

THE NEW YORK HERALD.

VOL XXXI

RICHMOND HILL THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1888.

WHOLE NO 1,573 NO. 14.

A ROGUE'S WEDDING.

A Winnipeg despatch says: A sensation on the street to-day was the illegal marriage performed between James W. McKee and Eliza Harriet Bettsworth, daughter of a respected C. P. R. employe working in the city. The man in question is James McKee, lately an employe of the C. P. R. ticket office in this city. Some weeks ago McKee visited McKee cultivated the acquaintance of Miss Bettsworth. Possessing a pleasing manner and a glib tongue, he succeeded in winning the girl's affections, and representing himself as a single man, though married, his attentions were reciprocated by the apparently unsuspecting girl. Matters went on until an offer of marriage was proposed and accepted, and McKee took her before a friend of his on August 2nd, and the rigmorale was gone through of pronouncing McKee and Bettsworth man and wife. No marriage license was produced, and the girl became suspicious. McKee, accompanied by Strachan, went to the office of Ponsessa, "issuer of marriage licenses," and there procured a proper form of marriage license, which set out in the usual way that James W. McKee and Eliza Harriet Bettsworth, spinster, aged 24 years, were licensed to become man and wife, etc. The rest of the blanks being filled out in the usual way by Mrs. Ponsessa, who has issued innumerable licenses "for better or for worse." McKee's bondman signed Charles Strong on the license, but was really W. R. Strachan. A man named Degan, employed in Golden's action rooms was the man who tied the nuptial knot. McKee drove to St. Boniface in a hack this morning and took the train south, so that he is now safe across the line. At Ponsessa's office he swore deliberately that he was a single man, and had the consent of his bride to the marriage, all of which it is unnecessary to characterize as false. Strachan and Degan have been placed under arrest.

THIRTEEN YEARS FOR EACH EYE.

Gouge Bohan sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. A New York despatch says: William Bohan, who gouged out his wife's eyes, was called upon to answer the second indictment against him yesterday. He had abandoned all idea of a defence after his conviction on the first indictment on Monday. He pleaded guilty. Judge Garrison then addressed the prisoner. He said: "Bohan, you have been convicted on two counts by an impartial jury. There is a horror attached to the crime with which you are charged, and that sends a chill through one. Your wife was a faithful woman. She has supported you, has filled your pocketbook and has almost impoverished herself in your interests. You are deserving of no mercy." There was an impressive hush in the courtroom, and every one present listened with eager ear for the sentence that was to follow. For the first time Bohan grew pale. He stood up in answer to the call of the clerk. He had nothing to say, and was sentenced to fourteen years and six months' imprisonment on the first count and twelve years and six months on the second count. When the prisoner heard the sentence his eyes filled with tears. He asked permission to see the sightless victim of his cruelty, and the judge led into an inner room, where they met. When she heard his step Mrs. Bohan reached out her arms expectantly. She gazed around uncertainly to find him. He was abashed at first, but finally threw his arms around her and bowed down completely. He sobbed upon her shoulder while she sought to console him. Bohan then turned over to his wife the deeds of his property. Bohan, after he had been locked up, in jail, stated that he firmly stated that the whole matter was an accident. He said he loved his wife and would not harm her. Warden Quinn searched him after his return to the jail, as there had been rumors that he would attempt to take his life.

A PARACHUTE ADVENTURE.

An Old Man's Perilous Ascent and Descent Hanging Head Down from a Balloon. A Kalamazoo, Mich., despatch says: A frightful scene was witnessed at Centreville, St. Joseph county, yesterday, on the fair grounds. The crowd had gathered to see Prof. Bartholomew make a balloon ascension. Everything was in readiness for the event, and the word had been given to the men holding the guy ropes to stand firm and let go quickly at a given signal. An old man named Mark Sanborn, of Burr Oak, was adjusted to the ropes and parachute, with which Bartholomew was to descend when the balloon started off, and one of the parachute ropes became entangled about Sanborn's leg above the knee, carrying him up 1,600 feet, head downwards. Sanborn struggled hard to get himself as he shot upward through the air, but to no avail. The crowd was horrified and all expected to see him fall to the earth and be crushed to pieces. After the balloon had reached its highest altitude it descended, landing Sanborn safely astride a tall fence, where he was killed by a scared than hurt, after one of the wild rides ever involuntarily taken by a human being. Bartholomew saw that he had a passenger trailing behind him as he went up, and told the unfortunate man to "hang on" and he would try to bring the balloon to land, which he did. Sanborn then said, "I wouldn't go up in that way again for all Centreville."

