

THE END OF THE WAY.

Where the rough road turns there's a valley sweet—
Where the skies are starred and fair;
We'll forget the thorns and the moon-day heat
And rest in the roses there.
And the dark of the dreary, weary night
Will be lost at last in the morning light.

Where the rough road turns there's a haven blest
Where the ships at anchor ride,
And the sea winds sing sweet songs of rest
Over the dreamless tide.
Where the tempests fade from a silent shore
And the sails are furled forevermore.
O rest in the beautiful valley sweet,
And rest in the haven still.
What though the storms on the brave ships beat—
Though the thorns are keen to kill?
Let us dream that the dark of the dreary night
Will be lost at last in the morning light.

—F. L. Stanton.

His Family Scepter.

"By Jove, Gordon, I don't know what to make of you!" exclaimed Tom Fairleigh, drawing on his gloves with considerable show of vexation. "Amy Hepburn's happiness is dear to me. In fact, I came here to-night to tell you that I love her—"

"To tell me?" broke in Gordon.

"Why don't you tell her?"

"Wait—can't you? Let me finish. I have told her, and she has declined me. It was done very gently and with the greatest possible regard for my feelings, but nevertheless I was declined. Don't think me a fool because I come here and make a confession which can be nothing less than mortifying. I'm doing it for Amy's sake."

"For Amy's sake?" echoed Gordon.

"Yes; I want to see her happy, and you are the man to make her so. She declined me on your account. Of course I know long ago that you were my rival, but did not know until two hours ago that you were the successful one. You aren't worthy of her and don't deserve her, but don't think for a moment that I believe myself more worthy or more deserving."

"Pausing suddenly, Fairleigh walked to his friend's side, and laid a hand on his shoulder. "I can't understand what you mean by leading Amy to believe that you care for her while all the time dividing your attention with Nell Fortshyke. Would you be inhuman enough to break a heart as loyal as Amy's?"

"Don't get tragic, Tom. I'm not going to break anybody's heart. Nell is rich, you know—"

"And so are you," sneered Fairleigh, walking hurriedly to the door and laying his hand on the knob, "but Amy Hepburn is poor. Society dares you to wed with poverty. If you love Amy, are you man enough to dare? Examine into the financial condition of the Hepburns, reflect upon what caused their downfall in fortune and then let me see if you are strong enough to leap this Brahminical barrier of caste."

With this parting shot Fairleigh passed quickly out of the room and slammed the door behind him. Harry Gordon gave vent to a long whistle, seated himself back in a chair and thoughtfully lighted a cigar.

"That was quite a job," he muttered, looking upward through the curling wreaths of smoke. "How happy could I be with either were I other charmer away? It's as sure as can be that I love one and fancy the other. But who will unravel this gordian knot? Which is it to be—Amy or Nell?"

A knock fell on the door, not on the outside door, but on a door leading into a closet. Harry Gordon stirred uncomfortably in his chair, a vexed look coming into his eyes as he fixed them upon the closet door. After a brief interval of silence the knock was repeated.

"Now, what in the world aroused you?" cried Gordon.

"Business is business," came a hollow voice from the other side of the closet door. "I'm here for a purpose, and if I do not make that purpose manifest once in awhile you'll forget all about me."

This remark was followed by a clanking, cackling outburst that seemed to grate harshly on Gordon's ear.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked.

"I want to come out and show myself. You know I'm here, but a little ocular demonstration won't come amiss, I take it. Remember, I'm showing consideration for you. I might have kicked open this door and stalked out into the room. But I didn't, I rapped."

"Can't you put it off? Come out to-morrow. I've got something else to think about now."

"The high and mighty order of family skeletons are not in the habit of playing second fiddle or taking back seats for anybody. I'm coming at once."

"All right, then," growled Gordon, squaring himself about on his chair. "Come on."

The closet door flew open and a well developed skeleton strode out and dropped with a rattle into a chair. The cavernous eyes were blankly expressive to Gordon. For him also there was something sarcastic in the grin of the fleshless jaws.

"Dust me off," said the skeleton. "I want to show up as frightful as possible to-night."

The request presented itself to Gordon as a command which he was pow-

erless to disobey. Picking up a feather duster, he puffed it vigorously about the gleaming white bones.

"Achoo!" he sneezed, dropping the duster and falling into his chair.

"You ought not to neglect me," said the skeleton. "I'm one of the family and should be treated as such. Now, then, let's have a chat."

