RUSSIAN RAILWAYS.

Some Very Interesting Information Relating Thereto.

William R. Ebell, a young Russian of fine literary acquirements, who is now making a tour of the United States, and who is particularly interested in railway and mining matters, was recently interviewed by a writer on the Boston *Sunday Herald*, from which interview, published in the last number of that paper, the following information in reference to railway matters is taken:

There is a network of railways spread over the Russian Empire, composed of about sixty different railways, with an aggregate length of track of about 10,000 English miles. It is you will think, a small system for so large an empire, but it is a growing one, and will be extended and filled up as the years roll on. These railways do a business which gives them a gross income of 200,000,000 paper roubles a year, the cost of operation for the year being about 100,000,000 roubles, thus making the net profits about fifty per cent. of the earnings. Perhaps it might be well for me here to give you a comparison of Russian measures and money with your systems. A Russian foot is equal to an English foot; an archin is twenty-eight inches, and three archins or seven feet are equal to one sashen; 500 sashens are equal to one werst, and seven wersts equal to an English mile. Our Russian money is decimal, like yours. The lowest denomination is a copeck, which is the unit, like your cent. One hundred copecks make a rouble. A rouble is worth 73.4 cents American money. Our paper money ranges as follows: One rouble, three, five, ten, twenty-five and 100 roubles. The gold coinage is of two denominations, viz., ten roubles, which coin is known as an imperial, and five roubles, known as a half-imperial.

The subsidiary coinage is of copper and silver, the copper being of one, two, three and five denominations; the ten, fifteen and twenty copeck coins are simply copper coated with silver. Now, in Russia a paper rouble ought to be equal to a gold or silver rouble, for it is a promise to pay in either of these coinages at the Imperial bank. But, as a matter of fact, both gold and silver are to-day in Russia, as they were for some years after the rebellion in your country, at a premium. This premium, however, is not so speculative a one as it was with you, it being somewhat stationary at about the following rate, viz.: Ten roubles gold are worth sixteen roubles paper, and one rouble silver one rouble sixty copecks in paper, so that the premium on gold and silver is about the same. The first railroad built in Russia was the Zarskoje Sselo, and runs from St. Petersburg to the town of that name. This name signifies in Russian the village of the Czar, the place being the principal summer resort of the Emperors, and most of the ukases or laws bear the signatnre: "Dated in the palace of Czarskoje Sselo," as it was here that the Emperor received his Ministers and signed State papers. This railway, which is about fifteen miles in length, was completed in 1835, and, when the first train was run over it, the peasants—who were ignorant and superstitious even in the neighborhood of the Capital—headed by their priests, bearing vessels of holy water and church banners, assembled along the line to exorcise the monster which they believed was propelled by the power of the evil spirit. I need not tell you how little avail these superstitious efforts were in stopping the engine. The railway was built after the style of English railways, and, during the reign of Nicholas I., was merged into the proprietorship of a limited company. The town of Zarskoje Sselo is reached from St. Petersburg by the railway in thirty minutes. It is a fashionable summer resort for the people of St. Petersburg, as is also the town of Parlvosk, near to and beyond it. The depot is built in the style of European railway stations, and is quite a handsome structure, having waiting rooms for first, second and third class passengers. The engines used in Russia are of German make, and there are two guages—the narrow and wide, so-called, the former being used on the Volgoda and the Novorogod Railways, and the wide guage prevailing on all the other railways in Finland and Russia. I cannot give you the exact width of our guages. They are different from the German, our broad guage being wider. This is so that in case of a war with Germany the Germans cannot use our railroads to transport their armies on them.

