

THE ADVOCATE.

A GOSSIP.

Midnight, and the stars were gleaming In the deep blue dome of the sky, And the moon was softly beaming O'er the earth from her throne on high.

'Twas then that the poplars stately, To the stars in a whisper clear, Told the news of the day sedately, Nor dreamt of a listener near.

"She came," said the taller, gravely, "To our shade when the sun was low— "And left," cried the younger, "bravely, Though her sweet eyes looked her woe."

"She came," again said the elder, "With a sudden angry frown, And a tap on the youngster's shoulder, "To our shade as the sun went down.

"With a letter; I missed the writer, Whose words could light her eyes, And flush her cheeks, till brighter They shone than roseate skies.

"She broke the seal, and faded, The red of her cheeks to white, And I read the lines, well aided, By the gleam of the red sunlight.

"It was penned on the eve of his bridal, To a lady of high degree— And regretful words and idle— "Not half so fair as she."

"And she read the lines all over, With never a sob or tear, Of him who had been her lover In the spring time of the year.

"And I hope on some happier morrow, When her grief has lost its smart, She may smile at her present sorrow, And trust to a true heart."

—Magdalen Book in Chambers' Journal.

The Guests.

Big dinner parties of ill assorted guests are failures from a conversational point of view. A fresher, or a table, round if possible, and say four or half a dozen guests, are sufficient. More will break up into separate knots, and fewer mean a tete-a-tete. "I had," says Thoreau, "at Walden three chairs in my house—one for solitude, two for friendship, three for society." The hermit Thoreau in his hut at Walden was wiser than the man who looks for society in a crush.

An unhappy husband living in Portland place, whose wife inflicted heavy parties upon him, was standing in a very forlorn condition leaning against the chimney piece. A gentleman came up to him and said, "Sir, as neither of us are acquainted with any of the people here, I think we had best go home." Social crowds must not expect the great men among them to talk well. She must have been a most unreasonable person who was disappointed with Napoleon because when a lot of ladies were presented to him he only remarked to each of them how hot it was.—Gentleman's Magazine.

The Advantage of Chopsticks.

Chopsticks, far from being awkward, are the most convenient as well as the cleanest table utensils once the secret of their use is learned. There is an indescribable knack of fixing one stick firmly and linging the other with the first and second finger so as to play exactly upon the fixed stick, which renders the little implements perfect for everything except, of course, juice or gravy and soup. One can even cut with them by inserting the sticks close together, and then forcibly separating them, and as for hardness and precision of grasp, in a little water at this very restaurant, even I myself picked up with the hash twenty-two single grains of rice in one minute from a lacquered tray, being beaten by a Japanese lady, whose swift skill dexterously conveyed as many as forty-nine.—Edwin Arnold in Scribner's.

Black Boiled Eggs.

There is a hen in Eufaula. Her eggs are of common size and shape, the shells being perfectly white. The "white" instead of being white is jet black when boiled. There is no difference in the taste from the common hen's eggs. The yolk is of ordinary color, and the deep black color of the whites only extends to the outside covering, as when cut open the egg appears to present the same appearance as any ordinary egg.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Samuel Plimsoll, the sailors' friend, who for thirty years has been laboring to secure better protection for seamen employed in the merchant service, is a benevolent looking old man, with a kindly face. His hair is sooty, but what there is of it is white, and he has a full, flowing white beard. His eyes are somewhat dimmed by age and are so weak that he is forced to wear blue glasses.

The ivory doll of the Rottan child was too costly for the ages that followed the fall of the empire. For many centuries dolls must have been chiefly of home manufacture. The first shop made dolls after the Middle Ages were the jointed wooden dolls of the Netherlands. These were known in England, and in this country, too, in Colonial times, as "Flanders babies."

The idea of trinity is not confined to Christianity, but occurs in several religions. In mythology, also, we find Three Fates, Three Furies and Three Graces, and coming nearer to our own times Shakespeare introduces his Three Witches.

Lord Tennyson has a brother Frederick who is older than the poet. He himself once essayed verse making and published in 1854 a book of poems, but with this effort he retired from the field of literature.

The total length of the streets, avenues, boulevards, bridges, quays and thoroughfares of Paris is set down at 600 miles, of which nearly 200 are planted with trees.

