

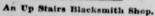
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### A Frenchwoman's Funeral.

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The Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph, writing of a funeral recently held in an interior to a of France, says the dead woman h. been in easy circumstances and had long been beset by the odd ambition to be buried. in pomp and splendor and with the accompaniment of a large crowd. With this end in view she bequeathed to her principal tenant, a steady going greengrocer, the greater part of her fortune, consisting of alout \$15,000, on the express condition that she should be interred in state, the hearse being drawn by six horses caparisoned in the trap-pings of woe, with all the usual adjuncts to match. Not content with this precaution, the worthy dame, when she perceived that her end was nigh, left legacies not only to a variety of charitable institutions, but also to the fireinen of the place, to the local band and to the gympastic clubs of the district.

All there societies were, of course, represented with becoming gratitude at the obsequies, which in scrupnlous accordance with the wishes of the deceased benefactress of the lucky greengrocer and the charitable and other institutions, were on a magnificent and, indeed, colossal scale, seeing that upward of 6,000 persons belonging to all classes of society followed her mortal remains to their last resting place.



As is well known, the Baldwin Locomotive works are located in the heart of the city of Philadelphia, where real estate is valuable. This condition of things leads to a great many details in the construction of the works which would not be thought of under different circumstances, although, as very often bappens after one has accommodated himself to circumstances in this way, the result is found to have no disadvantages, but, on the contrary, is found to bo positively advantageous.

One of the features of the Baldwin works, which is a blacksmith shop, steam hammers and all, is located on the second floor. This shop does what the Baldwin works call the light work. It does not do the frame forging or other heavy work, although the work done is, as already intimated, sufficiently heavy to call for steam hammers. The entire shop contains 87 forges, served by two fans, which are driven by electric motors. A complete system of exhaust piping for carrying away the smoke is provided, which, together with the very liberal window and skylight area and elevated location, results in the cleanest and lightest shop, when the number of fires is considered, that we have over seen. - American Machinist.

#### Dickens and Cruikshank.

The last time I saw Dickens was in 1863, at the funeral of William Make peace Thackeray, to which I accom-panied my father. Although December, it was as bright and sunny as a summer day. On getting out at the railway station we encountered George Cruikshank, with whom in early life Thackeray had studied etching and whose illustrations were a feature of Dickens' earlier works. Cruikshank was then in

The Poetry of Nature. "The poetry of earth is never dead," wrote Keats, and though the statement sounds at first thought a dangerously sweeping one there is no doubt that if he had been called upon to argue the point he would have successfully maintained his thesis. Regarded subjectively, the poetry of earth, or, in other words, the quality which makes for poetry in external nature, is that power in nature which moves us by suggestion, which excites in us emotion, imrgination or poignant association, which plays upon the tense strings of our sympathies with the fingers of memory or desire. This power may reside not less in a bleak pasture lot than in a paradisal close of bloom and verdure, not store is a banner with a strange device less in a roadside thistle patch than in ou it informing the public that "we are a peak that scars into the sunset. It not responsible for hats left with us works through sheer beauty or sheer over 30 days." In the store they keep a sublimity, but it may work with equal effect through austerity or reticence or limitation or change. It may use the

most common scenes, the most familiar facts and forms, as the vehicle of its most penetrating and most illuminating message. It is apt to make the drop of dew on a grass blade as significant as the starred sphere of the sky.

Merely descriptive poetry is not very far removed from the work of the reporter and the photographer. Lacking the selective quality of creative art, it is in reality little more than a representation of some of the raw materials of poetry. It leaves the reader unmoved, because little emotion has gone to its making .-- Charles G. D. Roberts in Forum.

### A Baked Bonnet.

During a recent rainstorm a society woman was caught in a sudden downpour and was compelled to run home in very undignified baste. Her dignity, bowever, wasn't damaged as much as bonnet. The latter had been a her dream of beauty when she started out. It was a perfect nightmare when she reached home again. She thought that a little heating would bring it about all right. The kitchen fire had gone out, but sho put the bonnet in the oven and prevared to build the fire. Just as she had got all the materials together the doorbell rang. It was a caller. The visitor was a great gossip, and she had a brand new bit of scandal to tell. The two women became very much absorbed in their chat. During the course of it the servant girl, who had been out for the afternoon, returned and passed back into the kitchen. About an hour later the two gossips in the parlor began to notice a queer odor coming from the kitchen. e truth of the situation suddenly flashed upon the hostess, who immedi-ately rushed out into the kitchen. There she found to her horror that the girl had built the kitchen fire and her lovely bonnet lay in the oven roasted to a crisp. -Philadelphia Record.

