

A Sad Sea Song.
A sailor man sailed over the sea,
When the billows were soft and low,
And the winds a ballad of ocean gloe
Sang sweetly in gentle flow.
A sailor wife sat out on the shore
And dreamed of a ship on the deep,
Her sailor man she saw no more,
For he slept in a sound, sound sleep.
The sailor sailed away and away,
Where the waves were fierce and wild,
And was lost at the break of a stormy day
To his wife and his little child.
The winds were sad and the waves were
Wild,
And the sea sang a story of life,
A lullaby to the sailor child,
A wail to the sailor wife!

A WIFE'S ECONOMY.

Mr. and Mrs. Blossom were now mas of a fine brilliancy but of a small magnitude in the society of Warrensburg. Alexander Blossom and Minnie Blossom had been married for one short year, which time seemed to them just one long summer's day. There are several unmarried people unlike Alexander and Minnie, for these were never happy except when they were together, and when they were together never unhappy for a moment. When Alexander came in from business he always insisted a search for the brown-eyed girl who was waiting for him, and when he began to despair she would start out of a certain passage way with a laugh and ask him where his business was. Of course under these circumstances, it was necessary for her to take a good, square look at his eyes to determine if they were the same as ever, and then occurred some of those manifestations which foolish people call foolishness, and which only stopped when the genial housemaid came to announce that dinner was served. Of course, the housemaid did not say, "Dinner is served," her proclamation was, "Come, now," but the meaning was the same. I have omitted to say that Minnie was not very tall; that she was remarkably healthy and deliciously plump. Her lips were as near bursting with fulness as cherries after a rain; her forehead was low, and her eyebrows, heavier than the ordinary, made her just so much the more magnetic. There was nothing wonderful about Alexander. You will comprehend Alexander at once when I say that he received \$100 a month, which he did not earn. However, he firmly believed that in some mysterious way his labor brought large returns to his employers.

With \$100 a month the Blossoms had to live. Fortunately, they had no rent to pay; the market books, under Minnie's care, figured up reasonably, and the domestic was kind enough to demand but \$15 a month. One day Alexander came home from an alleged business looking nice and neat, and also looking for Minnie. He had brushed up from the next-door place in which she always sat, and high in around the neck, asked him where his eyes were, but a rapturous smile just showed his cheeks that he was not at all displeased. He had a pair of gorgeous laces which he replaced a pair of his just below when Minnie said she had a splendid brown muslin which she had seen in that line, and which he did not know. He also demanded advice as to what it was appropriate to think. Minnie then explained that a letter had come addressed to him, that it looked like wedding cards, that she had—had opened it, and that it wasn't wedding cards after all. Some men, hearing of a mysterious letter opened by a loving wife, would have experienced a feeling of vague unrest. Not so Alexander. He silently weighed the merits of some hasty falsehoods and inquired bravely what the letter was.

"An invitation to join the Warrensburg Social Club," said Minnie, "and I have been thinking of it all the afternoon." So she had, in her womanly ways she had been thinking what dress she could wear. "Isn't it nice?" she cried. "Now, say we can go."
"Of course we can go."
The unguardedness of this answer was essentially masculine. Women, on the contrary, always begin by refusing, and afterward allow themselves to be urged into anything whatever.
"Then you must get a dress suit," said Mrs. Blossom.
These were, indeed, strange words. They conveyed the revolting idea that the fashionable Alexander had nothing in dress more formal than cutaways or Prince Alberts. How, then, had he been married? The explanation throws light on a very dark passage in Mr. Blossom's life—his dress suit had been pawned; and worse, the time of redemption had expired.
"I can't go," he said, resigning himself to Fate with a large F.
"That's it," cried Minnie, delighted; "I've been figuring it all up, and you can go." Here she ran into the next room, and in one second returned with a sheet of legal cap bearing very illegal looking figures. "Now look at this!"
Alexander looked, and I have to record that he was not shocked. The figures and their method were about as nearly like those of an ordained book-keeper as Mr. Blossom's own.
"We've got to be economical for two months, you see," said Minnie. "There it is, all on paper."
The indisputable document ran thus: Grocer, 50; June, 15; butcher, 15; coal, \$8; everything else, 10; altogether, \$78—\$78 out of \$100 leaves \$22—say \$20; two months, \$40.
"One of these suits doesn't cost more than that, does it?" she asked, confidently.
"Costs \$75," replied the gloomy Alexander.
"Pump!" cried Minnie. "Can't you manage?" If it were a \$75 dress, \$40 would be plenty.
Alexander shook his head.

