

SAILORS' STRANGE COSTUMES.

Queer Outfits Fashionable in Neptune's Court—Forecast's Yarns.

"Talk about strange costumes," said the mate of a steamship to a *Tribune* reporter recently, "the way some of the crew of a deep-water vessel will get themselves up occasionally is a caution. I remember once in my younger days, when I was before the mast on the ship Colby, bound round the Horn, that there was an old salt named 'Bill' Rice, who considered himself what would be called a nautical duck in these days. He had been on the ship running from Liverpool out to the African coast before joining the Colby, and an Englishman who had gone out as a passenger in her had given him on leaving the ship an old dress-coat, a striped waist coat, a stovepipe hat, and a pair of 'loud' checked trousers. 'Bill' considered this outfit the acme of fashionable attire, and every Sunday when he took his trick at the wheel he would rig himself out in the 'duds,' stovepipe hat included, and as solemn as an owl. It was the most comical sight I ever saw, the effect being heightened by the fact that the clothes did not fit and the hat was a size too large.

"Once when I was on a Rio steamer I shipped a man whose entire outfit consisted of a pair of rubber boots and a pair of dilapidated trousers, a bright red flannel shirt, and a white helmet hat. He looked like a disconcerted rainbow as he moved about the decks, and the passengers were never tired watching the white helmet and the red shirt. You have, of course, heard the story of the landsman who shipped before the mast, and, fearing rain, took an umbrella with him? Never heard it? Well, I don't vouch for its accuracy, but the story goes that when the mate called all hands to shorten sail one rainy day, the landsman turned out wearing a rubber coat and carrying his umbrella. The captain saw it from the quarter-deck, and, running forward with a howl of rage, came down with his whole weight on the umbrella, crushing it into a shapeless mass, and threw it overboard, after which he chased the terrified landsman up the rigging with a belaying-pin.

"At another time when I was on a Rio steamer there was a quartermaster who used to put on a white shirt and a 'stand-up' collar every time he took his trick at the wheel. That man was always making mistakes of some kind, and used to annoy the old man, as the sailors call the captain, frightfully. The old man was pretty patient, but when he did break out he made things hum. This was the quartermaster's first trip down the Brazilian coast, and he had heard some one say that between Bahai and Rio the Flyaway light would be sighted. We left Bahai at nightfall, and in an hour he began to sight that light. The old man had lit his pipe and tipped himself back in his chair for a smoke when the quartermaster sang out: 'Light ho!' The captain dropped his pipe and went into the pilot-house like a shot.

"Where away?" said he.

"Three points on the starboard bow," replied the quartermaster.

"I don't see any light," said the old man, peering through the night-glasses.

"I don't now, but I did," replied the quartermaster.

"All his watch the quartermaster kept sighting that light at intervals. The old man would no sooner get comfortably settled down for a smoke than he would be startled by a cry of 'Light ho!' He was startled, you see, because he knew each time that if the ship was on her course it was not time to sight any light. Finally the captain turned in, but the relentless quartermaster kept bringing him out of his bunk by sighting Flyaway light. Finally the old man could stand it no longer, and, rushing into the pilot-house, he seized the quartermaster by the throat, and shaking him until his teeth rattled, he shouted: 'If you sight Flyaway light many more times to-night, I'll make you food for fishes! I believe he'd have done it, too, for the old man was riled.'"—*New York Tribune*.

Human Justice.

It must have frequently occurred to the most casual observer of human affairs, that justice is a mere mockery. The man who is bad is just as apt to enjoy health and happiness as the man who goes to church and leads an exemplary life. In fact, it would seem as if the good were singled out for persecution. They certainly seem to have more than their share of bad luck. An illustration, on a small scale, of how the bad escape while the good are punished for the sins of the bad, occurred in Austin a short time ago.

A small cart, to which a donkey was attached, was left standing in front of a school-house. The driver had gone into a neighboring saloon to slake his thirst. The mischievous boys gathered around the vehicle and proceeded to annoy the animal by punching him in the abdomen and other parts with sharp sticks. They also imparted a spiral shake to his tail by twisting it. They also tied the donkey's ears together, much to the discomfort of the animal, but much to the amusement of theurchins, who deserved the severest punishment for their cruelty. Did the thunderbolts of heaven fall upon them and destroy them? Hardly any.