A London Cook. There is a celebrated cook in London about whom it is said that he makes an income of over £2,000 a year. Ho is at-

tached to no house. This is bow he carns his living: In his own brougham he sets out toward of the soldier boys writing evening for the house of some rich man

OLD HATS ON MANY HEADS.

Where the Discarded Headgear of the verage Citizen Finds Its Fate

What becomes of the old hats? The stovepipes," derbies, fedoras, soft hats and straw hats of various kindswhere do they go when discarded by their owners? Every time a man buys a new hat he has the old one wrapped up, and either stowed away in the hat store for safe keeping or sent to him at his office or residence. As a rule he says, "Wrap it up, and I'll call for it in a day or two."

The batter wraps it up, marks it with the customer's name, puts it away and waits. On the largest mirror in the hat book, and when Smith, Jones, Brown or Robinson leaves his old "lid" a note is made of it and duly entered on this book.

After 50 or 60 days have clapsed a general clearing out of the old hats is made, and they go to the secondhand stores along South Clark street, to the costumers' palaces, to the country stores sometimes, all to be cleaned, relined and furbished up the best way possible. It is thus possible for a man to be stopped on some chilly evening and asked to assist some unfortunate who is wearing one of his old hats. These old bats are sometimes sent to the theaters to be used as headgear for "the rabble" or "an angry mob" or "a group of Ro-man citizens." Drivers of coal wagons,

transfer wagons and teamsters generally who want a hat for outdoor use buy a great many of these castaways. The soft hats can be made over most effectually, but a stiff hat remodeled and dyed has an ancient luster that does not deceive the intelligent.

Country stores sometimes take an invoice of these veterans, and the result is a weird exhibition of headgear by the sages of the cracker barrels and hitching blocks.

A stiff hat once broken can with difficulty be patched up acceptably, but a soft hat may be worked over many times and still be marketable. Laborers generally wear soft hats, although a few sport derbies, and many a once proud, stylish hat may be seen during the usual Chicago street cleaning days perched on the cranium of some stalwart wielder of the shovel and pick.

The peddlers buy the old hats. The milkmen, the sailors, rivermen, laborers and that most shifting army of human odds and ends which form such an item in the city's population-these are the men to whom the vast bulk of the old hats go. Hats that have glistened with newness and glossy nap, once started on the downward path, go lower and lower till the ash heap in the alley or the oblivion of an empty lot marks their final degradation.—Chicago Chronicle.

# GRANT IN DISGUISE.

Reconnoissance on the Quiet Wh Took the Boys by Storm. "One day at Chattanooga," says one



Made helpless as a baby by a dreadful nervous disease he read of a case like his own, and had enough faith to follow the example it set him. Now he is himself an example to others who are suffering from disorders of the nervous system.

"It told how a man, who suffered as ... had suffered, had been cured by Dr. Wil-liams' Pink Pills for Pale People. "It gave me faith and hope. I took two boxes of the pills; then four more boxes. "My gain was steady; my return to health was a source of daily gratification. "In all I took eighteen boxes of the pills before I was entirely well. At first I paid 50 cents a box, but afterwards I saved

Sawing wood, working in his garden, walking three times a day to and from his place of business—these form part of the daily routine of Edwin R. Tripp, Post-master of Middlefield Centre, N.Y. He is past his seventieth birthday. Nearly fifty years a blacksmith ; thirty-two years Justice of the Peace; three years town clerk, then postmaster ; forty-six years a resident of the town he now lives in-these are the bare outlines of a useful life. M. Tripp's career is a type. His story will be read with heartfelt sympathy by thousands. His hearty endorsement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will be echoed by tens of thousands. He said :

He said : "In March, 1892, I was attacked by what I afterwards learned was locomotor

"Two skillful doctors did everything they could for me. I steadily became worse. Was unable to dress myself. "Later I could not move even about the room, but was carried in my chair. "I cause up hore. The doctors gave me

"I gave up hope. The doctors gave me no encouragement. I did not expect to live very long. I was more helpless than a baby. I sank lower and lower. "In June the tide turned! From the lowest ebb, it began to set toward health and visco.

and vigor. "The turning point was a newspaper

# STUART, THE PAINTER.

Curious Hits Born of His Faculty For Reading Faces.

