

LIES AND THE LIARS.

THE WORST OF ALL EVILS AND MOST DIFFICULT TO CONTROL.

Growth of the Habit Due in Great Measure to Self-Deception—The Causes an Interesting Study—Liars Should Be Shut Up in Asylums as the Insane Are.

There is nothing in the power of the human being so bad as a lie. There is nothing that smiches character so bad as a lie. There is nothing that turns one so against himself as a lie. There is nothing that so destroys the confidence of our friends as a lie. There is no compensation possible for the evil of a lie.

The puzzle of puzzles is why some people lie so easily. They rarely undertake to be exact and yet do not recognize themselves as liars. It is their first impulse to avoid straight-forwardness, and they plunge ahead in conversation, simply trying to get around point after point.

The power of lying as a habit to grow is amazing. The reason probably is that the liar lies to himself as badly as he does to others—that is, he tries to believe his truthful until he believes what he says is true, or at least is uncertain about it.

There are people in New York who can remember when Niblo had a garden there. There are many more who can remember the first theater which went by the name of the garden, and how the American institute was wont to hold its fairs there, and the original Christy minstrels, before they got into Mechanics' hall, really sought the small town there, and how for several seasons the concert hall was the resort of our small musical population.

Then later the theater spread out into a great auditorium, and Mr. A. T. Stewart bought the property and had a private box connected with a parlor, and finally came Jarrett and Palmer to take the management, and then bloomed upon the world the "Black Crook" and the "White Fawn," spectacles whose like had never been seen, and which reaped up fortunes for everybody connected with them.

But at this time the theater was in the full swing of popular success. The enormous success of the "Black Crook" had secured all the commercial visitors in town. It was denounced by the pulpit, but never waned in attractiveness for years. Agents were kept in Europe to snap up every specialty they could find, and such was the pliability and capacity of the performance that it swallowed up everything, from a performing goat to a prima ballerina assoluta.

When Jarrett and Palmer took hold of Niblo's Garden, a change came over the house. Then opened the era of Terpsichore, and for years the place was given over to a voluptuous orgy of bacchantes and spectacles. There were long rows of the handsomest women in the world in the corridors on Tuesday mornings to draw their salary.

After the "Black Crook" wore itself out there were spasmodic efforts to recall back the old dramatic prestige of the house. Charles Fechter made his American debut there, playing Hamlet in a blond wig and falling to please the public. It was there that Boucicault brought his "Fornosa" from London after declaring that he was going to open "a new path for the drama through the sewers," and the play was damned on the first night.

The Metropolitan has succumbed to the inevitable. Broadway is a glacier, not a rock. It moves slowly north with all its gayety, its groups, its centers. Everything historic melts and vanishes. Every old stager has marked the shifting of the center. Thirty years ago the focus of Vanity Fair was between Houston and Prince streets. When Keadel came to this country, she got no higher than Houston street. And when the war was over the meeting place of all the lions, the swells, the flamers, was between the St. Nicholas and the Metropolitan.

Those blocks thundered and palpitated with the life that has gone up to Thirtieth street. First the crowd jumped to Union square, then it went to the Fifth Avenue hotel, then to the Hoffman House, then to the Coleman, then to the Grand, then to—well, you will have to take a cable car to find it now.—Nym Crinkle in New York World.

The Vendor of Paternity. For a curious profession and one which is little known commend us to the Parisian vendor of paternity. He appears to be an individual who takes upon himself the risk of severe punishment if detected in the carrying out of his business, which is to stand in a place of a father to young men who wish to marry and cannot get the sanction of their parents. The vendor of paternity here steps in and goes through all the formalities at the mayor's office.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

The Cheerful Idiot. "One swallow doesn't make a spring," said the boarder who misquoting. "A swallow of beer might," said the Cheerful Idiot. And when the landlady guessed that it might make a spring on account of the hope in it the Cheerful Idiot got huffy and left the table before the prunice was served.—Indianapolis Journal.