The skeleton crossed its bony legs and settled back comfortably.

"Will it do me any good to have a chat with you?" queried Gordon.

"That remains to be seen. It used to do your father good. Why, it was my custom to visit him every night. As he sat before that table writing I'd sneak out of that closet, come quietly up behind him and put an arm caressingly around his neck."

The skeleton laughed, working its bony jaws with a succession of crackling sounds that made Gordon shiver.

"How it used to startle him! He would turn white as a sheet as he looked up into my face. Once he sprang to his feet in desperation, and we had a 'wrestle all about the room, overturning chairs, tables and everything else that came in our way."

"You succeeded in shortening my father's life," returned Gordon gloomily. "Under your tyranny he sank into his grave long before his time."

"So he did, so he did, and he passed me on to you with the rest of his property, real and personal. It was a rich inheritance, my dear boy, even though I had to be dragged at its heels. Yet don't accuse me of any responsibility for your father's taking off. He was the author of my existence. Like Frankenstein, he built me up bone by bone, and was not content until he had made a gigantic monster and had breathed into my bony breast the breath of life. Then in order that I might not afflict his right he stowed me away in that closet. Suppose I became the instrument of his own undoing. Is it not true that he was nevertheless the author of his own downfall?"

"Your logic seems to me as merciless as it is correct," answered Gordon, with knitted brows. "Still there are some points relating to your history on which my mind is a trifle obscure. What possessed my father to call into being a creature of your disagreeable character?"

"The almighty dollar, young man. He created me in order that you might inherit a little more wealth. He did not think then how I should one day sit astride his shoulders like the Old Man of the Sea, nor did he think that it was possible for me to afflict his son. For obvious reasons my relations with you are not so intimate as they were with your worthy father. I was evolved out of the wheat pit of the board of trade. Your father was a bull, and he mercilessly gored both life and fortune out of a certain bear who was not nimble enough to get out of his way."

"And who was this bear?" asked Gordon.

"A man named Hepburn."

"Amy Hepburn's father?" murmured the young man, rubbing his hand across his brow in an effort to remember.

"Yes, Hepburn lost every penny he had in the world through that disastrous wheat deal. He was forced into bankruptcy, and unable to bear the disgrace, took his own life. His money went to increase the store your father left you, my boy, and it is now possible for you to live in luxury while Hepburn's wife and children must struggle on as best they can. However, and the skeleton got up and started back to its closet. "It is not for me to moralize. Now that I've caught myself delivering a homily I'll just take my departure. Au revoir, my dear fellow."

Halting at the closet door the skeleton waved its adieu and disappeared within. Gordon sat in his chair, deep in thought, while his cigar burned itself out between his fingers.

At last he got up and shook his broad shoulders as though freeing himself from a disagreeable burden.

"Society has dared me," he muttered, "but I know my heart now and I'll do as I please."

After Harry Gordon and Amy Hepburn had been married and had returned from their honeymoon, Harry brought his bride upstairs to his old bachelor's den and seated her in a chair.

"My dear," he said, "I have a confession to make to you. My father once did your father a grievous wrong, and I have made myself the happiest fellow in the world by undoing it. However, as we are not to have any secrets from each other, you must know about this."

A look of astonishment came into Amy's blue eyes as she watched her husband proceed to the closet, throw open the door and go rummaging inside.

"I'm looking for something that does not seem to be there—the Gordon family skeleton, Amy. For the first time in fifteen years it is not to be found in that closet."

Just then a clanking tread was heard in the hallway without, the door was pushed slowly ajar and the skeleton limped in, supporting itself on a crutch and looking very much the worse for wear.

"There it is!" cried Gordon. "What's the matter with you, old chap? Here, sit down. I want to make you acquainted with my wife."

The family skeleton dropped into a chair and shook until it rattled like a score of castanets.

"I'm done for," it groaned. "You've fixed me, young man. I just dropped in to say good-bye forever. But don't introduce me to your wife. We've met before."

"That's so, Harry," said Amy. "I know all about this family skeleton of yours. Don't let it worry you, my

dear," and she threw her soft arms about his neck. "Let the dead past bury its dead." If we are happy, isn't that enough?"

"Enough, yes!" And he pressed a rapturous kiss upon her fair cheek.

That kiss pronounced the doom of the Gordon family skeleton. Forthwith it began to fade into thin air, finally vanishing and leaving not a wrack behind.

THE SCYTHE IN THE PINE TREE.