"But the club meets early in the evening," persisted Minnie. "Couldn't you get one that would do—ready made, or something?"
Alexander was pained. He said he would like to do it in earnest.
"Dear!" cried Minnie, in despair. "What can we do? We can't take boarders, and you can't be a book agent. I wish somebody would leave us some money."
"So do I," murmured Alec, with feeling.
"I know what," cried Minnie, with sudden brightness.
"Don't you ask your father for money," said Mr. Blossom sternly.
"I don't intend to."

Alexander seemed to think she might have been a little more willful on this point. But he tried to look much relieved, and issued another command that she was not to go in debt. Her assent to this was immediate. Alexander had no more to say.
The next day Minnie, in pursuance of her idea, went by stealth to the clothing emporium of Warrensburg and demanded the price of dress suits. The answer was \$75. She then asked the price of the cloth. This was a great surprise to the tailor. He affected to solve an intricate problem, and finally coming out with a mathematical flourish of his pencil, said: "Twenty dollars."
"How much for cutting out?"
"Well," said the tailor, "hem! let me see. You wouldn't want it made up here, you think? Well, coat, vest and—about \$13.50."
"I should like to get the cloth and the cutting both for \$30 if you could," said Minnie, faintly.
"Well," answered the tailor, patronizingly, "that's it, we couldn't. You can't get English goods, you know, at American prices. We have cheaper goods, but—"
"I shouldn't want this," said Minnie.
"Well, as the best figure on that I'll say \$33. We don't make anything on it anyway."

Mrs. Blossom was not deceived, but she pretended to be and with another exhortation of courage for a month's credit. Then she directed the cutting to be done by Alexander's measure, already with the tailor, and the next day carried her bundle in triumph to her dressmaker. She of course, one of that infinite number of women, found only by sheer good luck, who are called "jewels" by feminine gossips, and who charge two prices. They are said to be "reasonable" as distinguished from the real modiste. According to immemorial usage among dressmakers, this particular "jewel" of Minnie's did not set a price, but she said it was a "splendid plan" that she would try, and that she would make everything "satisfactory." What can be more satisfactory? Minnie departed in great spirits.
The rattle of a bell brought the light of the club's first meeting.
The Blossoms' acceptance had been fully sent, and Alexander had been completely informed that a dress suit would be provided. He trusted to his wife's ingenuity, believing that in two months she would create a wonderful novel, as ladies so easily do in other novels; but that she would pursue the more useful and perhaps more womanly plan of calling on her father. Men are so tardy in conceding to their wives other than domestic virtues. But one man was about to have his masculine prejudices swept away. The important night having rolled into Warrensburg, Minnie came dancing down stairs "had patched up out of nothing," and consequently bade her dependent to "come up and get ready." He went. The bundle was brought out for him to open. It was a regular tailor's box (such was Minnie's craftiness) and lo! on the collar of the coat was the glorifying name of a New York tailor. Minnie, of course, had obtained the name of her father and sewed it on with her own fair hands.

Alec, with a full heart, donned the suit and stood before the mirror. He cast two careful glances at the trim reflection, clasped Minnie to the new coat and exclaimed in many raptures, "You darling! It's—It's the regular thing!"
"Are you satisfied?" asked the wife, wishing him to commit himself beyond retrieve before she divulged the low origin of the suit.
"Of course!" cried Alec warmly, wishing he were a woman, so that he could give a little. "Satisfied? Why it's one of Ackerman's best—that's what it is. See the way it fits. I could tell that was Ackerman's a mile off."
When he had raved for ten minutes, Minnie confessed the history of the suit. "So you see, after all," she said at last, "we women do know something."
Mr. Blossom looked at the coat more critically, trying to detect a blemish, but he couldn't.
"Are you still satisfied?" asked Minnie. He had to admit that he was.
"Now, how much do you suppose it cost?"
Mr. Blossom couldn't tell. "Now, a tailor," he began.
"Tailor!" cried Minnie. "You mean robber. I counted on just \$40, and out of that I have this suit, which you say you like, and this dress of mine. You would have paid \$75 for the suit alone. To-morrow I shall go up and pay up, and I warn you that every cent I have left out of the \$40 I shall spend on candy, every single cent." For Minnie had the woman's love of extravagance after all.

