THE ADVERTISER.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUSTY

THE PETTICOAT.

[Dedicated to the Clothing League for the Abolition of Petticoats.]

What is that thing which women wear,
All puffed and puckered everywhere,
All trimmed with curve and line and square?
The petticoat.

What must be pleated, tucked and frilled,
And fringed and ruffled, shirred and quilled,
Until our heads with aches are filled?
The petticoat.

What takes our time and strength and thought,
What is with endless trouble fraught,
And, more than all, is good for naught?
The petticoat.

When you on pleasure trip would go,
What fills you with unmingled woe
By making trunks to overflow?
The petticoat.

What is it switches 'round your feet,
And raises dust along the street,
That makes you own you're far from neat?
The petticoat.

What makes you hold it up with care
Whenever you go up a stair,
For fear there'll be a dreadful tear?
The petticoat.

What drags behind when you go down
The steps of cars, and makes men frown
Who want to hurry into town?
The petticoat.

What catches when you shut the door?
What lies upon the dusty floor?
What's in the way forever more?
The petticoat.

What is it makes your poor back ache,
And circumscribes each step you take,
Until you long such chains to break?
The petticoat.

What wears the blacking off the shoe?
What always needs a binding new,
And cleaning, brushing, sponging, too?
The petticoat.

What is it men would scorn to wear,
Knowing their health it would impair,
And hinder business everywhere?
The petticoat.

What is unfit for human use,
And still remains without excuse,
Deserving nothing but abuse?
The petticoat.

What must ere long step down and out,
Be put to everlasting rout,
And never more be seen about?
The petticoat.

—*Woman's Journal.*

A CHANCE INTRODUCTION.

Delayed by a railroad accident and compelled to remain over Christmas at Fordsville! Here was a predicament for an overworked reader for a popular magazine off for a hard-earned holiday!

What made it the more exasperating was that I happened to be on my way to visit some friends who had with them a young lady guest who had been described to me as such a paragon of loveliness and worth that I had quite settled it in my mind that she was destined to prove the "inexpressible she" whom I had hitherto sought in vain.

Fordville! Where had I heard the name before, and what association had I with the place? Diving deep into the recesses of my memory, I made the rather startling discovery that I had once actually had a correspondent in Fordville. It happened in this way:

A few months back a manuscript had been put into my hands for examination which as I at once perceived, was the venture of a very young lady, whom I subsequently discovered to be a certain Miss Nelly Temple. This fact was stated in a confidential note to the editor, the young authoress desiring that only her nom de plume (a sweetly sentimental one) should be given to the world. After reading her story, I had written to the young lady, and the contents of my letter I now found it rather irksome to recall. After a somewhat more lenient criticism of her manuscript than was usual, I had been compelled to write and decline the honor of its publication. I had chosen this task myself instead of intrusting it to the corresponding clerk, because I had an irresistible desire, which I hardly knew how to explain to myself, "to let her down gently" as the phrase is. The fact is, the little letter that had accompanied the story interested and pleased me in inverse ratio to the effect of the work itself. The letter was girlish, natural and frank, while the story was artificial, mawkish and dismal. All the hearts were mere shattered wrecks, and all the hopes desolate and unrequited. The heroine sighed and sobbed her way through from beginning to end, and the hero only appeared upon the scene to glare about him with orbs of consuming gloom and to discourse solely upon such subjects as wasted hearts and blighted hopes, in a basso-profundo voice. In the end, although no reasonable obstacle to their union appeared, they were ruthlessly torn asunder, and the authoress dropped her curtain over them like a black pall. It was execrable, and there was nothing to do but decline with thanks. This I did in a note unnecessarily apologetic and diffuse, which had the effect of procuring me another letter from the young authoress. It was a pretty little epistle, as the other had been, and interested me much in the same way. She asked for counsel and advice, and appealed with awed timidity to my wide literary experience. She told me that she desired to make literature her profession, it being necessary for her to support herself, though, like Dr. Johnson's man, she acknowledged that she had several other irons in the fire. I refrained from imitating his advice and telling her "to put this where the other irons were;" but I confessed that the witticism recurred to me with a startling fitness. Two or three more letters passed between us and then, though I had been really interested in the innocent young creature, I had, as it annoyed me to remember now, let the correspondence die out. It had left me, however, with a real curiosity as to her nature, experience and surroundings. It was strange that so very young a lady should have come to regard life as such a howling waste and the world so awfully hollow. Certainly I could imagine that she might prove rather melancholy company if her conversation and ideas resembled her heroine's, as of course they would. She was just the sort of writer to feel impelled to write an autobiography, and yet, though it seems paradoxical, while her heroine seemed to me the quintessence of dismal insipidity, I felt exhilarated by the thought that my Christmas at Fordville was to be enlivened by the acquaintance of Miss Temple.

