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WITHERED ROSES.

Withered rose-leaves in an urn—
Everywhere our glances turn,
Time old graves uncovers,
Many a dainty, perfumed note,
Hands long cold once warmly wrote,
Hidden here by lovers.

Ah! the manly hearts, now cold,
Ah! the mem'ries, sweet and old,
This quaint room discloses,
All the warmth is chill to-day;
All the life has passed away;
Naught is left but roses—

Roses, withered now and dead,
All their ancient sweetness fled
With their ancient splendor,
As I bend above, I feel
A vague fragrance from them steal,
Like a mem'ry tender.

Of their olden pleasant days,
When the sun's rich golden blaze
Kissed the cheeks to glory.
Ah! the pain these mem'ries give!
Ah! the pain that one must live
When our life's sweet story

Holds no more the golden joy!
Of what use the valued toy
When its charm is broken?
Of our life when youth is o'er—
Of the past which comes no more,
Are these flowers the token.

When the sun has lost his light,
When the fall of winter's night
Our autumn-tide o'ercloses—
Call we then the mem'ries sweet—
Of those vanished moments fleet—
Ashes of youth's roses!

FLEEING FROM A FORTUNE.

Mrs. De Bruse Bellingham laid down the telegram a servant had just presented on a silver salver.

"Augusta! It is terrible! What can possess the creature, and now of all times? Your cousin, Peter Bellingham, is actually coming to visit us—actually coming to visit us!"

Mrs. Bellingham's tones were piteous in their horrified despair, and she let fall the yellow envelope that so seldom is the harbinger of the good news we want, with a gesture of impotent anger.

Augusta Bellingham lifted her beautiful straight brows in a horror of questioning.

"Oh, mamma! Coming to visit us! Surely there is some mistake! He never would be so stupid as to come unless we sent him an invitation.

Mrs. Bellingham picked up the telegram again and read it through aloud:

"Will be at your house Tuesday for a short visit. P. BELLINGHAM."

"What mistake can there possibly be? No, it's directed plainly enough—'Mrs. De Bruse Bellingham, 888 5th avenue,—and it is signed plainly enough. Child, what in the world shall we do? I can't receive him. I never, never could introduce him to our friends."

Augusta looked thoughtfully at the carpet, and tapped one of her pretty little feet.

Suddenly, she lifted up her long-lashed lids to her lady mother's face.

"Oh, mamma, I don't wonder you are so nervous over it What shall we do about it? Why, it's to-day, this very afternoon—he's to be here!"

"It seems as if fate had a particular grudge against me!" she said piteously. "When I married your papa, it was distinctly understood that I was not to be troubled with any of his poor relations, and before we had been keeping house a year his grandfather died, and the old lady had to come and make her home with us, because De Bruse was able to keep her. Then your aunt Adelaide died, and De Bruse had to take Bessie and bring her up. Well, I will confess I have kept Bessie pretty well down, and made her pay her way by helping me with the sewing and children's music. But now, it seems to me, this visit is worse than all. He'll stay six weeks at the least, I know!"

"Perhaps he won't be so terrible after all, mamma. Couldn't you manage to keep him in his room most of the time, and let Bessie take care of him? It would just suit her."

Mrs. Bellingham uttered a little shriek of dismay.

"Did you ever see your father's cousin Peter, Augusta?"

"Well, no, mamma, I have never seen him, of course, but I should think—"

"You should think nothing about it. Peter Bellingham is middle-aged, and, Augusta, he actually wears the same suit of clothes year in and year out. His hair is long, down to the top of his collar, and he plasters it to the top of his head with horrid pomatum. He wears a green cravat; his hands are covered with freckles, and you can't keep him from going where he pleases; he will rush in the parlor whenever you have company. He visited here once before, years ago, and I declare it almost killed me. Why, Augusta, he insisted—and your poor, dear papa had to permit, or else turn him bodily out of the house—he insisted on reading prayers before and after every meal, guest or no guests."

