

WOMAN AND FASHION.

Drill, Duck and Grass Lawn Gowns.
This Season's Dainty Capes—Sleep
Holds Off Wrinkles.

Thanks to the weather the very excellent linen goods supplies have gone off with great color, and it is generally conceded that more drill, duck and pique costumes are being worn this season than has been the case for several years. The emulating open fronted linen gown has passed the zenith of its popularity, and we are now asked to consider a shape which closely defines the figure. It is decidedly chic and lends itself admirably to either pique or linen. These coats are unlined and the sleeves reveal a commendable model.

The popularity of grass lawn increases with each warm day. Decidedly pleasing results are gained by a combination of plain and spotted lawn. The former is daintily ornamented with



GOWN IN GRASS LAWN.

narrow white Valenciennes. The whole is mounted over white glace silk and a yoke effect simulated by horizontal scarfs of the plain, intersected by gathered frills of the Valenciennes, which are introduced in like fashion on the draped sleeve puff.

A charming effect is secured by the short godet basque, the plain lawn being tightly strained over the silk for this, a similar tone being obtained down the front of the skirt by a straight band outlined on either side by the lace, while a deep black satin corslet and neck band serve to complete the gown with distinction.

Gorgeous head ribbons are rampant. Pink in infinite variety, brilliant apple greens, rich reds, orange yellows, bright blues and deep indigos are used in plentiful profusion on all the imported and domestic gowns.

The Higher Education.

"Will a college education equip a woman with all the oggies or mathemacies, and in the process crush her imagination? I hope not, yet I am inclined to think the result so far has not been too promising. What is a high position among the wranglers compared with 'Jane Eyre' or an 'Adam Bede'? And would not one rather be an Elizabeth Barrett Browning than taken first class in science? The foregoing is from the pen of an English writer who has no desire to depreciate the higher education, but was led into this train of thought by hearing a self-satisfied young college woman jeer at our grandmothers. Our grandmothers' works appear to take care of themselves. Harriet Beecher Stowe was of the old school by birth and by instinct, yet by sheer force of character and enthusiasm she effected an influence upon the world that will never be equaled by the colder arguments of mere logic.

Dainty Capes.

The pretty capes worn this season for evening and other occasions where an outside wrap is demanded are decidedly elaborate affairs. The New York Sun illustrates some of the preferred styles. One of these is made of tulle or crepe silk, lined with the finest pink. The trimming all around is of white guipure lace embroidery, running up in deep graduated points. A second cape is



SUMMER CAPE.

made of flounce upon flounce of foamy white or black mousseline de soie on a foundation of rosy pink. Each flounce is edged with narrow black lace. Another of these pretty shoulder coverings is of mauve satin, edged with a darker shade of mauve velvet. It is cut in sharp points, and each point is edged with cream colored guipure lace. The outstanding collar of velvet is filled in with a full ruche of the lace and terminates in a full jabot of lace down the front.

Sleep Holds Off Wrinkles.

Sleep, dear sisters, not only "knits up the raveled sleeve of care" and a number of other poetical things, but it holds off lines and wrinkles. The smoothest faces at the age when women have a right to expect time's handwriting to be visible are usually those of women who have wooed the drowsy god on every possible occasion. Sleep early and often is the good advice given by a writer in the New York Times to women who would defy crow's feet.

SHORT NEWS STORIES.

Justice in Chicago—Hearty Thought
Hundred—What She Was Most
Proud Of—Not a Regulation.

Justice Bradwell, fat and comical, presided over one court at the armory the other morning and mowed down the evil-doers right and left.

Justice Bradwell is quick and snappy. He gets through with a case much sooner than the average police justice, and his decisions have a flavor of deep originality. Among the first prisoners brought before him was a batch of mixed colors, captured in an opium den. There were nine in the batch, and eight of them solemnly swore that they were not smoking opium and never rolled a pill in all their lives. The court rolled his eyes in utter amazement and urgent incredulity.

"Tell me," he said, "wasn't there anybody smoking in that place?" And the ninth prisoner, a little, black negress, piped up: "I was, yo' honah! I went down dar to smoke, an I smoked, sah."

The court looked at her solemnly. "Misguided wretch!" he exclaimed. "So you confess your crime?" Well, well! It would be a shame and a contamination to put you with these innocent people who never use the drug. Therefore I will discharge you and send the others to the Bridewell."—Chicago News.

