THE AMERICAN MAN.

HOW MRS. LESLIE CONSIDERS HIM AS A TRAVELING COMPANION.

The Gentleman of Boston—The New Yorker—The Western Man—The Southerner—Virtues and Charms of Each. Hospitality South and West.

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I HAVE been traveling of late in "our own, our native land," a course so loudly advocated by some of our compatriots that it is with a modest thrill of self approval that I mention having just traversed many thousands of miles and seen almost every variety of scenery, all without once having deprived myself of the protection of Uncle Samuel's stars and stripes.

Of course I did not venture into Chili. That goes without saying!

But as this is not the first time by several that I have traversed the length and breadth of "my own, my native," and as on former occasions I have "done" all the peaks and pikes, the big trees, high mountains and deep valleys, the boiling springs and icy canyons, the Indians and the prairie dogs, the sage plains and foolish climbs, the Mormons, where seven women had one husband; and the convents, where seventy women have no husband at all; the Chinese quarter of 'Frisco, and the palace homes of that most inconsistent of cities whither one must carry one's entire wardrobe, including diaphanous textures for sultry mornings and sealskin coats for the afternoons of the same days; as I have, in fact, seen all that is to be seen of nature's handiwork in the best known portions of the states, I rather devoted myself upon this excursion to those human features of the scenery, which, like the mountains and the valleys, have a general resemblance to each other and yet vary each from each in some subtle yet essential manner.

"One star differeth from another star in glory," and yet stars have a decided family resemblance to each other; nobody would ever mistake a star for a lion or an eagle, for instance, and in most cases nobody would mistake an American for a Briton or a Teuton for a Frenchman. So, although all men are "bipeds without feathers" according to the cynical old philosopher, one man differeth from another man in glory, if glory it is, and if, according to Mr. Pope, the "noblest study of mankind is man," it is not impossible that the dearest "study of" womankind lies in the same direction.

We have a big country, as we are rather fond of pointing out, especially to people who dwell upon a certain small island at the west of Europe, and one consequence of this extent of territory is that we have fellow citizens differing as much from ourselves in type as a Scotchman differs from an Italian.

Now in a journey from New York to California one is in the way of meeting a "selected assortment" of all these differing types, and I did so; especially as our party, representing a press association, would naturally find interests and affinities everywhere that a newspaper is printed or read, and I am safe to say that no cluster of five houses is to be found from Maine to California, or from Florida to Vancouver's, where the news of the world is not read and commented on with intelligent interest.

Of course persons who spend their lives in one absorbing pursuit are not going to quite throw aside its habits even when on an outing for rest and recreation, and I noticed with an indulgent smile that a good many of us almost involuntarily "interviewed" some of the others and made mental if not penciled notes for future use. Among the rest a very bright and talented man talking upon this subject of our cosmopolitan citizenship asked me, "Now which do you really prefer—the eastern, western or southern men?"

I laughed and told him that I was not going to help him out in his next "personal." But the question set me thinking and I looked about me a little, not only at our own party, but at those who met us en route.

One of ourselves was, as I should suppose, a typical Boston man, and of course all New Englanders are well content to be called Bostonians. This gentleman was slender and spare of figure, with clear cut features, intelligent, shrewd and cautious eyes, often hardening into severity; a thin lipped, passionless mouth and a pallid complexion. His manner was cold and somewhat reserved, but perfectly courteous and self restrained. He reminded one a little of Hamlet, who was not to be lightly moved by man, "nay, nor woman either," although some Horatio or Horatia might fancy so.