"Oh, mamma, I know exactly what we'll do! The idea of not knowing how to get rid of cousin Peter. Why, nothing could be easier! Burn up that dispatch, have our trunks packed this morning, and let's take the afternoon boat for Long Branch. Send the servants away, as we always do, and when old Peter Bellingham comes to-night, he'll find the house with nobody in but Bessie. And if she wants to entertain him, let her. Of course, mamma, that is the only way to do. Just consider we never received this telegram.

Mrs. Bellingham drew a long breath of surprise and relief.

"How strange I never once thought of such an easy natural way out of our dilemma! Child, you are a born diplomatist, do you know it?"

"I don't know that, mamma; but I do know this one thing—I never wanted to go to Long Branch so badly before, because—because—"

She blushed and hesitated.

"Yes, I know dear! A certain gentleman, who shall be nameless, is there, or will be very shortly. Well, Augusta, he's rich and handsome, and—I wish you success. Of course, we'll go! Ring for Fanchon and have early lunch ordered. We only have about five hours to get away."

"And at 7 o'clock that evening, Mrs. De Bruse Bellingham and her lovely daughter were eating their dinner in the dining room of the Ocean House, while the magnificent mansion on 5th avenue was dark, silent, and deserted, except for one maid-servant—faithful old Hannah, who only staid for company's sake—and bright, cheery, pretty little Bessie Bellingham, who had been left in charge.

"It's just glorious to be here all alone, monarch of all I survey, and nothing especial to do for ever so long. I'll have time to practice, and time to read, and time for delicious walks in Central Park," said Bessie going up to the pier glass and stopping to look at herself; "and I think I shall fix up a little and make believe it is my house, and I am a rich grand lady like Aunt Helena, or Cousin Augusta. Say, Bessie Bellingham, have you any idea what an awfully ordinary, old-fashioned, ugly little wretch you are? You haven't any frizzes, or any bangs, or a big back comb, or—anything but your pug nose, and big mouth, and horrid red cheeks."

And Bessie stretched her mouth to its widest capacity, failing to make it anything but a fresh, sweet, fragrant, kissable thing, with tiny, pretty teeth behind, and distracting dimples besides.

Just then a loud, hearty laugh rang out almost behind her, and she started in amazement and panic of terror to see a tall handsome young fellow, in irreproachable traveling suit of fashionable out and color, standing in the doorway, carrying a light satchel in one hand and holding his cane and hat in the other.

"Oh, mercy." Bessie exclaimed, flushing more in girlish shame than fear, as she saw the laughing blue eyes and the amused smile on the handsome, gentlemanly face.

"Allow me to apologize for startling you, Miss Bellingham. I persume you are my cousin Bessie, of whom I have heard? I am Percy Bellingham, another cousin, intending to stay over night with the family, but the woman who answered the door told me they had just left for the seashore. They must have just missed my telegram."

Bessie had entirely recovered her *sang froid* during the explanatory speech.

"Well, it's true they are not at home, but I guess Hannah and I will do just as well."

He laughed again.

"I guess so too."

"That is," Bessie went on gravely, "if you don't except a very elaborate dinner and breakfast, and will be content to sleep in one of the back rooms, for aunt Helena said the spare rooms were not to be used."

"I'm the easiest fellow to suit you ever saw, cousin Bessie. And now suppose you continue your pantomime I unfortunately interrupted? Or, will you play for me, and sing? I am sure you can sing—with such a mouth."

And Bessie laughed and blushed, and handsome Percy felt very well satisfied, that his telegram had missed its destination.

Two weeks later, and the midsummer sun shining golden and warm over the dancing sea; and Augusta Bellingham, sitting on the balcony of the Ocean House, just opposite their suite of rooms, gave a little exclamation of unfeigned delight.

"Mamma, how delicious! If there isn't Percy at last.

