

BOLLY IS A GOOD TRAVELER.

One of Uncle Sam's Freaks Attached to a Mail Car.

Even Uncle Sam's "mail freaks" are subject to combat in the hustling strife of competition, and according to the latest development in this curious line of objects that find their origin in the extensive mail service of our land, it looks very much as though the veteran "Owey" would have to take a back seat for an energetic and extremely popular competitor. The new hero (or rather heroine) in the field arrived at Superintendent O'Keefe's office at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of Sept. 19, and has since been the object of considerable comment and admiration with the employes of the office.

The object in question is a small black rubber doll, some six inches in height, that bears the title of the "New Woman." This remarkable little woman is attired in the up-to-date bloomer costume and has a most pleasant countenance. Like the brave Lochinvar, she has come out of the West, stopping at every postoffice en route, and intends to see considerable more of the world before returning to her original starting point. Her costume is a bright red and consists of a cutaway coat without sleeves, and long, graceful, flowing bloomers that reach just the curve of her graceful (rubber) ankle. Her coat, which is open, shows a white linen vest, and her pretty head surmounted by a curly mass of black (rubber) hair, is given a most jaunty appearance by the large white polka dot bow at her throat. Around her neck is fastened a straight piece of cord, and attached to this is a thick bunch of tags, some fifty or more in number. But in spite of the uncomfortable weight of her passport that encircles her pretty ebony throat, and the hardships and bumps of her long, tedious travels, she appears as fresh as a daisy. Only once did her soft, pliable body meet with accident, and on that occasion she received a long, triangular cut in her rubber cranium.

On the first tag is the inscription, "A good thing. Push it along and return to Assistant Postmaster, Miles City, Montana." This is where the pert little "new woman" started her strange journey, and a stamp on the lower corner of the tag fixed the date as Sept. 4, 1895. She has traveled over the entire West, and will probably be started South by Superintendent O'Keefe in a few days. As she arrived at each postoffice the postmaster of the same would attach a new tag, stamp on the name of his station and send her off to the next point East. In this manner the bunch of tags grew larger rapidly and the epithets and poems that poets can be found even among the army of Uncle Sam's mail clerks. On the face of one tag was written in bold handwriting the following:

This ducky has started out for a trip. Which is likely to be lonely and long. So let everyone deliver a friendly slip. Or help her along with a song.

On another was written: Bloomers are her costume, Tilly is her name; She's a child of fortune, Out to win her fame.

This tag bore the signatures of two young ladies in the money order bureau at Bozeman, Mont. So on all through the thick bunch of tags were written funny and poetical inscriptions, each office vying with the other to invent the brightest verse or idea.—Boston Journal.

An Enterprising Undertaker.
Albert B. Thompson of Ransomville, N. Y., is a hustler and deserves success. Mr. Thompson is in the undertaking business. He has some pretty sharp competition, but is determined to hold his own. Here is a copy of a printed circular which Mr. Thompson has sent out to all the physicians resident in Ransomville and the adjacent territory:

Dear Sir—I desire to say to my old friends and all others who may be interested that I have purchased a thousand-dollar hearse, robes, tassels for the horses and everything necessary for a first-class funeral. Cannot be beat in the county, and I will give a free funeral to the first one who will patronize me from Wilson, Youngstown, Pekin, Lewiston and Ransomville. Also am prepared to give funerals 50 per cent cheaper than anyone else in the county. I will give you \$5 for every funeral you will get me.

Loose Confinement.
To endeavor to profit by a punishment justly incurred is commendable, but few prisoners have the opportunity of combining punishment and profit so neatly and comfortably as did Mr. H., who lived in a country town in Maine. The town had very poor jail accommodations. Indeed, a prisoner could easily make his escape by raising a window, or even by a strong push against the outer door. Dangerous criminals were taken to a neighboring town for safe keeping, but occasionally the old county jail was used for a prisoner whose offense was slight, and who could in a measure be trusted.

Old Mr. H. had been arrested several times for selling liquor, and finally, when a fine no longer seemed a sufficient punishment, he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

The jailer heard the sentence with more concern than the prisoner, and remarked to a neighbor that "it was dreadful trying to have to tend to Mr. H. just at planting time."

"I s'pose likely I'll have to camp right out there with him," remarked the jailer. "It does seem as if 'twas time you had a jail that could be locked up and left. As things be, I calculate I shall earn my salary for a spell."

"The jail's right handy to your house, ain't it?" asked his companion.

"Naw, 'tis right in the yard, so to speak. I s'pose I can manage to keep it open on the old fellow," continued the jailer.

