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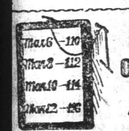

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[Special to THE COLONIST.]

M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

Brother Gardner Takes "Noah" for his Text—The "Arizona Kicker" Extracts.

Novel Advertising in a Hustling Town—A Woman who was Strictly Business.

[Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.]

BROTHER GARDNER ON NOAH.

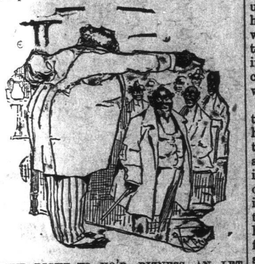
"Am Elder Lightfoot in de hall to-night?" asked Brother Gardner after the regular meeting of the Limekiln club had been opened in due form.

The elder was present, and was invited to step to the front. When he had struck a pose to favor his rheumatic knee, the president continued:

"Elder Lightfoot, I has bin iuformed dat yo' am continually argufyin an disputin 'bout Noah an his ark. Ye' claim to know all about 'em, an yo' claim dat nobody else doan' know nuffin. It wasn't a week ago dat yo' struck Shindig Watkins on de chin becase he wouldn't give in to yo'. Am I k'rect, elder?"

Y-yes, sah, but Brudder Watkins dun called me a liar."

"I 'spect he did, an I 'spect he orter. Elder Lightfoot, I dun want to say a few words to yo', an I want 'em to sink seben feet deep into yo'r soul. Yo' has bin postin up on Noah an his ark for the last fo'ty y'ars, an yit yo' doan' know no mo' dan when yo' sot out. Yo' has found out dat a pusson named Noah built a big flat



"TEND RIGHT TO YO'R BIZNESS AN LET NOAH 'TEND TO HIS."

boat an dun called it an ark, dat he got it dun jest befo' it sot in to rain fur fo'ty days an fo'ty nights; dat he took in birds an beasts an floated around, an dat de ark finally rested on de top of a mountain. Yo' has read dat in de Bible, I reckon?"

Yes, sah."

"Has yo' dun read anything mo'?"

"No, sah."

"Did yo' eber meet up wid Noah?"

"No, sah."

"Eber see de ark?"

"No, sah."

"Got any written documents bearin on de case?"

"No, sah."

"An yit yo' has bin settin yo'self up as authority on de bizness, an bekase Brudder Watkins wouldn't allow dat 'possums was tooken into dat ark yo' hauled off an hit him on de chin! Do yo' know dat under by-law No. 728 yo' could be fined as high as $16,000 or expelled from de club?"

"I didn't dun mean to, sah!" pleaded the old man.

"But yo' did it jest de same. Yo' got to dat pass whar yo' let all de rest of de Bible slide and banked on Noah alone. It's a powerful good thing that I heard of y'or case. You'd hev run up agin a strange nigger from Kentucky some day an begun to bluff him about de ark, and he'd likely ter busted in y'or twenty-six ribs afore he stopped bustin."

"Y-yes, sah," feebly answered the elder as he passed his hands over his ribs to see if they were all right.

"Now, yo' mark my words!" continued Brother Gardner as he rapped on his desk with his knuckles, "yo' let right up on Noah, an yo' let dat ark go flostin right out o' yo'r mind! It doan' make de least bit o' difference to yo' whedder Noah took along de 'possum or dun forgot him entirely. I dun believe dar was a pusson named Noah, an a flood an an ark, but I doan' go whoopin arqund about it in de daytime, nor rousin my nayburs up at midnight to gin 'em pinters. It was all right fur Noah to build dat ark, an what's de use of gittin excited 'bout it? He got de animals in de best way he could, an who has any bizness to kick at dis late day? De chap who has got to git up an argument 'bout somethin 6,000 y'ars old to show off his smartness must be pretty hard pushed fur material. Do yo' foller me, Brudder Lightfoot?"

"I does, sah, an from dis time out I shall let Noah alone."