"I don't want people to look at my pictures and say how beautiful the drapery is. The face is what I care about," said Stuart, the great American painter. He was once asked what be considered the most characteristic feature of the face. He replied by pressing the end of his pencil against the tip of his nose, distorting it oddly. His faculty at reading physiognomy

cometimes made curious hits. There was a person in Newport celebrated for THE CHRONICLE has no equal on the Pacific his powers of calculation, but in other THE CHRONICLE has no equal on the Pacific Coast. It leads all in ability, exterprise and news. THE CHRONICLE'S Telegraphic Reports are the latest and most reliable, its Local News the fullest and spiclest, and its Editorials from the respects almost an idiot. One day Stuart, being in the British museum,

came upon a bust whose likeness was apparently unmistakable. Calling the curator, he said, 'I see you have a head of 'Calculating Jemmy.''

"'Calculating Jemmy!'" "Calculating Jemmy!"" repeated the curator in amazement. "That is the head of Sir Isaac Newton."

On another occasion, while dining with the Duke of Northumberland, his host privily called his attention to a gentleman and asked the painter if he knew him. Stuart had never seen him before.

"Tell me what sort of a man he is." "I may speak frankly?" "By all means."

"Well, if the Almighty ever wrote a

legible band he is the greatest rascal that ever disgraced society." It appeared that the man was an at-

torney who had been detected in sundry dishonorable acts. Stuart's daughter tells a pretty story

of her father's garret, where many of his unfinished pictures were stored:

"The garret was my playground, and a beautiful sketch of Mme. Bonaparte was the idol that I worshiped. At last got posse or colors and an old panel and fell to work copying the picture. Suddenly I heard a frightful roaring sound. The kitchen chimney was on fire. Presently my father appeared, to see if the fire was likely to do any damage. He saw that I looked very foolish at being caught at such presumptuous employment and pretended not to see me. But presently he could not resist looking over my shoulder. "'Why, boy,' said he-so he used to address me-'you must not mix your colors with turpentine. You must have some oil. It is pleasant to add that the little girl who thus found her inspiration eventually became a portrait painter of merit. - Youth's Companion.



Hood's gestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, in-somnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all it. results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

SECURED GREELEY.

HOW THE GREAT EDITOR'S HAND-WRITING SERVED A TURN.

Its Illegibility Was Taken Advantage of

by the Manager of the Country Fair, and the People of Oswego Falls Saw and Heard the Lion of the Day.

Every compositor who ever put in type any of Horace Greeley's copy will certify to the fact that his handwriting was almost illegible. It was the despair of the composing room, and even Greeley himself couldn't always decipher it.

Hanna, a local Notary Public. From helplessness, suffering and despair Mr. Tripp was restored to the healthful, useful activity suggested at the beginning of this sketch. His experience is like others. While locomotor ataxia is one of the A man who was many years ago president of the Oswego County Agricultural association said several days ago that he most baffling nervous diseases with which physicians are called to contend, its cure by had good reason on one occasion to be thankful that Mr. Greeley's writing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People was hard to decipher. This fact secured has become a matter of almost daily oc-currence. Smaller nervous troubles yield for him a star attraction at the fair which he could not have obtained othermuch more readily to the powerful influwise. The association of which he was ence these vegetable pills exert in restoring wasted nerve force and in purifying and enriching the blood. president made a great effort each year to outdo rival associations in its fair, Druggists everywhere sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. and one of its regular attractions was a distinguished speaker who delivered an address to the crowd on any subject that

he might select.

"When I was made president," said the ex-officer of the association, "I was young and ambitious. I wanted to give the best fair that ever had been held at Oswego Falls, and I was willing to work hard to accomplish such a result. Long beforehand I stirred up the farmers to raise big squashes and pumpkins, and I prepared a good schedule of horse races. I secured a man to make a balloon ascension, and all that was lacking in my programme was the speaker. "At that time Mr. Greeley was the most conspicuous man in the United States. We all wanted to see him and hear him speak. He was a very busy

man, however, and I knew that we had about one chance in ten of securing him. I determined to take that chance. After much preliminary thought and many consultations with others I prepared and sent to him a very creditable invitation to attend our fair and deliver

