

THE DREAM-SHIP.

When all the world is fast asleep, Along the midnight skies— As though it were a wandering cloud— The ghostly Dream-Ship flies.

A MUCH NEEDED REFORM.

Women are active nowadays in all manner of reforms, moral and civic, but there is no place where such work is more needed than in their own immediate neighborhood.

Many a young business man becomes hopelessly involved because of his wife's extravagance. A recent paper records the case of a young married man who fled from his home, leaving his property all in the hands of his creditors.

It is a hopeful sign that in a series of our best young ladies schools efforts are being made to overcome fashionable follies. One of our schools found that the young ladies became so absorbed in fashionable dressing that they seriously interfered with their studies.

Recently attended the closing exercises of a school of education and physical culture. One class of young ladies came upon the stage in loose classical dress, belted in at the waist, but without trimming or decoration.

But the "embracing" time hardly occurs till fashions change again, and the whole operation of disgust and reconciliation must be peated. It is wonderful evidence of woman's power: to please that notwithstanding all this foolishness, she still holds her influence over the hearts of men.

valid women. But tight dresses, long, heavy skirts, corsets, and other abominations are largely responsible for sickness among women and a consequent enfeeblement of the race.

A vigorous race demands healthy mothers. Look at the style of dress in vogue this summer, and it is perhaps as little objectionable as usual—wide, long heavy skirts, that make walking difficult.

This season the neck, be it ever so beautiful, must be covered with a high, warm band that is very uncomfortable and makes breathing and speaking difficult.

All the beautiful spring days the ordinary household are devoted to making and altering clothes. Last season's dresses, though scarcely worn at all, must be remodeled or thrown away.

But how to break this bondage is a serious question. I attended the Commencement of a woman's college a few years ago, when those outrageous protruberances called bustles were generally worn.

That is where the tyranny of fashion hurts most—women must obey, or suffer for their independence and singularity.

It is interesting to study the fashion plates of the last twenty-five years. Each seemed so beautiful in its day, and so hideous now.

Women make themselves old and ugly and worn-out in the exhausting effort to follow the fashions. Watch the crowd of careworn, anxious women about the dry goods stores.

It is demoralizing and degrading for women to think so much of dress. Too often the fashion plate is studied more than good literature, and even at church the mind wanders to considering some new style of dress or bonnet.

But for the waste of fashion men would much oftener own their own homes, be able to educate their children, and have a little reserve in bank for investment or to meet emergencies.

living, she may prove a benediction to the race.—Mrs. C. M. Hickman in the Christian Advocate.

Castor Oil For Jack Tars.

Thousands of Gallons Sold to Captains Who Doctor Their Crew.

Just below the Produce Exchange is a neat looking drug store which has a peculiar line of trade. The proprietor has been in the business almost a quarter of a century, and if the adventurous youths who hanker to be sailor boys only knew how many thousand gallons of castor oil the druggist had doled out in his time to ships' captains.

This drug store fits out ships with medicines. Anybody who has had any experience with the merchant service knows that the captain is usually the only M. D. aboard, and that his knowledge was never gained in any college of pharmacy or medicine.

No matter what is the trouble with Jack, he gets castor oil. None of the newfangled variations of it is prescribed. The proprietor of the drug store bears out this statement. He says that more castor oil is administered to sailors than any other medicine, unless it may be balls and senna.

Among the medicines in the captain's chest are rhubarb, quinine, jamaica ginger and paregoric and certain old fashioned patent medicines. No modern discoveries in that line are allowable.

In February, 1811, Chateaubriand was chosen to fill a seat in the French academy, which was a compliment to a man of 42. Is not 60 the age at which the distinguished French man of letters usually receives the prize?

Chateaubriand and Bonaparte. In February, 1811, Chateaubriand was chosen to fill a seat in the French academy, which was a compliment to a man of 42.

WASHINGTON, October 26.—A report received at the Department of State from Consul General McIvor, at Kanagawa, Japan, gives the population of that country in 1894 at 42,000,000.

That Long-Winded Pugilistic Fight. Hot Springs, October 27.—According to Mayor Waters and Secretary Wheelock, of the Florida Athletic club, everything relating to the proposed fight is to-night in statu quo.

A Fight With An Eagle. E. Leary, of South Harpswell, a member of the crew of the steamboat Merricone, had a thrilling fight with an eagle the other morning.

Tramp. I'd like to have my teeth filled. Dentist: What will you have, gold or silver? Tramp: Oh, bread will do as well

Republican Disgrace.

A Religious Journal's Views of the Harrisburg Convention. Scenes of Riot and Vulgarity—Things Rude the State Capital and the Convention Hall, and Republican Leaders Vie With One Another in Corrupt and Disgracing Practices.

The Pennsylvania Methodist in its issue of September 6th, immediately following the Republican State Convention at Harrisburg, printed a graphic and accurate account of the scenes attending that disgraceful gathering.

