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CHRISTMAS DAY.

The Christmas chimes are pealing high Beneath the solemn Christmas sky, And blowing winds their notes prolong Like echoes from an angel's song; Good will and peace, peace and good will Ring out the carols glad and gay, Telling the heavenly message still, That Christ the Child was born to-day, In lowly hut and palace hall, Peasant and king keep festival, And childhood wears a fairer guise, And tenderer smile all mother-eyes; The aged man forgets his years, The faithful heart is doubly gay, The sad are cheered of their tears, For Christ the Lord was born to-day. —Susan Coolidge.

HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME.

It was Christmas eve, clear and frosty. The sky stretched above, one cloudless canopy of blue, studded with countless gem-like stars, while the silvery moon shed her matchless radiance over all. The night came on apace, and the many feet which thronged the crowded streets, or entered the brilliantly lighted stores or saloons, whose tempting wares forbade that any should pass them by, grew less and less; while within the dwellings, whose tall turrets stood up against the quiet sky, many little hearts beat high with hope of anticipation, and many a childish voice might be heard impugning the good Saint Nicholas for the possession of some coveted treasure. But it is not with the rich that we have to do to-night; so passing the homes of affluence and pride, we will pause before a tiny cottage in a remote part of the great, teeming city. Very tiny indeed it appeared at first sight, for it was only one story high, and over the low roof the drooping eaves might almost be touched by your hand. A small wooden paling enclosed the tiny strip of garden in front, and a plot scarcely larger at the back of the house; and here lived the Widow Martin and two children—twins—a boy and girl, of seven years. The blinds that protected the two small windows had been drawn close; and in a low chair, with her eyes bent upon some fine sewing, sat Mrs. Martin, glancing occasionally at the innocent sports of her children, while a pensive smile rested upon her lips. Rousing herself at last from the painful reverie into which she had fallen, and which had drawn more than one sigh from her lips, she said, quietly: "Come, children, it's time you were to bed and asleep." The children ceased their play, and came to her side; then throwing their arms about her neck and casting a bright glance toward the fire-place, where two little stockings were suspended, Nellie, her mother's namesake, said: "We must ask good Santa Claus first for what we want, and then we can go to bed, mamma." Mrs. Martin sighed. Little chance there was for gifts at this holiday time. Alone in the world, her husband dead, and her only brother alienated and wandering, she knew not where, her utmost exertions for the last twelve months had scarce sufficed to win for them the barest necessities. It was hard to disappoint their childish faith; and her eyes filled with tears as she answered sadly: "I fear Santa Claus will pass us by to-night, my darling. He is little likely to find his way to our poor home." "Oh, yes, he will, mamma," cried Eddie, confidently; "he has never forgotten us before, and I know he won't this time. I mean to call up to him right away." A slight sound outside, at this moment, as of a foot crushing the crisp snow, caused Mrs. Martin to start; then she resumed her sewing, while Eddie approached the chimney, and in his clear, childish voice petitioned Santa Claus not to forget them, but to bring the overcoat, cap, and boots, so sorely needed, and whatever toys he could spare from his generous store beside. "There, now!" he exclaimed, stepping back, his little cheeks glowing with anticipation. "Now, Nellie, it's your turn." The little girl advanced timidly, and bent her face down with grave earnestness. "Dear Santa Claus," she called, sweetly, "please come to-night and bring us a few presents. Mamma's afraid you'll forget us, but I know you won't." "Now, mamma," she said, returning to her mother, with her little face radiant with the trust her words had inspired, "you ask him for something, and then he'll come, I'm sure. He won't disappoint all of us." Mrs. Martin smiled through her tears. "You will have to ask him for me, Nellie. He doesn't listen to old people." "Very well, mamma. What shall I ask him for?" But Mrs. Martin didn't hear her in the emotions that overpowered her. "Oh, that some good angel would guide my brother's wandering footsteps back to me," she faltered, brokenly, "that I might offer him my forgiveness, and ask him, that I might once more have a sympathizing heart to love and lean upon." She bowed her head upon her hands and wept, while the child, slipping from her side, again stepped forward to the chimney. "Dear Santa Claus," once more she pleaded, "won't you please bring Uncle Eddie back to mamma? She wants to forgive him, she cries for him every day. Oh, dear Santa Claus, say you will!" What made the little one start back, while a bright spot sprang to either cheek. Upon the low roof of the cottage a slight sound was heard, and then down the chimney came the words, earnest and clear: "I will."