ablest pens'n the country. THE CHILD NICLE has always been, and always will be, the friend and champion of the people as gainst combinations, cliques, coryorations, or oppressions of any kind. It will be independent an address on any subject that he chose. I assured him that he would find only friends in his audience, and I said that we had long looked for such an opportunity to hear him. Two days later the village postmaster told me that he had a letter that he thought was addressed to me. I had heard a good deal about Greeley's handwriting, and I knew at once that this was my reply from Mr. Greeley. When I opened the envelope, I found a sheet of paper on which were irregular scrawls that I couldn't decipher. With several of my friends I puzzled over it a long time, but I could not read it. I remembered that the editor of our paper had at one time been familiar with Mr. Greeley's handwriting, and I took the letter to him. He

A HETEROPHEMIST.

HOW HE INJURED THE FINANCIAL IN TERESTS OF THE CONFEDERACY

Mr. Blank Was Sent to England to Selas Ald and Failed-The Message He Sea to Mr. Memminger Was the Opposite of What He Supposed.

The Southern Confederacy was only a few months old when a financial agent was sent to England on a very important mission. Mr. Blank was a politician and a banker. He was also an elegant gentleman, with many influential acquaintances on both sides of the wa-

Before leaving Richmond he had a long talk with Memminger, the secre. tary of the treasury. "If I find that England will aid us,"

he said, "I will send you word by some reliable blockade runner. It will be a very brief message, but you will understand it, while it will mean nothing to the enemy if it should be intercepted."

The confidential agent slipped through the lines, and in less than a month was comfortably established in London. In the metropolis he found many southerners and many prominent Englishmen who sympathized with the secessionists. He saw Mr. Yancey, the Confederate minister, every day, and the two worked together in harmony. Mr. Yancey was a practical man and was not long in coming to the conclusion that no aid was to be expected from the British gov. ernment.

"The abolition sentiment controls here," he said to Mr. Blank. "Some of the statesmen would like to help the south in order to break up the Union, but the people will never consent. The south will have to fight alone "

Blank felt pretty blue when he heard this, and that night he wrote the single word "successful" on a thin slip of paper and skillfully secreted it in an ordinary coat button. The next day he was visited by a southern friend, who remained with him for an hour or more. During his stay he removed the top button from his coat and sewed on one given by Mr. Blank.

"I understand it all," he said when he left, "If I get safely to Wilmington, I will go at once to Richmond and give this button to Mr. Memminger. I prefer not to know the nature of the message, as you say that it explains itself."

'Yes," replied Blank, "it will be understood by the secretary, and as it refers to a state secret I cannot say anything about it."

The two shook hands, and the gentleman with the precious button took the next train for Liverpool, where he boarded a steamer bound for Wilmington.

The steamer was chased by Federal cruisers, but she managed to reach her destination without any serious mishap. In the course of two or three days the mysterious traveler called on Mr. Memminger in Richmond and presented him with a button. The sceretary cut of its covering in a hurry and smiled when he read the word "successful."

"Did Mr. Blank show this message to you?" he asked.

"No. We both thought it best that I should remain in ignorance so that no telltale expression of my face would betray anything if the enemy captured

At a meeting of the cabinet that afternoon Mr. Memminger was in high was a little out of practice, but he despirits. He predicted that the war would ciphered it after half an hour's examibe over in 90 days and said that England nation. Mr. Greeley regretted that he was preparing to recognize the Confederacy and send over her warships to break the blockade. "I have this," he said, "from my confidential agent, Mr. Blank." The name commanded respect, and when the secretary said that under the circumstances a loan of \$15,000,000 negotiated in Europe would be sufficient everybody agreed with him. The weeks rolled on, and Erlanger in Paris advertised for bids for \$15,000,000 in Confederate bonds. Mr. Blank read this at his London hotel and dropped his paper in his agitation. Well, I'll be d-d!" he remarked. "Must be a mistake. I'll run over and see about it." The next day he was at Erlanger's office in Paris. The French banker informed his visitor that there was no mistake, and then Blank swore vigorously. The bids rushed in from all quarters. If the demands of these speculators had been met, \$500,000,000 in Coufederate bonds could have been sold. When this fact became known, Mr. Blank again relapsed into profanity. He could not stand it, and, despite the danger of the trip, he made his arrangements to return home. His interview with Memminger was a stormy one when he arrived at Richmond. "I intended to write 'unsuccessful!"" he said after a long talk. "Well, there is your message," re plied the scoretary. "You wrote 'successful ' " "I don't understand it," said Mr. Blank sadly. "Surely your advices from Mr. Yancey should have warned you that there was something wrong.



