

THE ADVERTISER.

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WHO SETS THE FASHIONS?

Who sets the fashions, I'd like to know,
For the little people beneath the snow?
And are they working a weary while,
To dress themselves in the latest style?

There's Mrs. Primrose, who used to be
The very picture of modesty.
Plain were her dresses, but now she goes
With crimps and trines and fur-bows.

And even Miss Buttercup puts on airs
Because the oo or in Vogue she wears;
And as for Dandelion, dear me!
A vaunter creature you ne'er will see.

When Mrs. Poppy—that dreadful flirt—
Was younger, she wore but one plain skirt;
But now I notice, with great surprise,
She's several patterns of largest size.

The Fuchsia sisters—those lovely belles!—
Improve their styles as the mode comes elix;
And though everybody is loud in their praise,
They ne'er depart from their modest ways.

And the Pansy family must have found
Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe under ground,
For in veivets and satins of every shade
Throughout the season they're all arrayed.

Pinks and Daisies and all the flowers
Change their fashions as we change ours;
And those who know them in olden days
Are mystified by their modern ways.

Who sets the fashions, I'd like to know,
For the little people beneath the snow?
And are they busy a weary while
Dressing themselves in the latest style?
—Josephine Edvard, in N. Y. Independent.

THE MAGIC WAND.

In the good old days of the city of
Wilmington, some seventy or eighty
years ago, there lived a couple in that
quaint little Quaker town by the name
of Vertz, better known as Dutch Dolly
and her husband.

Dutch Dolly had a truck patch
wherein she raised vegetables—peas,
radishes, potatoes and beans—supply-
ing the better part of the town with
such produce. Her husband was a tail-
or, and is described in the chronicles of
the town as sitting cross-legged on his
bench opposite to the window that looked
out on the stony street.

Dutch Dolly was a woman of much
importance of demeanor, and is de-
scribed as being the admiration of the
rising generation when, on a fair-day
or holiday, she appeared in "a black
velvet hood, a bodice of the same, a
petticoat of superior blue cloth, the
whole dress trimmed with gold-lace and
two rows of gold-fringe on the skirt."
But Tailor Vertz was as puny and in-
significant as his helpmate was large
and imposing. Dutch Dolly attended
to her husband's business, collected his
bills for him, and took such good care
of his money that the poor little fellow
was driven to many an odd shift to get
a stray cent or tip to buy him a pinch
of rappee or a small glass of strong
waters to comfort his inner man. One of
his means for gaining small contributions
was by telling fortunes, which he did
by the aid of astrology, knowing a
great many stars, from Aldebaran
downward. For those who consulted
him, chiefly, serving-maids and very
young girls, he drew mysterious signs
of the heavens, in which the sun, moon,
and stars were represented in miracu-
lous conjunction. But with all his
faults, with all his cloudy reputation
among the good folk, Tailor Vertz was
a merry, chippier little fellow, and,
though not entirely trustworthy, had
as bithe a heart as any in Wilmington.
He was a great favorite with the boys;
he could whistle as sweet as a robin,
he could sing numberless ballads and
songs in his queer piping voice; and
had a knack of whittling little trinkets
out of wood, which he sold, thus turn-
ing an odd penny from his young
friends.

There were two boy friends especial-
ly, Ned Springer and Billy Shallcross
by name, who were fond of loitering at
odd times in the dusty, musty little
shop. They looked upon the tailor as
one of the wisest of men, and would
listen by the hour to his stories of won-
derful adventures, of perils he had
escaped, of magic books he had read,
and of the wonders of his black-art, be-
lieving everything with the utmost
sincerity; for boys were much more
credulous than they are nowadays.
The little tailor delighted especially to
talk of his mysterious art, and often be-
wailed himself that he had never been
able to find a branch of witch-willow,
which had such properties that he
could with it tell wherever secret treas-
ure lay buried. He generally spoke of
this witch-willow in connection with
old Jan Judson's house.

