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A STREET CAR CITY.

An Odd Resort on the California Coast.

Disused Street Conveyances Turned Into Seaside Cottages—They Are for Rent Only.

The idea of converting an abandoned street car into a domicile is strictly Californian—as original as the houseboat life of Belvedere bay or the slave traffic of Chinatown. When you think of it, there is no reason why some such use should not be made of those obsolete vehicles, with their glazed sides and varnished panels. Yet there is nothing about the style of them as they were borne through the streets in other and older days to suggest this ultimate purpose of their being. Who, though, sees his old clothes in the white paper of the morning journal, or more real in the gas flame which illuminates his dining-room? Of the availability of a street car for living purpose there may be a question, but of the adaptability of the structure there is no doubt—not, at least, after a visit to Carville. Carville is on the verge of the Pacific ocean, and on the northwest edge of Golden Gate park. It is founded on the sand dunes, and its residents are free of the sea breezes and the sunsets. Before them the park stretches out its vistas of dark green; around them are tawny sand dunes—a veritable Sahara billowing away to the hills. To the west the Pacific stretches illimitably its bright wastes of blue waters. An admirable site surely—a seaside resort within a stone's throw of San Francisco.

Carville and its cars belong to Adolph Sutro. You may occupy a car there, lease it even, at the rate of five dollars per month. You may convert it to domestic purposes, furnish it elaborately, but you cannot purchase it or its site for love or money. The location, thinks Mr. Sutro, who is a man of much foresight, has a future. What other great city has a seaside resort at its doors, he wants to know. Here is a London with its Brighton in the suburbs, a New York with a Narragansett pier on its water front. Why, it will be worth millions yet. The plutocrat of the twentieth century will have his villa here rather than on Pacific Heights or at Burlingame. Indeed, Mr. Sutro, who had the imagination to build the biggest and ugliest baths in America, and a Cliff house that looks like a fortified dry goods box, has but to close his eyes and see a vision of pale pink palaces embowered in verdure along the boulevard stretching over the sand dunes to the gum trees in the distance, and all paying tribute to his foresight. This is the ocean beach according to Sutro.

W. M. Coward's domicile is a summer villa—the swell show place of Carville. It is hung with portieres, equipped with a dining-table, a tiny kitchen and all the other domestic attributes. Its outfit of furniture and trappings cost $150, and really the impression you have of the interior is quite sumptuous. It might be a Pullman car, or a costly corner in a plutocrat's mansion, or something equally luxurious—if you can think of it. Here cometh the owner every Sunday armed with the materials of the Sabbath dinner, and he and his family enjoy the ozone and the freedom of beach, park and sand dunes. If he chooses, he may live there the week through—as Capt. Daily does. The captain is a gentleman of prominence and education, who found himself a few years back broken in health and out of pocket. There was a bit of a hut set out on the edge of the ocean which he obtained leave to occupy, believing that the fresh, free air of the Pacific was endowed with healing virtues which the atmosphere of the city proper did not possess. An invalid veritably, though young in spirit, he made the hut his domicile, and ever since he has waxed strong and hearty, regained his lost health and secured a new lease of life. The little cabin has been transformed into a quaint residence ornamented with the spoils of the sea. Behind it are stacked up timbers and shells and cocoanut husks and innumerable other articles of flotsam and jetsam. A dining-room has been scooped out of the sands and around the walls grow flowers. But it is the collection of bottles you will look at with the deepest interest. Such an array of bottles standing in every corner and brasure of the establishment, every one of them picked up by the captain in his morning tramp along the great, broad beach, which curves in shining reaches away to Lake Merced. He will tell you of the charm of life on the ocean shore and assure you that the sea fogs have their abiding place, not on the water's edge, but amid the chimney pots of the city. He will descant to you of renewed vitality and buoyancy of spirits gained from the sea breeze.—San Francisco Wave.

All Made of Dripping.

An old lady, describing a visit to a famous cavern in the Peak district, went on: "Deary me, yes. The accomplishire was almost too trifling for me to breathe. But the starkalights was lovely, and all made out of dripping, so the guide told me."—The Rival.

WASHINGTON ICE HOUSE.

A Lady Traveler's Story of a Visit to Mount Vernon.

"It is ice-water, drinking so much ice-water, which is injuring the health of so many people. The glands of the stomach are paralyzed. Digestion is ruined. The whole body suffers from it."

