

Of course, the only barnum has taken the Londoners by storm. His great moral show is an enormous success. Fully 15,000 persons were in attendance on the opening night. The flower of the English nobility and of the American colony were there. In fact it was declared on all sides that it took an American to dare cross the Atlantic with such a gigantic show, and admiration for American skill and pluck is expressed on all sides.

Both North and South Dakota are having a hard struggle with poverty in their first days of Statehood. Great as have been reported the agricultural resources of these new States, at least 20,000 people are now destitute of food, and without means to buy any. At least three counties of South Dakota did not grow enough wheat for their own use, on account of frost. The failure was still worse in North Dakota. These regions will come out all right in time, but their pioneers are suffering, as did the early pioneers in other sections, and actually need help to-day.

It is dangerous to let a man die in a hotel in Paris. A queer French law enables the landlord to present his bill to the relatives for the death. The sum of \$149 was the item recently demanded from an American family for the death of one of its members in a well-known hotel. This extortion would have been three times as great if the person had died of a contagious disease, and doubled if the deceased had been a Prince or a member of any rich old aristocratic family. The allowances by the judges, however, are generally much less than the claims of the landlords.

Another woman of respectable position has been seized in a New York city dry goods store and bundled to the police station charged with shoplifting. There is grave doubt of her guilt, but be that as it may, it would be far more seemly, in the opinion of the Detroit Free Press, to ask a woman suspected to step into a private room and give her an opportunity to explain before publicly disgracing her. "It is a fact beyond question that in certain New York shops the most honest and respectable woman may by reason of some inadvertence, absent mindedness or mistake of her own be just so placed. In one of these stores a lady was some time since arrested and narrowly escaped being locked up because in lace handkerchief had caught on a button of her gown and she was quite unconsciously carrying it away. But then the floor walking private detectives must earn their salaries."

The New York Times thinks it rather remarkable that this country should hold the record for the leaping of horses. This accomplishment comes into play only in hunting, and the hunting in this country is of course very trilling in comparison with that in the British Islands. Nevertheless, American-bred horses have for some years beaten the records made abroad. The performance in Chicago in which two Canadian animals cleared a bar six feet ten and a quarter inches from the ground is by far the most remarkable yet achieved. Such a leap would be unusual for a horse at liberty, while for a horse and rider it is wonderful. If the Canadians can succeed in breeding horses that combine speed and stoutness with the capacity for jumping, the market for them in London will be practically unlimited, and the prices what in Canada itself would seem fabulous. Since the foregoing was penned, one of the Canadian horses referred to has beaten our record, jumping six feet eleven and three-quarter inches.

Through the generosity of various persons interested in this subject, the American Economic Association of Baltimore, Md., has received the sum of \$500 to be awarded as prizes for the best essays on the subject of women wage-earners. The money is to be awarded in the proportion of \$300 for the first prize and \$200 for the second prize. Any person is eligible to competition. While the experience of foreign countries will not be excluded, it is expected that competitors will deal principally with the American aspect of the subject. It is desired to know the early and present condition of women wage-earners, their growth in numbers both absolutely and in proportion to population, the present extent of their sphere of labor, the economic and social evils connected with their various occupations as wage-earners, and remedies for these evils. The essay must not exceed 25,000 words, and must be in the hands of the Secretary of the association previous to Nov. 1, 1899. Each paper must be typewritten, signed by a fictitious name, and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name as well as the address of the author.

THE SONG.

Two maidens road together, All in the Autumn time, A little love-sick pout. Some humble poet's rhyme, One glanced it lightly over—"Oh, what a love-love wall! One hid it in her bosom— She understood its tale. There came another Autumn; Oh! it was passing strange If any year departed! That left no solemn change. For Love, the tireless hunter, In shooting night and day, And some of his herbed arrows Are sure to go astray. Like some lost leaf of Autumn, The little rhyme once more Was blown unto the maidens, Who read it as before. But she who called it love-love And laughed the laugh of youth, Cried: "Oh, the sweet, sweet verses They are as true as truth." So poets write forever, And when the song is sung, To half the hearts that hear it It is an unknown tongue. But Pain, the great translator, Comes by and by along, And he interprets fully The meaning of the song. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

PUT TO THE TEST.

"A crabapple jelly-ecake, Jotham!" said Mrs. Merrywise, with tears behind her spectacles. "And I made it myself, after the recipe you used to like when you were a little boy—and you've scarcely tasted it!" "It's very nice, mother," declared the sunburned young Apollo, swallowing an additional mouthful of crabapple cake with an effort, "and you're the best cook in the world; but you see I'm in such a hurry. Jack, are you there with the horse and buggy?" "Going to see Eloise Elton, I s'pose?" said Mrs. Merrywise, with true maternal jealousy. "I'm going to ask her to go to the chestnutting picnic with me next Tuesday, mother." "You must be blind, Jotham," said she, "not to see that every girl in the neighborhood is cleaned bewitched with that New Mexico major fellow, with his gold shoulder-straps and buttons, and his little cap worn on one side, and then endless yarns he's always spinning about the brave things he's going to do, and the valiant actions he's done! There ain't never nothin', I've noticed, about what he's doin' now!" "He's a stranger in town," said Jotham, going on with the shrimp-pink bows. "Of course they have to be polite to him." "I wish he was stranger yet—and there ain't no 'course' to it as I know of," retorted Mrs. Merrywise, clattering the spoons together with a great noise. "All I know is that Honor Bellnap has quarreled with her young man about him already, and Bessie Morton has left off keepin' steady company with Simon Drakey—"