Just at first the Latin blood, which decidedly predominates over that of New England in my veins, was a little chilled by this gentleman's cold and speculative manner of regarding me; I felt somewhat as if I were a missionary and he a Timbuctoo-ian considering which portion of my anatomy would make the best "dainty dish to set before the king." But as time went on I found that so far from intending to dissect and devour me, my Bostonian was most scrupulous about so much as touching the outermost fringes of my belongings, apologizing with gravity and sincerity because in lowering a blind his hand had grazed my arm. I feel quite sure that Sir Philip Sydney was a Bostonian by "intention," if not in fact. On the whole, I was very much pleased with this pronounced type of the gentleman of New England, and in all seriousness felt very sure that in any one of those accidents by fire or flood or other remarkable distress, when women are occasionally thrown upon the honorable protection of man, one could not be surer of delicate and respectful treatment than at the hands of a Bostonian.

And yet—and yet—one wonders a little how he would go to work to disclose a tender passion or to rave against a rival. One might as easily imagine a company of big icicles having a jolly party over a good fire, and drinking each other's health in steaming rum punch.

Of course we had several men of New York with us. It is to me a very familiar type of man, and yet I studied it with a fresh interest as contrasted with the rest.

The New Yorker carries in face and form and speech and action the fact that he lives in a very big city, and that competition, while it is the soul of trade, is very apt to be the death of the trader, whether his trade lies in brains or cotton. The New Yorker, if anything, is alert; he feels that it is his duty and his necessity to "catch on" to every new idea, every new promise or development, every new "chance" before the next man "gets there." One may be excused for describing him by slang, for he uses a great deal of it—those terse and pungent expressions which men invent to convey an idea not to be communicated by Johnsonian English. Parallel to this habit of slang is the New Yorker's love of abbreviation and minimization; he speaks of the elevated road as the "L," of the Atlantic ocean as "the pond," of his country as "U. S.," of millions of dollars as "spot cash," of the electric telegraph as "the wire," and so on ad infinitum.

In brief, his habitual hurry leads him to discover the briefest form in which to convey his ideas, and his habitual irreverence and self confidence lead him to speak lightly and, as it were, in a patronizing spirit of the biggest things in nature or humanity which he may chance to encounter. This habit of mind extends to the New Yorker's social manner and attitude. He is impatient of prosiness; he is incredulous of sentiment; he never forgets the practical side of his lovemaking or his attentions. One New York man boldly avowed that he only gave his seat in the L car to a pretty woman whom he might wish to know, to a woman of society at whose house he might wish to visit, or to an old woman who would speak well of him. Whether this was true or not it was eminently a New York cynicism.

But for all this cynicism, irreverence, rush and self confidence, your New Yorker is a pleasant companion and a good comrade. He likes champagne, and under its genial influence expands into anecdote and jest, repartee and attack, nearly as sparkling as his favorite wine, although, like it, possessing more brilliancy than body. His prudence and wideawakeness tell him where to stop both the wine and the jest, and the late supper or the theater party conducted by a New Yorker seldom bequeathes a headache or a regret to the next morning.

If I had an intellectual or moral difficulty to solve, I would consult a Boston man; if I required financial advice—not help, if you please—or if I were in a social puzzle of any sort, or wanted to know the character of any human being of note, I would ask it of a New York man; but if I had a hurt heart, or had done a foolish and imprudent thing and wanted to get out of it gracefully, I would scrupulously avoid telling either the one or the other, for the Bostonian would stonily stare his disapproval and the New Yorker would offer a jest or a cynicism, or show that my weakness had in his eyes broken down some of the barriers between himself and one who had not known how to guard herself from mistakes.

To whom would I turn in such a strait, you ask? Why, most assuredly to a southerner; aye, or to a westerner, diverse though they be. The southerner would understand me better and save much of the pain and humiliation of confessing the folly or the credulity that had led to the trouble we imagine; but the westerner would be even more ready to shield and comfort the sufferer.

Of course, on the excursion we allude to, we met many westerners, some of whom I had learned to know and to value in the course of my lecturing tour some two years since, and the sensation in renewing the acquaintanee was as when, stepping from the heated and lifeless atmosphere of the drawing room car, one meets the first rush of the prairie wind—fresh, full of ozone, a little boisterous, yet full of sweet, wholesome scents of grass and wild growths and miles of unused atmosphere.

