MISCELLANEOUS.

—Popping the question would be just as light and easy a question as popping corn if it wasn't for the atonement.—*Binghamton Leader.*

—A tarantula escaped from the bottle in which an embryo naturalist was bringing it away from Hot Springs the other day, and for an half hour or more was decidedly the most important passenger on a crowded car.

—Mr. Gotham—"Would you like to see 'Pygmalion' to-night, Miss Porcine?" Miss Porcine (of Cincinnati)—"Yes, very much, Mr. Gotham. I believe in encouraging any thing connected with the great hog industry."—*Puck.*

—The maximum cost of feeding a Chinese passenger from China to San Francisco is twelve cents a day, but the Canadian Pacific steamship Abyssina recently brought over 1,500 Celestials at an average cost of 4¼ cents a day. It was mostly rice and not much of it.

—The oldest house in Indiana, the old Moore mansion, situated on the Utica pike, near Four Mile Springs, was recently torn down. It was built in 1800, of stone and brick, and for many years past has had the reputation of being haunted.

—Of all the mean things said by men, to and about women, commend us to that crabbed parson who told the sisters of his flock that "Christ appeared first to women after the resurrection, just so as the news might spread faster."

—Scientists are of the opinion that the newly discovered cities of Arizona are those sought by Cortez and the early Spanish adventurers in their expeditions after gold. The cities are seven in number, and give evidence of former civilization and wealth.

—A speed trial between the telegraph and telephone from New York to Boston was lately undertaken at the *Sun* office in New York City. The contest lasted for ten minutes; 330 words were delivered in Boston, ready for the printer, by the telegraph, and 346 words by telephone. But many of the telephone words were incorrectly received. So the telegraph was the winner.

—Within the Antartic Circle there has never been found a flowering plant. In the Arctic region there are 762 kinds of flowers; fifty of these are confined to the Arctic region. They are really Polar flowers. The colors of these Polar flowers are not as bright and varied as our own, most of them being white or yellow, as if borrowing these hardy hues from their snowy bergs and golden stars.

—Brown (to Dumley, who has had a bout at billiards with Robinson)—"What do you think, Dumley, of Robinson's game?" Dumley—"He's a fair player, but mighty lucky." Brown (a little later, to Robinson)—"What do you think, Robinson, of Dumley's billiards?" Robinson—"He plays a fair game, but is one of the luckiest men I ever saw."—*Drake's Magazine.*

—Omaha man—"Think law is a useless relic of barbarism, eh?" Enthusiastic Socialist—"It's worse, it is a curse; there should be no law; men don't need law, and they would get along much better without it. But I am in a hurry; have an engagement to meet the committee to-night." "What committee?" "The committee to draft oath-bound, iron-clad, obey or-die laws to govern our Socialistic organizations."—*Omaha World.*

—In 1742 there flourished in Boston an original sort of a character, Thomas Fleet, who was a printer and the most popular auctioneer of his day. Among other rare bargains he offered at public sale was this: "A negro woman to be sold by the printer of this paper; the very best negro woman in this town, who has had the smallpox and the measles; is as hearty as a shore, as brisk as a bird, and will work like a beaver."

—"Don't be a clam" is a warning that meets one very frequently now-a-days. "Well, why not? What's the matter with a clam? He's all right. If he fulfills his mission and makes the most of himself, what more could be expected and what more could any person do? The clam is as well born, as well bred, and as respectable as the oyster, yet nobody thinks of speaking disrespectful of the oyster. What has the clam done that it should be made a term of derision? Nobody ever heard of a clam getting drunk, lying, cheating at cards, abusing dumb animals, putting a little dog's eyes out, or doing any of the thousand things by which men distinguish themselves from brutes. The clam is yet to be heard from. Perhaps he would say, "Don't be a man."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Clugston Departed in Haste.

"Matilda," fervently exclaimed the lovelorn youth, "I can no longer endure this suspense and uncertainty. I must know my fate this night. For months I have carried your image in my heart. You have been first in my waking thoughts, last in the reveries that have filled my midnight vigils, and your lovely face has been ever present in my restless dreams when sleep has kindly sought to ease the burden that oppresses me. You have been the—the——"

"The lode-star of your existence and the Ultima Thule of all your hopes, Mr. Clugston," suggested Matilda, observing that the young man hesitated.

"Why, how did you know what I was going to say?" he demanded in astonishment.