With bated breath Nellie hastened back to her mother, who, in the violence of her grief, had not heard aught that passed. "Mamma," she whispered, "Santa Claus was there, I know, for he answered me. Uncle will come." Mrs. Martin kissed her little girl with a sad, incredulous smile. "Let us hope he will my love. And now you must get to bed without further delay," and laying her work aside she arose to see her little ones in their humble couch. While the children had been engaged at their play a man had approached the cottage from without, and pausing in front of it, surveyed it gloomily. "And this is the place to which she has been driven," he murmured; "he must be dead then. Has poverty softened her heart, I wonder, or would she still drive me from her with harsh and bitter words? I have enough to lift them all to happiness and plenty; may I shower it upon them, or must I be a wanderer once more? If I only had some sign—some means of knowing whether my return would be welcomed—whether on this anniversary night of three years ago—there is a feeling of tenderness, of longing in her heart, for me. One word of intimation that the past would be forgotten and forgiven, would reconcile us again, and make us both so happy." As he stood there, irresolute, his eye fell upon the low roof, and a sudden and novel idea entered his mind. "The children will doubtless be petitioning Santa Claus for Christmas gifts; and how I should like to play the part of the good saint in their behalf, and far exceed all they could ask. With my ear to the chimney I could hear all they say; and if one word of tender remembrance reaches me I will go to her, acknowledge my error, and bring, on this Christmas Eve, happiness, joy and peace to her heart. There will be no one passing this lonely place, and there is no danger of my being seen." Possessed with this idea, and trembling with excitement, he drew himself slowly and carefully up on the wooden palings, and from thence gained the roof. He had scarcely secured himself at his novel post when Eddie's sturdy voice reached his ear, followed by the gentler accents of his little niece. Then followed a short silence; and disappointed and sad, he was about to vacate his post, when once more the soft silvery tones came floating up: "Dear Santa Claus, won't you please bring Uncle Eddie back to mamma? She wants to forgive him, she cries for him every day. Oh, dear Santa Claus, say you will!" The man's eyes grew heavy with joyful tears, and almost involuntarily, he made the answer which had so surprised his little niece; and then sliding noiselessly down, sped with rapid steps toward the distant city. An hour had passed, and Mrs. Martin still sat with her head bowed upon her hands, and her mind traveling sorrowfully over the past. Three years before she had been happy in the love of a husband and brother; now she was bereft of both. A dispute, trivial in its commencement, had arisen between the two men; both were proud, high-tempered, and hasty; and although a word from her, fitly spoken, would have sufficed to pour oil on the troubled waters, and restore all to peace and harmony again, it was withheld; and taking sides with her husband, she added her reproaches and recriminations to his; and the war waged fiercer and fiercer, until in a moment of ungovernable passion she bade him leave her house, and never darken her doors again. Bitterly had she since repented the words when it was too late to recall them, and miles separated her from the brother she had loved so dearly. And when at the end of two years her husband died, leaving his business affairs so complicated and embarrassed, that in a few months afterward she had been driven to this meager home, and despite her utmost efforts destitution stared them in the face, the bitter sting of poverty added to her grief and remorse, until it seemed that life was too great a burden to bear; and her heart yearned to aching for the return of that wandering brother, and the soothing balm of peace and reconciliation. "Oh, that my sweet Nellie's childish fancies might be realized!" she murmured, sadly; "that there was some good spirit to bear my love and repentance to my dear brother, and restore him once more to my arms! That would be a blessed Christmas gift, indeed." Even while she spoke, a low knock sounded on the door. Rising from her seat, she drew the bolt with trembling haste, and threw the door open, to be confronted by a man, muffled up to be unrecognizable and his arms full of bundles. "Will you allow Santa Claus to fulfil the desires of the dear little ones who have asked in such loving faith to-night?" he said, with a grave sweetness; then stepping into the room he laid his bundles on the table, and pushing his cap from his brow, confronted her. "I have come back to you, Nellie," he said, holding out his arms: "for from the lips of my own dear little niece I have heard that I am forgiven." A low cry of joy broke from the lips of the widowed mother as she fell into the arms outstretched to receive her; then, as she partly raised herself, and looked with questioning silence into his face, he drew her to a chair, and sat down beside her. "Two days ago, Nellie, I came back to my native city, impelled by a longing which I could not resist, to look upon it once more. I inquired for you, and after some searching, found where you had gone; and an hour ago stood in front of this house. Much as my heart longed for reconciliation to you, the old spirit of pride held me back from

