All Gone

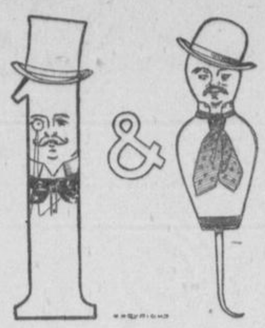
The $25.00 Parlor Suites are all sold out, but I will promise those who came too late that there will be lots in about two weeks.

Meanwhile I am running on a cheap Bedroom Suite at $12 that beats anything I have ever offered before. I have now only twelve of them and I can't replace them as I bought all the makers had.

At LORD'S

THE CHEAP FURNITURE MAN

Next Morrison's hotel, Brockville.



Admire our styles. Hats for everybody. New Fall and Winter stock. Our artist indicates that one and awl are well suited. Our patrons all say so. Head-gear for comfort. Brain coolers, thought stimulators. The latest Silk, Alpine and Derby Hats. Put a good roof on your head. It won't cost much. The hat gives a finish to the man. You know it is so, and we have just the color and size to suit you. All tastes and whims satisfied. Give us a look in.

CRAIG The Hatter and Furrier BROCKVILLE

Next to D. W. Downey's

3 STOCKS

Of Boots and Shoes to be cleared out to make room for Fall Goods.

AT

Brockville's Big One Cash Price Bargain Shoe House

D. W. DOWNEY

We have removed the Mowat and Johnston Bankrupt Stock and the Montreal Bankrupt Stock from the store lately occupied by Mowat and Johnston to our store, 184 King st. We have more Shoes than we know what to do with and now offer you our own stock at Bankrupt prices. $21,000.00 worth of first-class footwear to be sacrificed. Never before have the public been offered such a snap. So come early and secure all your money will buy. No better investment can you make. A little money will buy lots of Shoes.

Terms Strictly Cash.

D. W. DOWNEY

AGENT FOR BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS.

BROCKVILLE

Business College

SHORTHAND A SPECIALTY

Commercial Course Thorough

TERMS REASONABLE

Send for Illustrated Catalogue before deciding where you will go.

GAY & McCORD, Principals

Karey & Seymour

ARE FRIENDS TO THE

Farmer and Builder

They have the best Assortment of Hardware, Tinware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Calcimines, Glass, Silverware, Fishing Tackle, &c., in town, and prices to suit the times. The Daisy Churns—best in the market—always in stock and at lowest prices. Guns and ammunition of best quality. See them.

COAL OIL

Best Quality. Low Price

KARLEY BLOCK

ATHENS

JOHN LANE,

Main St., opposite Maley's Boot & Shoe Store

BROCKVILLE

Carries the LARGEST STOCK OF WATCHES of any house in town

His stock of Clocks, Jewelry, Diamonds, Spectacles, Etc., is complete in every department and

WILL BE SOLD RIGHT

Repairing by Skilled Workmen a Specialty.

Give him a call when wanting anything in his line.

LOCAL SUMMARY.

ATHENS AND NEIGHBORING LOCALITIES BRIEFLY WRITTEN UP.

Events as Seen by Our Entimt of the Pencil.—Local Announcements Boiled Right Down.

J. Betts, son of Rev. L. A. Betts, of Brockville, was elected in Prince Albert East, on Tuesday.

A new buggy and new cutter, both latest styles and first-class material, for sale at A. JAMES'.

Messrs. Mackay & Co., Toledo, this week announce a special sale that is worthy of the attention of all buyers. See bills.

The Brockville hunting party, consisting of Messrs. Howieson, Stagg, Haslip, Brownlow and Poulin, who were up the Gatineau, brought home sixteen deer.

Concerning Dr. Kitts' lecture the Winchester Press says: The lecturer appeared in Chinese costume and gave a graphic and eloquent description of life in the Flowery Kingdom.

On Monday evening of last week fire destroyed the planing mill at the Brockville asylum. It was owned by the contractors and the loss (about $2,500) was only partially covered by insurance.

Many of our readers will learn with regret of the death of Johnston Sheffield, of Soperton, which occurred at St. Vincent de Paul Hospital on Wednesday last. Mrs. Sheffield died a short time ago.

CASH.—$8000.00 worth of crockery china and glassware at Bankrupt prices. Sale continues for a short time only.—T. W. Dennis, Tea Store and China Hall, Brockville, Ont., nearly opposite the Revere house.