A Remarkable Dream.

A Mobile, Ala., despatch says: In the wreck at Hurricane Bayou, on the Mobile & Birmingham Road last June, several men were killed and the bodies of two young men who had ridden on the baggage car platform could not be identified. Yesterday Mrs. John L. Devine and Mrs. M. Morris, of New Orleans, visited the potters' field and had the bodies disinterred. Mrs. Devine recognized her son, Louis, and Mrs. Morris recognized her brother, John Murphy. Mrs. Devine recently had a remarkable dream, which resulted in the finding of the bodies.

An Old But Brave Baggage Agent.

A Boston, Mass., despatch says: Patrick Tracy, aged 60, for 16 years baggage agent of the Old Colony Railroad at Hyde Park Station, was killed to day while trying to save the life of Mrs. Mary Young, aged 69, of Starou, who had fallen in front of a train while crossing the track. Mrs. Young was injured in a probably fatal manner, and would have been fatally killed but for Tracy's action.

How They Do It in Kentucky.

An Erlanger (Ky.) despatch says: The Democratic barbecue here to-day was a stupendous affair. Fully 15,000 people were on the grounds. Judge W. E. Arthur presided at the meeting this afternoon when Speaker Charles S. Baker, Baskin and others spoke. Fifteen heads of cattle, forty sheep and 100 lambs were roasted for the feast.

Gossip of To-day.

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is about to publish a book entitled "The Cheque Book of the Book of Faith."

NONE HAS DARED TO ARREST HIM.

For Three Months a Murderer Has Wandered in the Adirondacks. A Jayville, N. Y., despatch says: In the Adirondack forest to-day roams a man whom the law dares not arrest. Charles Brown, a lumberman in winter, a guide in summer in the Saranac region, went into George Berkeley's hotel June 23rd. He asked for liquor, but it was refused him. When Berkeley came out, an hour later, a bullet from Brown's Winchester hit his head, and he fell. Berkeley sent him to his last reckoning. Shoudering his gun, the murderer, without saying good-by to his wife and children, plunged into the forest. Sheriff Dustin, of Franklin County, offered a reward of \$1,000 for his capture, and officers have been looking for him in every part of the woods. Three days ago Brown turned up here, ragged and desperate. A friend gave him food and shelter and kept his secret. To him Brown told the story of his wanderings.

MAJOR BARTELOTT'S EXPERIENCES.

Interesting Extracts From His Letter-Tippono Tib's Experiences—The Distinctive of the Expedition. A London cable says: Following are extracts from Major Bartelott's letter, which was addressed to Mr. Mackinnon, Chairman of the Emin Relief Committee: "I have the honor to report to you that we are about to make a move, though with far less numbers than I originally intended. Tippono Tib has at last, but with great reluctance, given us 400 men. I have also obtained from another Arab, called Muai Somali, 30 more carriers. We shall move not earlier than the month of June, and our forces will be as follows: Soudaynes, 22; rickas, 22; Galla, 110; rickas, 110; loads, 80; Manyema, 430; muskets, 300; loads, 380. The officers who are going are: Major Bartelott, in command; J. S. Jameson, second in command; W. Bonny and Sheikh Muni Somali, in command of the Manyema force. Sheikh Muni Somali is an Arab, of Kibuyoh, who volunteered to accompany the expedition as commander under one of the native contingents. My intentions on leaving this camp are to make my way along the same route as followed by Stanley. Should I get no tidings of him, I will proceed as far as Kavallo, and then if I hear nothing there to proceed to Kibero. If I can ascertain neither at Kavallo or Kibero his whereabouts, no matter how far it may be, I will endeavor to reach him. Should he be in a fix I will do my utmost to relieve him. I could neither at Kavallo or Kibero I can obtain tidings of him I shall go to Wadladi and ascertain from Emin Pasha, if he be there still, if he has any news of Stanley, also his own intentions as regards staying at Kavallo or Kibero. I will place myself and force at his disposal to act as his escort, proceeding by which it is most feasible, so long as it is not through Uganda, as in that event the Manyema would leave me, as I have promised Tippono Tib that they shall not go there, and that I will bring them back or send a white officer with them back to their own country by the shortest and quickest route on the completion of my object. This is always supposing Emin Pasha to be there and willing to come away. Rumor is always rife and is seldom correct. Concerning Stanley I can hear no news whatever, and I could not in that direction have been most strenuous. He is not dead, to the best of my belief and that of the Arabs. Concerning Tippono Tib I have nothing to say beyond that he has broken faith with me, and can only be expected from surrounding events and circumstances the cause of his unreasonable delay in supplying men and the paucity of the supply. This morning I had loads for Tippono Tib, and Muni Somali's men stacked, and Tippono Tib came down to see them. Prior to leaving orders he took exception to the loads and said they were too heavy. The heaviest was 45 pounds, and his men could not carry them. Two days before he had expressed his approbation of the weight of the same, and he refused to-day. The whole business has become thoroughly hateful to him, which his professed friendship for Stanley cannot even overcome. His treatment of us this morning showed that most thoroughly, but should he not act up to his contract, I hope it will be taken most seriously, and when it comes to the day of settling up, he has got us tightly fixed at present, but it should not always be so. The loads have been weighed and handed over, powder and caps issued to the Manyema force, and we are all ready to start, which will be to-morrow morning. I have told of all now that I can think of, but I would bring finally to your notice that Tippono Tib has broken his faith and contract with us. The man Muni Somali, I think, means business, and, therefore, I trust, all will be well."