A small boy named Smith was standing off at a short distance looking on. He had been a good boy even before he was weaned. He never gave his friends any trouble. He went to Sunday school and brought home medals. In this affair he was really sympathizing with the donkey. He took no part whatever in the hazing of the poor brute. On the contrary he was shedding tears over the cruelty of the bad boys, when suddenly the proprietor of the animal emerged from the saloon. He charged furiously upon the boys. They saw him in time, and fled in every direction, making good their escape. The little boy did not run. He had done no wrong. Conscious innocence made him bold. The driver of the donkey came down upon the good little boy like an avalanche, boxing his ears until he had a slight hemorrhage of

the nose. The boy, whose sense of justice was also injured, rushed into the school house to inform the principal. Unfortunately one of the teachers was coming out of the door at the same moment, and he was almost impaled by the impetuous youth. In fact, the two colliding bodies were almost telescoped by the collision. Fortunately, the teacher retained his presence of mind. Without asking for an investigating committee, he dealt the luckless youth a box on the ear that sounded like hitting a beefsteak with the flat side of an ax. For a second time the boy detected the heavenly bodies. We mean, of course, he saw stars.

The good little boy did not linger around the teacher, who was partially doubled up by the force of the collision, but was nevertheless lifting his boot to kick. The boy kept right on upstairs, until he rushed almost breathlessly into the room of the principal. As soon as he was able to do so, the pupil said:—

"The teacher boxed my ears, and I hadn't touched the donkey."

"Call your teacher a donkey, do you?" ejaculated the principal, livid with rage at the slur at the professor; and once more the good little Sunday School boy got it right and left, more constellations bursting upon his enraptured vision. It seemed to him as if he had suddenly sat down in front of a drug store.

The idea that had been instilled into the youthful mind of that boy, that the good were rewarded and the bad punished, is undergoing some modification, at which we can hardly wonder.—*Texas Siftings*.

The Book Trade.

Book-publishers and book-sellers are doing their business irreparable damage in conspiring together to deceive the public by giving false prices for their books. For instance the juvenile books during the recent holidays were almost uniformly advertised at \$1.25 per copy, whereas the book-seller paid only 40 cents per copy to the book-publisher. Here is a difference of 85 cents between the price printed upon his book by the publisher and the price at which he sells it to the retail dealer. This is not a reasonable discount to the trade—every book-buyer is willing to allow that—but it amounts to a deception and a fraud upon the buying public. A buyer does not feel like paying for a book more than three times its actual cost to the seller, but if he does so with the connivance of the book-publisher and finds it out, he is apt to call such a conspiracy between the publisher and seller a barefaced swindle, and stop buying books.

This custom of the publishers in printing fictitious prices on their books has developed a new feature in the book business which will tend to destroy legitimate book stores. This is the establishment of book bazaars in large retail dry goods stores, clothing houses, &c. Several years ago Mr. Wanamaker in Philadelphia placed in his large clothing establishment a table filled with juvenile books. Each year his business increased and now he has a large book department in his clothing house. He paid no attention to the publisher's prices, but advertised in his book catalogues the lowest discount prices plus a small commission. He seems to be capturing the retail book business of Philadelphia. Good book stores are educational institutions and are as important to the literary life and growth of a large city as public libraries and schools. Their existence, however, is threatened by the establishment of book bazaars, which owe their origin to the deceptions practiced by the book trade itself. The Publishers' Weekly, which is a semi-official organ of the book trade, has for years consistently and ably opposed this custom, but to no purpose. The rapid increase of book bazaars may open the eyes of both publishers and sellers to their own interests and compel them to adopt an honest statement of prices.—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

A Deplorable State of Affairs.