There is no hospitality like that of the western man; the southerner is hospitable, but with discrimination; a joint antebellum distrust of a northerner lingers in his breast and his political likes and dislikes are rather apt to take a personal form. Also he likes to know something of his guest's family, social standing and antecedents. These matters pleasantly adjusted, the right man or woman may remain for months or years as guest in a southern home, and never perceive, because it would never exist, the slightest wonder on the part of his hosts as to when the visit would terminate.

But the westerner's hospitality is not handicapped by such, or by any, limitations; he receives whatever guest may come in his way, caring very little how or why he came, utterly indifferent as to his ancestry or family ties, very indulgent as to his social manners or habits, largely tolerant of his political or religious views, although they may diametrically oppose his own. He does not lay himself out as the southerner does to entertain his guest, or trouble himself to make him acquainted with other persons; he simply throws open the doors of his home and expects the guest to share its privileges without formality or protestations of gratitude. Only if this hospitality should be abused, and the warmed adder begin to show his nature, then God pity the traitor, for I know not whether western rifle or southern pistol is the swifter or sterner avenger. What law and damages are to the east and to New York, gunpowder and steel are to the west and south.

But apart from hospitality, either the western or the southern man is a welcome and congenial companion—the former in a loud, jovial sort of fashion, the latter in a more refined and delicate style not seldom touched with a pensive strain, easily lending itself to romance and sentiment.

The western man tells you a good deal about himself, his possessions, his pursuits, his agricultural or political purposes; he has very little reserve, and takes your interest and sympathy for granted with a naivete which commonly evokes the feeling he appeals to.

The southerner, on the other hand, is a little silent and reserved about himself at first, but as the acquaintance ripens he talks to you about himself and shows such a real and cordial interest in anything you may choose to tell him as to often lead on to indiscreet confidences; and yet hardly indiscreet, for the southern gentleman is the safest confidant in the world, except perhaps a Roman Catholic priest; and if his advice is not very practical or valuable, it is a good deal to be so heartily indorsed and approved of, as you are sure to be by him.

Now you ask, at the end as at the beginning, which manner of men do I like best? And I can only reply that each one has his merits and his peculiarities, perhaps also his faults, or we will call them the defects of his virtues, and that with whichever I am thrown in contact I can spend a pleasant day, and be sure, if I am in need, of loyal and manly protection.

God bless the American man!

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

A Fashionable Hobby.

Bibliomania is at the present moment the fashionable hobby of the French grande dame and of the leaders of Parisian society. Among the principal collectors are the Duchesse de Chartres, the Comtesse de L'Aigle, the Comtesse de Nadaillac, the Comtesse de la Ferronays and the young and brilliant Comtesse de Greffulhe, who is spending enormous sums in the purchase of rare old editions of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries. Nor is this fad confined to the ladies of the great world, for several of the shining lights of the half world have developed the same taste, and quite frequently at book sales the notorious Leonide Leblanc, the fair friend of the Duc d'Aumale, may be seen bidding against the latter's royal niece, the Duchesse de Chartres.

Enterprising Young Women.

The young women belonging to a club in South Seaville, N. J., have earned twenty-five dollars for their church during the past winter by sawing up kindling wood and selling it. I wonder if the pastor of that congregation preaches to women to keep silent in the churches?

FEED THE TISSUES.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS WRITES OF THE CARE OF THE COMPLEXION.

She Says There Are No More Frauds Among the Skin Specialists Than Among Other Curative Professions. Some Hints of Practical Value.

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IF WE have not time to take care we shall have ample time to regret.

After tilling of the soil comes nourishing. After exercise the muscles and tissues must be fed. Flesh tissues become dry, dead, slack, hungry. The face looks worn, old. These tissues must be fed systematically through the pores. The furnishing of skin food through the pores is of infinitely more value to beauty than the offering of food through the stomach. When starved the muscles of the face relax like the strings of a violin; they cannot respond to exercise—the face caves in in spots—looks haggard, old.