Jan Judson was an old Swede of a
generation preceding that of which we
are speaking. So far as trustworthy
narratives tell of him, he appears to
have been only an eccentric, miserly
old bachelor. A very heavy thunder-
storm which passed over the region in
which Jan lived struck his house with
lightning, and it was burned to the
ground, all that was left being a tall
stone chimney and a pile of stones.
Whether it was the effect of the elec-
tricity, or merely the shock of losing
his property that affected the owner,
certain it is that the old Swede, though
rescued from the flames, died a day or
two after the accident. Of course the
occurrence gave rise to many weird
stories connected with old Jan Judson.
It was said that One had appeared to
him in fire and flame to carry him off
bodily, and all agreed that he had left
great wealth behind. Treasure-hunters
had dug in the cellar, and had turned
over the stones, but had found nothing;
or, if they had, had said nothing
about it.

One bright afternoon the two boys
entered the shop of Tailor Vertz, whom
they found sitting cross-legged on his
bench, with one finger touching his fore-
head, apparently sunk in deep medita-

tion—a position which he had assumed
when he heard the boys approaching.
He held up his hand to them to enjoin
silence, and they stood looking at him,
a little awe-struck and very much won-
dering. At last he roused himself, and,
looking cautiously, beckoned them to
draw near.

"I haf foundt it," said he, in a mys-
terious tone.

"Found what?"

"Hush!—de vitch-willow."

"The witch-willow?"

"Yes, de vitch-willow. I haf foundt
it town in de marsh. Look!" And he
drew forth a slender osier twig that he
had cut and peeled the day before.

"Then you'll be rich, won't you?"
said Ned Springer, excitedly. "All
you've got to do is to walk around and
to find treasure."

Tailor Vertz shook his head sadly.

"I haf foundt creat tings, but I lack
von tings."

"What's that?"

"Money. If I had von quarter of a
tollar, I vas all right. I must coot a
litttle hole into de vitch-willow, and
melt some silfer and bour into it, and
den it is magies."

"Why don't you get somebody to
lend you a quarter?" said Billy.

"Dat's vot I vants to do," said Tailor
Vertz. "Now I tells you vot I do.
To-morrow's Plack Imp's Night—"

"Black Imp's Night! what's that?"
interrupted Ned.

"Shust vait, and I tells you. To-
morrow's Plack Imp's Night, de fery
night de vitch-willow's able to findt de
moneys. Now I am fondt of you poys;
you lend me a quarter of a tollar to
melt and run in de hole I coots in de
vitch-willow, and I givs you de first lot
of moneys vot ve findt."

"But suppose you don't find any?"
said Ned, dubiously.

"Of course I findt some," said Tailor
Vertz, indignantly. "Didn't I tells
you I foundt a pranch of vitch-vil-
low?" Then, in a reproachful man-
ner: "I didn't tinks you wouldn't be-
lieve me—me, as always tell you de
trut'. Nefer mind, I goes to some-
body else and gets a quarter of a tollar;
somepodies as tinks I'm honest."

"Of course we think you're honest,"
spoke up Billy. "If I had a quarter of
a dollar I'd lend it to you. I've only
got a levy. How much have you got,
Ned?"

"Only a tip. Maybe I can get another
from Aunt Catherine, though."

"Very vells," said the little man,
climbing rather hastily back on the
bench, for he thought he heard his wife
coming—"very vells; put pring de
quarter-to-night, else I got it from some-
podies."

The boys were all excitement and in-
terest. They laid out so many plans
for the spending of their wealth—when
they should get it—and built so many
castles in the air, that they wound them-
selves up to a thorough pitch of enthu-
siasm. That night they brought the
tailor the quarter of a dollar. He pocket-
ed the money, made an appointment
with them for the next night to go
treasure-hunting, and, after they were
gone, melted some lead and poured it
into a hole in the willow wand for the
sake of appearances.

The next night the three met at a
paling fence at the foot of Stalco's
lot; the tailor brought his magic wand,
Billy Shallcross a lantern, and Ned
Springer a crowbar for turning over the
stones.

As the three walked along, Tailor
Vertz beguiled the way with stories of
the departed Swede, and how his ghost
haunted the ruins—how it was apt to
appear to treasure-hunters, laying its
grizzly hand upon them at the very
moment of finding the sought-for treasure,
until the hearts of his listeners quaked
with dread. Probably they would
willingly have sacrificed their hopes of
treasure and turned back, but neither of
them liked to propose such a measure.

