

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Three men rode out to the wide, wide world;
(Sing ho, sing hey, for the merry, merry way.)
And the first joined the war, where the banner was farled;
(Sing hey, sing ho, where the skulls lie low.)
And the second had a post in the court of a king;
(Sing ho, sing hey, for the bribe and its pay.)
But he crowed too high, for the throne he tried;
(Sing hey, sing ho, where the gallows winds blow.)
And the third, he married a fine bonny wife;
(Sing ho, sing hey, for the merry marriage day.)
For she spent his money, and led him such a life;
(Sing hey, sing ho, to the funeral gallop.)
Such were the ways of these three merry men,
(Sing ho, sing hey, at the world's sweet way.)
Some finding pleasure, a hope and then—
(Sing hey, sing ho, for the grave below.)
—Temple Bar.

THE STUDY OF WOMAN

"No," said I, with pleasant positiveness, to my friend Bascom; "no, sir, I shall not accompany you into the haunts of the unmarried woman."
"But, my dear Marston," argued Bascom, "you ought to go. Of course, you are a bachelor of 50—"
"Touch lightly on that point, please," said I.

"Society might make a fad of you as a novelty."

"And again, my dear Bascom, it might!"

"However, whether it does or not, I want you to get out of the rut of bachelorhood and go with me."

"You are very kind."

"For a variety old man. Will you go?"

"As I said in the beginning, I now repeat, 'No, sir.'"

Bascom had been married for several years and I had his frequent assurance that his entire married life was nothing more or less than a path of silver sunshine, through a golden garden of roses. It was a charming metaphor, but it fell upon unappreciative ears. For I knew that Bascom had written poetry in his youth, and in addition to that, he was married, and I knew what all married men had to say to bachelors of matrimony, as they had found it. It was simply sugar spread upon an uncertain condition in order to catch such unwary flies as might be attracted thereby.

"Well, well," he said, "have it your own way. I am sure I can stand it if you can, but, say, will you join me over Sunday at my own house? I've told my wife about you and she is so anxious to see you that she commissions me to invite you out for Sunday."

Bachelor or no bachelor, I could not afford to be a boor, and to slight such an invitation as this was inexcusable. So I began to hedge a bit.

"My dear Bascom," I said, apologetically, "why didn't you tell me you wanted me to go to your house?"

"Well, it hadn't just occurred to me, I guess," and he laughed.

"Of course," I went on, "it is quite a different thing to go there than to go—"

"Then you'll go," he interrupted, with such an interest that I became suspicious.

"Are there to be any of the gay and giddy throng about?" I asked.

"Summer girls and such?" he replied.

"Mostly."

"Then I'll be frank with you and say there is not one on the place."

"Under these circumstances, then, I'll go."

"Good for you, old man!" he exclaimed, clapping me on the back. "I'll go and telegraph my wife that you will come up with me Saturday evening."

Then he went out of my office to send his dispatch.

It was about 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon when he reached his home in the country, three hours earlier than his usual time of arrival, as he had taken me out at that hour so we might have a little loafing spell before dinner, and as the day was unusually fine in the country and as it had not been pleasant in the heated town I was glad enough that he had been so thoughtful.

It was delightful under the big trees of his dooryard—he objected to calling it a lawn—and when he brought out a couple of great, juicy mint juleps and we sat there browsing upon them I don't think I ever felt more at peace with the world than I did at that very moment.

Later Mrs. Bascom, a dainty little woman, with three as pretty children as children can be pretty to a bachelor of my proclivities, joined us and with her came her sister, Mrs. Hilman, a matronly woman of 35, to whom I was formally presented.

I confess to an admiration of Mrs. Hilman as soon as I saw her; not that Mrs. Bascom wasn't admirable, but that her sister was older and more substantial to my mind. In fact, Mrs. Hilman was of that pleasing rotundity of person which seems to appeal to an unromantic man of 50, while Mrs. Bascom was rather spirituelle and reminded me more of angels than of good housekeepers. In addition to her other attractions, Mrs. Hilman was of the laughing, jolly kind of women, who seem to carry a surplus of sunshine with them for general distribution, and I always had a kind of sneaking fondness for that kind of woman.

I went to bed early, as is the custom in the country, and though I was in good sleeping trim and my conscience was in perfect order somehow I lay

awake thinking what a lonesome sort of life a bachelor's life was and how much cozier and pleasanter a woman could make a man's life, even if she hadn't more than half the chance.