BROADWAY GLACIER.

A FAMOUS OLD HOTEL AND THEATER SUGGCCO TO IT.

Memories of the Glorious Career of the Old Metropolitan and Niblo's Garden. Reminiscences That Will Interest Others Besides New Yorkers.

Thirty years ago the Metropolitan hotel was the focus of the town. The gilded youth went there for late suppers. The most noted politicians of the Tweed ring poured out champagne there. Its birds were always well cooked, its steaks were marrowed to a turn, its oysters had the call, and its whisky was famous.

It was the plaza for the actors until long after the war. They stood in clusters all round its steps and held concert in its vestibule, for all the noted chophouses were in the neighborhood.

Round the corner, in Houston street, were the House of Lords and Clifton's, and up on the other end of the block was the Revere House. From that corner down you could meet on a pleasant day all the famous actors in town—E. L. Davenport, Tom Placide, Burton, Dion Boucicault, James W. Wallace, Charles Fisher, John Brougham, Rufus Blake and a double score of others.

When the Metropolitan was opened in 1852, it was the town talk. It was inaugurated with a stupendous banquet. Stephen A. Douglas and Tom Benton and Sam Houston were there.

Before and during the war it was customary for the reporters to go to the Metropolitan every night to get the news. It was jammed with people on the night of the cable celebration and on the day that Sumner was fired on.

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PREACHER STORIES.

MUMOROUS INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MINISTERS.

An Episcopalian's Only Experience With Immerison—The Methodist Preacher and the Fishing Boy—The Marblehead Divines and the Fierce Bull.

An Episcopalian clergyman, now dead, used to relate an experience he once had, which convulsed his congregation with laughter and nearly broke up his services for the day. He was the rector of a church in Connecticut.

One day as the time for the annual visitation of the bishop was approaching, and he was preparing a class for confirmation, he was sent for to visit a woman who desired to talk with him on the subject of baptism.

The woman, who was very stout, weighting somewhere in the neighborhood of 300 pounds, informed him that she had long been attracted toward the Episcopal church, but had refrained from uniting with it because she had strong convictions in regard to baptism and felt that she ought to be immersed.

The minister told her that, although the church believed pouring or sprinkling to be valid baptism, it did not prohibit immersion, though, as it was a somewhat inconvenient method, it was not often used.

He pointed out the difficulties in the way, saying that he had no fount in the church large enough for such a purpose, and that there was no river or beach in the vicinity. In reply she suggested that he obtain permission to use the Baptist church, which had a large baptistry under the pulpit platform. This he consented to do, though with much misgiving.

The next Sunday Episcopal services were held in the Baptist church. At the proper time in the service the candidate for baptism went forward, and with the minister, went down into the baptistry. All went well until it came time for the immersion. Then the minister for the first time realized his inexperience in administering that form of baptism.

He pointedly to the minister, and by their united efforts succeeded in bringing the frightened woman to her feet. The men were wet to the skin, having been obliged to go into the baptistry. The congregation struggled with its pentup laughter, but finally it burst forth in a roar which could not be suppressed. The services were continued with great difficulty, and the minister drew a long breath of relief when they were ended.

Boys in church, as is well known, are not infrequently the cause of great annoyance to clergymen. Some years ago a Methodist minister was delivering a sermon with a good deal of earnestness when his attention was attracted to a boy in the gallery. The youngster was leaning over the rail and apparently lowering something attached to a cord, which he occasionally pulled up, when he would throw it over again with more gusto than ever.

Shifting his position in the pulpit slightly, he had a better opportunity to see what was going on and observed that an old gentleman in a pew under the gallery had fallen asleep and was sitting with his head back and his mouth wide open. Seeing this, the boy had attached a cork to a string and was endeavoring to lower it into the old man's mouth.

