



THE FRENCH SUPREMACY.

ENGLISH FISHERMEN DRIVEN FROM TREATY WATERS

Of the Newfoundland Coast So French Vessels Might Cast Their Nets-Peculiar Conduct of Her Majesty's Ship Buzzard in the Matter.

Whitehorse, N. E. August 14.—Details have reached here of the latest outrage on the treaty shore committed on the schooner Weymouth.

The vessel left Brooklynton Bona Vista Bay, June 28, with Captain Eye and a crew of 12 men, on a fishing voyage to the treaty coast. They reached Cronse on July 1. No French vessel was in sight. On the same day they trapped forty quintals. On the following day they did equally well. Captain Moss, of Salvage, was anchored near, and was doing even better.

The prospects of making a good catch were bright, but suddenly a French brigantine hove in sight. Before he could anchor the French captain sent a boat to Captain Moss and ordered him to take up his traps. He did as ordered and sailed further north. As the brigantine was 170 tons, and the Newfoundland schooner but 40, resistance was impossible. Even were he armed and determined to assert the rights of a sovereign he could not hope to cope with the war ships in the offing.

After having driven Captain Moss out of the harbor the Frenchman paid a visit to Captain Eye's schooner. The captain and crew were minding their traps, only a girl was about. He asked Eye if he was going to take up his traps. The latter did so reluctantly, fish being abundant on the grounds, and left for the north. After Captain Eye and Moss left the French brigantine seized all the fish it could handle, taking in one haul nearly 30,000 fish.

Captain Eye proceeded to White's Arm, but finding no fish there he set his traps at Orix. This was on a Monday. Two days later her majesty's ship Buzzard came on the scene. Her officers went on board the Weymouth. Captain Eye asked if he intended to order him out. The officer replied, "Not a bit of it."

The Buzzard steamed next day for St. Julian, but in a day or two she returned. The same officer boarded the Weymouth. The captain was not present. The officer of the Buzzard said to one of the crew upon being killed that the second trap was out. "If you don't have them up by eight o'clock tomorrow morning the captain of the Buzzard will steam through them." The Buzzard went north that evening.

Eye did not begin taking up his traps until he saw the British warship re-forming at 2 o'clock the next day. She steamed up to his traps, and his crew taking up their traps, sent a boat along side and asked him how long it would take him.

He answered, "Not long," whereupon the officer said, "The captain will give you half an hour to take up your traps, and if you are not out of the harbor by 12 o'clock tonight he will tow you out."

Captain Eye had no alternative. He pulled up his traps, hoisted sail and reached Millergate on July 16, when he made affidavit to the truth of this story before Magistrate Scott.

Sir Henry McCallum will, doubtless, inquire during his tour around the island into the particulars of this and similar "outrages." He will make the imperial government acquainted with the state of affairs, which, if not speedily settled, may lead to a calamitous conflict.

Whitehorse is the only island town in Newfoundland called after one of the bravest of the early adventurers and colonists. It is about midway from St. John's to Harbor Grace, and is the "Ningby's Junction" of the railway running through the island to Fort aux Basques.

The settlement was begun about 100 years ago, chiefly through the efforts of Robert Bond, who has a fine residence here, and when not actively engaged as leader of the opposition in the house of assembly, devotes his time to farming and stock raising. There are several hotels, churches, shops and private residences, but the chief industry is in the machine shops of the Newfoundland Railway.

NAUWIGAWAK NEWS. NAUWIGAWAK, Aug. 22.—The residents of, and tourists to this place have enjoyed themselves during this summer, owing to the numerous picnics and other amusements.

W. R. Sharp and his brother Charles have just returned home after spending a short time with friends here. The school has again opened and is under the careful management of Miss Bertha Duffy.

James R. Gill land, station agent at Madam Junction, spent his vacation with his mother at Kingsport, and his sister Mrs. C. D. Prince, of Nauwigawak. Harry B. Dodge has been working at carpentry in Sussex, and on returning home says there is no place like Nauwigawak for him.

Mr. C. D. Prince entertained in a very satisfactory manner a number of her friends on Saturday evening last. Miss Black of Windsor, Nova Scotia, is spending the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Truman, of this place. Mr. McGregor has returned home after spending the summer here.

Kings County News. BELLEVILLE CHEER, Kings, Aug. 21.—Mr. Wm. Scott and wife of Newton Centre, Mass., are visiting here the guests of Wm. Henderson, Esq.

Rev. G. Fred. Scott of Prince William, York Co., is paying a short visit to his parents. A very enjoyable dance was given at Mr. Henry Marvan's last Friday evening

STILL ANOTHER.

AGAIN A MONTON HOUSE IS BROKEN INTO AND MONEY STOLEN.

Clarence Wilson, of the International, suffers on this occasion—People were asleep in the house at the time—High tides in the Petitcodiac.

MONCTON, Aug. 22.—Monton has had numerous burglaries and robberies of late, but the most daring and mysterious case of household burglary the police have been called upon to investigate in recent years was perpetrated last night in the residence of Clarence Wilson, an employe of the I. C. R., living at the corner of Telegraph and Union streets.

Some unknown party entered his house during the night, ransacked the room and obtained \$65 in money which Wilson kept in a book case. About 2 o'clock Mrs. Wilson was awakened by a noise in the house and upon investigation she found the front door was found open and the drawers of the bureau in several rooms were pulled out, showing that the burglar went through the house thoroughly. A key of the street door was found on the floor, showing that it had been apparently picked out of a pocket.

The burglar was evidently committed by someone who knew money was kept in the house. The door was broken open and the drawers of the bureau in several rooms were pulled out, showing that the burglar went through the house thoroughly. A key of the street door was found on the floor, showing that it had been apparently picked out of a pocket.

The idea in the Petitcodiac has been very high of late. Last night's tide is said to be the highest in ten years. The dykes along the river were broken and caused considerable damage to the hay crop in places. J. G. McDonald, E. Milton, A. J. Sives and E. S. Outhouse suffered losses from broken dykes. McDonald is alleged to have sustained several hundred dollars damage. Dykes on the Monton side near the city were also broken in places.

KISSING BUG A MYTE. Originated in the Brain of a Washington Newspaper Man.

The kissing bug is a myth. There is no such creature in existence. The bug which is the subject of the article is a myth, started by some bright young newspaper man in Washington when there was a scarcity of real news, and swallowed by the glib public as well as hereafter. The Washington boys started the yarn as a hot-weather fake to relieve the tedium of a summer with no congress in session, and the enterprise of journalism did the rest.

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Capitalists at Sydney. SYDNEY, Aug. 22.—E. M. Whitney and party arrived here this morning from Montreal by steamer Comptrol. The town was gayly decorated in honor of their arrival. The party consists of E. M. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Lord (a visitor of Mr. Whitney), J. W. Whitney, Master Estlin Russell (son of an ex-governor of Massachusetts), and Wm. McMaster, of the Montreal Rolling Mills Company. The party will be joined upon the arrival of the express tonight by Senator Geo. A. Cox, Elias Rogers of Toronto, Sir Wm. Wilton, and others in the Shannons of the C.P.R., Hon. Dr. Bardeen, Hon. D. McKean, W. B. Ross, R. B. Angus, E. S. Clouston and others. They will remain here till Thursday, when the party will proceed to Newfoundland to inspect iron mines at Belle Isle. Mr. McMaster says it is the intention of his company to locate here as soon as a convenient site can be secured.

