PREACHER STORIES. BROADWAY GLACIER. LIES AND THE LIARS. HOW THEY CAUGHT IT

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 noth-ing that smirches character so bad as a lie. There is nothing that turns one so against himself as a lio. 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. It cats back correspondent into yourself, and you cannot get back your soundness. It rarely ever even temporarily makes a profit, and I think in the end never.

The puzzle of puzzles is why some people lie so easily. They rarely undertake to be exact and yet do not recognize them-It is their first impulse to selves as llars. avoid straightforwardness, and they plunge ahead in conversation, simply trying to get around point after point. It is a mis take and a misfortune to form such a habit. It grows on the victim, and it increases its power. In nine cases out of ten, the simple facts would be easily told, and the telling more advantageous than either concoalment or a falsehood, but the habit has been encouraged to misrepresent or conwhole mental nature exhausts its fertility in a purpose not to be open and hovest. When this appears in a rson of good ability, mild disposition and industry, it is lamentable.

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 he is truthful until he believes what he says is true, or at least is uncertain about it. know one or two persons with whom you may say lying is a chronic disease. talk on at entire random. Their whole life becomes a romance. They may occasionally touch bottom on a fact, but they do it by accident. They do not know it. It is simply because facts are so many as to get in their way. "What an unconscionable liar that creature is," said a friend. "She cannot toll the truth." I am not sure but we should have a new name for this sort of people. The fact is they have lost all sense of the true and the false, as they have of right and wrong. Louis Stevenson's novels are no more a place of intellectual manufacture than are their everyday conversations. This is true not-only of some of the lower class, but of an occasional person in the highest ranks of society. I know an eminent litterateur who is so snarled up among the creatures of his imagination that he cannot tell the real from the fictional. It is dangerous to be his friend, for he is liable to get you woven into a great web of his fancies, and then with all his might he believes you are guilty of absurdities or worse that were enacted only in his brain. He will swear to these "facts" with all sincerity. His life can never be restored to a basis of realities.

There should be hospitals for liars, or retreats, such as we provide for the insane when their cases become chronic and dangerous. They become dangerous to the community, quite as dangercus as forgers and shoplifters, and far worse for our own peace and happiness. If by accident you get one of these people into your how ld, you never will get the confusion rectified. East becomes west. Love is per-verted into evil intent. Even facts fail to tell the truth. Everything is wrong end foremost. Half the suicides come from liars' tongues. The worst cases should be treated as insanity and mild cases sent to a hospital

It would be an interesting study for an analytic mind to study the causes of lying and liars It is in some cases no doubt matter almost wholly of heredity. Mothers and fathers hand down moral traits more easily than they do intellectual. A mother should make it a law of her life to be sincere and undeviating. If not, she is sure to reap a sore punishment in and from her children. Practice a habit of living very open hearted. I do not mean pratt'ing facts all the while, but with no chests locked against your beloved ones. open heart is better than an open mouth I pity a really honest person who has tumbled herself hastily into a lie. The temptation came on suddenly, and before she was able to be quite self masterful she prevaricated. Now, to back out of a lie is like backing out of a slough of mud. get out with mire on you. But is it any better to stay in the slough and wallow aboutP There is nothing gained, my friend, by sticking to a falsehood simply because you are ashamed to back out. Be as frank as your better naturo suggests and get as quickly as possible on the line of absolute honor. But there are other causes for the liar's character besides heredity. Society is not based on honor, but very largely on pretenses. The good half of social interes is offset by another half of deceit and insincerity. This, of course, is stamping it-self on character. People cannot live lies and not be liars. The Quakers felt this social degradation and tried to correct it. Let your communication be yea, yea, nay, for whatsoever is more than this DOY. cometh of evil. The Quakers, however, do sometimes lie, and all the worse because they have placed so much emphasis on the yea, yea, as better than yes, yes. But they to not make a mistake in insisting on the importance of words. Social flattery and much of social manners are a cover for lies. There is no truth in it. Are you a social Hark-Mary E. Spencer in St. Louis Globe-Damoerat.

A FAMOUS OLD HOTEL AND THEATER SUCCUMB 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 glided youth went there for late suppers. The most noted politicians of the Tweed ring poured out champagna 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 council 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' and up on the other end of the block wa the Revere House. From that corner down you could meet on a pleasant day all th famous actors in town-E. L. Davenport, Tom Placide, Burton, Dion Boucicault James W. Wallack, Charles Fisher, John Brougham, Rufus Blake and a doub! score of others. If any of them not up as far as the Metropolitan Opera House, it was behind a fast team, and they found themselves in the country.

When the Metropolitan was opened in 1852, it was the town talk. It was inaugurated with a stupendous banquet. Ste phon A. Douglas and Tom Benton and Sam Houston were there. Voluminous descriptions of the hotel appeared in the newspapers of that date. People stood in crowds and looked up at it from the other side of the street. It was thought by conservative people to be a most unwarranted piece of extravagance. But the Metropolitan became at once one of the most popu-lar hotels in the city. And its complement of 1,000 guests did not fall off while the Lelands had charge of it.

Before and during the war it was cus omary for the reporters to go to the Metropolitan every night to get the news. vas jammed with people on the night of the cable celebration and on the day that Sumter was fired on. There was, in fact, no such center above it on Breadway, and its walls must have rung with the ve of many great captains and celebrated beauties.