These foods must, however, be prepared with greatest care and intelligence, and with individual study of the skin to receive them. For this one must depend upon a specialist. It is coming to be the general practice for the well groomed woman to place herself in the hands of a skilled specialist for examination and work under her direction, as in the case of the dentist, doctor or hairdresser, for the skin is quite as individual as the system. What is benefit to one is injury to another.

I believe in the skin specialist. There are no more frauds among them than among the other curative professions, and in response to the demand they have become as skilled and conscientious as any. It stands to reason that one who makes any specialty a study knows more about it than one who is ignorant of its first principles. More harm is worked to the average complexion through ignorant experimenting by the women themselves than from any other cause.

The beautifying paraphernalia of every woman interested in face culture today includes a set of from six to eight bottles of liquids of various colors—cream, white, yellow, pink, red and froth—in all stages of liquidity, from clear water to muddy oil, and one or two jars of lardlike cream—not for external application as a cover, but to work into the pores in consecutive order for the nourishment of the dying skin.

Treatments are taken from these once or twice a week in addition to the regular massage work. Each one is applied, allowed to rest on the face from two to five minutes, then washed off with warm water to give place to the next. The oils are rubbed well in with the fingers. Between the massage, the slight tingle produced by each application and the delicate odors, the velvet cheeks of the little human palette glow like a rose, while lips and eyes now share in the enjoyment. The face is being beautified naturally.

The skin responds to nourishment as the stomach does. This sort of thing is coming to be the modern form of beautifying, taking the place of the deleterious paintings, powderings, waferings and plasterings of cruder days. The belle's battle with time is based upon truer principles, following the line of sincere physical culture.

Powerful illustrations of the preservation of good looks may be found in the theatrical and other public career fields. Thoughtless and lazy young girls may be found who "go off" in a year's stage work. Experienced men and women who have settled down to the business of personation pass through unspeakable hardships, and abuse of the skin by "makeup," retaining—indeed adding to their good looks. Perhaps no other actor passes through such cyclones of facial work as Mr. Richard Mansfield. Yet his complexion is tinted, fair, fine and unlined as a girl's. His valet can tell of the discipline of massage, skin feeding, cleansing and care necessary to the happy end. "One cannot be lazy and remain handsome, especially if he works," he says. "Why bless you, I should look worse than Hyde himself did I not take care of myself."

Mrs. Kendal carries everywhere with her a small Russia leather case, furnished with inside pockets containing handsome bottles of liquid skin foods, which are fed to the acting tissues of her wholesome face three times a week. Mrs. Leslie Carter has one also, so has Beatrice Cameron, so has the beautiful Lillian Russell. Patti has worn out two in travel. She gets her skin foods from New York, and the shelves of the diva's cosmetic bureau are filled with them. The "skin food case" is considered an indispensable adjunct to the luggage of the society woman of today who travels.

Annie Jenness, the apostle of physical culture; Clementine de Vere, the prima donna; Jennie Potter, the elocutionist; Willard, the actor; Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poetess, and a host of other tremendous workers who look like drawing room pets of leisure can all testify to the superior value of preservation over repair.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

ADMIRAL DAHLGREN'S WIDOW.

She Lives in Washington and Devotes Much Time to Literature.

The widow of the late Admiral Dahlgren is a prominent leader in the courtliest circles of society in our national capital. She lives in an elegant mansion on Massachusetts avenue, at the corner of Fourteenth street, the avenue and street being intersected by M street, just at the back of Mrs. Dahlgren's handsome residence.

The receptions and dinners of Mrs. Dahlgren are among the most delightful of the many charming society functions of this city of representative American life and manners. Thirty years ago Mrs. Dahlgren, then Miss Madeline Vinton, the daughter of Samuel F. Vinton, of Ohio, was married at an early age to Daniel Convers Goddard, of Zanesville. Mr. Goddard died in about three years after their marriage, leaving his youthful widow the mother of two children. In 1865 Mrs. Goddard became the wife of Admiral Dahlgren. She is still a rarely attractive woman. Her blue eyes are as bright as ever, but her brown tresses are now silvered. She spends the greater part of her time in her house in Massachusetts avenue, but her country home is at South Mountain, Md.