The *Temps* correspondent in St. Petersburg draws a most dreary picture of the internal condition of Russia. Count Tolstoi, the Minister of the interior, exaggerates the old despotism, suppresses even local councils, prohibits the discussion of any internal events in the press and hunts incessantly for Nihilists, who begin to be found even in the ranks of the army. He is, consequently, the special object of the revolutionary detestation, receives frequent menaces of death, and never stirs from his house without special police protection. The Emperor himself passes most of his time at Gatschina, and from want of communication with his counselors, has made no progress in the art of governing. He trusts only extreme reactionaries, and never loses the fear of assassination. What one would like to know is, what the great body of military officers think of the situation, but that information is unattainable.

Real Estate in New York.

Real estate in New York City, according to a recent letter, for the time being, is at a dead halt. The big apartment house known as the Grosvenor, corner of Fifth avenue and Tenth street, has been sold to the Mutual Life Insurance Company for \$100,000; expert appraisers thought it would be cheap at \$250,000. It rents at present for \$25,000 a year, and it was announced that the mortgagees would take back a mortgage for \$150,000 at 5 per cent. Another transaction is important enough to note. The brown-stone front dwelling, No. 9 East Sixty-fourth street, belonging to the Johnson estate, has been sold to John P. Duncan for \$125,000 cash. This property in 1876 was sold to A. I. Johnson, the consideration in the deed being \$230,000. In January, 1884, Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr., contracted to purchase the property for about \$150,000, but for various reasons the contract was not executed.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

An experimental shaft in a new oil region of Wyoming Territory, sunk only fifteen feet yields six barrels of oil in twenty-four hours

PUBLIC CONVEYANCES IN LONDON.

"The Guardian Angel" of the Past—Cabs-rioles and Modern Vehicles.

In that quaint and amusing work, "Walker's Original," which was published rather more than half a century ago, the author, who was long a metropolitan police magistrate, tells us, says *The London Telegraph*, in illustration of the changes which had occurred in the town and its fashions during his lifetime, that a "retired hackney coachman, giving an account of his life, recently stated that his principal gains had been derived from cruising at late hours about particular streets to pick up drunken gentlemen. If they were able to tell their address, he took them straight home; if not, he carried them to certain taverns, where the custom was to secure their property and put them to bed. In the morning he called to take them home, and was generally handsomely rewarded. He said there were other coachmen who pursued the same course, and they all boasted their policy to be strictly honest. The same calling was pursued for many years in Paris. The tariff for taking a drunkard home was 20 sous, and his conductor was known as 'L'Ange Gardien,' or 'The Guardian Angel.'" These words were written about 1830, and they give us a strange peep into the social history of London and Paris during the early years of the present century. It is encouraging, at the outset, to find that the French capital had its "drunken gentlemen" as well as the English, and that the Parisian "Jarvey" of those days was satisfied with the modest reward of a franc for rendering them a service which would now be thought ill-requited unless at least five, and perhaps ten, times as much were given. Mr. Walker's typical hackney coachman did not, it may be pretty safely affirmed, make enough money to secure a comfortable provision for his old age upon these self-sacrificing terms. The ever-obliging and ubiquitous policeman generally performs now the voluntary functions discharged when George III. and George IV. were upon the throne by night-prowling "jehus," who plied for hire. A story is told of an incorrigible joker who, being considerably the worse for liquor, was picked up one night in the Strand and safely deposited by a benevolent policeman in a comfortable "growler." In answer to the inquiries of his auxiliary for an address to which the cabman was to drive, the bibulous wit, whose sense of fun was not wholly quenched, could only reply in a husky voice, "Kensal Green; Nowdays it is but too probable that a gentleman in the streets who was too overcome to furnish any address to his "guardian angel" would pass an uneasy night at the police station. It is evident, however, from Mr. Walker's story, that within the lifetime of many who may chance to read these words hackney coaches were so scarce at night that a few enterprising drivers of these ramshackle vehicles found it worth their while to traverse the dark streets, into which gas was not generally introduced until George IV.'s reign, in pursuit of "gentlemen in liquor." Sydney Smith tells us, indeed, that until he was himself nearly 50 years old he could not afford a carriage of his own, and that the straw from the bottom of the hackney coach which conveyed him to dinner twice to the flounces of his wife's dress, and exposed them both to the jeers and flouts of powdered lackeys in the service of aristocratic hosts, who had issued their cards of invitation with the words: "To meet Mr. Sydney Smith," inscribed at the top.