SELKE'S ROMANTIC STORY.

He Rescues a Girl From a Watery Grave and is Left \$150,000. A New Haven, Conn., despatch says: A romantic story comes to light in this city. It is Charles W. Selke, 22 years of age, a mechanic. Selke tells the following: "Four years ago I was cook on a vessel bound to Boston, Mass. On the afternoon of September 22nd, 1884, we ran into the harbor of Newport. I left the ship about sundown for a trip in the city. I had been ashore but a short time, and was walking on the beach, when I saw a young girl jump or fall from a rowboat, 50 feet from the shore. I ran to the boat, and came near losing my own life in attempting to save her. I had swam ashore with her and laid her on the beach, when a gentleman came running down from one of the cottages. He was the girl's father, and had missed his daughter. He told her how I had rescued her, he asking my name and something about my condition in life. He took his daughter and myself to the cottage and placed \$1,000 in my hands. We sailed the next day. The gentleman gave me his name and New York residence, but asked me to promise never to tell his name. I promised. He invited me to call on him any time, as he would be glad to see me. I called on him in New York three or four times. He died in May last. I received a letter from the executor, who spoke the man 'Don't decline such a small gift as this.' The doctor accepted it. He it was that recently saved the life of a Brooklyn woman who had previously robbed him of his watch; and it is very likely that Jewell Popper has become wealthy since that time after reading the recently published item to that effect."

Some Noted Men.

Joseph Thomson, the plucky African explorer, is a Dumfriesshire Scotchman only 27 years old. The statue of William Penn which is to surmount the tower of Philadelphia's new City Hall will be the largest bronze figure ever cast, being thirty-seven feet in height. Hanson Craig, of Kentucky, claims to be the heaviest man in the world. He weighs 792 pounds, and it takes 37 yards of cloth to make him a suit of clothes. He weighed 206 pounds when he was 2 years old. His father weighed 115 pounds, and his mother 122.

A Long Street Car Line.

There is a street car line in Buenos Ayres, S.A., on which sleeping coaches are used. The line is about 200 m. long and horses are used in transportation. When a man goes a day's journey on the cars he takes a sleeper, each of which is provided with four folding bunks. The cars are about eighteen feet long. Horses are employed because they are plentiful. Fuel is scarce and consequently dear.

Love's Young Dream.

Emma (who had over \$20,000 a year of her own) Do you think, Fanny, that he loves me for my money? Fanny (who has had experience)—Yes, indeed! Of course he cannot marry you, money without you, and I really think you would as soon love you with it; and that is a very passionate sort of love—for a man.

Consolatory.

Wife (tenderly)—Do you love me as much as ever, John? Husband (affectionately)—Of course I do. More than ever, I should say. Wife (carelessly)—If I were to die would you marry again, darling? Husband (impatiently)—Oh! to what's the use of asking such foolish questions? Wait till you're dead first.

A Boomerang.

He (a new arrival at a country hotel, to unknown lady)—Aw—have you been long a captive in this—er—menagerie? She—You can hardly call me a captive; perhaps keeper would be better, for I am the wife of the showman and have to help feed the animals.—Bazar.

WORKING FOR FATHERLAND.