Newfoundland Condemned. OTTAWA, Aug. 22.—A Borgstrom and Kohn Zillicus Finlander, secured by Frank Padley, dominion commissioner of immigration, who met them at Quebec, arrived here last evening. They are delegates sent out by several thousands of their countrymen who, in consequence of the attitude of the Russian authorities towards them, are desirous of immigrating. The delegates have visited Newfoundland and they are now on the way to visit Manitoba and the northwest. They say they found nothing in Newfoundland to justify claims made for the island as an agricultural country.

Senator Price Dying. QUEBEC, Aug. 22.—The illness of Senator John Price is most serious and he is not expected to live until morning.

FREE. ROSE DENTINE TOOTH POWDER. Thoroughly Cleansing and Perfectly Harmless. A unique combination of several elements, all of which are selected because of their purity and their excellence in cleansing and preserving the teeth, 10 cents per packet.

It was an unexpectedly successful conspiracy to frighten persons in the hot weather and cause sleepless nights. The name melanconia, which the newspapers mentioned, is from two Greek words meaning "black bandit." It is not a word used in entomology, but it was a good one for the occasion. To be sure it did not do much good to have a kissing

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The Transvaal government regards the communication as extremely vague. There will be no bloodshed. President Kruger, like a sensible man, will not permit the Transvaal to become involved in a war which would be a disaster to the country.

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SKIRT SAVER. S. H. & M. Bias Brush Edge Skirt Binding. protects the skirt—makes it wear longer—the indelible brush edge is worn without the insertion of buttons cut on bias is famous Natural Skirt-Fitting Curve—no other binding can so properly fit the skirt, no other is so handsome, so dressy, so durable. No time you go shopping ask to see our binding and the best other binding, and you will see the difference, and you'll also be convinced that we're not out from the piece are nowhere made exclusively in this country. S. H. & M. is stamped on every yard. If your dealer will not supply you, we will. S. H. & M. 24 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.



THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH is an 8-page paper and is published every Wednesday and Saturday at 3.00 per year, in advance, by THE TELEGRAPH PUBLISHING COMPANY of Saint John, a company incorporated by act of the legislature of New Brunswick. THOMAS DUNSTON, Business Manager. JAMES HANNA, Editor.

ADVERTISING RATES. Ordinary commercial advertisements (including the run of the paper)—Each insertion 50c per inch. Advertisements of Wants, For Sale, etc., 25c for each insertion of 5 lines or less. Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths 50c for each insertion.

IMPORTANT NOTICE. Owing to the considerable number of complaints as to the misarrangement of letters alleged to have been sent to this office, we have to request our subscribers and agents to send money remitted to this office, to be sent by post office order or registered letter, in which case the remittance will be at our risk.

FACTS FOR SUBSCRIBERS. Without exception names of no new subscribers will be entered until the money is received. Subscribers will be required to pay for papers sent them. If they take them without paying for them, we will not be responsible for their loss.

ST. JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 26, 1899.

THE DREYFUS TRIAL. The gaiety of nations is being greatly promoted by the proceedings at the Dreyfus trial from day to day, but we fear that the larger part of the mirth which the trial causes will be at the expense of the nation in which it is being conducted.

THE DRY DOCK. Mr. George Robertson's dry dock scheme has advanced so far that the question of a site is being considered, and the engineer from England will soon be here to decide the important point.

THE COST OF RAILWAY TRANSPORTATION. The Sun, some time ago, was engaged in the congenial task of endeavoring to convince its readers that no grain or other freight could be carried over the Intercolonial from Montreal to St. John in competition with other railways without ruinous loss.

would distress it more than that the business of St. John should be increased through the efforts of the Hon. A. G. Blair. The minister of railways, by the adoption of a better system, by the purchase of powerful locomotives, and by the consequent increase in the cost of freight trains, thought that he could carry freight over the Intercolonial at a much cheaper rate than the lowest of the non-paying rates under the old government, and for this he had committed some awful crime.

place 90 voted "no" and two "yes." Quebec Centre did some strong voting. Out of 133 voters 117 voted—but his is nothing to poll No. 23, where out of 101 registered voters 98 voted "no" and 7 voted "yes," making 206 in all. In another Quebec city poll 114 voted out of 115, and in still another 111 out of 114. These are impossible records in an honest poll.

It is said that the Dutch inhabitants of Cape Colony sympathize with the Transvaal Boers and that this is also the case with the Dutch of Natal. This is one of the illustrations of the fact that nations that are sometimes stronger than those created by self-interest. The Transvaal Boers have done everything they could to injure the trade of Cape Colony and Natal in the present quarrel with the British.

THE PLEBISCITE VOTE IN QUEBEC. The Sun of Thursday morning stated with a great deal of confidence that it is easily capable of proof that there was no ballot box stuffing in the plebiscite vote in Quebec. It then proceeds to give examples for the purpose of proving its assertions, and this compels us to quote a considerable portion of the article in question for the purpose of showing the Sun's peculiar method of dealing with this question.

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not succeed. Anything that has a tendency to weaken the influence of religious teachers and preachers for good must in the end prove an injury to the cause of religion itself and therefore to be discontinued. Nothing would be more liable to lead to this deplorable result than the belief on the part of the laymen that some of their leaders were more concerned for their party than for their church.

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FREE BOOK OF CATARRH.

(WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.) Showing how this loathsome disease originates. How treacherously it affects the Head, Throat, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Telling about Dr. Sproule's treatment.

If you have Catarrh of the Head or any organ YOU NEED THIS BOOK. DR. SPROULE, R. A., (formerly Surgeon British Royal Naval Service) English Specialist in Catarrh, Will Send It To You Free On Request. Address 7 Doane St., Boston.

some words of Goldwin Smith in regard to the alleged exodus from the maritime provinces, in which the Oxford professor states that there is ground for serious reflection on a system under which we lose annually no small portion of the flower of our youth.

THE PRESENCE OF THE bubonic plague at Oporto, Portugal, is a serious matter and will put all the health authorities in Europe on the alert. This plague is the disease that recently proved so fatal in India, but it was not expected that it would reach Europe or that it did the year before last.

THE SUN in a score head informs its readers that at the meeting of the Maritime Baptist convention Premier Emerson and Senator King part party far above prohibition. There is not a word in the Sun's report to justify this statement. On the contrary Senator King said that he has always been a supporter of the Liberal party, but he was first of all a prohibitionist.

THE ARRIVAL OF Lieut.-Col. McLean last evening from England was made the occasion of a pleasing demonstration of welcome, and it must have been extremely gratifying to him to see so many of his friends at the station to meet him. Col. McLean, as the commander of the Bieleys team, may well congratulate himself on the success which it achieved in the competitions in which it took part, and the team may be congratulated on having so excellent a commander.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL and Lady Minto are now in Halifax and it is said that a series of brilliant social functions have been arranged for them. It is to be presumed that the governor general will not leave the maritime provinces without visiting this city, yet we have not yet heard of anything being done by the common council or any other public body to receive him in the event of his coming this way.