After a long time I slept and dreamed dreams in which there were summer girls and other disturbing elements, and when I awoke in the morning, in response to Bascom's knock, I was my old self again and laughed at the very idea of a woman as a life companion.

During Sunday I had several very interesting talks with Mrs. Hilman, and by night again I was wiser than I was the night before, and began wondering why it was that some men were so much luckier than others, and also whether there was much chance of Mr. Hilman departing this life and being laid to rest with his fathers. I knew of a number of pleasant churchyards where I thought Mr. Hilman might be accommodated with quarters indecently, and I felt that I could attend his funeral with much pleasure, though, as a rule, I abhorred funerals.

"Well, old man," said Bascom, as we took the train for town Monday morning. "I hope you enjoyed yourself."

"I never had a pleasanter outing in my life," I answered, with such sincerity that he actually blushed, "and you have my thanks in all their amplitude."

"I'm glad you liked it, for more reasons than one," and he smiled rather curiously.

"Oh, yes, I know," I said, with a laugh. "You think that after my experience of the last forty-eight hours my views on the woman question will undergo a radical change?"

He nodded and smiled at my profundity of observation.

"Fess up, now, Marston," he said, "haven't your views changed somewhat by what you have lived in for even so short a time?"

"Well," I replied, picking my way carefully, "I am willing to say that as far as your household is concerned, the prospect is more pleasing than I thought it could be."

"And would you say the Hilman household were any less pleasing than mine?" This with a nudge and a chuckle that I thought quite unbecoming in view of the fact that Mrs. Hilman was a married woman, and I had no right to express undue admiration for her or her household, and which made the blood rush into my face.

"Of course, that must be included," I said, trying to laugh off my embarrassment. "And still," I continued, "that is only two, and there are millions which one wouldn't care to praise."

"What are they to do?" he retorted. "You are not hunting for the millions, but the one."

"Apparently I am not hunting one with a great degree of success."

"But you should, and now that you have positive proof that the life is not as black as it is painted."

"It's very easy for you to talk," I contended, warmly. "You have called a lucky turn and so has Hilman. But you have exhausted the supply. Now, if I could get such a woman as Mrs. Bascom—"

"But I stopped short, for I was about to make a discrimination which was hardly complimentary to my host, and I didn't want to do that."

"Go on," he urged, good-naturedly. "I don't care if you say Mrs. Hilman. Anybody could see that you had a leaning that way. Even my wife wasn't at all envious of her sister."

"Very well," I submitted, "say Mrs. Hilman. If I could find such a woman as Mrs. Hilman, I am not at all sure that my mind would not undergo a change, and that I could not be persuaded to throw off a few of the trammels of bachelorhood."

Bascom let off a guffaw that not only startled me, but it shocked me as well, for I thought I had said something I should not have said.

"What's the matter, man?" I asked, much alarmed.

"That's it," he continued to laugh. "What's the matter with Mrs. Hilman?"

I was much more disturbed than ever at this queer inquiry.

"What do you mean?" I asked, taking him by the collar.

"Why, old fellow, if Mrs. Hilman is your ideal and you think you could be happy with that kind of woman, why don't you avail yourself of your opportunities and take Mrs. Hilman?"

"Wha—wha—wha—why—why—" I stammered, utterly upset.

"Oh, there isn't any Mr. Hilman, if that's what you are trying to say. He has been in the quiet churchyard for a long time, and Mrs. Hilman has been living with us the last twelve months, and I am positive that she is heart whole and fancy free, and, what is more to the point, she is just a little bit tired of living with us. See?"

Possibly I saw, and possibly I didn't. Whether I did or not, I spent the next Sunday with Bascom and Mrs. Hilman.

The next Sunday I spent principally with Mrs. Hilman.

And there are others.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Gold Find in Montana.

A rich gold discovery is reported from Flint Creek, in the Georgetown district, Montana. Nine weeks ago Sam Sulder, a destitute and hungry Butte prospector, trailed a deer over the hills, and accidentally discovered a fabulously rich ledge, which he has been working since alone and in secret. He came to town a few days ago with thousands of dollars' worth of gold and the reports of men who have since inspected the prospect say that Sulder has \$1,000,000 in sight, although his prospect hole is only about fifteen feet deep. The vein is only eight inches wide, so far as developed, but is yellow with virgin gold.

More love affairs originate in an unoccupied mind than in the heart.

TOPICS FOR FARMERS

A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Decisive Tests of the Relative Value of the Four Popular Methods of Preserving Corn Fodder—Tight Barns Said to Cause Disease.