The cars on Russian railways are constructed after a pattern furnished the railways by the government. They are different from English cars, though they have compartments, in having a passage way in the middle running the entire length of the car, the doors leading into the car being at the side, and one near each end on opposite sides of the car. They are now having cars with doors in the end introduced. The different classes of cars are finished differently, the first-class being finely upholstered, the second having a poorer quality of cloth, and the third having no upholstering at all. They are heated in winter by two wood stoves, one at each end of the car, but are very cold. The compartments will seat from four to six persons, but in the first-class cars a passenger can hire a whole compartment, the seats of which are capable of being arranged so as to make a comfortable bed. The engines are mostly fired with wood. Only the workmen and peasants travel in the third-class cars. The cost of travelling in Russia for 100 miles is six paper roubles in the first-class, four in the second and two in the third. In Finland the rates are nearly the same, but are on a specie basis. Since 1860 the government has exacted a tax of twenty-five per cent. on passenger fares, which is added to the regular rates. Children under 5 years go free, and from 5 to 12 at half fare. But these vary on different lines. One great trouble in travel to and from Finland is the difference between the Finnish and Russian currencies. A ticket from St. Petersburg to Helsingfors, purchased at the depot of the railway in St. Petersburg, costs twelve roubles; but if the ticket is purchased in Helsingfors for the return to St. Petersburg it will cost forty-eight Finnish marks, which in Russian paper money is equal to nineteen roubles twenty copecks, or a difference of seven roubles twenty copecks in a ride of 200 miles, over the same road but in a different direction. It would be like charging $12 from Boston to Montreal, and $19.20 from Montreal to Boston.

Sad Sights in Oran.

Gibraltar Chronicle.

The Spanish journals are full of sad details of the despoiling of their colony in the province of Oran by the Arabs and the loss of life and property thereby occasioned. The colonists are flying in all directions, and already over three thousand have left the country in the men-of-war Numancia, Vulcano, and other vessels, many of them suffering from severe wounds, and all destitute. Reports say that the conduct of some of the French soldiers was bad, and the terrible heat impeded the movements of others. Great indignation exists among the Spaniards in the country, and disputes between them and the French in the streets and cafes are constant and very bitter. It is stated the authorities refuse to issue arms to the colonists, and that the columns have retired from the open country to the fortified towns. The captives taken by Bou-Amema are said to be very numerous, and that he has with him 20,000 horsemen well supplied with provisions and modern arms. Water is becoming scarce in Oran on account of the great increase of inhabitants, and the crops everywhere present the worst appearance. The raid of the Arabs is intelligible enough, considering the agitation which has been caused amid the Mussulman population of Northern Africa by the French invasion of Tunis, and it would only be in conformity with all the traditions of Oriental warfare that such a raid, if it did occur, should have been accompanied by circumstances of exceptional cruelty and atrocity. Whatever excuse may be made for this outbreak of savagery, it is obvious that it will have to be punished sternly and decisively. No nation occupying the position that France does in the Oriental country can allow its subjects to be massacred and outraged with impunity.

A BOLD LIBEL SUIT.

The End of Miss Wilberforce's Case and Her Ill-Luck.

From the Edinburgh Scotsman.

A remarkable action for libel, which has been before Mr. Justice Field and a special jury in the London Court of Queen's Bench, came yesterday to a conclusion, which was the only one possible on the evidence, that conclusion being altogether in favor of the defendant. The action was brought by the plaintiff, who styled herself Mabel Wilberforce, against Capt. Francis Lamb Philp, for a series of alleged slanders and libels imputing to the plaintiff in substance that she had attempted to poison the defendant's father. According to the plaintiff's evidence, she was a daughter of a United States surgeon of San Francisco, and was now between 30 and 40 years of age. Her father and mother are now both dead. She was put to school at Paris during the siege, after which she went to reside with her father at Indianapolis, United States. There she became President of a Red Cross Society for succoring the sick and wounded in the Russo-Turkish war. She was dispatched to Bulgaria, was present at the siege of Plevna, crossed the Balkans, and lost by death her aunt and cousin, who accompanied her. Returning in bad health to London, she set about the formation of a society for "protecting poor children in Bulgaria," for which she said she received £71, and contributed £500 of her own. Going to Paris, she became acquainted with Dr. Philp, a gentleman 78 years of age, who had lost all the members of his family except the defendant, his son. Dr. Philp became attached to the plaintiff, and in 1878 adopted her as his daughter, and for a time she was affectionately treated by the defendant and his wife. The plaintiff travelled with Dr. Philp on the Continent, going, among other places, to Aix-la-Chapelle, where the plaintiff received an offer of marriage from and became engaged to Mr. Dubois, the American Consul, but she broke off the engagement out of regard for the old man. After a time Miss Wilberforce and Dr. Philp returned to England and took up residence at Brighton. There the latter became very ill, having frequent spasms and attacks of vomiting. The defendant became suspicious and accused the defendant of giving his father some poisonous substance. He also set the Charity Organization on her track, and they stated that she was "pigeon-holed" in their archives as a "swindler." He also (still according to plaintiff's narrative) set detectives on her track. She, however, convinced Dr. Philp of her innocence, but ultimately the son again prevailed, and she had been turned out of the house, although she locked herself in her bedroom for three days. To show her disinterested motives, although she understood that Dr. Philp (who has since died) had put her in his will for his dead daughter Gertrude's portion, she had assigned it to the defendant's children. This is briefly the leading incidents of her career as told by the plaintiff, but in her evidence there were many discrepancies, which completely upset all confidence in her statements. For instance, she stated that after 1871 her father went to the "Mexican war," and on the following day she desired to correct this by stating that he went to the "civil war." She also made many extraordinary statements regarding the "Trustee" for herself and "her brother," Basil Wilberforce. This Trustee resides at Indianapolis, and remitted her the proceeds of £8,000 invested property.

