

THE FASHION LETTER

NEW YORK BECOMING THE MECCA OF MODES.

And in the Near Future May Set the Styles of the World—Costumes for Young Girls—Miscellaneous Notes on the Modes.

[New York Fashion Letter.]



IN PARIS, THAT Mecca of the modish, that paradise of the fashionable, the stage sets the style in correct and artistic dress, as it is the final arbiter in nice points of social etiquette and the interpreter of the best spoken language of the day.

Children's dresses always occupy a large space in the fashion. And, indeed, New York is following the long-recognized authority in modish matters very closely, and the day may come when the American metropolis shall wield the scepter in originality in dress, as it now bears the palm for the most artistic adaptability and realization of the Parisian ideas.



in the French fashion. A pretty model is shown in the first illustration to be carried out with navy blue camel's hair and cardinal cashmere, the decoration of the red being put on everywhere with black and gold braid, and employing little gold buttons where the stripes of red are let into the sleeve tops and down the shoulder seams.



shirred, beneath a trimming of golden brown velvet. A dress of golden brown cashmere for a girl of 10 or 12 had a trimming of sapphire-shaded velvet and ruffles of the cashmere, with a belt of the velvet tied on one side. While for the tiny maid of 6 or 8 the Thaukas-giving gown was made of rose pink

erepon, the fitted revers flared, but not gathered, and trimmed with a half-inch satin ribbon edged on each edge with black velvet. The trimming crosses the little straight waist both at the front and back, and has a belt, with rosettes on each side of the revers and of the belt made of black velvet.

Another gown was of ivory-white satin, with a decoration of black velvet and old lace arranged in a particularly becoming fashion for ladies not quite as tall as they could wish to be.



be prepared after a personal diagnosis, and cannot be made up like overcoats, in job lots all from the same pattern.

She should Be Both Clean and Cozy. It is all very well for hygienic beings to talk about the beauty of bedrooms with bare floors, no draperies, cane chairs, and iron bedsteads.

A child of Mrs. Wm. Kelsey, of Waverly N. Y., had contracted a severe cold. Mrs. Kelsey procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy which she gave as directed, with the best results.

France will provide insurance for disabled workers. No better aid to digestion, no better cure for dyspepsia, nothing more reliable for biliousness and constipation than DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills.

Chicago Odd Fellows will build a sixteen-story temple. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cleanses purifies and heals. It was made for that purpose. Use it for burns, cuts, bruises, chapped hands, sores of all descriptions and if you have piles use it for them.

It is said that by adding a little borax to the rinsing water and drying in the shade, red tablecloths will keep their color. A drunkard is unreliable, and if a girl doesn't find it out before marriage she will afterward if she marries a drinking man.

A Little Dear. Clara—Us girls are getting up a secret society. George—What's the object? Clara—I don't know yet, but I'll tell you all about it after I'm initiated.

Deafness Cannot be cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

Fred Vedder, living near Crete, had one of his eyes kicked out by a vicious horse.

The Boon county fair will be held September 19, 20 and 21.

Mrs. E. M. Lettice, of this place, had been troubled with rheumatism in the arm so badly that she could not use her arm at all.

The Seward Daily Press has succumbed to the hard times.

W. L. Church, of Staunton Post, G. A. R., says: "I have tried nearly every cough remedy but found nothing to compare with Parks' Cough Syrup."

The Elwood Republican has been revived by L. M. Moores.

If you have suffered from Stomach Troubles, Biliousness or Bowel difficulty use Dr. Sawyer's Family Cure. Deyo & Grice.

The Congressional Record is decidedly useful as a long tester.

My family use Dr. Sawyer's Family Cure for Indigestion. My family use Dr. Sawyer's Family Cure for Biliousness. Deyo & Grice.

The bonds of matrimony would be more popular if they paid a cash dividend.

Old Fort McDowell, on the Verde river Arizona, has become a frontier pleasure resort.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as any thing else. It's easier to cure a severe cold or cough with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure.

OUR EDUCATIONAL COLUMN

There were some words misspelled by some who attended the teacher's examination last Friday and Saturday. How the words were spelled and how they should have been spelled are given in this column.

- arithmatic arithmetic
supported supported
buisy busy
faul fall
schoolars schoolars
bliaze blaze
humen human
uppon upon
espacilly especo ally
posens posons
sistem system
loose lose
together together
remander remainder

If the weather be not too cold or stormy, an educational meeting will be held at the Pleasant Hill school house Dist. 15, next Thursday evening, March 1st.

Since last week some monthly reports have been received from teachers.