The lantern cast a ghostly flitting light
on the fence posts and trees as they
walked along, and so drew near the
ruined house, the chimney of which
stood black against the sky.

"Now dere is von tings to re-
member," said Tailor Vertz, as they
stood on the shapeless pile of stones that
marked the ruin. He spoke im-
pressively. "Now dere is von tings to
remember. From de moment de stick
pevins to p'int, you musn't speak von
voird, for shoost as soon as you do—poof!
—de magies all goes out of de stick, de
silfer turns into lead, and de treasure
all melt like ice on a hot stove. If you
see a ghost, den mind, shoost don't pay
no notice to him, but go on vorkings,
and say nodings. Are you ready?"

"Suppose you take the crowbar, and
I'll hold the lantern," said Billy.

"No, I've carried it all the way, and
I'm tired," said Ned.

They both thought there was less
danger from the ghost to the one that
held the lantern than to the one that
had a hand on his buried treasure.
However, it was finally determined that
Ned should begin, and work until he
was tired, and then Billy should take a
turn. The tailor stepped forward,
holding the wand by the middle be-
tween his finger and thumb. In this
way the slightest movement of the fin-
gers would direct it. The boys watched
him with the most intense interest. The
willow wand moved slowly this way
and that, and finally pointed toward a
great beam that reached across the
chimney just over the fire-place, thus
indicating it as the place where a treas-
ure must be. The boys approached
cautiously, Billy holding the lantern,
and Ned firmly grasping the crowbar,
both wrought up to a high pitch of
nervous excitement, while the tailor
stood a little back from them. It was a
hopeless-looking piece of work for two
boys to remove such a beam, so im-
bedded in the stone and mortar, and
probably that was why the tailor had
selected it. Ned struck the crowbar

between the stones, just under the
beam, but it was a quarter of an hour's
job to loosen the first stone, which was
very large; but finally it came, and
then another. Then Ned, whose face
was beaded with perspiration, handed
the crowbar to Billy. By this time they
were beginning to regain their courage.
Billy examined the chimney carefully,
and seeing a stone looser than the rest,
just over the beam, determined to begin
the attack in that quarter; so he stuck
the crowbar between that stone and the
next, and began to prize. In the mean
time, Tailor Vertz had grown tired, and
determined to hasten matters; accord-
ingly, just as the stone was loosening,
he gave an unearthly groan.

"What's that?" cried Billy, and let
go of the crowbar. It fell clanking on
the stones, and with it fell the stone he
was loosening. The groan, and the
noise of the falling of the crowbar
and the stone, frightened Ned so that
he dropped the lantern; and the boys,
leaping over the pile of stones, fled up
the road like frightened deer, closely
followed by the tailor, who was scarce-
ly less frightened than they were. At
length they stopped, and stood, pant-
ing, about a hundred yards up the road.

"Ach! mein Himmel!" cried Tailor
Vertz, stamping his foot, "what you
speak for? You have shoipit all de
magie of de vitch-willow. Vy did you
not hold your tongue?"

"Did you hear that groan?" said
Billy, in an awful voice.

"It must have been the ghost," said
Ned. Then, in a very loud voice, "I
don't want the money, anyhow," cried
he.

"But you dropped father's lantern
back there."

"Well, you dropped my father's crow-
bar. It was you that scared me,
dropping it, so you ought to go back
for it."

Finally they concluded that all three
should go, for company's sake.

They approached the spot very cau-
tiously, the tailor, who had no further
reason for frightening them, encourag-
ing them to proceed, but himself keep-
ing a little back, as he was secretly
much afraid of ghosts. Luckily for
their fears, the candle in the lantern had
not gone out, but had burned as it fell,
guttering the tallow, and running it
over the glass of the lantern. Billy
picked it up, and the light flashed out
more brightly. Ned also picked up his
crowbar, and they turned to leave,
when Billy cast a glance at the hole
whence the stone he had been working
at had fallen.

"Stop," he cried, suddenly; "what's
this?"

"What's what?" said Ned.

"There's something in there."

"Dere? where?" said the tailor,
pressing forward.