"I got it from Lula Bilderback and Mary Jane Wheelhouse," replied Matilda; "it's the same thing you said to them. I can repeat the whole speech, Mr. Clugston."—*Chicago Tribune.*

CLOTHES FOR SOLDIERS.

How Uncle Sam Supplies His Army With Good Goods at Cost.

The largest clothing, boot and shoe store in this country is run by the United States though they sell things down at cost prices and there is no profit in it. Every army recruiting station is a branch store where supplies are dealt out. It is different from ordinary stores, in that the United States treasury furnishes the money that buys the boots, hats, blankets and clothes, and the money that buys from the United States also comes from the Treasury. Besides his pay each soldier in the regular army has an allowance for clothing which varies from $178.85 to $228.49 for his five years' term. This is only from $35.77 to $45.69 a year. If the soldiers had to go around and buy their own clothing at ordinary rates they would not have a new coat more than once every other year, and they would have to sleep in their underclothes to keep warm.

So the United States have gone into the business of supplying their ordinary things to soldiers at the bottom price at which the contracts for them can be made. There is no rent nor salesmen's salaries nor insurance nor profit to be paid by the Government. As a result, the prices at which clothing is sold to the soldiers are so low that many working-men who are paid four times as much wages as the soldiers are not clad as well. The blue coats cost $3.38. They are made of good material, well cut, and are better fitting than the uniform of the average policeman, for which he pays several times what the soldier pays. His caps cost 49 cents. His stockings cost 9 cents a pair, and they are better than those the Bowery stores sell for a quarter, while the 49-cent caps are as good as any man could want. For his blue trousers the soldier pays $2. They are so cheap that he can buy half a dozen pairs with his month's pay, which is more than many young men who look down on soldiers can do.

The two bits of extravagance are the flannel shirts and the blankets. The shirts cost thirty-eight cents more than the trousers, but they are as good shirts as can be bought at any price, and they do not shrink into a woolly ball when they are washed. The blankets are sold for $4.28. It is easy enough to go to almost any dry goods shop and buy cheaper blankets than the soldiers have, but these blankets are wool and weigh six pounds. One pair of them is enough in cold weather, and they are warmer than several pairs of cheap blankets. The United States consider the health of their soldiers, and though they economize on the caps and trousers they supply the best woolen shirts and blankets.

There are various kinds of shoes, that sell from $1.76 to $3.04. Then there are heavy stockings that sell for more than the nine cents that the summer stockings bring. There are underclothes for sale, that are of such a good quality that the officers wear them in preference to the underclothing that they can buy in the usual way.

The United States go further and supply all the necessities of the soldiers at cost prices, and their cost rates are frequently lower than those at which a private storekeeper could buy, as the United States buy in large quantities and are sure pay. It also tends to increase a manufacturer's outside trade if he gets large garment contracts, and a big manufacturer, with a large stock on hand, can afford to sell to the United States at cost. If he sold at the same rate to private sellers they might cut retail rates, while the United States sell to nobody but soldiers.

When a recruit is sworn in the sergeant takes him into the clothing-room and fits him up with a full outfit. The cost of it is taken from his pay, though at the rates at which the Government sells it does not take him long to pay up. No one may buy clothing in this way from the Government except soldiers, and it is a crime for any clothing to be given or sold to any one else. If the Government were to sell to everybody at the same rate the business of the furnishing goods stores in the neighborhood of recruiting stations would be ruined.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Hanged with a Woman's Hair.

Among the strange things which have found their way into the rooms of the Natural History Society is a sparrow which was hanged by a woman's hair. It was discovered by T. A. Lamson, of 24 Florence street. Near his house is a large number of pine trees, and he saw at the end of a limb on one of these trees a sparrow suspended from a branch. He could see nothing by which the bird was hung, and it was a very curious sight. His son, who was called, went up into the tree and carefully sawed off a small portion of the limb. The whole secret was then revealed. On the twig was a neatly built nest, in which there were three speckled eggs. When examined they were found to be cold, which showed the home had been broken up for some time. The male sparrow was hung by a woman's hair which was placed around his neck just as neatly as though it had been done by human hands. The other end was fastened to the nest, being a part of it. The eggs were on one side of the nest, while on the other side was a hole just large enough for the bird to go through.

It may be, perhaps, that he had been attacked by an enemy and took this way of escaping, only to meet his death. In going through the nest the hair might have caught around the "chippers" neck, and thus caused the bird to choke to death.—*Worcester (Mass.) Spy.*

YUCATECAN ETIQUETTE.

Some of the Commendable Traits of Our Spanish-American Neighbors.