It makes a great deal of difference at what time a man chances to be born. At present there is no more difficulty in hailing a four-wheeler or a hansom cab at any time of the day or night in the central parts of London than in obtaining change before midnight for a good half-crown. Men and women are all so accustomed to the comforts and conveniences of this kind which surround them on all sides that they are apt to forget—if, indeed, they know—the straits to which their fathers and grandfathers were reduced within living memory. Not until 1823 were those one-horse vehicles—long known by the names of "cabrioles," but now universally spoken of as "cabs"—introduced into the metropolitan streets, and in that year the number of such conveyances plying for hire was only twelve. The driver sat upon a perch attached to the right hand of the two-wheeled vehicle, and heard every word spoken by the two friends who were his fares. If the horse fell the fares had an excellent chance of being flung into the street, and the rain was kept out by leather curtains drawn across the front. In 1831 the number of cabs had increased to 165, and in that year the licenses to drive them were granted to all decently conducted applicants. Prior to 1831, when the trade was thrown open, the number of carriages or cabs plying for hire was limited to 1,200, and omnibuses, which were first started in 1829, were few and far between. What a contrast to these antediluvian times do the London streets now present! In addition to about 2,500 omnibuses, they now contain something like 14,000 cabs, and, as regards speed, cleanliness, and general comfort, the public conveyances of this metropolis compare favorably with those of any other capital upon earth. The younger generation of London, who have no recollection of the barbarous days when such a thing as a hansom cab did not exist, may congratulate themselves by joyfully exclaiming: "The good of ancient times let others state; I think it lucky I was born so late!" In no respect does the British capital surpass its American and foreign visitors more than in the abundance, the cheapness, the comfort, and above all in the swiftness of its hansom cabs. The "gondolas of London"—a phrase which Lord Beaconsfield borrowed from Honore de Balzac, who first applied it to the *fiacres* of Paris—swarm in every street, and although, as Lord Rosebery pointed out when he recently took the chair at the cabmen's benevolent fund dinner, the last occupant of the vehicle may have been an archbishop, a professional beauty, or a foreign ambassador, its usefulness and convenience are equally within the

reach of all who have a shilling in their pockets to pay the fare.

A Mistinkered Clock.

I have always clung affectionately to the theory that no poor man should ever hire anybody else to do what he himself can do about his premises. I am opposed to hiring tramps to eat up the substance of a hard-working individual, like an editor, hence I never allow one to saw wood for his breakfast at my place.

The other day a tramp called at my house. He had a kit of tinkering instruments, and displayed a burning desire to heal the eccentricities of our clock which never could be satisfied unless it was from four minutes to three days slow. I was at first disposed to let him give it two or three experimental tinkers, but when he informed me that his time was very valuable and the wear and tear of his brain very severe in the performance of such offices of human beneficence, I concluded to do the job myself.

That afternoon I went down town and paid \$7 to a hardware man for the necessary labor saving machinery. I felt that \$7 was not an extravagant price to pay for a set of tools that would tinker me for the entire period of human life, so I hurried home and went for that clock.

My wife spread a white paper on the dining table for me, and it was not long before I had the viscera of that clock scattered about me like the shattered remains of a brass foundry after a cyclone had toyed with it. No wonder it was slow! Every cog and journal was clogged with dirt and stiffened with oil. I rubbed up the parts carefully, and then my wife leaned lovingly over my shoulder and remarked that she could not comprehend how in the world I would ever get all that stuff into it again. I replied that it took a high order of genius to do that, and drawing myself up proudly, assured her that I was fully equal to the situation.

Then I began to put the clock together, and soon had it full, but there were wheels and eccentrics and levers enough to make another clock. I felt proud of my grand achievements. I had often heard that "economy is wealth," and I had saved enough of that clock to pay for a new hair spring in my watch. I put on the hands and wound up the rejuvenated timepiece, and started it. It went off like the gong at a railway eating house, where a fellow stops twenty minutes to get robbed. When I was a little boy going to school my teacher, a tender young soul of forty-two summers and twice as many winters, used to write "Time flies" in my copy book, but I never fully realized the scope and intent of the remark until that clock resumed business at the old stand. I realized in a moment that I had conquered the perverse disposition of that clock to play along the road. It seemed infused with renewed vigor and was punctual to a fault.