For the defendant it was denied that he had made the specific charges alleged, but he contended that the plaintiff was an adventuress and a swindler. Not one of her statements was supported by independent testimony. She could not produce a document in support of her allegations save some passports with erased dates or otherwise defaced. Every person whom she alleged she met abroad was dead, and the Charity Organization Society had discovered that she had lived at hotels without paying her bills, taken an office in London and paid no rent, duped several eminent people, represented that she had been received by the Queen and Princess Beatrice, and so forth. Every one of the documents, too, from which she had quoted as from her father and mother and other relatives she refused to produce, stating always that she had destroyed them "on the previous evening." There was, indeed, nothing to substantiate her statements. Her story about Plevna was a fiction. Her so-called "brother" was, in fact, her own son, York Trenifide, and it could be proved that she had been delivered of a child at Dover, although she denied that. She had also lived with a man named Trenifide in Manchester, and her antecedents in other places had been traced, and witnesses were ready to prove her doings, although on these witnesses being asked to stand up in Court she had utterly denied ever having seen them. She also repudiated her own handwriting. On Friday the plaintiff did not put in an appearance at court, and it was stated that she was suffering from nervous hysteria, the case being, therefore, adjourned till yesterday, when her solicitor withdrew the suit. The jury at once returned a verdict for the defendant. Miss Wilberforce, who was in court, said she had been unfairly treated. Justice Field commanded her to be silent or leave the court. All the documents in the case were impounded by the court.

As the court at Bow-street was rising yesterday Miss Wilberforce appeared and asked protection from the magistrate, saying that she was the victim of a conspiracy. She was much agitated. The magistrate tried to calm her, but could give no assistance.

Bargains.

This is par excellence the season of bargains; the time when remnants and surplus stock must imperatively be cleared away to make room for the new things which are to come in with the fall. It is wiser to sell them at cost than to keep them over for another year, since the interest of the money must be counted to profit the loss, and so "reductions" are daily advertised, and trade keeps active in consequence. So it is, that she who has "bided her time" may pick and choose. A good deal of wear is yet to be had from a lawn or bunting bought now, and the dress will still be good to begin next year with. As to remnants, they are for sale everywhere at wonderfully low prices, and the fashions of the day make remnants of certain kinds always available. One can scarcely err in buying a few yards of any standard material or color, for use either with an old dress, or to be combined with something else, purchased later on. Jackets different from the skirt are certain to be worn during the fall and winter, and material for such with enough to match for skirt trimming, can not come amiss. Where there are children in the family, remnants are doubly useful, and dollars may be saved by careful investment in them. Sober, dark colors for school dresses, gay plaids for trimming; a yard or two of these last will serve to renovate a half-worn or lengthen an outgrown dress, and the smaller the remnant the lower the price. Odds and ends of ribbon for the hair, pieces of gingham for aprons, and, most desirable of all, remnants of muslins and other white goods that are soiled from handling, making much difference in the price, but which, when laundried, are as good as ever. It is an excellent plan to buy a number of these last, since white nainsook, Victoria, lawn, and check muslin are always useful and desirable to be kept on hand for aprons, ties, and for numberless other uses of all sorts.