Yucatan gentlemen higher in the social scale than John the Baptist are less extravagant in their expressions of gallantry. In saluting ladies they still observe the Spanish form *a los pies de usted*, "at your feet;" to which figure of speech the correct response is *Beso a usted la mano*, "I kiss the hand to you." In closing an ordinary letter of business or friendship every body in this part of the world always adds B. S. M., meaning *beso sus manos*, "I kiss your hands." The Spanish-American, like his Latin brethren across the sea, talks quite as much with hands and eyes as with his tongue, and shrugs his shoulders as frequently as a Frenchman. One of the prettiest of the many gestures in general use here is called the *beso soplado*—throwing kisses by gathering the fingers of the right hand into a close group, touching the lips, then throwing them out like a fan, at the same time blowing on the hand as it is outstretched toward the person for whom the demonstration is intended, thus signifying that five kisses are given at once.

Gentlemen manifest their appreciation of female beauty by gazing intently into the faces of the ladies, whether in the street, in the church or at the opera. This custom, which elsewhere would be resented as an impertinence, is here accepted, as it is meant, merely as a flattering tribute to the fair one's charms. Between acts of the opera men rise to their feet, and with leveled glasses, pay admiring homage to those dark-eyed senoritas whose beauty has attracted them. Then the pretty language of the fan comes into play and the well-pleased maidens carry away blissful memories of gallant knights and "eyes that spake again."

In ascending a stairway the lady takes the gentleman's arm, as at the North; but in descending he always goes a step or two ahead, holding her firmly by the hand, to avoid accidents, with as much solicitude as if she were an invalid or a cripple. The same careful attention is offered to the veriest stranger, as naturally, and with far more regularity and promptitude than our own countrymen show in relinquishing a seat in a crowded car to one of the weaker sex. On leaving the house after having made a friendly call the salutation with the hand the oft-repeated bow and the "*a los pies de usted*," are continued just as long as one is in sight, and instead of finding any thing tedious and wearisome in this long-drawn-out civility, one feels as if he had been transported back to the days of chivalry.

One highly commendable trait of Yucatecan character is that they will never say any thing disagreeable to you, either on their own account or in repeating the gossip to others. For instance, in alluding to one's age, the greatest delicacy is always exercised if one is considerably advanced in years he is spoken of as *viejito*—"a little old." A girl may remain unwedded thirty years or more before she is considered a *soltera*, or, in plain English an old maid; and after that nothing more offensive is ever said than that she is "*very fastidiosa*," "very difficult to please," and they sometimes add that she is "good to dress the saints," meaning that, having no family of her own to make garments for, she may devote her time to the holy work of making vestments for the sacred images.—*Fannie B. Ward, in Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

OUR COAL PRODUCTION.

An Increasing Output Indicated by Official Figures.

The following statistics of coal production in the United States are furnished from the department at Washington:

The total production of all kinds of commercial coal in 1887 was 83,965,255 short tons (increase over 1886, 16,283,046 tons), valued at the mines at $173,530,996 (increase, $26,418,241). This may be divided into Pennsylvania anthracite, 39,506,255 short tons (increase, 2,809,780 short tons), or 35,273,442 long tons (increase, 2,508,732 long tons), valued at $79,365,244 (increase, $7,897,118); all other coals, including bituminous, brown coal, lignite, small lots of anthracite produced in Colorado and Arkansas, and 6,000 tons of graphitic coal mined in Rhode Island, amounting in the aggregate to 84,459,000 short tons (increase, 13,473,266 tons), valued at $94,165,752 (increase, $18,611,123).

The colliery consumption at the individual mines varies from nothing to 8 per cent. of the total output of the mines, being greatest at special Pennsylvania anthracite mines and lowest at those bituminous mines where the coal bed lies nearly horizontal and where no steam-power or ventilating furnaces are used. The averages for the different States vary from 2 1-10 to 6 1-7 per cent.

The total output of the mines, including colliery consumption, was: Pennsylvania anthracite, 37,578,747 long tons (increase over 1886, 2,725,670 long tons), or 42,088,197 short tons (increase, 3,052,701 short tons); all other coals, 87,837,360 short tons (increase, 14,129,403 tons), making the total output of all coals from mines in the United States, exclusive of slack coal thrown on the dumps, 129,925,557 short tons (increase, 17,182,154 tons), valued as follows: Anthracite, $84,552,181 (increase, $8,433,061); bituminous, $97,939,656 (increase, $19,458,600); total value, $182,491,837 (increase, $27,891,561). The above figures show a notable increase in 1887 over 1886 in the aggregate output and value of both anthracite and bituminous coal.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE WORDS WE USE.