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money by getting six boxes at a time, paying \$2.50.

Paying \$2.50. "I owe my cure entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." To clinch his remarkable story and add to its helpfulness to others, Mr. Tripp made affidavit to its truthfulness before Homer Hanna, a local Notary Public. Even helpfulness affidavit dentity

year. He walked with us to Kensal Green cometery, and the day being warm I carried his overcoat.

The great temperance artist was as quaint and odd in manner and appearance as any of his own caricatures. George, as his intimates called him, possessed histrionic tastes and used to appear as Macbeth and in other Shakespearcan characters at Saddler's Wells. was associated with Dickens, too, in the amateur performances in connection with the promotion of the Guild of Literature and Art. Cruikshank was also a volunteer officer, and on the occasion of some review a comie bard wrote in allusion to his temperance proclivities lines which I still recall:

Fancy Cruikshank, if you please, On a horse with groggy knees! --- Chambers' Journal.

They Will Lay Scrambled Eggs.

"Here, call your dog into your own garden. If you don't keep him within bounds, I'll shoot him," yelled Looney to his neighbor.

"You seem to make a nice fass about my dog getting into your yard, " said the neighbor coolly. "Suppose you think it's a park?"

"I'm keeping fowls, and I don't want your animal running 'em all over the place. You don't think I keep poultry to amuse your dog, do you?" roared Looney. "Call him in, d'ye hear?"

"I reckon that dog is doing you a service by chasing your hens about, " remarked the other as he dragged the dog away. "Will save your wife a lot of trouble preparing the eggs for breakfast. You see now, after my dog has chased them about the yard, if they don't go and lay scrambled eggs. "-Strand Magazine

#### Wanted a Life Term.

A young man in the treasury department who took an examination recently for promotion ran up against a curious question, but he was equal to the occasion, and his ready reply will doubtless stand 1.im in good stead when his everage is made up. The question asked was this:

"How long do you expect to remain in the civil service?"

'Until death do us part," was the reply, unhesitatingly written down. ---Washington Cor. Philadelphia Press.

## Amused Them.

"How did your French go in Paris, Mrs. Parvenu?

"Beautiful! They were really tickled with it."- Detroit Free Press.

The oldest wooden building in the world is a church at Borgund, Norway. It was crected in the eleventh century, and frequent coats of pitch have preserved the wood from decay.

The first mention of the pipe organ in bistory is in connection with Solo temple, where there was an organ with ten pipes.

who is going to give a dinner at which every dish must be above criticism. Here be alights, and, making for the kitchen, goes through the process of tasting all the soups, sauces and made dishes, advising, when his palato suggests, a little more salt here, a pinch of herbs there, a dash of sugar in this entree, a suspicion of onion in that salmis, etc.

This done, he pockets his fee of 5 guineas and drives on to the next dinner giving patron who has bidden him to his feast in this strange fashion. His nightly list comprises many houses all through the London season.-Philadelphia Ledger.

### The Masarwa Bushman.

Here is a solitary figure, that of a Masarwa bushman, engaged in digging up bulbs as a food supply. These bulbs, small, round and smooth and of a sweet, nutty flavor, are exactly the same as those for which the guinea fowls are searching so eagerly. They may be called the bushman's bread, and when game is scarce or hunting luck is out they serve as a mainstay against utter starvation.

The bushman collects his bulbs in the shell of a tortoise and presently will return to the protecting bush beneath which he and his family slept last night. After that he will perhaps visit a snare he set yesterday to entrapa duyker, one of the small antelopes of South Africa, or, failing the capture of the little buck, he may try to stalk a paanw with his bow and poisoned arrow or follow the troop of guinea fowls on the off chance of securing a head.-London Spectator.

### The Origin of Puppet Shows.

The puppet show is such an ancient institution and has been popular in so many countries that its origin is quite obscured by the mists of antiquity. Antiquaries with ethnological spectacles have peered into this pristine fog and discerned a connection between the puppet show and religious observances. They have established the fact that dolls and marionettes are closely related and even advanced the theory that the shadow pappets used in many lands denote a time when all the people saw of religious ceremonies was the shadows of the officiating priests cast upon the walls of the sacred tent .- Francis J. Ziegler in Harper's Magazine.