TEACHERS MEETING. RIVINGTON, August 21.—The seventh monthly meeting of the Harvey and Hopewell Parish Teachers' Association was held in the School-house at Albert, on the 19th inst., with a fair attendance of teachers. The following being present: Evelyn Bennett, A. C. M. Lawson, A. Grace McDorman, Edith Combes, Guy J. McAdam, Annie E. Deery, A. Mary Allen, Helena E. Atkinson, and Mary L. D. Joy.

THE ARRIVAL OF Admiral Dewey is more than likely to be accompanied by another wild flurry in the interview market.—Washington Star.

MONCTON NEWS.

W. M. Woodworth Will Take His Bride to the Klondike—Rates to the Athletic Meets. Moscoron, Aug. 24.—W. M. Woodworth, a recently returned Klondiker, who is reported to have made considerable money in the gold regions, was married here last night to Miss Estelle May Jones, only daughter of Mr. Wm. Jones, of the I. C. R. The ceremony was performed in the First Baptist church by the Rev. Wm. Colwell, of Peticodiac, in the presence of a large concourse of people.

THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT meeting of the 20th century fund was held here yesterday in the Central church, when the principal speakers were Rev. Dr. Stewart, Rev. Dr. Chapman, Rev. Mr. Howie, Rev. Dr. Egan and Rev. Mr. Lodge. The New Brunswick Telephone Company is extending its line to Stouffville, and have already got the poles up about half the distance.

THE MONCTON Amateur Athletic Association is working very energetically for the success of the two big sporting events to be held here on the 2nd and 4th of September. The association is offering some very fine cups for the Labor Day C. W. A. meet and a large field of competitors should be attracted. Steps have also been taken to secure cheap rates from distant points. The I. C. R. is offering a rate of \$2 from St. John and the rate from Fredericton will be \$4.70, while Halifax gets a rate of \$4 and Charlottetown \$5. Rates for the M. F. A. A. A. meet on the 29th and entries for the C. W. A. meet on the 30th, with the participation of the M. F. A. A. A. secretary of the M. F. A. A., Moncton, Mr. H. L. Brittain, who has accepted the position of principal of the Horton academy at Wolfville, left for that place today.

THE FIRST Baptist church has not yet received word from the Rev. David Hutchinson of Bradford, Ont., to whom a call was extended some eight days ago.

DEATH BY DROWNING. Three Residents of Prince Edward Island Have Met Watery Graves in the Past Two Days. CHARL TROTTER, Aug. 2.—A bad drowning accident occurred Wednesday evening at Kildare Cape, nine miles out of Alberton. The 11-year-old son of Thaddeus Traverser went swimming with his brother a few years older. The younger boy was carried by the under-log and drowned. The body was recovered Monday afternoon and was buried in the city yesterday evening. The drowning of Herbert Howard, formerly of Cornwall, was the only surprising case of William Howard. It is supposed that the deceased was engaged at his usual avocation aboard a steamer when the fatality occurred. The body was not recovered. He was married two years ago to Miss Janie McCallum, daughter of Mr. J. McCallum, of Brookfield Point, N. B. Mr. and Mrs. Howard left for Cornwall, intending to reside there. Inquiries were made by the coroner and the accident was reported to the coroner. A brother of the deceased was blown to pieces by an explosion a few years ago.

When Mr. and Mrs. John McKee, of Nine Mile Cross, were coming to town this morning, the latter's attention was attracted by something unusual in the water at Rocky Point, and on the west side. The body of a man was raised out of the water as soon as possible and proved to be that of James McKenna, of Hazel Grove, McKenna was in town Tuesday last and had tea at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Weatherly, whom he told that he was going to Rocky Point. He was seen at Rocky Point about 8 o'clock Sunday evening. That is the last known concerning him. He had been about the eye and a very loud sound on the result of violence before death, or whether they were regularly reported or not was not determined. The deceased was a son of High M. McKenna, of Hazel Grove, lot 22. He was about 22 years of age. Three sisters reside in this city. He was lately in employ by Mr. Gaskin, of Brookfield Point road. The coroner's inquest was adjourned until Saturday.

Europe Taking Silver. New York, Aug. 25.—The steamer New York, sailing for Europe tomorrow, will take out 450,000 ounces of silver. Debt is an old man of the sea, who never grows any more feeble.

ALL HEADACHES from whatever cause cured in half an hour by HOFFMANN'S HEADACHE POWDERS. Sold in all drug stores.



TAKE A BIBLE ALONG

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S DISCOURSE ON THE EVILS OF SUMMER RESORTS

TEMPTATION ON EVERY HAND

A Suggestive and Appropriate Sermon for the Vacation Season When Multitudes Are Seeking Better Protection Against Professional Anxieties and the Affliction of Disease.

Washington, Aug. 20.—Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his text this morning John v. 8: "A pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water."

Outside the city of Jerusalem there was a sanative watering place, the popular resort for invalids. To this day there is a dry basin of rock which shows that this pool was long and 75 feet deep. This pool was surrounded by five piazzas, or porches, or bathing houses, where the patients waited until the time when they were to step into the water. So far as reinvigorating was concerned, it was not a small sea; a Leamington and a Brighton combined—medical and therapeutic. Tradition says that at a certain season of the year there was an officer of the government who would go down to the water and pour in it some healing power, and after that the people would come and get the medication. But I prefer the plain statement of Scripture, that at a certain season an angel came and stirred up or troubled the water, and then the people came and got the healing.

That angel of God that stirred up the water, that angel of healing who, in our day, steps into the mineral waters of Congress or Sharon or Saratoga or Springs or into the salt sea at Cape May and Mahant, where multitudes who are worn out with commercial and professional anxieties, as well as those who are afflicted with rheumatic, neuralgic and spindic diseases, go and are cured by the thousands. These blessed Bethsahas are scattered all up and down our country.

We are at a season of the year when all trains are laden with passengers and the lakes and the seashore. Multitudes of our citizens are away for a restorative absence. The city seeks pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long, silent halls of sanatoriums are filled with the sick. The spotlights of the game basket; the baton of the orchestral leader taps the music stand; the green, and the American life has put on festival array, and the rambles of the tepin alley, and the crack of the ivory balls on the green, and the rattle of the billiard balls, and the jingling of the barroom bottles, and the explosive uncorking of the champagne bottle, and the whirl and the clattering hoofs of the race courses and other signs of social dissipation attest that the season for the great American watering place is in full play. Music! Flute and drum and cornet-play and clapping cymbals—wake the echoes of the music. "Glad am I that faded out American life for she most part has an opportunity to rest and that nerve road and active service find a Bethesda in watering places. They recuperate for active service many who were worn out with trouble or overwork. They are national restoratives.

Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the church its pastor a season of inoccupation. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to excess his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hours of the church's disruption, played kite for recreation—so I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles, "Come ye apart awhile into the desert and rest yourselves." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest do not know how to work. But I have to declare this truth to-day—that some of our fashionable watering places are the temporal and eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number," and amid the congratulations of this season and the prospects of the future, many of you for the country I must utter a warning, plain, earnest and unmistakable.

