

WONDERFUL MAN.

A very remarkable fellow was he
Endowed with the widest of knowl-
edge.
In spite of the fact that to go on the
sneeze
Was his chief occupation at college.
He painted and played with most ex-
quisite skill;
He sang like a star operatic;
His friends, when they spoke of his
fanciful quill—
For he wrote, too—grew fairly eo-
static.

He lived in a splendid and elegant
style,
Was more than a bit of a dandy.
Yet, when he considered the trouble
worth while,
Could put up his dukes pretty handy.
He rode like a centaur, was quite a
dead shot,
At fencing no man could come near
him;
Neath skin of soft velvet steel mus-
cles he'd got,
Which made all his enemies fear
him.
With languid profusion he scattered
his gold—
He never used silver or copper—
The ladies described him as wicked
and bold,
In all ways this chap was a topper.
But beside him the heroes of modern
romance
Would seem in the dust bin to grovel.
He's dead now, but you may have met
him by chance—
He lived in the old-fashioned novel.
—Chicago News.

Whipped by Eagles

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP.

The old professor shared his "den" with me, and after the day's work in the museum he would often sit before the tiny grate fire and talk. I punched the fire and listened.

"When did I begin my life as a naturalist?" he replied to a question from me. "I won't know. I can't remember the day I wasn't collecting something." Then, after a pause, "But I can remember the day I stopped collecting one thing."

"What thing?" I asked.

"Birds' eggs. No, it wasn't because the minister got after me or the school teacher or my conscience—although that has never stopped troubling me since. It was two birds that got after me. I was trying to rob them, and they whipped me—thashed me so thoroughly that I have been ashamed ever since to steal any kind of bird's eggs. And that's been since I was seventeen.

"About five miles from our house, on the edge of a salt marsh, called Moses' Windows, stood an eagle tree, the home of a famous pair of bald heads. The eagles were known all over the county, and the ancient nest had a place in the chart of every oysterman in the bay.

"I had looked away toward that nest ever since I could remember. I had often stood beneath its great tree and gazed up at it, always with a longing to mount to it and lay hands on the eggs. To stand up in that eagles' nest was the peak of all my boy ambitions.

"And I did it. I had the eggs of those eagles in my hands, but only once.

"The tree was a stark old white oak, almost limbless, and standing alone on the marsh. The eagles' nest capped its very top.

"The nest had always seemed big, but not until I climbed up close under it did I realize that it was the size of a small haystack. There was certainly half a cord of wood in it. I think that it must originally have been built by fish hawks.

"Holding to the forking top upon which the nest was placed, I reached out, but could not touch the edge from any side.

"I had come determined to get up into it, however, at all hazard, and so I set to work. I never thought of how I was to get down, nor never dreamed, either, of fearing the eagles. A bald-headed eagle is a bully. I would have soon had thought of fearing our hissing old gander at home.

"As I could not get out to the edge of the nest and scale the walls, the only possible way up, apparently, was through the structure. The sticks here in the bottom was old and quite rotten. Digging was easy, and I soon had a good beginning.

"The structure was somewhat cone-shaped, the smaller end down. It had grown in circumference as it had grown in years and in height, probably because at the bottom the building materials had decayed and gradually fallen away, until now there was a decided outward slant from bottom to top. It had grown lopsided, too, there being a big bulge on one side of the nest near the middle.

"The smallness of the bottom at first helped me; there was less of the stuff to be pulled out. I easily broke away the dead timbers and pushed aside the tougher sticks. I intended to cut a channel clear to the top and go up through the structure. Already my head and shoulders were well into the nest.

"Now the work became more difficult. The sticks were newer, some of them being seasoned oak and hickory which the birds had taken from cord-wood piles.

"I had cut my channel up the side of the nest nearly half way when I came to a forked branch that I could neither break nor push aside. I soon found that it was not loose, but that it belonged to the oak tree itself. It ran out through the nest horizontally, ex-

tending little more than a foot beyond the rough walls.

"Backing down, I saw that this fork was the support of the bulge which had given the nest its lopsided appearance. A few large timbers had been rested across it, small loose pieces had gradually lodged upon these and thus in time brought about the big bulge.

