

LEAVENING POWER

Of the various Baking Powders illustrated from actual tests.

Table listing various baking powder brands like ROYAL, GRANT'S, HANFORD'S, etc.

Reports of Government Chemists.

The Royal Baking Powder is composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It does not contain either alum or phosphates...

DR. F. S. LOCKE.

Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon, LAFAYETTE, OREGON.

J. F. CALBREATH, E. E. GOUCHER, Calbreath & Goucher, Physicians and Surgeons.

S. A. YOUNG, M. D. Physician & Surgeon.

DR. J. C. MICHAUX Practicing Physician and Surgeon.

McMinnville National Bank.

THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL.

THE NADJY BAR!

CARLIN & HIGH, Draymen.

ANECDOTES OF S. S. COX.

Incidents in the Career of the Dead Statesman and Author.

Samuel Sullivan Cox will be missed in the house of representatives. He will not be missed so much by reason of his superiority as an orator or statesman...

During his recent trip to the far North-west he was interviewed by a reporter of the Portland Oregonian. It was Mr. Cox's last public utterance on politics and was as follows:

"What is the political outlook for 1892?" he was asked. "I am sure I am unable to make a horoscope, and I don't think any one else. New issues may arrive which may swamp the tariff and the surplus questions...

Those who heard him reply to the maiden speech of Horr, of Michigan, have said that down as his fiercest and most biting piece of humor and sarcasm. Horr evidently thought that the best way to introduce himself to the house and country as a humorous speaker was to stir up Samuel Cox, and he may have been right...

Mr. Cox made an excellent speaker pro tem. He despatched business with all the nervous activity for which he was noted, and he had been in the speaker's chair of the house perhaps as much as anybody in the United States. He had served as many years in congress as any other man and he had been a number of times chairman of the committee of the whole, as well as speaker pro tem. The other funny men of the house always tried to turn the sober things which Mr. Cox said into jokes, and his attention was once called to a number of good-natured witticisms which had been made at his expense during the last session. He said that he had not carried into the speaker's chair that sense of humor to which he had sometimes been addicted on the floor, and indeed it would be hardly possible for the house of representatives, which is a grave body and a deliberative body, to have given Mr. Cox such important duties if he was simply the frivolous and festive person which his reputation suggests to many who know little about public affairs and still less about Mr. Cox.

He insisted that he had never intentionally indulged in fun or fancy while acting as speaker except in a few instances, and these were as follows: "I was chairman of the committee of the whole during the forty-eighth congress, when we had two 'characters' in the house, one on each side of the chamber. One was White, of Kentucky, a man of fair ability, but an undoubted crank, and the other was the remarkably loquacious and vivacious Iowa man, who was known as 'Calamity Weller.' One day these two men had taken up the time of the house in a vigorous and irrelevant debate on opposite sides of a certain motion. The house was laughing at them, and the question was ordered to be taken by tellers. I called the gentleman from Kentucky, Mr. White, to act as teller, and as the two approached each other in front of the speaker it was like the meeting of two intellectual Prometheuses. The house grasped the situation, and the roar of laughter sounded like the howling of Barmen's menagerie. Speaker Carlisle heard the noise in his private room, and he rushed into the house with his eyes protruding and was about to assume the gavel to restore order. A moment later, however, he learned the facts and saw that the pro- ceedings were regular, and that the so-called fun was rather accidental than intentional. It was the only thing that

could have been done under the circumstances, as the two were the champions of the opposite sides of the question at issue. In this case I got the credit for being humorous, where, indeed, I could not have acted otherwise."

"At another time, while I was in the chair," continued Mr. Cox, "Gen. Steele, of Indiana, had the floor for an hour on a favorite measure. He was parrelling out his time, as is the custom, giving certain members a few minutes and endeavoring to preserve the last few minutes for himself. He had, however, given out all but a quarter of a minute, and he asked that this might be left for him. He neglected, however, to claim the floor at the proper time, and he lost his quarter of a minute. His measure was called up without the previous question, and he was thus placed in coventry. He rose in great indignation and cried, shaking his fist at me: 'Mr. Chairman, what has become of my quarter of a minute?'"