The Remarkable Growth of Berlin and the People's Great Patriotism. Under the heading of "New Berlin" a very interesting and peculiar article has been gathered by Prof. Paley, who contributed them as a feuilleton to the *Neue Freie Presse*. There are now, it seems, twenty-five public libraries in Berlin, with more than 100,000 volumes. Vienna's twenty-nine public squares are compared with forty-eight possessed by Berlin. Though Vienna has its Prater and Paris its Bois de Boulogne, Berlin surpasses both in area and value, its woods and lakes, villas and hunting lodges. The northern part of Berlin now lies close to the houses of Charlottenburg, the largest suburb. That city extends yearly more than 10,000,000 marks on the poor, and mendicants in the street are unknown. The citizens take pride in serving their city without reward. More than 12,000 of them are now working for the town gratis, while the number of paid officers is comparatively insignificant. More than half of the thirty-one magistrates who carry on the direction of affairs in the "red house" have no salary, though their office is no sinecure. The usefulness of the general well-being is the guaranty for the further development of the city. It is only four years ago that the Prussian Landtag voted 4,000,000 marks for the increase of the royal capital of Berlin. Several millions of marks have been recently voted for deepening the bed of the Spree and for improvements of the Upper Spree Canal, which will greatly facilitate the trade of the city. The city has enormous sums. The Ministerial Palace, though simple in style, holds luxurious and commodious interiors. Four monumental post-offices and the magnificent Polytechnic at the west end of the Thiergarten are the boast of the city. The new palace of the Reichstag in the Konigsplatz rising from its foundations, and in less than three years it will probably be the greatest ornament of the city. A striking illustration of the progress of Berlin is the almost unexampled increase of the students in the university, who numbered in 1857 only 1,200, and in 1884 were 10,000. The university of Berlin is the most frequented in the world; that of Vienna comes next. The number of professors is about 300. The pupils in the new Polytechnic number more than 1,200, and all the other schools are in a flourishing condition.—*London Daily News.*

Fresh From Vanity Fair.

Some charming models in children's head gear are just imported; they are Directors shapes in drawn velvet on silk and nothing more becoming could be devised. Scarlet of a yellow tint is pronounced bad, hence it will not be worn the coming season. The complexion of which children's complexion will stand upon trying color, although by right it is not of a child's color. Veronese red will be worn by children and also with more satisfactory results.

No Leveler Like Misfortune.

Robert Garrett is the richest patient in the records of lunacy. When you find the representative of \$10,000,000 in such a condition it certainly seems sensational. What an estate to go into the hands of a guardian? It may be remembered that Robert Garrett was holding a private conference with William H. Vanderbilt at the time that the latter was in Vanderbilt's office, and no one else was present when death seized one of these magnates of wealth, while the other gazed on the scene with horror. Garrett's mind soon afterwards began to fail, and various theories have been advanced as to the cause. It is well known that they were rivals for the western traffic, one representing the Baltimore & Ohio and the other the Central-Hudson. How strange that of these two contending capitalists the one should be resting in his tomb on Staten Island and the other in a state of mental collapse, which to him is little better than a living death. Who would have forecast such a fate? But the great have their share of misfortunes, as Shakespeare says: "Yes, like enough high-battled Caesar will find his happiness and things outward ever cast, but his inward quality after them. True enough, there is no leveler like misfortune, and the loss of reason is one of the greatest that fortune can inflict on the race."—*Macaulay Cor. Rochester Democrat.*

Something Like a Memory.

A writer in the *New York Times* says: "A most remarkable instance of memory has just come to my notice. Its possessor is a lady member of Dr. Howard Crosby's church in New York. Without having taken a single note, she will when she goes home write out every word of her pastor's sermon, and she tells me she never makes a mistake of a 'the' or an 'and'—that every sentence not only embodies his idea, but gives it in his exact language. For twenty-five years this lady has been performing these feats of memory, and during that time she has written out some 2,000 sermons. The manuscripts of some of them she has bound and presented to Dr. Crosby. They make forty large volumes."

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SAVED HER LOVER'S LIFE.