Hearty Thought a Hundred. To be 104 years old and still earn a living as a laborer is a feat of which few persons can boast. That, however, is just what Barney Morris can claim.

Barney is a collector of the stray pieces of paper that find their way to the grass plots and drives of Prospect park in Brooklyn, and he is faithful at his task as the youngest of all his fellow workers.

This queer old man was born in Ireland in 1799 and came to the United States in a little sailing vessel 78 years ago. He was a cab driver in Brooklyn as long ago as 1848 and continued his vocation until advancing age forced him to abandon it.

A look at him, however, as he travels about the park gives the impression that he is a man of about 60. Short, wiry, moving about at a fairly rapid pace, small evidence of his great age is apparent, and his bright blue eyes have a keenness that is lacking in the eyes of many men half a century younger.

Barney lives with his wife, who is the third helpmeet he has had—in a modest frame house at 666 Warren street. So far as appearances go his hold upon life is not slight. He has no idea of closing his career and is sure he will at least live to see the nineteenth century rounded up.—New York Journal.

What She Was Most Proud Of.

A pretty little story is told about Mrs. A. A. Johnston, the dean of Oberlin college. It is said that she never leaves American soil without carrying with her a silken American flag. On one of her early trips abroad she went to a pension in a German city to perfect herself in the use of the German language. It happened that representatives from several other countries were there.

On the evening of her second day in the establishment the host doctor, who sat at the head of the dinner table, began to question each young woman in turn of what she was most proud in her own country. One mentioned great victories, another illustrious men and women. Each one had an appropriate answer. Mrs. Johnston was in despair, for while she understood German she could not speak it.

She must represent the United States properly, but how? When the host doctor bowed politely in her direction and waited for her reply, she bowed sweetly in return, left the table at the same time, returned in a moment, and, with a smile of great pride, unfolded her flag before him. "Bravo!" cried he, and all the young women joined with him.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

It Wasn't a Regulation.

A conductor on the Big Consolidated line wears one of those senseless buttons inscribed, "If you love me, grin." A day or two ago an elderly woman, evidently from the rural districts, caught sight of this adornment and settling her spectacles firmly on her nose proceeded to read it aloud as the conductor bent forward to collect the fare.

"Is that a regulation of this road?" she demanded.

"Why, no, ma'am," replied the abashed conductor; "it's just a little fun."

"Oh," said the old lady, "is that all? If 'twas a regulation of the road, I was just going to say that I don't love you, and I'd sooner walk 30 miles than grin."

"That's all right, ma'am," said the conductor as he hastily moved on amid the laughter of the other passengers.

"One moment," cried the old lady. "If I was you, I'd give that button to some better looking feller."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Smallest in the World.

The smallest typewriter in the world in practical use is said to be at Denver. As described, it is made of aluminium and is 3 1/4 inches in diameter, three-quarters of an inch deep and weighs complete but 3 1/4 ounces. An ordinary watch is of about the same size and weight. Its mechanism is very simple. Fifty characters are on the watch face like keyboard, while the type bars radiate from the center. A single key, which is placed over the particular letter desired to be printed and then pressed, forms the means of operation. A piece of felt is used as the ribbon. The entire machine is attached to a writing pad by means of a clamp when in use. High speed is not claimed, yet it can be operated sufficiently fast for ordinary purposes.

Burns produced his first volume of poems at 28, and had he been favorably situated the book might have appeared much earlier.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

The Government Not in the Old Coin
Business—Some Very Valuable
Pieces—The 1864 Dollar.

(Special Correspondence.)

"Will you please tell me whether there is a premium on the silver dollar of 1864?" "I wish you would send me a catalogue showing prices of coins." Three requests which come to the director of the mint in almost every mail. Some of them are from young people whose fathers probably would know that the director of the mint is not a dealer in old coins. But many of them are from men and women—in fact most of them are from adults who have read paragraphs in the daily paper telling of the enormous prices paid for rare coins at collection sales. A paragraph going the round of the newspapers telling of the remarkable price paid for some coin which the lucky seller picked up in the ordinary course of trade will start the cracks and youthful enthusiasts writing to the director of the mint until he gets sick and tired of letters which say, "I saw in the paper the other day how a man sold a dollar for \$200. Almost all of the people who write are people with battered coins to sell. Any coin which is well worn and whose date is obscure is picked out as a possible prize winner. Possibly Director Preston could make a good speculation in rare coins occasionally if he would answer these letters. But he never answers any of them. In the drawer of his desk are some little pink slips printed in the department printing office. These little slips start off like this:

