

## CARE OF CLOTHING.

## VALUABLE HINTS WHICH WILL SAVE TIME AND MONEY.

A "Complete" Wardrobe Isn't Very Expensive or Expensive-Someone is Doing Well on a Small Expenditure—Cost of What Clothes You Buy.

## Suggestions for Men.

There are few men who recognize the importance of economy in wearing apparel; few who take proper care of their clothing, and still fewer who know how to make the best of what they have, so as to cause their limited assortment to answer all the purposes of an extensive wardrobe. A society man or a man of ample means, of course, need give little thought to these matters. It is the "middleman" who needs advice; the one who cannot keep up with the whims and caprices of fashion; who cannot afford to comply with every suggestion of his tailor and who must either take care of his own clothes or have his wife or some one else do so for him. A complete wardrobe con-



EFFECT OF TOP POCKETS.

sists of a dress suit, including a "Tuxedo," the ever popular frock coat, the modest diagonal or cork-screw, and the distinctively cassimer or cheviot business suit—at least three changes—and four or five pairs of trousers, varying in color and pattern so as to answer for any occasion and look suitable with any coat and waistcoat. In addition a man should possess overcoats for spring, fall and winter wear, besides an ulster for very severe weather.

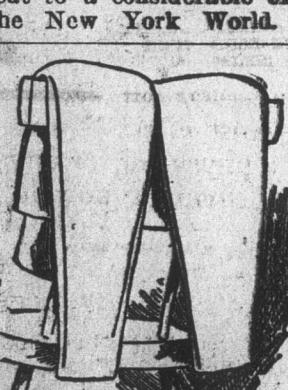
By exercising a little care in hanging up or laying down garments, by using the brush and whisk broom now and then, and by having the tailor examine them at intervals, their preservation and their neat appearance will be insured. When arriving at business in the morning, an office coat should be donned. The business coat should not be thrown carelessly



COAT CARELESSLY HUNG.

on a chair or in some corner, but should be hung on a hook or over the back of a chair, and protected from dust. A mistake is often made in hanging a coat on a hook without regard to the hanger, and its weight causes the cloth to bulge out in the most conspicuous part, which draws the garment entirely out of shape. The ordinary wire coat-hanger sold on the street is preferable to the use of the tape hanger attached to the garment, but a wooden shoulder, easily and cheaply made, should be provided, broad enough to prevent the break which the wire shoulder occasions. When sitting down the trousers should be pulled up a trifle at the knees, not enough to shorten them conspicuously at the ankles, but just sufficient to prevent the usual bulging, which makes them so unsightly.

Side pockets in trousers save the waistcoat to a considerable extent, says the New York World. The



THIS IS THE WAY TO HANG TROUSERS.

"top pocket" compels the lifting of the side of the waistcoat whenever the hand is placed therein, which wears off the edge or the binding and causes wrinkles across the body of the waistcoat at the hollow of the waist. During the night the trousers should be placed over a chair in preference to hanging them up by the buckle straps. The latter course, to some degree, draws them out of shape. Throwing them carelessly on a chair produces wrinkles or creases.

The use of the modern trousers stretcher does to some extent preserve the shape, but unless properly used it does more harm than good. The waistcoat should be laid flat on the table or elsewhere, instead of hung up at the shoulders. Using a table upon which to brush garments is preferable to any other course, and a little household ammonia should be used to remove spots which the brush or broom does not displace. Carelessness while eating produces these spots more than any other

cause, particularly with portly gentlemen. Those who are careless in this respect should always cover their chest with a napkin while eating.

The cost of keeping one's clothing in good order is trifling, either in time or money. To have a tailor examine them occasionally and put them in order is the best and most prudent course. It is a considerable saving in the end. In selecting a tailor for this purpose, one should be chosen who makes the renovating and repairing of clothing a specialty, otherwise the charges will be unreasonably high.

## DEFENDED THE INNOCENT.

## A Lie That Saved a Man from a Senseless Mob.

You all know what happened to horse thieves in Nevada thirty years ago. Well, not long after the gold fever broke out I went West to do what I could to help the souls of some men who were seeking their fortunes in that wild country. I established myself at — gulch; and as I was not too much of a prude in religious matters, I really won the confidence of the mining community, who felt a bit of pride that they had a person among them who wanted to see things done "on the square."

One evening as it was getting-dark I was standing in front of my cabin, which was a quarter of a mile from the miners' huts. Suddenly a man whom I did not know, but who might have seen me before, came running toward me. He was almost dead from fatigue and terror. The perspiration dripped from his face and hands, though it was a cool evening. His jaws were so parched that he could scarcely articulate a word. He fell on his knees before me, hoarsely whispering: "Innocent, innocent!" while he glanced back over his shoulder with a look of dread. His eyes almost bursting from their sockets. In a moment I grasped the situation, and without a word hurried him into my cabin and concealed him.

Five minutes later a party of angry miners, one of whom carried a noose in his hand, drew up before my door. I met them with a cool, inquiring look. "Parson, we're after a horse thief. Have you seen a stranger about here?"

