclaimed with a laugh: "I dare say you would give me 100 rupees, and perhaps a trifle more, but I'm going to take it to England with me." On his arrival in London he sold the diamond for £3,000.

A fakir walking along one of the wards in the same district also chanced to pick up a fine large diamond that had been washed out of the ground by a heavy shower and lay glistening and blazing in the sun. He tied it up in a rag and put it into his empty tobacco pouch and continued on his way to town. Fakirs in India have little money as a rule, and this particular faker had none at all, but he did have a strong craving for a quiet smoke. So he betook himself to a Parsee tobacconist and asked how much tobacco he would let him have for a pretty stone that showed green and red and blue lights. The dealer asked to see the stone and immediately recognized it as a diamond of the first water.

"Uncle," he remarked to the fakir, "since you are a poor man I'll give you a whole handful of tobacco," and he grasped a handful and thrust it into the fakir's pouch.

"My son," replied the fakir, "I have traveled a long distance, and am very tired. This is a beautiful stone, and you ought to give me at least three handsful of tobacco."

After some further haggling the Parsee agreed to keep the stone, after exacting from the fakir a promise to keep quiet about the matter. The Parsee sent the stone to an associate in Bombay, where it was sold for £2,000.—N. Y. Times.

Soap for Mosquito Bites.

A German chemist, after a somewhat learned dissertation on the various kinds of mosquitoes and their respective characteristics and virulence, condescends to give a useful piece of practical information. He says that of the various remedies recommended for mosquito bites, such as ammonia, oil of cloves, chloroform, carbolized glycerine, etc., none is better than ordinary soap. He is an ardent naturalist, and on his frequent excursions in the country he invariably carries a small piece of soap, with which, in case of a bite, he makes a lather all over the affected part and allows it to dry on. He almost invariably finds that the relief is instantaneous, and that all pain soon ceases. Should it continue, however, as sometimes happens, it is only necessary to repeat the application.—Chicago News.

The Modern Job.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed a meek-looking man who was walking along the street; "if you haven't knocked my hat [illegible] and stepped on my pet [illegible]."

"I beg your pardon; I do, really, and shouldn't at all [illegible] you for becoming violently angry."

"Angry, angry!" repeated the mild man, softly. "Let's see; oh, yes; that means to become offended to such a degree that one loses control of himself."

"Didn't you know it?"

"I had almost forgotten it. You see, I am a horse-car conductor."—Washington Post.

How it Happens.

Neighbor—How does it happen that your oldest daughter has consumption while your other daughter is the picture of health? They appear to be of exactly the same temperament.

Hostess—My oldest daughter got her winter fashions from Paris. The other got hers from Canada.—N. Y. Weekly.

No Need of Asking.

Tyler (to friend who is sneezing violently)—What's the trouble? You must have a cold.

Smalley—A cold (chew)! What the deuce do you (chew—ker chew!) think I'd sneeze like this for if I didn't have a cold.—Texas Siftings.

—Sir Charles Tenant has received offers of £15,000 and £20,000 consecutively for Sir Joshua Reynolds' "The Fortune Teller."

TEXAS FARM LANDS

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Order of Publication.

STATE OF MISSOURI, County of Bates. } ss.

In the Circuit Court of Bates county in vacation March 5th, 1891 James E Moss, plaintiff, vs. Cora Adell Moss, defendant.

Order of Publication.

Now at this day comes the plaintiff herein by his attorneys, Francisco Bros before the undersigned clerk of the circuit court of Bates county, Missouri, and file his petition and affidavit alleging among other things, that defendant, Cora Adell Moss is not a resident of the state of Missouri. Whereupon it is ordered by the clerk in vacation that said defendant be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced suit against her in this court by petition and affidavit the general nature and object of which is to obtain a decree of divorce from the bonds of matrimony heretofore contracted and entered into by and between said plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of desertion of plaintiff by defendant and her continued absence from him without reasonable cause for the space of more than one year next before the institution of this suit and that unless the said Cora Adell Moss be and appear at this court, at the next term thereof, to be begun and holden at the court house in the city of Butler in said county on the first day of June next, and on or before the sixth day of said term, if the term shall so long continue—and if not, then on or before the last day of said term—answer or plead to the petition in said cause, the same will be taken as confessed and judgment rendered accordingly.

And be it further ordered that a copy hereof be published according to law in the Butler Weekly Times, a weekly newspaper printed and published in Bates County Mo, for four weeks successively, the last insertion to be at least fifteen days before the first day of the next term of the circuit court.

JOHN C. HAYES Circuit Clerk.

A true copy of the record. Witness my hand [SEAL] and the seal of the circuit court of Bates county, this 5th day of March, 1891. JOHN C. HAYES, Circuit Clerk.

17

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration on the estate of James Lamy deceased, were granted to the undersigned on the 28th day of February, 1891, by the Probate court of Bates county, Missouri.

All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the administrator within one year after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within two years from the date of this publication, they shall be forever barred. This 28th day of February, 1891.

J. W. ENNIS, Administrator.

15-4t

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, J. W. Ennis, administrator of the estate of David Snider, deceased, will make final settlement of his accounts with said estate as such administrator, at the next term of the probate court of Bates county Missouri, to be holden at Butler in said county, on the 11th day of May, 1891.