They all three looked in the hole;
then Billy thrust in his hand, and drew
out a small wooden box. It was crum-
bling with dryrot, and without much ef-
fort he broke off the lid with his fingers.
The boys could scarcely believe their
eyes. Ned sprang from the ground and
gave a shout. The box was full of mon-
ey. They were chiefly copper coins
and small silver pieces; still, it was a
treasure to the boys.

All this time Tailor Vertz had been
standing with staring eyes and open
mouth. He was amazed, thunder-
struck, dumbfounded, that he, who had
been deceiving the boys with juggling
tricks, should have actually showed
them a real treasure. All of a sudden
it came over him with a rush that he
had deliberately led the boys to this
spot, and placed their very hands, as it
were, upon all this money. He felt as
though it had been taken from his own
pocket, and burst out in a sudden tor-
rent of words, scolding and stamping
his feet in such a way that the boys
stood amazed.

"What's the matter?" they cried.

"Vat's de matter?" shouted the
tailor, beating his breast—"vat's de
matter? Oh, Vertz! you fool! you
fool! Oh, if I'd only known it vas
dere!—if I'd only known it vas dere!
To go empty it out of my pockets into
yours! Bah! I might er had it all my-
self."

"But didn't you know it was there?
Didn't the witch-willow tell you so?"
said Billy.

"Vitch-willow! Oh, you yank! vat's
a vitch-willow but to fool such tunces as
you?"

"Then you were only fooling us,
were you?" said Billy.

The tailor began to cool down some-
what at that, and entered on a long ex-
planation, in which he got very much
involved.

"All very well," said Billy; "but tell
us now, up and down, fair and square,
did you know anything about the mon-
ey being there?"

The little tailor looked at him doubt-
fully for a while.

"Vell," said he, hesitatingly, "no-o,
I didn't, and dat's de trut'."

Both boys burst into a laugh.

"Well," said Billy, "share and share
alike anyhow; that's fair."

However, they deducted the quarter-
dollar from Tailor Vertz's share. Billy's
share was six dollars and twenty-three
cents, Ned's six dollars and twenty-two
cents, and Tailor Vertz's five dollars
and ninety-seven cents, with which he
expressed himself perfectly satisfied.

Forever after this adventure Dutch
Dolly's husband was more careful about
telling the boys of the mysteries of h
art; and when he would get on the sub-
ject, Billy was apt to slyly remind him
of the magic wand.—Howard Pyle, in
Harper's Young People.

—A correspondent of the New York
Tribune says that for colic in horses he
has used for years, and never known it
to fail, the following preparation: One
tablespoonful black pepper in one pint
of milk, and drench; it will afford im-
mediate relief.

Good Manners.

Good manners. That is a homely,
old-fashioned term. We rarely ever
hear it now. Young people are taught
style, address, how to bow elegantly
and enter a drawing-room gracefully,
often to the neglect of their manners.

From infancy they are allowed to be
on such familiar terms with their pa-
rents and superiors generally that they
grow up with a sad lack of reverence.
The distinctions of years, wisdom and
position are not perceived by them,
and they will carelessly or rudely ac-
cess a famous judge or a learned pro-
fessor, as if he were a playmate. The
veneration for age, so prevalent in
some eastern nations and frequently
inculcated in the Bible, is, in this age
and country, almost unknown.

At meals, you will often find that the
children are helped first; then the
older members of the family, and at
length the aged father or mother, who
has waited all this time in a silent
meekness and submission pitiful to be-
hold. Thus these little ones are taught
that they are of the greatest impor-
tance. They become impatient and
clamorous. Selfishness, irreverence,
boldness and a disregard for the
opinions, feelings and rights of others
are cultivated.

If you call upon a friend, her little
boy or girl will perhaps rush into the
parlor and, heedless of your presence,
interrupt the conversation with a child-
ish query or complaint, while the moth-
er turns from you to satisfy or console
her darling, even though she breaks off
your sentence in the midst. I have
seen a girl of fourteen go before an
elderly lady into a street car, and take
the only vacant seat. I have been
mortified to see boys and girls possess
themselves of every easy chair in a
room, leaving their elders to occupy the
more hard and unpleasant ones. They
were not so much to be blamed for this
as p tied. Their parents had neglected
to train them to feelings and habits of
reverence and respect.