His Father Not Alive. The following anecdote is from "Glances at Great and Little Men," by "Paladin."

A lady of the court told me a funny anecdote of one of the numerous Americans who were presented at the Tuileries. He was a young man, and the emperor had known his father in America, so the latter, wishing to be gracious, said:

"Et, monsieur, votre pere, vit-il encore?" (Does your father yet live?)

"Pas encore, sire." (Not yet, sire.) The emperor had much ado to restrain from laughing, and put his next question in English.

SKIN GRAFTING IS PAINFUL.

It Is a Nerve Trying Operation for the Man Who Loses the Cuticle.

"The story of the Chicago Knights Templar who bared their arms to the surgeon's knife that the life of a brother knight might be saved through skin grafting is an interesting one," said a gentleman the other morning, "but it is doubly interesting to one who has passed through the ordeal. According to accounts the skin was removed from the arms of the Chicago knights by the aid of a razor. It was not so in my case. The surgeon on that occasion used a pair of scissors.

"About four years ago an intimate friend of mine was burned by an explosion in a steel mill. The wounds were not dangerous, but owing to their peculiar nature healed very slowly. He fretted under the necessary confinement in his room, and one day the physician, a recent graduate, and likewise a friend, remarked that the patient could be greatly benefited by skin grafting. Another young man who happened to be present and I volunteered to make the sacrifice. An appointment for the next day was made, and was kept by the physician and me alone.

"I looked upon the affair as in the nature of a joke at first, but it soon began to grow serious. I was under the impression that a knife would be used, but when my arm was bared and I saw the young surgeon draw from his case a finely polished pair of scissors my flesh began to creep. The operation is really a painful one. The man of instruments took a pair of tweezers, and, nipping the skin of my fore arm, lifted it up. Then with his scissors he cut it off in about three motions as deliberately as a dry goods clerk would cut a piece of ribbon. It was a neat job, however. Only the cuticle was removed. The flesh was exposed, but not cut, and, while the veins were plainly discernible, very little blood flowed. Two strips of adhesive plaster pulled the edges of the wound—about the size of a nickel—together. My arm was sore for a week and the scar remains, but there were no other ill effects.

"The piece of skin taken from my arm was cut into probably a dozen smaller pieces and applied to the burned places. It aided the healing process wonderfully."—Kansas City Times.

An Expensive Postal Card.

"I saw a bit of rumpled postal card the other day that cost the Pennsylvania railroad company \$5,000," said a young lawyer.

"It was in the damage suit of Mrs. Nellie Keane against the railroad for \$5,000 damages for killing her husband Maurice in July, 1888. Her attorney was Alexander Sullivan, who, in searching the police record of the accident, found a postal card which had been written to Chief Hubbard by a prominent young member of the Typographical union. This man was an eyewitness of the accident, and he wrote to the police denouncing the carelessness of the road in guarding the Thacker street crossing, where the accident occurred. Up to this point the evidence looked very poor for Mrs. Keane, but the discovery of this witness changed the whole aspect of affairs. Mr. Sullivan hunted him up, through him found other witnesses, and after a hot fight with the company in Judge Clifford's court obtained a verdict for \$5,000."—Chicago Times.

He Made a Big Mistake.

A few days ago a man raised his hat to a lady in a prominent retail store. The lady stared at him for his impertinence and turned her head. His face flushed, and after hesitating a moment he went up to her and said: "You really must excuse me, madam, for I mistook you for a lady whom I met but once a short time ago. I saw my mistake at once, but still there is a very great resemblance. Her name is Mrs. —. The resemblance is so remarkable you may have heard of her."

The lady, with an amused smile, finally said:

"Yes, the resemblance is remarkable. I myself am Mrs. —."

The man started. By the time he had discovered just what the "mistake" was that he saw the lady was gone.—Chicago Herald.

Insecticide.

A young man from the country had been visiting the city, and was relating some of his adventures to admiring friends.

Among other things he gave an account of how he attended mass in the cathedral. As he described the ceremonies, he noticed that one young lady seemed greatly interested, and when he mentioned the waving of the censers, she suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Stroll, did you really see them burn insects, as people say they do?"—Youth's Companion.