A Charleston Lake correspondent says: Mr. E. Duffield, of Athens, formerly of this place, is building a new house, barn and stable on his farm here. He has rented it to a gentleman in Greenbush who intends taking possession soon.

By announcement in this issue and by bills circulated this week it will be seen that J. H. McLaughlin is about to go out of mercantile business in Athens. He has a fine stock of seasonable goods and they should find a ready sale at the reduced price.

Mr. H. Bywater, editor Westport Mirror, was in Athens on Friday and favored the Reporter with a call. He is rushing work on his Christmas edition which will be published in about two weeks. It will contain a large number of fine photogravures and will no doubt meet with a ready sale.

On Wednesday evening Mr. R. Foster, of the Harbor View hotel, entertained a large number of his friends very pleasantly. The darkness of the night and the uncertainty of Hallow-een roads kept some of the invited guests at home, but all who were present report a very enjoyable time.

C. Donnelly, prop. of the popular and well-known Windsor Hotel, Alliston, Ont., was troubled for years with Itching Piles. He was persuaded by Jas. McGarvey, Alliston, livery man, to use Chase's Ointment, which he did, was cured, has had no return of them and highly recommended this Ointment as a sovereign cure for Piles.

And now the frisky footballer does kick the bounding sphere, and struggles in the scrimmage without a sense of fear. His hair is thick and long, all tangled in a mat. His eye is wreathed in mourning, his nose is beaten flat. His shins are scraped, his ribs stove in, his ears as big as eggs. And sundry strange nodosities are found upon his legs.

James Baldwin, charged with outraging a daughter of Jas. Hardy, a farmer living four miles from Alexandria Bay, was arrested last Thursday near Charleston Lake by Constable Northrop of the Bay who pursued him immediately after he fled to Canada. The prisoner accompanied the officer back to the United States without a kick.

A well known lawyer gives the following as the rights on the public highways in towns and cities: The streets belong to teams and vehicles and pedestrians have no more business upon them than the teams would have upon the walks. The crossings at the street corners belong to pedestrians who have right of way there by law, and against teams. Many drivers ignore the law, and dash over the crossings, endangering the lives of pedestrians, without thinking they are violating the law. No vehicle nor horse can within the law be driven rapidly over the crossing, nor can the driver obstruct the crossing.

Their Visit Ended.

From the Kingston Whig.

Dr. A. E. Bolton and wife reached the city yesterday from New York and are the guests of Dr. R. E. Sparks, University avenue. Dr. Bolton was a student at Queen's and later graduated in New York. For the past five years he has been a medical missionary among the Tsimpshean Indians located about Port Simpson, British Columbia, six hundred miles up the coast from Victoria. He is in charge of a Methodist hospital, an institution of great helpfulness and wherein many cures have been effected and from which blessings have flowed to the distressed for an area of several hundred miles. Along with another physician they have almost the entire northern part of British Columbia to themselves. Dr. Bolton heals the sick and offers salvation to the tribes who swarm that most westerly coast of our great Canadian possessions.

Dr. Bolton, a son of J. F. Bolton, a farmer near Newboro, Ont., is a clever Indian linguist, and his wife, a daughter of A. W. Blanchard, of Athens, Ont., is also studiously learning the tongue of the Tsimpsheans. Their duties are multitudinous, their supplies not as generous nor as plentiful as the work demands. But they are enthusiastic and are hoping for the time when larger missionary aid can be afforded and the blessings more widely distributed. Dr. Bolton and wife have been in attendance at the Methodist general conference and at the missionary gatherings of the boards and have placed their needs before the church. They are now enjoying a brief relaxation among friends and relatives.

On Friday Dr. Bolton and wife leave for Newboro to spend a few days and then hasten homeward, reaching Port Simpson early in December.

$10,000 private money to loan on real estate security. Apply to JOHN CAWLEY, opp. Reporter office, Athens.

A horse belonging to G. Latham, Leeds, while being ridden from the rear of the farm at a fast gait stumbled and fell, breaking its neck.

The last day of salmon fishing presented a combination of wind and rain that deterred many from venturing out, but the few who did go report good catches.

The mischief done here on Halloween was all of a very boyish character. Several things were moved out of place, but the spirit of destruction was no where manifested.