It was too late to make any effort to find out the young lady that night, so after eating a very well prepared supper at the village inn, which proved to be as comfortable within as it was dilapidated without, I went to bed and slept soundly, waking next morning in a frame of mind Mark Tapley might have envied. A bright wood fire was crackling on the hearth as I walked to the window and drew aside the curtain. Outside the ground was covered with snow which had fallen during the night, and which now lay crisp and sparkling in the brilliant winter sunshine. I dressed hastily. The vital necessity of having a sleigh-ride at once presented itself, quickened by the sounds of bells coming and going swiftly over the country roads.

After doing justice to a deliciously cooked breakfast, I found my way to the front porch, where my host was walking up and down, enjoying his pipe. I had begun to question him as to the practicability of procuring a sleigh when the sound of merry laughter smote upon my ear, and at the same time a dazzling little creature with fluttering red ribbons appeared on the porch of the neat cottage across the way. She was a perfect little beauty, with a face from which the ideas of merriment and good humor was inseparable. The peal of laughter which I had heard had evidently been directed toward some one in the house, for she stood alone upon the porch holding a scarlet woolen comforter in her hand.

"Look, Uncle Davy," she called out in a sweet, gay voice; "I've finished your muffler at last—just in time for the snowy weather!"

Hid behind a wide old pillar, I listened with much interest, as the old man expressed his delighted thanks.

"But how am I to get it across to you?" the girl went on. "I know your rheumatism won't allow you to come for it, and the snow would be over my shoe-tops."

As the dilemma remained unsolved I stepped from my hiding-place and offered myself as Uncle Davy's messenger. Accordingly I descended the steps and crunching the untrodden snow beneath my feet, crossed over and approached the young lady. As I looked up at her I observed that though she was standing in the same attitude, holding the scarf in her hand, a marked change had come over her face, which now looked profoundly amazed.

As I approached her, however, she responded very prettily to my bow, and when I swept off my hat with flattering deferentialness and explained that Uncle Davy had intrusted me with the honored mission of bringing him his scarf, she handed it to me with a very becoming flush and smile, and thanked me with a demure courtesy.

I did not feel at all like turning my back upon her and returning to the vicinity of the old hotel, but there was nothing else to be done; so I replaced my hat and found my way over to Uncle Davy and delivered the scarf. The old man received his present with the greatest delight, and after vociferously shouting his thanks across the street, turned and entered the house for the purpose, as he explained, of exhibiting the scarlet trophy. As he vanished down the narrow hall, I heard him call out:

"Wife, where are you? Come and see the pretty present Miss Nelly Temple has sent me."

Miss Nelly Temple! Here was a surprise. I remembered now that I had heard him call her Miss Nelly, but I had been so engrossed at the time that the name had not struck me, and I had, for the moment, forgotten the existence of my melancholy young high-tragedy authoress. How could she possibly be identical with that piquant little beauty yonder? And I raised my eyes to draw the contrast, only to discover that she had disappeared.

I hesitated for a moment as to my course, but as I recalled the very grateful and admiring tone of her last letter to me, which had convinced me at the time of its receipt that she had put me on a pedestal along with Emerson, Holmes and Longfellow, I thought I might venture to take a decisive step; so, without more ado, I took my way again across the street, and, walking boldly up the steps, knocked at the door. As I did so I caught sight of some scarlet ribbons screened behind the muslin curtains of the window going on the porch, which now, however, quickly disappeared. Then I could hear, where I stood, a whispered conference in the hall, and then, in a minute more, the door was opened, not very wide, by a negress, who regarded me rather wrathfully as I said, composedly:

"I want to see Miss Nelly Temple, if you please."

"Well, you can't see her then, sah," was the prompt reply.

"Why not?" I asked, quietly.

"'Cause she says you'll have to excuse her. You can't see her," she repeated, with emphasis. It was clear that she resented my visit as an intrusion and felt called upon to protect her young mistress.

"But I am very anxious to see her," I said, urgently. "Take her my card."