An epidemic disease of a peculiarly deadly nature, which carries off cattle and horses by the thousand, and claims also its human victims yearly among the population of the capital, has made its appearance in more than one district of the provinces of St. Petersburg and Novgorod, and is spreading with alarming rapidity. Horses, which, after land, are the most valued property of the peasants, are dying by the score, and many cases of illness have occurred among the population of the infected villages. The local authorities are helpless, owing partly to the want of efficient doctors and veterinary surgeons, and partly to the fatalistic tendencies of the peasants, who, trusting all to Providence, refuse precaution and sell in the neighboring villages the skins of the beasts that have died of the disease.

GARDEN PARTIES IN LONDON.

The Brilliant Entertainments Given This Season at the Great Houses of London Aristocracy.

Garden parties says the London *World*, may be divided into two classes—those which are regular, and those which are exceptional, features in the London season. There is a certain number of hosts and hostesses who annually never fail to fling open their palaces and their pleasure-grounds for their friends in the brightest days of summer. Again, there are others who only do so at long intervals, or with a view of signalizing their position in a manner which is intended to carry with it a certain sense of dramatic surprise. One of the great entertainments of last month was Lady Wallace's "At Home" at Hertford house, Manchester square. London does not possess a more splendid residence, and the fact that it is only thrown open to the fashionable public at long intervals enhances the attractions of the festivals of which it is the scene. Lady Wallace's at home was a combination of the alfresco and the indoor entertainments. The guests wandered through galleries full of pictures and crowded with mediæval arms. They made the descent of a marble staircase, and found themselves at a refreshment buffet, one of the most remarkable dainties of which were tomato sandwiches concocted with consummate skill. Thence they passed out into a quadrangle, decorated with flower-beds, where the murmurs of splashing fountains were blended with the notes of Hungarian music. To this same order of entertainment belongs the fete given some six weeks since by the young Duke of St. James, who, a year ago, came unexpectedly into his vast property, and whose town house no one had suspected of being furnished with such a lawn. His noble relative, his predecessor in the title and the estates, had lived the life of a recluse, and probably not a half a dozen persons in London were aware that beyond the gloomy portals of the family mansion was there an inviting expanse of well-cultivated verdure. These are the garden parties which mark distinct epochs in the lives of those who give, and those who assist at them. They have an importance which is peculiarly their own, and, within certain limits, they have no competitors.

Garden parties like those at Holland house, at Holly lodge, and at Marlborough stand in a different category. They are annual events; they are expected by the fashionable world; they perform a service which no other social function can accomplish. They show the brilliant miscellany of London society in its most vast and varied aspects. The most exalted personages in the realm assist at them; the humblest competitors for social distinction are not excluded. The sovereign of these realms graced the gathering of the heir-apparent and her daughter-in-law the other day, and Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns was pleasantly conspicuous also amongst the guests. There are a freedom and elasticity in an entertainment given in the open air. Nobody asks whether some of the guests are or are not strickly eligible. Already there are several ladies who utilize the gardens of the squares in which they live as places for entertaining their friends. Such a summer as we are now experiencing inspires a hope that this example may be more extensively followed.

The garden-party at Marlborough house was quite as large as the assemblages of former years at Chiswick. Her Majesty looked in radiant health and spirits, and was surrounded by grandchildren in different stages. The Princess of Wales wore gray, the Crown Princess violet stamped velvet, and Princess Beatrice blue. Short dresses prevailed, and very short some of them were—more suited to a ten-mile stretch across country than a summer afternoon in a royal garden. One lady, in a tight jacket speckled over with flowers, and a skirt of white muslin fifteen inches off the ground, was neither more nor less than a caricature. But it is pleasanter to recall the memory of beauty rather than ugliness, and to turn from paint and vulgarity to Lady Dudley, in a lovely dress of mauve, with white lace, to the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Talbot, in a mediæval composition of brown satin and white; and Lady Hermione Duncombe, the incarnation of nymph-like beauty, in vestal white. There was also a lemon-tinted dress, with shaded parasol to match, which was refreshing to the looker-on, and most becoming to the wearer.