A Would-be Suicide's Bullet Checked by the Appearance of His Sweetheart. Miss Sylvester did not like to hit her lover, for they had spent many happy hours together, but he was only a poor clerk on a small salary and she was tired of penury. When Waldo Lynn, a rich old bachelor, proposed to him she accepted him, but she was very sorry afterwards for having been so hasty. The trouble was that young Christopher would not give her back her letters when she broke off the engagement, and she was very much afraid that he would show them to Mr. Lynn. Get these letters back she must, and this is the way she set about it. She had a friend on the same floor where her former lover boarded, and as luck would have it, his door was not locked on the day she called there, so she slipped stealthily into his room. The shame of herself, too, she had to consider. The letters were arranged for all about the place were arranged little presents she had worked for him during their engagement. Tears came to her eyes when she opened his desk and took out her letters, which had been labeled: "Letters from my darling Lillie," but she put them away in her pocket quickly. She walked softly to and fro over the carpet and looked at the room. How prettily he had framed her picture! How he had cared for her little presents! Had she driven him away? Where was his picture? Oh, there was his own photograph. "High-oh!" sighed Miss Sylvester. She took it in her hand. "How handsome he is!" she whispered. "How good he looks! I often think that Mr. Lynn really has a cruel expression. After all, what has his money but to me if he is miserly? He has such a close-shut, thin-lipped mouth. People are always mean with mouths like that, they say. Oh, dear; he's been writing a letter."

She picked up the portfolio and saw the words: "Dear Mother—When I wrote you last I told you how happy I was. To-night I sit down with an aching heart to tell you that it is all over. I believe my heart is broken. She has jilted me for a rich man, and I, I feel that I am, cannot even hate her. I will never see her again. I could not bear to give them. They are all I have left."

"No more had been written. "Am I crying?" asked Miss Sylvester of herself. She was, and bitterly. "Is that what he wanted the letters for?" she sobbed. "The 'I won't take them,' and she slipped them from her pocket, unlocked the desk, and replaced them in their box.

"At least I may leave him with that," she said. "I wish I wish I had never seen Mr. Lynn; and oh! how I wish I had never come here," she added, wiping her hands, as the horror of her position once more crept over her. It was growing dark; the going was ringing for dinner. What would happen next? The next thing that happened was this: "Some one came upstairs. The door opened and Mr. Christopher entered. Miss Sylvester had retreated to a closet, but it was dark enough to allow her to peep through a crevice. Mr. Christopher flung himself into his chair and uttered a great cry. Miss Sylvester peeped out a little further. He was, as well as she could see in the darkness, pulling his hair with both hands. Then he groaned again.

There was desperation in the tone, and it terrified Miss Sylvester to such a degree that she did not shut the door after he had lit the gas. Through the aperture between the door and the jamb she watched him closely; saw him stoop over his valises, open it, take forth several white articles and a blue one, and then stand erect, holding the white under the gas jet.

Evidently he was about to commit suicide, and forgetting all else save that his life was in danger, Miss Sylvester flew out of the closet and across the room, and clinging wildly to his arm, sobbed forth these words: "Oh, James, dear! I didn't know you loved me so truly. O, please forgive me! I hate Mr. Lynn; I hate him. I never cared for any one but you."

The pistol fell to the floor, and though Mr. Christopher might now, indeed, have had his revenge on the girl who had used him very badly, he only clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

However, the proprieties must be observed, and in five minutes more Miss Sylvester was outside of the street door. "Somebody must be unhappy in this world. This time it was Waldo Lynn. But bachelors of 40 are tough, and have too much experience to suffer greatly over a broken engagement. Besides, Miss Sylvester and Mr. Christopher were evidently intended for each other.—*St. Paul Globe.*

Quaint Items of Worth.

A man in Washington has just paid \$5 for the privilege of riding himself and neighbors of cats, and thinks he got at least a hundred times the worth of the money.

The oldest house in Davidson county, Tennessee—a log cabin roofed with the same material, and containing a hundred years old was accidentally burned one day last week.

A young Arab in Algeria has discovered in a hole in a rock Napoleons to the value of 500,000 francs. As soon as the discovery became known, a number of his fellows came down upon him and carried off the greater part of the spoil. Twenty arrests have been made.

The peculiar will of Henry R. Smith, San Francisco, "bequeathed" his property to his widow, stipulating that she should educate their son as a lawyer and have him taught the Chinese language. The Smiths faithfully carried out these provisions, and her son, who is now of age, can talk American law to celestials without effort.

Sir Andrew Lusk, who is a member of Dr. Donald Fraser's London congregation, had before him the other morning a couple of prisoners charged with picking pockets in St. Paul's Cathedral. He remarked that people who went to St. Paul's would require to "watch as well as pray." He sentenced the prisoners each to three months' imprisonment with hard labour.

Of Course He Had It. Doctor (in passage of car)—Is there a gentleman from Kentucky on board? "Yes, sir; I'm from Kentucky." "Well, there's an injured man in the baggage-car and he needs some liquor; let me have a little from your bottle, please."