"To this I replied: 'It has gone to the rearward and lynch of time?' Here the house laughed lustily, but it was not my fault that the situation was a humorous one. I stated a plain matter of fact, Gen. Steele, however, was not satisfied with losing his quarter of a minute. He nursed his wrath and kept it warm until the end of the session, when I had the floor on some critical bill, and was persistently asking for more time. Then came Gen. Steele's opportunity. He claimed the floor and offered to hand over to me the quarter of a minute which he said I had once stolen from him. Of course the house roared, and I got the credit for being funny, when it was, in fact, Gen. Steele."

"As to the funny things which have happened during the time I have been in the chair this session, they were not intentional. At one time, when the house was being counted, I made the routine inquiry: 'As many as are in favor of the proposition will rise and stand until they are counted.' No one rose. I then announced, 'Affirmative, none, and followed with the formula required, which states: 'Yeas will be seated and the nays rise.' There were no yeas, and the Irish bill was at once caught up by Collins, of Massachusetts, and O'Ferrall, of Virginia, and several other Irishmen, who are always ready with their larriat to lasso the Celtic bovine when he is loose."

"At another time, while I was acting as speaker, I committed what might be called an unpardonable bull. It was during a time of great confusion on the floor, and I exclaimed: 'If the gentleman from Missouri would be heard he must suspend!' But I had no intention of setting the house in a roar, and I suppose my mistake came from my Celtic extraction, which is certified to by my middle name of Sullivan, which I am proud to wear so low closely the ridicule, and how few of the charges which have been made against me can ever be sustained. I have never attempted to give a humorous quality to the gavel, and, on the contrary, I have been much more anxious for the despatch of business than many chairmen who have more reputation for gravity, decorum and dignity."

Mr. Cox's successful book, "Three Decades of Federal Legislation," is a volume of 726 pages, and it gives a history of the country from the time of the organization of the republican party until now. Some of the graphic pictures of scenes were written after hours of study in the congressional library, where he had saturated his mind and revived his memory by reading all that was printed upon the subject about which he was to write. A great part of the work was, however, dictated, and Mr. Cox used a stenographer as much, perhaps, as any man in Washington. While he lived in Washington his library and workshop were in his house, and he had some curious habits of work. He had one desk devoted entirely to matters relating to congress, and did nothing but congressional work at that desk. He said once that getting anything through congress was like fighting the wind, and, apropos of this, he had a great bronze plaque of Don Quixote fighting the windmills hung above his desk. The desk itself was a relic of congress, and it was taken years ago from the room in which John Quincy Adams died.

While Mr. Cox was working upon this book he used a curious little whirligig bookcase to keep his various parts in order. He wrote much of it on a big flat library table, and many of the finer passages he thought out while lying on a low couch on the other side of this. He worked hard during his last days in Washington, and he found time to visit, lecture and make after-dinner speeches at the same time. He would rise early, and at 7 o'clock would be in his workshop answering letters. After breakfast he would again be at work, and his labors would often extend late into the night.

In a letter dated Cairo, March 10, 1886, Mr. Cox referred to the Pan Electric scandal which at that time was causing so much talk in Washington. "I find," said he, "on my return from the 800 miles' venture into the dark continent that electricity has invaded the public councils. 'Pan!' God of Nature! Pan! Dear! Dear! What an odd revelation! and they got my name 'Roto' into it. I had forgotten that any of the Roto tribe ever existed, except Roger Williams and John of that name! But a nebulous memory of it came over me with the shock of an earthquake which visited us here the other day! I didn't know I was so virtuous until I read it, for how can one be good without temptation? Pan never tempted me that I remember. But that is to the rear and abyss. For picture of the H. R. and of my pet horse (Dupont Circle) came over me more like the sweet south wind than from place to place by four sportive buffaloes. On this platform Mr. Cox visited all quarters of his congressional district. He made a roving, roaring speech everywhere he went. In order to injure his political prospects his enemies

gave circulation to a report that he put on airs and declined to dance with the village maidens.

"I found the legation chaos. I made it shine. The business is brisk and I have two treaties nearly done. I have paid out for clerk hire from my own limited pouch about \$400 already. There is no appropriation for that. If, however, a two-thousand-dollar appropriation is made for the launch, I can help Americans about the Bosphorus and will risk the rest. If I am to be crowded out I will crowd all sail for home. This is all confidential, but if a candle-end statement lights his face-end of an economic taper to blind my blazing 'Sunset,' adieu and all 'dip' honors. I have a long, kind, good and rather depressive letter from my good friend Hewitt. I wish he were well. Oh! how much he has of good gumption, if he were only out of the Indomnita and into the Somnia, and could knit up the raveled sleeve of politics and thrive by the glory of a snore and the sweetness of a sleep! Read him this my epistle, and say to him all lovingly, in your good way, that I will soon answer him. I know that what I avoided in politics by racing off, to Greece—'run,' I may say—and if there be no war to interrupt, will soon see thy towers! O Stamford! Ever, &c., &c."