The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction is to leave your place at home. You will send the dog and out and canary bird to be well cared for somewhere else, but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the doors bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on a pile of play at the watering place. I never knew any one to grow very rapidly in grace at the Catskill Mountain House or Sharon Springs or the Falls of Montmorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks and Sunday rides, and Sunday excursions. Elders and deacons and ministers of religion who are entirely at home, some times when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara Falls or the White Mountains take a day to themselves. If they go to the church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration, and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesque of half disclosed features. Four puny souls stand in the organ loft and play a tune that nobody knows, and worshippers, with \$3,000 worth of diamonds on the right hand, drop a cent into the poor box, and then the benediction is pronounced, and the farce is ended. The toughest thing I ever tried to do was to be good at a watering place. The air is bewitched with the "world, the flesh and the devil." There are Christians who, in three or four weeks in such a place, have had such terrible riots made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended. The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity, but

your Bible along with you, and take an hour for secure prayer every day, though you are surrounded by guffaw and snarls. Keep holy the Sabbath, though the devil you at a beguiled Puritan. Stand off from gambling halls and those other institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of Baden Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the sulphur and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven.

Another temptation hovering around nearly all our watering places is the horse racing business. We all admire the horse, but we do not think that its beauty or speed ought to be cultured at the expense of human degradation. The horse race is not of such importance as the human race. The Bible intimates that a man is better than sheep, and I suppose he is better than a horse, though, like Job's stallion, his neck be clothed with thunder. Horse races in olden times were under the ban of Christian people, and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names. And it is called a "summer meeting," a "series of suggestive of positive religious exercises. And it is called an "agricultural fair," suggestive of everything that is improving in the art of farming, but under these deceptive titles are the same cheating, and the same betting, and the same drunkenness, and all the same rags and rags, and the same abomination that were to be found under the old horse racing system.

I never knew a man yet who could give himself to the pleasures of the turf for a long reach of time and not be battered in morals. They hook up their spanking team and put on their sporting cap and light their cigar and take the reins and dash down on the road to perdition. The great day at Saratoga and Brighton Beach and Cape May and nearly all the other watering places is the day of the races. The horses are thronged every kind of equipage is taken up at an almost fabulous price, and there are many respectable people mingling with jockeys and gamblers and libertines and low-mouthered men and flashy women. The bartender stirs up the brandy smash. The bets run high. The gamblers are posing all is fair, put in their money soon enough to lose it. Three weeks before the race takes place the struggle is decided, and the men in the crowd on which stood to bet their money. The man on the horses riding around long ago arranged who shall win.

The black horse of ruin, Satan, is on the stand or on the carriage for the struggle of bone and muscle and many of them make a grand haul for the pickpockets, who carry off the pocket-books and the portemonnaies. Men look on as one on a string of horses with their riders lying around the ring. But there is many a man on the stand whose honor and domestic happiness and fortune are in the ring, racing with inebriety and with fraud and with profanity and with ruin-making. Death says, "I will bet on the black horse." Spectator says, "I will bet on the white horse." The white horse of honor a little way ahead. The black horse of ruin, Satan, is on the stand all the time gaining on him. Spectator breathless. They put on the lash dig in the spurs. There! That is what I expected. The black horse of ruin has won the race, and the galleries of darkness "huzzah" and the devil comes in to pick up their wagers. Ah, my friends, have nothing to do with horse racing disquisitions this summer.

Long ago the English Government got through looking to the turf for the dragon and the light cavalry horse. They found out that the greatest danger to the stock, and it is worse yet for men. Thomas Hughes, the member of Parliament and the author known to the world over, hearing that a new turf enterprise was being started in this country, wrote a letter in which he said: "Heaven help you, then for all the cankers of our old civilization there is nothing in this country approaching in unblinking meanness in measure. The bull fight of Spain and the bear baitings of the pit, may the Lord God annihilate the infamous and accursed horse racing of England and America!"

I go further and speak of another temptation that hovers over the watering place, and that is the temptation to sacrifice physical strength. The modern Bethesda, just like the Bethesda of old, was intended to recuperate the physical health; and yet how many come from the watering places their health absolutely destroyed. City simpletons boasting of having imbibed 30 glasses of Congress water before breakfast. Families, accustomed to go to bed at 10 o'clock at night, going until 1 or 3 o'clock in the morning. Dyspeptics, usually very cautious about their health, mingling ice cream and lemon and lobster salads and oysters until the gastric juices lift up all their voices of lamentation and protest. Delicate women, and brainless young men dancing themselves into vertigo and catalepsy. Thousands of men and women coming back from our watering places in the autumn with the foundations laid for ailments that will last them all their life long. If they go to another watering place in the autumn of hasty and lifelong alliances. The watering places are responsible for more of the domestic infelicities of this country than nearly all other things combined. Society is so artificial there that no sure judgment of character can be formed. They who form companionship amid such circumstances go into a lottery where there are 20 blanks to one prize. In the severing of life you want more than glitters and splash. Life is not a ballroom where the music decides the step, and bow and grace and graceful swing of long train make up for strong common sense. You might as well go among the gayly painted yachts of a summer regatta to find your associates as to among the light spray of the summer watering place to find character that can stand the test of the great struggle of human life. If there is any man in the community who excites my contempt and who ought to excite the contempt of every man and woman, it is the soft handed, soft headed, dude, who, perjured until the air is actually sick, spends his summer in

striking killing attitudes, and waving sentimental airs, and talking infinitesimal nothings, and finding his heaven in the set of a lavender kid glove. Boots as light as a feather, and a pair of consummate skill exhibited in the tie of a flashing cravat. His conversation made up of "Aha!" and "Oho!" and "He-he-he!"

There is only one counterpart to such a man as that, and that is the frothy young woman as the watering place; her conversation made up of French moonshine; what she has in her head only equalled by what she has on her back; dressed over since she was born, and to be useless until she is dead unless she becomes an intelligent Christian. We may admire music and fair faces and graceful step; but amid the heartlessness and the inflation and the fantastic influences of our modern watering places beware how you make lifelong covenants. Another temptation that hovers over the watering place is that of baneful literature. Almost every one hearing off for the summer takes some reading matter. It is a book out of the library or off the bookstand or bought of the boy hawking books through the square. I really believe there is more pestiferous trash read among the intelligent classes in July and August than in December. Men and women who at home would not be satisfied with a book that was not really sensible I find sitting on hotel piazzas or under the trees reading books the index of which would make them blush if they knew that they knew what the book was. You must have intelligent recreation.

Yes, there is no need that you take along to a watering place "Farrington's Miscellany" or some ponderous discourse on the eternal decrees of "Farraday's Philosophy." There are many easy books that you might as well read. "I propose now to give a little rest to my digestive organs, and instead of eating heavy meat and vegetables I will, for a little while, take lighter food—a little strychnine and a few grains of rhabarbana. Literary poison in August is as bad as literary poison in December. Men and women who at home would not be satisfied with a book that was not really sensible I find sitting on hotel piazzas or under the trees reading books the index of which would make them blush if they knew that they knew what the book was. You must have intelligent recreation.

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THE SUMMER WARDROBE.

Transparent Materials and Fine Needlework in the Lead.

It is necessary to look back a long time, at least as far as 1840, to find a taste for thin, sheer fabrics and trimmings pronounced as those which now prevail. One would naturally have thought, on observing the fashion of gowns to become more and more smooth and clinging, that substantial materials would be adopted, but, on the contrary, never have organizes, cotton or silk muslins, linens, gauzes and laces had a greater success.

For underwear, the finest and most transparent laces and batistes are employed, the necessary fullness around the neck, wrists and ankles, being obtained by superimposed bounces adorned with quantities of lace and embroidery. The lace chosen is of a kind to bear laundering, else it is of no value as a decoration for lingerie. Tucks and puffings are combined with needlework and lace to enrich the effects.