And the rich blood warmed her beautiful face and her heart thrilled as that gentleman looked up and lifted his hat with smiling recognition; for this was the one to whom Augusta had given all her thoughts — the rich, handsome "nameless one," whom it was the desire of her life, and her mother's life to claim as a nearer relation than a very distant cousin.

Her cheeks were flushing exquisitely, and a glad, happy light was in her bright eyes, as Percy Bellingham came up to her, extending his hand in welcome greeting.

"We heard you were to be here," Mamma Bellingham said graciously. "Indeed, we have been quite counting on your joining our party."

He smiled back in Augusta's eyes.

"Well, yes. I have been coming for a week or two; but somehow I was delayed. But here I am, so glad to see you and be of service to you, 'ma belle cousine.' Our party will be a delightful one, he said," almost eagerly.

"Yes; delightful, now that you have come."

And Augusta flashed him a coquettish, enchanting look.

"Because I have brought Bessie with me," he added, carelessly. "We were married yesterday, and she is all anxiety to see you both."

Mrs. Billingham held her heart in a momentary grasp of chagrin and amazement. Augusta's cheeks suddenly blanched to such a whiteness that it was painful to imagine the agitation that could have caused it. Then the women of the world rose equal to the occasion.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Bellingham. "What a charming surprise! And the dear child is actually here?"

"Actually here," he said, looking at Augusta, "and waiting for the welcome my wife deserves.

"I am delighted," she murmured; and then smiled down the horrible distress that had threatened to overcome her.

And that was the result of the mistake about the telegram.

Jessie's Lovers.

"Oh, dear me!" thought pretty little Jessie Howard, holding her head to one side like a meditative sparrow as she stood beside the sitting room window. "I'm sure poor Seth is a splendid fellow, but Harry is so handsome, with his blue eyes and tawny mustache, that I am at a loss how to decide. Aunt Lydia declares that it is the easiest thing in the world to accomplish, but, for my part I think it is the most difficult task I ever encountered. How on earth am I to find out whether my two suitors love me or the fortune which dear Aunt Lydia is going to leave me? Why it sounds just like a chapter out of of a novel. I always did yearn to get into a romantic scrape. I wonder if I'll ever be able to solve my conundrum as agreeably as the heroines of fiction always manage to do? It would be perfectly spendid if I could."

And clasping her little hands before her she gazed dreamily out upon the gloomy scene where the snow was falling silently and ceaselessly, covering all with its feathery flakes.

The twilight was deepening, a cold, death-like stillness reigned in the frosy air and the scene looked gray and spectral in the gathering gloom.

"It is almost five o'clock," she said to herself, turning slowly away from the window. "I must get supper ready now. Of course I'll tell auntie just what I intend to do, although I know she'll say right away that I ought to have poor Seth. Well, at any rate I'll test my two lovers and then I'll be able to decide."

She went into the large, old fashioned kitchen where Aunt Lydia sat knitting before the great, blazing fire.

She sang softly as she prepared the supper, while the old lady, with a smile leaned back in her chintz-cushioned rocking chair, and watched her pretty, little brown eyed niece.

"Jessie, my dear girl," she said at last, taking off her silver-trimmed spectacles and rubbing them carefully with the corner of her handkerchief. "I want to have a little talk with you upon a very important subject."

"Well, auntie, what is it? she asked. "You are going to lecture me about Seth, aren't you?"

"Jessie," the old lady began, slowly, "this is a very serious affair. Do not ridicule it, because I'll not tolerate that. It is for your own good that I have ventured to broach this subject. Since you have become acquainted with Mr. Eldridge I have noticed how heartlessly you have set aside poor Seth Morris. Mr. Eldred's handsome face and blue eyes have fascinated you; but oh, my dear girl, you are not doing right. If you do not love Seth, be irank at least, and admit that fact, because that poor, good hearted fellow fairly worships you. And you must recollect that a woman knows very little about the habits and character of a man until she is married to him and past all escape."