So this was Mrs. Blossom's triumph. Not a gentleman at the club was better dressed than her husband.
They were both in raptures. Alexander especially, when he had convinced himself that his suit did not proclaim to the world the disgraceful truth that it had been constructed by a dressmaker.
The next evening, when Mr. Blossom came home and instituted the search for Minnie, she did not leap out at him from her old unthought-of hiding place. She was in her room and crying.
"What's the matter?" asked Alexander. She did not reply at first, but still kept her head from him, but when she had been wrought up to the proper state of sympathy and alarm she cried a little more bitterly than before, and quite unconsciously relaxed her grasp on a piece of crumpled paper. Alexander divined that this dingy scrap was the source of the trouble, and picked it up. It contained atrocious writing executed in red ink, and looked like the work of a dynamiter. But it was not so brief. It began: "Mrs. Blossom to Mrs. Darden, man's Dress Suite, and after eighteen or twenty lines of trimmings, linings, buttons, extra cloth, making, etc., culminated in 'total \$39.' Under this 'total' Minnie had written in trembling figures what she owed the tailor, \$33, and then had made a 'total' of her own. The dress suit had cost her \$72.
"You hate me," she sobbed. "You'll think you've married a simpleton."
Alexander was not distinguished for a keen insight into human nature, but with so beautiful and appealing a creature as Minnie in tears who would not know the proper chord?
"Simpleton!" he cried, and distrustful of the power of words alone he seized her by the waist, "saw limp," and gleefully whisked her about the room, "so you want a compliment on your financialing? You shall have it. You have got a thing worth \$75 for \$72; made \$3 by simply turning over your somewhat dimpled hand. Simpleton, forsooth; you are a money grubber! Take me to the theatre, capital and I will give the supper afterwards. Eh? What do you think of that?"
Minnie, flying from tears to smiles, foolishly thought Alexander more adorable than ever, and that evening at the play, although it was a very fatal tragedy, they successfully maintained the highest spirits. But better than all, when the story was related to Minnie's father, he knowing how to strike the right chord—Simpleton, a guarantee her with a large check, as a guarantee that her first charming failure at economy were properly appreciated.

HEADACHE AND HAIR.

A Barber Tells How to Cure the Former and Preserve the Latter.

Yes, it is a mistake to change the way or style of combing your hair. A man should decide early in life which way he is going to arrange his hair or beard, and keep it that way for life. It is wrong to cultivate a 'pompadour' in summer time and wear the hair plastered on the head the rest of the year.
When the time comes to make the change, the course of the hair has been changed at the roots, and the hair will not lie down. If cut short it will stand out like porcupine quills; and again, when the 'pompadour' is being cultivated, the wearer is liable to fire if it before it is mastered. You will always find that the men who plaster their hair on their heads become bald years before they are a year 'baldheaded'—that is, bald-pompadoured for the reason that the air does not get to the scalp and the roots of the hair die for the want of it.
A scalp plastered with hair never prospers and headaches follow. Any one subject to headaches can overcome them very easily if he will but rub his scalp gently and thoroughly every morning and evening. It causes a circulation of the blood, creates a heat that draws perspiration, accompanied by natural air, which feeds the roots of the hair itself. Get in the habit of doing this and you will surprise yourself. If you continue this, the flow of natural oil will be so plentiful that pomades of every kind will be dispensed with.

Silk Without Worms.

M. de Carbonnet, a French savant, has discovered how to make silk without worms. He began his experiments some time ago, with the guiding idea that the peculiar appearance of silk was the result of the spinning of a liquid. After many months of repeated and unsuccessful trials, he produced several yards of silk in this wise: He poured a colloid solution into a copper receiver which emptied into a system of small glass tubes. These tubes terminated in capillaries, which carried off the solution in fine, thread-like streams. In a second system of glass filaments, with water, the fine streams became fine threads, which, before leaving the water, were caught mechanically and wound around tiny rollers. After being heated and cooled in an acid of special gravity and temperature, the threads were made less combustible than cotton by being saturated in a simple chemical preparation. The quality of the silk goods manufactured from these threads is fine. The threads are cylindrical and are from one to forty micromillimetres in diameter. They sustain a weight of 25-35 kilograms per square millimeter. Ordinary silk bears a weight of 30-45 kilograms per square millimeter; cooked silk 15-20. De Carbonnet's silk is much more brilliant than ordinary silk and absorbs and holds coloring matter more satisfactorily. As yet only a few pieces have been produced by the new process. Several of them are shown in the Paris Exposition. De Carbonnet is confident, however, that further experiments will enable him to manufacture silk cheaply and in large quantities. In fact, he thinks that a few years hence the silk worms may as well go and die, as machinery will then be doing their work much better than they can do it themselves.