Interesting Studies on the Subject Made by a Reliable Writer.

At an educational meeting held in this State a few years ago the conductor, a noted professor, made the following statement: "The best educated person in this room will not use more than 600 or 700 words." He also assigned a small number to persons of limited education, stating that an ignorant man would not use more than 200 or 300 words. I had before seen statements of similar import in public print, and to test their correctness I began an investigation of the matter.

The subject was brought anew to my mind by observing an article in which Prof. Bancroft remarked: "It has been estimated that an English farm hand has a vocabulary limited to 300 words. An American workingman who reads the newspapers may command from 700 to 1,000 words. Five thousand is a large number, even for an educated reader or speaker." This assertion is much nearer the truth than that of the institute conductor mentioned. For the benefit of those who may be interested, I offer the results of my study on the subject. An intelligent person can make the same examination, and will arrive at substantially the same results.

I took Webster's high-school dictionary, edition 1878, containing 434 pages of vocabulary, and examined each word in the book. I made a note of those words which I supposed I had used at some time either in speaking or writing. I counted the primitive words and those derivatives whose meaning is most at variance with the primitive. Thus, I count fright and fruit, but not frighten, frightful frightfully nor fruitage, fruiterer, fruitful, fruitfulness, fruition and fruit-tree. I omitted most of the compound words, especially when the component parts directly indicated the meaning, as milk-pail, meeting-house, rag-man, but counted those whose significance was not directly indicated, as crowbar, quicksand, tinfoil. As the result of this examination, I had 7,928 words, which, I think, I myself have used.

There were 419 in A, 528 in B, 766 in C, 455 in D, 235 in E, 369 in F, 279 in G, 286 in H, 330 in I, 81 in J, 49 in K, 290 in L, 476 in M, 144 in N, 217 in O, 715 in P, 55 in Q, 397 in R, 954 in S, 454 in T, 47 in U, 148 in V, 202 in W, 23 in X and Y and 10 in Z.

Had I counted the various derivatives in common use, it is probable the number would be nearly double.

To make a further test of words at my command, I spent about two hours in writing from memory words in A. I was able to note down 537 words that could use if occasion required. This is thirty-five per cent. more than I had counted from the dictionary. Should the same proportion hold good in all the letters, it would follow that I can recall from memory 10,700 words, all of which are familiar.

I made another count and came to the conclusion that I could give a fair definition of at least 25,000 words in that book, and would understand their signification in a printed article or spoken address.

The above estimates are based upon my own experience and knowledge because it was convenient to make the experiment with myself. Every well-informed man will be as competent, or more so. Either professor mentioned will have a more extended vocabulary than I have.

I then took at random, in the same dictionary, a page in each letter, and counted the words in very common use. On twenty-four pages there were 254 such words. This would give 3,300 words in use by persons of the most ordinary intelligence. None of these lists include any proper names.

At the time of making this study, one of my children was three years and two months of age. I noted down (and still have the lists) 213 words used by her in one day. They were words that any intelligent child would use, chiefly names of household articles and common things, with the most ordinary verbs and parteiples. I did not hear all she said during the day, nor do I think she used all the words she knew. I estimated her vocabulary at 400 words, and she did not know enough to carry on any except childish conversation.

From all of the foregoing observations I drew the following conclusions:

Every well read man of fair ability will be able to define or understand 20,000 or 25,000 primitives and principal derivative words.

The same man in his conversation and writings will use not less than 6,000 or 7,000 words. If he be a literary man he will command 2,000 or 3,000 more.

Common people use from 2,000 to 4,000 words, according to their general intelligence and conversational power.

An "illiterate man" (one who can not read) will use from 1,500 to 2,500 words.

A person who has not at command at least 1,000 words is an ignoramus and will find difficulty in expressing his thoughts, if, indeed, he have any to express.—*George Fleming, in Literature.*

—Young woman (to dealer)—"I want to buy a cane for a young gentleman, but I hardly know what kind of a head to select." Dealer—"Yes, miss; what size hat does he wear?" Young woman—"Charlie—or—the young gentleman wears a number five, I think." Dealer—"Then you had better select one without any varnish on it."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Prince of Wales has seventeen brothers-in-law, sixteen uncles, fifty-seven cousins, and fifty-eight nephews and nieces.

NEGRO BURIAL GROUNDS.

How Southern Darkies Decorate the Graves of Lost Friends.