Rev. W. Sparling, Easton's Corners, has accepted the invitation to Dominion church, Ottawa. Conference will have to approve of the appointment before it can be made.

A writer of Mallorytown news says: Our new harness maker, Mr. Wiltsie, is doing a good business in his line of work, and is giving the best of satisfaction to his numerous patrons. He is a first class workman, and attends to his business, which is the main road to success in any calling.

The Criminal Code provides a penalty of $50 for dealers who sell pistols or air guns, or ammunition for the same, to persons under sixteen years of age. Dealers who sell such articles to any one, without making a record of the purchaser's name and some mark by which the weapons can be identified are liable to a fine of $25.

Heed the Warning.

The common and ever present warning of kidney trouble, back-ache and weakness in back, are quickly relieved by Dr. Chase's Pills. The original and only 25 cent Kidney-Liver Pills. When all other remedies fail, they cure.

Rural Deanery Meeting.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Chapter of the Rural Deanery of Leeds will be held at Athens, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 6th and 7th. Opening service will be held in Christ church on Tuesday, at 7 o'clock. Preacher—Rev. W. Moore, M.A., of Lyndhurst. The Holy Eucharist will be celebrated on Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock. Evensong at 7 o'clock, when addresses will be delivered by several of the clergy of the Chapter. Offertories will be taken up at each of the services. The business meetings of the Chapter will be held at the Rectory. The general public respectfully invited to all the services.

FAIRFAX.

Mr. Prichard Williams, in the years '92 and '93, made considerable money in hogs. Being an enterprising farmer, he resolved to test the matter a little stronger. He began with eleven brood sows. In the spring of '94 he had 104 pigs to look after, but, as many men had done before, he had fed the mothers of the pigs too well, so that in the end he saved only four pigs out of the lot. Nothing daunted, he tried again and now is feeding 84 as fine pigs as man could wish. No loss this time. Stock is about equally Berkshire and Yorkshire. His experience inclines him to think the Yorkshire should be kept poor until they get their growth, then feed high. They may be made to weigh six or seven hundred lbs. You may feed high until eight months old, then kill or sell, as after that high fed Yorkshires, with him, begin to loose the use of their limbs. He has sold about $300 worth of the stock. He feels no concern in the present drop in pork. He claims that hogs require the most thoughtful and careful attention of any animal on the farm, especially feeding. A novice will soon waste the price of a pig in feeding. He is sure to starve or cloy the hogs. If skilled labor pays anywhere, it does in the care of swine. They need dry, clean, warm sleeping rooms.

During the great drought of last summer Mr. and Mrs. Williams moved their 30 head dairy from the James McCormack, sr., farm where it now is, to their grazing farm along the flowed land and, as they termed it, camped out eight weeks, and there their cows kept up the flow without variation in that trying time. A. Williams has 300 bushels of mangels on 1 acre. He thinks they are much more profitable than turnips or carrots. You can feed all you wish of mangels and they will taint neither milk nor butter; also have more sugar than other roots. Clay will grow bigger and better mangels than black loam or sandy loam, because, he says, in the clay they can't send out side roots nor get so deep in the clay, as it hardens late in the season. They are compelled to grow smooth and mostly out of the ground. In the loam they branch more and grow deeper. To succeed, have the ground well prepared, then in the middle of spring work, if need be, stop a day and put your mangels in early. When an inch high, begin with the horse hoe. Williams intends to put in seven acres next spring.

Mr. Willie Ben Warren did Williams' threshing, and then, in a little over a day at the barn, ground 475 bushels of grain, (the wheat fine enough for porridge), being at the same rate he would if the grain had been drawn to his mill at Lansdowne. This, I think, is something new and a big accommodation to farmers wishing to feed their grain. One for Warren.

Mr. James McCormack, of Fairfax, has an apiary of 95 colonies and the yard and its belongings are worth going some distance to see. His bees are in fine condition. The flowed lands and their surrounding basswood supplied the bees with steady employment. I don't see how he got his apiary up so well, being alone on a small farm. He is a good farmer. Mr. McCormack has an ensilage cutter and grain crusher combined. He runs it with a horse power. He has a quantity of fine white comb honey which the family are using very freely on the table as "food and medicine." His hives are neat and pleasing.

Fairfax is truly a rich agricultural section. Among the wealthy farmers are Messrs. Landon, McDonalds (3 or 4), Donovans (3 or 4). All the above are wealthy, besides several other gentlemen of equal merit and worth. Fairfax P. O. is Welcombe.

