THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Still Harping on the Bustle.

The Princess of Wales recently appeared at a fete in London in a bustleless gown, and some two dozen leaders of fashion have since followed her example. The dress was not flat in the back, but was made to curve gracefully by the aid of two small reeds, the uppermost one placed about eight inches from the belt line.

Big Feet Look Best in Black.

When will women learn that big feet look their best in black? Not in shiny black, like patent leather, which naturally attracts the eye, but in dull black, like soft kid. They can wear lovely slippers or low shoes of this kind in the morning, and for evening a black satin one is always good form. A very high heel will not make a large foot look small. It simply puts it upon a pedestal, and the lookers-on have an opportunity to measure its length. A black velvet slipper can only be worn by Cinderella, and the foot of Cinderella must be slender, else the pile of the velvet will make it look thick. A large buckle is never desirable, except with a slender foot and very low instep; when there is a fine arch a small buckle or bow wants to be adhered to, so that the natural beauty may be shown to great advantage.—*Bab in New York Star.*

What the Connemara Cloak is Like.

A specimen of the Connemara cloak, which Mrs. Cornwallis West has lately introduced from its native bog into London society, was lately seen at a Narragansett hop. It is, when on its native heath, made from the finest black cashmere, but that worn by Mrs. O'Donnell over her bare shoulders and thrown aside at the ball-room doors, notes the Providence *Journal*, was of soft gray stuff. This cloak has hundreds of small plaits hung from a small, well-fitting shoulder-piece, the plaits being flat at the top and the fulness coming out over the skirts. The secret of its manufacture is in its home, Ireland, and the garment to be correct, like the one at the pier, must be imported.

Neither Has He.

Mother (returning home)—Well, how have the children been behaving while I've been away?

Father—O, they're cross and bad tempered.

Mother—Is that so? Well, where did they get their bad temper, I should like to know?

Father—I declare I can't tell. But I am sure their mother hasn't lost any of hers.

She Sized Up the Situation.

Dainty little maiden, prithee tell me why,
With all your winsome graces, Cupid goes you by?

Thus the little maiden: "Sir, I've always said,
Foolish is the lassie who will love or wed."

But, my little maiden, I am sore afraid,
Rue will be your flower if you stay a maid.

Then the little maiden dropped her modest eyes,
Said: "Good sir, the foolish wed, but who, alas is wise?"

Nine Women to One Man.

Probably there is nothing in any other part of our warring world just like the state of affairs described in a South American letter to the Boston *Transcript*, as indicated thus:

Nothing astonishes the visitor to Paraguay so much as the vast preponderence of the female over the male population. The proportion is something like nine to one. This is the result of a long and very fierce war, in which the Guaranians followed and supported a cruel and ambitious ruler through indescribable hardships and sufferings. This war ended only with the death of the man who waged it, and has reduced the whole population to about one-sixth of what it was twenty years ago, leaving only women and boys. These women are as beautiful and fair to look upon as can be found in any part of the world. They are of medium height, rather slight and lithe, with finely moulded limbs, small, pretty hands and feet, and figures of matchless grace and beauty that would serve for models of a sculptor's art. Their carriage is so easy and natural as to be almost the poetry of motion, for the freedom from high-heeled boots and tight clothing has left their step light, supple and strong. Their dress is of the simplest form; a short tunic or robe, not unlike a skirt, falling to below the knees, and a shoulder covering not unlike a shawl - both pure white and adorned with pretty native lace. They are gracefully worn, and bewitchingly serve to half reveal and half conceal the form beneath.

Latest Fashion Notes.

There is a decided revival of black toilettes in Paris.

Fashion says the bustle will be worn smaller or entirely discarded the coming season.

Ear-rings are no longer considered an essential part of a woman's toilette.

Two or three small scarf pins are worn by young ladies, thrust in the front or side of the high standing collars of English gowns.

Jet beads are being combined with stee and with crystal beads that are gold in the centre, in the passementerie, in preparation for autumn wear.

Black hats are worn with costumes of any color, a convenient fashion doing away with the necessity of so many different colored head coverings.

An exquisite costume for autumn is made in mahogany-colored wool, with long, full drapery, caught up on one side with heavy cord and tassels; collar, cuffs and epaulettes to match in passementerie.

