*** -THE-BISHOP'S BEHAVIOR.

It has been announced in several of the best-read society papers that Sir Archibald and Lady Crowley would archibald and Lady Crowiey would entertain a house party on Saturday, the 6th, till the following Thursday at Crowley hall, Berkshire. Among the guests would be Lord and Lady de Rigger, the bishop of Barleyshire, Miss Harbeton of the Poplars, Hampstead, and other distinguished people.

Miss Harbeton liked these para graphs. She had been undistinguished all her life until six months ago, when she had gained celebrity by inheriting a large fortune and a quantity of famously valuable jewelry from an un-cle. But she was of an aspiring turn of mind, and when she heard from her friend, Lady Crowley, that the "charming bachelor-bishop of Barleyshire would be her fellow-guest," she re-solved to wear all her diamonds at him and beguile him into letting her rule his diocese as his lawful spouse

She was rather a fine looking wom -as she stood on the platform looking for a nicely peopled carriage in which to travel down to the Gunter's Road Junction.

Her maid was already settled in a second class carriage with her mistress' dressing case, but the jewel box, containing £20,000 worth of diamonds and pink pearls, she took into an empty first class with her, when finally the ringing of the bell compelled her to make her choice.

The door was slammed and locked, but just at the starting a bishop with faultless legs rushed up, put a shill-ing in the guard's hand and stepped hurriedly into the carriage where the single lady sat.

He was a fine looking man, clean shaven and with a remarkably open and benevolent expression of face.

Younger, too, than Miss Harbeton had dared to hope the bishop would She had no doubt of it from the

He must be, he could be, none other than the bishop of Barleyshire. Lady Crowley was right. Distinctly he was charming, very charming.

She came to this decision even before he addressed her; but he was not

long in doing this.

In courteous tones he inquired if the could tell him when this train would reach Gunter's Road. She blushed with pleasure as she told him the time, and added that she, too, was going to stop at Gunter's Road to

change for Crowley.

His pleasure at hearing this was flattering and unfeigned.

"That capital fellow, Crowley, and his charming wife will be astonished to find we have made each other's acquaintance, for when I last saw him we were speaking of you and I had to confess that I had not the pleasure of knowing you," he said gallantly, and Miss Harbeton's eyes danced with pleasure as she mentally decided on her wedding dress and resolved that she would keep the wives of the country and city clergy in their proper places and only know the cathedral people.

He was really a fascinating compan-

"I am quite at home in the house," ne said. "Crowley and I were at Eton and Oxford together. We're like brothers. He has shown me a thousand kindnesses and this, of asking me to meet you, is the crowning one.

"Dear man! I shouldn't wonder if ne proposed to me before I leave on Thursday," Miss Haberton thought, and as she thought it she took off ne hand glove, on which blazed two or three superb diamond rings.

She was not in the habit of display ing her jewelry as a rule, but on this occasion she wished her fellow-travel to become acquainted with some of her splendor.

"That's a nobby ring," he exclaimed fixing his eyes on the finest with un erring discrimination, and though Miss Haberton was rather startled at hearing such an odd phrase from Epis copal lips, she was gratified at his judgment.

"They are rather fine stones," she said, drawing a huge marquise ring off her finger and handing it to him for inspection. "My poor uncle, from whom I inherited my diamonds, was a great connoisseur. But I supp you care little about such baubles.

He laughed and if he had not been bishop she could have sworn he winked. As it was, she attributed the movement to a nervous affection.

'I admire jewelry, especially oldfashioned jewelry, immensely," he said, slipping the ring on to one of his fingers, and examining it criti-cally. "My cloth prevents my ever wearing it," he went on, seriously, "but I have acquired a good deal in my time and parted with it to a rela-

Her heart throbbed with exultation

as she saw her ring on his finger. She hoped he would forget to remove it entil they reached Crowley. His being seen with her ring on would show the Crowleys at once what intimate terms she and the bishop were on already. Perhaps Lady Crowley would make her lordship take her (Miss Haberton) in to dinner that night, when she would give him an opportunity of studying more of her diamonds.

They had unbent towards each other immensely by the time they had reached cunter's Road.

He had smoked a cigarette and face-tiously offered her one. If she had not feared that it would make her sick would have taken it.