#### Natural Bent.

The first time the boy was taken out to tea he helped himself to the biggest piece of cake on the plate. His parents were mortified, but in after years they were proud of him, when he became a great politician .--- Philadelphia North American.

#### A Vocation. "Nan has goae into the ministry

again. "What do you meau?"

"She is engaged to another clergyman "-Chicago Record.

cago Inter Ocean, "a lot of us were loading hard tack and bacon into a wagon train that was to be sent to half starving men, and were giving more attention to badgering each other than to the work in hand, when a lame man in fatigue dress, walking with some difficulty with the assistance of a cane, passed along the high porch of the quarermaster's shed and looked down at the boys for a minute or two without a

Then he spoke quietly, saying: word. "That is not the way to load boxes, men Put them in straight and carefully. Do your work like soldiers. 'Old Hannibal, who was slouching a

good deal at his work, turned with impudent bravado toward the officer and

was just in the act of saying that he did not want any quartermaster's clerk to give orders to him, when he started in surprise, saluted and, much to the astonishment of the boys, lifted his hat. The look of impudence went from his face like a flash, and he said, 'All right, general, we will do it just as you want it done.' Then all the men recognized in the quiet man the commanding general of the army. Grant followed every look and word.

and he probably understood old Hannibal better than that rough old fighter understood himself. There was a twinkle in his eye as he said: 'Remember, men, these provisions are going to half starved soldiers. You ought to get as many boxes in the wagon as possible. When mules are so scarce and roads so dangerous, the more boxes in the wagon the more men you feed.' The boys got up in the wagon, straightened out every box and loaded all carefully as the general directed. This was only three or four days before the battle of Chattanooga, and while the fight was in progress old Hannibal said he knew that Grant 'wasn't limpin round Chattanoog for nothin.'

#### The Picture Hat.

Some time ago a noted writer announced that scientific physicians had utterly condemned the large, round bats weighed down with excessive garnitures, pronouncing them "a serious and undeniable means of producing headache, wrinkles and gray hair." One would suppose this threat of a trio of terrible afflictions would have had the instantaneous good effect of banishing the burdensome cause of them all; but not so. We can almost affirm that fashion's power is more potent than health or even life itself. Gray hairs may appear, the 'picture hat headache" may become bronic and wrinkles deepen, but while the dominating queen of style decrees it we shall still behold the baneful and overpowering picture bat -- Exchange.

Mother-What in the world ever possessed you to give Mr. Bingo a shaving set?

Daughter-He never seems to realize

# FOR AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

Take Only Half the Clothes You Think You Will Need.

"Take only half the clothing that you think you will need for an ocean voy. age and do not attempt to have a small trunk in your stateroom," writes Emma M. Hooper in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Have in your largest shawl strap a traveling rug, heavy wrap-a golf cape is excellent-sun umbrella. rubbers, small cushion to tie on the back of your deck chair, a warm dress of plain design, and a flannel wrapper to use as a nightgown. Wear a chamois pocket well secured with a tape about the waist for your letter of credit, jewelry, money, etc.

'In a large traveling bag place a change of underwear, hose, bedroom slippers and needed toilet articles, with which include a small hot water bag. bottle of salts, vaseline, box of cathartic pills and bottle of camphor. Do not forget a comfortable cloth steamer cap and a gauze weil if you are afraid of a little sunburn. Wear a jacket suit of mixed cheviot or serge and a silk waist on board. After starting pat on the older gown and lounge in it until you land. when it can be given to a stewardesa. Some travelers try to dress for dinner and carry a steamer trank filled with silk waists and fancy neckwear, but for an eight day journey this is poor taste and a lot of trouble. Others bave the small trunk in the cabin, and before landing pack the things in it that are to be used only on the return voyage, and send it to the ship company's office un-

til their return. It must be remembered that 30 pounds of baggage is the average weight allowed free on the continent. Warm wraps and woolen underwear are necessary at all seasons going across the Atlantic."

#### A Dog In a Bandbon.

taken to smuggle them aboard. They are carried into the cars, for instance, under coats and cloaks. In a Sixth avenue elevated car the other day passengers who heard the whining of a small high collar. dog, nowhere to be seen, located it how tender my face is .- Detroit Free finally in a bandbox carried on the knees of a passenger. -New York Sun.