Speaking of hogs, Mr. McCormack said he remembered helping his father in that line. Among a lot disposed of one sold on foot for $6; another they dressed and sold for $82.00 "cash down." Pork was $10.00 a 100 in that day.

25 Cents vs. Kidney Trouble.

For 2 years I was dosed, pilled and plastered for weak back, scalding urine and constipation, without benefit. One box of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills relieved, 3 boxes cured. R. J. Smith, Toronto.

A Leeds Boy Up West.

Whig: Ald. Hutchins, Winnipeg, is an old Leeds county boy, born thirty-nine years ago in Newboro. When a young man nineteen years of age he settled in Winnipeg. He is now one of the largest leather and harness dealers in the west. In addition to his proprietor of twelve large stores throughout the territories, is a heavy real estate owner in the city of Winnipeg, runs an extensive cattle ranch, is president of a large loan society and vice-president of "The Nor'-Wester," one of the daily papers in Winnipeg. For many years Mr. Hutchins has occupied a seat in the city council and is recognized as one of its most influential members. Before returning home he intends spending a couple of days at Newboro renewing acquaintances of by-gone days.

Lovely Winter Fashions.

The Winter or December number of "Toilettes" a name dear to the hearts of all ladies), has just been received; this issue closes up in glowing colors the 14th volume and the year 1894. It is a superb number, with over 172 elegant fashion illustrations, a large four page supplement in a soft-pleasing color, and an extra supplement of new sleeves, a short article on Ball and Evening costumes, of which this number contains a large assortment; the beginning of a dictionary of French words, with their pronunciation; besides well written articles on Paris and New York fashions. Although we understand this magazine has the largest circulation of any fashion journal in America, the low price charged for it is marvelous: 20 cents for a single copy, or $1.50 per year. It is sold by all news dealers. Published by Toilettes Publishing Co., 126 West 23rd St., N.Y. City.

Keep Cattle off the Highway.

Toronto News: Chief Justice Armour made a statement at Kingston yesterday that should be brought to the attention of every man in the Province who owns live stock. The statement was regarding the responsibility of such owners for damages caused by animals owned by them and was made in connection with a case before the court.

A man, who had been thrown from a buggy as result of a collision with a cow on a rural highway, brought action to recover damages against the township. The plaintiff was non-suited, the judge holding that the municipality was not liable but the owner of the cow was. Then his Lordship referred to the fact that a freight train had been derailed and three men killed in Northumberland county owing to a stray cow getting on the track and said that the owner of the animal in that case could be held answerable to the estates of the men killed.

Farmers had better, in view of this declaration, keep their cattle at home. A stray animal may at any time be the cause of a damage action that will take away the owner's farm.

SWEET BROWN EYES.

How They Were Made to Sparkle, Wink and Water.

The conductor knew the man in the rear seat, and when the tickets had all been punched sat down beside him. They rode in silence for some time. Then the man in the rear seat asked abruptly, "What's the matter?"

The conductor took his left leg off the right knee and crossed the right one over the left. "I keep thinking about a man that travels with me sometimes," he answered.

"What about him?"

"It's what he told me about his wife. She ran away, you know, and he's trying to find her. He says she's a pretty woman, with large, soft, brown eyes, and a sweet, tender mouth."

The woman in front of him had large, brown eyes, but they were hard and cold, and her mouth was very scornful.

"He asked me to be on the lookout for her."

The woman in front seemed to be counting the telegraph poles along the road.

"It breaks me all up when I see him, and he says, so sort of despairing, 'So, you haven't run across her yet, have you, old man?' and then it keeps running in my mind all the time what I am to say to say to the woman if I find her."

The woman in front moved uneasily, then tried to count the cattle in a pasture that they passed.

"What is it?" asked the man in the rear seat.

"You won't forget, now, will you?" he'll say, putting his hand on my shoulder. 'You're to give her my love, you know, and tell her that it has been hers all the time. Tell her that the other fellow may tire of her, but I never shall. Tell her that if she will come home she'll find me waiting for her, and trying to keep things the way she'd like to see them,' and then he'd clear his throat and turn away with that wistful look on his face.