Mr. H. was naturally an active man, and after a day or two of indoor life he began to watch the jailer as he went

ed in the garden, and to wish he were out there with him. His wish did not go unexpressed, and within a week he was helping to plant potatoes, and occasionally was seen on the village streets. Finally someone asked the jailer about his prisoner.

"Isn't Mr. H. in jail now?"

"Yes, sir, I s'pose I can say he is. And he acts sensible, too. Says he, 'I don't want to be a wastin' my time this way,' says he; 'an' if you'll agree to pay me fifty cents a day, I'll take right hold and help you with your planting,' says he.

"Well, I thought it over, and I argued it this way: If he'd work for fifty cents a day, I could afford to feed him, and that would be a saving to the county, and I couldn't find no law agin it. So says I, 'Mr. H., you take right hold.' And he has so. But I'm firm as a rock 'bout his being in the jail nights. He understands that, and he goes to bed prompt by 7 o'clock. I won't have no fooling about that.

"I calculate it's a sight better for him to be busy than 'twould be to just sittin' 'round, and I think the better of him for thinking of it."

Sea Otters.

The dexterity of sea otters in turning and doubling upon their pursuers is due to the strength of their hind paws, which have five webbed fingers or toes, the center one being shortest, like those of a seal. Their tails are used as rudders, but are not so long as those of the common otter. Their love of life, their harmlessness, their innocence, their beauty and their tender, tireless care of their babies also, should make man their friend and admirer. Perhaps he would be if love of money were not his supreme passion.

Common otters have short, webbed front paws, that are used as deftly as hands by men, fins by fish, or feet by land quadrupeds; their hind legs are short, and are set well back for paddling swiftly. Their muscular tails serve as tillers, and are important parts of a machinery that overcomes distance with incredible rapidity. They are able to make abrupt turns and a thousand swift and graceful maneuvers when seeking their finny food or escaping from their natural enemies. They are said to be so untiring in the sea that fish never escape them. Of course, it is only in zoological gardens that the shy and crafty habits of otters can be closely studied. In tanks of water they sometimes deftly catch and hold several fish at once, and often kill many more than they can eat, as if the mere occupation of fishing were a distinct pleasure and the destruction of their prey a keen satisfaction; so that their sportsmanlike tastes are near akin to those of men.

Sugar.

Medical men say that sugar has a remedial value never appreciated until now. As a tonic and invigorator its value has been, in experimental cases, extremely satisfactory. The case is cited of a person who was subject to the most violent headaches from hunger or lack of food. After a certain period, a peculiar pressure or congested feeling was noticed in the head, invariably followed by acute pain, sometimes by severe nausea. One day the individual in question tried the experiment of taking sugar and water, this being the only available article of food at the time. Several blocks of cut sugar were dipped into water and eaten very slowly, with frequent dippings so that the sugar was almost entirely dissolved. When the operation began, the pressure in the head was already very marked, and the headache was coming on. Strange to say, the unpleasant symptoms almost immediately left, and there was no return of them. Repeated trials had the same effect, and it seemed to be a foregone conclusion that with this patient at least the sugar application was a success. Further experiments are being made, with a view to demonstrate the value of cut sugar as a luncheon where other food is not to be had.

A Growsome Drama.

A rather growsome play achieved sensational success at Turin, Italy. It is entitled "The Corpse of the River Po." In the first act a supposed corpse is dragged from a tank representing the river, with all the realism that can be put into such a scene. The second act plays in the morgue, six bodies on slabs furnishing the realistic decoration to the place; but the climax occurs in the fifth act, where the hearse upon which twelve coffins are being conveyed to the potter's field, is drawn over the scene and upset in sight of the public, the coffin tumbling over. One of them, containing the murdered body of a woman, opens, and the dead victim rolls at the feet of the heavy villain, her murderer. This is realism with a vengeance! And this play is given night after night in a civilized country, and hundreds are turned away from the doors of the playhouse!

Describing Things Unseen.

The best description of mountain scenery was written by a man who had never climbed a mountain and Miss Nora Hopper, the most distinctively Celtic of the new Irish school of writers, has never so much as set foot to the green hills in her life.

Gifts to British Heroes.

Strathfieldsay, the seat of the Duke of Buckingham; Blenheim, that of the Duke of Marlborough; and Trafalgar Park, the seat of Earl Nelson, were gifts from the country for military and naval services.

Loops of the Flying Fish.

Flying fish are to be constantly met with in certain latitudes. The flying fish rises ten or fifteen feet out of the water and keeps in the air for 100 yards, when it is obliged to wet its fins by dipping.

THE BETTER CHOICE.