Belts are more worn at this season than later, with heavy wool gowns. Some new designs in leather show *repousse* designs, like fish scales or fine ivory carving. Steel and oxidized chains around the waste confine the fullness of some makes of gowns.

He Struck it Rich.

Stone—Hello, Upson, old man, you're looking fine; you must have struck luck since I last saw you.

Downes—Yes, old boy; I've struck the boss fake; no more poverty for me, no more small salaries; I've written a book, and my fortune is made.

Downes—I'd like to know what you could write about.

Stone—Hush don't give it away; great snap; have written on "How to Live Comfortable on Ten Dollars a Week."

Stone—But you never could.

Downes—Nor any one else—that's why they all buy the book to find out.

Stone—H'm, yes—I see.

A TRAGIC LIFE HISTORY.

How Beautiful Minnie Wallace Fought to Prove Herself Innocent of Murder.

Perhaps not one out of the many persons who see a beautiful, dark-haired young lady pass through the corridors of the Grand Pacific every day would guess at the tragedy and romance that surround a period in her life history. And yet she has passed through scenes that would have placed the marks of care in the face and silver strands in the hair of a woman less brave. As she passes to and from the dining-room in the hotel every eye is turned towards her, and her coming is looked for again. Minnie Wallace is certainly very attractive. She is slight, graceful and well-formed, with hair black as midnight, soft, shining and with a tendency to wave and curl caressingly about her shapely neck. Her hazel eyes are large and honest, underneath eyebrows that are well-arched. Her features are regular, lips rich in color, gleaming teeth, shapely hands and feet and a smooth, white skin, with enough color in it to brighten up the whole face. In addition to all these personal charms she is wealthy.

Those who see Minnie Wallace now would never imagine that she was Minnie Wallace Walkup, the heroine of one of the most exciting murder trials which ever was recorded in the annals of the State of Kansas. She was born in New Orleans in 1869. Her father is J. E. Wallace, one of the leading lawyers of that city. She was reared in luxury, for her father always had a good practice and lived well. She attended school at the St. Louis Institute until she was 15 years old. At 16 she was married at Covington, Ky., to James R. Walkup, a very wealthy cattle dealer, of Emporia, Kan. Her husband was a well-preserved man, 52 years of age, quite tall, and of fine appearance. The marriage took place July 22nd, 1885, Minnie's mother being present. Minnie and her husband went to Emporia at once, where an elegant home was open to receive her. Her husband had been a widower and had two grown-up daughters and a son who was married and had children of his own. Yet the girlish bride was happy. It is true that in the course of the trial in which soon afterwards she took such a prominent part she testified that she did not love her husband, but added that she never loved any other and thought more of him than of any man she had ever met. Whatever happiness there was in this strange marriage was destined to be of short duration. On Aug. 22nd, just one month after the wedding, James R. Walkup died and the surrounding circumstances warranted the belief that death had been caused by arsenic poisoning. He had been sick for several days and had been nursed by his child-wife, which caused suspicion to fall on her. She was indicted by the grand jury, and in the following October the trial, which lasted several weeks and created interest all over the country, came off, when beautiful Minnie Wallace asserted her innocence and pleaded for her life. The prosecution was urged by her dead husband's two daughters, who, in the event of her conviction, would have profited largely in the division of their father's estate. Minnie knew no one in the town, and every one's hand was against her.

Not every one, for Hon. William Jay, another wealthy citizen of the place, became her champion and spent $4,000 in her defence. He had never known her, but he looked into her eyes and thought he saw only innocence there. It was proven that she bought arsenic a short time before her husband's death, but she claimed that it was purchased at his request. Druggists from Cairo and elsewhere proved that he had been for years a confirmed arsenic-eater, and then the tide of public sentiment began to turn in her favor. She showed that she had placed the arsenic in the drawer of a dressing-case and a servant had been bribed to hand the poison to her master. In his weak condition he did not correctly gauge the dose, and before anything could be done he was dead. The child-widow was placed on the witness stand, and when she told her story, a scene followed such as no court ever saw before. Crowds had gathered daily, and on this day there was not a dry eye in the court room. The jurymen, the lawyers, and even the judge wept, and the stenographer's eyes were blinded so that he could not see to write. The girl who had had but one friend to stand by her in her hour of trouble had now captured the hearts of all, and they were ready to swear that she was innocent of the heinous crime laid at her door. The verdict of acquittal was returned, and Minnie Wallace Walkup was a heroine.—*Chicago Times.*

New Wrinkle for Milkers.