I produced one and handed it to her. She looked at it doubtfully a moment, then took it from me with a jerky motion, saying, in an audible undertone:

"She ain' gwine come," and disappeared with it.

And now the notes of another voice smote upon me clear and low, but expressive of a subdued resentment.

"I don't care to see the card," it said. I cannot see the gentleman; he must excuse me."

Then there was a second's pause, during which, as I shrewdly expected, dignity gave way to curiosity and my card was examined. And sure enough, the next moment, litile Miss Dignity appeared before me, covered with blushes, holding my card.

"Are you really Mr. Julian Moore?" she said. "I beg your pardon, but I had no idea of it. You must have thought me rude."

Having assured her of my identity and called up in her bonny face a fresh phalanx of dimples, I followed her into the parlor.

"I thought it was some one stopping at the hotel whom I did not know, and felt almost frightened; and I was rude, I'm afraid. You have been so very kind about taking the time to answer my letters that I am ashamed to have given you such a reception."

She addressed me with so much awed respect that I experienced something of the sensation of a literary lion, for the first and probably the last time in my life, and set myself at once to the task of putting her at ease. I inquired about the story and expressed a deep anxiety as to its ultimate appearance in print, assuring her that it needed only a little thoughtful revision to make it a shining success, thereby undoing all my earnestly-laid plot to discourage her from writing more, which I had subtly introduced into my letters. I saw that she listened with delighted surprise, and I waxed more and more eloquent, expressing and certainly feeling ten times the emotion and enthusiasm that a talk with George Eliot would have inspired. It was delicious to call up such a happy light into those lovely eyes and such a confused pleasure to the sweet voice that responded to me. I was playing the idiot, but I had completely lost my head. After a long talk she explained, with much hesitation, that she would be obliged to get ready for church, as she played the organ and must not be late, and when I asked, feeling a strange timidity myself, whether I might be allowed to accompany her, she told me the church was several miles away and that an uncle and aunt who lived in the country would call for her in their rockaway.

"But wouldn't a sleigh do as well as a rockaway?" I asked, a delightful project suggesting itself. "Perhaps I might get a single sleigh and drive you out!"

She hesitated a moment, and I could see that the project delighted her. So I said no more, but returned to Uncle Davy and procured the use of a shabby little box on runners, with a steady little horse, and when I appeared at the door opposite I was soon joined by Miss Temple, who looked prettier than ever in a coquettish little fur muff and collar.

A few minutes later we were skimming over the country roads with hearts as light as air. I had forgotten my friends who were expecting me elsewhere—forgotten the brilliant young lady who had been good enough to express some interest in my coming. I had forgotten everything and everybody on earth, indeed, except the bewildering little being beside me.

"It was so kind of you to come with me," I said. "How can I ever thank you enough? It shows me what a generous and confiding nature you have, and you never shall regret it."

"Why, of course, I was delighted to come with you, Mr. Moore," she said, looking at me with wide, questioning eyes. "I am sure I ought to do everything you ask after all the valuable advice you have been kind enough to give me."

When we reached the church I could see that my appearance was perceived with great surprise by Nelly's young friends in the choir, which was increased by the fact of my joining in, brave and strong, in the music which Nelly accompanied and led. She praised my singing very highly afterward, and said my voice furnished just the support hers needed. What a happy day that was, and what a never-to-be-forgotten thing was our ride home.

I went over and spent that evening with Nelly, and she took me into her confidence and friendship in the sweetest way in the world. Of course she introduced me to her people, and I had to be inspected by them, but I soon found that they were all her willing slaves and her approval of me was the only guarantee they required. Indeed they were, one and all, so unconventional and unworldly that I felt a little uneasy at the thought of my dear little Nelly's being without a more capable protector, and not averse to assuming the position myself. I wrote to my friends and made some convenient excuse for not joining them and spent all my holiday in Fordville.

At my own request one evening Nelly brought out the familiar manuscript and we read it over together. I managed to keep down my irreverant laughter at its reiterated sighings and sobbings and complainings. Only once, in the principal love-scene, in which was reached the acme of its dismalness, I looked up at her, shyly, and said:

"Is this really your idea of love? Do you believe when two people are in love with each other that they go through all these dreadful tortures and suffer all these agonizing pangs?"

To my utter amazement, she replied by snatching the pages out of my hands and throwing them into the fire. As I sprang up in the vain endeavor to check her, I caught her two hands in mine, and having caught them, I held them.