A Curious Reminder of the Son's Going to the War, Never to Return.

Thirty-eight years ago young Augustus Bliss of Warwick, Mass., quit cutting brush on his father's farm, hung his scythe on a pine tree and went off to war. The soldier boy never came back, and the scythe has never been taken down from the tree where he hung it, but has become imbedded in the growing pine until it is a fixture. This pathetic reminder of the great civil struggle is a familiar sight to members of the Sheroet Club of Springfield, as the tree stands near the club's comfortable quarters in Blissville, a hamlet just across the North Orange line into Warwick.

When young Augustus Bliss left home and parents, to fight his country's battles, Blissville was a busy center of small industries, traces of which remain to tell the story of the shifting of the scene of manufacturing from the small country hamlet to large centers. The tree has witnessed all these changes, has seen the mill standing near slowly falling into decay, the population changing, but still the scythe hangs there, summer and winter, a mute testimonial to the devotion to duty that animated young Bliss. His father, Milton Bliss, was engaged in building the dam standing by, and sent his son to cut some briars that were in the way of stone that were needed. After the briars were cut the scythe was hung on a small pine tree near, probably without a thought of how long it would remain there.

In a day or two Augustus Bliss went to the front, having enlisted for a three years' term of service in the army some time previous. The young soldier never came back. He was but 18 years old when he enlisted, Aug. 4, 1862. In Company H, Thirty-sixth Massachusetts Regiment, while with his regiment in the South, he was overtaken by a fatal illness, and died in an army hospital at Middale, Miss. The circumstances of his contracting disease were very sad. He had gone to get water for his comrades, and his company had orders to march while he was gone. He tried to overtake them, and the over-exertion was more than he could stand, and he was taken ill with fever before he had been in battle. He was not brought home for burial, but his name is on the roll of honor on the soldiers' monument at Orange.

In all these years no one has meddled with the scythe. It has hung there a symbol and visible reminder to his father of his son's devotion to duty. As the tree grew, the scythe has become embedded in the wood, until it is a part of the tree. The snath, which has been forced off the scythe by the growing tree, is supported in its original position by a small framework. The woodwork of the tooles has yielded to the action of the elements and fallen away. Around the tree which is probably a little over a foot in diameter at its base has been erected a railing.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A Queer Article of Diet.

The old schoolboy recipe of preparing lemonade by crushing the bodies of ants, diluting the composition with water and sweetening it with sugar is brought to mind by the account given in an Australian paper of the popularity as an article of diet among the natives of the Bogong moth, which they collect in thousands from open pits in granite rocks. On both sides of many of the valleys in the Bogong mountains, the moths are found in great masses, both sides of deep chasms being literally covered with the insects, packed closely side by side and overlapping. A traveller who went to investigate the district, cooked about a quart of the moths and found them exceedingly palatable, with a flavor of walnut. The native collect them by spreading a blanket or sheep of bark beneath them. The moths, or being disturbed with a stick, fall down and are gathered up before they have time to crawl or fly away and are thrust into a bag. A hole is then made in the sand in which fire is put until the sand is thoroughly heated. The moths are then poured out of the bag stirred about in the hot ashes and placed on a sheet of bark until cold. They are then sifted in a net, to get rid of the heads, the wings and the legs have been previously singed off, and eaten as a crisp and tender morsel by the natives. When they are intended to be kept they are ground into paste and made into cakes.—Chicago Record

His Revenge.

Two Joneses lived next door to each other, and having to call on one of them, Brown, of course, went to the wrong house. A crabbed servant answered the bell, and on Brown asking, "Is this Mr. Jones'?" she replied, "No, it is not, but she had been bothered with many such inquiries." "No, it ain't," and slammed the door in his face. Brown walked on a few yards or so, when a bright thought struck him. He returned at once and rang the same bell again. Again the crabbed servant appeared. "Who said it was?" asked Brown, triumphantly, and walked away.—Tit-Bits.

In the Sudan horses are shod with camel's skin.

NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX.

NOTES OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMININE TOPICS.

The Law and the Rouge Pot—Witty Diaries Are a Smart Fad—German Tribute to British Nurses—Exquisite Lingerie—My Lady's Color—Etc., Etc.

The Law and the Rouge Pot.