"Pushing off this loose stuff and the few heavy timbers, I discovered that the fork would bear my weight. It now projected a little way from the wall of the nest. I got a firm hold on the forks out at their ends, swung clear and drew myself up between them. After a lively scramble, I got carefully to my feet, and clutching the sticks protruding from the side, stood up, with my eyes almost on a level with the rim of the great nest. This was better than cutting a channel, certainly, at least for the ascent.

"Over the protruding sticks of the rim I looked, and caught a glimpse of large dull-white eggs.

"Eggs of shining gold could not have so fascinated me. There were thousands of people who could have gold eggs if they cared. But eagles' eggs! Money could not buy such a sight as this.

"I was more than ever eager now to get into the nest. Working my fingers among the sticks of the rim for a firm grip, I stuck my toes into the rough wall and began to climb. At some considerable hazard and many rents in my clothing I wiggled up over the edge into the hollow of the nest where the coveted eggs lay!

"The eagles were wheeling and screaming overhead. The weird cac-cac-cac! of the male came down from far above me, while the female, circling closer, would swoop and shrill her menacing, maniacal half-laugh almost in my ears.

"Their wild cries thrilled me. I seized the eggs, rose to my feet, and stood upright in the nest. As the eagles hovered and swept over me I came perilously near trying to fly myself.

"The level marsh, the blue, hazy bay, the far-off, unblurred horizon rolled wide and free about me. The wild, free winds from the sea blew on my face until I screamed with joy at the screaming eagles.

"The sound of my voice seemed to infuriate the birds. The male turned suddenly in his round and swooped directly at me. The movement was instantly understood by his mate, who thus emboldened, cut under him and hurled herself downward, passing with a vicious grab at my face. I dodged, or she would have hit me.

"For the moment I had forgotten where I stood, and in dodging the eagle I almost stepped over the edge of the nest. I caught my balance and dropped quickly to my knees, completely unnerved.

"Fear like a panic took instant hold on me. Only one desire possessed me—to get down. I crept to the edge and looked over. The sight made me dizzy. Sixty feet of almost empty air! Far down a few small limbs intervened between me and the ground. But there was nothing by which to descend.

"I was dismayed, and my expression, my posture—something betrayed my confusion to the eagles. They immediately lost all dread of me. While I was looking over, one of them struck me a stinging blow on the head, knocking my cap off into the air.

"That started me. I must climb down or be knocked over. If only I had continued with my channel to the top! If only that forked branch by which I ascended were within reach! But how could I back over the flaring rim of my whole length and swing my body under against the inward slanting nest until my feet could touch it? But if I ever got down that was what I must do, for the eagles gave me no chance to cut a channel now.

"Laying the eggs back for the time in the hollow, I began tearing away the rim of the nest in order to clear a place over which to back down.

"I was momentarily in danger of being hurled off by the birds, for I could not watch them and work, too. And they were growing bolder with every dash. One of them, driving fearfully from behind, flattened me out on the nest. Had the blow been delivered from the front I should have been knocked headlong to the ground.

"I was afraid to delay longer. A good sized breach was opened in the rim of the nest by this time. And now, if the sticks would not pull out, I might let myself over and reach the fork. Once my feet touched that I could manage the rest, I knew.

"Digging my hands deep into the nest for a firm hold, I began cautiously to back over the rough, stubby rim, reaching with my feet toward the fork.

"The eagles seemed to appreciate the opportunity my awkward and humiliating position offered them. I could not have arranged myself more conveniently to their minds, I am sure. And they made the most of it. I can laugh now, but the memory of it can still make me shiver, too.

"I had wiggled over so that I could bend my body at the waist and bring my legs against the nest when a sharp stub caught in my clothes and held me. I could get neither up nor down. My handhold was of the most precarious kind, and I dared not let go for a moment to get off the snag.

"I tried to back out and push off from it, but it seemed to come out with me. It must be broken; and pulling myself up, I dropped with all the force I could put into my body. That loosened but it did not break it. Suddenly, while I was resting between the efforts, the thing gave way.

"I was wholly unprepared. All my weight was instantly thrown upon my

hands. The jagged sticks cut into my wrists, my grip was prised off and I fell.