The crimson-velvet tents, gorgeous with gold embroidery, which the Prince of Wales brought from India, added to the *coup d'œil* at the garden-party, and these were not the only reminder of the Indian empire; for the gardens of Marlborough house, being surrounded by a terrace and wall, form a sort of basin, and on Thursday the temperature was as high as it is in Bombay. The result was that the queen was overcome by such an unusual state of the thermometer, and, feeling ill, her majesty caused general disappointment by leaving earlier than it was hoped she would.

Her Majesty the Queen honored Mme. Nilsson with the gracious distinction of retaining her quite ten minutes in a conversation, as I am informed, of the most flattering and condescending kind.

Women of Tangier.

The Moors are handsome men, haughty of feature, and with great dignity of carriage. The Arab women, of whom we met not so many, left their charms to the imagination. Though they were muffled up to the eyelids, showing only a strip of buff forehead, they generally turned aside their faces as we approached them. Their street costume was not elaborate—a voluminous linen mantle, apparently covering nothing but a wide-sleeved chemise reaching to the instep and caught at the waist. Their bare feet thrust into half-slippers, and their finger tips stained with henna. Some had only one eye visible. In the younger women, that one pensive black eye peering out from the snowy coifwas very piquant. The Hebrew maidens were not so avaricious of themselves, but let their beauty frankly blossom in doorways and at the upper casements. Many of the girls were as slender and graceful as vines. In their apparel they appeared to affect solid colors—blues, ochres, carmines, and olive greens. They have a beautiful national dress, which is worn only in private. The Jewesses of Tangier are famous for their eyes, teeth, and complexions, and for their figures in early maidenhood. At thirty-five they are shapeless old women,

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans—every thing."

Kissing.

Kissing, says an exchange, may be said to be like swimming. The kisser must abandon himself wholly to the business—close his eyes, as it were, and trust to the natural buoyancy of his body to recover himself after the ecstatic plunge. A girl takes to kissing as kittens to sport, with a natural aptitude for the quintessence of its delight. Under the tuition of any girl the most bashful youth soon learns the operation of the lips, and, once learned, the art is never lost. No rules can be given for the pursing or the placing of the lips. The suggestion that it might be practised before the mirror is not worth considering, as there is an intellectual process in the artistic development of a kiss which cannot be simulated or invoked save under the eye of the owner of the lips that invite and under the tender spell that transforms those same lips into the one object in all the world the lover yearns to taste. The sign of a right sort of a kiss is unmistakable. There is a mounting color in the cheek and a softer glitter in the eyes that tells the story with youth or maid. There is a theory that the moustache plays a leading part in the perfect kiss, but this must be a matter of option, as Byron—who was so fond of kisses that he longed to have all the kissable lips in the world made into one mouth that he might kiss it—had no moustache. Julius Cæsar, too, who dropped into kissing as a relaxation, had no beard. Indeed, the chronicles of kissing would probably show that the beardless gallants, whose kissing made the happiness of the queens of beauty of old, were none the less effective with lips that knew no beard.

THE PRINCESS STEPHANIE.

Her Ladies and Maids of Honor, and the Splendors of her Royal Castle.

From the ladies and maids of honor with which the crown princess has surrounded herself, one would suppose, says a correspondent, the golden age of intellect and literature was about to dawn. Sita, Countess Nostiz, the mistress of court ceremonies, is one of the most intellectual and highly cultivated ladies of the Bohemian nobility. Countess Marie Waldstein and Countess Franziska Palffy, the maids of honor, are so very highly accomplished and talented that they have never found any "affinity," intellectual or otherwise! One is an authoress. That is the fashion at court now since the Crown Prince Rudolf has written up fifteen days of his hunting life on the Danube, and his little sister, Archduchess Valerie, has composed a drama. The other maid of honor is an artist, and both belong to the most ancient and historical nobility of the land. One descended from the gallant Duke of Friedland Wallenstein, the father of Theckla, whose name is indissolubly joined with that of poor Max Piccolomini, her lover, who perished grasping the Swedish spears. The other noble lady descends from the lady of honor who stood beside the Empress Marie Theresa in that memorable hourn when the nation shouted: "Moriamor pro Rege nostro!" Yet the nobles shouted, and the imperial infant, afterwards Joseph II., whom the Empress held in her arms, wailed aloud his baby thanks, but only to the court lady did the empress confide the fact: "I pinched baby to make him squall."