At Gunter's Road they had to change trains. The bishop was delightfully attentive. He sprung out, assisted her to step on to the platform with tender solicitude, pressing her hand warmly the while. Really he was going very fast for a bishop.

He relieved her of the weight of her

jewel box as they stood waiting for their train to run in. When it came he started off to look for a carriage, having first given her the whispered assurance that he would bribe the

guard to give them an empty one.
"I hope Crowley will have sent the dog cart," he added; "then I shall have the pleasure of driving you my-self. Will you trust yourself to my

"Gladly, gladly," she said with ef-fusion, and a brief spasm of emotion convulsed his manly, ingenuous coun-

tenance for a moment.

The little platform was very much crowded and as he walked along in search of an empty first class carriage Miss Harbeton soon lost sight of him. But she felt a good deal of elation in the thought that he was putting him-self very much indeed at her disposal, carrying her jewel box and trying to her all to himself for the re maining short bit of the journey.

Presently his man servant ran up to her with a request that she would get into a carriage he pointed out to her, and as she hesitated he explained respectfully:

"His lordship told me to say that he would be with you in a few moments.

She held her head higher than ever Even his servant must notice how hard hit the bishop must be by her.

She experienced a terrible shock when the train, after an abrupt snort and shrick, went off without the bishop having rejoined her. Poor, dear man. He must have miscalculated the time and had been driven into another carriage at the last moment. How disappointed he would be at having

been deprived of her society.

There was no bishop at the Crowley station, but there was a good deal of confusion and Miss Harbeton was hurried into a close carriage before she had time to make inquiries about her fellow-passenger.

She reached Crowley hall just in time for dinner. When she was ready she sent a note to her hostess asking if the bishop had arrived and if he had would Lady Crowley kindly request him to send Miss Harbeton's jewel box to her room

The answer that came back nearly made her faint.

"The bishop thinks you must be joking, as he never heard of you or your jewel box before.

The bishop's behavior is unpardonable," she cried angrily, as soon as she met Lady Crowley. "He traveled down with me, was marked in his attentions and took away my jewel box when he went away to look for an empty carriage at Gunter's Road that we might

travel alone together.' "The bishop, dear old man, has never left the house today," Lady Crowley was explaining, "but here he is to answer for himself," she went on, as an elderly, wizened up little man came

into the room.

"I have been cheated and robbed," Miss Harbeton cried; and she was right, for she never saw either her fellow traveler or her jewel box again -Waverley Magazine.

Too Many World's Fairs.
The industrial exposition is fast be-

coming an overgrown country fair, catch-penny spectacle without dig nity or value as a record of human progress. What is needed to restore it to its real dignity and usefulness is to give it a needed rest. Let sufficient time elapse for some progress to show between them. Wait for a really important occasion and then make the exposition a feature of its celebration, not the occasion an excuse for an exposition. Let it be gotten up under public auspices, as public event, not by private speculators as a money-making proposition Fill the spaces with the representative products and apparatus of the tive products and apparatus of the world, in process of operation; let somebody who knows and is bold enough to determine which is the most worthy in the various departments and crown it so that the grand prize or the gold medal shall mean something. This would put severa professional projectors and a quantity peddlers and showmen out of a job, but it would make an exposition mean

Trolley Lines.
Interurban trolley lines, with facilities for carrying both passengers and freight, are gaining a strong hold in many states. Detroit and Pittsburg will soon have electric railway con nection by way of Cleveland, which will povide 375 miles of road under one management. New York state has been a little tardy in its trolley connections, but it is predicted that soon one will be able to travel from York City to Buffalo by troney. -- Springfield Republican



New York City.—Tasteful, comfortable breakfast or morning jackets are essential to every woman of taste. The novel May Manton design illus-



BREAKFAST JACKET.

trated combines all the essential features, is loose enough for comfort, yet graceful and becoming. The original is made of India silk showing blue figures on a white ground; but washable materials and soft, simple wool-

en fabrics are equally appropriate.

The full fronts and back are simply gathered and joined to a square yoke of lining or to the fitted lining that extends to the waist. The deep yoke shaped in effective scallops is included with the box pleat that closes the fronts, but the lower edges may be finished free with bolero effect or stitched over the gathers if so pre-ferred. The fulness is gathered at the waist line in back and a ribbon

tucking for yoke and front will be re quired.