"Once, twice, the stubs in the wall of the nest caught and partly stopped me, then broke. I clutched frantically at them, but could not hold. Then, almost before I realized that I was falling, I hung suspended between two limbs—the forks of the white oak branch in the side of the nest.

"I had been directly above it when the stub broke and had fallen through it, and the two branches had caught me right under both of my arms.

"For a second I was too dazed to think. Then a swirl of wings, a hard blow on the neck and a shooting pain made my position clear. I was not down yet nor out of danger. The angry birds still had me in reach.

"Hanging with one arm, I twisted round until the other arm was free, then seized the branches and swung under, but not before the eagles had given me another raking dab.

"Here beneath the branches, close up to the bottom of the nest, I was quite out of the reach of the birds and through the channel I had cut in my ascent I climbed quickly down into the tree.

"It was now a mere matter of sliding to the ground. But I was so battered and faint that I nearly tumbled.

"I was a sorry looking boy—my clothing torn, my hands bleeding, and blood running from a dozen wounds in my head and neck. The scar of one deep, ugly cut in my neck I shall always bear.

"It was in making my way home from the tree that I concluded not to rob eagles any more—or chipmunks, either."

"But what did you do with the eagles' eggs?" I asked.

"Why, I very kindly allowed the old eagles to hatch them; and more than that, to my certain knowledge, I contributed three of my four white rabbits to help rear the young robbers when they came."—Youth's Companion.

THE ALBANIANS.

Out of the Hat Is the Tribal Badge or Sign of Individuality.

The Albanians have resources of character capable of wonderful development. They are physically a superb race. Large and well built, but slender, with every feature finely chiselled, they are pure Caucasians in type, their rudy hue being the stain of the sun. You can pick out at a glance an Albanian officer in the Turkish army. He cannot be distinguished from a European. There is a better comparison: The Albanians in appearance are like Americans of the Gibson type—a strongly marked contrast to the Turk.

On their natural dress, however, you have to scrutinize them closely in order to find points of similarity to any other people. I am speaking of the men. The women wear full black cloaks, apparently puffed out with air to hide their figures, and a white muslin veil and head-covering in the place of dark draperies of the Turkish women. They are only women! If you ask an Albanian how many children he has he will shake his head regretfully and reply, "Two children and four girls." The Turk's fez is an ugly thing, but the Albanian's is gorgeous. It is of the same color as the Turk's, but there is no air space in it. It fits tight over his skull. Instead of the thin black tassel, one of long full blue silk falls to the shoulders and trails to the front gracefully. This is the dress fez. For everyday wear the Albanian uses a white cap without the appendage. The trousers, usually white, fit tight to the ankle, where they flare out over the shoe. Down each side of them and over the back is a broad band of rich black silk cording. In front from the waist is worked in a rich red, edged with black, a design which tapers off down each leg to the knee. A brilliantly colored sash, padded underneath with others of less gorgeous hue—altogether, some ten or twelve yards of material, which takes ten minutes to wind around one—forms the dividing band between trousers and a low-cut shirt, and serves as holster for pistol and knife. A short, richly worked jacket, without sleeves reaches down to the top of the shank, but misses meeting across the chest by six inches. There are variations of this costume, but it is materially the same all over Albania.

The cut of the hair is the tribal badge or sign of individuality among Albanians. Followers of one chief will keep their heads closely shaven, except in one circular space about an inch across, which is never cut. This single tuft curls down underneath the fez like an Indian's scalplock. Others will shave the top of the head where the cap rests, and there is sense in the arrangement, for they never remove their fezes, and the heat is thereby equalized over the head. There are a dozen other cuts, all of which spoil the intellectual physiognomy of the Albanian from a European point of view; but when his hair is allowed to grow naturally and he dresses according to civilized ideas, he is unrivalled in appearance. It is sad to think that Mussulman fanaticism is so deeply engrained in these people! It is not a racial inheritance; it is an infection from the Turk.

New Thief Catcher.

When discovered burgling a house at Arignon, France, Peter Rousseau made a dash for the roof and climbed the lightning conductors. All efforts to capture him failed until the fire brigade was called out, and he was washed off his perch with a fire hose.