An uncomfortable experience which befell Parson Bartlett, a Unitarian minister, some years ago, need to be related by his clerical brethren with a good deal of gloom. The parson had been invited to exchange pulpits with a clergyman in Salem, and it being a delightful Sunday in the spring the parson walked across the fields from his home in Marblehead, starting early enough in the morning to be on time when the hour for service arrived.

The congregation assembled at the usual time, but no minister appeared. Minutes passed into a half hour, and from that into an hour, and it began to be apparent that there would be no services that morning. Just as the congregation was about to disperse the parson arrived. He was covered with mud from head to feet. His coat was torn, his hat battered, and a telltale streak on his shirt front exposed his darling vice of chewing tobacco.

An explanation was in order and was given. While the parson was sauntering idly along, enjoying the bracing morning air and the picturesque views, thinking now and then of the points in his sermon, he heard a bellowing behind him, and looking around, saw a belligerent bull, with his nostrils dilated and his tail in the air, rushing directly for him. The parson ran for a wall near by and jumped into the next field. But the bull was not to be eluded in that way. He was over as soon as his clerical victim.

HOW THEY CAUGHT IT

TWO ENGLISH LADS WHO HADN'T ANY TIME TO SPARE.

They Had to Overtake the Golden Gate Special So as to Catch the Steamer For Japan. A Railroad Official's Story of Two Cool Ones.

"The English tourist is often a surprising person," said a railroad official, "and I have frequently had cause to wonder at him. Some time ago I had an experience with two English tourists that was out of the ordinary. I was in a large western city in charge of the passenger business of a transcontinental railroad which ran two special trains a week to the Pacific coast.

One afternoon I was about to close my desk and go home when the local ticket agent came into my office with two young men. It was not necessary to look at them twice to understand that they were Englishmen. They were the typical tall, big boned, blond haired men whom one recognizes immediately as being English. They were dressed in ultra-English style and carried themselves with the self confidence and independence of men who thoroughly believe in themselves and are utterly indifferent to the estimate placed upon them by others.

"I am very sorry," I replied, "but our special train which connects with the steamer passed through here two hours ago." "They looked serious at this, but did not seem over come. "I suppose," said the tall one, "that the next regular train will be too late to connect with the steamer."

"Oh, yes," said I, "you would be delayed about a week in San Francisco." "Oh, that will never do!" he replied. "We must catch that steamer. You will have to make some arrangement by which we can overtake this special train." "I was paralyzed by the cool assurance with which he suggested this. The train he wished to overtake was known as the Golden Gate special and was a record breaker. It was one of the fastest trains on our road, and we were proud of the time it made, yet here were a couple of youngsters who wanted to know whether they could not arrange to catch it with the same calmness that they might have asked for a cup of coffee. I smiled on them pitily.

"Don't you know," said I, "that this is an exceptionally fast train, and that it is almost impossible to beat it? Why, even if it were possible to do what you asked, the expense would put it out of the question." "They listened calmly and without change of expression. Then the one who had spoken before said: "Yes, I know all about that, but we have got to catch that boat. We are attached to the British embassy at Tokyo and have been traveling on a leave of absence. Our time will be up the very day that that boat reaches Japan. We must be there at that time, because we have promised to. We had intended to catch the previous boat, but we were having such a good time that we thought we would chance it and wait over. Now, nothing can be allowed to interfere with our plan."

"Well," I said, "I don't see how I can aid you, sorry as I may be for you." "The Englishman looked at me in a bored sort of way and said: "I don't see why there is any need of arguing about this. We want a special train to overtake that special, and if we can't do it any other way we will have to follow it across the continent." "I looked in amazement at these two clerks—that is what they amounted to, I suppose, at least what we would consider them in this country—who were coolly asking for a special train to cross the continent. I was not at all convinced that they appreciated the enormity of their demand. In fact, I felt more amused than credulous.

"I suppose," I said, "you have some idea of what it will cost you to do this?" "Oh, we are willing to pay whatever it is," was the reply in a drawing tone. "It will cost you \$200 if we overtake the special at her first stop," said I. "\$200 if we have to wait for the second stop and \$1,000 if we go clear across. It is barely possible that we can make a connection at the first stop." "The Englishman made no other reply than to thrust his hand into his trousers pocket and pull out a big roll of bills. He counted out \$1,000 and laid them down on the desk.