"The first seeming advantage was gained by the Hastings faction buying out an opera company which was billed for a show at the Opera House on the night preceding the convention and placing therein—nearly 24 hours in advance of the convention—over a hundred thugs, most of whom weighed from 180 to 250 pounds each.

"Property owners in the neighborhood of the opera house spent a sleepless night, some of them being on watch till the morning of Wednesday dawned, not knowing at what moment deeds of violence might lead to the destruction of their property.

"Crimination and recrimination is now going on between the factions, though it does not crop out conspicuously in the newspapers. None deny that large amounts of money changed hands and promises of political promotion were made that can never be fulfilled.

"As the thousands of camp-followers stood in front of the opera house during the session of the convention to which none were admitted but the 297 delegates, the newspaper reporters, and a few of the favored ones (most of the seats in the house being vacant while the streets were thronged) we did not wonder that thoughtful ministers, lawyers, doctors, professors and business men who have always voted the Republican ticket, discussed the question as to whether a limited Monarchy would not be preferable to such a Republic.

"Mr. Quay now says it was only a 'truce,' but the war goes on in the name of municipal reform, till all his enemies are put under his feet. Will Christian men continue to follow such a leadership? History must answer."

According to the report just made by a special Treasury agent, the total production of tin plate during the past year was 193,000,000 pounds against 139,000,000 pounds for the previous year.

Tramp: Oh, bread will do as well

Letters by the Million.

One Result of the "Chain" Plan of Edna R. Brown.—Figures That Are Incomprehensible in Their Immensity.—The Mistakes Are Still Pouring in from Across the Ocean and the Government is Worried Over Their Number.—Houses, Barns and Haystacks Stamped With Responses to the Appeal for 1,000,000 Cancelled Stamps.

As a result of the "letter chain" scheme started by Edna R. Brown of Kaneville, Ill, for the ostensible purpose of collecting 1,000,000 used stamps for which a medical institution would give treatment to Mattie E. Garman, a crippled girl, letters are pouring into this village postoffice at the rate of 6,000 a day.

The girl who was Miss Brown acknowledges that no medical institution ever made an offer to treat Miss Garman for the stamps, but she had a vague idea that if she could collect 1,000,000 stamps she could sell them for \$100 and devote the money to the sick girl.

Table with 2 columns: Number of letters received, and corresponding value in dollars and cents. Total value: \$1,000,000.

If this chain is carried out to the 80th series, which is the limit in England, a glance at this table, which is carried out to the 80th series, will give one an idea of a total almost too great to be calculated and far exceeding ordinary conception.

Mr. F. G. Jackson has marvelous tales to tell of the reindeer, their speed and endurance as animals of draft—so marvelous, indeed, that he must forgive us for suggesting that he has made a mistake in his figures.

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For and About Women.

There are perhaps few amateur organizers in England to equal Mrs. Gladstone.

A very charming fashion, which is all the go now, is wearing a fichu. Some are of delicate muslin, some of soft Liberty silk and some of chiffon. Those of lisse, with two or three frothy frills, are wonderfully attractive.

How to Lose Flesh, THE TESTIMONY OF ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED AND BEEN REDEEMED.—After much study and looking about on the determined upon a regimen. She instantly gave up sugar in tea or coffee, and milk at the time.

Ribbons play no small part in the bedeckment of the half-mourning frock, for dressy occasions. Broad ribbons of the softest surah are shown in both black and white, and are arranged on the frock in sash effect.

An exceedingly smart gown of black silk grenadine, made over black satin, has decorations of white surah run through slides of jet set with tiny pearls. The skirt is a very gracefully cut affair, the stiffness of the satin and the grenadine making it stand out in the smartest sort of way.

The postillion back again appears, and if ever there was a back that a woman of faultless figure should risk that is the one. If you have that sort of a back, all right; if you haven't, "beware" is the word, and it should be read with the gory melodrama's emphasis.

The prettiest way to arrange your hair? Especially if it is very long, very thick, and a most beautiful color, yet cannot be worn hanging down in braids, because you are too tall for anything so childish, nor fastened up in a graceful Psyche knot at the back of the head, quite near the neck, because it is too heavy, and comes tumbling down at inconvenient seasons.

If it were my hair, and I were the dear young girl who finds it a bother and a burden, I would coil it on top of my head and wear it like a crown. I wouldn't mind its having the effect of making me look taller, and I would stand up very straight, and look as tall as I could.

If the coronal effect were unbecoming, or gave a feeling of weight on top of my head, then I would braid the hair in several strands, and mass it all over the back of the head. I would simply part it in the middle, and avoid fringes and bangs, and little curls, crimps, and other attempts at decoration in front.

The day of the glazed kid glove for dress occasions seems about over. The soft, dull suedes are once more popular and glazed kid is regarded as a poor substitute for the heavy dogskin gloves dear to the tailor-made girl.