The eminently smart skirt illustrat ed shows a novel arrangement and one that is admirably suited to the soft clinging wool and silk materials now in vogue as well as to the in-numerable washable fabrics offered The skirt is cut in seven pieces and

is laid in three narrow tucks at each front and side seam, the fulness at the back being laid in an inverted pleat. The flounce is tucked at the upper edge, but falls in graceful folds

as it approaches the floor.

To cut this skirt for a woman of medium size, eleven and three-eight yards of material twenty-one inches wide, eight yards thirty-two inches wide, or five and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide will be re-quired, with ten yards of applique, and lace squares according to size to trim as illustrated.

Mink Cape For the Duchess. The women of Ottawa are to pre sent to the Duchess of York upon the occasion of the royal visit to the capital a gift that is thoroughly typical of Canada. It is a cape of the finest mink procurable. The collar and flare around the edges will be lined with ermine, while the body of the cape will be lined with white satin. The garment, which reaches to the knee, is fastened with gold clasps fashioned in the form of a maple leaf, the em-blem of the Dominion. The gold for these clasps comes from the Canadian Yukon.

A Tint Much Worn.

Apricot, a soft and generally becoming tint, is much worn in Paris



FANCY WAIST AND TUCKED SKIRT.

passing around the waist confines the fuiness in front.

The sleeves are in bishop shape, but finished with turn-over flare cuffs. At the neck is a turn over collar that is high enough for style yet soft and

eminently satisfactory to the wearer.
To cut this jacket for a woman of medium size four yards of material twenty-two inches wide, two and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide or two and one-eight yards fortyfour inches wide will be required.

A Charming Costume.

Combinations of tucked with plain material, of cream lace and white fabrics, are in the height of style and appear to gain favor week by week. The very charming May Manton example illustrated in the large drawing shows fine batiste with cream Cluny lace, the insertion run with narrow black velvet ribbon; but the design is equally well suited to vari-

The foundation is snug fitting and closes at the centre front. When a diaphanous effect is desired it is well to make it of the material or of mous-The yoke front and sleeves are of tucked material. The back yoke is faced onto the lining, but the front is separate and closes at the left shoulder and beneath the fronts prop-The blouse is plain at the upper portion with scant fulness in back and gathers at the waist line in front. The fronts part slightly at the centre and turn back to form pointed revers. The sleeves can be in elbow or full length as preferred. The neck is finished with a stock that should be lined only with the material and stiffened with wire to be in the latest style. It closes with the yoke fastened at the

left shoulder. To cut this waist for a woman of medium size, one and seven-eight yards of material twenty-one inches wide, or one yard thirty-two or fortyfour inches wide, with one and three quarter yards of tucking for yoke, front and sleeves, three and five-eight yards of insertion and one yard of edging to trim as illustrated. To make with sleeves of plain material. three and a quarter yards twenty-one inches wide, one and three-quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, or one and a half yards forty-four inches wide, with three-quarter yards of quired.

and in combination with creamy lace and a touch of black velvet it is exceedingly effective.

Favorite Color Combinations.

Black and pale blue is a combina-tion that this season has divided favor with the ever popular black and white.

Woman's Walking Skirt.

The smart, well cut walking skirt hat comfortably clears the ground has become a necessity and makes part of every wardrobe. This gracepart of every wardrobe. This grace-ful, becoming model is the very latest May Manton that has appeared and includes many desirable features. The back is cut with the new ripple that falls in graceful folds from a few inches below the belt, and the flounce means both flare and freedom. The original is made of homespun mixed shades of brown and tan, but all checks, cheviots and skirting materials are appropriate.

The skirt is cut in five gores the side gores being narrow and is with-out fulness at the belt. The flounce is graduated in width and is seamed is placed a patch pocket with a turnover flap.

cut this skirt for a woman of medium size six and one-eight yards



WALKING SKIRT.

of material twenty-seven inches wide, three and seven-eight yards forty-four inches wide or three and three-eight yards fifty inches wide will be re-



Two little blue jean overalls,
Two little blue jean overalls,
Two straw hats, 'mazing wide.
Two rakes, two hoes, two shovels,
Two gardens side by side.
Two little strangers, coy at first,
At last quite friendly-wise.
A little conversation,
And a pretty big surprise,
"What's your name, little boy?" they ask
Each of the other, shy,
"Me? Why, I'm just a little girl!"
"You are? Why, so am !!"
—Youth's Companion.