Jessie opened her lovely brown eyes wider than ever.

"But, auntie. Har—Mr. Eldridge is so handsome and pleasant. Why, you have no idea what a splendid young man he——"

"A model of amiability and good temper. I suppose," the old lady interrupted, "That is all you know about this ideal of yours, isn't it?"

Jessie's cheeks flushed prettily, and her eyes filled with merry mischief.

"Now don't be too severe with me, auntie," she responded, "until I have told you what I intend to do. Of course as you know yourself, when a girl has two lovers, it is quite a difficult task for her to decide at once which one she prefers. Well, at any rate, I have made up my mind to test Seth and Harry, and the one who is fortunate enough to come out all right in the ordeal can claim Jessie Howard as his own for life."

"How on earth are you going to accomplish that? It is all very well to read about such things in a novel, and——"

But the sudden opening of the door interrupted Aunt Lydia, and old John Howard entered the warm kitchen, while Jessie, with a sigh of relief, knew that "very important subject" was ended for that evening.

On the following afternoon our little heroine felt somewhat lonely, and wrapping herself up warmly she ran over to see Lizzie Lawton, one of her school friends.

I've come to see if you were in the land of the living, yet Liz," said Jessie with a rippling laugh, as she kissed her friend. Isn't it a wretched day?"

"Wretched is no name for it," answered little, golden-haired Lizzie. "Mamma is up in her room nursing her periodical headache, and I was on the point of running over to see you. But, dear me, have you heard the news?"

"No," Jessie replied tossing back a stray curl from her forehead. "What is it, Liz?"

"Seth Morris is going to marry Miss Archer. She told me all about the engagement this morning. Don't you feel well?"

For poor Jessie's face suddenly turned deathly pale, and a look of horror crept into her eyes,

"Is it true, Lizzie?" she asked, trying to quell the quiver in her voice.

'Every word of it is true," Lizzie responded. "Of course I 'know about that little love affair between Seth and you, but you are very foolish if you go mourning over the loss of such a heartless lover. The idea of Seth tying himself down to that disagreeable Miss Archer when he could have got you. And she had the impudence to tell me that you had treated Seth shamefully, and it was no wonder he didn't ask you to marry him. Oh, Jessie, when she said that, I flew up in a terrible passion and gave her a piece of my mind, and so the end of it was, we had a fearful quarrel. She is the most spiteful thing I ever encountered. Now; don't feel badly about it, because you are not to blame for Seth's faithlessness."

But all through that afternoon there was a dull, aching pain at poor Jessie's heart, and, at last, she bid Lizzie goodbye, and went slowly home with a sad look upon her pretty face—a look that did not even Aunt Lydia's eyes as the girl entered the sitting-room where the old lady sat beside the dimity-curtained window.

Of course Jessie gathered up her courage and told Aunt Lydia all that she had heard, and the old lady almost beside herself with amazement, could only try to soothe our little heroine in her kind, motherly way.

And then poor Jessie tried to be brave and womanly, but a spiteful sense of desolation and heart sickness clung to her despite herself.

Oh, if Seth had only known how dearly she loved him, she felt confident that he would never have cast her aside so cruelly.

Then the handsome face and blue eyes of Harry Eldridge would suddenly loom up before her, and she would find herself wondering which of her two suitors she really loved

"Well, at any rate," she thought, 'I'll put Harry to the test now since Seth has been weighed in the balance and found wanting."

But Jessie was saved the trouble of taking that romantic step, for an hour later John Howard came into the kitchen with the starting news that Mr. Harry Eldridge had been arrested for being implicated in a daring bank robbery which was committed in Boston about two months ago.

Jessie listened like one in a dream. It seemed to her as if some cruel hand had suddenly grasped her heart. But at last she managed to slip up to her room where she had a good cry, and finally declared that she was the luckiest girl in the world to have rid herself of her two faithless lovers.