"Of course," he said, "I presume if we make the connection that you speak of I will get back what I have paid in excess." "I saw then that he was in earnest. I took out \$200 to guarantee us and returned the rest to him with the understanding that he was to pay the conductor. If he missed the first connection, according to the terms I had outlined, I as one of the machinery in motion to get out the train. It required a good deal of work. In the first place, we had no engine in which the fire was up and found it would save time to have one brought on from another station. Then we had to send for an engineer who would be capable of running the train at the high rate of speed that was demanded and still avoid unnecessary risks.

As ours was in the main only a single track road, we had to telegraph all along the line to keep the track clear of freight trains and arrange to have the ordinary passenger trains sidetracked at convenient times and places. Altogether about four hours were taken up in these preliminaries. During that time the Englishmen loafed around, looking very bored and not at all interested in our efforts to hurry things. When it was announced that the train was ready, they invited me to drink to the success of their trip in a bottle of wine, a condensation on their part that amused me, and the last I saw of them they were bowing from the rear platform of their car as the train went flying out of the depot. They made the connection at the first junction, as I learned that night by telegraph. How they ever did it I don't know, but I have a shrewd suspicion that they bribed the conductor and engineer to run the train at a rate never known before, and that would have been condoned by the higher authorities if they had heard of it."—New York Sun.

Domestic Servants Favored. ALBANY, June 5.—Mr. Brush's important bill giving domestic servants preference when a receiver has been appointed was signed by Governor Morton today.

Position of a Scotch Peer. A Scotch peer—unless he is a representative peer—cannot sit either in the commons or the lords. Sir William Harcourt neatly defined that unfortunate individual's case when giving evidence before the committee on Chiltern Hundreds. Said the chancellor of the exchequer, "His position reminds me of the old description of an amphibious animal. One that cannot live in water and that dies on dry land."—Glasgow Herald.

MILLINERY NOTES.

Napoleonic Three Cornered Hats, Styles of Fans and Trimmings.

Width of headgear being now essential to fashion, the three cornered hat of the days of picturesque living is again brought to the front, and though now worn with a difference it still retains much of its becomingness. Straw takes the place of old world felt or velvet, and flowers, lace and ribbons enhance its charms where an edging of gold lace, or at utmost a single feather (when for riding costume), was the sole decoration allotted to the original ancestor of the present chapeau. These trimmings, of course, to a large extent, take from the individual character of the shape, though they cannot altogether destroy its very becoming outline. It is, of



LARGE HAT.

course, unnecessary to state that the principal difference, to which all others are trifles, is that the triangular hat is now confined to women's wear, while originally it was a masculine habilliment. All sorts of hat shapes are worn, large and small, but the toque has the preference perhaps for young girls. These toques are of colored straw, often with a crown of a different tint. Large hats are trimmed with immense bows of glace taffeta, placed near the hair at the back, the front trim consisting of flowers having a changeable effect.

Fans to be carried out of doors should be of some dark color or black, black more being particularly liked. For evening use, however, delicate and brilliant colors are employed, lace, gauze and feathers being the materials or tulle decorated with spangles.

The shaped pieces of passementerie, such as motifs, collars, ligaros and plastrons, are wonderfully rich and beautiful this season. Light and heavy lace, mock jewels, pearls, spangles and beads of all tints and silk and metal embroidery are all pressed into the service, with the result that the trimming counters of the large shops look like Aladdin's cave.

A sketch is given of a large bonnet hat of rice straw. The wide brim is entirely lined with puffed mousseline de sole. Clusters of roses are placed at the side and back and under the brim, and a large bow of changeable taffeta finishes the decoration. JUDIC CHOLLET.