I looked the leader straight in the eye. I knew he would believe me without question. "Yes, ten minutes ago I saw a man running toward the river."

They searched the bank until dark, and then concluded that he had drowned in trying to cross the stream, gave up the hunt.

About 10 o'clock the man whose life my falsehood had saved struck over the hills and doubtless reached one of the neighboring camps.

The missing horse returned to the stable of his own accord about dinner time the next day.

I may add that my conscience never troubled me on the score of what I did.

The Dead Letter Room.

An interesting portion of the Dead Letter Office is the room in which an accumulation is made of those articles on which an insufficient amount of postage is paid, or which have been incompletely or wrongly addressed, writes Alice Graham McCollin.

In an interesting sketch of the presiding genius of the Dead Letter Office, in the Ladies' Home Journal. It is a most heterogeneous collection, ranging from knits to confectionery, and in value from one cent to one thousand dollars. Sales of these articles are held annually, and after they have been held for claim for over two years, and after every effort has been exhausted to find the owners the parcels become matters of public interest. Most of the packages contain articles of too small value to be sold separately, so parcels containing the contents of several packages are made up and sold at an average price of sixty cents each. The attempt is made to have articles in each package worth that amount. The original wrappers are removed from the parcels, and new ones on which is written a description of the contents, substituted. This description is also entered in the auctioneer's sale book, and from this description, not from a personal examination, the purchase so far as finances are concerned, that the writer is well-off in this world's goods and proposes that Mr. Martin shall share them with him. As a consequence Mr. Martin has gone out of a business that he has conducted for the better part of half a century, and his declining years are made glad by the return of the bread cast upon the waters thirty years ago.

Occasionally they would hear from him in the army, and when the war ended he returned to his home and began business. In the years that followed Mr. Martin received letters from his soldier lad, and an occasional inquiry as to his business affairs, his prosperity, etc. Recently, after the lapse of thirty years, came a reward unexpected for Mr. Martin. The soldier boy he and his good wife had nursed back to life and health and strength has written him a letter telling him that hereafter he shall take no thought for the future so far as finances are concerned, that the writer is well-off in this world's goods and proposes that Mr. Martin shall share them with him. As a consequence Mr. Martin has gone out of a business that he has conducted for the better part of half a century, and his declining years are made glad by the return of the bread cast upon the waters thirty years ago.

Dressing the Children.

For the little girl's gowns, after white has been laid aside, soft cashmere of gray, wood or steel blue are fancied, and occasionally one sees a toilette made of old rose or of the faintest shade of yellow, writes Isabel A. Mallon, in an article on "Dressing Our Little Women," in the Ladies' Home Journal.

However, this, of course, is the gown selected for a festivity, and not the one preferred for general wear. Pretty plaids are especially liked for the girl of seven, and with such a gown she will almost invariably have a coat of the same material, with very wide Empire revers, faced usually with a bright color, while her hat is a large felt one, trimmed with roses, wings, or feathers.

The shoes and stockings of the small women continue to be black, the former being for state occasions of patent leather, and for general wear of soft kid.

The Main Thing.

Little Henry's father and mother wish him to be a French scholar, and knowing that a foreign language is most readily acquired in childhood, they have given him a French governess, with whom he is expected to talk French.

Henry gets along pretty well, but is not yet to be mistaken for a native Parisian. The other day he discovered that the barn was on fire. He ran into the house quite out of breath.

"Oh mademoiselle," he exclaimed, rushing into the school-room, "I don't know whether it's la feu or le feu, but anyhow there's a big blaze in the barn!"

BUZZZ will greatly oblige the rest of the world by making up its mind as to what kind of government it wants and remaining in that same mind four or five consecutive weeks.

## WILLIAM T. STEAD, THE LONDON EDITOR.



## FOND OF COWBOY SADDLES.

English and Germans Buy Much of the Finest Goods Made in Cheyenne.

All over North America for many years Cheyenne saddles have been famous, and every equestrian, outside of the United States cavalry and of the northwest mounted police of Canada, has either had his horse tricked out with Cheyenne leather or has wished he had. The fancy work on saddles, holsters and stirrups that once made Mexican saddlery famous and expensive long ago was copied by the Cheyenne makers, who kept up the fame and beauty of American horse trappings, but made them so cheap as to be within the means of most horsemen. In the old days when Western cattle ranged all over the plains and the cowboy was in his glory, that queer citizen would rather have a Cheyenne saddle than a best girl. In fact, to be without a Cheyenne saddle and a first-class revolver was to be no better than the sheepherders of that era. When a reporter of the New York Sun found himself in Cheyenne the other day the first places he looked for were the saddle-makers' shops. He was surprised to find only one show, first-class store of the kind, and instead of there being a crowd in front of it there was no sign of more business than was going at the druggists, near by, or the stationer's over the way. In one way only did the reporter find his hopes rewarded; the goods displayed in the windows were beautiful and extraordinary. There were the glorious heavy hand-stamped saddles; there were the huge, cumbersome tapaderos; there were the lariats or "ropes," the magnificent bits that looked like Moorish art outside, and there were the "mule skinners" and the fanciful spurs, and in short, the windows formed a museum of things that a cowboy would have pawned his soul to own. The metal work was all such as a cavalry man once declared it, "the most elegant horse jewelry in creation." Englishmen and Germans now buy the most men who know a good thing will care to use. Cowgirl saddles were on view—seven of them—with rigging for side seats and in stirrups made in slipper shapes. It is not that there are really half a dozen cow-girls in the world or half a dozen women like the Colorado queen or the lady horse breeder of Wyoming, but there are Western girls who have to ride a great deal, and they have fond fathers and brothers and still fonder lovers; hence the manufacture of magnificent side saddles, all decked with hand-stamped patterns and looking as pretty as the richest Bedouin ever dreamed of horse gear being made.