We were a mixed company in the dining-car, en route to Washington. The speaker was a very positive gentleman, a physician, who had peremptorily ordered the waiter to remove the ice from his glass of water.

"Ice is the bane of modern life," he continued, with conviction. "Look at our hardy forefathers. Look at our early statesmen; such men as Washington, Jefferson, the Adamses and Lincoln in his young days. Their digestion was spoiled by ice. Imagine George Washington drinking ice water! Thank heaven, ice-houses were then unknown."

"I sincerely beg pardon," interrupted a lady sitting at the table across the car-aisle. "George Washington had an ice-house."

"I am sure you are mistaken," cried the enemy of ice.

"I am equally certain that I am correct," rejoined the lady, laughing; "for the best of all reasons; I once fell into it!"

By this time the attention of the whole party was enlisted in the discussion.

"It was when I was a girl of 16," the lady continued, merrily. "There were ten of us, all young people, save one, on a first visit to Washington; and we had gone down the Potomac by steamer to see Mount Vernon.

"What a day that was for me! We peeped into every room, corner and nook of the Washington mansion, visited the weave-room, the dairy, the flower-garden, the greenhouse and even the stables, everything. And of course we had gone to the tomb of Washington on our way up from the steamer landing, both the old tomb and the new tomb.

"When at length the bell rang to call us back to the steamer, five or six of us ran to the brink of the deelitity fronting the river, for a hasty glance at the water view, which showed beautifully through the trees below.

"Suddenly, while looking off, I found myself on the very verge of a deep pit in the side of the steep bank, and before I was aware, the turf and earth fell away under my feet. In a moment I had slid down for at least 30 feet into a wet, awfully dirty place, a sort of cave, which, however, opened out at the bottom.

"I was not much hurt, but shockingly muddy; and my companions rescued me at the orifice below amidst shouts of laughter.

"The superintendent, who had been attracted by the outcries, told us that I had inadvertently fallen into George Washington's old ice-house! and that the family were accustomed to store up a supply of ice in this pit for use during the heats of the summer months.

"The place where I fell in is now occupied as the site of a small summer-house on the brink of the bluff."

A general clapping of hands followed the lady's story, but the opponent of ice remained unconvinced.—Youth's Companion.

ALLOWED TO SMOKE.

Wiles of the Wife to Get Him to Resume a "Bad Habit."

He had told his wife before they were married that he would never, never, give up smoking, and that he would make no promises only to break them again, and she had responded sweetly that she honored him for his candor, and there the matter rested until they had returned from their wedding trip and settled down to housekeeping.

Then a change came o'er the spirit of their dreams. By alternate coaxing and nagging the young wife induced her husband to give up his beloved pipe and tobacco, but his disposition changed so that she hardly knew him. From being a sociable, sympathetic companion he degenerated into a household mute. His wife thought matters over, and being a girl of sense concluded to give him his freedom and call back his sunny disposition. But how? After moving heaven and earth to get him to relinquish smoking it would never do to ask him to smoke again. Womanlike, she hit upon an expedient.

"Harold," she said the other evening as he sulked about the house, "my flowers need a smoke bath. How shall I give it?"

"Build a slow fire under 'em," he suggested, indifferently.

"They don't need that kind of smoke, you dear old stupid," chirped his wife. "It must be strong tobacco."

"What!" ejaculated Harold. "Not in this house!"

"Certainly. I cannot lose all my beautiful plants. They are just covered with little green bugs, and nothing will kill them but tobacco smoke. And you will have to do the smoking."

"Darling, you are an angel," began Harold, but he saw that he was tripping, so he concluded mildly: "Well, if I am to do it, perhaps I might as well begin now," and he turned away to hide the joy in his face.

The little green bugs are all dead, but Harold continues to give the flowers their smoke bath.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Crumpled Sleeves.

It takes a clever dressmaker to crumple one's sleeves without adding to the apparent size of the shoulder. The sleeve must follow the line of the arm, but still be full enough to "crumple" over the wrist and hand. The proper way to produce this effect is to cut the sleeves the same width as the lining, but very much longer. Then the material is pushed up or down without bulging sideways giving the desired "crumpled" look, which is yet to be distinguished from shirring. The epaulette is often a mass of pillows massed on the shoulder seam.

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