Not in the Old Coin Business. "The director of the mint does not undertake to pass upon the character, value or identity of uncurrent United States or other coins or to decide questions in numismatics, whether referring to obsolete United States coins or others. Application should be made to curators of numismatic societies or to coin dealers. Nor does the director undertake to explain the minute differences which from time to time have taken place in dies of United States current coin. No premium is paid by the treasury department or by any of its branches on United States coins, however rare. No 'premium list' of coins is published by the government."

And from this little pink slip goes on to explain that the mint will not undertake to do private assayings. Whenever one of the coin cranks sends a letter of inquiry to Mr. Preston, he incloses one of these slips in a government envelope and mails it.

How Early Coins Were Made.

"We don't name any particular coin collector," said Mr. Preston in a conversation with me a short time ago. "If we did, the men who made inquiry might not be treated fairly by that collector and we would be held responsible. We could not send any one a list of the variations in the designs of coins because we have no such list. In the early days of the coinage of the United States the design of a coin was left pretty much to the engraver. That is why there are so many slight variations in the coins of the same issue in the early history of our coinage. We do not allow the engraver to depart from the design adopted now."

Some Valuable Coins.

The only perfect collection of United States coins in the world is in the mint at Philadelphia. There is one piece there which is absolutely unique. It is the \$20 goldpiece of 1849. The \$20 piece was authorized in that year, but delays in the mint made it impossible to coin it. The die was made, however, and a pattern piece was struck. There is no other \$20 goldpiece of 1849 in the world. One could easily understand a collector of coins who was an enthusiast giving some enormous price for this coin if it could be had, and one could believe that it might be worth the price paid. But it is pretty hard to understand by what combination of conditions the silver dollar of 1864 got its enormous value. The United States mint coined just 19,870 of these dollars; yet coin dealers will tell you that there are not more than eight in existence outside of the mint, and their value is reckoned at \$1,000 each. There were only 281 dollars coined in 1864, yet for collectors' purposes these coins are plentiful enough. The half dollar of 1864 is reckoned a rare coin; yet nearly 160,000 of them were coined.

When a worn-out coin comes to the treasury it is supposed to be turned in to the mint without examination further than to ascertain whether it is genuine or not. But I suspect the clerk of the treasury department of keeping a pretty clear eye open for rare specimens. I am afraid that if a dollar of 1864 came to the treasury in the course of business some other dollar would get into the melting pot.

Proof Sets of Coins.

Director Preston does not turn a wholly deaf ear to the numismatists. He will not supply old coins to them or purchase their rare specimens, but if they want fine specimens of current coins—"proof sets," they are called—he will furnish them for a consideration. There is a large demand for these proof sets. The mint at Philadelphia struck off 700 proof dollars alone last year. The proof dollar is struck on a hand press from a die which has been specially polished. Coins for general circulation are run off by steam. The blank or round piece of silver from which the proof coin is struck is carefully polished, while the coin for circulation is put in an acid bath before it goes to the press. The proof coins are prettier than ordinary coins, and because of the special pains taken with them they cost more. The goldpieces in proof cost 25 cents each more than their face value. A set of the four silver pieces, the nickel 5 cent piece and the bronze cent costs \$2.50, which is 50 cents more than its face value. A full set of the current coins of the United States in proof is worth \$41, face value \$39.41.

CARL SCHOFIELD.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

There's a bright little 6-year-old in Nashville, and his name is George Washington—never mind what the rest of it is. He goes to kindergarten, and when the 22d of February is observed all the other children are firmly convinced that the little George Washington has had a birthday party, and worry the teacher to know when their own birthday party is going to be, and remind her that they will be 6 years old, too, next week, and they want a birthday party too.

Well, George Washington has been fully drilled up in the history of the Father of His Country, and the leading incidents of the batchet story have sunk deep into his mind, which sometimes he is inclined to turn to his own account.

One day George Washington gave his little sister a pretty sharp blow, which sent her crying to her mother.