It was at South Mountain that her daughter, Miss Ulrica Dahlgren, was married to Mr. Pierce, of Boston. An older daughter, it will be remembered by society people, was married some years ago to a German baron. Mr. Ulric Dahlgren, the twin brother of Miss Ulrica, was the happy man who led to the altar Miss Lucy Drexel, of Philadelphia; his half brother, John Vinton Goddard, marrying Miss Bessie Drexel, the sister of Miss Lucy.

Mrs. Dahlgren adds to her accomplishments as a society leader a taste for the best literature. She is a well read woman of remarkable judgment and a linguist of rare attainments. She has translated from the French Montalembert's "Pius IX" and De Chambrun's "Executive Power," and from the Spanish Donoso Cortes' "Catholicism, Liberalism and Socialism." Among her other works are "The Memoirs of John A. Dahlgren," "Thoughts on Female Suffrage," "South Sea Sketches," "Etiquette of Social Life in Washington," "South Mountain Magic" and "A Winter in Washington."

Mrs. Dahlgren was so highly appreciated by the late President Garfield that he wrote the preface of one of her books—"Pius IX."

She is a most affable woman. Her conversation, without being pedantic, shows the culture of her mind by the rich stream of literature that has flowed over it. She does not visit at all; but she receives her many friends with the stately grace and courteous graciousness of an English duchess.

BELLE BELAIR.

The Seal Question.

From first page.

his statements in regard to the matter in question. It is a very unusual thing for the emperor of Russia to send for a foreign minister, and the incident shows how strongly he feels in regard to the matter.

Russia would not stop at a mere protest. Within the past month she has informed the United States government that she stood rerdy to make her guarantee of "every right and privilege conveyed by a solemn treaty between the United States on one hand, and his imperial majesty; Alexander II., czar of Russia on the other hand, said treaty being promulgated and solemnly ratified according to the usages among nations." Further, that no European power was in any way a party to this treaty.

To permit the action of the imperial government to be questioned—after it had stood for a quarter of a century—was not only impossible under the comity of nations, but unheard of in modern diplomacy. If such a thing was likely to occur Russia would protest with all the earnestness in her power. Especially could she not permit an arbitration by Europeans that would of necessity have to include the question of *mare clausum*, as regards Behring sea, a matter, Russia had maintained for 100 years, and that had never been denied by any European power.

The message to United States closed with the suggestion that the United States had better follow England's rule and hold on to what it had paid $7,000,000 in gold for, especially as it would have the aid of the imperial Russian navy (and land forces if they were needed) in this holding on.

So there the matter stands. Truly American diplomacy of the latter-day Harrison school is a fearful and wonderful thing! If anything upon earth is clear in the conveyance of Alaska to the United States, it is the right and title to Behring sea, as a closed sea, under the head of the "rights and privileges appertaining to Alaska." Yet the administration permits it to be questioned by John Bull.

England, who never let go anything she could hold on to, of all nations upon earth, should not set up the charge against the United States of claiming what she had no right to. As Russia points out, if England objected to the *mare clausum* feature, why did she not object when the original treaty was being made?

The reason was a very excellent one. At that time the United States navy was the most powerful afloat. March 1, 1866, it consisted of 679 vessels in the navy proper. Thirty-two were first rate, fifty-two second rate, 121 third rate and 464 fourth rate. These ships had on them 4,647 as good heavy guns as the world then knew. The ships were manned by 51,500 seamen and 7,000 officers. This was the largest navy, in all respects, that has existed since navies began. No wonder Great Britain did not want to protest against anything the United States did, especially when she was backed by Russia, with 128 ships in her navy, and an army on land, which, with that the United States had just disbanded, and the late Confederate forces that, in such an emergency as "cleaning out" Great Britain, would have joined with their late foes and put into the field 3,000,000 men. Never did nation have better warrant for not interfering in another's business that Great Britain at that time.