The hour-hand got around the dial once each hour, while the minute-hand got around sixty times in the same period, and the bell sounded every second. On close inspection I discovered that I had accomplished what had never been done before. I had turned time backward, and longed to have the poet who sang: "Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight," present, that I might show him that his wish was gratified. The hands were going the wrong way, and my wife smiled a sweet, sad smile of hope as she remarked that in about four days we would be a boy and girl in school again. I was pleased for a moment at the thought, but as a faint wonder what would become of our five children in such an event stole upon me, hope gave place to fear that it would leave a blemish upon our young lives to return to the good old times, and I jammed the screw driver into the rapidly revolving wheels and put a stop to their mad career. One of these days I am going to pull the nail out and go back to the Garden of Eden and see Eve feed Adam apples.—*F. E. Huddle, in Texas Siftings*.

Wines for Sacramental Uses.

"At least fifty thousand gallons of wine are consumed annually for sacramental purposes in the United States," said a wholesale dealer in wines to a reporter for *The Mail and Express*.

"What kind of wine is preferred?" "The pure juice of the grape, free from alcohol, is demanded. Dry wine, which has about 11 per cent of alcohol, also is sold for the church. The certificate of a priest as to the purity of the wine is often necessary before a brand can be sold. But let it once become popular and no matter if a little alcoholic adulteration creeps in, it is never detected. Sweet wine has at least 20 per cent of alcohol, yet it is often sold for sacramental purposes. Fact is, the sweet wine is always the favorite until its alcoholic percentage is discovered. If all priests and preachers were of the same nationality one brand of wine might do, but a French priest does not want the same wine as an Irish priest. Methodists, Episcopalians, Catholics, and Baptists all desire different brands."

"How do foreign wines sell?" "It is a strange fact, but foreigners like American wine and drink more of it than the natives do. The average American, who drinks wine, thinks nothing is like the imported article, while the foreigner, who has tried them both, prefers that made here. But since the prohibition question has started and several states have declared for temperance, more wine is sold for sacramental purposes than was ever known before. This gives the wine trade a boom. Every wholesale dealer sends his circular to the prohibition states stating he sells only the pure juice of the grape for church services. Every drug-store in every village, hamlet, and town lays in a supply of sacramental wine, and this year I predict that three times as many gallons will be sold for sacred purposes as was last year. This will bring the figures up to 150,000 gallons. When prohibition rules out malt liquors, then the pure wine is in demand, and the drug-stores do a land office business."—*New York Mail and Express*.

A RAMBLE IN SPAIN.

Attractions for the Naturalist and Sportsman.

As John Hooker said of Spain, "God has most of the land in His own holding," consequently one there enjoys the spectacle of a wild and beautiful country in its most perfect pristine condition, exactly as turned out by nature, not yet disfigured or "improved" by the hand of man, and practically unchanged since the days of the Moors, and, in fact, for ages before them. Every day one sees many of those forms of bird and animal life which in our crowded islands have long ceased to exist, and only remain to the naturalists of to-day in the form of bad pictures in books or worse specimens in museums. Among the rolling corn lands the great bustard roams in plenty. Troops of fifty or sixty of this noble game bird, the largest of that class, may be seen together, their great fawn-colored bodies and long necks resembling a herd of deer rather than birds. Then there are the lesser bustards, and on every side resounds the triple note of the quail. On the open plains before mentioned the royal kite and the buzzard—both these, like the bustard, about extinct at home—are ever in sight gracefully circling over the brushwood with a keen eye for an outlying rabbit, or one of the large and beautifully colored lizards which abound therein.