"Let it burn," she said, turning her flushing face toward me; "I never knew how utterly silly and absurd it was before."

"And have you learned since?" I asked, still holding her hands and now forcing her to look at me. "Tell me, Nelly, who has taught you? You must not forget that you have chosen me for your critic and instructor, and if you'll let me teach you this one lesson, and will try to learn it faithfully, you will have reached such a state of mature development that you will need no more culture. Only learn what it is to love truly, and allow your teacher to select the object, and you will possess all the knowledge and cultivation he will ever require of you."

It came upon her very suddenly and a few preliminary exercises were necessary before she quite satisfied me as a pupil, but the giving those lessons was the greatest joy I had ever known, as the result of them was what I consider the finest success of my life. Uncle Davy was much surprised at the turn of affairs and a good deal puzzled at the preliminaries, or rather the lack of any such.

"Lor', I never dreamed of his being Miss Nelly's young man," he said to his wife.

"I wonder why he's never been to Fordville before," returned the good woman, meditatively.

"I asked him about that," said Uncle Davy, "but he kinder smiled and said that, though he had never been to Fordville before, he had for some time been in correspondence with the place, and that Miss Nelly was far from being a stranger. I suppose she met him when she was off on that visit last year and has been corresponding with him ever since."

This explanation was circulated throughout the town, as I intended it should be, and seemed to be entirely satisfactory. I had a bold plan of hurrying up the wedding when once I had secured Nelly's consent, and so successful did this prove that two months after that day on which I first made acquaintance with Fordville, Nelly and I were married there.

And to think that all this came about through that dismal story that Nelly and I have such laughs over now!

Well, let those who may, climb to the loftiest heights of literary eminence, I shall not grudge them their success. Being a rather overworked and underpaid reader for a magazine may not be considered the pinnacle of literary glory, but it has been the means of winning me a treasure which I would not exchange for the fame of Shakspeare.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Boys Will Be Boys.

An exchange says a boy will tramp two hundred and forty-seven miles in one day on a rabbit hunt and be limber in the evening; when, if you ask him to go across the street and borrow Jones' two-inch augur he will be as stiff as a meat-block. Of course, he will. And he will go swimming all day and stay in the water three hours at a time and splash and dive and paddle and puff, and next morning he will feel that an unmeasured insult has been offered him when he is told by his mother to wash his face carefully so as not to leave the score of the ebb and flow so plain to be seen under the gills. And he'll wander around a dry creek bed all afternoon piling up a pebble fort and nearly die off when his big sister wants him to please pick up a basket of chips for the parlor stove. And he'll spend the biggest part of the day trying to corner a stray mule or a bald-backed horse for a ride, and feel that all life's charms have fled when it comes time to drive the cows home. And he'll turn a ten-acre lot upside down for ten inches of angle-worms, and wish for the voiceless tomb when the garden demands his attention. But all the same, when you want a friend who will stand by you and sympathize with you and be true to you in all kinds of weather, enlist one of those same boys.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

How Leather Scraps Are Utilized.

Every little scrap of leather that flies from the cutters' knives in the Auburn shoe shops is saved, and either goes into leather-board, shoe heels or grease. Who says this isn't an economical age? About two months ago a factory was started for making shoe heels in Auburn. They now have about twenty-five hands at work, and are making about 120 cases of heels per day, or about 15,000 heels. The heels are made entirely of small scraps of upper leather. The scraps are first cut into the right shape by dies. They are then packed and sent to Chelsea, Mass., where the oil is extracted from them by a secret process. They come back dry, and are then pasted together in wooden heel molds. The grease is extracted in order that the heels may be burnished. They take as nice a polish as a genuine sole leather heel. All the pieces that will not go into the heels are tried out, and the firm gets two or three barrels of grease per week from this source. It is used again for leather dressing. The firm is endeavoring to obtain possession of the naptha process of extracting the oil from the whole pieces, and thus save the expense of shipping to Massachusetts. Their heels are largely used in Auburn, and sell at $1.30 to $2.40 per case.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

—Scotch Toast.—Take four slices of bread half an inch thick; toast and butter well; remove the crust and spread over them some anchovy paste; lay them one on the other, pour over them thick melted butter made with milk, send to table very hot.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—Lewiston, Me., manufactures 1,500,000 bobbins valued at $100,000, every year.

—A wire 400 feet long can be made from one grain of silver. Such a wire is finer than human hair.