"Although I can blame no one but myself for having lost Seth" she thought sadly. "I never for a moment guessed how dearly I loved him until I heard of his engagement to Miss Archer. Oh, if some prophetic voice had only told me what a bold, wicked man Mr. Eldridge was I'm sure I'd not have hurt poor Seth's heart so cruelly."

But the next day when she returned home from a walk in the woods, she found Seth patiently awaiting her in the sitting room.

"Jessie," he said, holding out his hand to her in his frank, manly way, "do not think too harshly of me until I have explained all to you. I have come to contradict the rumor that Miss Archer is to be my wife. She was to have married my brother William, but he was killed in a railway accident, and since his death her brain has weakened and she has fancied of late, that I am her future lord and master. I never could feel angry toward the unfortunate girl, but in turn have always humored her hallucinations. The Archers have tried to keep her insanity a secret, but she is getting worse, and sooner or later the world cannot help but guess the truth. Oh, Jessie, do not turn from me now while you have the power to make me one of the happiest men on earth, for you are the only woman I ever loved, and I want you to be my precious little wife!"

With a low, glad cry, she flew to his breast, and sobbed out her happy answer.

"I cannot say no. Seth, because, oh, I love you—I love you so!"

And the day came at last when the little, ivy-covered church was opened for the rare occasion of a wedding, and Jessie, radiant with happiness, became Seth Morris' wife; while just before they started on their bridal trip, the news came that poor Miss Archer was dead.

The Wild Bell-Ringer and a Brave Boy.

Aquasco is such an out of the way town that no doubt many of the children never have heard of it before. It is in the State of Maryland, and stands on a little hill near the mouth of the Patuxent River. In the summer time no boy nor girl of Aquasco need go to the seashore, for salt water flows at their feet and the same salt breeze that sweeps fleet after fleet of white-sailed ships up and down the Chesapeake Bay blows in the windows of the houses in Aquasco. The good people of Aquasco go to bed so soon after supper that the whippoorwill cries and complains without one person to pity him, and the grunt of the bull-frog is the only voice that answers the whirr and ring of the clocks when they strike twelve, midnight.

So it was that when in the middle of the night, Cyrus Wallace, an Aquasco boy heard the church bell ringing, he sprang out of bed and ran barefooted into the street. As he reached the gate he saw men running by at the top of their speed.

"What's the matter?" shouted Cyrus, to one of the flying figures.

"A fire, I guess," said the man.

"Fire, fire, fire!" shrieked Cyrus, as he ran after the others, and in a few minutes the whole town of Aquasco was aroused. Everybody was in the street and everybody was hurrying towards the church. Women seized water buckets and children gathered up pails. Aquasco had been very still five minutes before, but now Aquasco was beside itself with excitement.

But where was the fire? The first man who reached the church put his hands to his mouth and hallooed to the top of the bell tower, where the bell was still clanging away. The second man did the same and the third called aloud and so did the fourth. Not a word would the person in bell tower answer, though he rang and rang, until all Aquasco gathered on the grass below.

"The door of the steeple is locked!" said one of the men. "Nobody understands it."

"Maybe some rascal got locked an there yesterday and fell asleep," said Mr. Rankin the Constable.

"No, no," replied Mr. Westcoat, the sexton of the church, "I was up there in the afternoon, and there wasn't anybody in the tower; It's a spirit or a goblin, that's what it is!" and Mr. Westcoat shook his head, while some of the children huddled together and held their breath.

"It's old Tappan's ghost," continued Mr. Westcoat. "Tappan was sexton before I was, and he rang that bell up there for twenty years. He's come back."

Cyrus laughed when he heard the sexton say such things. Cyrus knew very well that only cowards believe in ghosts. He was afraid of big dogs and drunken men but common sense told him that there was no such thing as a ghost or creature of the dark of any kind.