Memento of Alfred the Grea Wiltshire Powns is a tract of fairly level land in England. As you stand

on an elevation and look across the country your eye catches the form of a gigantic white horse upon the side of a hill beyond the valley. It is a figure cut in the rock in the side of the Downs, and is 175 feet long from the head to the tail. It is believed to have been made in the time of King Alfred, who died 1000 years ago. The figure is rather crude but when seen at a distances the outline of a horse is very distinct. Just above the fig-ure, on top of the hill are the remains of an old camp.

A Little Goos

One day Willie called Dot "a little goose." That was because she didn't go to school, only to kindergarten, and couldn't read, like her primary school brother of six.

Tom spoke up at that. "Will," said he, "a papa goose is a gander ,a mamma goose is a—well, just a goose, but a little goose is a gosling. Dot is not a goose; she's a dear little gosling, arent you, Dot?"

"I don't know," said Dot, doubtful-

Then, says the writer in Little Folks, who is telling the story, I told them the famous goose story that has open told to children for more than 2000 years; how nearly 400 years before the first Christmas, shaggy, yellow haired Gauls swept down like a north wind into Italy and captured Rome, all but the Capitol will, here one note that hill; how one night the Roman guard fell asleep, and the Gauls climbed up, up, up to the very top; how just then the goddess Juno's sacred geese, kept there by the temple, heard them, and flapped their great wings, and hissed and honkeu; and how Marcus Manlius heard the geese, and seized his arms, and ran to the edge of the cliff just in time to push backward the top-most Gaul. "And so," said I, "the geese saved Rome."
"Then, too," I went on, "if geese are not wise enough to read, like Mas-

ter Will, they knew something about our alphabet long before men did, for the flying wild geese have always shaped their flocks into As and Vs. And if they don't know how to make all the letters, they have helped men write all the letters." "Why, how could they?" asked Dot,

'Oh," said I, laughing, "they gave their big wing feathers to men, and men cut the ends into pens; and everybody, for centuries before steel pens were made, wrote with quill pens. Little children in school wrote with goose quills; and, when the points were scratchy, they raised their hands and said, 'Please teacher, sharpen my pen.' And the teacher would take her pen knife and cut new points. That's how little jackknives came to be called penknives."

A Lost Scolding.
One morning Benjy happened to reach the schoolhouse very early. The place was as still as a meeting house in the middle of the week. Benjy_was not afraid exactly, but he felt rather lonesome and timid; for the little white school house was hidden from the village by a grove.

To keep up his spirits Benjy began o play ball by himself. The ball he pulled from his pocket was a great wonder to all the school children. It was of rubber, almost as light as a soan hubble and was a beautiful bright red in color. Such a ball had never been seen among the Sharon boys until this came to Benjy from a cousin in the city.

He began by tossing and catching it, then he made it bound on the hard, smooth ground, but it was rather stu pid to be playing alone. Then he tried to make the schoolhouse help him in his fun; and he threw the ball against the wall and up on the roof, catching it as it bounded back was much livelier; and he had entirely forgotten to feel lonesome, when the ball suddenly disappeared. There was a soft little thud inside the schoolroom, then a crash that in the quies place sounded to Benjy as loud peal of thunder. One of the window was down a few inches from the to: and the little red ball had found its way through the narrow opening.

Benjy's first fear was that he had ball, and then that some damage had been done in the schoolroom the noise that had seemed so loud. He stood on tiptoe and peeped in through a window. On the teacher's desk was a vase lying on its side. The flowers that had been in it were scattered about and the water was trickling in among the neatly piled books. Benjy was really frightened now. He tried the door but it was fastened; and he was too small a boy to climb in through a window. He thought of running home, to get out of sight of the mischief he had done: for how could he face the scolding that would come? But no one had seen him throw

the ball. Perhaps Miss Berry would never find out who it was. Then the boy shut his hands together into two boy shut his hands together into two tight little fists and ran down the road toward the village as fast as his feet would carry him. He met two or three boys going to school, but he did not stop when they shouted.