One of the strangest sights to be seen in the South is the negro burial ground in Wilmington, N. C. It is not very far removed in location from the cemetery in which the blue blood of Southern chivalry lies entombed, but it is very far removed in its surroundings and conditions. There is nothing unusual to be seen in the portion owned by the well-to-do colored people. But in the part where the common people are buried, what may be called the Potter's Field, there is much cause for wonderment. As the graves there cost nothing the most is made of the ground, not a spare inch being allowed between the mounds. Here the old and the young are huddled together, and the whole plot is covered with decorations. No grave appears to be too humble or too small to remain undecorated.

It is the quality of the decorations that excites the wonderment of the beholder. These embrace every description of crockery known. One little mound is covered with cups and saucers. Near by is one on which plates and sugar bowls are most prominent. Conspicuous on another is a huge pair of andirons. Broken pictures are scattered on all the mounds. An old man's grave is ornamented with a huge soup tureen and a washbowl, with a full set of knives and forks. One long grave has had at its head a slab recording the age of the old man underneath at ninety years. Somebody has remembered the veteran with the bust of a huge doll planted in the middle of the mound, while a toy wire cradle lies at the head of the grave.

One mound has a line of kerosene lamps, with shades and chimneys complete, and two have wicks and oil in them. Indeed, lamps are quite common, being scattered over the entire enclosure. Hatchets, hammers, tongs, kettles and pots are prominent ornaments. On the foot of the headstone reared to the memory of a Baptist minister rests a mustache drinking cup, whileone lamp stands, sentinel-like, at the foot of the grave.

But the most curious articles to be seen are the bottles of medicine that appear occasionally. They are marked with the name of the physician and the druggist. These contain the medicines which the deceased was using in the fatal illness.

These gifts are doubtless selected from a very scanty store. The Southern negro is very affectionate, but has very little to spare for decorating the graves of lost ones. So any thing there is in the house or hut is borne to the burying ground and placed on the grave as a token of loving remembrance. Some of the huts contain no articles at all except a few chairs, a table, a pot and crane and a pair of andirons.—*N. Y. Weekly Press.*

HUNTING WITH FALCONS.

How Arab Sportsmen Captured a Hare in the African Desert.

In our second day's journey we met our two falconers, who had been sent on in advance to find and mark the game. Now for a hunt with the falcons! Ah, royal sport of kings, nothing can compare with it! In front, scanning every bush-side, the falconers, each with one bird on his gauntleted left hand, and another perched on his turban. Both hawks are hooded and jessed exactly as in the old knightly days. We make up a party of eight or ten cavaliers, while the rear is brought up by two or three servants armed with guns for defense as well as offense against the eagles, who sometimes pounce on the falcons. Suddenly rises the cry "Wah!" from one of the falconers, as a hare darts from its form. Up soars one falcon unhooded, while the other is drawn from its uncertain perch on the head of the Arab to join the others. We rein in our impatient horses, that bound and snort to join the chase, for it is imperative to keep behind the falconers, so as not to interfere with the birds that are now dashing at the head of the hare, which doubles, and marvelously, considering its headlong flight, evades the beaks of its enemies. The chase is now at its height; the sunlight plays on the rich dresses, the bright arms, the glossy coats of the superb horses, whose elasticity of movement and aristocratic gait imprint on my mind a scene unrivaled. Onward hurries the hare as she bravely runs for her life, in and out of the high hillocks of sand tufted with brush, which our horses take, one after the other, without a stumble. Urged on by the cries of the falconer, a hawk fiercely swoops down again. Ah, she is touched by the remorseless beak, and rolls over and over, showing her white furred belly! 'Tis nothing; she regains her footing and darts onward once more. I gladly give rein to my Arab, the momentary check having brought him on his haunches, as with arched neck and starting veins he crunches the bit with rage. I find the heat now terrific; the hare is still traveling with seemingly undiminished speed. The two falcons now swoop from opposite directions; they meet almost above the head of the hare; one falls with a broken neck, amid frenzied cries from the falconer. In a moment a fresh bird is unhooded and cast off, and at the first dash at the now exhausted hare rolls her over dead. I dismounted with the rest, men and beasts sweltering and foaming; the falconers rehooded their hawks, which had settled on the carcass, and made preparations to feed them with the entrails mixed with tufts of hair, which was said to assist digestion.—*E. P. Sanguinetti, in Harper's Magazine.*

—An English naval officer estimates that there are $200,000,000 in gold and silver under the sea which could be reached by good luck.