Too little do we gaze on nature's face— Too much have dwelt in colleges and towns. Where man pursues the miserable race Of wealth and mere book learning. The muse frowns On him whose footsteps o'er the breezy downs Seidom have pressed; our need is solitude, For the harsh dissonance of the city drowns Those dreams of virtue, loveliness and good, Which in the breast of youth, however stifled, brood.

Let us arise and shake away the dust Of brick and pavement from our flying feet, All former visions from remembrance thrust, And even forget that once we trod the street. Up in the mountains haply we may meet Those glorious fancies that still shun the throng; The rill's wild music, tremulous and sweet, Will lend a softer cadence to our song. The cataract's curleous strength may teach us to be strong.

And flowers and perfumes and untainted air And forests green with dark cathedral glooms, And the fleet birds, whose mission is to bear Nature's true music on their outspread plumes, And money banks and overhanging domes Of trailing honeysuckle—these shall teach Our tongues to breathe the passion that consumes The inmost spirit, and we shall learn a speech Wide-general enough all human hearts to reach.—Sports Afield.

THANKFUL 'TILDY.

THE storekeeper's horse had complimented his oats by running away. He had scattered his load over several rods of highway, and reduced the wagon to kindling wood; but he had also demolished a fence with which a "cottager" had undertaken to close a path that had been free for a generation, and the old settlers who met at the store to talk it over were not so sympathetic as they might have been.

"Ain't nothin' so bad, but it could be wus, Isaac," asserted Cap'n Pomeroy, who was deaf and dogmatic. "The boss might 'a' missed that air fence," he argued, with the confidence of one who is seldom contradicted. "He might 'a' slewed into the main road 'n' tramped on a young one, whereas, you bein' select'man, he's saved you 'n' Pilsbury the job of havin' the fence took down, consequently."

"That don't pay me for ten bushel o' corn," the storekeeper ventured to suggest.

"Hey?"

"Ten bushel o' corn!" the storekeeper repeated. Then, as Cap'n Pomeroy snarled disapproval, and the others seemed equally ready to question his public spirit, he hastened to add: "Oh, I'm glad 's you be that the fence is down; I don't begrudge the corn, not any to speak of. I ain't a-goin' to say I'm glad I lost it, though; can't expect me tew, can ye?"

"Hey?"

"Tildy Peters would hev," another speaker put in. He had entered so quietly that the storekeeper jumped aside, surprised, and thereby gave him an opening to the most coveted corner, close to the cracker-barrel. It was a place that the storekeeper found it safer to reserve for a toothless patriarch, but since the thing was done he made the best of it.

"What's that about 'Tildy, Uncle Aaron?" he inquired.

"Oh, th' ain't no great of a story about her. It wuz her gin'ral disposition, 's ye might say, that made me speak up. 'Thankful 'Tildy,' everybody called her."

"She 'n' her man lived over on the old Bascom place. Lived there till some-where 'bout '60, 'n' then they moved out West, 'n' last I heard of 'em Sim found a gold mine 'n' they was big as any toads in the puddle. I s'picion gold mines must lay on top of the ground out in that country. Sim never would 'a' dug for one—not in his right mind, he wouldn't."

"Lazier 'n' Sam Hill, he wuz, 'a'ays plannin' out ways to save work, 'n' lettin' things go while he fingered on 'em. Didn't hev no downright bad habits, ye know. Jest plain lazy wuz what ailed him. His part o' the place looked like Poorhouse Corner. Hers wuz different, mind ye, 'n' so was she. Never no hens roosted on her while she wuz inventin' a nig-gatherer, I hate ye!"

smart woodchuck d' burrer to Chiny, if you could head him straight down. Sim followed this one's trail 'bout thirty foot, 'n' then he didn't 'pear to be any nearer the woodchuck's bedroom 'n' he wuz at first. When Sim quit diggin', 'count o' takin' a crick in his back, I f'r one didn't feel to blame him.

"'T wuz jest about the time he quit that a story got 'round consarnin' old



THE OLD SETTLERS WHO MET AT THE STORE.

Cap'n Bascom. Some says it started with a shipmate o' his, that knowed certain, that the Cap'n brung home a good deal o' money from his last cruise. He had money, wasn't no doubt o' that, but when he died the only vallybles that wuz found on him wuz a silver three-pence 'n' a snuffbox. Jim Bascom, that was his brother, lived 'n' died without any clew to any more. But this 'ere story had it that the Cap'n had a belt full when he left Portland to come home, the last time, 'n' must 'a' brought it to the island.