Not long since I saw a party of four
seated in a street car. They were an
elderly lady, two young ladies and a
young gentleman. It was evidently a
mother, son, daughter and her female
friend. When they left the car the
young man assisted his sister and her
friend to alight and walked away with
them, chatting and laughing, while the
mother was allowed to get herself
out and hobble along behind as best she
could.

If instances like these were rare I
would not mention them; but they oc-
cur frequently and in small towns as
well as large ones. It is probably a
result of the reaction that has taken
place from the strict discipline and
severity of the past. A sad and bitter
memory of the privations and punish-
ments with which their own early days
were darkened induces many parents of
to-day to indulge their children to an
extreme and unwise degree; to put
upon them no restraint not absolutely
necessary.

I have seen a mother, who in child-
hood was forbidden sugar in any form,
place the sugar-bowl before her little
one of three years, saying: "There,
darling, eat all that you want." An-
other, whose little plate was supplied
with food utterly unpalatable to her,
and which, in obedience to the com-
mand of a stern father, she was com-
pelled to swallow, though she ran out
and ejected it immediately after, al-
ways consulted her children, even in
infancy, respecting their diet. "What
would you like to eat, my dear? Will
you have scalloped oysters, or a piece
of cake or mince pie?" The poor little
thing, of course, could not decide judi-
ciously, and, instead of being fed and
strengthened with plain, simple food
like oat-meal, milk, beef and fruit, its
appetite was perverted and digestion
impaired by improper delicacies. This
is only one way in which a lack of judi-
cious training and restraint is illustrat-
ed. The boys and girls of fifty years
ago used, at least in the little towns
and villages of New England, to bow
and curtsy to every one they met in
the street. Now they not seldom pass
their elders with a bold stare and loud,
"Hallo! old boy!"

We are sometimes told to be patient;
that as they grow older they will gradu-
ally lay aside their rude and disrespect-
ful ways. Probably; or at least they
will acquire more or less of tact and dis-
cernment to perceive that polite man-
ners and kind attentions to all are more
politic. But these will be so superficial
as to be easily penetrated by an acute
observer. Gentleness, kindness, a
thoughtful consideration for others and
respect and reverence for superiors,
should be cultivated in the child, else
we may look in vain for their presence
in the adult, except as they are assum-
ed for effect—to gain some specific or
selfish end. Some of the time now
spent in our schools would be more
profitably employed in training pupils,
not only in industrial acts, but in good
morals and good manners.—E. A.
Kingsbury, in the Woman's Journal.

—It is pretty generally known, says
the London *Chickoo*, that when Mr. Gil-
bert, the dramatist, and Mr. Burnand,
editor of *Funch*, meet in the same so-
cial sphere, there is apt to be not a little
exacerbation of feeling. The other
night, at a dinner-table, notwithstanding
their having been placed as far as
possible apart, on Mr. Gilbert making
some remark which created a laugh,
Mr. Burnand looked up and said:
"What was that, Gilbert? One of
those good things, I suppose, which
you send to *Funch*, but which never ap-
pear." To which Mr. Gilbert made the
retort: "Well, I don't know who sends
the 'good things,' but there is one
thing certain—they don't appear."

—Poor Car Brakes—Railroad smash-
ups.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Admiral Johnson, of the English
navy, has not seen the ocean or a ship
of war for the last forty years.

—Anna Dickinson's sister Susan is
going to deliver a course of parlor lec-
tures in Philadelphia on English litera-
ture.

—Planquette, the composer of "The
Chimes of Normandy" ("Les Cloches
de Corneville") is writing a new work
entitled "Rip Van Winkle," founded
on the American legend.

—When "Pickwick" was first pub-
lished in numbers it was for a time a
failure. Of 1,500 copies of each of the
first five parts sent to various parts of
Great Britain, there was an average
sale of fifty copies a part. It was only
after the introduction of Sam Weller
that the work became popular.