The Trichina's Vitality.

Experiments made in France with a view to discovering the amount of vitality in specimens of trichina show that, though they are subjected to a temperature of 25 degs. below zero for two hours, they again become as lively as ever on the return of a normal amount of light and heat.—St. Louis Republic.

In the Story.

A story writer has a rattlesnake strike at a man and come so near his cheek that "drops of poison fell upon his face." No poison can escape from the fangs of a snake until they enter the flesh, and the aperture by which it escapes would not take a human hair. He might as well have had a frog climbing a tree.—Detroit Free Press.

Two Views.

Miss Pugh—But don't you think it's improper to introduce the clergy on the stage?

Mr. Boxe—Why, no; some of them are good enough actors, it seems to me.—Puck.

Boyslike.

Farmer Green (to boy caught stealing his apples)—Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?

Safety Omnibuses.

An arrangement for preventing the overturning of omnibuses and other road vehicles in case of the breakage of a wheel or an axle, or of the drawing of an axle box, was recently put successfully through its trials. The invention consists of four supports attached to the axle, one being placed just inside of the four wheels. Each support has at the bottom a small solid wheel or roller, which normally is about an inch above the road surface. Upon either of the wheels coming off, the support next to it comes into play, and the vehicle runs upon the three remaining wheels and one of the small wheels.

In the recent trials an omnibus fitted with the safety appliances and having all four wheels loose on the axles was filled with passengers inside and out. It was then driven about at good speed on rough places in the roadway and over tram rails in zigzag fashion until one or more of the wheels came off, when it was driven back to the starting point without the pace being slackened. A number of runs were made, all the wheels in one instance coming off, and the omnibus returning on the rollers only. No violent shock was experienced on a wheel coming off, nor was there in any case serious lurching, even when on a side-long slope. It is stated that the experiments were in every way successful, and so far show that the appliance fulfills its intended purpose.—New York Telegram.

Kept His Word.

There are some people who seem fated to be imposed upon at every turn, and Nathan Graves was one of these guileless unfortunates. It did seem as if nothing would ever teach him to be cautious. At one time good fortune had come to him in the shape of a comfortable legacy from a brother, a well-to-do merchant in the city.

"It looks now as if Nathan was provided for," said his patient wife; but before six months had passed she changed her mind.

An enterprising stranger came to the town, and easily persuaded Nathan to embark with him in a "patent medicine" enterprise, for which the new comer had plenty of capacity, but no ready money.

Nathan promptly supplied him with this necessary article, and for about two months took great pride in a glittering sign which bore the names of "Sharp and Graves." At the end of that time, however, Sharp suddenly vanished, taking all the money he could lay his hands on, and leaving poor Nathan only the patent medicine, which was literally a drug on the market.—Youth's Companion.

A Blessing in the Bells.

A touching incident occurred on Blackwell's island when the bell of the new chapel was rung. It was rung for the first time to test its sound, which is peculiarly resonant and sweet. After a few minutes' trial the archdeacon, who had ordered the bell to be cast, sent word to stop the ringing, fearing that it might annoy the inmates of the almshouse. At this moment a lady who had been visiting in the dormitories came out to ask a favor that the ringing might be continued.

She said that many of the poor old inmates had burst into tears when they first heard the sound of the bell; and she declared that it recalled to them the blessed Sunday bells of childhood in the home far away. The sweetness of that tolling bell seemed to send a benison through those dreary wards and to bring back memories full of Christian comfort and aspiration to the inmates.—Young Church.

Success of One Piece of Music.

Very few know anything about Suppe, the composer of "Fatiniza" and several other popular operas, and the father of the "Poet and Peasant" overture. The latter was composed to an entirely different piece and fell flat; the author then tried it at intervals of six months and a year with two other plays, and no one found it pretty. Lastly, because there was not time to write a new overture, it was used with a long forgotten farce called "Poet and Peasant." The farce was successful, and people endured the overture. Then somebody asked permission to publish it in a journal, arranged for the piano. Soon everybody was playing it. Then a music firm bought of Suppe for \$25 the right and published the score. They made a clear \$40,000 with it.—Boston Pilot.

Cabby Drove Off.