"One time he told me to tell her that he was saving up to buy a new carpet for the sitting room, because she didn't like the blue one, and last time he said to tell her that he'd planted flower seeds, because he knew she loved a garden, and then he always tells me that I am to know her by those soft, brown eyes and sweet, pretty mouth."

"He's a fool," said the man in the rear seat, bluntly.

"Of course he is," assented the conductor, "though a smart fellow otherwise; but he's clear crazy on that point, for there never was a woman lived worth loving like that."

They were nearing a station and the conductor went out on the platform.

The man in the rear seat took up his newspaper and began to read.

A change had come over the face of the woman in front. She had a sweet, tender mouth, that was trembling with emotion, and she was vainly trying to see the landscape with a pair of soft brown eyes, suffused with tears.

Past as They Always Were.

Women grow more frivolous every day. Young ladies score housework and learn to embroider, to play the piano and to flirt, while their mothers are engaged in all the drudgery of the household. They eschew all useful reading, and prefer French novels to English classics. In selecting husbands they choose dandies with social graces rather than men with solid attainments. They are full of strange, whimsical notions peculiar to the age. Reader, this is a synopsis of the opinions of an English magazine writer of 1782 on the women of his time. They sound very much as if they were written by certain pessimists of to day. There is no new thing under the sun.—Boston Transcript.

THE CAPITAL OF CHINA.

QUEER SIGHTS AND STRANGE PEOPLE OF THE CITY OF PEKING.

Its Massive Walls Were Built Centuries Ago—Within Them the Empire's Business is Transacted—A City of Filth and Finery, Where the Emperor Lives.

Peking is perhaps one of the least known cities of the world. It is an immense city. It contains about 1,500,000, but these are scattered over an area of twenty-five square miles, and the people as a rule live in one-story houses. The city is surrounded by walls which were built hundreds of years ago, and which must have cost many millions of dollars. These walls are in good condition, with the exception of one or two places where the floods of last winter undermined them and carried parts of their facings away. The walls of Peking are sixty feet thick at the bottom. They would fill the average country road or city street, and they are as tall as a four-story house. They are so wide at the top that you could run three railroad trains side by side around them, and they are so solid that the cars would move more smoothly over these tracks than they do on the railway trunk lines of our own country. These walls are faced inside and out with bricks, and the space between is filled with earth and stones so rammed down that the ages have made the whole one solid mass. They are built, in fact, much like the great wall of China, and the bricks of the two are made almost exactly the same. I have before me a brick which I brought from the great wall. It weighs about twenty pounds, or as much as a two-year-old baby. It is blue-gray in color, and it is covered with patches of white lime mortar, just like those that I saw in the broken places of the walls of Peking.

In approaching Peking long before you get to the city, you see the immense towers which stand on the top of this wall over the gates which enter the city. They

STATE DEPARTMENT, PEKING.

rise nine stories above the wall, and they have roofs of blue tiles. They were used in the past as watch towers, and they have many port holes for cannon. There are thirteen gates which lead into the city, and the towers and the walls near these are plastered over with proclamations and bills much like a theatre bill-board. The gates of Peking are merely holes through this wall, and they are about as wide as the ordinary street and perhaps twenty feet high. They are lined with stone and are beautifully arched. They are closed at night with great door sheathed with iron, and they are paved with heavy slabs of stone. The walls of Peking are twenty-seven miles long, and the area which they enclose is irregular in shape, and consists of two big parallelograms. The one a the north is the real capital of China, for it contains the Tartar city, the great government departments, the foreign legations, and the imperial city, in which, surrounded by from 5,000 to 10,000 eunuchs, the emperor lives. The lower parallelogram joins the Tartar city. It has has half a dozen temples, including the Temple of Heaven, which was burned down not long ago, and which is now being rebuilt.

The Chinese city is where all the mercantile business of this great capital is done. It is cut up into narrow streets, and it is filled with all sorts of stores. It has markets of all kinds, and its fur market covers several acres.

The most interesting part of Peking, however, is the big Tartar city. It is the capital of one third of the population on the globe, and in it lives the son of heaven, the Emperor of China, to whom all his subjects must bend their knees. It contains the thousands of Manchu officials, the foreign legations, the government departments and all the paraphernalia of this queer Chinese court. It is the most interesting city on the face of the globe, and its sights really beggar description. From the walls the whole city looks like an immense orchard, with here and there one-story buildings shining out through the trees. In its centre there is a walled-off inclosure filled with massive buildings, roofed with yellow tiles. This is the imperial city, in the innermost parts of which is a brick pen inclosing several square miles, where the emperor lives, surrounded by eunuchs. He is perhaps the rarest bird in the whole Chinese aviary. He is kept apart from Chinese and foreigners, and you might live in Peking fifty years and not see him. He really knows nothing about his people or his surroundings, and he is a sort of a puppet who stands still or dances when his highest officials or the old empress dowager pulls the string.