"Give me the keys," said a man to the sexton. "I'll go up and stop that ringing." The sexton fumbled in his pocket only to find that he had left the keys at home, a half mile away. Glad enough to get away from the haunted church, the sexton started home after the keys. Meanwhile the bell still rang. Every now and then the strokes would be faint, but the next instant would come a loud clang, as though the old bell didn't like such mysterious work a bit. The wind was blowing stiffly in the tops of the old oak trees, but all knew that the wind could not ring the bell because of the lattice-work around the belfry While the people were whispering together around the church, Cyrus was busy looking for a way to get into the belfry before the sexton should return with the keys. He knew that there was a little round window, just large enough for him to crawl through, some distance up the side of the tower, and when he had at last got a ladder that reached to this little window he stepped boldly up the rounds.

"I'll bring down that ghost before Mr. Westcoat gets back," laughed Cyrus, and the people could see him by the dim starlight as he put his head through the window and disappeared.

Cyrus found himself in a queer place. It was so dark in the belfry that he could not see where to move. He groped from one step to another, going up the belfry stairs slowly, while the sound from the bell above seemed to crash down from above with ten-fold clangor. He reached the crank which the sexton turned when ringing the bell. No one was there.

"Hello! ho; there, ho!" shouted Cyrus, directly into the bell's throat. But the bell's roar drowned his words. He climbed still higher, and soon sat among the rafters above the bell. He reached down and felt the air around the bell. His hand struck something. "Oh!" thought Cyrus. He felt the something and found that it was the limb of a tree. Following the limb with his hand, he found that the limb had thrust itself through a big hole in the lattice-work. Every time the tall tree on the outside rocked, this limb moved quickly forward and withdrew again. Cyrus laughed. He had found the ghost, for he knew that the end of the limb had caught the clapper of the bell and so that every time the tree was rocked by the wind the clapper struck He caught the limb with both hands and gave it a hard, strong pull. The limb bent and the bell stopped ringing.

In the mean time the people were waiting anxiously below. As soon as the bell stopped Cyrus put his mouth to the hole in the lattice, and called out that it was all right. The sexton soon arrived with the keys, and taking a hatchet, Cyrus chopped the bothersome limb in two. The people of Aquasco went to bed, and many laughed at the sexton's ghost. On the following day a great number visited the belfry to see the curious bell-ringer.

It was found that an army of flying squirrels had cut the hole in the lattice work, and that the wind had forced the limb of the neighboring oak through the opening. A little prong near the end of the limb had caught the clapper near its point, and so the wind made its novel bell-ringer.

Anti-Crinoline.

An anti-crinoline society has been established in London. It issues the following protest: "We, the undersigned, believing that the artificial aid to dress, known as 'crinoline' and 'hoop,' is inconvenient and ungraceful to the least extent, and hereby engage ourselves never to wear the same whatever attempt is made on the part of milliners to impose this tyranny upon the ladies of England."

The Old Fireman.

"Yes, there was a heap of fun in the old hand-engine days," sighed the fireman as he leaned back and surveyed the handsome "Amoskeag" in the center of the floor.

"Many fights?"

"Heaps of 'em. I was foreman of No. 5, for seven years, and once I figured up how many fights we had per year. I think the average was 122. I presume young man, that I have been in 600 firemen's fights."

"Ever get badly hurt?"

"Never. It was always the other party who got badly hurt. Of course I have had my jaw broken, head cracked, teeth loosened, eyes blacked and fingers broken, but nothing serious. See this ear? Well, one night the foreman of No. 7 chewed on that ear exactly fourteen minutes by the watch, but he was a poor, consumptive foreman and couldn't have bitten through a shingle-nail in three weeks."

"Those old fireman were very reckless."

"Well, yes. We didn't think nothing of trap doors and weak floors in those days. I was counting up my old scars the other Sunday, and I think the figures were thirty seven, not including the big one between the shoulders, where a burning timber held me down."

"Didn't the boys used to start a blaze now and then?"

