

IN BORROWED PLUMAGE.

Well Dressed Women Who Wear Goods Best on Approval.

When the ways of some women are considered, it is less remarkable that such numbers of women dwelling in the large cities dress extravagantly than before their methods of securing rich costumes for all occasions have been scrutinized.

There are women, and many of them very wealthy, who make a regular practice of having elegant garments sent to their homes on approval, wear them once and then returning them to stores or costumers. Some women will wear a dress or a cloak to the opera and send it back next morning.

Of course all of these women are not well off, but they all dress well and go out a great deal, and although the shopkeepers often discover the manner in which they are being deceived, they do not always like to make a fuss for fear of losing a good customer.

This sort of imposture has been carried on so often by a customer of a certain large firm that its members determined to put a stop to her flaunting about in borrowed plumage, at least when the plumage belonged to them.

One Saturday this woman had a splendid wrap sent home on approval, and on Sunday one of the head clerks of the firm who knew Mrs. Blank as the offender stationed himself near her.

How do you do, Mrs. Blank? I am delighted to see that you like our cloak well enough to keep it. Of course after that she could not return the cloak.

Still, with all the efforts put forward by shops and costumers to break up the pernicious habit of forcible borrowing on the part of sundry feminine customers, the practice goes merrily on, and many a fair dame with an enviable reputation for exquisite dressing appears but once in garments and hats that when next seen are bedecking another woman or hanging in the showroom of some smart shop.

Barred Out Immigrants. Uncle Sam has a black list of birds and quadrupeds which it is absolutely prohibited to introduce into this country.

What Makes Things Grow. According to Maurice Springer, a French writer on the subject, the energy of growth is closely related to electric energy and may be identical with it.

Perfectly Safe. A tourist in a remote part of Ireland, having stayed the night at a wayside inn not usually frequented by visitors.

Animals and Alcohol. Many animals yield to the seduction of rum drinking, especially elephants, horses, cows and swine.

Their Last. "Yes," remarked the sad looking stranger, "I have seen the last of many a good man."

A Convenient Conscience. "I don't believe he has any conscience at all."

POLLY LARKIN.

Polly is glad to note every instance where Arbor Day is observed. The Stockton woman, a short time ago, had their day devoted to tree planting and made a general holiday, which was commented on in this column at the time.

Now comes Santa Clara county and makes Arbor Day one long to be remembered, for on all sides are growing evidences of the progressive spirit of the people in Santa Clara county.

The Chamber of Commerce, the Highway Club, the schools and private citizens, old and young participated in the good work and made a merry-making of it. Those who did not assist in the actual tree planting made interested spectators and aided with their presence to encourage the workers.

Rigs and carriages of all descriptions thronged the highways. The scholars, who held their tree planting in the morning in beautifying the school grounds, were dismissed and joined the throng in the afternoon. The committee from the Highway Club, having in charge the preparations, did their work well and everything was in readiness, even to the holes being dug.

That old familiar saying, "Curiosity kills cats," is frequently heard, and a pronounced old bachelor says that "the old adage would apply to women in general, only that their curiosity never kills, but it leads them into all sorts of trouble."

Using Dogs in Field Service. New instructions have been issued to the German army regarding the employment of dogs in the field service.

Substitute for Rubber. A new elastic material known as "lichopile," has, according to the Gummi Zeitung, been manufactured on a large scale near Ghent, in Belgium.

Then She Remembered. Near the elevated road in Park place is a news and apple woman. She is very absentminded. Also sympathetic.

Long wharf, Boston, almost as celebrated as Faneuil hall itself, has been notable Cradle of Liberty, has ever partly destroyed by fire.

A white ruff is an unexplained "dis-ease" of English and German galvanizing iron that has developed within the last year or two.

M. Yushin, the Russian tenor, has insured his voice for \$2500.

TWO OBLIGING MEN.

Each Was the Victim in a Street Car Fare Transaction. It was in a Boston street car. When the car stopped at a crossing, a lady got up and went to the door.

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"A word to the wise is sufficient," Polly, and if I had only heeded that old adage, I would have been spared this—said a friend, holding up the fragments of a beautiful out-glass dish.

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Germany, England, France and Italy supply Canada with rubber balls.

Most of the steel pens used in Canada are made in England.

STANTON'S IRISH STEW.

A Story of the Great War Secretary as Told by His Bodyguard. An attempt by Secretary of War Stanton to cook an Irish stew while holding the war department office against the removal order of President Andrew Johnson is one of many anecdotes related by Louis Koerth, at the period mentioned the great war secretary's bodyguard.

Feb. 21, 1868, President Johnson appointed General Lorenzo Thomas secretary of war ad interim, but the power of removal having been taken by the tenure of office act from the president, Mr. Stanton refused to resign or to vacate the office of secretary.

He held in the office, determined to hold it until the result of the impeachment proceedings against the president, which were then pending in the senate, should be determined.

Both men had spent a busy and laboriously exciting day, and both were tired out when the pot was put on the fire to cook the stew.

A healthy fowl will drink fifteen or twenty times a day. Sharp gravel should always be supplied to fowls that are fattened in close confinement.