But for the particular behoof of the reptile world nature has designed and commissioned a special class of armed cruiser, the "Colebrero," or snake-eater, as the Spaniards call him, which is often described as busily employed at his vocation. Then those dark-brown fellows with creamy heads hovering over a marshy hollow, their motionless wings set at a sharp angle are moor buzzards, while the long-winged kind, which look like gigantic swallows are their cousins, the ash-colored harrier, the most industrious and hard working creature of his kind. Of small birds, there is an infinite variety, many clad in the brightest hues, which harmonize admirably with the sunny scene. Some of these, such as the bee eaters, the blue jay, and the golden oriole almost rival in brilliancy the gaudy denizens of the tropics. Not only are their plumages most vivid in color, but they possess glossy reflections, which in the bright southern sun sparkle like few else. Every now and then a covey of the large Spanish partridge rise with startling suddenness; their numbers are surprising when one considers the unceasing persecution they undergo from the native "cazadores" and the quantity of birds of prey, these latter forming a characteristic feature in the Spanish landscape.

Besides birds, these broad, undulating plains and prairie lands are the native home of the wild-bred Spanish bull. Here he roams at large from his birth till the day he receives his death thrust at the hand of the matador. A formidable beast he is, perhaps the only one inclined to dispute the dominion of man. The wild-bred Spanish bull is ready to assume the offensive, and provoke a combat in the open. He stands his ground resenting intrusion on his domains with a low, deep roar of defiance, viciously pawing the ground and throwing up clouds of dust with his four feet.

Beyond the fertile but externally somewhat monotonous regions of the vine and corn, the Spanish horizon is usually bounded by the bluish loom of a distant mountain range. But before this can be reached a very different region must be traversed. The sierras are usually encircled by a broad zone of low, broken hills and undulating plateaux, beautifully clothed in straggling natural woods. Luxuriant groves of oaks, chestnuts, and cork trees occupy the ridges, while the valleys are filled with dense masses of arbutus, lentiscus, wild olive, some kind of laurel, cistus, and other shrubs. Here and there whole acres glow with the brilliant flowers of the rhododendron, and the crimson peony adorns the most arid places. In certain districts, as one carefully picks one's way, riding through brushwood as high as one's shoulder, now and then a red deer starts from the thicket almost at one's feet. Huge black snakes uncoil from their banks on a sunny knoll, and glide rapidly out of sight; then a couple of badgers hustle away through the scrub, or a broad-winged kite slips noiselessly from her nest on a pine. Overhead resounds the short, loud bark of the imperial eagle, or perhaps one of these magnificent birds may be perched in massive outlines on the topmost limb of a lofty oak, his white epaulets plainly visible in sharp contrast to the glossy black plumage.

Probably for typical mountain scenery the Pyrenees and the hill region of Galicia and the Asturias are the finest in the peninsula. But the great sierras of the south have a character of their own which is not wanting either in beauty or grandeur. The vast piles of limestone, of which they are largely composed, are blanched by the ages of exposure till they shine in the sunshine like white marble, relieved and variegated by the dark green of the brushwood, which grows thick wherever among the rocks it can find soil for its roots. Naturally these rugged sierras are but ill adapted for cultivation. Here and there the mountaineers have wrested from the stony declivities a little patch of corn land. In this the hillmen compare favorably with the more listless dwellers of the plains. A keener sense of the struggle for existence no doubt develops latent energies; but these sometimes appear to increase in proportion to the greater remoteness from the baneful influence of the priesthood. The staple industry of the sierras, however, is the breeding of goats. Ubiquitous and audible is the not unmusical tinkle of the little bell which each goat carries on its neck, a sound characteristic of the wildest and most remote glens of the mountains. Last thing at dusk, first thing at dawn, resounds that little tinkle round one's camp. The personal appearance of the Spanish sereno is formidable. As he suddenly appeared on the scene, leather clad, shaggy, and bronzed to a copper color, with a huge knife stuck in his belt and his long single barrel slung behind his saddle, he looks the picture of a dare-

devil desperado. But despite his appearance our friend is quite harmless; nay, hospitable and helpful.—*Fall Mail Gazette*.

Fashion and Common Sense.