"So whilst the crick wuz gittin' out of his back, Sim he supposed to do some profit'ble meditat'in'. Didn't seem to him the Cap'n would 'a' hid his money in the house, f'r Aunt Polly would hev found it (she was a master hand for findin' out things that didn't belong to her, Aunt Polly was). Over 'n' above that, Sim concluded the Cap'n wouldn't take it to the barn. That had been burnt down since the Bascoms' time, anyhow; seemed 's if an old sailor 'd ruther hev his belongin's outdoors, where the wuz landmarks, as it ware, 'n' when Sim got it narrowed down to this, he 'lowed he could spot the place."

"That wuz a big boulder, right anigh the stone wall where Sim had been a-diggin' for woodchuck. It weighed three ton, mebbe. No livin' man could 'a' got under it to hide anythin'. But Sim wouldn't let that stump him, 'a' ter he made up his mind. He dug round the aldiges a little, 'n' found some angle-worms 'n' saw-bugs, 'n' made a big hole down in the lower no'theast corner o' the rock."

"Tildy didn't say nothin' ag'in his foolishness. Fact is, I calculate, she didn't know the whole of it. Prob'ly Sim didn't tell her he wuz a-minin' to uncover the univarse, their part of it, to find buried treasures. I know he didn't give her no warnin' when he touched the thing off, f'r he told me so. She wuz in the buttry, gittin' ready to churn, when he lighted his fuse and laid down behind the stone wall."

"Well, sir! Sim done a good enough job, that time. That air boulder went off like the crack o' doom 'n' busted into more 'n' forty million pieces. Sim could hear 'em a-rippin' an' a-tearin' for an hour, seemed to him, 'n' he didn't hardly dast to get up 'n' find out what he had done. When he did wipe the dust out of his eyes 'n' peek over the wall, he see that one piece o' rock had knocked down the chimney, 'n' another had sailed clean through the buttry winder—'n' he wuz jest narvin' himself to go in 'n' pick up his wife when, lo 'n' behold! she stuck her head out."

"She looked kind o' unsettled, what with a cut on her forehead 'n' the skim milk runnin' out of her hair, 'n' I guess for a minute Sim thought he wuz goin' to git his come-uppance. But she wuz starin' every which way 'n' didn't seem to see him. Sim thought she wuz gone looney. He wuz gittin' ready to ask her, when all of a sudden she p'inted him to a streak of somethin' that wuz licketty-splittin' out o' sight."

"Ain't that nice, Sim!" she says. 'You've broke up that old woodchuck, ain't ye?"

"No!" Uncle Aaron added crustily, a moment later (one of the small boys had asked a question and spoiled his climax). "No, consarn ye! Tae wuzn't nothin' under the boulder."—Detroit Free Press.

Millions in It.

A German who had vainly tried to make a fortune in many ways at last fell ill. But on what the doctor declared to be his deathbed an idea with millions in it struck him. He sent for a lawyer and dictated a will, in which he bequeathed vast sums of money to his wife, his family, and various charitable institutions. The lawyer, a notorious talker, spread the tidings, and great was the chagrin of numerous acquaintances to think how they had neglected to pay court to the dying millionaire. Our strategist was not so ill as the doctor supposed, and presently he recovered. Then it was that fortune-hunters begged him to invest their money, urged him to accept loans, and gave him a credit second to none in the city. At first he coyly refused these flattering testimonials, but was gradually forced to relent, and, having lived in clover for a considerable time, has just failed for an enormous sum.

No More Recipes.

After filling the post of prison warden for ten years Bruschini adopted the profession of grave digger.

"What led you to change your occupation?" inquired a friend.

"The circumstance that in my new employment I have no escape to fear."—El Pagaglio.

WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

STYLES FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO LOOK PRETTY.

The Coat Bodice and Trimmed Skirt Give Promise of Many More Forms and Elaborations—Laces and Ribbons for Trimmings—Fashion's Fancies.

Styles of the Season.

New York correspondence:



HE coat bodice and the trimmed skirt are surely making their way into accepted popularity. Indeed, dressmakers already claim that it is downright foolish to cut new goods into any but coat bodices. With them, to say coat means coat; that is, it means skirts and a front open partly or all the way to the waist to display either a vest more or

less elaborate, or a stomacher which is a flat panel-like piece extending from the throat, or more correctly from the bust line, to a little below the waist. When the stomacher is adopted the skirt can properly display a corresponding pointed panel, which should start at the tip of the stomacher in a point and widen to a whole width at the foot of the skirt. As the coat styles are wonderfully varied it is not possible to lay down many set rules for them. As compared with the fancy waist, they give promise of many more forms and elaborations, and when one considers how numerous those waists



LACES AND RIBBONS FOR TRIMMING.

were, the range of the coat bodice seems practically infinite. Variety comes in it not alone from cut, but from the materials that may be used. All sorts of fabrics are cut into coats, but rich brocades matched to perfection are among the handsomest effects, if not the very latest. The very latest is smooth cloth, of a single color, the elaborate color effect of the coat being secured by the elegance of the revers or vest, and by the facing of revers and lining of coat. With a garment of this description a skirt of brocade is worn, or at any rate, a skirt that is all over wreaths, flowers and spangled design. The plan is to have a distinct change from the many colored bodice and the plain skirt.