The cut shows a costume of pale violet serge. The skirt, which is in one piece, is trimmed with three rows of knotted silk fringe which descend in points in front, simulating a triple tunic. The bolero is a draped front which closes obliquely with large, soft revers, bordered with narrow fringe. A large choux of pearly velvet is placed in the left side, and the draped belt is of pearly velvet. The cravat and plastron are of white mousseline de soie and lace, the hat of pearly straw trimmed with violet gauze and purple polka dots.

Very plain hats are used for morning wear and for bicycling, and a white veil is the rule. Various styles of veil are seen, plain tulle or net, not dotted with black chenille, and white lace wash veils all being in favor.

Sailor hats have wide brims, and the crown is pressed down in front. They are trimmed with a ribbon band or a scarf of mousseline de soie and often have one long feather.

The high collars, which are still in vogue, are now made of the thinnest possible material, wired to preserve their flaring form. These collars are often adjustable and may be changed from gown to gown at will. When they are thus separate, the lower edge is usually finished with a rather deep fringe, and sometimes there is a cravat attachment in front.

Belts are quite narrow, and the favorite buckles are of wrought gold, silver or cut steel. Strong buckles of gunmetal are also liked.

The illustration given today shows a bodice of plaid serge. It is gathered at the waist and has a short, full basque and a wide collar, which is bordered with lace and tied in a fichu knot. The collar and small plastron are of lace. The skirt sleeves have three tucks at the top, and the cuffs are edged with lace. The belt is of white kid.

COLLARS AND BELTS.

Novelties in Girdles and Buckles. Bicycle Suit.

Collars of velvet are embroidered with gold or steel beads or colored spangles, according to the gown they are accompanying. They are finished with a fall of bead fringe.

A novelty in belts is of leather, with a design burned upon it in the same way that furniture, frames and wooden ornaments are decorated. The designs for belts are very finely burned and are usually of a floral character. The fastening for the belts is a plain, tongue buckle covered with leather.

Large old-fashioned brooches which have been laid aside as out of date may now be utilized as belt fasteners, taking the place of a buckle. The belt of silk

bon, velvet or other material is provided with a fastening of hooks and eyes, and the brooch is pinned on the outside. If however, a bar and clasp attachment are easily added by a jeweler to any large brooch which has a metal rim. A picture is given of a bicycle suit of gray covert cloth. The divided skirt is finished with a band of rows of stitching. The bolero is tight and double-breasted, the front being elongated in a rounded tab and fastened with six large horn buttons. The coat collar, revers, cuffs and all the edges are finished with stitching. Under the bolero is a white shirt waist, with pink dots, with a high collar and black cravat. The black straw hat is trimmed with black satin and a gray feather.

The French idea of a bathing suit is quite different from the model accepted in America. The Frenchwoman, when once, makes a gay of herself, wearing trousers which extend half way down from the knee to the ankle, a scant skirt which falls only a little below the hips, and achieving stockings altogether. A more awkward looking arrangement can hardly be imagined. The bodice part,

however, is often very prettily cut and trimmed, and useful hats may therefore be gained from the French suits.

The only way to keep even very tight stockings on in the water is to wear circular garters above the knee. If a band of wide elastic is run into the edge of the trousers, it will not only serve as a garter, but will keep the trousers and stockings from separating, as they have a habit of doing, during bathing.

The picture illustrates a bathing costume of brown serge. The skirt and the edge of the short sleeves are trimmed with bands of white braid. The bodice is gathered to a pointed yoke, upon which is applied a star shaped trimming of thin white flannel. There is no collar. The belt is of wide white braid, tied at the side.

TOILET HINTS.

Suggestions With Regard to the Hair and Complexion.

The hair is worn upon the top of the head this year, and the fashionable coiffure is therefore particularly becoming to short women and stout faces. A fluffy style still prevails, but the hair may be parted, drawn straight back or rolled into a pompadour puff.

To prevent the complexion from being red and oily, nothing is better than to wash the face twice daily in very warm water to which has been added several drops of tincture of benzoin. Dry, thin and brittle nails should be rubbed daily with vaselin. If this treat-

ment is persisted in for a month, they will become flexible and brilliant. The habit of washing the hands very frequently tends to render them hard and dry. If the occupation is such as makes washing often necessary, instead of dipping the hands in water they may be rubbed with lemon juice, which will clear them and whiten them as well without injuring the skin.

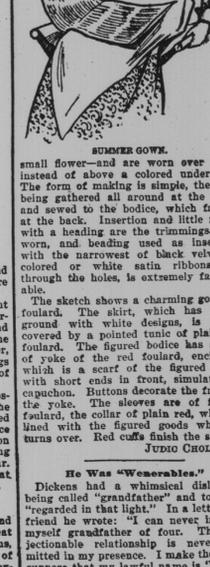
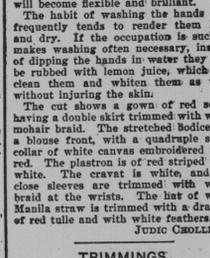
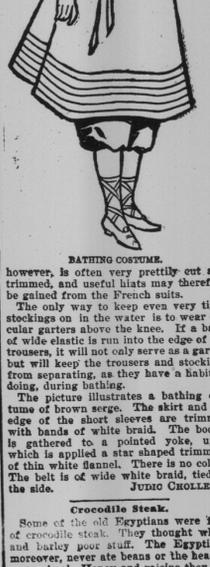
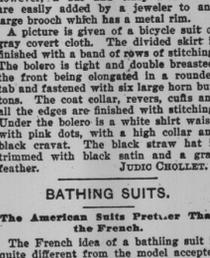
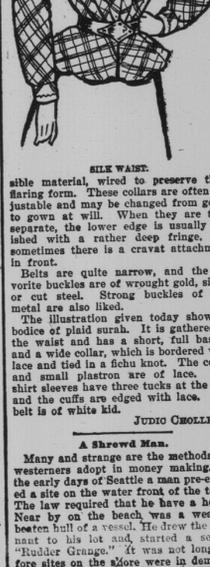
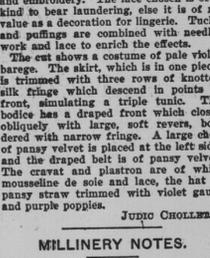
The cut shows a gown of red serge, having a double skirt trimmed with white mohair braid. The stretched bodice has a blouse front, with a quadruple sailor collar of white canvas embroidered with red. The plastron is of red striped with white. The cravat is white, and the close sleeves are trimmed with white braid at the wrists. The hat of white Manila straw is trimmed with a drapery of red tulle and with white feathers.

Laces, Beading and the Narrowest of Narrow Ribbons. When lace is the trimming employed, as it almost always is at present, it is more or less ruffled, according to its width and weight. If it is very wide and light, it is made very full, but if it has a heavy design or is narrow the fullness is scanty. There are certain thick laces which have so solid a pattern that they should always be used quite plain and not gathered at all.

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LONG-DISTANCE RIDE

YOUNG FRENCHMAN'S REMARKABLE FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP.

Travels From Vienna to Paris, 785 Miles, in Twelve Days and Fourteen Hours, Without Accompanying His Mount—How He Accomplished the Latter Remarkable Feat—His Own Condition.