J. W. ENNIS, Administrator

13-4t

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mrs. Rachel Stilwaggon, who has just died at Flushing, L. I., aged one hundred years, made all her own clothes and performed her own housework until she was ninety years old.

—Prof. Harriet Cooke, professor of history in Cornell, is the first woman ever honored with the chair and equal pay with men professors. She has taught in Cornell twenty-three years.

—The well-known Connecticut weather prophet, Horace Johnson, of Middle Haddam, who predicted the famous blizzard, and whose weather horoscope was printed two or three times a year in the State papers, has become insane.

—Paul Lidaw, the German novelist, is about to visit this country and is expected to write a book about us when he gets back home. The book will be "novel" enough if it follows the precedent set by foreign travelers in this land generally.

—A sensational story was printed in Berlin recently that Baron Gustav Rothschild had been sent to Algiers on account of the condition of his mind. It was also said that the Baron had lost 20,000,000 francs lately by speculating in Paris and in London, and that since 1885 he had lost 200,000,000 francs.

—Another New York society woman who has gained a substantial name in the world of letters, and whose recent publication of "The Anglo-maniacs" has given her wide fame, is Mrs. Burton Harrison. She is a very pretty, vivacious lady, whose winning manners are a great charm. Mrs. Harrison is of Virginia birth and education and has long been known as a successful writer of plays and sketches.

—Mr and Mrs. Stanley have reason to remember Toronto pleasantly. They were in the city just seven hours, during which time they were the biggest people in the town. The Ontario Society of Artists gave them a reception, presenting to Mrs. Stanley a handsome album of paintings. Mrs. Stanley made a graceful little speech of thanks. The artists gave her three Canadian-British cheers, and every body was supremely happy.

—Francis the Second of Naples, that luckless Bourbon dunce whose throne Garibaldi overthrew in 1860, and who is said to be one of Daudet's "kings in exile," still lives in aimless comfort in Paris, where his sole activity is walking once a day from his apartment to the Church of St. Philippe to say his prayers. He is rather small and insignificant in appearance, and looks like a pensioned bank clerk rather than a "monarch retired from business."

—William Westale, the novelist, lives at High Standing, Loughton, and is a Lancashire man. He was born in 1835. In appearance he is slight and slim, about five feet five inches high, with grayish hair, much wrinkled forehead, bright blue eyes, straight nose, a soft, silky grayish beard, which delight an Eastern cadi. He speaks very clearly and emphatically, and it is evident that he has a good deal of reserve force. When describing a scene his eyes light up, and you can not fail to feel that he is seeing the whole thing as he speaks. He has a great fund of humor, and every now and then some quaint little story comes out. He practically began to write stories when he was in his teens. Then he contributed to the local papers.

HUMOROUS.

—"What's the material in a porous plaster worth?" "About a cent." "And they charge twenty-five cents for 'em? Holes must come high."—Harper's Bazar.

—Considerate Jinks.—Blinks (during heavy rain)—"Did you run over and ask Jinks for that umbrella I loaned him last night?" Office Boy—"Yes sir. He says he's very sorry, but the umbrella is wet yet, and wouldn't like to return it in that condition. He says he'll carry it home to-night and dry it by the fire."—Good News.

—A Little Mistake.—"It is really too bad how miserably that new cafe is lighted. The other night I selected the finest overcoat that I could find, put it on, and went home. It fitted me as if it had been made for me. But what do you think I found when I got where there was a good light, but that it was—my own!"—Fliegende Blatter.

—Why Madge Blushed.—Tommy (at the breakfast table)—"Madge, I think Mr. Cutely is a 'jim dandy.'" Madge—"Why so?" Tommy—"He gave me ten cents not to tell what happened in the hall last night, an' I ain't goin' to." And just then Madge thought she heard the kettle in the kitchen boiling over, and hurried out to investigate.—N. Y. Herald.

—"Doesn't this company advertise that it is running trains to Bigville?" asked a depressed-looking man as he entered the railway office. "Yes, sir. Have you a complaint to make?" "I have. I object to the misuse of language. Call it 'crawl' or 'creep' or 'wriggle,' but don't, I beg of you, continue to daze the public mind by employing the word 'ran.'"—Washington Post.

—A Wee Wiggins.—Visitor—"Well, my little man, rather cold weather we're having, aren't we?" Little Man (gloomily)—"Yes. It's goin' to be the hardest kind of a winter, and we'll have snow an' ice all next spring, an' no summer weather till the Fourth of July." "Hem! How do you know all that?" "'Cause I didn't get any sled or skates this Christmas—nothin' but toy boats and fish poles and such things."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Very Suspicious.—Sagacious Employer—"I fear, Mr. Toogood, I shall have to dispense with your services." New Clerk—"Why, sir, I know I have only been here a week, but have I not during this time been thoroughly faithful to your interests?" Employer—"Oh, you have been faithful enough and capable enough, but——" New Clerk—"But what, sir?" Employer—"Well, I saw you take a postage stamp out of the drawer, yesterday." New Clerk—"Yes, sir, but I put two cents in its place." Employer—That's just what I can't understand. I guess you'd better go."—Boston Courier.

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