Says *Farm and Home*: Some time ago there was an animated discussion in *Farm and Home* respecting the relative merits of wet and dry milking. The plan which I am going to describe is both and neither. The milker works mostly by drawing out the teats between his fingers, but "full-handed," as it is called. That is to say, he grasps the teats firmly, and squeezes out the milk by opening and shutting his hand without moving his position. When he can get no more, he takes from his breast pocket a bottle of glycerine, pours some in his hand, and quickly rubs it on the teats with his fingers. This glycerine treatment leaves the teats beautifully supple and tractable for the 'full-handed' process at the next sitting, quickly heals all sores, and keeps the udder and teats sound. It seems to make a perceptible increase to the yield. Will other milkers try it and report?

Wiping the Bishop's Mouth.

A lady, whose establishment was very small, invited Dr. Monck, the Bishop of Gloucester, to dinner. She engaged, for the occasion, the services of an old butler, who had retired and become a greengrocer, and of a boy who knew nothing of waiting. The boy was as nervous as he was ignorant, and annoyed the old butler by constantly asking for instructions, until at last the man, in a moment of impatience, said: "Stand behind the bishop's chair, and when his lordship takes a glass of wine take your napkin and wipe his mouth!" The boy took the jocose reply for a serious command. He stationed himself behind the bishop, waited until that dignitary had drunk a glass of wine, and then, as deliberately as nervousness would permit, wiped his lordship's mouth.—*London Society.*

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

It Has Been Discovered at Last With Reasonable Certainty.

"We have generally an announcement to make, but not often of so much importance as that of this day. It is the discovery of the Pool of Bethesda." So writes Mr. Walter Besant in the *Quarterly Statement*, issued by the Palestine Exploration Fund. He is jubilant, as all Palestine enthusiasts are likely to be, that a vexed question in regard to a site is apparently settled forever. Bethesda is mentioned only by the fourth Evangelist. In the fifth chapter of his gospel John says: "Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market (or gate) a pool which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches." The word translated "pool" in the authorized version is given by some authorities as "swimming bath," and the phrase "pool by the sheep market" is possibly better rendered "sheep pool." Eusebias explains the occasional red color of the water of this "sheep pool" as being a trace of the carcasses of sheep washed in it before sacrifice; hence the name. There are, according to the Evangelist, five porches, or porticoes, around the pool. These, Dr. Geikie thinks, charity built for the accommodation of sufferers. It seems to us, however, equally probable that they formed part of the original scheme for the bath. Five porticoes would seem to imply a pentagonal structure, but this is by no means essential. A rectangular pool with a portico on every side, divided by one across the middle, would answer the description. "Bethesda" (a Hebrew name which was very probably invented by St. John) may mean either "house of mercy" or "the place of the pouring forth" of water. At the northeast of modern Jerusalem, close to St. Stephen's Gate, stands the Church of St. Anne. At the time of the Crimean war it was a ruined mosque, but when the French came into possession of it they restored the church and handed it over to the Algerian monks. It is near this Church of St. Anne, and in connection with excavation made around it that the real Pool of Bethesda has recently been discovered by Herr Conrad Schick. There is a courtyard to the northwest of the church, which leads through a newly opened passage into another courtyard some fifty feet square. At the north of this latter courtyard there was at one time a small church. Beneath the floor of this sometime church are vaults, and through the floor of these vaults a cistern is reached, cut into the rock to a depth of 30 feet. The cistern is a portion of the original pool of Bethesda. There is still water in it, but it is difficult to say whence it comes. This, in brief, is Herr Schick's report of April 5th. Since then further excavations have been made, and he has prosecuted more extended inquiries. A twin pool has been discovered. Further examination will bring more details to light; but it may now fairly be assumed that the two pools, tanks or cisterns thus discovered really constituted the Pool of Bethesda, "having five porches," where Christ healed the paralytic of eight-and-thirty years' standing.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

It Made the Engineer Cry.