The first thing visible in the correspondence as cabled us from London is that Mr. Wharton did not state the Britons position fairly when he assumed that Salisbury said that during the arbitration scaling should be allowed to go on precisely as though no arbitration had been agreed upon, which the Englishman simply did not say.

In the first place Salisbury sticks to the arbitration idea, believing he could so influence the arbitrators that he would win. He, in that event, would have accomplished two objects. The first would be that the United States dares not hold any property, or claim anything, no matter by whom conveyed, unless Great Britain concurs in the conveyance. The second will be that through the blundering incapacity of our state department the United States has been the first to acknowledge that Russia's guarantee of title is not good unless backed up by Great Britain's tacit or actual consent.

This is a pleasant attitude and a dignified one for a nation like ours, is it not? And yet this is precisely what the arbitration of the questions proposed will render. Is Mr. Harrison prepared to go before the country—if he is renominated—as having tacitly or implied consented to such a concession to England, and so grievous an insult to the United States' faithful ally Russia. Is this the way Mr. Harrison intends to show his appreciation of the Russian action in 1862—at a time when the north would have had another war upon its hands but for the action of Czar Alexander, whose entire Atlantic fleet of twenty-one ships of the line steamed into New York harbor and enabled Mr. Seward to say to John Bull, touching the Mason and Slidell business and Great Britain demands—"check!" Or does Mr. Harrison really ever read history? One recalls the words of the old hymn when contemplating this administration.

"Great God! On what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things."

To the man who would see this nation honored and respected, to him who takes an American pride in the greatness, the grandeur of his country, what is there in the present attitude of our state department or the administration to be proud of? Aye, more, not to be ashamed of? What do you suppose old Andrew Jackson would have said if England had laid claim in his time to something like the thing she claims now? Does any man who knows aught of our national history or of the nature and character of those who have sat in the president's seat; does any well informed American have the slightest doubt of what the reply would have been? It might not have been couched in the elegant verbiage that characterizes the semi-hermaphroditic inklings who are too fragile for the winds of heaven to blow roughly upon, but it would have been in unmistakable words which every American could endorse.

There is now every probability that the next president will be a democrat. When he selects his cabinet let him think long, leisurely and well before he names his secretary of state. What Mr. Blaine might have done had he not been so sorely stricken by an incapacitating disease in his own person, aggravated by the loss of his children, his brother and sister, no one can say, nor is it pertinent to the subject to discuss it. But American diplomacy is at a very low ebb. It consists in bullying and threatening the weak, and giving in, to the verge of truckling, to the strong.

The republican majority in the United States senate permits this condition of affairs to continue and eventually result in the discomfiture of the people. There is not enough good hard patriotism left among the majority in the club of millionaires comprising the United States senate to do a thing the people of the nation will approve of. They ratified the arbitration treaty. Not one of the republican lot dared to vote no. The democrats sat passive, willing that that the majority should make its record. Mr. Cullom stated that he did not believe in the treaty; that some provision for a *modus vivendi* should have been introduced into the measure or else the treaty should have been dependent upon some such act.

But the rest sat still and gave way to Great Britain. If the republican senate is willing to go before the nation on such a record, Heaven knows the democratic party will not object. Thus it is, little by little, that the dignity of the nation is lowered, and its rightful franchises rendered doubtful by those who should be the first to uphold them. There must and will be an end to all this soon. It will begin March 4, 1893.

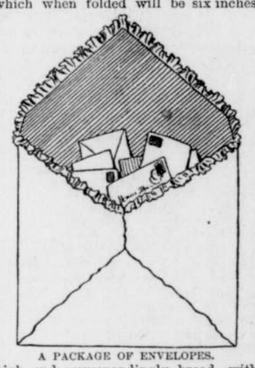
PRETTY CONCEITS.