FOR THE FAIR
LATEST
NEW YORK FASHIONS

New York City.—Fancy waists that close in the back are much in style and are exceedingly attractive in the season's materials. This very pretty May



Manton one is equally well adapted to the entire costume and to the odd waist, to the long list of washable fabrics, and all soft and simple silks and wools, but, as shown, is of handkerchief lace with trimming of Valenciennes lace and is unlined. The waist consists of a fitted lining, the front and the backs. The front is tucked to form a deep pointed yoke, below which it falls in soft and becoming folds and is trimmed with lace. The backs are tucked in groups from shoulders to waist on lines that give a tapering effect to the figure. The sleeves are the fashionable ones that are tucked above the elbows and form puffs below. At the neck is a regulation collar.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and one-half yards twenty-one inches wide, four yards twenty-seven inches wide, three

a maze of needlework and two other sorts of laces. Mechlin and the heaviest Irish lace combine well with this attractive lace. Many of the most desirable stock ties of linen show insets of this Teneriffe lace. The most notable pattern in this lace, now one thinks of it, suggests a cobweb, or a cart-wheel, done in thread, quite as much as it does its namesake peak.

Beautiful Hats.
Hats trimmed with fuchsias increase in favor. Nothing could be lovelier than a white lace straw, with black velvet ribbon bows on the outside, and a cluster of coral and purple fuchsias hung under the left side of the brim, and encircled by a fringe of lilies-of-the-valley. As regards hats, there are so many becoming shapes and such lovely materials and at all sorts of prices that no one need go unsatisfied in this important part of the summer outfit.

Flowers Grow in Favor.
Flowers of ribbon work, for millinery use, for hair ornaments and gown decoration, grow in favor and are of exquisite beauty. The latest in this ribbon work is made from sombre and shaded ribbons of very narrow width, which come out in lovely relief in Noisette roses, snowballs, marigold, daisies, violets and wistaria. The crimped and knotted ribbon "dangles" and fringes are as lovely as they are unique.

Garnitures of Black Spangles.
Very handsome garnitures of black spangles are much seen in Paris. They are designed for the adornment of black or white toilettes.

Misses' Sailor Blouse.
No style suits young girls more perfectly than the simple sailor one. This very charming May Manton blouse is adapted to linen, to cotton and to wool, and can be made absolutely plain or



A POPULAR TUCKED ETON.

and three-fourth yards thirty-two inches wide or two and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide.

Woman's Tucked Eton.
Loose fitting Etons are much in vogue and are always satisfactory to the wearer, inasmuch as they can be slipped on and off with far greater readiness than any tighter garment. The very stylish May Manton model shown in the large drawing includes a fancy stole collar with shoulder strap extensions, and is adapted both to the suit and to the odd wrap. As shown, it is of black taffeta, stitched with corded silk, and is trimmed with a stole collar of white peau de sole edged with fancy braid in black and white.

The Eton is made with fronts and back and is shaped by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The fronts are laid in box pleats at their edges, and in backward turning pleats from the shoulders, but the back is elongated to form a postillion and is laid in box pleats that give a tapering effect to the figure. Beneath these pleats is attached a shaped belt which is brought round and fastened under the loose front. The neck is fastened with a fancy collar whose extensions fall over the shoulder seams. The sleeves are pleated for their entire length, but stitched above the elbows only and form frills below that point.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and three-fourth yards twenty-one inches wide, two and one-half yards forty-four inches wide, or two and one-fourth yards fifty-two inches wide.

elongated with band trimming as preferred. The original, however, is made from blue linen with embroidered dots, and is trimmed with a band of plain white which matches the shield, collar and cuffs. With it is worn a tie of soft silk.

The waist consists of the fronts and the back and is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. Both fronts and back are gathered at the waist line, but the backs are drawn down tightly while the fronts blouse slightly and become flaring. The neck of the blouse is cut away and finished with a big sailor collar. The standing collar is joined to the shield and together they close at the centre back, the edges of the shield being held in place by buttons and buttonholes worked in the blouse beneath the collar. The sleeves are full at the wrists but snug at the shoulders and finished with straight cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and three-fourth yards thirty-two inches wide, or one and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, with seven-

A Dainty Lace.
Teneriffe lace is the charming novelty of the season. Just how much of it is made by the natives of the cliff-bound island, which is the largest of the Canary group, is a question. It is a fact, though, that the most characteristic pattern of this lace suggests the conical peak of Teneriffe. In fact, the last has much the look of very fine drawn work. One of its peculiarities is that it looks equally well on a soft silk evening dress and on a linen morning rig. On certain lovely new dresses of white crystalline this lace figures in



MISSIS' SAILOR BLOUSE.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

In ancient Babylon, according to tablets recently discovered, a surgeon who performed an unsuccessful operation got no pay and if the patient died the law decreed that the surgeon's hands should be stricken off.