"Ize glad to h'ar it, elder. Yo' jest keep dat ole black wife o' yo'rs in kaliker gowns an dem seben little niggers in meat an 'taters an yo'll be doin tolerably well for an ole man. I'ze got nayburs who come ober to my cabin an declar' that Adam was redheaded an Eve crosseyed. I'ze got 'em who stick up for Cain, an say dat Abel hit him fust. I'ze got 'em who want to bet a mewl agin my dawg dat Dan'l wasn't histed into de lion's den, and dat Samson couldn't lift 200 pounds o' sand. Does it affect de undersign? Not in the slightest! I let 'em talk and talk, an I keep right on cobblin up de ole woman's shoes an watchin de sassaparilly tonic steepin on de kitchen stove. Go an sot down, elder, an from dis night hence-fo'th 'tend right to yo'r bizness an let Noah 'tend to his."

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

THE BOYS SEE IT.—Three months ago, when his honor the mayor (who is ourself) entered upon the duties of his office, The Kicker announced that he would wear white shirts and real collars and cuffs. The boys flew up at once and declared that such an innovation should not be permitted. His honor held to his purpose, however, and the boys have come to be perfectly satisfied. They can now see the object, which is to dignify the town in the eyes of strangers. And they are done kicking. Some of them got the idea that the man who would wear a white shirt and a starched collar had no sand in him; but after his honor had thrown half the aldermen down stairs and run in the champion bad man single handed and unarmed, they saw where they were mistaken. Now and then a cowboy will come in and wonder if we are returning to the age of barbarism; but there will always be some one near by to get the drop on him.

WRONG, AS USUAL.—Our esteemed contemporary down the street (circulation 460 copies) is out with an article flinging at his honor the mayor for attending the mule race last Saturday as an active participant. Our esteemed gets things mixed up, as usual. The editor of The Kicker (who is ourself) owns a running mule. His honor the mayor (who is also ourself) feels more or less interested in the said animal. He was not an active participant, however. He simply backed our mule for seventy-five dollars, while we saw the beast in readiness for the race and had the foreman of our composing room on hand to ride him. It is needless to add that he won.

The animus of our contemporary's article lies in the fact that he backed the wrong mule and lost eight dollars, which was the capital he had laid by to run his paper for the remainder of the year. It's an awful thing to be let down that way with a sudden thud, but he won't gain any sympathy by lying about us.

OUR WAY.—In writing to inquire the subscription price of The Kicker, which is two dollars per year and invariably in advance, an eastern man wants to know if a chromo goes with it. No, sir! We don't hire anybody to subscribe for this paper. We not only don't do that, but when a man once subscribes, if he lives within thirty miles of us he's got to furnish us very solid reasons for letting go again. The only man who has got away from us up to date is Steve Porter, who used to run the Grass Hill ranch. When he refused to subscribe for a second year we rode out and sighted him and run him twenty-two miles. He got away from us in the scrub, but we didn't know the country then, and we were also riding a wind broken mule.

A MISTAKEN MAN.—We have been told that we have a very humble and harmless look when on the street, and that almost every stranger sizes us up for a missionary of some sort and feels that it would be safe to smash our hat or spit on our boots. We were no doubt looking this way the other day when a mule train man named Pete Scott, who was half full and aching for a row, reached for our nose and declared his intention of slicing it off and taking it to Tombstone as a relic of his visit. It was a minute and a half before William Scott got up, and then he had a bowie knife in his hand. He stepped back to hurl it through our vitals, but proved altogether too slow for this part of the country. We shot his thumb off at the first joint, and he dropped the knife and cried quits. As he had nothing else to cut tobacco with we returned him the bowie, but his thumb we bore away to the office and

AFTER STEVE PORTER.

placed in our jar of relics. Mr. Scott came in an hour later and subscribed for The Kicker and admitted that he was no judge of human nature when away from home.