Preserving Fodder Corn.

In the eighth annual report of the Vermont Agricultural Experiment Station is given an instructive account of results gained in testing four ways of preserving corn fodder, viz: 1. Ensilaging the entire crop, "ears and all" (whole ensilage). 2. Picking the ears, cribbing, drying and grinding them and feeding the meal together with the ensilaged stalks and husks (stover ensilage and meal). 3. Stooking in large stacks (corn fodder). 4. Husking, cribbing, drying and grinding the ears and feeding the meal together with the stooked stalks (corn stover and meal).

Each of the four methods of preservation saved about four-fifths of the dry matter as harvested, and, judged by this alone, were of practically equal efficiency, the figures being: Stover ensilage and meal, 18 per cent loss of dry matter; whole ensilage, corn fodder and corn stover and meal, 20 per cent loss of dry matter each. These figures are almost identical with those obtained in similar tests previously made at this station. The character of the losses in each case is interesting.

The stooked fodders, while stooked, lost more and more dry matter as the winter went on. After cutting they lost considerable dry matter, but less as the winter grew longer. The losses in gross weight and dry matter in the silos were found to be parallel, the latter, however, exceeding the former. The ears in the silo lost more of their food value than those handled in other ways, the reverse of the result in the 1892-93 experiments. The relative cost of placing the same amount of dry matter in the manger was greatly in favor of the whole ensilage. The time and money spent in husking and grinding the ears were wasted, since better results were obtained when the ears were left on the stalk.

In this experiment the ensilages were relished much better than the dry fodders, and the cows did better upon them. The same quantities of milk and butter were made by feeding whole ensilage and stover ensilage and meal; the milk was not changed in quality, but the cows ate less dry matter from whole ensilage to produce the same amounts of milk and butter. There were but ninety-one or ninety-two pounds of milk and butter produced by a given amount of dry matter in the stover ensilage and meal ration to 100 pounds produced by the same amount of dry matter in the whole ensilage ration.

The whole ensilage lasted longest, and would, consequently, make the most milk and butter. An acre of corn made into whole ensilage yielded as much as 1,095 acres made into stover ensilage. The results of this experiment as a whole are in entire accord with those obtained in the similar trial at this station in 1892-93.

Tight Barns and Disease.

It is my belief that tight barns are the cause of our having so much tuberculosis, and until farmers are taught, yes, and compelled, to properly ventilate their barns, we shall have tuberculosis, says a writer in the Massachusetts Ploughman. The Amherst barn was a good illustration of this. A new case appeared as soon as they got rid of the old one. Do we wonder why these cows were better in summer than in winter? Did you ever hear of a horse having tuberculosis? Why? Because it has a good ventilation through the feeding chute right by his nose. Then he is taken out and driven, causing him to expel all dead air and fill his place with life-giving air. Did any one ever hear of a Texas or prairie steer having this disease? Why? Because they are always breathing life-giving instead of the death-giving air of our nice tight barns. About the year 1880 I had two cows that developed tuberculosis during the winter, and in the spring I put them under the ground. About this time a convention of physicians met in Paris and discussed this matter and decided that it was the same in man and animal. I then knew what to do. Since then I always visit my barn an hour after my men have left, and invariably have to change the ventilation, and since then I have not had any tuberculosis excepting the cow I bought.

Marking Apples by Sunlight.

An apple grower in Western New York some years ago decided that he would mark his apples so that each barrel could be identified wherever it went. To do this he prepared slips of lined paper cut out so as to form his name, which about two or three weeks before picking time, while the apples were coloring, he fastened on specimens of fruit, of course shutting the sunlight off from the portions of fruit thus covered. The result was that his name was printed by the sunlight as it colored the fruit, on several hundred specimens of fruit. One of these he placed in the top of each barrel, wrapped in tissue paper, and on the outside of the barrel he wrote the legend, "Look for the name." As he was careful only to put up good fruit, his brand of "name apples" secured a high reputation, and is now much sought for.

Straw Covers for Hotbeds.