Miss Berry was shutting the gate behind her when a breathless little boy almost tumbled against her, crying: "O, teacher, I spilled water all

ing: "O, teacher. I spilled water all over your desk. Please hurry, and perhaps the books won't be spoiled."
When she learned what had happened, she hurried on to rescue the

books, leaving Benjy to follow more slowly. She had not scolded. "But she will, when she has seen the books and has time to tend to me," he thought ruefully.

thought ruefully.

As he entered the schoolroom there was quite a group about the desk, watching Miss Berry wiping off her books and putting them on a window sill to dry in the sunshine.

"I know who did it," a little girl called out, suddenly, diving into a corner where she had caught sight of the hight hall. "This is Bank"

the bright ball. "This is Benjy Adams' ball, and he threw it in the window and tipped the vase over.'

She was triumphant over her dis-covery; but Miss Berry smiled at Benly over the neads of her other scholars and said: "Yes, I know who did it; it was an honorable and truthful little boy who came straight to me with the story of his accident. There has been no harm done, Benjy. Most of the water dripped to the floor and the few books that are wet will dry and be just as good as ever."

And that was all the scolding Benjy

received .- Presbyterian Banner.

A Modern Columbus

If it had been your good fortune to be at the little harbor of Heart's Content, Newfoundland, on Friday, July 27, 1866, you would have observed signs of unusual excitement. The presence of American newspaper cor-respondents would have told you that something of interest to the American people had occurred; the British flag floating side by side with the American, from church and telegraph sta-tion, would have shown you that England shared this interest in common

with America.
This was, indeed, a memorable day in the world's history. After 12 years of greatest effort, during which Cyrus Field, the promoter of the project, had crossed the ocean nearly 50 times after repeated failure and discouragement, a cable 2000 miles long had been laid across the floor of the ocean and telegraphic communication between America and the mother country established.

Well might John Bright, the eminent Englishman, call Cyrus Field "the Columbus of modern times, who by his cable had moored the new by his cable had moored the new world alongside the old." Well might congress present him with a gold medal and vote him the thanks of a grateful nation, and the Paris expo-sition in 1867 award him the grand medal, the highest honor in its power to bestow. Before this day of suc-cess, the repeated failure of his attempts had brought down upon him the sneers of many people, but he had never lost faith that his great idea could be carried out, and there had not been wanting faithful friends in England and America who by their generous financial aid and by their belief in him had enabled him to carry out his project.

In 1854 Mr. Field was asked to aid in building a land line across New-foundland from Cape Ray to St. Johns, Thence fast steamers would carry news to the western coast of Ireland, and so news of America could reach England in one week. In considering this scheme it occurred to Mr. Field that the line could be carried across the ocean, and the result of this idea was the Atlantic Telegraph company, organized in London in 1856.

Both British and American governments aided him with ships, and in 1857 and 1858 expeditions set out from Ireland to carry the cable across to America. The expedition of 1857 and the first one of 1858 were failures, tut in August, 1858, for three weeks communication was established. Messages were exchanged between Cucon Victoria and President Buchanan, the event was widely celebrated, and then suddenly the cable stopped working.
Discouraged and doubting, the peo-

ple were not easily aroused again to enthusiasm or belief. It was not untill 1865 that the attempt was made again, and this time the cable broke in midocean after 1200 miles of it had been laid. It is hard, however, to discourage a man who is sure he is right, and in July, 1866, the Great Eastern and the Terrible, both of which had been on former expeditions, the Medway and the Albany, set out from the st of Ireland to lay the cable across to Newfoundland.

There was wild enthusiasm on land Everyone realized the great difficulty of the undertaking, but there was an interested crowd on shore, among them many Irish peas-Many a prayer was offered for the safety and success of this expedition, and these prayers were answered. When after two weeks the fleet landed at Heart's Content, captain and officers in the little church at Heart's Content offered their thanks for the success which had come at last, and a sermon was preached from the text, "There shall be no more sea."-Chicago Record-Herald.

Explaining a Tragedy. He-I wonder how they ever be-

came engaged.

She—Their accounts differ. She says he threw himself at her feet, and he says she threw herself at his

head.-Brooklyn Life.