A DEAD FAILURE.—We set out last fall to furnish weather probabilities for this neighborhood, but abandoned it a month ago in disgust. We hit the weather just once in thirty-four days on an average, and didn't get a bit of credit for that. We believe we could have improved on it after awhile, but our local readers don't seem to tumble to such phrases as, "Nearly stationary, followed by slowly falling temperature," and "the anticyclone depression now hovering over the Mississippi valley," etc. They want something plain, with a touch of pathos in it, and unless all the whisky in town is frozen up solid no one seems to care a continental cocked hat what the weather is. We are done. We have descended from our watch tower. Hereafter it will be all pathos and no weather.

HE PASSED THE BOX.

An old and gray haired colored man had asked me for a small contribution to aid in finishing off the belfry of his church building down the street, when a young man came along and stopped short and glared at him and demanded:

"Is yo'r name Ebenezer Davis, sah?"

"Of co'se it ar'," was the reply.

"Does yo' pass de contribushin box in de Fust Cull'd Baptist church?"

"Of co'se I does. What yo' drivin at, boy! Hain't we dun knowed each odder fur ten y'ars?"

"No, sah—no, sah! I hasn't de honor of yo'r disquaintance, sah!"

"Yo' hasn't?"

"No, sah, but I desiah to repress a few facts upon yo'r mind, sah. I was at de church last Sunday in company wid Miss Eveline Jackson."

"Yes, I seed yo' boaf dar."

"Yo' was de pusson who passed de box on dat occashun."

"I was."

"Yo' stopped 'longside o' me, sah. I hadn't nuffin smaller dan a quarter, but yo' stood an stood an stood, till eberybody in de meetin house was a-lookin at me. In odder words, sah, yo' fo'ced me to drop in dat quarter!"

"Hu! I reckoned yo' was showin off befo' dat gal."

"An now yo' disremember my foregoin language!" continued the young man as he pointed with his finger. "If I eber discort Miss Eveline to yo'r church on a frequent occashun, an yo' cum around wid dat contribushun box, as yo' did befo', I shall feel justified in disportin sich a clamity as will perpetuate yo'r hostility fur de next fo' weeks! Good day, sah!"

He walked off down the street as stiff legged as a crowbar, and the old man watched him out of sight, and then turned and whispered:

"Fo' de Lawd! but Ize ober sixty y'ars ole an I nebber dun seed sich transparency in a diligent young man befo'!"

IN A HUSTLING TOWN.

I had an appointment with a real estate man in a new town to ride out and inspect some of his property. He was an hour late, but when he finally drove up he explained:

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, but I had very important business to attend to."

That was all right, of course, and I thought no more of it until we drew rein in front of some vacant property a mile away.

"That's what detained me," said the agent, as he pointed to a man lying on the ground and a newly painted sign erected over the body.

"Is it?"

"Why, the man is dead—wandered out here and committed suicide. A far-

"I DESIAH TO REPRESS A FEW FACTS.

mer coming in early this morning put me on and I came out with that sign. We have to hustle out here, you know."

The sign was on cloth and read:

FIRST SUICIDE
IN THE EASTERN SUBURBS!
OUR PROPERTY SELECTED IN PREFERENCE TO ALL OTHERS!
ANY OF THESE BEAUTIFULLY LOCATED LOTS FOR $100 EACH!
CAN'T MAKE NO MISTAKE IN BUYING HERE!

He had other property for sale a mile further down the road, and we drove down to look at it. On returning, and when within about forty rods of the body, the agent stood up and began to curse in an awful way. I couldn't understand what had come over him until we got nearer. Then I saw that the body had been moved across the street to property in the hands of another agent. The first sign had been torn down and flung into a ditch, and on the new one erected over his body I read:

I DIED HERE
BECAUSE I HADN'T THE MONEY TO BUY ONE OF THESE ELEGANT LOTS FOR ONLY $100 EACH!
CHEAPEST PROPERTY IN THE STATE OF KANSAS!
Bury me across the street on one of those lots which would be dear at $50.