—It is calculated that £5,000,000,000 of gold and silver have been extracted from the earth since the discovery of gold mines in California.

—Recently there was cut out of one log at Orange, Texas, fifty-nine ties, containing 1,888 feet, and 787 feet of boxing, making a total of 2,675 feet, all heart.

—In Holyoke, Mass., are twenty-five mills, with $6,000,000 capital, and employing 3,500 men engaged in making writing paper. Their product is 150 tons a day, more than one-half of the entire American production of writing papers.

—A patent recently granted in Vienna and Berlin uses bands of steel, which is tempered and hardened, to transmit motion from one pulley to the other, the faces of the pulleys being turned perfectly flat and then faced with a varnish of rosin, shellac and asphalt.

—The number of varieties of insects is vastly greater than that of all other living creatures. The oak supports 450 species of insects, and 200 are found in the pine. Humboldt, in 1849, caculated that between 150,000 and 170,000 specimens were preserved in collections, but recent estimates place the present number at about 750,000 species.

—Among the statements called out by the recent Tariff Convention at Chicago was one to the effect that if the planting of vines in California continues at the present rate for half a century, the grape and wine supply from this source will be not less than four times the quantity produced by France fifty years ago. It has long been predicted that California would owe her title of "Golden" to the products of her fields rather than her mines.

—In a recent article in the *Contemporary Review*, Dr. M. G. Mulhall gives some interesting facts regarding the average wealth of the British people. He estimates that since 1860 the British people have built 1,500,000 new houses, have rebuilt or replaced 800,000 old ones, and are 50 per cent. better lodged than in 1860. The average rent of each house is £43 per annum in London, £15 in the rest of England, nearly £15 in Scotland, and a little under £4 in Ireland. He finds that each inhabitant was worth £180 in 1860, nearly £220 in 1870, and about £250 in 1880. The ratio of paupers was 4 per cent. in 1870, and 3 per cent in 1880.

—The hard, black German slate pencil has been superseded of late years by the round white pencil of clay slate. At the quarry near Castleton, Vt, about thirty-five workmen produce 50,000 pencils daily, and it is proposed to increase the daily output to 100,000. The blocks when quarried are sawed into pieces seven by twelve inches, split to a thickness of a half inch and smoothed by a planer. The block is passed under a semi-circular knife, and, after having been turned over, the process is repeated. The result is 50 7-inch pencils. A particle of quartz in the block would break all the pencils. They are pointed by a grindstone, turned, assorted, and sent to market in boxes of a hundred.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—It is exceedingly unkind to tell a man who has just recovered from a severe case of small-pox that he should go to a joiner and have his face planed.—*Andrews' Queen.*

—There are three prominent phases of a woman's life all visibly connected. As a baby, she's lugged. As a young woman, she's hugged. As a wife, she's humbugged.—*Western Waif.*

—The "sweetest thing" in a seal-skin sacque we have seen this season, was about eighteen years old, just the brightest, prettiest—but, we are growing aged and rheumatic.—*New Haven Register.*

—"Figure on that!" said an indignant father, knocking an arithmetician down for beating his son. "It's too summary!" said the arithmetician, as he got up and ran off.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

—Matrimony is a lottery in which every one expects to draw a prize. The disappointment of the innumerable caravan that moves to the pale realms of shade does not, however, daunt the inexperienced. They are as ready to take chances as if the lists had just been opened.—*Boston Courier.*

—The New York Produce Exchange has organized a glee club. They will probably sing, "'Tis Wheat to be Remembered" as an opening chorus; followed by such selections as "Ryes and Shine," "Peas, be Still," "The Prairie Flour," and closing with a vigorous cadenza of wild Western oats.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

—A London editor has bought a Duke's castle, and paid $1,000,000 for it. There are very few editors in this country buying million dollar castles this year, we notice. We haven't bought one for ten years and more. Five hundred thousand dollar mansions without a mortgage are good enough for American editors.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Yesterday a colored drayman had considerable trouble with his mule. The old man was standing on the sidewalk, engaged in a religious discussion with a preacher. The mule kicked at a boy. "Whoa, dar," yelled the owner. "Ain't yer got no mo sense den ter pick a fuss wid a chile? Dat mule is awful briggerty ob late." Turning and taking up the thread of discourse, he was again disturbed by the animal. "Keep on," he yelled. "Time I add off two years ob corn from yer feed yer won't be so skilackish."—*Texas Siftings.*