These descriptions show to what extremes these styles are coming, to judge by the present appearances, but the present indications are less distinct. Thus coat effects are more plentiful than coat bodices; even slightly trimmed skirts are not so plentiful as plain ones of wonderfully accurate pleats; and while brocades are worn a good deal, they are still in much greater proportion in the store windows than on the women who gaze at them therein. Of the coat-like bodices one is pictured here, the effects coming from its contoured back and from the slightly rippled back. Designed as a theater or concert dress, its bodice is gray faille embroidered with black soutache braid, a narrow edging of the same appear-



WHITE SATIN AND SOUTACHE ADDED HERE.

ing on the basque. A short drapery of cloth comes in front, the plain stock collar is of gray faille, and the very full sleeves are of gray cloth. With this is worn a skirt of black, satin-finished cloth, the hem having a stiffening wire.

An early indication of women's distress—or it may be more correct to say the dressmaker's wish—of having

skirts trimmed, lies in the hip pieces of various designs that are now often seen. As yet they are rarely very elaborate, frequently coming as part of some scheme of strap and button garniture, but it is the folks who wear the dresses on which they appear, more than the number of such rigs that make them truly prophetic. For know all ye women of light purse-strings and copying proclivities, that it is the genuine fashionables who do this, and for whom such gowns as the second pictured one are put together. Here the rich cream colored lace upon the skirt seems to be a continuation of the bodice's trimming, the bodice being entirely covered with lace at the back, except for a narrow V below the neck. Short lace tabs, too, fall over the skirt



BUTTONS BY THE DOZEN AND STRAPS A FEW.

at the back. The dress material is a handsome prune-colored velvet, and above the collar of this stuff comes a wired lace Medici collar.

The suggestion of skirt trimming on the next picture is even more timorous, for the pieces at the front are not attached to the skirt, but are continued from the bodice and are drawn through the belt. Additional trimming on the skirt appears, however, in the piping of white satin at its hem. Plum-colored velvet is the material, which is gathered a trifle at the neck and waist and is trimmed with very deep epaulettes of the white satin embroidered with soutache. The same is used for the collar, but the belt and the large rosettes in front are of a darker shade of velvet.

Alas! there's no longer any fun in "Button, button, who's got the button?" because everybody has 'em. Never was the button so important a factor in the general effect of a gown. The trouble is that women will put elegant buttons on street and cloth gowns, instead of realizing that the dainty painted and jeweled disks are suited only to the accompaniment of silks and brocades. This mistake is often made, and might threaten the button's reign as a dress accessory, were it not that it is now so secure in favor, that it must before months die of its own too great popularity. Just now it is having a fine time of it, and the present time might properly be characterized in a fashion



BUTTONS AND BRAID HEREON.

history as the reign of Queens Buttons and Strap. Take a look at the next woman the artist presents. Three months ago you would have said, "Did you ever see the like?" Now you will recall seeing it recently, yesterday, or such a costume may be in your own wardrobe. If so you may be serene, for such are stamped "O. K." by the best dressed women. This sample of the button-and-strap era is in old blue cloth. Its blouse waist has fitted lining and shows three box-pleats in front which are trimmed with chamamois colored cloth straps at the top, and are divided at the waist by similar tabs, all showing rows of closely set cloth buttons. The standing collar is made to match, being topped with darker blue velvet, and the sleeves with the row of buttons along the outside are entirely of the chamamois colored stuff.

Buttons need not have straps as accessories in schemes of trimming, for they can go it alone, though when properly used—that is, in small and not too fanciful sorts for outdoor dresses—they often share the honors with straps. On the novel and tasteful tailor dress of the concluding sketch they are not so plentiful as in the last described example, and the only suggestion of strapping is in the yoke tab that fastens in at the waist. This yoke and the skirt are of light gray cloth, the latter having inserted panels of dark gray stuff, which also gives the remainder of the waist including the sleeves. The edge of the light stuff in skirt and yoke are finished with dark gray mohair galoon, and a puffing of light gray is inserted in each cuff. This combination of two shades, coupled with the unusual cut, makes an extremely attractive model. Copyright, 1895.