"Look here, young man, aren't you ashamed to strike your little sister?" said the mother severely.

"But, mother—mother," stammered the youngster, "you know George Washington never told a lie."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Why, mother, I said I was going to hit her, and I had to hit her," said the modern George Washington, with the full belief that he had exonerated himself.—Nashville American.

A Protracted Visit.

"I don't think your father feels very kindly toward me," said Mr. Stalder.

"You misjudge him. The morning after you called on me last week he seemed quite worried for fear I had not treated you with proper courtesy."

"Indeed? What did he say?"

"He asked me how I could be so rude as to let you go away without your breakfast."—Washington Star.

Going.

"Sir," she exclaimed, "you are going too far."

"In his impetuosity he did not heed her warning."

"My darling," he cried.

Thus almost before he knew it he was completely gone.—Detroit Tribune.

Bad Case.

First Summer Girl—What a romantic air that young man at the George House has! He looks as if he had been disappointed in love.

Second S. G. (an early arrival)—He has been, four or five times this season already.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Looking Too Much.

"I demand to be recognized!" roared the member from the Empty-eighth district.

"Impossible," said the speaker, looking freely through her forefinger.

"The lady is not in our set."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Indispensable Personage.

"I guess we'd better fix up a flag of truce and show it to these Cubans," said the Spanish general.

"Is it absolutely necessary?"

"I'm afraid so. My stenographer wants a vacation."—Washington Star.

Thoughtful Girl.

"Jack is so bashful that when he proposed to me the other night I had to assist him."

"What did you say?"

"Whenever he hesitated, I would call out 'Play ball.'—Chicago Record.

Age of Discretion.

"Dorothy has wonderful self-control."

"Why do you think so?"

"She could tell lots of things that happened 30 years ago, but she never does."—Chicago Record.

Trial of the Road.

"I have been informed that your first attempt at a long distance ride on your wheel turned out to be a highly dramatic affair."

"Very. I had to walk back."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Grounds For Dislike.

"Mosquitoes are hateful, aren't they?"

"Yes. I don't mind their eating me if they didn't keep up such an everlasting complaint about the way I taste."—Chicago Record.

He Came Down.

"I wouldn't believe the witness on his oath, your honor," said the lawyer.

"State your reasons," said the judge.

"Been in Georgia two years and says he never ran for office!"—Atlanta Constitution.

When She's Away.

"There is not a woman at home in the whole block."

"How do you know?"

"Every piazza has a man on it, smoking in his shirt sleeves."—Chicago Record.

And He Got Lost.

"Did you get a nice change and rest as the result, Bulker?"

"No. My daughter got most of my change, and my wife got the rest."—Detroit Free Press.

In Absentia.

"I guess not," rejoined the woman earnestly. "I wouldn't dare stay away from the sewing circle. I'd get myself talked about if I did. Yes."—Detroit Tribune.

Quite Likely.

"At this point she broke down and wept scalding tears."

"Dear me! She must have been boiling over with rage."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Business.

Muggins—Is your son in business? Buggins—He's a contractor.

Muggins—What line? Buggins—Debris.—Philadelphia Record.

The Matted Tent.

"Sheep's clothing?" repeated the wolf, with a laugh. "In August? How perfectly absurd!"—Detroit Tribune.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

From Our Special Correspondent.

Macedon. Mrs. Bridget Campbell died at her home in this village Thursday evening, Sept. 30, aged 67 years. She leaves six children, three sons and three daughters. The funeral was held from St. Patrick's church Monday morning, Rev. Father Holmes officiating.

Miss Florence Conway of Fairport spent Sunday with Miss Frances Sullivan.

Miss Liza Fogarty is visiting her brother in Fairport.

Miss Julia Doyle was the recent guest of her brother, T. F. Doyle of Mendon Centre.

Miss Edna Brennan has resumed her studies at Nazareth academy.

J. H. Collier returned from Vincent Monday.

John Haligan and P. J. Toole drove to Bristol Sunday.

James Delaney has gone to Akron where he has a position as "supply" operator.

School opened Monday, Sept. 30, in the Murphy district with Miss Fannie Naughton as teacher.

Michael Sullivan has returned to school at the Genesee Normal.

Miss Mary Dillon of Fairport visited relatives here Sunday.