If there is one locality more than another where the voice of common sense is never listened to it is in that very extensive one where fashion reigns. Who ever thinks of listening to the suggestions of the former, when the decrees of the latter potentate has gone forth? Tight sleeves for the ladies, and tight continuations for the gentlemen is the fashion, supposing. The advocates of common sense protest, saying, it is impossible to move one's limbs in them: I cannot bend the knee, before the portrait of my fondest hopes, says one; I cannot get my hands to the back of my head, says another, which is far more important. And fashion replies, I cannot satisfy all tastes. My laws are mostly made for the unreflecting; if you reflect you will never be satisfied. That which you complain of now is only a temporary inconvenience; when I can no longer tighten in your limbs, sleeves and leggings will take such ample proportions that the real size of an arm or leg will be a subject for divination. Fashion has no respect of person; if high heels are introduced for the benefit of short people, low heels are never introduced at the same time for people who are already taller than they care to be. The latter must wait their turn for the opposite fashion, and then unusually short persons must have their boots made to order if they wish to reach up to the elbow of their superior in height, or submit to be looked upon as dwarfs by tall people, if they prefer to keep in the fashion.

Fashion pretends to have an eye for beauty; if this be true, she enacts at least that all her followers be modeled after the same fashion. They must have heads and faces of a uniform size and shape, that the hat or bonnet of the season may become them all, and they must have a uniform tint of complexion, that the color a la mode may suit it. Those who study fashion in dress at the expense of their personal comfort are surely wanting in common sense, yet we most of us do so, since the fashionable and uncomfortable article is preferred to the unfashionable and comfortable one, though it may cost more than double the price of the latter.

Common sense suggests that in hot weather clothing for both sexes should be light in texture and color; but if fashion ordains that ladies' dresses be heavily trimmed, and if she refuses to give her consent to garments of a summery nature being introduced for gentlemen, no one has the courage to pay attention to personal comfort. When ladies' skirts are made so narrow as to be inconvenient for walking, and liable to assist the wearer to an awkward fall in descending from a carriage, or when they are widened to a ludicrous width to admit of unmanageable crinolines, or burdened with useless trappings, to be dragged in the streets or trodden on in the ball-room, who ever thinks of refusing to obey the nonsensical mandate? Even the most obtuse end by giving in, believing that they are more ridiculous to hold out, than to stand alone with common sense. Nothing, for instance, could indicate more plainly the folly of making long-trained dresses the fashion, than to see a year or two ago how the latter was necessarily bunched up in the most ungraceful manner, or the wearer was compelled to have one hand always engaged with holding up the superfluous yard or two of stuff, making her invariably wish that artificial hands had come into fashion with the trains, to allow of her using her natural ones in some more profitable way.—*London Standard*.

The Burmah Rice Crop.

The official report, dated Calcutta, Dec. 15, 1884, on the prospects of the rice crop for November is as follows: "The total area under cultivation in the ten districts is reported as 3,180,835 acres. This area is only an estimate, as the actual measurements are not completed until the middle of January. The other nine districts of the province are returned as containing 332,000 acres of rice land, and there are 129,000 acres of taungya cultivation, nearly all of which produces rice. The total rice-producing area for this year is, therefore, estimated at about 3,640,000 acres. The rain which fell during November was beneficial, especially to the crops on the higher lands; in parts the rain came somewhat late. It appears that the rain of October did some damage to the plants in flower, and the ears have in some parts proved light; under these circumstances, it will not be safe, until information is obtained as to the outcome on the thrashing-floors, to estimate the crop at more than twelve annas, or about an average crop, according to the calculation given in paragraph forty-eight of the recent revenue resolution. An average crop all over the province ought to yield an exportable surplus of 988,000 tons of cargo rice. The fallow area has now been found to be somewhat larger than was supposed last year. Although many of the district officers anticipate a crop considerably above the average, it appears better not to estimate for an exportable surplus of more than 975,000 tons, or 104,000 tons below the actual exports of 1882. This estimate will be subject to modification after the reaping and thrashing are over."

Boys Will Be Buoy.

Some Florida boys, who had a swimming hole along the St. John river, were often driven out of the water by a very large alligator who came to sample them. At last they hit upon a little racket to get even with him. They constructed a buoy of the exact size, shape and shade of an ordinary boy, and filled it with nitroglycerine, and took a pole and pushed it out a little way from shore. Presently the alligator came up with his mouth wide open like a steel trap, and in one bite he took in over half the buoy, who just at that juncture went off and blew him tail first about three miles up the river.

Moral—"Boys will be buoy."—*Life*.