No better idea of the condition of the government of China could be gotten than

EMPEROR OF CHINA.

by a trip through the Tartar city. It is one of the oldest towns in the world. It was founded more than a thousand years before Christ, and it has been the capital of millions for ages. It ought to be the greatest city on the face of the globe, but there is no spot more filthy and slimy and foul. The city knows nothing of modern improvements. It is cut up into wide streets, but the roads have no sidewalks, and the rude Chinese carts sink up to their hubs as they pass through the city. There are no water closets. The streets are the sewers, and the most degraded savage of our western plains has a greater regard for the exposure of his person than have these pig-tailed, silk-dressed, gaudy, fat Pekingese. The city has absolutely no sanitary improvements, and the street lamps are framework boxes backed with white paper, and they are seldom lighted except during full moon. It is absolutely unsafe to move about in the night-time without a lantern, if you wish to keep your feet clean, and you have to balance yourself during the day to keep out of the mud. All of the houses are of one story, and the government departments look more like broken-down barns than the offices of a great empire.

Peking is a most cosmopolitan city. We have in America only the Chinese of South China. These come from the hot countries at the southern part of the empire, and they are small and lean in comparison with the people of the north. They dress differently, and they have a different dialect and different habits and customs. Peking is frozen up for six months of the year, and you can have ice-sledging on the Peiho at Christmas. I found the people of every Chinese state different, and the dialects are as various as the languages of Europe. Here in Peking yet 2nd representatives of every Chinese State, and there are celestials from all the big cities. Tibet, Mongolia, Manchuria and parts of Afghanistan are all tributary to China, and the people of a half dozen religions jostle each other as they walk through the streets.

There is one gate in Peking which is always crowded with beggars, and up over the finest bridges in the city, of marble, has been given up entirely to lepers. It is full of the lame, the halt and the blind, and men with festering sores, women without eyes and women whose

MARION F. DRAWFORD.

Mr. Crawford describes in his Mr. Isaacs as having raised the dense cloud at such an opportune time in the Himalayas. A pen-and-ink sketch of Tennyson, a cast of the face of Keats, and numerous friends' faces lined the walls, which attracted the eye in turn and gave rise to a thousand musings. Dante, too, was there with his solemn nose and wreath, looking down as if contemplating the tortures for the wicked in his "Inferno." A quaint Venetian mirror hung above a comfortable old sofa, and a hundred nothings, which always add an indescribable charm, were massed in this room. The door windows opened upon a long veranda that is paved with blue tile and extends the entire length of the side of the house that overlooks the Mediterranean.

From this room we pass into the library. There was something about the large room which seemed to make it a proper and especial haunt for a novelist. The dark shadows and subdued light gave it a dreamy look, which was enhanced by the book cases that covered the walls and were crowded with nice-looking books, and from whose tops marble busts of great men looked down as if encouraging the occupants to deeds of valor. A large table stood in the centre. On it were writing materials and near it was a straight-backed mahogany writing chair. The windows also also opened upon the long veranda. From the library we walked again through the drawing-room to the dining-room. A well-polished mahogany table, surrounded by four chairs, one a high chair, a simple sideboard, and a life-sized photograph of Michael Angelo's "David" completed its contents. An air of cheerfulness was given to it by the great oriel window filled with green and golden leaves and a large bird cage with several canaries that seemed to be vying with each other in their songs.

The author's bedroom is upstairs. It is an ideal apartment, large and plainly furnished. The floor is covered with matting and a few Turkish rugs. A winding iron stairway, which scarcely took up as much room as a ladder but which presented a much more artistic appearance, was in one corner of the room. It evidently leads to the roof, as the house is only two stories high. The two large modern beds made me imagine myself back in America, as I had come to think that nothing but iron bedsteads were ever used in Italy. The servant awakened me from my revery by pointing to the pictures of the novelist's two pretty children. Joining this room was a smaller one, used for the nursery. We glanced into it, and then the servant conducted us downstairs.—Rome Cor. Chicago Times.