entering on an uncertainty; and as I was about to turn away, leaving the experiment untried, when glancing up at the roof, the novel idea occurred to me to crawl up to the chimney and listen, if perchance the children might have their requests to proffer to Santa Claus." "I did so, and heard first Eddie's, then Nellie's voice, but no word of remembrance or desire for the wanderer; and with all the old bitterness sweeping over me afresh, I was about to turn away from you once more, when again her sweet voice came floating up to me, with its loving petition for 'uncle Eddie.' In my joy and excitement I answered her, and then hurried away to fulfill her requests. I have returned again, will you bid me stay?" Once more Mrs. Martin threw herself into his arms, with a burst of grateful tears. "Stay," she repeated; "that was the sound I heard, then, outside of the cottage. Oh, thank God, who put it into my darling's heart to speak those blessed, blessed words!" "Amen!" echoed the brother, fervently; "but for her loving appeal I should have been a second time a wanderer through the world. And now, my dear sister, bid farewell to poverty and want for this hour, for I have enough for all." It was a joyful Christmas morning that dawned upon that little household. Nellie and Eddie gazed with wide open eyes of delight upon the brimming stockings and the mysterious bundles beneath them; and then as their eyes wandered from them to Uncle Eddie, who had stolen near by unperceived, she flung herself into his arms with a scream of joy. "Oh, mamma, mamma, didn't I tell you so? Santa Claus has brought Uncle Eddie back to us, and all of these beautiful things beside!" Nellie had had firm faith in the presence and efficacy of the good saint ever since then; and peace and plenty has flowed uninterruptedly in the train of that joyful night, when so welcome a Santa Claus came to the Martins. SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. The famous electrician, Bell, says the problem of seeing by electricity is so nearly solved as to give much encouragement to those at work in that field of science. Paper of proper thickness is rendered transparent by soaking in copal varnish. When dry it is polished, rubbed with pumice stone, and a layer of soluble glass is applied and rubbed with salt. It is stated that the surface is as perfect as glass. A remarkable illustration of wind-fertilization of ground is found by Mons. Allard in the fertile French valley of Limagne. From the chain of the Domes the wind brings vast quantities of volcanic dust—rich in phosphoric acid potash and lime—the annual deposit in the valley being estimated at about three-fourths of a pound per square yard. In response to some thousands of circulars, Dr. Sophus Tromholt has received the testimony of 144 persons in Norway concerning the emission of sound by the northern lights. Of these persons ninety-two believe in the aurora sound, and fifty-three assert that they have heard it themselves. The sound is variously described as sizzling, hissing, whizzing, crackling, rushing, rippling, rolling, flapping, creaking, roaring, etc. The diameter of trees is said to vary not only from summer to winter, but from day to day. They are larger from noon to twilight the next morning than from twilight until noon; they are smaller in the winter than in summer. Water and the sap of trees expand not only in proportion as they go below the freezing point. Low temperature as well as high promotes evaporation, and the trees evaporate from their branches in winter, and so the colder the weather the more they shrink. Attention is called by the *Cool Trade Journal*, in an elaborate article, to the fact that the value of water as an aid to blasting, when used in connection with explosives, is rapidly becoming recognized in this country, as well as in the larger mines and quarries of Europe. Among the favorite points pertaining to this process, special mention is made of the fact that the powder, in exploding, bursts the tube containing the water, and careful estimates showing—with increased power or explosive violence; this is because the rendering force is extended through the water, in accordance with certain well-known principles of hydrostatics, over the enlarged interior area of the bore hole, due to the space occupied by the water tube. A much larger quantity of the material to be mined or quarried is thus brought down or loosened with a smaller quantity of the explosive used. Again, the heat given off by the burning of the powder and surrounding gases converts a larger proportion of the water into steam, the elastic force of which assists in the operation of blasting, and the steam and remaining water together extinguish the flame and flash of the powder. A Winter's Tale. The winter days are near at hand When silently through all the land The snow will fall, Its dazzling whiteness all around Will drift about the frozen ground, Deep over all. Then the young lover haste will make, And in a narrow cutter take His girl to ride; And she will laugh, blithe and jocose, Beneath the buffalo smuggled close Up to his side. Mean while at home his aged father Will, to shovel out a path, The drifts attack; And while Love holds the youth in thrall The poor old man at home will al— Most break his back. —Somerset Journal.