A very remarkable feat of horsemanship has just been accomplished by a young Frenchman of good family, M. Charles Cottu. He rode the whole of the way from Vienna to Paris, 785 miles, in 12 days 14 hours, using only one horse and, what is still more noteworthy, brought his mount into Paris in thoroughly good condition. As everyone knows, 63 miles is a good deal more than the average horse can be expected to accomplish in a day, and to keep up this average for 13 days at a stretch, with 138 pounds weight on the animal's back, implies not only great stamina in the steed, but altogether exceptional care and management on the part of the rider.

M. Cottu's main object was to beat Lieut. Zaitzevitch's record of 15 days 6 hours over the same road, and he set about his preparations with the utmost thoroughness. He began to train his mount—a half-bred Irish mare, Irish Lass, 7 years old, standing just under 16 hands—on Easter Monday, beginning with a gentle ride of 15 miles or so, and gradually increasing the daily distance up to 40 miles. After a fortnight of this preliminary work, M. Cottu started for Vienna, had previously taken a course of lessons from a blacksmith, so that in the inconvenient moment he could put on another before any damage was done to the foot. The journey to Vienna occupied 34 days, the Austrian capital being reached on May 11. Irish Lass and her owner kept in steady training until June 1, when they started on the long ride to Paris. By this time M. Cottu and his mare were "hard as nails," and accomplished the journey with only one hitch, the mare's food temporarily upset by the change of food after crossing the German frontier on the third day.

In conversation with a Paris correspondent, M. Cottu explained that the great secret of success on long-distance rides is to avoid overheating your mount. "I never," he said, "kept Irish Lass at a trot for more than a mile and a quarter. I always dismounted when we came to a hill and led her up it. Some days I walked at least 30 miles. When we came to our stopping places, I let her stand a few minutes to cool, and then unsaddled her and gently rubbed her back with the bare hand, to restore the circulation in the parts weighed upon by the saddle. Then I groomed her carefully, took her into her stable and gave her her food. As soon as she had taken it she used to lie right down at once, but she was always ready for the road again. I gave her between 20 and 24 liters of oats every day, and 16 and 18 liters of milk every day, with a fair amount of water whenever she wanted it, provided the water was not too cold. I gave her from four to six hours' rest in the middle of the day, so as to escape the heat, and only about two hours at night. I always slept in the stable with her and did not once take off my clothes from leaving Vienna to arriving at Paris. There was no time for baths or anything of that sort. As we never did more than 25 miles a day, we never over levelled our horse, so that a good many hours a day on the road."

Questioned in regard to his own regimen, M. Cottu said he had taken dark wine in preference to white meat whenever he could. He smoked very little and drank no alcohol, except light beer, and rarely ate bread and sugar in preference to chocolate. During the last two days he was obliged to drink large quantities of coffee to keep himself awake, with the result that for some time after his arrival in Paris he suffered from cerebral cloudiness and inability to collect his thoughts. Otherwise his long ride had not the least effect on him. M. Cottu is only 20 years of age.

EDISON'S NEW LAMP.

Filament Covered With a White Coating of Rare Earth.

In the recently patented lamp devised by Thomas A. Edison the filament consists of a highly refractory, porous, non-conducting material, such as carbon, which is incorporated in the body thereof are isolated particles of carbon, between which are interspersed, whereby high tension currents, either alternating or continuous, may be conducted from particle to particle of the carbon and thus raise the filament to incandescence, the filament is of a highly refractory, non-conducting, porous material, the interior will be subjected to the effect of the vacuum in the globe which will assist in the conduction of the current through the carbon particles, says The Electrical World. The highly refractory material consists of an oxide or oxide of rare earths, such as oxide of strontium or thorium. In order to provide an exterior surface for the filament which will radiate light it is momentarily dipped in the salt of oxide, such as the acetate, which will leave no carbon upon carbonization, and provide a white radiating surface. In making the filament a compound, such as a solution of sugar, asphaltum or a barite of the oxide itself, is mixed with the refractory material, a residue of carbon thus resulting upon carbonization.

The mixture is forced by heavy pressure through a small opening and guided to form a filament of the desired cross-section, which is then bent into proper shape, carefully dried and carbonized. Owing to its high resistance, a voltage of several hundred is necessary in operation. The filament may also be formed by soaking threads of cotton in the salt of the oxide, such as acetate, and carbonized to form a deposit of the oxide thereon; then resaked and reheated successively until the desired quantity of oxide has been deposited, after which the filament may be soaked in the carbonizing substance. After being dried it is dipped in the solution of a salt of the oxide of a rare earth, such as strontium or thorium, preferably an acetate of such oxide, to form the white radiating coating desired.

An Evening Up.

Yes—I saw a man throw a banana skin on the sidewalk to-day. Crimmon—Well, that evens things up; I saw a banana skin throw a man on the sidewalk yesterday.—Yonkers Statesman.

TALE OF A DYING MAN.

He Had Concealed His Identity for Forty Long Years—Found His Wife Married Again.

The death of Leonard B. Bleeker, aged 72 years, which recently occurred at Yates Center, Kan., has revealed a case of self-sacrifice seldom heard of outside the domain of fiction. Three years ago Bleeker went to that country peddling a few cheap articles and, too old and weary to proceed farther, a kind-hearted farmer took him in and cared for him until he died. To the family which befriended him he told the story of his life, reserving for the grave the specific names of persons and localities. He stated that in 1861 he left a wife and five children in Michigan and answered the distant call for volunteers. The fortunes of war were against him and for months he lay a prisoner in Andersonville Prison. From the prison he was led to believe that a certain other batch of prisoners would soon be exchanged. Among them was a dying man and the two comrades exchanged names and military designations. The soldier died and the death was reported as that of Leonard B. Bleeker and he was released after a time, rejoined his regiment and served until the close of the war without communicating with his family. Then he went back and found his wife married to another man. He ascertained that his children were well cared for and then left the community without revealing his identity. Throughout his life he carefully guarded his secret and since coming to Kansas was often urged to apply for a pension, but stoutly refused. Even when near death he would not reveal the names of his former home or permit anyone to communicate with his old associates. He was a man of more than ordinary education and the truth of his story and the possession of a noble purpose in his long sacrifice cannot be doubted.

GODS IN BATTLE.

Greek Statues Taken Prisoners and Condemned to Death.

Mr. Gaston Maspero, the well-known French Egyptologist, has recently written an interesting article on the "speaking statues" of ancient Egypt. He says the statues of some of the gods were made of joined parts and were supposed to communicate with the faithful by speech, signs and other movements. They were made of wood, painted or gilded. Their hands could be raised and lowered and their heads moved, but it is not known whether their feet could be put in motion. When one of the faithful asked for advice, their god answered either by signs or words. Occasionally long speeches were made, and at other times they were simply an inclination of the head. Every temple had priests whose special duty it was to make the statues speak. The priests did not make any mystery of their parts in the proceedings. It was believed that the statues were intermediary between the gods and mortals, and the priests themselves had a very exalted idea of their calling. They firmly believed that the souls of divinities dwelt in the statues, and they always approached them with religious fear and reverence. These priests would stand behind the statues and move their heads or hands or speak for them, never doubting that at that moment the most august deity was, in fact, speaking through them. They were inspired by the divine spirit dwelling in the statues. The statues were regarded as so very much alive that in war they shared the fate of the soldiers and captives they were. They were taken prisoners, condemned to death, or given to the enemy. In other words, they were returned to their own temples, they bore the inscriptions testifying to their defeat and imprisonment.