SHE WAS BUSINESS.

We had a woman in the stage with us as we left Hays City for La Crosse, Kan. She was about forty years old, fairly good looking, and she bit off her words in a brisk and businesslike manner. While she readily entered into conversation with us, there was a look about her eyes which read as plain as any signboard, "Don't attempt any nonsense with the undersigned." We had got out about ten miles when a tire came off one of the fore wheels. All the men got out to aid the driver in repairing damages, and we were hard at work when a man crawled out of a dug-out about forty rods away and sauntered up to us.

"Gentlemen," he said, as he reached the coach, "I see you have a female passenger."

"Yes," replied the driver.

"Married or single?"

"Dunno."

"Would you object to my asking her the question, and if single of offering her my heart and hand."

"Not at all. Give you ten minutes to settle matters."

He stepped back to the door, took off his hat, and was about to say something when the woman descended to the ground. She had a notebook in one hand and a pencil in the other, and she wet the pencil point on her tongue and queried:

"Name, please?"

"Johnson."

"How much land?"

"Ninety acres."

"Your age?"

"Forty-five."

"Very well, sir, very well. You are No. 11 on the list. Johnson—forty-five—ninety acres—dug-out—ten miles from Hays City—July 13. I have it straight, Mr. Johnson, and if the other ten should go back on me your chance is No. 1. That's all, Mr. Johnson; good morning!"

M. QUAD.

JAPANESE COURTS OF JUSTICE.—A Japanese journal, describing the manner in which witnesses are sworn and evidence taken in native courts of justice, says that with the Japanese anything to which a man affixes his seal is considered more sacred than what he may say. Hence, each witness is required to make a declaration to the effect that, with a mind free from bias in favor of or against either of the litigating parties, and with perfect fairness, he will give evidence; and, after this has been read out by the recorder of the Court and handed to the witness in the form of a document, the latter is expected to affix his seal to it. The same plan is adopted with the statement of facts which, in the course of the examination he undergoes, a witness makes in Court. The purport of his evidence is written out by the recorder, and, before leaving the Court, he is required to make what corrections are necessary to render the written statement a trustworthy record of his evidence and to guarantee its correctness by affixing his seal. Though this process occupies a good deal of time, it precludes the possibility of the evidence given being incorrectly reported, which, in trials where the decision of the Court depends largely on oral evidence, is a matter of much moment.

NYM CRINKLE'S LETTER

New York's Spring Melange of Tragedy, Comedy and Music.

SARAH BERNHARDT IN "LEAH."

Her Performance Not Up to the High Expectations of Her Audiences—"Across the Potomac," "Polly Middles" and an Uninteresting "Child of Fortune."

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, April 27.—The return of Mme. Bernhardt to New York city was noticeably without any of the extraordinary heralding and greeting that preceded and attended her first metropolitan season. She played "Leah" at the Metropolitan opera house, a house better adapted to her genius than her patronage, and to use an expressive vulgarism, "She was out of sight."

"Leah" was a disappointment to her intelligent admirers. It is a purely German drama, and although it was Frenchified for her use, she could not measure the majestic orbit of its race wrongs.

Her conception of the part of the Jewish maiden is contrary to the tradition established by the best German and English actresses, and her French views, in my opinion, so belittled the ethical import of the drama and the character as to place them entirely outside of her triumphs.

Mme. Bernhardt is a mistress of stage effects. No one will deny that, and in all those French melodramas and tragedies which have been constructed with stage effects in view she is technically inimitable.

But to take a play which has other and higher ends in view and bring it down to the theatric formula, is to any cultivated observer a desecration.

It is very much like those pictures of the fall and the deluge and other allegorical and spiritual significances which reduce a canon to a cartoon.