THE WEATHER PROPHETS.

THE UNITED STATES SIGNAL SERVICE AND ITS WORK. Where Storms Are Brought and What Their Track—Why Wind Blows and Rain Falls. It was to protect the shipping of Lake and ocean that the weather bureau was brought into existence by General Albert J. Meyer in 1879. From the twenty stations of 1870 have grown 490. The sphere of usefulness of the service has developed with the number of stations. Beside warning shipping of the approach of storms, farmers and shippers of fruits have been saved thousands of dollars by being notified of coming rain or frost or the approach of a cold wave. It was formerly the custom to mail reports and predictions from stations to country post offices that could be reached the same day the reports and predictions were made, and there to display them. The daily newspapers are devoting so much space and attention every day to matters meteorological that the rural bulletins are now discontinued in July. Bulletins are now displayed in every commercial organization's rooms, and are furnished all daily newspapers, while from each signal station signals forecasting the weather for the succeeding twenty-four hours are displayed from 7:30 A. M. A square blue spot on a red background is a cautionary signal against storm. A round blue spot on a white background bespeaks rain or snow; a square blue spot on a white background means that a cold wave is approaching; a blue crescent on a white background indicates clear or fair weather, and a blue cross on a white background calls for local rain or snow. The round red spot on a white background means high temperature, the red crescent lower temperature, and the red star stationary temperature. Since General W. B. Hazen took charge of the service on the death of General Meyer in 1880, reorganization has been going forward and the scope of the service has been widened. The Fort Meyer (Va.) school, where the observers are given a six or eight months' training in meteorology and army signaling, has been put on a thorough footing. Students are admitted only after passing a successful competitive examination. They go out as assistants to observers. Then if they develop capability they are advanced when opportunity affords. There are three observations made at all signal stations daily and telegraphed to Washington, where the predictions are made up that are promulgated to the entire country. When a severe storm is raging special observations are taken, and the information thus obtained is furnished by telegraph to stations in advance of the storm and likely to be visited by it. The regular observations are taken at 7 A. M., 2 P. M., and 11 P. M., seventy-fifth meridian time. Half an hour later they are forwarded. The operators on all the telegraph sections into which the stations are grouped sit at their desks, all other business is taken off the line, and the operator farthest from Washington begins sending his report. All the other operators on the line take it. The next one sends; all the others take that. When Washington has sent its report all the operators in the section have complete reports of observations at every station in their telegraph section. Time is saved in this manner, and still further cut down by a cypher system, one word of which often means a whole paragraph. The observations result in obtaining the pressure of the atmosphere as shown by a barometer adjusted to a common standard; the temperature by the thermometer; the atmosphere's humidity by the hygrometer; the wind's direction and velocity by a combination of windmill and weather vane that automatically records its findings on a paper driven by clockwork; the rainfall as measured in a vessel on the roof, which has a surface equal to one square foot and a preparation against evaporation; the velocity, character and direction of clouds. The usual birthplaces of storms are the Gulf of Mexico, the West Indies, and Manitoba. Their courses are directed somewhat eastward. This is accounted for by the fact that the earth revolves in that direction. Those emanating from Manitoba travel southeast over the great lakes and pass off to sea by way of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Those coming from the Gulf of Mexico, generally cyclones, pass up the Mississippi valley and out over Lakes Erie and Ontario. They also go east over the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The West Indian tornadoes travel northwest until they strike the South Atlantic coast, where they curve to the east, and, following the coast line up the Gulf stream, finally strike the track of the Manitoba and Gulf of Mexico zephyrs. Newfoundland's favored people sometimes get storms from all three of these hatcheries at about the same time. They never complain up there of not getting enough weather for their money. The West India storms are the most robust of all. The supposition as to the cause of storms is that, for some unknown reason, certain parts of the country are heated to a greater temperature than others. Heavy evaporation is caused, and the atmosphere is laden with water carried up by the hot air, which is lighter than the air around it. The hot air passing upward creates a vacuum into which the cool rushes. The disturbance thus created in the atmosphere surcharged with the evaporation of the lakes and rivers of the overheated district causes rainfall. The near approach of a rain storm is heralded by an increase of air pressure and humidity, and a rising temperature. Knowing the direction of a storm and its velocity and extent by the observations taken in the signal station, and the general knowledge of storms possessed, accurate information can be furnished as to when a storm will

reach a given point, how soon it will pass over, how great will be the rainfall, and how violent the wind.—New York Telegraph.