A clergyman in London was one night driven home, and paid the cabman what he supposed to be two shillings. He had taken the coins from his waistcoat pocket, but as soon as they had passed from his hands he noticed their peculiar glitter, and said: "Stop, cabman! I've given you two sovereigns by mistake."

"Then your honor's seen the last of them," said the cabman, whipping his horse and driving briskly away. Then the gentleman felt again in his pocket, and found that he had given the man two bright new farthings, which he had that day received and was keeping for his children.—London Letter.

A Good Boy.

Father—Well, what has Tommy been doing today?

Mother—He cut off a piece of the cat's tail, broke three windows, blacked the cook's eye and built a bonfire in the cellar.

Father—Is that all? Tommy must have been a good boy today.—Epoch.

He Had a Bill.

First Well—Here comes Lunnet, the tailor. He looks as if he intended to speak to us.

Second Well (nervously)—Let's turn into this side street and hide in some alleyway. I—I don't like to associate with people in trade.—New York Weekly.

A World-Be-Fraisible Explanation.

Kate—Why, Maud, how you have changed! When I saw you three years ago your hair was auburn, and now it has yellow as gold. So pretty!

Maud—Yes, Katie; you know last year I was ill for a long time with the jaundice.—Judge.

Satisfied with Either.

Mr. Vulgar—Now, me lud, which of my three gals are you arter? Each of 'em will have a hundred thousand on 'er wedding day.

Lord Wardupper—I'm not at all mercenary, old boy—either of them!

Wells & Hazelrigg. Staple and Fancy Dry Goods. By far the largest and handsomest stock of Dress Goods and Novelty Suitings in the market and all paid for. A tremendous stock of Table Linens, Torchon Edgings and osiery, all bought and paid for before the McKinley Bill was passed. Wells & Hazelrigg have more Carpets than all the town put together! We are the only house that carries the best brands, such as LOWELL'S, HARTFORD'S, BROMLEY'S, etc., etc., and which they sell as low as OTHER HOUSES SELL INFERIOR MAKES. Wells & Hazelrigg have the sole control of M. Shortel's Children's and Misses' Shoes—the cheapest in America—and every pair warranted. Also A J. Johnson's and-Made Shoes. Wells & Hazelrigg don't deal in Trash. For ONEST GOODS AND ONEST TREATMENT go to WELLS & HAZELRIGG.

Dinner Customs at Home.

There is a growing feeling that in just so far as a meal in a private house can differ from restaurant and hotel affairs of a similar nature in that ratio is the proper fashionable effect obtained. Menu cards have received their death blow, temporarily, at least, although even the high class caterers are relinquishing them reluctantly. Their value to this class as a medium of decoration and effective display is too great to admit of a quick resignation. Crumb scrapers, even of silver, are no longer in their place, although this can hardly be put down as a non-restaurant practice.

In many fashionable establishments the waiter's tray is also on the shelf, literally and figuratively. In lieu of it a napkin folded square in the palm of the hand secures the untouched plate to each cover. There is an especial significance in this method. It takes the most skillfully trained and expert of assistants to accomplish successfully this hand serving. Carafes are absolutely unknown on well regulated tables.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

A Clergyman's Ring.

A lady of Walnut Street church has presented her pastor with a most remarkable ring. It is probably the only one of the kind in the world. It contains twelve precious stones, the same as were in the Aaronic high priest's breastplate, and arranged in the same order—sardius, emerald, ligure, beryl, topaz, sapphire, agate, onyx, carbuncle, diamond, amethyst and jasper. The effect is beautiful and brilliant, rather too fine for a Baptist preacher to wear. He will wear it sometimes, however, and his better half will wear it a great deal. The stones are specimens of the best of their kind respectively.—Louisville Western Recorder.

Kentucky Nomenclature.

An investigation into some real estate titles, says a Brandenburg correspondent, recently made at that place revealed the peculiar idiosyncrasy of a former resident, Mr. Louis Hamilton, in naming his children. The names of his children are London Judge, Hebrew Fashion, Chinese Figure, Reputable Kingdom, Greek Wisdom.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

One Way to Produce Hornless Cattle.