"Leah" had been played here by Ristori and Janauschek, both of whom preserved in it the Israelitish majesty of a race and a covenant. It had in their treatment a tremendous spiritual sweep. In Bernhardt's hands it fell to a melodramatic ingenuity. The great curse scene was belittled to the point of personal ferocity and vindictiveness—made, I grant you, very acrid and tumultuous and exciting, but in the delivery of it Leah lost all the dignity and grandeur that a race wrong and a belief in a God who had said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," gave to Janauschek when she, throned upon a Jewish monotheism, poured out the lines like an avenging prophetess.

The difference was just that between the conscious outrage of eternal principles and the retaliation of a wounded animal; between a wrong that has heaven on its side and a spite that has merely an agonized vehemence; between Brunhilde and La Tosca; between Voltaire and Luther; between the melodramatic vivacity and volubility of French effect and the deep meaning of the German tragic spirit.

Bernhardt, in my opinion, is the goddess of the trivial; her stage mission is to deify device and overwhelm the senses with a cheap but ingenious symbolism of conduct.

She got it into her head that in this Jewish play, brought so squarely in conflict with the perverted Christian spirit of the times it portrays, that it would be effective to make Leah continually suggest the crucifixion that symbol of persecution and cruelty to the Jews. To do this she had to extend her arms and throw her head back and stand in an agonized pose against a dark background. And she did it three times in the course of the drama.

Who but a Frenchwoman would have conceived of the far fetched device? And what was its value after all? It is true, as we all know, that from the time when Titus denuded the whole of Judea of timber to make crucifixes upon which to hang Jews down to our Russian day, the cross

BERNHARDT AS LEAH.

has been a symbol of persecution to the race. But why cut out Mosenthal's direct and touching allusion to it and substitute this mimetic device, except to catch the eye with an unworthy piece of sensationalism.

The Hebrew contingent in New York happens to be the most critical art patrons we have. It supports the best drama and the best music. It did not care for Bernhardt's "Leah" any more than the English contingent cared for Bernhardt's "Joan of Arc."

Piton and Alfriend's war drama, "Across the Potomac," at Proctor's theater proved to be a mechanical melodrama with nothing new in the story or plot, but like all of Mr. Pitou's productions, it was admirably embellished and staged. The weakness lies in the utter barrenness of the heroic element—a fault that was observable in Mr. Pitou's play, "The Power of the Press." In both these plays the chief personages are the puppets of circumstance. They never achieve anything, they never overcome and they never triumph. Things happen to favor them. This is the result of making a play with nothing more than a stage director's motive, and you can never make Mr. Piton understand that an audience demands individuality fighting against circumstance and defying fate itself.

Whenever a stage director makes a war play he is chiefly bent on getting war upon the boards, and the result is always the same—an army corps is represented by a skirmish line and the roar of artillery by the thud of a drum. Always when the frenzied heroine exclaims, "Ah, I hear the thunder of their heavy guns," something goes "puff," as if a horse collar had fallen down on a barn floor. Always when the excited commanding general cries, "Great heavens! it is their whole corps in advance; I see the serried columns," six supers come on and go into absurd gymnastics, so as to avoid sticking their bayonets into each other. This is usually referred to by somebody as "the death grapple of the contending forces."

Why stage managers will try to do in eighteen feet square what requires eighteen miles square is one of the inexplicable problems of war dramas. The atmosphere of war may be put upon the stage—as in "Held by the Enemy." The actual conflict, never—as witness "Shenandoah;" that is saved by its comedy and made ridiculous by its combat.

"Across the Potomac" will not arrest thoughtful attention; it is too brazenly theatric and conventional.

But Mr. Pitou's managerial cleverness obtained attention for it on the first night. He put a squad of United States marines from the navy yard into it. They gave color and business to the war scenes. But when Mr. Pitou takes this piece on the road he cannot have marines, and will have to employ such supers as the town can furnish him, and then Oklowaha will wonder why New York praised the war performance.

