

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I was very much amused the other day at reading in an American paper that the wealthy American woman, "the American female sovereign," as the writer expressed it, had adopted for her own use, and as an irresponsible ornament like any other piece of jewelry, the different insignia used to denote the rank of the princesses and peeresses of England!

To those who understand the significance of these emblems, nothing is easier than to tell at a glance the position occupied by any lady in court or full dress and to assign her at once to the proper place in the order of precedence. For example every Englishman knows that a small close crown proclaims the wearer to be a princess of the blood royal, that a coronet of diamond strawberry leaves separated by large single pearls is only worn by duchesses, while other coronets of different shapes and designs indicate the countess, the baroness, and the daughter of an earl. The fact that the diadem is the badge of royalty is too generally known for the educated native of any country to make a mistake as to the rank of the wearer.

Therefore it will be easily seen that all such badges have their legitimate use, and are part of the necessary attributes of a monarchy. But it is scarcely necessary to draw attention to the utter absurdity of the aristocracy of a republican country, especially a country which makes a glory and a boast of its republicanism, assuming the insignia of royalty, and nobility. And yet this free-born American journalist tells us with perfect gravity, that "the American female sovereign has quietly annexed for her own use the coronet which in Europe is only worn by the aristocracy, and it is no uncommon thing to see during the opera season in New York, the wife or daughter of a successful merchant or stockholder blazing in the jewelled strawberry leaves, which would lead the average Englishman to suppose he was contemplating a duchess."

Verily such a sight is enough to make "the average Englishman" or the average Frenchman, Canadian, German, or Italian laugh himself weak. Imagine the daughter of a wealthy Canadian getting a jeweler to make her an exact imitation of the star of India and then hanging it around her alabaster neck and wearing it to parties! Why she would be simply laughed out of society! And yet she has just as much right to wear the star of India, the Victoria Cross, or the Order of the Golden Fleece, as the Americans had to wear strawberry leaves, or a coronet. Imagine the feelings of any foreigner who attended an opera in New York for the first time, and discovered a lady in one of the boxes blazing with jewels, and wearing on her lovely head the small closed crown of a royal princess came to be at the opera in a foreign city without her suite, and yet wearing the symbol of her rank in public. I think he would be still more surprised when he finally understood that the dazzling vision was simply as plain Miss Brown, daughter of Stockbroker Brown, of Fifth avenue; and he will probably find it very difficult to understand the American way of doing things. The writer I have quoted goes on to tell us airily that though they are a good deal worn, the duchess' strawberry leaves are not the latest fashion in the upper circles of New York society. The small crown of royalty is more popular, and is worn rather far back on the head, and made in some exquisite designs of arabesque with large pendant jewels swinging loose between the divisions. He adds, with a touch that is essentially, though unconsciously American, that a lady who pays for her crowns out of her husband's profits in carpets, has just given an order for a very beautiful one made of straw colored diamonds, with five hanging fire opals swinging lightly every time she moves her head, and "shooting forth long rays of flame. Evidently the journalist is an ardent admirer of this fair dame, for he adds that she has a fondness for pale yellow gowns, is a glorious brunette, and when she gets her crown mounted on her dainty hair will be a sight most princesses of the blood would envy.

Whether he means to convey the idea that most princesses would be unable to afford the luxury of a crown of pale straw colored diamonds, and would therefore envy the New York lady the ornament itself, or whether she will look so lovely in her new headgear that the princesses would envy the crown its happy position; is a question which is left open, by the journalist's manner of expressing himself. Now I have a very great admiration and respect for Americans and things Americans do, but I do detest a snob almost as fervently as Thackeray did, and whether he takes the form of an English tuff hunter who would scramble eagerly for the stump of a cigar thrown away by the Prince of Wales, or an American millionaire decking his wife and daughters in the outward symbols of a monarchy he affects to despise—I loathe him all the same.

The daughters of the republic are beautiful and clever as all the world knows, so lovely that their charms have won for one at least the right to wear the strawberry

leaves and for several others the coronet of the peeresses, but surely there must be something lacking in the shape of common sense about women who would imitate the daw in the fable, and deck herself out in borrowed plumes, however glittering. How much better to be a lovely American girl than an imitation princess! And if the republican damsel or matron is in search of some fitting emblem why does she not wear a diamond tomahawk upon her head, in token that she is a descendant of the princess Pocahontas, or a miniature representation of Bunker Hill monument? Something of that kind would be both suggestive, and patriotic, and much more appropriate, I am sure than either strawberry leaves, or crowns, which are decidedly out of place in a republican country.