A new process of preventing horns from growing on cattle is coming into general use. It consists in placing a small quantity of potash on the parts of the head where horns are about to appear when the calves are two or three weeks old. In every case where it has been tried the process has proved a complete success.—Cor. St. Paul Globe.

A White Elephant.

Gent (to beggar whom he has lately treated to a suit of clothes)—Why, man, you are all in rags again; what have you done with that outfit I gave you? Beggar—Why, good sir, I couldn't possibly go a-begging in that splendid suit.—Kilkerli.

Genuine Elder.

"See here yonce, mine frendt. Vy you call do Rhein vine! Dot neffer come from Chermanny alretyt."

"No, sir; it was made of apple and peach rinds, sir."—West Shore.

The Way in New York.

"Please don't talk to me. I'm saving my voice for the opera."

"Why, are you to sing?"

"No. I'm to be in one of the boxes."—Harper's Bazar.

A New Sign.

Shoemaker—I want a sign for my new store. Just say that I sell shoes and repair them.

Sign Painter—Oh, that's so. Why not have something original?

Shoemaker—What would you suggest?

Sign Painter—"Shoes sold and half sold."—America.

ABOUT COLD WAVES.

How Height of Barometer Indicates Variations in Temperature.

During the winter time several cold waves are experienced in America, Europe and Asia. In North America they usually start east of the Rocky mountains and flow southeast over the United States. Similar cold waves spread from Siberia and Russia southeast over Europe, and from Thibet southeast over China and Japan, and also from the Andes eastward over the plains of South America. Such cold waves result from an adjustment of the temperature in the lowest strata of the air from the surface of the ground up to a great height. The cold is always dry air in the lowest stratum, cooled by radiation toward the cold ground below it and toward the clear sky above it until it accumulates in deep layers in the long winter nights of the Arctic regions and then flows toward any region from which warm air is ascending.

Cold waves are associated very closely with extensive areas of low barometer (regions of warm ascending air); they usually occur to the west and northwest of a low area and follow after it. The storm center moves in an easterly or southeasterly direction. These, however, are not the severest kinds of cold waves, their effects lasting but a short time. The severest and prolonged cold waves are associated with extensive areas of very high barometric pressure, which make their first appearance in the regions north of Lake Winnipeg, in Manitoba. Toward the west and of enormous extent they spread southeast and east. The further east these high areas are the more important is the part they exercise in the transmission of cold waves. The advance of such a cold wave usually does not exceed 300 miles in the twenty-four hours.

When, however, the cold wave of a high barometer comes in close proximity with an extensive area of low barometer, the progress of its cold wave is much more rapid, averaging 800 miles in twenty-four hours, and the territory over which there will be 20 degs. fall of temperature will be over half a million square miles. The great advantage of knowing from twelve to thirty-six hours in advance that a temperature will fall quickly and decidedly applies to multiplied business and agricultural interests, besides affecting the comfort and health of thousands of people. Such forecasts of cold waves are now made by the signal service bureau with increasing accuracy and highly satisfactory results, and are much valued by the general public.—Iowa Bulletin.

Know the Girls Wear Their Hair.

The New York schoolgirl wears her hair, as a rule, braided in one or two braids down her back. Sometimes, if the hair is very long, the braid is turned under and tied with a dark ribbon. Even after the dresses are much lengthened there is no change in dressing the hair, and in most cases this method is adhered to until the graduation. When you encounter one of the fashionable boarding schools during its afternoon promenade the younger girl from the provincial town is easily recognized from the mature mode in which her hair is dressed. The simpler style is preferable, particularly as it makes the growth of hair much handsomer.—New York World.

How came it that when you broke into the store you carried off a lot of useless trash and left the money drawer untouched?

Oh, Mr. Judge don't you begin to scold me for that, I beg. I have heard enough about that already from my wife.—[Fleegende Blatter.]

Vociferous at Times—Miss McGinnis—Mr. Gilhooly is such a quiet young man.

Mr. Jackson (who is Gilhooly's room-mate)—Quiet? Not always; you ought to hear him eat and sleep.

A stylish feminine coat fastens at the front with one button.

Life is too Short.

And time and money too precious to be frittered away in the trial of uncertain means of cure, when one is afflicted with any lingering or chronic ailment of the liver, lungs or blood.