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer incidents happen to us," said the engineer. "I was running along one afternoon pretty lively when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the streets. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly, about twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl not more than 3 years old toddled on to the track. There was no way to save her; it was impossible to stop or even slack in that distance, as my train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over, and, after reversing and applying the brake, I shut my eyes; I didn't want to see any more. As we slowed down my fireman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I had stopped for, when he laughed and shouted at me, 'Jim, look here!' I looked and there was a great big black Newfoundland dog holding that little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny and kept on laughing, but I cried. I just couldn't help it. I have a little girl of my own at home."

No Divorce for Mrs. Langtry.

Your correspondent has definite news direct from the husband of Mrs. Langtry. A cousin of his is Hillary Langtry Bell, an artist now residing in this city. He says that all overtures on the part of Mrs. Langtry looking toward the husband's consent to a divorce have been repulsed anew. Langtry will not consent to a legal separation. "There is a home here in England for my wife whenever she chooses to come to it," Langtry is quoted by his cousin as saying, "although not so good a one as she is able to maintain in America. It was her ambition to cut a dash in the world that separated us. She has no ground on which to get a divorce from me, not even that of non-support, and I will contest any proceeding which she may bring. Neither will I consent to a proposition that I myself obtain a divorce, which I could do, but which would enable her to marry again in the United States. Therefore, I do not believe that there will be a divorce of any sort very soon."—*New York Correspondent.*

Curious Case of Seasickness.

The Albany *Journal* says: One night recently a young man boarded the Hudson River steamer for New York with his widowed mother, who had never travelled on water, of which she had a horror. The old lady's step became more and more tremulous as she approached the boat, and after some hesitancy and expression of her fears of seasickness, she was escorted aboard and safely deposited on one of the comfortable cushions in the main saloon. Her son then left her, and returning half an hour later, inquired how she felt. She answered: "I am deathly sick. Can't you do anything for me?" The son replied: "Mother, the boat has not yet left the dock." In imagination she had been tossing on the deep, but the son's reply cured her sickness.

Mr. Vanderbilt has taken Lansdowne House, in London, and will probably entertain next season.

Rev. Father Chiniquy is now in Montreal.

PLANS FOR KEEPING GRAPES.

How to Preserve Late Varieties at Small Expenditure.

There are a number of methods in use for keeping the late varieties of grapes so as to lengthen the season for this fruit. These methods all depend for their success on the same conditions. In the first place, it is desirable that the fruit shall retain its bloom, hence great care in handling it is necessary to prevent the branches coming in contact with each other. It is also necessary that imperfect or bruised berries be clipped from each bunch. Following are two simple but effective systems that may be utilized to advantage, whether the amount of fruit to be saved be large or small. Both plans admit of the free circulation of an even temperature around each bunch and prevent the same from rubbing against each other. The first method is to take new shoe or soap boxes, or any box of about the same size, and nail cleats on the inside of the ends or sides about one inch from the top, and between them bars at various distances, as required by the varying length of the bearing shoot cuttings. The bars are made by nailing a small strip on top of each. As late as possible, cut off the bearing shoots containing the bunches, with pruning shears, and shorten them so that they will go between the end of the box and the top part of the bar, resting on the bottom part, thus hanging their bunches in their natural position. By this method the boxes can be handled without shaking the shoots off the bars, carried to the light, each bunch examined as winter advances, decaying berries or bunches removed, and the best kept without any moldy taste, as is so common when they are packed solid.

The second plan is equally simple. All that is required are two or more iron or wooden hoops, two lengths of wire to every two hoops to hold them in position and some string, and the contrivance is complete. When hung up it is the easiest thing in the world to trim out decayed or useless berries; in fact, the stock of grapes can be kept in good condition without even shifting the contrivance at all.

For Sweet Home's Sake.

Mothers, wives, sisters! why that patient hopeless suffering, those pinched, melancholy faces that sadden home and cause anxiety to loved ones, while so potent and harmless a remedy as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can be obtained of your druggist? It is a panacea for all "female complaints," of marvellous efficacy and health-giving qualities. The debilitated, and sufferers from those excruciating periodical pains, "dragging down" feelings, back-ache and kindred female disorders, should use this certain remedy at once, and be restored to the blessings of health for home's sake. Of druggists.

A Sagacious Tramp.

Woman (to tramp)—If I give you a nice dinner will you help me put up some patent self-rolling window curtains?

Tramp—No, ma'am. I'll saw wood, carry in coal, or dig post holes, but I wouldn't help a woman on window curtains if she gave me a Delmonico spread.—*New York Sun.*

With Satisfaction.