In a book that I have been reading, says a London Madame Gossp, there is a woman who has invented a mask of gold-beater's skin, which transforms her from a very unpleasant-looking person to a radiantly lovely beauty. What a fortune might be won if this effort of imagination could be made a fact. The curious thing is, however, that the use of it by any lady for the purpose of "enticing any of his (or her) Majesty's male subjects into marriage" would come under the operation of a forgotten statute of 1770, and entitle the wearer to be "prosecuted for sorcery."

Witt Diaries Are a Smart Fad.

Journal in a peppy are the newest fad of New York women. In these books they chronicle their daily social doings, all the witty sayings of those they come in contact with, which are numerous, as American society boasts of many smart women. Any comment their own bright minds suggest are also recorded. These are to be handed down to posterity. One of the leading spirits in the most exclusive set has dedicated her journal to her great granddaughter, desiring that she only shall first read it. What interesting reading it will prove when that time comes can well be fancied.

German Tribute to British Nurses.

Dr. Krummacker, one of the German medical attaches who has just returned from South Africa, and has been describing the details of the British medical service to a Berlin audience, referred in terms of warm admiration to the Army Nursing Sisters. He expressed his regret that such an institution as an organized corps of nurses belonging to the army is unknown in Germany, where the nurses in time of war are supplied by the religious communities and by the Red Cross.

Exquisite Lingerie.

Lingerie grows more exquisitely dainty year by year. An Empire night robe of shell pink suah has a square neck, with inserted guimpe of lace and wash ribbon. It is gathered just below the bust into a band of lace beading, through which pink ribbon is drawn. The sleeves are merely a large puff descending half way to the elbow, and edged by a deep ruffle. At the hem of the gown, which is slightly trained, is a six inch ruffle. A lace jabot extends from neck to foot in front. The other garments completing the set are similarly decorated, and a special feature of the chemise is the entire absence of fullness in the front, while the back is gathered full into a ribbon woven beading.

My Lady's Color.

A Parisian authority upon the subject of dress has just given a list of colors suited to different complexions. For brunettes with a creamy skin and black or brown hair the list comprises ivory, white, orange, very pale pink veiled with white lace or gauze, bright red and brilliant black in combination with white or a color. Women with a warm color, brown hair, and a brownish complexion, are allotted bright pinks, very pale turquoise-blue, pinkish lilac, cream, and especially such combinations of color as mastic and red-gray and pink, brown and blue, and generally s-making, striped effects. For the golden-brown locks, with a fair, pale skin, there are black, pinkish gray, periwinkle blue, Navy-blue, dark red, milk white, and very dark green. Rosy blondes should wear golden brown, beige, mastic, ruby, bright violet, all white, canary yellow and white. Pale blondes are permitted dull black, dark red, all violet, sapphire blue, bright turquoise blue and very pale pink.

Pastel Shades in Lace.

Pastel shades are being dyed in lace. For the present it is chiefly the pale tan and suede tones that are being thus produced, not so very unlike the natural ecru tint of some old laces. Ochre is the expressive name given to a deeper tint. These colored laces are applied to canvas, voile, tulle, or alpaca dyed in a similar shade. Many of the laces are made away at the edges, so as to give curved lines when applied round or down a skirt instead of the stiffer straightness of ordinary lace insertion. This way make is called "lapped" lace. It is to be much used let in dresses transparent fashion, with the material cut away under the lace to show a lining of entirely different color.

The Styles in Parasols.

Parasols are to be more distracting than ever this year. A marvellous amount of artistic taste is displayed in many of them. Satin has a plique of black or white lace, insertions of lace appear edged by steel paillettes, fringe is used freely, and the one thing that is not in favor is the plain, ornamented sunshade. One dainty style called the "rose leaf" is made of tiny pink silk petals, so that the parasol when opened very much resembles a huge rose. An extremely elegant example made for a young woman is of silver gray crepe de chine, lined with shell pink and having in every division a spray of pink roses embroidered in relief, with green leaves and stems. This

dainty article accompanies a gown of gray crepe, with pink drop skirt and embellishments.

To Keep One's Clothes in Order.

Brush skirts after wearing them, and turn wrong side out before hanging on skirt hangers.

Air bodices thoroughly, wrong side out, before putting them away. When ready to put away, stuff the sleeves with tissue paper, and hang them on coat hangers.

Shoes should be dusted and polished before being set in the closet. They may also be stuffed with tissue paper, which helps them to retain their shape. Very careful people use boot "trees."

Gloves should be peeled off the hand, from wrist to fingers, sprinkled with a little orris powder, turned right side out, and laid smoothly away between strips of perfumed flannel.