ON THE PLANTATION.

A Pleasant Landscape Sketch on the Banks of the Mississippi.

The autumn was struggling for recognition and was making an impression upon all but the midday hours. In the morning the air came cold and crisp, full of incentives to work. In the evening the soft languor and dreamy inertness of summer had been driven away by a wide awake activity, with good resolutions and plans of future energy to be discussed inside closed doors and windows into late hours of the night. The roses in the garden bloomed pale and listless after their exhausting summer season, shivering perfumelessly in the practical October breezes. The trees were in the full glory of their rich green foliage. The cane in the fields stood in thick, solid maturity, with long, green, pendant leaves curling over and over in bewildering luxuriance. The sunset clouds, bursting with light and color, gilded the tops of the boundary woods and illumined like a halo the features of plantation life. The Mississippi river, reflecting and rivaling the sky above, rolled, an irredescent current, between its yellow mud banks, cut into grotesque silhouettes by crevasses and steamboat landings as it dimpled in eddies over shallows, boiled and swirled in hollow whirlpools over depths, or rushed with inflexible, relentless rapidity, following the channel in its tortuous course from point to point. The day's work had come to an end. The plantation bell rang out its dismissal and benediction. The blacksmith laid down the half-sharpened cane knife and began covering up the fire. From mysterious openings on all sides of the sugar house workmen issued with tools in their hands. The stable doors were thrown open, and the hostlers, old crooked-legged negroes hurried about with food for the mules. The cows tinkled their impatient bells outside the milking lot, while the frantic calves bounded and bleated inside. Along the smooth, yellow road through the field came the "gang" with their mules and wagons, plows and hoes. In advance walked the women, swaying themselves from side to side with characteristic abandon, lighting their rude pipes, hailing the truce to toil with loud volubility. The men followed, aggressively masculine, heavy limbed, slow of movement on their hampered, shod feet; wearing their clothes like harness; with unhandsome, chaotic [illegible] small eyes and concealed natures. They watched the women with jealous interest, excluding them from their hilarity and responding grudgingly and unappreciatingly to their frank overtures. The water carriers, half grown boys and girls, idled at a distance, [illegible] their empty pails on their bare heads—quick and light on their feet, graceful, alert, intuitive, exuberant with life and spirits, they were happy in the thoughtless, unconscious enjoyment of the short moment that yet separated them from their hot, dull, [illegible] maturity. The anticipations of cheer and rest, the subtle satisfaction of honestly tired bodies; the flattering commendations of their own skill from the finely cultivated stand of cane on each side of them; the past explations of plowing, ditching, weeding, hoeing; the freezing rains; the scorching suns; but, above all, the approach of the grinding season, the reunion with its frolics, excitements and good pay, all tended to elate their spirits, and their voices, in joke, song, laugh and retort, sped down the road before them to the quarters and evoked responsive barks and shouts from the dogs and children there.—*Grace King, in Monsieur Motte.*

GIRLS' SCHOOL DRESS.

Some of the Points That Can Be Urged in Favor of Plain Costumes.

No doubt the faculty and trustees of any girls' school would do service to universal womankind by insisting upon a plain, sensible costume to be worn by all pupils during the school years. Many points can be urged in favor; regard for physiological needs of developing girls, the freedom of the costume, the sisterhood, which would at once put all young ladies, rich and poor alike, on the footing of equality in dress during the years they are intimately associated beneath the same roof and in the same work, ending foolish and oftentimes bitter rivalry between those who can, and those who can not, afford to dress richly; and, perhaps, no less important point than the others, reserve the pleasures of beautiful costuming for the entrance upon social life, which is really the beginning of the necessity for individuality in dress.

While girls are in the school-room their minds should be occupied with its work and the simple, healthful pleasures incidental to harmonious development of the bodily and mental powers which are to make the grand women later, and a simple costume, varied in color to save monotony, would conduce greatly to the benefit of a school or college course. Make this regulation dress pretty and attractive, light in weight, refined and graceful, always bearing in mind the freedom for development of good, sound limbs and muscles; but keep rich fabrics and fine jewels for the social *debut.*

Keep the girls young, and with something always in anticipation, for nothing is more disgusting and disheartening to thoughtful people than the *blase* miss of sixteen, who knows every thing and doesn't see much in life anyhow.—*Annie Jenness Miller, in Dress.*

—Restaurant guest—"Whew! The cook must have dropped her vinaigret into the short-cake." Waiter—"I guess you've struck a strawberry, sah."—*Omaha World.*