A Washington correspondent once described Mr. Cox as follows: "Mr. Cox is of medium height and weight, 140 pounds. He is a handsome man, with a pleasant face and sparkling hazel eyes. His build is compact and sinewy, and his movements are quick and nervous. His features are small, well modeled and always animated. A dark mustache, with a few gray hairs, is the only beard he wears, although he has worn short chin whiskers. He is excellent company. His voice is clear and musical and he always has a pleasant word. He is, without doubt, the best parliamentarian in the house and one of the ablest men in congress. In debate he is always prepared and generally victorious. Mr. Cox is a very honest man, and his labor is ever a principle of duty. Every morning Mr. Cox shoots along Pennsylvania avenue with the directness of a ball, and his actions are about as direct and straightforward as his walk. A man's walk is sometimes a good thing to judge character by. There is generally honor, directness and ambition in the long step. Mr. Cox dresses neatly in dark clothes. He is a little bald on top of the head and his dark hair is slightly mixed with gray. Though sixty-four years old, he does not look within ten years of that age. He has a most versatile talent and that talent is never idle. He is very fertile in resources in the discussion of all subjects. He seems almost ubiquitous in appearing before the public. For instance, to-day the Harpers announce a book from his humorous pen. To-morrow we read his discourse delivered from a lecture platform, at the solicitation of some literary society. The day following his voice is heard all over the nation from a ringing speech on the floor of the house. He is a man of the purest principles and strictest integrity. Samuel S. Cox is a man whose character cannot be impeached."

An incident that delighted him not a little, occurred when, after his return from Turkey, he was sworn in as a member of the forty-ninth congress. He was leaving the capitol when an old white-headed man overtook him and clung to the congressman's hand as they walked along Pennsylvania avenue, said with a queer drawl: "Mr. Cox, I'd like to shake your hand. You don't know me, but I've watched you these last twenty-five years, and I must say I have a great admiration for you. Why, believe you're the luckiest man I ever saw: indeed I do. I was in the gallery the day you were sworn in as a new member back in 1857. My brother lived in Ohio, and he had written to me all about you, and so I watched you as soon as I could pick you out on the floor. Then I remember, when the democrats went to pieces in Ohio under Vallandigham's leadership, you jumped over to New York. I thought it was a mighty reckless thing to do, but bless my soul if you weren't back here again in '68. Then you took it into your head to spread yourself over all New York state in 1872, and you ran for congressman-at-large. I was awful sorry when Lyman Tremain beat you, but I declare, if old Brooks, of the Express, didn't go and die, and on account of the credit of his name, and when congress met in 1873 you were elected, and nomination to his vacant seat, and blamed if you weren't sworn in shoulder to shoulder with Lyman Tremain, the man who beat you for congressman-at-large. Yes, sir, there you two stood side by side, and then you went out when Cleveland appointed you to Turkey, but you got tired over there, came back home, found that Mr. Pulitzer, of the World, wanted to resign his seat and you went right in and were elected to fill the vacancy. I never saw the like! Why, you've got the greatest luck I ever saw. I swear, Mr. Cox, I believe you could float clear around Cape Horn on a single first wetting your coat tail!"

His first congressional campaign in Ohio is still remembered by the old citizens of the district. To reach congress was his aspiration. To do this he saw very plainly that it was necessary for him to lay aside his Latin and Greek, his admiration of Penelope and his sympathy for Aido. These were things that the average Buckeye rather despised, for he thought, rightly enough, perhaps, that his country's liberty was not altogether safe in the hands of too much learning. Mr. Cox saw that something must be done to reach a common plane. He had a large platform constructed, capable of holding several hundred people. It moved on wheels, and was drawn from place to place by four sportive buffaloes. On this platform Mr. Cox visited all quarters of his congressional district. He made a roving, roaring speech everywhere he went. In order to injure his political prospects his enemies