Ormonde's First American Call. SAN FRANCISCO, June 5.—W. O. B. MacDonough, who paid \$150,000 for Ormonde, has been made happy by the arrival of a colt sired by Ormonde, out of Getaway. The dam is owned by Mrs. Leland Stanford. Under the conditions of their agreement the foal would have belonged to Mrs. Stanford if it had been a filly.

A Maharajah Deah. LONDON, June 5.—Maharajah Abubakar, the sultan of Johore, an independent Malay state, who recently arrived here on a visit, is dead. Johore is situated at the southern extremity of the Malay peninsula. Its area is 9,000 square miles, its population 200,000, and its capital is Johore Bharu.

Religious Intolerance in Kansas City, Kan. KANSAS CITY, June 5.—Schoolteachers professing the Catholic religion have been barred out of the public schools of Kansas City, Kan., for the next term at least. The board of education, after a lengthy meeting in appointing teachers for the fall term refused to give a place to any Catholic.

Boy Drowned While Bathing. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., June 5.—Willie Pohlman, son of Daniel Pohlman, a retired looking glass manufacturer of New York, who has been residing at Liberty of late, was drowned in the lake at Stevensville, Sullivan county, while he was bathing.

Millions For Rifles. VIENNA, June 5.—The estimates of the war department, just presented, increase the amount to be spent upon repeating rifles from 9,000,000 florins to 29,000,000 florins, the new orders for such arms to be distributed over a number of years.

Mr. Russell Quite Well, Thank You. BUFFALO, June 5.—The report that ex-Pennsylvania General Russell is en route to Asheville, N. C., for his health is untrue. Mr. Russell is at his home in this city and is in the best of health. He has no intention of going to Asheville.

Niagara Falls a Lake Port. NIAGARA FALLS, June 5.—This city has entered the list of lake ports and is now so recognized by the government. The harbor behind Connor's island is now accessible for craft that do not draw below 12 feet.

A Judicial Appeal. On one of the many official excursions made by boat to Fortuna Monroe and Chesapeake bay, Chief Justice Waite of the supreme court, Judge Hall of North Carolina and other dignitaries of the bench were participants. When his government steamer had fairly got out into the Atlantic, the sea was very rough, and Judge Hall was taken violently with seasickness. As he was moaning aloud in his agony, the chief justice, laying a soothing hand on his shoulder, said: "My dear Hall, can I do anything for you? Just suggest what you wish." "I wish," said the seasick judge, "your honor would overrule this motion."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Tariff Date Decision. WASHINGTON, June 3.—Chief Justice Fuller handed down the opinion of the court in the case of the United States versus Burr and Hardwick, involving the date when the present tariff law went into effect. The decision was that this did not occur until Aug. 28, 1894, when the bill became a law, notwithstanding the law itself fixed the date as Aug. 1. The case was regarded by the government as of great importance and

GRATITUDE OF A SIOUX SQUAW.

Anxiety While Dying of an Indian Womah to Fulfill Her Promise.

A woman on the West Side whose early predications created a prejudice against Indians is now a friend of the decaying race. It came about in a pretty way, and the incident has also a sorrowful tinge. A Sioux Indian and his squaw, whom the woman's husband had known out west, were returning from Europe, where they had been as attaches of Buffalo Bill's Wild West. When they came to Chicago, they stopped over a day and hunted up the paleface whom they had known out west.

He hired a carriage and took them out to his home, which surprised his wife not a little, and there they were entertained. The squaw spoke no language but her own. Her man knew enough English to make himself understood. Both were in their visiting colors. They didn't like the blue points and oysters, but when the roast beef (two-lob) was brought on the eyes of the squaw bulged out, and she clapped her hands. She devoured it slice by slice and in a manner calculated to shock the wife of the paleface.