Cheap hotbed mats may be made from the loose wheat straw or refuse hay, and will answer as well as the more expensive mat made from rye straw and carefully tied with tarred twine. These mats can be quickly made by almost any farm hand after a little practice. The covers should be

3½ feet long to lap over at the ends and a little over two feet in width. Take three pieces of each pine 3½ feet long; lay down two of these as far apart as the width of the sash, and the third piece midway between the two; nail cross-pieces three inches in width to these at each end. Now turn this frame over and fill in with straw. When full tack three strips opposite the strips on the first side. Some gardeners place a gunnysack over this straw side and hold the sacking in place with four strands of tarred twine. After the pieces are sawed out six covers can be made in an hour by one hand. These mats should be used carefully, and when wet set up to dry. Have a low house to store mats in when not in use. If carefully handled, they will last two seasons. The straw can then be taken out and the frames refilled. If long rye straw can be had, tarred twine can be used instead of the strips to hold the straw in place.—The American.

Straight Post and Rail Fence.

Farmers whose rail fences are becoming dilapidated can with some labor and but little cost make them better than ever by taking down the worn fence and using the best rails to make one in a straight line. It will need stakes on each side at the ends of each rail driven into the ground, and fastened with one or more wires near the top. If only cattle and horses are to be kept in or out by the fence the bottom rails can be laid twelve or fifteen inches from the ground. In this position the rails will last longer than if resting on the ground or on a flat stone near it. Five or six rails, well secured by stout stakes, will make a fence that will keep most kinds of stock from getting over it, though it is best always to be sure. A barbed wire at the top will prevent most stock from making the attempt. The trouble with wire fences is that when strung on posts without rails, an animal that is playing or running cannot see the wires until it becomes entangled in them, and then its efforts to escape only make matters worse.

Drainage About Farm Dwellings.

The dwelling house ought always to be on a slight elevation, to allow drainage from the cellar and the speedy removal of waste slops from the house through underground conduits. It must not be supposed, however, that this is all the drainage that is required. A well-laid gravel walk from the house to the roadway, with under-draining reaching to it, will save an immense amount of work in the house from tracking in of mud. It is a mistake to make the drains either from the cellar or sink tight and closed at the joints, as sewer pipes in cities are laid. There is usually not a great amount of offensive matter carried off in these house drains, and they will be less likely to clog if the water drained from the soil is mixed with it. The water will dilute the slops and sewage, and enable the tiles to carry both off together.

Money from Potted Jonquils.

Mrs. Margaret Deland, the writer, is having at her home, in Boston, a sale of potted jonquils in bloom, the money therefrom to be used as a foundation of a fund for promoting the industry of raising bulbs by women who need to earn their living.

Debilitated Chicks.

For debility, keep the fowl in a warm dry place, feed meat, and give a piece of ginger daily.

Odds and Ends.

Coffee stains on white goods should be washed in warm water before placing in suds.

Coal will spend better, burn more evenly and there will be fewer clinkers if it is sprinkled with salt.

Try boiling new tins for several hours before food is put in them. Fill the tins with water and boil briskly over a hot fire.

Sweeten old lard or butter jars and meat crocks by filling them with very hot lime water, and leaving them until it is cold.

To secure a smooth and durable darn in woolen stockings make the first layer stout, coarse thread, and the cross layers of woolen yarn.

Try cooling a hot dish in a hurry by placing it in a vessel full of cool salty water. It will cool much more rapidly than if it stood in cold water free from salt.

Pink and blue ginghams of a washable make can be kept from fading by washing in a weak solution of vinegar and water. Rinse in the same way, and dry in the shade.

To prevent paw print brushes from shedding bristles turn handle down, open and spread the bristles, pour in a tablespoonful or less of good varnish and keep the brush in the same position until it dries.

When washing glassware do not put it in hot water bottom first, as it will be liable to crack from sudden expansion. Even delicate glass can be safely washed in very hot water if slipped in edgewise.

Try applying a little lard to the hands when bleaching of fir, varnish or anything of that nature is to be removed from them. After rubbing thoroughly with the lard, wash as usual with warm water and soap.

A mother who is an authority on foods advises mothers to give their children potatoes only twice a week, and then only those that are baked. Give them boiled rice the other five days and some delicate green vegetable every day.

The next time you get your shoes wet, if you will stand them up, pull them into shape and fill them with oats, such as horses eat, in a few hours all moisture will be drawn out of them and the leather will be soft and pliable. The same oats can be used over and over again.

WOMEN WHO WHEEL.

PRACTICAL BICYCLE COSTUMES FOR THEIR WEAR.

Feminine Riders Getting Out of the Low Comedy and Comic Opera—Will This Season Wear Attire that is Both Becoming and Suitable.

Modes for Cyclers.

New York correspondence.