A Fruitful Five-Dollar Bill. A little money sometimes goes a great way. As an illustration of this read the following, founded upon an incident which is said to have really occurred: A. owed \$15 to B. B. " \$20 to C. C. " \$15 to D. D. " \$30 to E. E. " \$12.50 to F. F. " \$10 to A. All of them were seated at the same table. A. having a \$5 note, handed it to B., remarking that it paid \$5 of the \$15 he owed B. B. passed the note to C., with the remark that it paid \$5 of the \$20 which he owed. C. passed it to D., and paid with it \$5 of the \$15 he owed D. D. handed it to E., in part payment of the \$30 owed him. E. gave it to F., to apply on account of the \$12.50 due him. F. passed it back to A., saying, "This pays half of the amount I owe you." A. again passed it to B., saying, "I now only owe you \$5." B. passed it again to C., with the remark, "This reduces my indebtedness to you to \$10." C. again passed it to D., reducing his indebtedness to \$5. D. paid it over to E., saying, "I now owe you \$20." E. handed it again to F., saying, "This reduces my indebtedness to you to \$2.50." Again F. handed the note to A., saying, "Now I don't owe you anything." A. passed it immediately to B., thus cancelling the balance of his indebtedness. B. handed it to C., reducing his indebtedness to \$5. C. cancelled the balance of his debt to D., by handing the note to him. D. paid it again to E., saying, "I now owe you \$15." Then E. remarked to F., "If you will give me \$2.50 this will settle my indebtedness to you." F. took \$2.50 from his pocket, handed it to E., and returned the \$5 note to his pocket, and thus the spell was broken, the single \$5 note having paid \$32.50, and cancelled A.'s debt to B., C.'s debt to D., E.'s debt to F., and F.'s debt to A., and at the same time having reduced B.'s debt to C. from \$20 to \$5, and D.'s debt to E. from \$30 to \$15. MORAL.—"Here a little and there a little," helps to pay off large scores. Money circulates from hand to hand and business moves. Pay your debts—in full if you can, and if you cannot pay in full, pay something. What helps one helps another, and so the round is made. —American Merchant. Light and Life at the Ocean's Bottom. A writer in the *New York Sun* says that "the results of deep-sea dredging tend to show that the ocean bottom, which has long been supposed to be in absolute darkness, is lighted by brilliant phosphorescence. I believe that if we could find ourselves upon the bed of the sea in 2,000 fathoms, we should see brilliant white lights, casting intense shadows, illuminating the bottom in an effectual manner. The groves of coral would shine with this light, shrimp and fishes would dart about, sceptre-like, over an illuminated pathway, each carrying his own lamp, and the whole ground would be one glow of phosphorescent light. The bottom animals have eyes, and hence they have use for them, for nature supports no useless organ. One thing that is certain is that there is practically no glimmer of sunlight in these great abyssal depths; and unless we admit that there is some such light as I have mentioned, the presence of eyes cannot be explained. Certain animals retain phosphorescent lustre even after being brought to the surface, and it seems natural to conclude that in this way the ocean bottom is lighted. "The dredge comes up laden with its precious load of deep-sea treasures, and the enthusiastic naturalists crowd around to explore the contents. Mixed up in a mass of mud are brilliant red starfishes, deep purple sea pods, delicate pink sea anemones, pure white holothurians, and ugly black fishes, all peculiar in many respects. While the naturalists are busy getting the animals ready for us to see, let us take a bit of the mud into the laboratory and examine it through the microscope. It will be found to be composed of countless numbers of microscopic shells, the testæ of Foraminifera. They are usually composed of carbonate of lime, but there are silicious species also, and, in the shallower waters, sandy forms. Some are as smooth and glossy as the best glazed chinaware, showing beautiful concentric rings of different hues, while others rough and lobed in a manner which defies description. Still others are the most beautiful shade of pink, and some present in color a most delicate chocolate brown. We find them tubular, coiled, crown shaped, spherical, and oval, and in masses of lobes upon lobes." A writer from the tea districts of northern India defines the different varieties of tea as follows: The very coarse tea remaining after the first sifting (which ends the "making") is called Bohea, and the second quality Souchoong. Flowery Pekoe is the very young shoot, with a down on it, called the flower. "FACING" tea is simply cooking it in an iron pan, by which means principally green tea acquires its color. There are 1,900 white people in South-eastern Alaska. Vegetation is abundant and luxurious, the cattle sleek and fat, and the mining industry assuming large proportions. These facts appear in a official report to Washington.