Table with columns: Dist., Teacher, Enr., Av.
3 Jsa. M. Scoles 18 13
10 Dila VanWoort 26 18
18 A. W. Richardson 36 24
20 Minnie A. Yensen 31 16
40 Ethel Parks 24 19
41 Mabel Truman 29 23
42 Mary L. Farquhar 29 24
43 Blanche Arnold 26 18
48 Thos. A. Arnold 29 19
53 Bessie Laird 46 32
55 Laura Laird 22 19
60 Miss Jennie Hall 53 34
61 Mary L. Crotty 11 8
63 Oscar A. Arnold 28 18
69 J. B. Burris 17 11
89 Jessie Hol, cross 27 16

A teachers meeting will be held at Red Cloud on Saturday, March 10th, 1894, commencing at 11 o'clock a. m.

The programme is as follows: Opening exercises. Talk, 'The Resitation'—Supt. G. M. Castor.

Discussion—J. L. Springer and Miss Marie Taylor. Music. Paper, 'The Teacher's Preparation for His Work.'—J. M. Scoles.

Discussion—John M. Erner and Miss Louise Williams. Music. Paper, 'The Battle of Hastings.'—Miss Ida E. Sayer.

Discussion—Chas. Fox and Mami Householder. Dis-uss on of questions from the query box.

Teachers should be prepared to take part in the general discussion of every subject on the programme. Let us make this meeting as interesting as those that we have had heretofore.

Our county teachers institute will be held two weeks, commencing July 9, 1894.

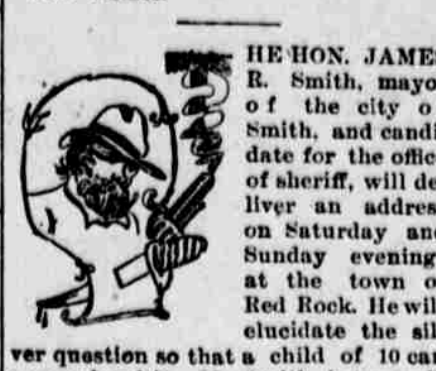
The Earlier symptoms of dyspepsia, such as distress after eating, heartburn, and occasional headaches, should not be neglected. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla if you wish to be cured.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

A RURAL CAMPAIGN

HOW IT IS CONDUCTED IN THE TOWN OF RED ROCK.

The Fight for the Office of Sheriff Leads to Highly Sensational Results—Journalism at Smith City—Current Humor.



HE HON. JAMES R. Smith, mayor of the city of Smith, and candidate for the office of sheriff, will deliver an address on Saturday and Sunday evenings at the town of Red Rock.

ver question so that a child of 10 can comprehend it. Mr. Smith is too well known in this county to make it necessary to detail his numerous qualifications; suffice it to say, 'he is the right man for the place.'

The above notice, tastefully displayed, occupied all the space on the first page of the Senator, the local paper.

Saturday noon found Smith, Jerky and myself in the town of Red Rock. The first things to attract our attention were a number of flaming posters, setting forth that one Riley Holt would reply to Smith, and demonstrate the fact that Smith was not the man the people wanted for sheriff.

The stand had been erected in the center of the town, and within easy distance of a large saloon. A big crowd had gathered to hear the discussion, and were yelling lustily for Smith and Holt just before those two worthies mounted the stand.

James R. Smith was the first speaker. "Gentlemen," he said, "I will first call your attention to the subject of free and unlimited coinage at a ratio of sixteen to one. Now every man, woman and child knows that we need free coinage in our business. The halls of congress are filled witheries for it, and congressmen are wrestling with the mighty fact to-day. The reason we want free coinage is—because we want it, and that is the reason we will have it. The reason why we want it unlimited, is because we want coin.

The reason why we want it sixteen to one, is because every man present needs sixteen silver dollars where he hasn't got one now. I am before you as a candidate for office. I ask at the hands of the voters, the office of sheriff. I am a red-hot candidate and will make a red-hot officer, I will—

"Allow me to ask the gentleman what he understands by free coinage," interrupted Mr. Holt. "What do I understand by free coinage? I understand that free coinage is—free coinage. Apaches and half-breeds! what do you understand by it?" roared Smith.

"My platform is to do good to the people, by the people and for the people," began Mr. Holt, rising from his seat with both hands extended above his head. "My platform is free silver and free whisky. Every mother's son of you have some at my expense while he explains free coinage to the moon. Come on!" yelled the mayor, leading the way to the saloon.

There was a grand rush. Even Mr. Holt's own delegation broke like a band of scared antelope, and followed the crowd. Riley Holt stood with uplifted hands and open mouth, as if turned to stone, as he saw the crowd leave, until I was the only man left for him to speak to. I stepped back in the shadow of a tree to see the next move.

"Done up! By the Kilkenny cats! Caught like a dod-rotted sucker! I am a pilgrim, I am," exclaimed Mr. Holt. "Never mind, Riley, I have a plan that will fix him to-morrow night," said a voice from behind the stand. "Is that you, Dave?" asked Riley. "You bet, and if I do not even up with that crowd to-morrow night my name isn't anything," he replied.

"All right, Davy, my boy! Here is with you! Now let's go over and make it cost him all we can." Cries of "Vote for Smith! He is our man!" "Smith and his free coinage forever!" were some of the confused howls that could be heard above the din in the saloon.