Mr. Pitou has also put several excellent people in this play. But they have little opportunity to display their talents. Mr. Robert Hilliard has not a chance even to try to act. Miss Alice Fischer has to wear male attire and Mr. Will Harcourt has to perish in a fit of magnanimity.

Mr. A. C. Gunter, the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York" (a book which has had a circulation second only to the Bible), put on an operetta the other night at the Fourteenth Street theater. At least he calls it an operetta, but we used to call these things musical farces.

"Polly Middles" proved to be extravagant and vivacious enough to please. You may know how extravagant it is when I tell you that part of it takes place in Pompeii in 1892, and by wizarding the whole dramatis personæ backward, the rest of it takes place in Pompeii at the time of the great eruption. There is nothing then left for the audience to do but discover that it is all a dream.

I am glad that dream plays are now confined to musical farces. From the first (which was "Victorine, or I'll Sleep on It") to the last (which was "A Daughter of the Nile") audiences have always resented the waking up in the last act.

The last new comic opera, "The Child of Fortune," is virtually a musical failure. The Casino presented it, but Carl Milloecker writes now like a man in his dotage. The comic opera libretto I need scarcely tell you has run down to emptyings. This one is a study of a Scotchwoman who is in debt and resolves to marry a man who, under the Scotch law, will as her husband have to go to prison in her place. She selects a traveling photographer, who turns out in prison to have inherited a vast fortune. It is impossible to get much entertainment out of this scheme, although the Casino company struggles very heroically and picturesquely with it.

By the way, Mr. Seabrooke, the hero of Bill Nye's "Cadi," is presently to bring out a new comic opera, "The Isle of Champagne," the libretto of which is from the pen of Charles A. Byrne.

NYM CRINKLE.

Pipp, the Michigan Giant.

One of the new star players of Captain Adrian C. Anson's Chicago club for the season of 1892 was to have been Henry L. Pipp, of Michigan, but in spite of the fact that great things were expected of him he only played a few games with the Chicagos, resigned and returned to Michigan. There is a suggestion of smallness about the name Pipp, but there is nothing small about Pipp himself, who is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, and tips the beam at over 200 pounds. He is every inch an athlete, and is probably one of the most magnificent specimens of physical manhood in the baseball business.

HENRY L. PIPP.

Pipp has been playing ball for a dozen years, most of the time for relaxation only from the care and confinement of a hardware business. Finally, however, the charms of the diamond led Pipp away from the fascination of weighing tenpenny nails, and he abandoned holding up customers for the more congenial vocation of holding down second base.

Hoy, the Deaf Mute Fielder.

In the judgment of many people, about the last man who could hope for success on the diamond would be a player who could neither hear his captain's commands, coach his fellows nor talk back at the umpire. Yet, despite the fact that he cannot hear a sound nor speak a word, W. E. Hoy, one of the fielders of the Washington club, has for a number of years ranked high among American baseball players. The deaf mute, whose home is at Findlay, O., first made a hit on the diamond in 1887 with the Oshkosh club, of the Northwestern league, when he assisted materially in winning the pennant.

W. E. HOY.

In 1888-9 Washington used Hoy to good advantage, while 1890-1, respectively, found him doing good work for the Buffalo Players' league and St. Louis clubs. His double affliction does not seem to handicap him in the least. He handles the stick effectively, gets around the bases in lightning order and covers center field in a faultless manner.

A. G. Spalding, ex-president of the Chicago club, says he has lost thousands of dollars by refusing to countenance Sunday ball playing, but that he values a quiet conscience above the money he might have made.

The bicycle is to be put upon the stage. A play will soon be produced with fifteen bicyclists in the cast. "Love on Wheels" is the drama's title.

Fred Pfeffer has already become a great favorite with the Louisville baseball cranks.

REDFERN FASHIONS.

The Signs and Wonders of Spring—Are Streamers Pretty?

Man's Position During Spring Cleaning—Coats Required Now and Then.