LEAN GIRLS' TROUBLES.

AND SOME OF THE WAYS IN WHICH THEY MAY BE OVERCOME.

The Pound of Flesh That Will Make Her Beautiful—How to Obtain It—Features, Expression, Hair, Complexion, all Changed.

The lack of a pound or two of flesh is often literally all that stands between a woman and her kingdom.

Embonpoint is, however, rarely deliberately courted by our women. For some mysterious reason, however scrawny she may be, the last thing one will succeed in doing is to persuade her that she needs more flesh!

So deep-rooted with us, so widespread, is this fear of becoming stout that it might almost be classed as a national anti-fat instinct.

Yet a little fat is a great beautifier. I recall more than one face that blossomed into unexpected beauty, as its owner took on flesh.

I went to school with a girl whose large acquiline nose was the bete noir of her childhood; but at about two and twenty she began to grow decidedly plump, and the objectionable member forthwith lost its beak-like aggressiveness; the backround afforded it by an ampler padding of flesh at the temples, by well-rounded cheeks and a slight doubling of the chin brought it into correct focus, making it a handsome feature.

The woman who seeks to become at once thin and clearer of complexion is attempting what is nigh an impossibility. The thinner one becomes, the duller, the more opaque grows the skin. Colorlessness is not fairness. It has been claimed by good authorities that for "every added pound of flesh the skin becomes a perceptible fraction lighter."

Corpulency is not desirable, but it is better to become a trifle over-plump, if thereby one preserves bloom and freshness.

The women of Europe in the middle and upper classes frequently retain their attractions of person well into old womanhood—but they generally grow plumper as they grow older. The beauty of la belle Americaine—and very beautiful she is for a brief season—is sadly ephemeral. At a little past middle life, while we retain the alert movements and the proportions of young womanhood, we wear faded, pinched furrowed, brownish-pale faces that would be put to shame by the countenance of a German grandam of 80.

Yankee women earlier than the women of and other country on the face of the globe are forced to combat with hairs and baldness. Other things being equal, the sluggish secretions that accompany fat will keep at bay these disfigurements.

A very beautiful girl, whose plumpness gave her untold mortification, finally set about reducing her size. She accomplished the attenuation of her full and sweeping proportions in an incredibly short space of time, but at what a sacrifice! Her glorious head of chestnut hair fell out, leaving but a few locks, her eyes lost their brilliancy and strength, and to a great extent their lashes; her once firmly arched rosy lips became not only pale and flabby, but the prey to a very obstinate sort of eczema; and instead of becoming more "graceful" this foolish girl, who had been by no means unwieldly, barely escaped losing the use of her legs altogether.

She was threatened with a very trying disease of the knee-pan, by which it detaches itself and slips down the leg! an affection commoner than is generally believed, and traceable often to innutrition and a collapse of the general system.

Devotion to gastronomy, laughter and plenty of sleep is said to be the prime promoter of plumpness. At any rate, the woman who proposes to train her flesh may well take her cue from the system of feeding and "passive exercise" now in vogue in the private "Nervines" frequented by the fashionable and wealthy. The patient in these nervines is compelled to gorge, as it were to make up for years of faulty alimentation.

"Digestives" that secure speedy and complete assimilation are taken with each meal and successfully intercept bilious disorders and uncomfortable sensations of repletion.

Usually, the menu is a restrictive one at first, consisting of little besides milk, which more than any other one food contains all that is essential to the making of blood, bone and fat, and eggs, which administer directly to the nerve and brain force. An egg and a glass of milk, alternately, every two hours, is the initial quantity often prescribed. Later on, a gallon of milk and a dozen eggs, in addition to such highly nutritive dainties as toasted bananas, pate de fois gras sandwiches, hot chocolate, whipped cream flummeries and a pound of tenderloin steak are disposed of daily with positive nonchalance by the woman who four or six months earlier had scarcely been able to make away with a glass of wine and a chicken's wing.

An excellent "digestive" is found in a powdered preparation called "diastoids." I have known several emaciated girls who sought plumper contours to take a spoonful of this powder in the "bumper gigantic" of milk they drank each day.

Coffee, tea, lemonade, condiments and toasts are partaken of sparingly; and the frequency with which meals come is a great item as directly after eating there is a tendency to inactivity which is in itself conductive to fat.