SENSATIONS OF HYDROPHOBIA.

A Victim in a New York Hospital Tells His Feelings.

Captain George M. Bookoven of the tugboat Corona died the other morning at the New York Hospital of acute hydrophobia. Captain Bookoven was a man on whom both the Pasteur and Buisson treatments were tried without effect. During his illness he exhibited an extraordinary fortitude under the excruciating pain which accompanied the disease, and at times he related his feelings to the physicians attending him. He said that bright lights appeared before his eyes, and that there was a continual scintillation of bright sparks. As he approached death his agony increased, and he said that most of the pain was centered in the brain and the muscles of the face. The physicians said that the pains in the head and the flashing lights which the patient saw were evidences that the general center of the disease was in the brain, and that Bookoven was past all possibility of cure. Just before the man died he dictated the following note to his wife.

"My Dear Wife—I know that I have not more than a day to live. I realize that I must die. I understand well that I am suffering from hydrophobia. So don't grieve. You and I have been happy many years. Now let's talk matters over. I will leave you provided for. Our son will take good care of you. But please don't cry."

INTERESTED IN BIBLE.

Emperor of China Manifesting Great Interest Over Its Scriptures.

Rev. T. J. N. Gattrell, who for ten years has been a collector of the American Bible Society in northern China, has returned to the United States. In his last report to the society he says: "Ever since the presentation copy of the New Testament went to the Dowager Empress our depository has been visited almost daily by officials of the court. They say the Emperor observes 'worship' (Sunday), and that he frequently goes to a lonely place to pray to 'Ten Chu' (God), and that when he is thus engaged no one dares disturb him. Some time ago he came through our agency a large number of scientific and Scriptural books, and we hear he is delighted with some of the stories of the patriarchs, and particularly with the illustrated life of Christ, which he has ordered to be bound in velvet and to be put in a convenient place in the library. He has applied to our store for copies of books treating of the differences between the Catholic and Protestant churches."

Gift to the French Library. The British museum has presented \$0,000 worth of books relating to the French revolution of which it had duplicates to the French National Library in Paris.

A HISTORICAL RIDE.

IT WAS WORTH THREE STARS TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Marcus Whitman's Wild and Perilous Journey of 4,000 Miles From Oregon to Washington and the Results Which Followed His Walk.

The ride of Marcus Whitman was over snow-capped mountains and along dark ravines, traveled only by savage men. It was a plunge through icy rivers and across trackless prairies, a ride of 4,000 miles across a continent in the dead of winter to save a mighty territory to the Union.

Compared with this, what was the feat of Paul Revere, who rode 18 miles on a calm night in April to arouse a handful of sleeping patriots and thereby save the powder at Concord? Whitman's ride saved three stars to the American flag. It was made in 1842.

In 1842, during the first administration of Washington, Captain Robert Gray, who has already carried the American flag around the globe, discovered the mouth of the Columbia river. He sailed several miles up the great stream and landed and took possession in the name of the United States.

In 1805, under Jefferson's administration, this vast territory was explored by Captains Lewis and Clark, whose reports were popular reading for our grandfathers, but the extent and value of this distant possession were very slightly understood, and no attempt at colonization was made, save the establishment of the fur trading station of Astoria in 1811.

Strangely enough, England, too, claimed this same territory by virtue of rights ceded to it by Russia and also by the Vancouver surveys of 1792. The Hudson's Bay company established a number of trading posts and filled the country with adventurous fur traders. So here was a vast territory, as large as New England and the state of Indiana combined, which seemed to be without any positive ownership. But for Marcus Whitman it would have been lost to the Union.

It was in 1836 that Dr. Whitman and also by the name of Spaulding with their young wives, the first white women that ever crossed the Rocky mountains, entered the valley of the Columbia and founded a mission of the American board. They had seen on their way to Christianize the Indians, but Whitman was also to build a state.

He was at this time 35 years old. In his journey to and fro for the mission he had seen the vast possibilities of the country, and he saw, too, that the English were already apprised of this and were rapidly pouring into the territory. Under the terms of the treaties of 1846 and 1848 the United States held that whichever nationality settled and organized the territory, that nation would hold it. If England and the English fur traders had been successful in their plans, the three great states of Washington, Oregon and Idaho would now constitute a part of British Columbia. But it was not destined to be.

In the fall of 1842 it looked as if there would be a great inpouring of English into the territory, and Dr. Whitman took the alarm. There was no time to lose. The authorities at Washington must be warned. Hastily bidding his wife adieu, Dr. Whitman started on his hazardous journey. The perils, hardships and delays he encountered on the way we can but faintly conceive. His feet were frozen, he nearly starved, and once he came very near to losing his life. He kept pushing right on, and at the end of five terrible months he reached Washington.

He arrived there a worn, bearded, strangely picturesque figure, clad in furs and buckskin and fur, a typical man of the prairies. He asked audience of President Tyler and Secretary of State Webster, and it was accorded him. All clad as he was, with his frozen limbs, just in from his 4,000 mile ride, Whitman appeared before the two great men to plead for Oregon.

His statement was a revelation to the administration. Previous to Whitman's visit it was the general idea in congress that Oregon was a barren, worthless country, fit only for wild beasts and wild men. He opened the eyes of the government to the limitless wealth and splendid resources of that western territory. He told them of its great rivers and fertile valleys, its mountains covered with forests and its mines filled with precious treasures. He showed them that it was a country worth keeping and that it must not fall into the hands of the English. He spoke as a man inspired, and his words were heeded.

What followed—the organization of companies of emigrants, the rapid settlement of the territory and the treaty made with Great Britain in 1846 by which the forty-ninth parallel was made the boundary line west of the Rocky mountains are matters of history. The foresight and the heroism of one man and his gallant ride had saved three great states to the Union.—Omaha World-Herald.

The Wise Man.

The wise man will not expect too much from those about him. He will bear and forbear. Even the best have foibles and weaknesses which have to be endured, sympathized with and perhaps pitied. Who is perfect? Who does not need forbearance and forgiveness?—Samuel Smiles.

The flesh of young giraffe, especially that of a young cow, is extremely good, somewhat like veal, with a gamelike flavor. The tongue, from 15 to 20 inches long, is also very good. But the marrow bones afford the greatest luxury to the South African hunter.

A PAIR OF BIG FEET.

They Brought War to France and Changed the Map of Europe.

The Princess Bismarck changed the political history of France unwittingly, and but for her the Franco-Prussian war might never have been waged. Bismarck was unfriendly to France, but the Empress Eugenie hoped with her beauty to influence him so that the little trouble with France and Germany might be smoothed over. She therefore invited the German prince and his wife to visit the court of France, and the Prince and Princess Bismarck arrived in great state at the Tuilleries.

That evening there was a grand reception, and Eugenie received the guests in a gown which made her so ravishingly lovely that even Prince Bismarck, German, stolid and in love with his wife, stood and gazed upon her with admiration. And Eugenie was not slow to observe the effect of her beauty upon him. She called him to her side, and Bismarck came with his wife upon his arm.

That settled the matter. Eugenie was not slow to observe the effect of her beauty upon him. She called him to her side, and Bismarck came with his wife upon his arm. Eugenie an amiable titer was heard along the line of ladies. Bismarck, who was quick as a flash, followed the glance of their eyes and saw them rest upon the feet of his wife.