BICYCLES have pushed closely after the departing snows of winter, though women have been more patient in awaiting good riding than the men. But it is already plain that bicycle girls are getting out of the realm of low comedy and comic opera. The promenade is no longer delighted at every street corner with the sight of a furious female, all flying ends and desperation, plunging madly down the block, nut-cracker over her front wheel. You've all seen this type of woman bicyclist. Her big hat was blown into crazy curves, its plumes whipped into ragged streamers, her big sleeves were bulging behind her, a good-sized nor'wester in each of them, her knees were apparently thumping her necktie and driving her breast buttons into her chest at each stroke of the pedal, a flash of dingy tan stocking showed at the top of button boots, and her hamburger-edged white petticoat made a sorry mess of itself trying to catch permanently on both



to do away with all blowing of folds, it yields at the strokes of the pedal, so that there is not the usual pull of the scant skirt. The only folds are two at the back, which fall from the waist line at either side of the saddle when the rider is seated, and which make the necessary relief of drapery when she is dismounted. The armholes of the jersey are very large, and the sleeves fit with almost no fullness and absolutely no pull over the shoulder. A little zouave jacket with conventional sleeves is slipped on over the jersey. This is cut short at the hips and hangs without in-fitting under the arms. Its open fronts are laced together loosely, that they may not catch the wind. The jacket is made of any material that harmonizes with the color and quality of the jersey garment. A becoming "watch-cap," a little jersey knit affair, clings to the head, holding its place without pins or elastic. Jersey top shoes, and big soft gloves complete a costume that in well chosen color is not only stunning—on a good figure especially so—but practical and modest.



JERSEY AND SKIRT IN ONE.

the buttons of the boots and the netting of the back wheel. This picturesque creature usually supplemented her attractions by wearing a wash around her pinched-in waist, and its ends added to the general radiation of insanities that attend her progress. She breathed hard, her mouth was set, her back was bowed out, her chest was bowed in, her knees were spread, her neck was crooked, her wheel rattled, and so did her bones, probably. Altogether, she was a sight, but one of which we are seeing less and less.

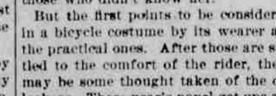
While she wobbled her wild-cat way the disapprovers of the wheel felt she was a circulating sermon bound to win for them their cause—without any help from themselves, and it did seem so, for this nut-cracker damsel did appear to accomplish all the crimes possible to the wheel. She concentrated all the queerness to be dreamed of in the nightmare of her rig, and she did herself as much violence as possible in her appearance and effort, but she added to the excitement of life and even in the midst of our admiration for the trim athletic Miss Modesty who takes her place, we do sigh for her sometimes; she was such a pleasant distraction for those who didn't know her.

But the first points to be considered in a bicycle costume by its wearer are the practical ones. After those are settled to the comfort of the rider, there may be some thought taken of the on-lookers. These years' novel get-ups are guided by this order of consideration, and while the picturesque is not neglected, it is subordinated to the practical. One of these new rigs is shown

in the second picture, the first small one being a representation of the dear departed nut-cracker girl. It is a jersey costume, and it seems to meet almost all the requirements and to be picturesque besides. Its especial advantage is that it allows entire freedom above the waist. There is no

to do away with all blowing of folds, it yields at the strokes of the pedal, so that there is not the usual pull of the scant skirt. The only folds are two at the back, which fall from the waist line at either side of the saddle when the rider is seated, and which make the necessary relief of drapery when she is dismounted. The armholes of the jersey are very large, and the sleeves fit with almost no fullness and absolutely no pull over the shoulder. A little zouave jacket with conventional sleeves is slipped on over the jersey. This is cut short at the hips and hangs without in-fitting under the arms. Its open fronts are laced together loosely, that they may not catch the wind. The jacket is made of any material that harmonizes with the color and quality of the jersey garment. A becoming "watch-cap," a little jersey knit affair, clings to the head, holding its place without pins or elastic. Jersey top shoes, and big soft gloves complete a costume that in well chosen color is not only stunning—on a good figure especially so—but practical and modest.

The final sketch is of a sort of costume that will be more generally worn than any other. No attempt is made to attain the picturesque in this model, but the bodice may be altered to suit individual taste, the most important feature of the rig being its skirt. The front breadth is full and plain, but the back breadth is divided with three full pleats on either side. It is essential that this skirt be sufficiently full at the hips to permit the pleats to fall in straight lines through their full length.



A SKIRT DIVIDED AT THE BACK ONLY.