Send \$2 and Get the Map and Werkly throntele for One Yoar, postage prepaid on M .p and l'spot. ADDRESS

M. H. de YOUNG. Proprietor & F. Chronicia SAN FRANCISCU, CAL

Buttons.

Olive shaped buttons covered with gilt, silver, black and colored silks are one of the fancies in dress trimming and is an old fashion revived. One pretty example of their use is in a collar band of white satin made in two nerrow lands, with several rows of machine stitching for a finish, and put to-Dogs are not permitted in the cars of gether with one row of little gold clives the elevated road. Various means are not much more than half an inch long and a little distance apart, forming an open insertion. This collar is shaped to fare out a little from the neck, but it is of the usual width and not at all a

> A bushel of plasterers' hair, when, well dried, equals 15 pounds.

was unable to accept our invitation. That was a great disappointment to me. I thought it over, and suddenly it dawned on me that there was just a chance that I might by strategy get Mr. Greeley to Oswego Falls after all. I sent him another letter that must have staggered him. Mr. Greeley was well aware of the fact that his writing was almost illegible, and be was never much surprised when his letters were misconstrued. I simply took advantage of that, and in my second letter I thanked bim for accepting our invitation. To leave him no loophole for escape, I told him that we had begun to

distribute handbills announcing the fact that he was going to deliver the address at the fair, and I added that I had ordered the printers to place his name in big letters on our three sheet posters. I knew that when he got my letter he would conclude that we had read his letter declining the invitation as a letter of acceptance, and I hoped when he learned how far we had gone with our printing that he would conclude to come.

"We received no reply from Mr. Greeley, but from time to time we sent bim our posters and information about the fair and the town. A week before the day set for the address we sent him a time table and told him on what train we should look for him. I was uneasy all this time, because I knew that if Mr. Greeley didn't turn up I should be blamed. When the day for the great event arrived, I went to the station to await the train. Sure enough, Mr. Greeley was on board. I introduced myself to him as the man who had sent him the invitation and who had re ceived his very kind acceptance. Mr. Greeley looked at me closely, and there was a suspicion of a smile on his face.

" 'You had no difficulty in reading my letter?' he said. "Well, it was a little hard to deci-

pher it at first,' I replied, 'and we were in doubt for a few minutes whether you had said "Yes" or "No" to our invitation. When we did decipher the letter, we were very much pleased to find that you had agreed to come.' 'Humph!' said Mr. Greeley express-

ively. 'You ordered your posters at "'Yes,' I replied, 'we wanted every

one to know what an attraction we had

"Mr. Greeley again looked at me closely, as if he were a bit suspicious. He delivered the address, and the largest crowd in the history of the association beard bim. Whether be suspected the trick I had played on him I never discovered. He intimated

to one of my friends that he had his suspicions, and he made the remark that I would make an excellent politician. That was his only comment. I still have Mr. Greeley's letter, and any one who will examine it will see how easily it might have been mistaken for an acceptance. "-New York Sun.

Let him who neglects to raise the

tallen fear lest when he falls no one will stretch out his hand to lift him

"His dispatches were intercepted," answered the other.

"I don't understand it." repeated Mr. Blank.

"Perhaps I do," quietly remarked the secretary. "I have carefully noted your talk this morning, and I have discovered that you are a heterophemist. For instance, you say London when you mean Richmond and Richmond when you mean London. You similarly misuse the names of other places and persons and are unconscious of it. When you sent me that message, the word 'unsuccessful' was in your mind, but, being a heterophemist, you wrote an opposite

word and rained the Confederacy. "I may have made a mistake, sir," said Mr. Blank, rising from his chair, "but I am neither a lunatic por an idiot. I have the honor to bid you good morning."

Heterophemy is a fatal thing in diplomacy. - Chicago Times Herald.

# Escaping the Organ Grinders.

Reside close to a dentist's if you are not fond of street music. Itinerant organ men carefully avoid playing anywhere near the house of a practitioner who can effectually stop or remove all troublesome grinders,-London Funch.

A paper published in Greenland can boast of the longest name in existence. It is Arrangagliotio Natinginnavnik Sysaraminas Sinik.

Ostentation has been described as the way other people "show off."-Town and Country Journal.

A Decided Hint.