—There is a story current that the
late Mr. Carlyle was a terrible domestic
tyrant. At breakfast time he would
come down grumbling, and, glancing at
the well-spread board, declare the food
to be unfit for a dog. Mrs. Carlyle
thereupon would order the girl to take
the despised viands back to the kitchen.
Presently, when the philosopher was
beginning to grow desperately hungry,
his spouse would order the same dishes
to be brought back, which her husband
immediately proceeded to devour with
infinite relish and without any more ado.

—A young Italian painter, Signor
Carlo, who has just arrived in Paris,
has been astonishing a select circle of
spectators with some wonderful per-
formances in the way of rapid execution.
A member of the company chooses a
subject, and, without a moment's reflec-
tion, the painter proceeds to depict it
on a large canvas, six feet by three. In
four or five minutes the picture is finish-
ed and replete with details. Of course,
being produced at such a rate, the work
leaves much to be desired; but, as an
instance of lightning speed, combined
with a harmonious ensemble, it is sim-
ply marvelous.

—George Eliot was the most careful
and accurate of authors. In an article
in *Blackwood*, where her first reputation
was made, and with whose editor she
had the most cordial personal associa-
tions, it is mentioned that "her beau-
tifully written manuscript, free from blur
or erasure, and with every letter deli-
cately and distinctly finished, was only
the outward and visible sign of the in-
ward labor which she had taken to
work out her ideas. She had rarely
much to correct in her proof-sheets.
Her grasp of business was not less strik-
ing than her literary power; and her
shrewdness and foresight were such as
are seldom met with."

HUMOROUS.

—Some men are always trying to
begin at the top, unmindful of the fact
that it is all folly to shingle the house
until after the cellar has been dug.—
New Haven Register.

—Betsy and I are out,
(Twas the Deacon spoke
As the old mare snied,
And the axle broke.)
Betsy and I are out.—*Revised Pome.*

—A scientist named Mivart will
soon issue a work on the cat, "we" says
the *New Haven Register*. "He'd done that
already. It was a heavy copy of
Shakespeare's plays, and we issued it
from a third-story window, and it took
her right between the shoulders, and
we hope it broke her blamed back.—
Boston Post."

—A Hartford man sent a pair of
trousers to his tailor to be repaired.
The tailor found \$300 in a roll in his
pocket and returned it, receiving the
thanks of the owner therefor. When
we send a pair of trousers to our tailor
to be reconstructed, and he finds \$300
in the pocket and returns it, we always
tell him to keep the trousers for his
honesty, which is the best policy.—
Norristown Herald.

—A fine-haired young lady of Wheel-
ing went away from home some time
ago on a visit to a friend. She was a
flickety sort of a girl and was very
proper, indeed. At dinner on the day
of her arrival she ate very little. "Why,
Jane," said her friend, "you don't eat
anything. Take something else, please
do!" "Oh, no," she simpered, "thank
you; I never eat big messes away from
home." There was silence during the
rest of the meal.—*Steuenville Herald*.

—"Ma," said a Cass Avenue urchin
with dirt covered knuckles and a pocket
full of marbles, "is it wicked to play
marbles for keeps?" "Yes, my son, and
you must never do it." "Is it wicked
when you loose all the time?" "Yes,
just the same." "Is it wicked if you
win all the time and play with a boy
who says his mother says if she
had your feet she'd never go out except
after dark?" "I—I go and wash your
hands and get ready for supper!" was
the sharp reply, and the lad continued
to play for keeps.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Old Saws Re-Set.

A greedy man God hates. A great
mark is soonest hit. A hasty man
never wants woe. A honey tongue,
a heart of gall. A hungry man is an
angry man. A great ship must have
deep water. A great reputation is a
great charge. A guilty man needs no
accuser. A happy heart makes a happy
visage. A handful of trade is a
handful of gold. A jest driven
too far brings home hate. A
handsome man and a fool may
wear the same cap. A great man's
foolish sayings pass for wise ones. A
hand-saw is a good thing, but not to
shave with. A joke never gains an
enemy, but often loses a friend. A
joyful evening may follow a sorrowful
morning. A great man and a great
river are often ill neighbors. A hand-
ful of common sense is worth a bushel
of learning. A great man will not
trample on a worm, nor speak to an
Emperor.