The rooms occupied by Princess Stephanie in the royal castle on the Hradschin have been fitted up in superb style. Hangings of rose and blue satin, gold and creamy white draperies have changed the interior of the gray old kingly pile into a modern fairy realm. And the lovely summer castle of Ferdinand I., on the opposite bank of the Hirsch glen, above the river Moldan, is a bower of loveliness, fit resting-place for the fair young bride. To this place she and her ladies often come in the cool of the morning hours to wander along its broad piazzas or study the legendary history of Bohemia in the suberb gallery frescoed by Rubens and his pupils,

Here in this castle the imperial Rudolf II. spent the summer months with his favorites, Keppler and Denmark's proud son, the gay nobleman, Tycho Brahe. Here, in the arched ceilings of the entrance hall, is the window through which the great astronomers took many of their "observations." Down in the great city over the Eoden rose the towers of the Teyn, or court church, in which Tycho Brahe lies buried. On one of the walls of the gallery Rubens has immortalized the handsome bachelor trio, Rudolph II., Keppler, and Tycho Brahe. The latter stands with his right hand upon the emperor's chair. He is dressed in the brilliant court costume of that most courtly age. His left hand plays with his jewelled sword hilt. The young nobleman's pose is so carelessly graceful and nonchalant that one could never believe him to have been a distinguished savant. The group are watching the unveiling of a marble statue which Keppler, standing behind the emperor's chair, seems to be explaining.

A Nugget of Gold.

In the early days of the Dunolly goldfields, writes the author of "A Glance at Australia in 1880," two working miners named Oates and Deeson, after experiencing many vicissitudes of fortune, found themselves in the *argot* of their class, "dead-broke." Their credit was exhausted at the neighbouring store, and one of them was actually in want of bread. In sheer desperation they began digging for gold in a very unpromising locality. It seemed a very hopeless task; but the two men worked on steadily, standing close to one another. Deeson plied his pick in some hard bricklike clay around the roots of an old tree, breaking up fresh earth and tearing away the grass from the surface of the ground. He aimed a blow at the clear space between two branches of the roots; and the pick, instead of sinking into the ground, rebounded, as if it had struck upon quartz or granite. "Confound it," he exclaimed, "I've nearly broken my pick! I wish I had broken it, if it had only been over some nugget." A minute afterwards he called out to Oates and told him to come and see what "this" was. It was a mass of gold cropping several inches out of the ground, like a boulder on a hill. As each successive portion of the nugget was disclosed to view, the men were lost in amazement at its enormous size. It was over a foot in length, and nearly the same in breadth. The weight was so great that it was difficult for the two men to move it. However, by dint of great exertion, they succeeded in carrying it down the hill to Deeson's cottage, where they commenced to inspect their wonderful treasure. It was completely covered with black earth, and so tarnished in colour that an inexperienced person might have supposed it to be merely a mass of auriferous earth and stone. But its weight at once dispelled all doubt on that point, for it was more than twice as heavy a piece of iron of the same size. Great was the rejoicing amona Deeson's family. The wife piled up a huge fire, and Deeson placed the nugget on top, while the rest of the family stood around watching the operation of reducing the mass to the semblance of gold. All through the Friday night Deeson sat up before the fire, burning the quartz, which adhered to the nugget, and picking off all the dirt and *debris*. This was so rich that, on being washed in the puddling-machine, it yielded ten pounds weight of gold. Meanwhile Oates had procured a dray to convey the nugget to town; and on the Saturday morning the two men set off for Dunolly. They carried their treasure to the London Chartered Bank, where it was weighed and found to turn the scale at two thousand two hundred and sixty-eight ounces, or nearly two-hundredweight; and the sum of ten thousand pounds was placed to their credit in that institution.

Colors.