"Oh, yes."

"And I presume you took a hand in?"

"Certainly—certainly. I was counting up the other day, and as near as I could make out I fired nineteen buildings myself, not counting school houses and churches."

"Did you ever burn any one up?"

"Well, I don't want to appear egotistical, but I can truthfully answer yes. Only yesterday I was trying to recall names and dates, and I counted up seventeen grown people and eleven children who were burned up by my incendiary hand."

"Didn't you ever feel any stings of conscience?"

"Oh, yes. The other Saturday evening I was figuring it up, and I made out the number of stings to be 12,500. There might be a few that I didn't get in, but the figures are mainly correct."

"Were you never suspected?"

"Never, and I don't want you to say anything about it now. I am trying to live an upright life, and if I were to be hauled up on these old charges it would utterly discourage me,"

"Monster! You are too wicked to live!"

"Yes, I know, but come in some time when I have more time and talk it over. Come in any time—always glad to see you and bring up these fond old reminiscences. La-la!"

Queer Chinese Roads.

The place where we visited the wall was Nankow, which is on the great overland road to Mongolia, Siberia and Russia. In fact, the way was so filled with trains of camels laden with tea and silk going on toward Europe, that we often had to turn out for them. Every seven camels are in charge of a man who marches sleepily ahead of the train holding a leather rope, which is passed through the nose of the foremost animal. Then each camel is fastened in the same manner to the one ahead of him, and the one in the rear, the last of the team, has a large bell swung about his neck as big as a small stove and not unlike it in shape. I was some time studying out the reason for putting the bell on the hindmost camel instead of on the leader. At last it came to me. The man who walks ahead of all does not have to look back to see if his train is following but can be told by the sound of the bell. But for this plan a cunning robber might steal part of the train and run away with it while the sleepy driver would be moping along holding only the line of the leading camel. If I were asked what is the most pressing want of China at this moment I would say roads. Not railroads, but wagon roads. The use of the public ways of the country for immeasuable ages without repair has brought them to such a pass that wheel vehicles are simply an impossibility. In Japan, when the foreigners came there after Commodore Perry's visit, there was no wheeled vehicles in use, but the roads, which were very narrow, were level and paved with stone. The consequence was that, when the "jin-rickshaw" was introduced, it spread rapidly over the country, and now there are thousands and thousands of these little baby carriages in Japan, and travelers can have them at a moment's notice to go to any part of the island. It is doubtful if the railroads in Europe and America are any greater improvement over the system in use before them than are the "jin-rickshaws" of Japan over the old palanquins which they have superseded. But the baldness of Chinese roads renders such a revolution as that in Japan impossible. Before wheels can be used in China roads must be constructed. The age of travel over the same thoroughfares, taken with the winds and storms, have cut them down until now a road through a level country is simply a deep gully, ten to fifteen feet deep. The first notice you have of a road is seeing at a distance the heads of men and beasts moving along upon a level with the ground in a most mysterious and at first unaccountable manner. On coming nearer it proves to be the people traveling along the road. They are down in the roadbed, which is nothing but a deep gully in summer and in winter a canal.

Bed Coverings.

A great deal of decorative color in now fashionable for bed coverings. Silk colors of embroidery or of rich damasks are used over the entire bed. If a white spread is preferred it is brightened by a scarf drapery of rich, dark brocade, that is thrown carelessly over the foot of the bed. The Japanese embroidered quilts and those done with guilt threads in tapestry designs are especially handsome. Antique laces combined with white muslin are used over colored silk linings for bed spreads, with pillow spreads to match. A border of red plush, upon which the lace edge falls, is a pretty finish; when not lined these lace spreads are used over down comfortables that are covered with rose, blue or red silk.

—Mrs. Sothern, the widow of the late E. A. Sothern, the actor, is dead.

—There are more Hebrews in Philadelphia than in all New England.

WHEN has a man four hands? When he doubles his fists.