FIELD TOO LATE.

"MR. HENSON, I wuz much pained fer heah ob de sudden death of yer wife. Did dey hol' a post-mortem 'zamination?"
"Dey did sah, Mr. Willis; but didn't hol' it till arter she died. Fool doctah might er knowed he couldn't sabo her life den."

REMARKABLE MEN.

How St. Louis Men View the World.
The varieties of memory are as remarkable as its vagaries. There is, for instance, so wide a range between Niubur, the great statesman, and a certain divine that one can scarcely recognize the same faculty in each. It is said of Niubur that he remembers everything he had read at any period of his life; and it is said of the reverend doctor that he forgot he had been married within an hour or two of the interesting event. John Wesley had a remarkable memory, and at eighty-five even it was still vigorous. Andrew Fuller could repeat a poem of five hundred lines after hearing it read once or twice, could recite verbatim a sermon or speech, and enumerate the names of the shop signs from the Temple to the end of Chesapeake with a description of the principal articles displayed in each shop window.

Before the days of short-hand reporting "Memory Woodrill" used to attend the House of Commons, and after listening to a debate, would reproduce the whole without taking a single note. The same power was possessed by William Radcliffe, the husband of Mrs. Radcliffe, the novelist. Both Macaulay and Sir Walter Scott had prodigious memories, yet neither of them could compare with the Romans of Middleburg who knew by heart the works of Virgil, Cicero, Juvenal, Homer, Aristophanes, and the two Phaedra. It was an example of the faculty we have in Mezzofantini, the celebrated linguist of Bologna, one of the most striking instances on record of what, by way of distinction we may call intelligent memory. He was described by Lord Byron as "a walking encyclopedia, a master of languages and of hundreds of parts of speech." At the age of fifty he was thoroughly versed in fifty languages—perfect in pronunciation, idiom, grammar and colloquialisms, and before his death he had read twenty or thirty more to his list. He used to say himself that he never forgot anything that he either heard or read.

As an example of effort to create memory by special means, the case of Robert Spenser, an illiterate Puritan, may be recalled. He had the taste of his time for romances, but could himself neither read nor write. He invented a long leather girdle, which he wound twice around his body and upon which he preserved an accurate Biblical record. The girdle was divided into parts to represent the books of the Bible in their order, and the chapter he affixed small tokens of paper to the different divisions, and by these points he indicated the verses in each chapter. By means of this "girdle of Verity," as it came to be called, the man was able to take such notes on the sermon that on returning home he could give all the heads and quills of the various texts mentioned in it, and the preachers of the day were his pupils.

Bill Nye Arrested.

The humorist writes in the Pittsburg Dispatch: "The pleasure of being arrested is a very agreeable thing, and so get into the papers. Last week a number of the matter should reach home and alarm my legion of friends in America. I will give a brief account of it myself. It was on the 14th of July, and, of course, a great national holiday. Paris was filled with life. Paris was filled with excitement. Paris was full of surging humanity. I was there, but did not seem to attract any attention at first. Finally I went past the door of an English grog-shop, and, as usual, several tables stood outside the door. One had a glass of wine on it. I heard the glass fall long after I had passed the place. When I reached the Hotel Castiglione a waiter followed me in and requested me to pay for the glass. I said, 'scarsely.' The grog proprietor then came and demanded pay for the glass and contents. I replied with perfect polish and wonderful naivete that I would see him doing time over yonder before I would do so. 'All right, we will 'ave a policeman, then,' he straightaway to me did make reply. I did not think he would do it, but he did. He then told the policeman his story, and the officer told me I would have to accompany him to the commissaire. I said I had agreed to go somewhere else that evening. He did not understand me. Just as we were starting for the station house the proprietor of the Castiglione and the young Count de Passano, both of whom I had met only a moment before, intererred; told the officer he was barking up the wrong tree, I think, though it was all in French, so I am not sure of the exact words. At last he finally hitched up his linen trousers, touched his cap and backed away. De Passano is a young Italian here going to school, and having also a good time already. He was very polite and wanted to pay for the glass himself, but I would not permit it, because it was wrong for anybody to go about paying for the general breakage of crockery and glassware in a large place. You cannot keep it up. I was quite ill at ease for a little while. I will admit, for it is so rarely that I am arrested nowadays that I hardly know what to say. Besides, you cannot argue with a French policeman in English and make that favorable impression you would like."