It is not difficult to do this, and so the fact that neglecting it brings very bad results need not count against this cut of skirt. When off the wheel there is no evidence of the skirt being divided except on the closest examination.

Above this there is a Norfolk jacket, held in place by a loosely drawn belt, waist unpinched by corsets being a characteristic of this costume. The jacket can open at the throat and turn back to the belt or hang entirely free from the belt in front, the shirt waist worn beneath then showing, or the jacket can be removed entirely. Garters exactly matching the material and color of the dress reach to the knee and are met by riding tights. A hat of the tourist shape with a discreet little cock's feather set on one side and loose dark gloves go with the rig.

If such a rig lacks picturesque distinction; that is, in the minds of many, only an added recommendation. It suits all ages and all types of rider. Even the distinctly pretty and dashing girl takes on an alluring demureness in so eminently discreet array, and the somewhat elderly Miss Precision who is out for her health, loses no dignity, and in no way commits herself to the romping possibilities of the wheel when she mounts it thus equipped. Even Miss Avordupola looks as well as possible, if such a costume is bit better, in fact as costume.

Copyright, 1890.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—Sir Walter Scott.

Every civilized nation of the world, even China and Japan, now has a weather bureau.

Copyright, 1890.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—Sir Walter Scott.

Every civilized nation of the world, even China and Japan, now has a weather bureau.

Copyright, 1890.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—Sir Walter Scott.

Every civilized nation of the world, even China and Japan, now has a weather bureau.

Copyright, 1890.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—Sir Walter Scott.

Every civilized nation of the world, even China and Japan, now has a weather bureau.

Copyright, 1890.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—Sir Walter Scott.

Every civilized nation of the world, even China and Japan, now has a weather bureau.

Copyright, 1890.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—Sir Walter Scott.

Every civilized nation of the world, even China and Japan, now has a weather bureau.

Copyright, 1890.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—Sir Walter Scott.

Every civilized nation of the world, even China and Japan, now has a weather bureau.

skirt band to band, no connecting line between bodice and skirt over which to worry, and no drag from under the arms to the waist, which cannot be avoided in any fitted and unelastic bodice. This drag becomes a strain in long riding, a strain that is to blame for many a back ache that has been laid to the exercise, the gown not being suspected.

The jersey garment is in effect: a sweater extended into a skirt. From shoulders to over the hips the fit is in jersey fashion, moulding to the figure, but pulling nowhere. It is found that the jersey skirt clings without sticking or drawing, and while scant enough



SHE CALLS HER "BIKE" HER STEED.

to do away with all blowing of folds, it yields at the strokes of the pedal, so that there is not the usual pull of the scant skirt. The only folds are two at the back, which fall from the waist line at either side of the saddle when the rider is seated, and which make the necessary relief of drapery when she is dismounted. The armholes of the jersey are very large, and the sleeves fit with almost no fullness and absolutely no pull over the shoulder. A little zouave jacket with conventional sleeves is slipped on over the jersey. This is cut short at the hips and hangs without in-fitting under the arms. Its open fronts are laced together loosely, that they may not catch the wind. The jacket is made of any material that harmonizes with the color and quality of the jersey garment. A becoming "watch-cap," a little jersey knit affair, clings to the head, holding its place without pins or elastic. Jersey top shoes, and big soft gloves complete a costume that in well chosen color is not only stunning—on a good figure especially so—but practical and modest.

The final sketch is of a sort of costume that will be more generally worn than any other. No attempt is made to attain the picturesque in this model, but the bodice may be altered to suit individual taste, the most important feature of the rig being its skirt. The front breadth is full and plain, but the back breadth is divided with three full pleats on either side. It is essential that this skirt be sufficiently full at the hips to permit the pleats to fall in straight lines through their full length.



A SKIRT DIVIDED AT THE BACK ONLY.

It is not difficult to do this, and so the fact that neglecting it brings very bad results need not count against this cut of skirt. When off the wheel there is no evidence of the skirt being divided except on the closest examination.

Above this there is a Norfolk jacket, held in place by a loosely drawn belt, waist unpinched by corsets being a characteristic of this costume. The jacket can open at the throat and turn back to the belt or hang entirely free from the belt in front, the shirt waist worn beneath then showing, or the jacket can be removed entirely. Garters exactly matching the material and color of the dress reach to the knee and are met by riding tights. A hat of the tourist shape with a discreet little cock's feather set on one side and loose dark gloves go with the rig.