Hats and bonnets should be brushed after wearing, and the flowers or feathers re-arranged.

Ribbons and sashes will keep fresh longer if rolled about crushed tissue paper when not in use.

Clothes that are not in constant use will be better for an occasional airing and brushing. Dust, if allowed to collect on any article of dress, will soon destroy its color.

The Good Fellow Girl.

The "good fellow girl" is a product of modern society, says Mrs. Sage. There could not possibly be any congeniality or even sympathetic interest between me and this *fin de siècle* creature.

I was not a "good fellow" when I was young. Yet I had a good time. I was bridesmaid nine times, which shows that I was neither friendless nor neglected, and I entered into all the social pleasures of the other young people. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, but there wasn't a "good fellow" girl among us.

Since that time this new kind of a girl has come upon the social horizon. She plays tennis and golf. She talks about horses like a jockey. She is proud of her slang vocabulary. She isn't easily shocked. She rides a wheel in abbreviated skirts. She smokes a cigarette if she feels like it.

In truth, she has lost the sweetness, refinement and dignity that makes womanhood beautiful.

Some men will like her free manners and speech. She will doubtless get married, because she will have no hesitation in helping the man along if he seems at all backward. She is not hampered by any traditions of past. She boasts that she has cast aside the shackles that bound her sex. She believes that she revels in a newly found and delicious freedom. She does not know that many of the men who find her companionable do not admire her.

Nor do I think they would call her their ideal of what a wife and a mother should be. Too often she loses their respect and wins nothing in return.

As one man once said to a girl of this type:

"She is a good comrade, but I would not want her for a wife."

To my way of thinking, the old fashioned girl can never be improved upon. She was gentle, home-loving and home-making, and she was very sweet and lovable. She could not tool a coach. She did not know any slang. She wouldn't have ridden a wheel under any circumstances, and she would have scorned to be thought "one of the boys." And she won a measure of respect, admiration, love and homage of which any woman might well be proud. I am glad to say there are still many girls like her. May the "good fellow" girl's reign be short.—Washing-ton Star.

Bits of Femininity.

The Paris summer girl has no end of linen frocks.

Black and white in combination are still the rage in the east.

Pink is bound to be the modish color of the summer cotton frock.

White and colored linens are used in novel combinations with foulard silks.

Cherries are fast usurping the popularity of the grape as a hat garniture.

Belts are either very wide or very narrow if you would be altogether correct.

Golfing skirts of green and brown, neat scented tweed, are a late departure.

Dragon flies with wings of gauze are among the late fetching hair ornaments.

The very newest skirts are those that have rows of shirring around the sides and back.

The long military cape, reaching to the hem of one's frock, is the latest utility wrap.

It is a popular device to combine the heaviest guipure and laces with the airtiest gauzes.

The taffeta silk skirt, in black and colors, for wear with fancy waists, is the most supreme vogue.

Large fancy collars are fashionable in blouses, bodices and applied to the jacket of the tailor frock.

White cotton d'esprit and plain bobbinet are very smart in combination with lace over silk foundations.

The tailor-made girl wears a four-in-hand of black velvet ribbon, with her linen collars and starched blouses.

The long quill has lived its day as accessory to the outfit hat, its place now being filled by two silk pompons the color of the hat.

The new golf hats are on the Alpine order and are made of the reversible goods like the skirt, the plaid side forming the under brim.

A man is generally at his heaviest in his fortieth year.

KEYSTONE STATE.

LATEST NEWS GLEANED FROM VARIOUS PARTS.

EVADED RAIDS 20 YEARS.

"Bill" Pritt, long sought as an Alleged Moonshiner, is Finally Captured—Accused of Murder in 1890—Was Surprised at the Home of a Friend in the Fayette County Mountains—Other News.

"Bill" Pritt, aged 63 years, who has evaded the raids of revenue officers during the past twenty years, and against whom are pending charges of murder and moonshining, was captured by two Government officers at Connelville, who, single-handed, made a swift descent upon their man and carried him off to prison out of a region filled with his sympathizers. Pritt was lodged in the borough prison. He is wanted for the shooting of "Yoney" Hostettler, whom he is accused of having killed because Hostettler divulged the secrets of the illegal distillers. Pritt's two sons are also in the toils of the law, having been tried at Pittsburg recently on the charge of moonshining. The jury disagreed, and the boys will be tried again in October. Pritt was captured in the wilds of the Chestnut Ridge. The capture was made by County Detective Alexander McBeth and Revenue Officer Dickson, of Pittsburg. The officers learned that Pritt had gone from his home to that of John Trinke, four miles across the mountains. Thither the officers went. When near the house they suddenly came across Pritt, sitting on the edge of a field. He ran about half a mile before the officers caught up to him. The officers threw him down and with main strength put handcuffs on him. Pritt still was found one mile from his house when his sons were arrested some months ago.