Massage takes the place of gymnastic and all violent sports for the spare girl who still must if she would have firm flesh and healthy pliant muscles give her body more all-round exercise than comes from walking, going up and down stairs lifting and reaching, sewing, writing, dressing and the like.

The kneading, the pounding, the squeezing and the pressures and incessant flexingi that make up an hour of massage insures pliancy and tone for each muscle and ligature and thus also quicken somewhat respiration, circulation and excretion.

The seeker after plumpness furthermore should take her daily airing in a carriage, and not on foot. If a carriage is out of question, an excellent substitute, for the country girl, at any rate, is found even in winter in plenty of fur robes and a well-cushioned arm-chair placed in a sequestered corner of the broad piazza. Here she may sit, filling up her lungs with oxygen, with perfect safety for an hour at a stretch. This stationary "constitutional" is quite as beneficial as the drive in a close carriage. I have heard that one of our society leaders, whose least word, act or caprice of toilet sets a precedent, has had a low board platform built and placed in the little yard at the back of her town house. On every sunny morning during the past winter the platform has been spread with skins; this beauty and social lawgiver, enveloped in a pelisse of fur and half hidden in the capacious embrace of a sleepy hollow arm chair, with footstool and Norwegian footmuff for her aristocratic little feet, has sunned and oxygenated herself without doffing peignoir!

Pneumatic Mail Delivery.

The pneumatic mail delivery system of London has 42 station, with a total length of 34 miles of tubes. Six engines of an aggregate of 216 horse-power constitute the power plant. In London the tubes are 2½ and 3 inch lead pipes, laid in cast-iron pipes for protection. The carriers used in 2½ inch tubes were but 1½ inches diameter, the remaining space being taken up by packing. Carriers are despatched singly. First, vacuum alone was used; later, vacuum and compressed air. The tubes used in the continental cities in Europe were wrought iron, the Paris tubes being 3½ inches diameter. There the carriers are despatched in trains of six to ten, propelled by a piston.

How Slate is Mined.

The manner in which slate is mined and cut up for purposes to which it is applied is a process that is known to only a few people in this country, its principal sources being in upper New England and eastern Pennsylvania. It is not taken out of shafts but is quarried out of big holes in the earth. Some time ago when the writer was at Bangor, Pa., he was invited to go down into one of these quarries, about 200 feet deep, and over hand on a rope, but he declined the invitation, as I think most inexperienced persons would do. The slate is blasted out in huge blocks and is hoisted out by steam and turned over to the men who know how to reduce it to the proper size. Huge blocks of it are taken in hand by these workmen, who cut a notch into one end of each piece. Then they take a chisel and a mallet, and they are so skillful in directing their blows that they can split the blocks of slate in almost any way they please. If you watch the slab on which one of them is working you will see a little hair line running through it, and presently the block will fall apart on either side of this mark. The workman will make this line go straight through the middle or to either corner just as he likes. I do not know just how he does it, but he invariably accomplishes what he sets out to do.

The smaller pieces thus produced are taken in hand by another set of men, who split them up into sheets of the proper thickness for roofing slate. This they do with a long bladed instrument about the shape of a putty knife, but many times larger, and if you saw them do it you would marvel how they got the sheets only one inch thick and split it thirty-two times. The usual number of divisions is sixteen. These sheets are taken and cut into squares by machinery.

Wherever there are slate quarries you will find a great many Welshmen, for the best slaters come from Wales. Boys follow the trade of their fathers, and there are whole families and settlements who know no other means of earning a living.—New York Advertiser.

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Fenelon Falls, April 6, '94.

I have suffered from piles for a long time and tried several articles recommended for this complaint, but none of them benefited me till I tried Chase's Ointment, which has completely cured me. MRS. JOHN GERRIE

R. Phillips, jun., Druggist, witness.

W. Goulding, commercial traveller, 130 Esther St., Toronto, suffered from itching piles for 15 years, one box Chase's cured him.

Geo. W. Morris of Morris Machine Co., Brantford, Ont., twenty years with blind and itching piles, used 20 different remedies without relief, Chase's cured. SOLD BY DEALERS OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE BY ADDRESSING EDMANSON, BATES & CO., 44 LOMBARD ST., TORONTO. PRICE 60 CENTS PER BOX.

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