Word comes from Paris that red is this winter to rule supreme as piping and linings for suits and wraps, as bows, and in masses for bonnets. Worth has a velvet mania, and is making summer mantles of that material, warm as the weather in France is represented to be just now. So we may expect a velvet season this winter, with this beautiful fabric as the favorite trimming for silks and woollens, satins, brocades, and cloths. Plush will be less worn,—experience has proved it as perishable as beautiful,—but will doubtless hold its own. White will continue the festival color, but silks and soft woolens will, as last year, take the place of muslins—even young girls are forbidden mull and tarletane for full dress in winter. They say, however, that the exquisite open-work embroideries which have been worn this summer on so-called wash-dresses are to be used on Chinese and India silks and on India cashmeres. Nothing in the way of dress can exceed the beauty of the white dresses worn this summer by wealthy women, dresses one mass of dainty needlework, covered with lace or with no less costly cut work, Irish point, English embroidery in wheels and eyelets, or French woven-work, half lace, half embroidery. One of the most wonderful pieces of needle-work of the season was a hemstitched white mull, made to order for the daughter of a deceased millionaire in deep mourning for her father. The motive of the dress was taken from the mull ties, hemstitched in blocks, so much worn in mourning. The waist and sleeves were hemstitched from top to bottom in blocks like the ends of the ties which furnished the idea. The overskirt had the same blocking done twenty-eight inches deep. Two sashes, which were merely large hemstitched scarfs, and a hemstitched flounce at the foot of the skirt, completed a dress which occupied fifteen expert needlewomen for a week.

Lord Napier of Magdala is in London. His tenure of office as Governor of Gibraltar will expire in October, when, being 71, he will according to the present regulations, be compelled to retire from the army.

A Haytian Princess.

The lady was the Princess Soulouque, daughter of the Emperor Soulouque who was driven from his throne years ago and died in exile in Jamaica. Her face was a dead jet black, but the features were softly moulded, and, with a fine set of laughing teeth, made her appearance prepossessing. She wore a jaunty white turban hat with an immense cardinal red feather floating away behind like a ship's pennon. Her riding dress was of sky blue, very long, and trailing in the dust. Around her waist was a broad gold sash, and in her bosom she wore a sapphire brooch almost as large as a saucer. She was mounted on a Venezuelan horse about sixteen hands high, which was made a present to her father by the President of Venezuela. The horse was as remarkable as the woman on his back. He was a clear cream color all over the body, with long snow-white main and tail and most admirable shape. The lady's riding whip had a gold handle studded with precious stones, and the bridle chain was of solid silver. She wore leather yellow gloves with gauntlets extending as far as the elbow. Her voice had a tendency to falsetto and its tones were peculiarly entertaining to hear. The Princess, but no longer a Princess by the laws of the land, was educated in Europe and spoke four languages.

An Astonishing Fact.

A large proportion of the American people are to-day dying from the effects of Dyspepsia or disordered liver. The result of these diseases upon the masses of intelligent and valuable people is most alarming making life actually a burden instead of a pleasant existence of enjoyment and usefulness as it ought to be. There is no good reason for this, if you will only throw aside prejudice and skepticism, take the advice of Druggists and your friends, and try one bottle of Green's August Flower. Your speedy relief is certain. Millions of bottles of this medicine have been given away to try its virtues, with satisfactory results in every case. You can buy a sample bottle for 10 cents to try. Three doses will relieve the worst case. Positively sold by all Drugists on the Western continent.

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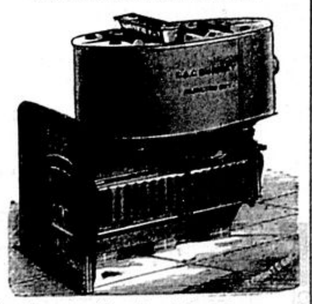

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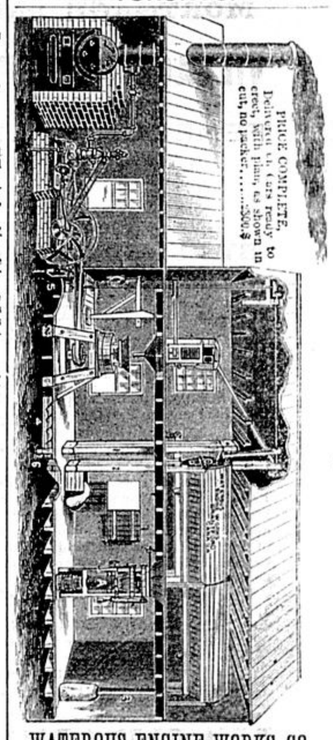

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