Polson's Nerviline, the new and certain pain cure, is used with satisfaction in every instance. There is abundant reason for this, for it performs all that is claimed for it. Nerviline is a never-failing cure for cramps, pains in the side or back, lumbago, sore throat, chilblains, toothache. Nerviline is, in fact, a sure remedy for all pains, both internal and external. Try a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles only 25 cents, by all druggists and country dealers.

A Sprained Throat.

A little boy, whose father was a rather immoderate drinker of the moderate kind, one day sprained his wrist, and his mother utilized the whiskey in her husband's bottle by bathing the little fellow's wrist with it. After a while the pain began to abate, and the child surprised his mother by exclaiming, "Ma, has pa got a sprained throat?"

The Mistakes of Moses

and Ingersoll are common topics of conversation, but the mistake we wish to comment on here is the great one so many people labor under that consumption (which is really only Scrofula of the lungs) is an incurable disease, and that there is no hope for one suffering from it. This terrible malady that yearly fills so many graves, can be surely cured, if not too long neglected. Be wise in time, if you are afflicted with it, and arrest the undermining influence that is sapping your life-blood, and hurrying you to an untimely grave, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a remedy that never fails in its life-giving mission, if taken in time. All druggists.

A Close Observer.

An English editor asserts that he has noticed the growing popularity of the Royal Family in Ireland. That editor must be a very close observer to perceive such a small thing.

He is almost as observing as Mr. Spriggs' aunt.

"The days are growing longer," observed Mr. Spriggs to his family.

"Oh, yes, I have noticed it," interrupted the aunt.

"They are half a minute longer," added Spriggs in the same tone of voice.—*Texas Siftings.*

$500 Reward.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered, in good faith, a standing reward of $500 for a case of chronic nasal catarrh which they cannot cure. No matter how bad the disease has become, or of how many years' standing, it yields, in due time, to their skill. This famous remedy is sold by druggists at 50 cents.

A fugitive item says one of the wealthy passengers who recently sailed for Europe in a Cunard steamer wanted to arrange with the captain for the exclusive use of a lifeboat for his family, and "four sailors to row," in event of disaster!

"Yes," she said, "the waves in a storm remind me of our hired girls at home." "Hired girls, madam?" "Yes, they are such awful breakers."

HISTORY OF A WORD.

An Albany Paper Claims to Have Been the First to Use Telegram.

It seems incredible that it was only a little over forty years ago that the telegraph was invented and put in practical use. It may not be generally known that the Albany *Evening Journal* gave the word "telegram" to the world. In its files of April 6th, 1852, the following was printed, and from this paragraph was derived the word "telegram," now found in every dictionary:

A NEW WORD.—A friend desires us to give notice that he will ask leave at some convenient time to introduce a new word into the vocabulary. The object of this proposed innovation is to avoid the necessity, now existing, of using two words, for which there is very frequent occasion, where one will answer. It is telegram, instead of telegraphic dispatch or telegraphic communication. This word is formed according to the strictest laws of the language from which its root comes. Telegraph means to write from a distance. Telegram, the writing itself, executed from a distance. Monogram, logogram, etc., are words formed upon the same analogy and in good acceptation. Our friend, moreover, says that the House line, if disposed to be precise, should call their communications teletypes, as they are printed, not written. In a generous spirit of toleration he proposes no action upon the last suggestion; but as to everybody else, except the employers and customers of the House line, he would have them "held and firmly bound" to speak, write, print and telegraph telegram, instead of any two words signifying the same thing, under penalty of being considered verbose and tedious.

Got Too Big for the Cab.

Daniel Kenyon, the oldest engineer on the Erie Railroad, has been made a ticket collector at the Pavonia ferry house in Jersey City. He is 66 years old, and was an engineer since 1847. He was of slight build when he got his first engine. Several years ago he began to grow fat, and recently reached and passed the 300 pound mark. Then he was not able to squeeze into the cab of his engine and had to resign. The place he now occupies was made for him. While an engineer he had charge of the fastest train on the road. He never had an accident happen to any train in his care, and he travelled an average of 2,500 miles a month.

Cardinal Howard has recovered from his recent illness.

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WARNER'S SAFE CURE CURES

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Wholly unlike artificial systems.
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