A Historic Match Box.

Recently I saw in the possession of a gentleman here an elegant gold match box that once belonged to Prince Maximilian, who was shot in Mexico more than twenty years ago. Just before he was put to death he gave this box and two watches to the soldiers who were detailed to carry into execution the sentence of death which had been passed upon him. He told them that he gave them these mementos to show that he bore no ill will towards them, as they were only acting in obedience to orders.

Grace in the House.

If it is not possible to possess in our homes the high priestesses—Beauty, we can at least entertain within our gates the handmaid—Grace.
The simplest furnishings can be made to take on an expression of gracefulness, and the plainest home may exude an atmosphere of refinement.
How often do we enter a house only to have instantaneously an almost irresistible desire to rearrange the entire scheme of the room—to root out that sofa so square against the wall, to bring forward this retiring table, to say "Prête, change," and to make every individual article undergo a general change.
A room is very apt to partake in some degree of the unattractive characteristics of the inmates. The more grace, the more things is at right angles with everything else—plumb and precise—where rugs are laid down even with the doors, and pictures and vases are exactly duplicated, and where the prevailing law is mathematical correctness, is but the insensate reflection of angles of character in the person of cold, unlovely traits, and an absence of feeling for harmony and color.
A few peacock feathers, a Japanese jar, a piece of rich embroidery, a yellow silk scarf arranged on a corner or draped around a small oblong table, by their blending of tones aided by skillful adjustment can suggest a poem and fill the eye with a sense of charming satisfaction.

Care of the Hands.

A well-kept hand is a mark of good breeding. A lady will not have bitten or broken nails; neither will she keep her hands white at the expense of usefulness. A hard working hand may be neatly cared for and be far from displeasing. It is not a good plan to keep the hands soiled longer than necessary. The hands should be washed in warm water and soap, and thoroughly dried. Gloves save the hands from much wear and tear, and if the fingers are cut off, do not hinder work. Young girls often have red hands, partly the result of poor circulation; to remedy this, plenty of exercise, on horseback if possible, is desirable. Gloves should not be worn too tight, and frequent washing in warm water and honey soap or in hot water and milk should be followed by thorough drying and the use of violet powder. Glycerine used before retiring, camphor ball, or washing with hot water and oatmeal is good for chapped hands. If the glycerine is rubbed in while the hands are still wet with soap and warm water it is very efficacious. Sunburnt hands may be treated with lime water or lemon juice. Much redness of hands might be prevented by greater care in drying them, and a slight use of violet powder. Chillsblains on the hands come from holding them near the fire when they are very cold; electricity is thought to prevent them. Warts may be removed by the application of fresh beef steeped twenty-four hours in vinegar; in a week they will disappear. In England no hand is considered clean if the nails are not nice. Rings and nails worn long and pointed are not beautiful. They should be cut once a week, and a sharp pen-knife is better than scissors. People who bite their nails deserve the ugly appearance which follows. The nails should be examined each morning, and after washing the hands in warm water, the cuticle about the bottom and side of the nail should be carefully pushed back with a soft towel. If more is necessary, the little ringers should be used for the purpose. A useful little ointment for the purpose is made of fine oxide of tin, perfumed with otto of lavender, and tinted with carmine. It may be rubbed on with the finger or with a nail comb, covered with leather. When some of the particles which move, the nails are intercepted, white spots are the result. If these spots are not removed by the use of the ointment, they may be removed by the use of a pen-knife, and the nail should be kept moist for several days. Vaseline ointment, gently rubbed on the nails, will also make the spots disappear. It is best to select some bits of wisdom about the hands.

The white hand proclaims innocence, the red hand guilt.
The hand that is soft and flabby indicates a weak and inefficient character. A lean, nervous hand, with a grasp of much spasmodic force indicates energy.
The thumbs of the dying turn in under the fingers, as if conscious that their work is done.
A hand that is firm and solid foretells a good constitution and a patient and preserving mind.
The lying on of hands is an old custom believed to have peculiar value in curing disease by faith.
Newton declared that in want of other proofs the thumb would convince him of the existence of a God.

Fir Stronger Than Oak.