Now, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is such a positive remedy for all such ills, as to warrant its manufacturers in selling it, as they are doing, through druggists, on condition that if it don't do all that it is recommended to, the money paid for it will be promptly refunded. There are many blood purifiers advertised, but only the "Golden Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce could sustain itself and be sold under such trying conditions. To sell any ordinary medicine under such a guarantee, would bankrupt its proprietors, but with the "Golden Medical Discovery" all that is asked for is a fair trial, and if it don't do all that it is advertised to, the manufacturers will cheerfully and promptly refund all the money paid for it. By this singularly peculiar method of business, alike liberal to the purchasers and exacting to the manufacturers, the invalid can be sure of getting the value of his money, which is not true of any other medicine. All diseases arising from a torpid liver, or from impure and poisoned blood, are conquered by the "Golden Medical Discovery." Especially has it manifested its marvelous potency in curing salt-rheum, tetter, eczema, psoriasis, impetigo, erysipelas, and all skin and scalp diseases, no matter of how long standing. Scrofulous affections, sores and swellings, as fever-sores, white swellings, hip-joint disease and kindred ailments yield to its positive, purifying, strengthening and healing properties. Lung scrofula (commonly known as consumption of the lungs) also yields to it, if it be taken in time and given a fair trial. Contains no alcohol to inebriate, no syrup or sugar to ferment and impair digestion; as wonderful in its curative results as it is peculiar in composition. Don't accept any substitute, said to be "just as good," that the dealer may make a larger profit.

The following is one of the tales of "Geordie" Drummond, the veteran North End man. It is well known that up in the North the excitement over a great football match is extraordinary; and Drummond says that, after the final tie in the English Cup competition some three or four years ago, between Preston North End and West Bronwich Albion, a man came into the shop of a Preston barber and threw himself down into a chair.

"Shave, sir?" inquired the barber.

"No! Throat cut!" was the astonishing reply. "North End's lost."—[Tid Bits.]

No diploma is required to nurse a life a grind.

Charon is the only ferryman who ever stops on account of fog.

To-morrow is the mirage of time, procrastination is his willing victim.

Men are just as ready to hate you for your virtues as for your faults.

Antes are poor man's small change; it will pay him to hoard the [N. Y. Herald.]

Light and Electricity.

Dr. Samuel Shelton read an interesting paper before the British Association describing some experiments with polarized light. It is well known that a beam of polarized light passing through a tube containing bisulphide of carbon will have its plane of polarization rotated if a current be passed through a coil surrounding the tube, the plane of the coil being parallel to the axis of the tube. It is further a fact that a reversal of current in the coil will cause a vibration of the plane of polarization. Dr. Shelton asked himself the question why the rule would not work both ways, that is to say, why should not a rapidly rotated or vibrated beam of polarized light generate a current in the surrounding coil? and the restless spirit of scientific inquiry which prompted the question, answered it. An apparatus was constructed by which a light from an arc lamp after passing through a large Nicol, was reflected at a very obtuse angle from a small movable mirror, and then passed through bisulphide of carbon surrounded by a wire coil. The mirror was mounted upon a pivoting in direction of the beam of light, but was itself inclined with reference to the axis, so that when it was revolved it twisted the reflected polarization beam away from and back to its initial position once for each revolution of the mirror. A very rapid motion was given the mirror (about 300 revolutions per second) and the terminals of the wire coil were connected with a distant telephone—a galvanometer is not sufficiently sensitive as the current is less than the hundred-millionth part of a volt. A tune was distinctly heard in the telephone which stopped and started with the beginning and stoppage of the motion of the mirror, the tune being an octave higher than that made by the moving mirror. With a rate of 200 revolutions a second the note was not so readily distinguished but was similar to the peculiar sizzling noise common in telephone circuits. This beautiful experiment exemplifies the convertible nature of light and electricity. When we reflect for a moment that nothing takes place with the solenoid coil but the rocking of a beam of light we must marvel at the possibilities of science in revealing the mysterious laws of nature. The "rustling of an angel's wings" is violence compared to the rocking of a ray of light, yet here we have every undulation faithfully reproduced and translated into music clearly intelligible to the dullest human ear.—[Electrical review.]

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