I think the young girl of fourteen or fifteen, who is scarcely a child, and yet in no sense a woman, is really much harder to dress than either her grown up sister or the little maid of five or six who is the baby of the family. What suits the former is decidedly too old for her, and of course the style which suits "the baby" to perfection, is not to be thought of for her. But still she must be dressed, and well dressed to, or she will express her feelings on the question very forcibly, because she is beginning to have opinions of her own, and her woman's vanity is awakening very decidedly. Fashion authorities assert that there is very little difference in cut between the dress of a girl of fifteen and that of her elders, since they are not both distinguished by the immense sleeves, wide skirts, blouse waists, and eon jackets; but of course there is a great difference in the simpler make up, and the absence of elaborate trimmings, gimps, passanteries and embroideries. There is an attempt at a revival of the pretty old box plaited skirt in a very attractive model which is suitable for light bright wools, challies, or indeed French gingham and lawns, provided the trimming on the skirt is omitted.

This dress was of that peculiar brown which is known this summer as pomme de terre, and if it all resembles the color of an unskinned potato I am sure it would be far from pretty. But fortunately it does not, and is merely a light brown without any red at all in its composition. The material was challie, and scattered over the clear colored surface were circles slightly larger than a ten cent piece, which brightened it wonderfully. The skirt was laid in full box plaits from the waist, and trimmed about six inches from the hem with a border of black passanterie. The bodice was a fitted blouse full at the back and front, and fitted smoothly under the arms. Bretelles of black ribbon extended upward from the waist and were tied on the shoulders in bow knots, the belt was of the same and finished in front with a butterfly bow; the sleeves at the wrist with a narrow border of the passanterie.

Another pretty dress for a young girl is of tan cloth, made with a perfectly plain skirt hanging in full folds at the back, a zouave jacket with broad revers coming high up on the shoulder, full bishop sleeves gathered into a close cuff, and plain tight fitting vest of the cloth closely braided in diagonal lines with narrow black braid. The collar and cuffs are similarly braided, and the dress is finished with a folded belt of brown velvet.

A more dressy costume for a girl of fourteen is of navy blue cloth with vest of a yellow so light as to be a little more than cream, perhaps primrose color would describe it best. The skirt is of the plain blue cloth, gored in front and circular at the back. The bodice is plain, and tight fitting in front but shaped at the back with several very small plaits at the waist. The front is cut to simulate an Alsatian peasant's bodice which just meets at the waist and spreads wider open till it reaches half way to the chin, the edges are bordered with braiding in black braid, or narrow black passanterie, and the plain high vest over which it opens, is also braided in V shape to the point where the bodice ends. The sleeves show draped puffs to the elbow, and are plain and tight to the wrist where they are finished with braid like the vest. Any plain material such as crepon may be used for such a costume, but in case of only one material being used deep butter colored lace is employed as trimming.

A very jaunty little Eton costume is of blue serge. The skirts cut with a circular front and gored back, and made quite plainly. The jacket just escapes the waist line, has a smooth back a notched collar, and large leg of mutton sleeves, the revers are short, and broad, and below them to the waist are four rows of hussar braiding. The belt is of black silk with silver buckle. The skirt is unusually full for a young girl's costume and hangs in full godet folds at the back; it may developed either in cheviot, serge, or pique, and is suitable for any girl of from twelve to fifteen. It is worn over a stiff shirt waist, or a blouse of either plaid wool goods, lawn or cambric.

SOUDER'S MYSTERIOUS DOINGS.

Started for a Near-by City and Brought up in Far-off Cape Town.

About four months ago the city of Fort Wayne had one of these mysterious disappearances which occasionally startle a community. The principal actor in the occurrence was Dr. D. W. Souder, who, up to November, 1894, had been much in evidence as the Clerk of Allen county. After the expiration of his term of office Mr. Souder continued visible to his fellow citizens until the 15th of January, 1895, when he ceased to be seen. To use the appropriate phrase in describing such occurrences, "he disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up."

His friends, thinking he might have been detailed on some political secret service, telegraphed to Chairman Thomas Taggart and other prominent Democrats of this city, but they knew nothing about the missing man. If the family knew anything of the whereabouts they did not tell, and to all appearances they were deeply distressed. The supposition held in the ground which had swallowed him up or down remained closed, and the mystery of the disappearance became dense and unfathomable. If anybody in Fort Wayne had a string to the missing man they did not pull it, and he continued in a state of complete and total obscurity.