There was a grand rush. I went to the hotel, which was as quiet as a church, and secured lodgings. Some time toward morning I thought I heard the mayor's voice clamoring for free coinage, and pitifully pleading for "sixteen to one."

In the morning I learned that the meeting had ended in a row, and an old-timer at that. Guns had been barred, with all weapons, except bare knuckles. The mayor and Holt had met in personal combat, and both sides took a hand.

"You ought ter seen Jerky swije Dirty Dave and his crowd. It was just beautiful!" exclaimed an eye-witness. I informed the mayor of what I had overheard at the stand, but he said Dave would not be likely to show up that night.

The two leaders of the respective parties kept their rooms until dusk and then quietly stole out, made their way to the meeting-place, and mounted the stand.

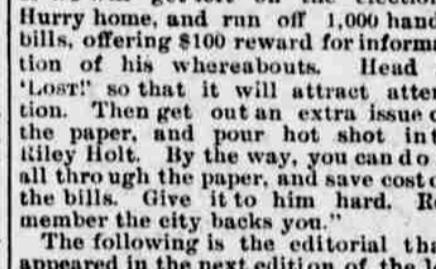
The mayor had one eye that looked half-way decent, but the other was of no use except for ornament. His nose and lips were swollen, and his face was badly discolored.

Mr. Holt had both eyes partially closed, and his mouth was twisted to one side. He had to tip back his head to look at the audience.

Mr. Smith arose, and spoke as follows: "Fellow-citizens: The candidates for sheriff do not loom up much for beauty, especially my friend here, who is bucking me for the office. In fact, neither of us is in very good shape to have our pictures taken. Last night's discussion was a rather unsocial affair, and I am bound to say I am glad my wife isn't here. She might know me by my clothes, but that is the only way. I feel the disgrace of the affair, and I give you my word as a man who expects to be sheriff, that the next argument will be with guns and in an honorable way—"

At this moment the stand came down with a crash, and at the same time the lights were extinguished. There were sounds of a scuffle, the clatter of horses' feet, and then a rush for the stand.

When the lamps were lighted, the mayor was gone.



FELLOW CITIZENS: THE CANDIDATES FOR SHERIFF DO NOT LOOM UP MUCH FOR BEAUTY, ESPECIALLY MY FRIEND HERE, WHO IS BUCKING ME FOR THE OFFICE.

"Kidnaped! by the eternal!" shouted Jerky.

"What do you mean?" asked Dave. "They have stolen our candidate," repeated Jerky, "and we will have to pay a good round price to get him back, or we will get left on the election. Hurry home, and run off 1,000 hand-bills, offering \$100 reward for information of his whereabouts. Head it 'Lost!' so that it will attract attention. Then get out an extra issue of the paper, and pour hot shot into Riley Holt. By the way, you can do it all through the paper, and save cost of the bills. Give it to him hard. Remember the city backs you."

The following is the editorial that appeared in the next edition of the local paper:

While delivering a telling speech at Red Rock, last night, the mayor of this city was actually abducted from the stand where he was making the effort of his life. The lights were put out, and the mayor was taken away on a horse. That sneaking reptile, Riley Holt, who is his political opponent, and one Dirty Dave, who was run out of this city for not changing his clothes since the town site was located, and who is a fit companion for Riley, are known to be responsible for the mayor's disappearance, as they were heard forming the plot after the first speech of Saturday night, when his honor did the cowardly Riley up so badly that the crowd left the grounds before Riley had said a dozen words.

This city offers a reward of \$100 for any information that will lead to the discovery of the mayor, and if the town of Red Rock had not been dead for the past decade she would do likewise. In all probability the editor of the sheet published in Red Rock will not know of the rascally abduction until he receives this paper. He is a Holt man, and is some years behind the present progressive era. His skull is thick, and consequently there is very little room for brain. He is in the first edition of Darwin, and his correct name is Monkey. If he can get some one to read him and his bird Riley, they may get something of an idea of its meaning during the next month, and then you will see some charging.

The Senator's people are always at home, and would drink a quart of mountain sage-tea for the pleasure of a business call from either or both of the vermin. We are informed that the red-headed lawyer, who, on the Fourth of July, got drunk and fell out of the stand and broke his arm, and threatened to sue the city for damages, is going to take the stump for Riley. He is a good sample of Red Rock's lawyers, and his step will show the height of his aspirations. If our mayor is not set at liberty within forty-eight hours after this publication, there will be several new holes dug, and some of them will be filled with dead politicians. We mean business. The mayor's wife kicked the bark off all the trees in the front yard, then took her gun, mounted her horse, and liable to be arrested to activity in the near future. When villainy is so rampant that a community will steal a candidate for office, and that, too, while delivering a speech, the line should be drawn and stealing punished by hanging. W. W. GARTNER.

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