Mrs. Anna McGraw came from Rochester Monday for a stay of a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Minnie McGraw.

Mrs. Margaret McGarry visited in Syracuse last week.

Miss Flossie O'Brien has gone to Port Gibson to work.

Miss Minnie McGovern, after a two years' absence, has returned home from Albany.

King's Ferry. Mrs. Charles Eggleston of Fairport visited her sister, Mrs. Edward Dempsey, last week.

Miss Ella McDonald has returned home after visiting friends in Auburn and Rochester.

Miss Annamie Murray is attending school at Ithaca.

Mrs. Helen Hall, who has been the guest of Mrs. S. D. Butler, returned to her home in New Haven, Conn., Tuesday.

Miss Ella Rafferty of Aurora spent Sunday with her parents in this place.

Mrs. Wren and daughter, Lizzie, were in Auburn Saturday.

Mrs. Alice Cummings visited with her cousin, Mrs. E. Murray, last week.

Died—Saturday, Sept. 30, Mr. Newell Franklin, aged 72 years.

Miss Welch of Auburn is engaged to teach the school in the Wick district.

Mrs. Edward Murray is visiting friends in Ithaca.

Canastota. Mr. and Mrs. John Degan of Buffalo are visiting here.

The parochial school opened Tuesday. Mr. Will Boyle attended the Toronto fair.

Danville. Mrs. Jacob Smith, Jr., and Miss Norton of Rochester are visiting friends in Danville.

St. Mary's church, parsonage and school house are being painted.

The members of the Total Abstinence society of St. Patrick's church renewed their pledges last Sunday evening. Father Dougherty gave an interesting talk.

Miss Elizabeth Maher and Laura McSwaney of Rochester have been the guests of Miss Krien during the past week.

Mrs. Edward Prandergast of Stamford, Conn., is visiting her Danville home.

Rushville. Mrs. B. Dunn and children returned to their home in Rochester last week.

Miss Maggie Dwyer of Rochester visited her parents over Sunday.

Mrs. William Howley spent last Sunday with relatives at Syracuse.

Mr. and Mrs. Dolan of Rochester visited relatives in this place Monday.

The Rushville Union school opened on Tuesday, the 30th.

Miss Mary Dwyer visited friends in Canastota the first of the week.

Miss Anna Haggerty has commenced teaching in the Union school at Middleman.

Mrs. Hucly was the guest of her daughter Mrs. Thomas Barnes, at Penn Yan, last week.

Canastota.

J. H. Masten, the popular agent at the Erie, has resigned his position to accept a similar one at Mt. Morris.

Jerry McMahon moved to Hoedsco Falls this week.

Miss Celeste Ramsey of Rochester was the guest of Jennie Martin last week.

The funeral of Francis, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. John Skelly, Jr., was held on Wednesday. Interment at St. Columba's cemetery.

Oriskany. Mrs. A. McLaughlin and daughter Genevieve visited friends in Geneva.

Miss Rose Hamann of Geneva spent a few days at her home here.

Mrs. James Mallaney is visiting in Syracuse.

T. H. Mackin spent a few days in Rochester.

Quite a number of people from here went to Barnum & Bailey's circus in Geneva on Thursday.

Thomas Dillon of Geneva spent Sunday with friends here.

Palmira.

Mrs. C. McIntyre went to Boston last week to attend the funeral of her nephew, Francis Burke.

Charles Fennell, who has been living in Palmira for the past year, returned to his home in Rochester last Sunday.

Miss Anna M. Burns was in Schenectady visiting friends last week.

Henry Welch and children of Rochester were guests of his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Welch of Canastota, last Sunday.

Richard Welch of Rochester was in town Sunday.

The horse owned by Fred Alderman was away on Monday. During his ride on the street he ran down a lady, totally destroying her wheel.

Shortsville. Frank Russell of Buffalo is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Russell of this place.

Mrs. Nell Maxwells, who has been visiting in Rochester, has returned home.

Miss Kitty Heffron of Syracuse is spending her vacation at her home in this place.

Rich Red

It is secured easily and naturally by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, but it is impossible to get it from an "easy" source. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a purely vegetable preparation, and its success in curing blood diseases is a fact. It cures blood diseases, such as Rheumatism, Gravel, Dyspepsia, Nervous Prostration, and that Tired Feeling, have