In twenty-five working days the United States mint at Philadelphia coined 2,500,000 pesos, the size of a dollar, for the Philippines, together with 100,000 bronze pieces and 2,000,000 nickels, also for the islands.

Parisian female cooks have been finding difficulty in getting employment, having been largely replaced by men cooks and waiters in restaurants and hotels. As a result a "syndicate of kitchen maids" has been formed whose object is to restore to woman her rights in the kitchen. Paris hotel

A nickel-in-the-slot X-ray machine has been invented. The observer places a coin in the slot, moves a lever, puts his hand, or whatever he wishes to examine, into a box without any sides and looks down at it through the fluorescent screen which forms the top of the box.

John D. Rockefeller is now classed as the richest man in the world. Before the South African war Alfred Beit, of Kimberley, was, according to an English list, published in 1900, the world's only billionaire. Li Hung Chang, of China, stood second in the list with \$500,000,000, and John D. Rockefeller third with \$287,500,000.

The passport traffic of the Department of State in Washington is said to eclipse anything ever known before, and by the argument of parallelism is supposed to indicate the enormous prosperity of the American people. "Our countrymen," said an experienced officer of the department, "always show when they feel comfortable and confident by going abroad for a tour of travel."

The contents and general design of the seal of the new Department of Commerce and Labor have been agreed upon, and are now turned over to the engravers. The device are very dignified and simple, consisting of a spread eagle surmounting a large heraldic shield, on the upper half of which is a brig under full sail, emblematic of commerce, while the lower half shows an anvil, with hammer resting against it typifying labor.

It is not pleasant, and yet not surprising, to learn that the original copy of the declaration of independence in the custody of the State Department at Washington, has faded until only one or two of the signatures can be made out. Even the bold one of John Hancock is illegible. The text also is fading. The sacred relic has long been one of the objects of interest at the capital, and, although it possesses only sentimental value, its loss will be much deplored.

A hundred and eleven years ago New York financiers gathered under a cottonwood tree and their first dealings were \$75,000,000 in war debt bonds authorized by the first congress. A colonial broker paid \$200 for the privilege of trading; today \$80,000 is the price of a seat in the exchange. It is a far cry from bonds totalling \$75,000,000 to securities today of a par value of \$15,000,000.

The marine torch designed to be carried in ships for emergency use and which was first introduced two years ago has led to the perfection of a device which is a very great improvement on the first one. In reality, it is a portable incandescent light, and upon contact with water generates a brilliant illuminating gas, automatically lighted by a chemical device and inextinguishable by wind or water. The light is so balanced that it floats upright directly in the water. The light is made in from 300 to 10,000 candle-power, according to size.

Queen Amelia of Portugal holds two medals for saving life. The first was awarded to her for saving unaided a boatman from drowning at Cascaes; the second was sent to her by the Humane Society for her courage in jumping into the Tagus to rescue her own child from drowning. She is quite devoid of fear when her help is asked for any sufferer. She nursed the heroic Dr. Pestana—whose devotion to the sufferers from the plague cost his life—and remained by his side when he was dying.

The following table gives the official statistics of the United States post-office department for 1902: Number of postoffices 75,924; extent of post routes in miles, 507,540; miles of mail service performed during the year, 474,234,687; gross revenue of postoffice department, \$121,392,472; paid to postmasters, \$20,783,919; ordinary postage stamps issued, 4,629,987,473; stamped envelopes and wrappers issued, 853,128,000; postal cards issued, 549,204,090; number of letters registered, 22,831,400; dead letters received, 9,300,351; money realized from dead letters, \$19,249; amount of domestic money orders issued, \$313,551,279; amount of foreign money orders issued, \$22,974,473; number of pieces of matter of all kinds mailed during the year, 8,085,446,870.