MY JOHN.

We loved the birds and babbling brooks, John and I, my John. In meadows and in shady nooks, O'er lake and farm with wondering looks, We saw what never was told in books, John and I, my John. We found a maid with golden hair, Ah, John! my happy John! The wonders of the earth and air Were but reflections made more rare In her blue eyes and face so fair, For John, my happy John. Lo, birds and books and brooks have fled, For John, alas, poor John. The night winds come and smite her dead, Alone in Nature's realm I tread; He followed where her footsteps led, My John, alas, my John. —Hosca Ballou, in Home Journal. HUMOR OF THE DAY. A well affair—the soap bubble. Is corn-popping an agricultural report? An open question—Are you going to let me in?—Boston Courier. A desirable bargain in silks—a pretty girl with a million.—Goodall's Sun. The tattler is the missing link, for they all bear tails.—Waterloo Observer. Window sashes on trains are more fashionable than ever.—Evanville Argus. The bald-headed man's favorite dress material is mohair.—Burlington Free Press. The right hand is the cleverest member of the body. It never gets left.—Texas Figaro. A California man keeps five thousand hens. It is surmised that he also keeps his next door neighbor in hot water during the gardening season.—Chicago Ledger. THE BEST ROLE. Every man has it in his life, And has had since time began, But after all the baker's roll Is the best for a hungry man. —Boston Courier. "What do those letters stand for?" asked a curious wife of her husband, as she looked at his Masonic seal. "Well, really, my love," he replied, encouragingly; "I presume it is because they can't sit down." She postponed further questioning.—Merchant-Traveller. Della had a little bonnet Just as big as George's hand— Horticultural fairs upon it, Like rose gardens in the sand. Oh, it was so neat and little, Jaunty, dainty, "made to kill!"— But that charming little bonnet Cost a fifty dollar bill! —Lynn Union. "Off again, Charley?" "Yes; I'm going to Chicago." "Got your grip along as usual. By the way, what an odd looking thing it is." "That is Scotch plaid, dear boy. I wouldn't travel with any other kind." "Why not?" "Because I am sure this is always checked.—Philadelphia Call. How to Catch Cold. Sit in a street car next to an open window. Leave off your heavy underclothing on a mild day. Take a hot drink before going out into the cold or damp air. Let the boys rump at school during recess time without their hats. Sit in the passage or near an entry after dancing for half an hour. Sit in a barber shop in your shirt sleeves while waiting to be shaved. Wear your light-weight summer hosiery through November. Put on a pair of thin shoes in the evening when you call upon your girl. Fail to change your shoes and stockings after coming in on a very rainy day. Have your hair cut and shampooed just as a change takes place in the weather. Wear one of the new ladies' cutaway coats without a chamois or flannel vest underneath. Throw your overcoat open on a blustering winter day to show off your nice new necktie. Send the children out in autumn for exercise in short, thin stockings and skimpy skirts. Leave off your rough overcoat when you go driving, and wear your nice thin one to look swell. Go to the front door in a cobweb dress, and linger, bidding good night to your favorite young man. Take a hot bath in the evening and sit up in your room to finish the last pages of an exciting novel. Throw off your heavy coat when you reach the office in a hurry and put on your thin knock-about. Go down to breakfast without a wrap on a chilly morning before the fires have got fully started. Put the window of your sleeping-room up before you go to bed, especially if the window is near the bed. Run a square to catch a street car and take off your hat for a few moments to cool off when you catch it. Go out into the lobby during a theatrical performance and promenade around without your overcoat. Do your back hair up high when you have been accustomed to wear it low and go out on a windy day. Come in from a rapid gallop on horseback and stand talking in the open air to a friend for five or ten minutes. Go to an evening party in a dress suit without putting on heavy underwear to compensate for the lightness of the cloth. If you are bald-headed or have a susceptible back, sit during grand opera near one of the side doors in the Academy of Music. Wear a thin vest of fancy pattern that protrudes a little below the coat and allows a part of the body that should always be warm get chilled.—Philadelphia Times.