There is still a good trade in cowboy outfits that are ordered from Montana, the Dakotas, Wyoming, Colorado and Texas, and similar goods go to the horse ranches of Nevada, Idaho and Oregon. Moreover, as long as men ride horses there will be a trade in fancy outfits for them.

and then draw his tooth as though you were pulling the cork from a beer bottle with a corkscrew."

"Why, that would be murder; you feel no pain at all."

"That's what the dentist told me when I was a boy. I want to know whether you use a Jimmy to draw a tooth when the pincers fail, and also whether you will replace, free of charge, any sections of the jaw that may be removed during the operation."

"We won't hurt you at all."

"Then you may go ahead, but I have a friend at the foot of the stairway. He is a larger man than I am, and he can punch a hole through a stove lid; and if I yell once he is coming up here eight steps at a time to knock down the ceiling with you. Do you want to go ahead?"

"I am afraid not; you had better go up street to the veterinary surgeon."—Chicago Tribune.

A Good Audience.

The Rev. Lyman Beecher was once engaged to preach, by way of exchange for a country minister, and the day proved to be very cold and stormy. It was mid-winter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the Doctor urged his horse through the drifts, till he reached the church, put his horse into a shed, and went in.

As yet, there was no person in the house, and after looking about, he took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened and a single individual walked up the aisle and took a seat.

The hour came for opening the service, but there were no more hearers. Whether to preach to such an audience or not, was only a momentary question with Lyman Beecher. He felt that he had a duty to perform and that he had no right to refuse to do it because one man only could reap benefit; and accordingly he went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching and benediction, with one hearer. And when all was over he hastened down from the desk to speak to the congregation, but he had departed.

So rare a circumstance was, of course, occasionally referred to, but twenty years after, a very delightful discovery came to light in connection with this service. Dr. Beecher was traveling in Ohio, and on alighting from a stage in a pleasant village a gentleman stepped up to him and called him by name.

"I do not remember you," said Doctor Beecher.

"I suppose not," said the stranger, "but we spent two hours together in a house alone, once, in a storm."

"I do not recall it, sir," replied the old minister; "pray where was it?"

"Do you remember preaching twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?"

"Yes, I do indeed; and if you are the man I have been wishing to see you ever since."

"I am the man, sir; and that sermon made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon are all over Ohio."

Telling the story Doctor Beecher would add: "I think that was about as satisfactory an audience as I ever had."

Tall Buildings.

The Masonic Temple, Chicago, has twenty floors above ground, and a height from pavement to roof coping of 274 feet. The Pulitzer Building, New York, occupied by the World newspaper and by offices, has twelve stories above ground in the main structure, with a roof 191 feet above the pavement. On the top of this, however, is a six-story dome, in which the highest room is 280 feet above the ground.

The New Netherlands Hotel, New York, now approaching completion, will have seventeen floors, and reach a height of 210 feet above the pavement.

Among the new buildings erected in Chicago are the Katahdin and Wachusett, each of seventeen stories, and 200 and 205 feet, respectively, from the pavement to the top of the roof. The Old Colony, another seventeen-story building, will be 215 feet high.

Tooth Thin!

Gold leaf, when beaten into a sheet of the thickness of but 1-250,000th of an inch, appears to be of a beautiful green when held up to the light.

The burglar is not inclined to be talkative, but he is a great bore when he finds the safe locked.—Binghamton Review.

EVEN monkeys coming to talk won't throw any additional light on the buzz-saw business. Monkeying with that speaks for itself.

## MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

Their Possessor, However, Felt Obliged to Ask a Few Questions.

A man six feet high, with the side of his head wrapped in dry goods, went into a Monroe street dental emporium the other day and sank wearily into a chair. In response to the proprietor's "What can I do for you?" the large man said:

"I have a toothache that is breaking my heart, and I think that I ought to have a fang drawn; but, you see, I haven't been to a dentist since I was a boy, and I want to ask you a few questions before you go to work."

"Go ahead?"

"I want to know whether you prop a man's jaws apart with an iron wedge and then tell him to look pleased, please."

"Certainly we don't."

"I want to know whether you fasten one hand in the victim's hair and brace a knee against his throat,



and then draw his tooth as though you were pulling the cork from a beer bottle with a corkscrew."

"Why, that would be murder; you feel no pain at all."

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