Appreciated Himself. A little boy playing near the Serpentine fell into the water. An Irish laborer who was passing at the time courageously jumped into the water, clothes and all, and rescued the boy, says Spare Moments.

Saved by the Soloist. An old lady who at the best was certainly very musical attended church one morning a little while ago. During the service an anthem was sung by the choir, during which a certain Mr. Wood rendered a solo.

By Way of a Lesson. "One of our cars ran over another man last night," announced the superintendent of the street railway line.

An Anatomical Tale. Dinwit—Say, our backbones are like serial stories, aren't they?

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HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Not Such a Fool. John, who lives in a Pennsylvania village, was thought to be very stupid. He was sent to a mill one day, and the miller said:

"John, some people say you are a fool. Now, tell me what you know and what you don't know."

"Well," replied John, "I know the miller's hogs are fat."

"Yes, that's well, John. Now what don't you know?"

"I don't know whose corn fats 'em."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Innocence Established. "Your honor," protested the prisoner earnestly, "I can explain satisfactorily how I happen to carry a jimmy. I am a commutator and use it to open the car windows and doors—only for that purpose."

The detective admitted that no burglar had ever been known to use such a powerful jimmy, and on the production of his commutation ticket the magistrate discharged the prisoner.—Judge.

Safer. He-I haven't quite made up my mind, but I thought of speaking to your father tonight. What would you do?

She-Well, father's rather cross tonight. He-But don't you think I'd better face the music?

She-Well, er—I'd advise you to back up to it.—Philadelphia Press.

The Obstacle. "Come, my darling," said the impatient lover at the foot of the ladder.

"It's no use," she replied. "The elopement's off."

"Why? What has happened?"

"Papa absolutely refuses to advance the money for our traveling expenses."—Town Topics.

The Credit They Give You. "What is success?" asked the man with a liking for the abstruse.

"Success," answered the cynical friend, "is something that impels your old acquaintances to smile significantly and remark, 'A fool for luck!'"—Washington Star.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Coracob Sidwalks. "Because of the cob pipe industry Missouri has the reputation of being the greatest coracob state in the Union, but Iowa has got its southern neighbor beat when it comes to putting cobs to novel uses," said a man from Keokuk the other day.

"Did you ever hear of coracob sidewalks? Never did? Well, sir, I made a trip throughout a big part of the state of Iowa recently, and I found several grain shipping towns that had coracob sidewalks."

"In spite of what one would think about it cobs make a pretty good walk. They are a little rough at first, but when the cobs become trampled down the walk is smooth. It is more springy than a cinder path and water will not stand in little pools in the low places."

"From some of the little railroad towns hundreds of thousands of bushels of corn are shipped each year. The grain is shelled at the local elevators, and as there is little demand for the cobs for fuel they are carried in a spout to a place some distance from the elevator and allowed to form in a huge pile.

The Gridiron Club. The Gridiron Club, which is composed of Washington newspaper correspondents and has entertained every president who has been in the White House during nearly twenty years, always makes a great feature of its annual dinner. The members are no respecters of dignity. Every man who attends its dinners, even the president, knows perfectly well that the humorous side of his character will be portrayed in one way or another.

A Story About Schwab. Charles M. Schwab, who was a boy attendant the village school of Loreto, Pa., and in Loreto they will tell the story of young Schwab and the brick. It seems that the schoolmaster was an ardent geologist. He had ordered one day that each of the children bring to school a specimen of some sort, and these specimens he would designate and describe one by one.

A Good Idea. The co-operative wedding present is a new idea in Great Britain, where the fact that servants and tenants on estates club together and send one handsome gift seems to have suggested to somebody that friends might do the same.

Mirrors on Street Cars. All the tramway car vestibules of Denver, Colo., are to be fitted with mirrors as fast as they can be placed upon the cars. This does not mean that the motormen are going into the beauty culture fad. The mirrors, which are of heavy plate glass inclosed in solid cast iron frames, are hung out at one side of the vestibule at just such an angle that without turning his head the motorman can see exactly the condition of affairs on the steps. He can thus watch the rear platform, and there is less danger of the car rising accidentally dangled up again while a passenger is getting on or off.

New Bills For Their Wives. An officer in the United States treasury in New York in commenting a few days ago on the increasing number of men who asked for new bills with which to pay their wives' allowances, said that one regular visitor recently switched to gold pieces, thinking his wife might cling to them longer than to the new bills. He had to get back to bills, however, because his wife persisted in mistakingly dropping the \$2.50 giving gum machines and couldn't give up the gum habit.

A Light Correspondence. The mayor of the Tyrolean town of Tramin ordered \$100 worth of envelopes and was amazed to get 35,000 with the official stamp—more than are needed there in twenty years. He then discovered that if he had put the money in the bank the interest would almost have sufficed to keep up the supply of official envelopes.

Writing to My Wife. "For the first year of our married life, dear," said the young man who was poor, but had prospects, "we shall have to live principally on love."

Thought It Might Be. Mrs. Newlocks—I'm determined that Cynthia's debut shall pass off with great eclat.

Mr. Newlocks—What's eclat, Maria—eclat?—Puck.

Card Talk. Harold—Ah! There goes Percival Putnam Puddentaff, with a frown as black as the "ace of spades."

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