The first light thrown upon the mystery was a letter from Mr. Souder dated Cape Town, South Africa, March 18, 1895. It was addressed to a member of his family, and was as follows:

"You will be surprised to receive a letter from me in this far-away land, I don't know what to say. I can't tell you why I came here or how I got here. I did not want to run away. I can't tell you anything about it. About a month ago I found myself on a steamer coming to this place. Ah, how I felt! I can't tell the suffering I have had to endure. Such agony; it is terrible! I don't know what I feel but I tried to write to you several times, but could not. I wish I could die. Oh, to think that I have run away, or got away, from my home and from you all, my dear ones. What shall I do? Perhaps you know what I let for; I don't remember."

As it is better to be alive in Cape Town, Africa, than the occupant of a hermetically sealed hole in the ground, this letter was good news to the writer's family and friends. The personal part of it assured them that he would return by the next steamer, and preparations were made to receive him. The reception has since taken place. On Thursday last Mr. Souder arrived in Fort Wayne, having been met escorted from Detroit by a former employee of his, who is now Clerk of Allen county. When this gentleman met Mr. Souder at Detroit he obtained from him the story of his strange disappearance. He said:

"Jan. 15 last I bought a ticket to Indianapolis. I only went as far as Peru, and changed my course to Detroit. From Detroit I went to Montreal and then to Halifax. From Halifax I sailed Jan. 19 for Liverpool on the steamer Laurentian. I went to London, and then sailed for Cape Town, South Africa, on the steamer Dunbar Castle, of the Castle line, Capt. Pierce. From Cape Town I went to Johannesburg, the centre of the gold fields in Transvaal, the South African republic. I went back again to Cape Town, and on March 20 last I sailed for London on the steamer Garth Castle of the Castle line, Capt. R. Rendell. I arrived in London April 11, and sailed from Liverpool for Boston April 18 on the Cunard line steamer Gallia, Capt. T. Hewitson. I arrived April 27, and in Detroit today."

Persons who are fond of working out puzzles, or trying to make things consist, will find an interesting study in the comparison of Mr. Souder's Cape Town letter and this statement. The first represents him as absolutely ignorant how he got to Cape Town and suffering great agony of mind at the discovery that he was there at all. He "found himself on a steamer," and that was all he knew. The latter statement details every stage of the journey, even to the names of steamers and their captains, dates of sailing, &c. It, as seems likely, Mr. Souder kept a diary of the journey, one cannot help wondering why he did not relieve his mental agony at Cape Town by referring to his diary. If he had any doubt as to who he was, why did he not consult the passenger lists in his possessions and establish his identity? Or, if he did not have the information at that time, when, how and where did he obtain it?

In the light of these conflicting statements one is forced to the fact that the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Souder is more mysterious than ever.

The President was Offended.

Those who are ordinarily the most careful in speech are sometimes led by excitement into the use of expressions which convey a meaning far different from that was intended. The president of one of our leading colleges was annoyed one morning by the unseemly behavior of some of the students during the chapel services. Pausing for a moment he turned toward the disturbing group and in a tone of great solemnity said:

"Young gentlemen, you evidently forget that by your conduct in that place you are not only showing disrespect to Almighty God, but also to me."

Avaricious to the End.

"So strong is the avarice of the miser, said Uncle Joshua, "that we are not surprised at its often developing itself as 'the ruling passion strong in death.'" Mr. Watson, a man of very large fortune, and uncle to Lord Rockingham, just before he died desired his attendants to give him a shirt out of a drawer he pointed to. "Lord, sir," said the attendant, "what do you mean, to think of putting on another shirt now?" "Why," said Watson, "I understand it is the custom for the shirt I have on to be the perquisite of those who lay one out,

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and that is an old ragged one and good enough for him."

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Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 1st October 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....	7.00
Express for Halifax.....	15.50
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....	16.50
Express for Bussey.....	16.40

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.20 o'clock.

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Moncton, at 12.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....	8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....	10.30
Express from Moncton (daily).....	10.30
Express from Halifax.....	16.50
Express from Pictou, Pictou and Campbellton.....	18.30
Accommodation from Moncton.....	24.00

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. FOTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

Dominion Atlantic R'y

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Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4.50 p. m.
Leave Kentville, 5.30 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 8.45 a. m.
Leave Halifax, 3.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m.

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Leave Yarmouth, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 12.45 p. m. Arrive Annapolis, 6.30 p. m.
Leave Annapolis Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 5.30 p. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 11.10 a. m.

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