gave circulation to a report that he put on airs and declined to dance with the village maidens. The reason that he refused to dance with the fair daughters of Columbia was not that he was too proud to do so, but that he feared to provoke a collision with some jealous lover. He was resolved, however, to set this very anxious charge at rest. He, therefore, at the conclusion of each speech, called on his audience to select the best female dancer among them and leave her on the platform for a jolly rigadone. There were always plenty of buxom country lasses that were willing and ready to shake their heels, and he was never at a loss for an armful. Mr. Cox was an excellent dancer, and the fame of his rigadones spread far and wide, and farmers and their families for miles around turned out to see them, for among the Buckeyes a good dancer three poets and statesmen completely in the shade. And why should he not? What is beyond happiness? Statesmen and poets are rarely happy, while the dancer wrapped in joy kicks away care with the top of his toes. After a rattling speech, on one occasion, Mr. Cox offered the customary challenge. Perhaps he was not much startled to see four strong men jump on his patent platform and commence pulling a strong rope. Presently 300 pounds of a dusky Dinah stood alongside of him. When the hawser was loosened from her waist she breathed freer, and took Mr. Cox by the arm. The disparity in their size created uproarious laughter. He did not stand on ceremony, but shot his arm around her waist and stropped away. The music was lively and Dinah's steps became fast and furious. She sang, she screamed, she yelled with delight. Things were growing warm, and Dinah was becoming a little rank. Her partner freed himself from her arms, and danced all around her. The excitement was at its height. Bedding applause sign are brought to him. About 2:30 or 3 o'clock he is free. Sometimes he goes for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, or for a walk, but at present he is devoting most of his time to the great exposition. At 6 o'clock he returns to the palace. He dines with his family and usually a friend or two at 7 o'clock. He is a good liver and his table is loaded with dainties. After dinner friends of the family are received. Sometimes there is music. Quite often the president goes to the opera or theatre, and at 11:30 he retires. Yesterday I saw him in the department occupied by the United States at the exposition. He was chatting with some American visitors and seemed deeply interested. He is a man of medium height and ordinary appearance. His face denotes far but extraordinary intelligence. His dark beard is trimmed in the orthodox French fashion. To the casual observer he might be a lawyer of fair practice or a respectable merchant with a goodly establishment on the Rue de la Paix. He dresses in good taste, in quiet colors and does not make much display of jewelry. Occasionally he wears one of his numerous decorations, but not in manner to the last degree.

At the time when the exposition of 1878 was held Carnot was a very obscure man. Even at the time when in the election of Versailles he so quietly slipped into the chair that M. Grevy, much against his will, was obliged to vacate, but little was known of him outside of France. But at present he is very comfortable in the chair that was occupied by Thiers, MacMahon, and latterly by Grevy. Thiers went the way of all flesh about the time that Marshal MacMahon met with his downfall. You may still see the tall, military form of the marshal duke at the Cafe d'Orsey, the old haunt of the nobility. But MacMahon is done with politics. M. Grevy may be still seen in his favorite haunts of Paris, when he is not rusting at his country place at the Jura at Mont-sous-Sandrey. But no one talks or thinks about Grevy. He is what King Michael Kelly, of Boston, would call a back number.—Paris Letter to Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Fears for Lonsdale's Imitators. Count Desanville and Hon. Mr. Everest, two English gentlemen, who left Winnipeg five or six months ago with the object of going further north than Lord Lonsdale, have been heard from, the letters having been written over two months ago and being dated from Fort Chippewyan. They had a rough experience on Lake Athalasca, and during the storm were driven on an extensive mud deposit. When the water receded their boats were left in the mud two miles from open water. They intended pushing on to Point Barrow, the most northerly point of Alaska, but the greatly feared hostile Esquimaux. If they succeeded in getting by them they would have had little difficulty in reaching Point Barrow by the middle of August. They have not yet reached there and it is feared that harm has befallen them. The Hudson Bay company will send out a search party from Fort Chippewyan.

PRESIDENT CARNOT.

How the Executive of France Looks and How His Time is Occupied.