NEW YORK, May 1892.—Spring is now more than an accomplished fact, and after a little meandering and hesitating, it is here with all it's accompanying signs and wonders. The signs are making themselves distinctly seen, in the budding trees of Madison Square, the gambolling children with their meditative nursemaids—meditating probably on love, the proper subject for spring,—in the contented and beaming aspects of the policemen who after the stern winter winds, bask in the glorious sunshine with that air of complacent proprietorship of the weather that only a New York policeman can assume.

The wonders surely are the miracles of millinery and the streamers whose particolored lengths fly in the face of all male creation. The rage for these eccentricities is perfectly immense, and no fashion has ever been more universally followed or more generally abused. It may be that two long tails of "eau de nil" satin, four inches wide, with an aggressive rosebud catching them together about halfway, hiding the curve of the wearer's neck, or flapping in the eye of some unfortunate passer by, is pretty, but to one who studies fashion as a becoming adjunct to Nature, it is just the reverse. Surely Dame Fashion is laughing in her sleeve at her slight hint being magnified into an absolute decree. Another sign is Spring cleaning,—woman's delight, man's curse. Where, where shall he find a resting place? The parlor is a howling wilderness of carpets, dismantled tables, confused bric-a-brac, sapolio, soap and excited servants. The hall is like a street that is undergoing repairs, with no thoroughfare stamped on it's general appearance. The chairs reversed on one another, repel the invasion of a visitor, and the absence of the hat rack has a singularly inhospitable look. The mention of food is met by a look of blank and injured surprise, and the air has an unappetizing odor of furniture polish and soap suds. There is no time in the year when woman holds her position so firmly, so undisputably, so relentlessly—no time when man feels such a mere cipher.

I have told you a good deal about gowns lately but not much about coats. That is because there is no actual half season in America, just as there is no twilight. The American climate is so decided, it has no half tones. Ladies seem to plunge from jackets of cloth and fur into gowns of muslin and silk. Now and then however a cool day comes without any warning and it is impossible to go back to the fur trimmed garments.

Covert coats are the things which Redfern says should be worn on these odd days. The straight backed coat is sold as well but it takes the straightest, and most stylish girl to wear it properly. The covert coat should be made of box cloth with strapped seams, and semi-fitting and single breasted with a fly front like a gentleman's top-coat.

Mountaineering is fast becoming one of the favorite summer recreations of our athletically inclined girls.

They go at it with a right good will and having furnished themselves with the "kit" suitable for the expedition, they plan their route and emulate the example of the youth who bore, mid snow and ice, the banner with the strange device "Excelsior."

There is no use in our adventurous modern damsel expecting to figure about the mountain wilds in flimsy draperies, chiffons and laces. Thick materials are most essential—materials that will stand a heavy shower or a cloud of dust. Waistcoats of a masculine sort of stuff called "Tattersall" are to be recommended, while the costume should be composed of stout serge or cloth.

The costume which Redfern has expressly designed for this purpose is made of a serviceable material called "hopsacking." The short skirt is caught up on one side to show a petticoat of the same material beneath. The bodice is in the form of a revered jacket and corselet. A wide curved buckle gives support at the waist, and a small pocket hangs suspended from it. A linen shirt and tie finishes the costume. The gown is slightly braided and the cap and gaiters of the same material as the costume are worn with it.

Redfern

The next sketch shows the fashionable damsel in her theatre gown or a suitable one for little evening gatherings. Foulard silk and lace are the two materials used, and in the skirt decoration will be seen the fashionable ribbon bows which form so important a part of skirt decoration just now. The shoulder decoration is a lace cape which takes the place both of collar and revers. The ribbon belt shewn in this sketch is a prominent article of feminine attire just now.

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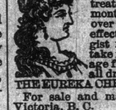

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Victoria, B. C., 25th April, 1892.
GEO. A. SARGISON,
ap26 Secretary, pro dem.