A Proverb's Hidden Meaning.

Little Boy—Mamma, what does this mean: "Never judge a man by his clothes?" Mamma—Oh, it means that men haven't sense enough to select clothes, and it's always hit or miss with 'em. Women folks are the only ones that can be judged by their clothes.

NEW COSTUMES FOR BEAUTIES.

Some Visions of Loveliness in Frocks.

MRS. LANGTRY AND MRS. POTTER INVEST. A Paris correspondent cables that he interviewed Mrs. Langtry in Paris and asked her about the new dresses which she has gone there to obtain for her next season on this continent. "Are they pretty?" queried the correspondent.

"Pretty," echoed Mrs. Langtry. "Don't let me say—ask Worth. I call them frocks; he calls them creations. I think he is right. They are very elaborate. "He comes to me and says, 'I will make you one like this and another like that,' and I say, 'Oh, not another single one.' I then he persists and says, 'Just let me tempt you with this,' and he begins to explain and it sounds so nice that—well, I find another 'magnificent creation,' as he calls it, added to the list."

She has an idea of some of these 'creations,' please. Mrs. Langtry beamed, for where is the woman worth the name who does not discuss dress with gusto?

"Well," she replied, "I have from fifty to sixty new dresses to play. You may imagine, therefore, that it is no easy job to remember exactly each dress. Indeed, I have not seen them all, and a great many more 'creations' will be revealed to me next week in Paris. Among those I have seen so far these are the ones that have taken my fancy most. One is a *directoire* style of dress. The skirt is made of white and black embroidery, which is copied from designs in the Museum in Lyons.

Another remarkably beautiful costume is a ball dress. The bodice is white, contrasted with a sash like the Order of the Garter. I am to pin all my jewels on this sash. No. 3, to my mind, in point of loveliness is an orchid dress, quite a novelty. It was designed from lovely, rich orchids. 'Is most vaporous dress, as far as you can imagine, is made to imitate the delicate flower of pale Ophelia, darker in the centre, growing darker and darker at its ends. Let me see again. I have two dresses of a peculiar striped velvet made very simply, after the style worn in Gascogne by Mrs. Sidons in the National Gallery. One is old blue and pink, the other pale blue and white."

TEA GOWNS FOR STAGE WEAR. Tea gowns are the things nowadays, to my mind, for the stage. They give freedom of action and are very adaptable to stage surroundings. Felix has made the most lovely tea gowns. One particularly is remarkably pretty. It is in the Empire style. The skirt is embroidered with flowers and a deep jeweled belt goes round the waist. Another is a pale pink crepe de Chine. The train is attached to one shoulder and one hip. In another the back is of silver gray broad plush, and the front is of white and black tulle gauze, embroidered in silver, and the train is bordered with the darkest Russian sable.

For a coat I have a novelty. It is of chamois leather color, embroidered all over with gold and silver, opening over a waistcoat of silver fox fur.

MRS. POTTER, THE NEW YORK BEAUTY, is also in Paris, and she told the correspondent that when she lands in New York, at the end of this week, she will wear the latest description of fashionable costume in the gay capital. It will be a dress of russet brocade China crepe, which is of all her fancies the most unique and becoming. The bodice is of white silk, with a collar, made of black and white, and the skirt is short in front and made with irregular pleats on the side, which have no hems, the finish being raw edge of the material. The bodice, slightly pleated in the front and back pieces, is confined at the waist by an elastic cord, which is attached to loops to the bottom of the skirt. The neck is fastened with green China crepe, around which will be worn a voluminous scarf of the same green color and material. The most remarkable feature of this costume is the hair, which is rather Turkish in appearance, but have been named the Capnet. A hat of brown velvet, made high in front, with a low flat crown, will be worn with the costume.

Among the large dresses worn by Mrs. Worth has completed for Mrs. Potter is an evening gown of brocade gray silk, with a collar of white and black, and the skirt is short in front and made with irregular pleats on the side, which have no hems, the finish being raw edge of the material. The bodice, slightly pleated in the front and back pieces, is confined at the waist by an elastic cord, which is attached to loops to the bottom of the skirt. The neck is fastened with green China crepe, around which will be worn a voluminous scarf of the same green color and material. The most remarkable feature of this costume is the hair, which is rather Turkish in appearance, but have been named the Capnet. A hat of brown velvet, made high in front, with a low flat crown, will be worn with the costume.

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