President Carnot is not a hard worker in the sense that hard work is understood in America. He does not bother himself with details. He keeps a sharp eye on all that is going on about him, but he does not consider it his duty to perform a clerk's work. He would not dream of working as Ex-President Cleveland used to do and as President Harrison now does. Like all Frenchmen, he is a late riser. Coffee and rolls are served in his room. At 9 o'clock he appears in his little study, which leads from the big reception room in the Elysee palace. His private letters are opened and on his desk. He pulls his easy chair up to a window, puffs at a cigarette, and one of his secretaries informs him of the contents of his mail. Occasionally he dictates replies, and sometimes he answers letters by his own hand. The contents of his mail-bag are curious. There are letters on all sorts of subjects—some begging money, some asking for presidential clemency, others asking for office and still others asking for autographs.

The little room denotes that its occupant is of a literary turn. There are magazines on the tables, novels and newspapers from America, England and Germany, as well as Paris. On one side of the room is a bookcase of choice literature. A vase of flowers on the mantelshelf perfumes the room. A tiny Scotch terrier sleeps soundly on a rug at the door, and a canary chirps merrily as it basks in the sunshine that comes streaming through the open window. At 10 o'clock President Carnot receives members of the government, leaders and deputies who have business with him. At 11 he has dejeuner, or breakfast, either in the palace or he may go out to the house of a friend. Dejeuner is a popular meal, and Carnot seldom sits down alone. His wife, children and one or two friends usually join him. At noon he receives such visitors as may have business with him, and just now a good many of these people are Americans, who have heard of the affability of the president of La Belle-France, and wish to see him and shake hands with him. To these he is all politeness and attention. His manner would do credit to Chesterfield. He goes about the room from one person to another, making all feel comfortable and at ease. Those of his visitors who have private or public business with him are taken into an adjoining room. It is necessary for the president to see and sign as many papers as he can. About 2:30 or 3 o'clock he is free. Sometimes he goes for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, or for a walk, but at present he is devoting most of his time to the great exposition. At 6 o'clock he returns to the palace. He dines with his family and usually a friend or two at 7 o'clock. He is a good liver and his table is loaded with dainties. After dinner friends of the family are received. Sometimes there is music. Quite often the president goes to the opera or theatre, and at 11:30 he retires.

Yesterday I saw him in the department occupied by the United States at the exposition. He was chatting with some American visitors and seemed deeply interested. He is a man of medium height and ordinary appearance. His face denotes far but extraordinary intelligence. His dark beard is trimmed in the orthodox French fashion. To the casual observer he might be a lawyer of fair practice or a respectable merchant with a goodly establishment on the Rue de la Paix. He dresses in good taste, in quiet colors and does not make much display of jewelry. Occasionally he wears one of his numerous decorations, but not in manner to the last degree.

At the time when the exposition of 1878 was held Carnot was a very obscure man. Even at the time when in the election of Versailles he so quietly slipped into the chair that M. Grevy, much against his will, was obliged to vacate, but little was known of him outside of France. But at present he is very comfortable in the chair that was occupied by Thiers, MacMahon, and latterly by Grevy. Thiers went the way of all flesh about the time that Marshal MacMahon met with his downfall. You may still see the tall, military form of the marshal duke at the Cafe d'Orsey, the old haunt of the nobility. But MacMahon is done with politics. M. Grevy may be still seen in his favorite haunts of Paris, when he is not rusting at his country place at the Jura at Mont-sous-Sandrey. But no one talks or thinks about Grevy. He is what King Michael Kelly, of Boston, would call a back number.—Paris Letter to Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Fears for Lonsdale's Imitators. Count Desanville and Hon. Mr. Everest, two English gentlemen, who left Winnipeg five or six months ago with the object of going further north than Lord Lonsdale, have been heard from, the letters having been written over two months ago and being dated from Fort Chippewyan. They had a rough experience on Lake Athalasca, and during the storm were driven on an extensive mud deposit. When the water receded their boats were left in the mud two miles from open water. They intended pushing on to Point Barrow, the most northerly point of Alaska, but the greatly feared hostile Esquimaux. If they succeeded in getting by them they would have had little difficulty in reaching Point Barrow by the middle of August. They have not yet reached there and it is feared that harm has befallen them. The Hudson Bay company will send out a search party from Fort Chippewyan.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Pitcher's Castoria Children Cry for

WONDERS FROM COAL TAR.

Brilliant Colors Extracted from a Once Worthless Product.