After dinner the squaw sang for the paleface woman and her paposes to show gratitude. Then, through her man, she had the paleface woman take off her shoes and stand on a sheet of paper. The squaw took a bit of pencil and drew the shape of the feet. The squaw's man informed the paleface woman that she would make and send her a pair of split bead moccasins from the tepee as soon as they could be made. The Indians went away that night, westward bound, and months passed by. The West Side wife playfully chided her husband about his lavish entertainment of the reds and their mock gratitude. He said, "Wait." In a year from the time of the visit a package was delivered to the house. It was opened, and there were the split bead moccasins made by the squaw. There also was the information that she had died about the time the moccasins were completed.

In a crude sort of way, but all the more tender on account of its simplicity, the Indian explained that his squaw would have sent the moccasins sooner, but she had been sick and her work had been delayed, and that she was afraid she would not live to keep her word to the paleface woman who had entertained her with such good wo-haw.

There were some tender words spoken in the home of the West Side paleface that night, and even now, when the wife of the paleface tells the incident, there is a slight tremulation in the lips and a moisture about the eyes.—Chicago Times.

Upward Lightning Strikes.

It is hard for the mind to conceive of a lightning flash taking other than a downward course when it strikes objects on the earth's surface, but there are many well authenticated cases of the bolt taking the opposite direction. A case in mind happened at Manchester in August, 1888, where the bolt was distinctly seen to strike the base of a large cast iron chimney and then to take an upward slant, burning a crooked river in the metal from the point of contact to the top, where it escaped into the atmosphere and exploded in the manner of an immense fire ball.

At Monticello, Ia., on June 31, 1898, a tree near the residence of G. H. George was struck by a lightning flash and torn in a manner which clearly indicated that the current had passed upward from the earth.

The director of the Iowa weather service corps tells me that, while upward lightning strokes are reckoned as freaks and phenomena by the layman, they are not infrequent occurrences and have often been reported by meteorological observers. In one or two of the Solomon islands and at several places on the Indian coast of Africa the upward stroke is said to be the rule and the downward the exception.—St. Louis Republic.

Whistler and the Amateur.

When James McNeill Whistler went to Venice to make those 12 famous etchings of his, he became so intoxicated with its beauty that he made 70 pastels first, leaving his etchings till the last few days. These pastels made a tremendous sensation. All the art world of Venice was carried away with enthusiasm, excepting a Russian painter, who declared then tricks, betting a basket of champagne he could paint six not to be distinguished from them. Mr. Whistler amiably gave some of his paper and six pastels, which were finally mixed up with those by the Russian and submitted to a jury who had none of them. Mr. Whistler's pastels were unmistakable, and the Russian lost the wits. A few days later the two met on the Rialto, and Mr. Whistler laughed a little about the wits and the bet. The Russian was furious. "You forget, sir," he said, "that I'm a Russian, and if you scratch one you find a Tartar underneath." "Oh, no, you have it wrong," said Mr. Whistler. "You have it wrong." I scratched an artist and found an amateur.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The French Peasant Woman.

She judges a picture with both hands on her hips, and when disapproval appears in her eye one trembles for the picture. When she is actually bored, she strides across the floor to an open window, puts her elbows on its balcony rail, lays her lethargic chin on her lethargic hands, crosses her sturdy legs, and in this stolid loafer attitude refreshes her mind. Her fist is capable of a sledge hammer blow. Her husband, yeoman though he is, would hardly be a match for her. He knows it and is visibly proud of it.

I have seen Whitechapel hags rouse their shriveled or bloated selves to fight like fiends, but she, if once she were roused, would fight like a god. In fact, she is a modern type of the pious woman of mythology. If Joan of Arc had been a peasant of this type, there would have been no mystery about her military prowess. She is a masculine woman in the best sense.—Lippincott's Magazine.

To Start For Buzzards Bay.

WASHINGTON, June 3.—According to present arrangements, Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Olney, with their households, will leave Washington for their summer homes on the Massachusetts coast next Wednesday morning. Mr. Olney's summer residence at Falmouth is only 15 miles from Gray Gables. Owing to the press of public business, neither the president nor the attorney general will accompany their families, but will join them about two weeks later.

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