"I'm ever so much obliged," said Eloise, shyly glancing up from under her eyelashes, "but I've promised Major Bathurst." Jotham bowed and silently turned away. Eloise, perhaps a little conscience-stricken, followed him to the gate. "Isn't the Major perfectly delightful?" said she. "Humph!" commented Jotham. "I wish you could hear the thrilling stories he has told us of lion hunting in Arabia and elephant shooting in Bengal." "I must try and dispense with 'em," drily uttered Jotham. "And those dreadful skirmishes with Sitting Bull and his savage hordes, out in New Mexico?" "Sitting Bull wasn't a Pueblo brave, that ever I heard of," said Jotham. "It was Geronimo, then?" "Wrong again," corrected Jotham. "But perhaps your Major realizes that it isn't very necessary to be accurate in his reminiscences, when women are concerned." "Jotham, how can you be so unjust!" flashed up Eloise. "My Major, indeed! I've a great mind never to speak to you again." And it ended in Jotham Merrywise's inviting Theodosia Milner to go with him upon the famous picnic party, whose ostensible purpose was to search for chestnuts on the rocky slopes of Rattlesnake Hill, the spur of a mountain some few miles to the eastward of the village. Theo was not so radiantly pretty as Eloise, neither had she so much to say for herself, but she had a winsome, shrinking-violet sort of way with her, and in her quiet manner there was something infinitely restful to Jotham Merrywise's perturbed spirit. And Theo sat up nearly all night to "do up" her one white pique gown, with its lace frills, and retin the Gainsboro' straw hat, whose roses had been drenched by last Sunday's unexpected shower. The day, take it all in all, could hardly be reckoned as a success. It did not absolutely rain, but the sun hid his face and sulked behind the clouds, and a dreary wind blew down drifts of damp, yellow leaves, instead of the much-coveted chestnuts. And somehow the assemblage, seemed incongruous, and did not assimilate. The village beaux were undeniably wet-blanketed by the leagued of the Major; their Sunday suits were outshone by the blue and gold that he persisted in wearing in season and out of season. "Whatever we say," sighed Hiram Penefather, dejectedly, "he's ready to go on one better." "Nice place this mountain," said the Major, "but it isn't to be compared with the Sierras. And as for evergreen forests—I just wish you had seen the woods at Lake Mistassini, where I camped last summer. As for rattlesnakes—"

"What business has she with R. I'd like to know!" "Haven't you heard?" said the squire. "He's asked Theo to be his wife. They are to be married in the spring." Eloise Elton sat with burning cheeks and eyes that felt like twin coals of fire. It was hard, but she felt that she had served it. She had allowed herself to be dazzled by the Major's conversational fireworks; she had spurned faithful Jotham, and this was the result. "Why, Eloise, you are crying!" said a deep, familiar voice, close to her ear. "Crying? What nonsense!" she retorted, with a little hysterical attempt at a laugh. "It's only—only a bit of sand in my eye. There—it's all right now! I've just heard the news!" "What news?" "And I'm sure I congratulate you with all my heart!" bravely added Eloise. "For what, Eloise?" "Your engagement to Theodosia Milner." "But I'm not engaged to her, as it happens." "Isn't she to be married in the spring?" "Yes; but not to me—to Jacob Jayson, down at the sawmill. And if I'm ever to be engaged, Eloise, it will be to you. An H. Come—speak quick!" And Eloise answered "Yes!" "But I must tell you, Joe," she said, speaking very rapidly, and with eyes bent on that particular vest button of his which she was twisting, that I believed very ridiculously to you about Major Bathurst." "Not half so ridiculously as he did about the nest of rattlers," said Jotham, laughing. "But come, Eloise—we'll let bygones be bygones, and commence the world anew!" And Mrs. Merrywise had Eloise Elton for a daughter-in-law, in spite of her misgivings about Major Bathurst.—Saturday Night.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS. PICTURE SCARFS. The fancy of hanging a scarf or "throw" over the corner of a picture or an easel to break the angular lines is becoming general, and adds dainty grace and color to many otherwise colorless, sombre, though beautiful prints. Thus an etching of springtime may be enhanced in beauty by a scarf of India silk in pale azure blue figured in pale colors and conventional pattern with apple blossoms, or a picture of autumn may be hung with a scarf of blue and white Chinese crepe in a pattern of bamboo or rice branches, with wild flowers and birds, or such material as may be found in Chinese stores. A white crepe printed with a graceful flight of water-fowl may serve to drape an easel that holds an inland water scene. The taste of the furnisher will suggest where such drapery will be valuable and where it is superfluous, and simply burden rather than ornament the room.—New York Tribune.

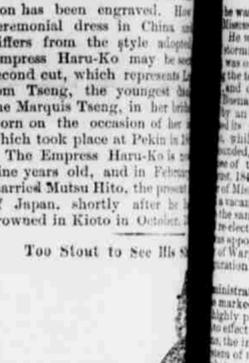
Japan's Queen in Parisian Dress. The Japanese have for some years great efforts to assimilate their... THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN, AS SHE APPEARED AT THE EXHIBITION OF 1889. THE FIRST TIME IN EUROPEAN DRESS. forms in every possible way by doing their former seclusion and... THE EMPRESS NOW WEARS DRESSES, AND NO LADY IS RECEIVED IN THE NATIONAL COSTUME. THE PORTRAIT OF THE EMPRESS IN PRIMITIVE JAPANESE COSTUME BEING DISTRIBUTED THROUGHOUT THE... LADY TSENG IN HER BRIDAL DRESS. and from one of these leaflets a portrait has been engraved. Her ceremonial dress in China differs from the style adopted by the Empress Haru-Ko... Too Stout to See His... Both Hands Were... The record of Bute...



THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN, AS SHE APPEARED AT THE EXHIBITION OF 1889. THE FIRST TIME IN EUROPEAN DRESS.



LADY TSENG IN HER BRIDAL DRESS.



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