The coal tar created by gas-making was for many years burned, together with the coke, under the retorts of the gas-works, in order to economize coal; and not until Hofmann, a distinguished German chemist, investigated coal tar scientifically was it found to contain bodies that have since become the basis of the world's great color industries, says the Chicago Times. The brilliant aniline colors now used for dyeing are all extracted from coal. Coal tar yields, on distillation, another oil called benzol. Hofmann found that benzol upon proper treatment with certain chemicals yielded aniline. This is an oily liquid, akin in its nature to the liquid alkaloids, nicotine from tobacco and conine from hemlock. Hofmann also succeeded in getting a beautiful deep magenta dye from aniline by oxidation, a process in which a substance called the oxidizer gives up some of its oxygen to the body oxidized. This dye he called rosaniline, and from it may be obtained every conceivable shade of color. It is a curious fact that this intense dye is colorless in an absolutely pure state, but on uniting with acids it at once takes on its characteristic vivid crimson color. Since the most important part in the manufacture of these dyes depends upon the oxidation of the aniline, it is necessary to get some common and inexpensive substance for that process.

Unfortunately, for the personal comfort of many people, arsenic acid, one of our most fatal poisons, is the substance generally used. It is due to this chemical that so many of the fabrics dyed with aniline colors are injurious. The arsenic in themselves are harmless. The dye acid is not essential to the color, but after it has done its duty as an oxidizer the manufacturer does not take the trouble to remove the poison carefully from the dyes. The suggestion to use other oxidizers that are harmless has often been made, but arsenic acid is in such general use that manufacturers are unwilling to give it up.

It is said of Hofmann's discovery that it was the result of a chance. He had been trying the action of aniline with different chemicals, and without cleaning his test tubes had left them standing in the rack. The next day, upon his return to the laboratory, he found, to his joy and astonishment, that something quite unexpected had taken place. Beautiful crystals of a deep magenta color had formed during the night in one of the test tubes. With eagerness he examined them, but could not remember how they had been formed. At last it occurred to him that this was the result of the oxidation of aniline. This was the beginning of Hofmann's great work upon rosaniline.

It has also been discovered that another body contained in coal tar can be converted into one of the most important and beautiful vegetable dyes known—the dyeing matter of the madder plant (alizarin)—and since the discovery the prices of madder are so low that it is unremunerative to raise it, and the cultivation of the plant may be considered as a thing of the past, such is the wondrous growth of the discovery. It is the fruit of scientific research in organic chemistry conducted mostly from a scientific point of view.

One very important matter related to coal tar, and one of the original sources of aniline—a product of as great value as alizarin—has yet to be produced on a large scale. This is indigo. Adolph Bayer, a German chemist, has shown that it can be produced artificially, but at present no practical means of accomplishing it have been discovered. No doubt however it will not be long before this is achieved, and the cultivation of the indigo plant will share the fate of the madder.

The Sun Cure. Mrs. Mona Caird, the woman who distinguished herself by trying to get at the world's family affairs through asking if marriage is a failure, is now in Australia, Tured, undergoing what is called "sun cure." This sun cure has been described to us as a very pleasing remedy for what ever ails you. It consists in drinking grape wine with a head on it till you do not know whether you are a sick man or an inflated balloon. Then you sleep it off in the sun and when you wake up and ask for a monkey-wrench to screw your hat on with you get another treatment. We have it from those who have tried it that next to taking dinner with Chauncey M. Depew it is, for the time being, the most effective cure that has been devised since the good old days of Medford run in New England. From the limited experience we have had with imitation sun cures we are prepared to believe that if Mrs. Caird only guzzles enough of the real cure she will reach a conclusion that everything, even marriage, is a howling success.—Washington Post.

A Chicago Girl's Old Lingerie. At an informal tea given last week the party of ladies discussed a very common subject—dress—and of course considerable was said. One visitor told of a comfortable costume which she knew was worn by a lady in Chicago, who was an expert stenographer and whose business took her out of doors a great deal. It consisted of a full suit of black tights, a divided skirt, and a dress, the latter not touching the ground by three inches. In this raiment she is perfectly free, looks the same as any ordinary well-dressed woman, and is not conspicuous in any sense of the word. The chief comfort to be taken with this style is the fact that the woman is perfectly free. She does not fear a rainy day or a muddy street, her dress escapes all soil at the foot and she does not appear in the attitude of the woman who holds her dress up in one hand, her umbrella and packages in the other, and then gets a divided skirt after all.