It is generally supposed that oak is much stronger than fir, but a series of tests made recently at the car shops of the Northern Pacific Railroad, in Tacoma, Washington Territory, show that the reverse is actually the case. The tests were made by actual breaking strain, on sticks two by four inches and four feet long, the weight being applied in the middle of a span of three feet nine inches. The results of five tests were as follows: First, an old piece of yellow fir, six years exposed to the weather, broke at 3002 pounds; second, a new soft piece of fine-grain yellow fir broke at 3002 pounds; third, old piece of yellow fir, coarse grain and hard, broke at 4520 pounds; fourth, a new piece of fine-grain yellow fir, coarse grain, broke with a stringy fracture at 3835 pounds; fifth, a new piece of Michigan oak broke nearly short off at a weight of 2428 pounds. The deflections before breaking were as follows: The first and second pieces, half an inch; third, three-eighths of an inch; fourth, five-eighths of an inch; fifth, the oak piece, one inch and an eighth.

New Style of Postal Cards.

The new postal cards soon to be issued will vary in size. There will be three sizes when the contracts are finally taken up—one a fine, delicate card for ladies' use, much smaller than that now in circulation and of much finer quality. Fine calendered paper will be substituted for the old blank blotting-paper. An intermediate card of the same size as the one now in use will be introduced that can be used for business purposes, and will be large enough to allow a bill-head to be printed there on, besides the other matter. It is well known also that Mr. Wanamaker is in favor of cheap postage. He takes a practical view of the matter, however, and proposes that the reduction be made so that a half-ounce parcel could be carried for one cent, still retaining the present rate of two cents for a full ounce.

What "Chinook" Means.

When you hear a man in the Northwest use the word Chinook (writes a correspondent of the New York Post from Portland, Oregon) you are obliged to listen for something more before you know just what he means by it. "In Astoria you may buy a pair of moccasins of Chinook, meaning a red man of that tribe. In Portland a fish dealer offers you a Chinook for sale, meaning a Chinook salmon. At Spokane Falls you inquire your way of an Indian by talking Chinook to him—that is, addressing him in the Volapuk or universal dialect of the aborigines west of the Rocky mountains. Still further east, on the snow-shed of the Cascade Range, you seek a local weather prophet in a kind of way whether there will be skating tomorrow and he will tell you that there is nothing to fear except a Chinook. This time the reference is not to an aborigine coming to scalp the skaters or to a monster salmon breaking the thin ice on its journey from oneswimming place to another, or to a composite language, but to a soft wind, such as blows off the Pacific ocean through the gap on the coast range of hills at the mouth of the Columbia river, the Country of the Chinook Indians, the prophet in plain words it is and the same rain, which is usually its companion and which is the balance of spring, though the almanac may still insist upon the reign of Boreas. Quite as noteworthy a latitude must be observed in interpreting, in this part of the country, what any one says about the weather. Winter, for example—what does it mean here? In January I have tramped through snowdrifts three feet deep on the sidewalks of Spokane Falls, and 48 hours later I climb the heights above Tacoma across a turf as freshly green as the first forest leaves in May. In this city of Portland on the 22d of February, I have stood in the street at the mouth of the river in thin woollen clothing without an overcoat, and with a bunch of wild strawberry blossoms, freshly plucked, in my buttonhole, and taken photographs of Mount Hood and Mount St. Helens, whose summits for the whole 12 months of the year are never without a heavy mantle of snow.

New Tricycle Dress.

Those who like exercise on a tricycle will be glad to hear of a new costume especially designed for this purpose. It is made in tweed or cloth, the model is of a grayish brown check, a very serviceable color as not showing dust, the plain skirt full at the back and pleated in front. The novelty of the costume lies in the fact that the construction on which it is made can be let down longer when the wearer is on the machine and shortened again for walking, this being accomplished by a simple arrangement of buttons and cords; thus, when cycling, the skirt is let down and covers the feet, when on the ground raised again to walking length. The bodice is cut as an ordinary Norfolk jacket, with a belt securing the pleats, and is lined with sanitary cloth.

—LARRY, the well-known trainer who handled Crickmore, Joe Gotroff, etc., expresses himself delighted with the Westchester track, as do all the trainers. "It ain't only the track," said Abe, "but the stables. They are fit for a man to live in. And then the management is something great. Every morning a wagon comes and takes away all manure, dirt and refuse matter. A man feels as if he was living in his own home. Oh, this is a racing man's heaven."
WHERE DO THEY GO?—Miss Lombard wonders where the fies go in winter?
Miss Byherself—"I don't know, but I should imagine that they go to the same place where the young men go in the summer. There hasn't been one of the latter around this hotel since we've been here."

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