A Number of Uses to Which the Octavo Envelope May Be Put.

An ordinary octavo envelope is a common enough thing, but, opened and employed as a pattern, it will aid you in making articles whose use and beauty will surprise you. When the envelope has been ungummed, lay it flat on a sheet of water color paper and draw the pattern lightly with pencil, enlarging it to any dimensions, but keeping the proportion of parts. Cut out with scissors or knife all but the outer flaps; those are to have torn edges. Fold the new envelope in shape, gumming it all except the last flap. When dry, shade the front and back with cobalt blue in water color, from deep color on one side to palest blue on the other. Then lay aside to dry while you are preparing a sheet of cotton wadding just large enough to fill it.

This is pulled apart, some sachet powder put in and the cotton folded together again. Next paint on the front of the envelope three or four large daisies, outlining the petals with deep cobalt blue. The centers are indicated by a dash of gilding, and the edges of the envelope are finished with it also, a tiny line, scarcely showing unless one looks at the edge. Insert the perfumed cotton, seal the envelope and put an irregular splash of gold to represent the seal. If you wish, print in fancy gold lettering on the front some appropriate words. This idea can be carried out with different colored paints, lavender, for example, when heliotrope or violet perfume is used, rose color with rose powder, etc. The flowers to correspond may be painted outside.

Take your pattern again and cut out of the paper as before a large envelope, which when folded will be six inches



A PACKAGE OF ENVELOPES.

high and correspondingly broad, with torn edges to the flaps. Cut from bristol board a like envelope, a little smaller, to serve as a lining. This must be covered with China silk of a hue to match the shading you put on the envelope. The whole is intended for a letter pocket, and after the shading is done—on the back only, for the front of the envelope will become the back of the letter pocket—put in the silk covered bristol board. The upper flap will of course be left up and a loose puff of silk around the opening may be caught in places over the edges, thus serving to fasten the lining without showing any stitches. If preferred, the lower part of the envelope, instead of being gummed together, may be cut so the edges will meet, but not lap, and may be laced together with silk cord. The same idea may be developed into a glove, handkerchief or cravat case, though of course these must all be made to close and not hang on the wall. For the gloves and cravats the envelopes must be very long and narrow. They should, moreover, be scented and have silken cords attached to their flaps to tie them with.

One of the large envelopes, not lined, but tinted on both sides and ornamented on the front would be a suitable gift for a friend going traveling. Inside are put tiny envelopes, all tinted to correspond—one holding pins and safety pins, one a little address book, one a calendar. Another may contain a memorandum book with a bit of pencil attached, a fifth holds court plaster and a sixth is for pens and postage stamps. Each small envelope should be labeled with the name of its contents.

One of these tinted envelopes, the right size, will make a very pretty case for photographs to lay on a table. Still another can be made to do duty for holding a supply of stationery.

A. I. WILLIS.

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Express Tyains Leave Portland Daily.

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Portland...	7.00 p m	SanFrancisco	8.15 am
San Fran...	7:00 p m	Portland....	7.35 am

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Roseburg Mail Daily.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland...	8:05 a m	Roseburg...	5:40 p m
Roseburg..	6:20 a m	Portland...	4:00 p m

Albany Local, Daily, Except Sunday.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland....	5: p m	Albany.....	9: p m
Albany.....	5: a m	Portland....	8:55 a m

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LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland..	7:30 a m	McMinn'..	10:10 a m
McMinn'...	10:10 a m	Corvallis...	12:10 p m
Corvallis..	12:55 p m	McMinn'..	2:56 p m
McMinn'...	2:56 p m	Portland.	5:30 p m

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific.

Express Train Daily, except Sunday.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Portland..	4:40 p m	McMinn..	7.25 p m
McMinn'...	5:45 a m	Portland..	8:20 a m

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A Missionary Recommends It Heartily.

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