Snake in the Bed.

About 10 o'clock, when Mr. and Mrs. John E. Kilroy, of Lambertville, were about to retire, they were horrified upon turning down the covers to find coiled up in the center of the bed a two-foot pit snake. Mrs. Kilroy's screams aroused the neighbors, many of whom entered the house. The snake was pulled from the bed with a garden rake and killed by a few well-directed blows. Mrs. Kilroy has been prostrated by the shock.

Died at Prayer Meeting.

Mrs. Louise Schuyler, widow of Dr. Jacob Schuyler, died suddenly while attending a prayer meeting at the Market Street Presbyterian Church, Bloomsburg. Mrs. Schuyler had been in apparently good health and was thought at first to have fainted. A physician was hastily summoned, who found her dead upon his arrival.

Killed by Blow of Jack Handle.

Vincent Topper, of Hanover, a section hand on the Pennsylvania Railroad, endeavored to lift the track with a jack, when a cog slipped, causing the handle of the jack to strike him on the side of the head with terrific force, knocking him senseless. He died before he could receive medical attention.

Naked Lamps Caused Explosion.

By an explosion of gas in the Cayuga mine of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Company, three men were so badly injured that they will probably die. The injured men are Benjamin Amos, Adam Miller and Boles Poncaw, all of them married. The men encountered a body of gas which was ignited by their naked lamps.

Monument to Gridley.

A committee of citizens is engaged in raising a fund for the erection of a monument in Lake Side Cemetery, Erie, in honor of Captain Charles V. Gridley, commander of the flagship Olympia, in the battle of Manila Bay. J. F. Lowning is chairman of the committee, and will duly acknowledge the receipt of contributions.

Not Rolled Down Precipice.

Foster, the 2-year-old son of Michael Howe, at the Cornwall ore banks, strayed from home alone and rolled down the almost perpendicular side of the "Johnson cut," in the middle hill, a distance of fully 125 feet. The boy escaped injury, except slight wounds on the head and back. There the child lay all night, but he was bright and laughing when the father discovered him behind a big rock.

In Brief.

Sparks from a mill at Rankin set fire to a car in a passing freight train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The car was burned and nineteen head of cattle which it contained perished.

County Treasurer T. S. Nevin, of Chambersburg, received \$22.50 conscience money sent to him by a person who said it was county tax due on an estate which had never been properly returned for taxation.

The York County Pomona Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, at Grangeville, instructed Senator Haines to request President McKinley to retain United States District Attorney Beck in office.

The commencement exercises of the Milford High School were held. The graduating class was composed of Jennie Struthers, valedictorian; Harriet Horton, salutatorian; Dora Rohotte, historian; Meda Boyd, poetess.

W. F. Herring, a lumber dealer and contractor at Tyroneville, was arrested on a charge of forgery preferred by F. De Hyster, of the Second National Bank. Herring was placed under \$1000 bail.

Prominent People.

The Khedive of Egypt hopes to visit America next year.

Emperor William, of Germany, has promoted himself to be Field Marshal General.

Representative Small, of North Carolina, is devoting himself to the study of fishes.

The University of Cambridge has conferred the degree of LL.D. on King Oscar of Sweden.

Henry Clews is reported as saying that he considers Mrs. Hetty Green as the equal of Russell Sage in conducting a business transaction.

"Tom" Watson, of Georgia, has announced that he is out of politics for good. It is said that his law practice nets him \$20,000 a year.

In six months it will be a whole half century since Galusha A. Gros was elected for his first term in Congress.

General Lord Kitchener, after the Boer war is ended, will succeed General Paerz Palmer as Commander-in-Chief in India.

Among Sir John Lubbock's eccentricities is his fondness for insect pets. He once had a wasp which would sit still in his hand and be stroked.

Charles H. Allen, the new governor of Porto Rico, was president of his class at Amherst, and besides being one of the best students in the place was also the best billiard player.

When George Wyndham, now prominent in English dispatches, first entered the British War Office a little over a year ago, he did not have a gray hair. Now his hair is all silvery white.