A year later, when Paris was besieged, Bismarck himself fired a cannon over the ramparts, and those who were near him heard him shout: "Take that for the feet of the Princess Bismarck!" The slight was avenged.

THE MYSTERY OF DREAMS.

A Case in Which the Coincidences Were Remarkable.

On an occasion during the civil war I dreamed that I was standing beside a road when there came marching along a strong column of prisoners, with guards at intervals on the flanks. I asked one of these guards who the prisoners were and where they had been captured. He informed me that they had been taken in an engagement with the enemy on the day before and that there were 1,900 of them. I then asked some bystander what day of the month it was and was told that it was such a day of a certain month, some six weeks later than the date of the dream. The whole dream has the appearance of a general case of strong impression on me. I related it to a number of my comrades within the next few days and then thought of it no more.

Six weeks later, on the morning of the very day that had been mentioned in the dream as the date when the column of prisoners had passed before me, I was on picket two miles distant from the point where I had dreamed that I was standing. It was when I saw them. It was soon after breakfast, and I was standing by the side of the road at the fire talking to the officer of the picket when an American horseman, dressed in a general's riding down the road. He had been a schoolfellow of our officer's at West Point and related upon when he recognized his friend. He told us that he had good news, that there had been a sharp engagement with the enemy the day before, and that our people had captured 1,900 prisoners, who had just passed the headquarters that morning on the way to the rear.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Slow Trains.

Slow railroad trains are probably not peculiar to any locality. The story of the conductor who waited for the hen to complete the dozen of eggs for the market is a part of the folklore of widely diverse regions. There is a story told over a Vermont road—and also, it may be remarked, over a Wisconsin road—that the "huckleberry train," the best thing that it was so slow that passengers could jump off at the front end of the train and pick huckleberries for awhile and then get on at the rear end as it came up.

The engineer of the Vermont train of this title is a meteorologically declared to have shot two partridges one day from his cab, which the fireman "slowed up" without any additional "slowing up."

Exasperating, Truly.

Mrs. Higley—Clara, I must insist that you send young Mr. Granley earlier. It was long after 11 o'clock last night when you closed the front door after him. Clara—I know, mamma, and I have made up my mind a dozen different times to make him leave early, but he has a way, somehow, of always giving the impression long after the shank of the evening has passed that he is just about to say something one has been waiting for. It's awful exasperating.—St. Louis Republic.

A Snow Hurricane.

The buran, or snow hurricane of the Pamirs is a meteorological phenomenon of great interest. Even in mid-summer the temperature during a snow buran frequently falls to 14 degrees F., while in the winter of 1862-3 it dropped to 45 degrees below zero at the end of January. The buran comes with startling suddenness, the atmosphere growing dark with whirling snowflakes where scarcely a minute before the sky was perfectly clear.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

At the Bottom.

"What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go?" Smart Scholar—He has cold feet, ma'am.—Sydney Town and Country Journal.

WHEN LIGHTS ARE LOW.

The rooms are hushed, the lights are low. I sit and listen to the distant mill. That comes and crosses in an undertone of alien regions vast and lone. Of pleasure lost in a land unknown, Then steals away, and all is still. 'Tis good to listen to the wind When rooms are hushed and lights are low. When those we love have come and gone, 'Tis weary to be left behind— To miss sweet eyes where late they shone, To look for what we may not find, Long cherished forms that haunt the mind, Soft voices that were once too kind; To live and mind as they did so their work, Who'd stay behind When those we love have come and gone? —New York Times.

A TRAGEDY IN A PICTURE.

His Snap Shot of a Drink That Killed Two Men.

"The most remarkable snap shot picture in the world is owned by a friend of mine in a town in Georgia," said an enthusiastic amateur photographer. "Its story is extremely curious. It seems that he went one day to a blacksmith shop to get a shot at the men at the forge. The smith was engaged on a difficult piece of ironwork and had two helpers. Just behind them on a shelf was a pint glass full of yellowish white liquor, evidently the corn whiskey for which the native Georgian has a peculiar liking.

"As my friend was preparing to take his picture one of the helpers caught sight of the bottle and communicated his discovery by dumb show to his companion. The smith's back was turned at the moment, and the first man reached stealthily for the prize while my friend, unnoticed in the corner, quickly aimed his camera. It was a comical scene, and in his mind he had already named the photo 'The Stolen Drink.'

"The helper uncorked the flask and took a swift gulp, and his comrade snatched it and did likewise. Then for a brief, breathless instant they looked at each other, and as they did so their foolish grin gave way to such a stare of questioning horror as I never saw before upon a human face. I know because it was then that the camera clicked, and the picture is as clear as crystal. The flask contained carbolic acid. Within an hour both men were dead.

"When my friend took one print, he broke the negative so as to make the photograph absolutely unique. It shows the forward end of the shop. In the foreground is the anvil, with the smith bending over his work. Behind him are the two helpers, one still holding the flask, looking at each other as plain as print. It is a frightful and dramatic tableau that could not be duplicated by any sort of art."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Chart of the Cyclone.

Ever see a cyclone, say? Bite the world and munch away? Sit up houses, fences, trees, just as easy as you please? Get a hustle on its jaws? Swipe the earth with fendish claws? Hump its back and take a run through the orchard just for fun? From a hill to hollow fit, seeming to get strength from it? Never seen one? Well, I jing! It's a pesky sort of thing. Ever see a cyclone, say? Take its track and speed away? Switch its tail and snort and bound, just like lightening on the ground? Get a swift move with its feet, racing for the winning heat? Then cavoring up and down, heeding no laws of the town? Pushing everything aside? Out upon a gayly ride? As though owning all the track, ever onward, never back? Never seen one? Well, I swear! It's a buster, ayuhw!—Kingsley (La) Times.

Yachting on Salt. Save during the rainy season Lake Lefroy, in western Australia, is quite dry. But as the water evaporates so the hot weather approaches a smooth, glassy floor of crystalline salt is deposited. Those living on the shores have found a means of utilizing this. All boats which sail on the lake when possible are, during the rainy season, fitted with four wheels, and thus are enabled to continue their travels. As Lake Lefroy has an area of 100 miles, and the surrounding country is extremely rough, this means a great saving in expense, labor and time. The speed attained by these wheeled yachts is very considerable, though not quite equal to the pace of the ice yachts so popular in Canada.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

A Senatorial Slander. Two ladies visiting in Washington during one of the sessions of congress went to the capitol to hear the proceedings in the United States senate. Most of the galleries being filled, they approached the doorkeeper of the senators' gallery, where admission is by card. As they did not possess this passport, the doorkeeper suggested that they procure one from any senator they might be acquainted with.

"But we do not know any senator," they replied. "Well, it is very much to your credit," said the doorkeeper. "Pass right in, ladies."—San Francisco Argonaut.

High Art. "Oh, yes, he is a follower of one of the higher arts." "Well, he doesn't look it. What does he do?" "He's a professional flagpole painter."

Belgium is the home of the racing pigeon. There the sport is a national pastime, and a good pigeon frequently wins for its owner large sums of money, the prizes being considerable, to which heavy pools are added.

The earliest pottery with printed designs of American subjects was made at Liverpool at the end of the eighteenth century.