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 nam of the garden, and how the American in stitute was wont to hold its fairs there and the original Christy minstrels, before they got into Mechanics' hall, really orught the small town there, and how for several seasons the concert hall was the re sort 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 manage nent, and then bloomed upon the world he "Black Crook" and the "White the Fawa," spectacles whose like had never been seen, and which rolled 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 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. Bonfanti was then in her prime and be came the rage of the town. Pauline Markham was in full girth of glory and led the Amazons.

If some one will lay hold of the still vir-He beard of the venerable Commodore Tooker, he will reminisce for an hour on the palmy days of Niblo's. All the historic of William Wheatley and the production of the "Duke's Motto," a play which made the most extraordinary kind of a hit, and how after that Forrest came with the 'Broker of Bogota," one of the best original American dramas of its era. 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 orgie of bacchantes and spee tacle. There were long rows of the hand-somest women in the world in the corri tacle dors on Tuesday mornings to draw their Salary After the "B'ack Crook" wore itself out there were spasmodic efforts to call back tho old dramatic prestige of the house Charles Feehter made his American debut there, playing Hamlet in a blond wig and failing to please the public. It was ther that Boucleault brought his "Formosa" It was there 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 It moves slowly north with all it rook. gayety, its groups, its centers. Everythin: istoric melts and vanishes. Every old stager has marked the shifting of th ters. Thirty years ago the focus of Vanit Fair was there between Houston and Prince streets. When Rachel 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, street. the flancurs, was between the St. Nichola and the Metropolitan. Those blocks thundered and phipitated with the life that has gone up to Thirty ninth street. First the crowd jumps Union square, then it went to the Fifth Avenue hotel, then to the Hoffman Ho then to the Coleman, then to the Grand then to-well, you will have to take a ca ble car to find it now .--- Nym Crinkle in New York World.

HUMOROUS INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MINISTERS.

An Episcopalian's Only Experience With They Had to Overtake the Golden Gate Spe-Immersion-The Methodist Preacher and the Fishing Boy-The Marblehend Divine and the Flerce 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

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 de sired to talk with him on the subject of baptism.

The woman, who was very stout, weighing somewhere in the neighborhood of 300 pounds, informed him that she had at them twice to understand that they were Englishmen. They were the typical tall, big boned, blond haired men whom 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 utterly indifferent to the estimate placed to be valid baptism, it did not prohibit immersion, though, as it was a somewhat though they could not have been over 18 or 19 years old. The agent told me that inconvenient method, it was not often Dised

they wished to see me about a matter of He pointed out the difficulties in the business. I assured them that I was at way, saying that he had no fount in the church large enough for such a purpose, their disposal and waited, wondering what they could want of me. The taller of the and that there was no river or beach in two acted as spokesman. the vicinity. In reply she suggested that "'We want to get to San Francisco,' he said, 'in time to connect with the next he obtain permission to use the Baptist church, which had a large baptistry under steamer for Japan." the pulpit platform. This he consented to "'I am very sorry,' I replied, 'but our special train which connects with the do, though with much misgiving. The onsent of the Baptist brethren was readsteamer passed through here two hours ily obtained. The next Suncay Episcopal services

were held in the Baptist church. At the not seem overcome. 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 timo realized his inexperience in administoring that form of baptism. When he atempted to immerse the woman, his foot slipped, and they both went under the water together.

He hastily scrambled to his feet, but, to his consterntion and horror, found, when he attempted to raise the woman, that she could not be moved. There she lay like so many pounds of lead flounderng in the water and screaming for dear life. In vain he tugged and pulled. She could not be even started.

Finally several men in the congregation went to the assistance of the minister, and by their united efforts succeeded in bringing the frightened women 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 diffculty, and the minister drew a long breath

tion

of relief when they were ended. Boys in church, as is well known, are not infrequently the cause of great annoyhave got to catch that boat. We are at-tached to the British embassy at Tokyo elergymen. Some years ago a ance to 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 some-thing attached to a cord, which he occasionally pulled up, when he would throw it over again with more gusto than ever.

Do what he would the proacher could not keep his eyes off that boy. Shifting 1.is position in the pulpit slightly, he had a better opportunity to see what was going on and observed that aid you, sorry as I may be for you.' "The Englishman looked at me in a an old gentleman in a pow under the gal-lery had fallen asleep and was sitting with his head back and his mouth wide open. Seeing this, the boy had attached bored sort of way and said: train to overtake that special, and if we can't do it any other way we will have to cork to a string and was endeavoring to lower it into the old man's mouth. He follow it across the continent." came near succeeding several times, and as the cork gently swayed to and fro it oc-casionally tickled the sleeper's nose. At

MILLINERY NOTES.

Napoleonic Three Cornered Hats, Styles of Faus 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 A Bailroad Official's Story of Two Cool ribbons enhance its charms where an edg-ing of gold lace, or at utmost a single feather (when for riding costume), was the "The English tourist is often a surprissole decoration allotted to the original an ing person," said a railroad official, "and cestors of the present chapcau. These I have frequently had cause to wonder at trimmings, of course, to a large extent, take from the individual character of the him. Some time ago I had an experience with two English tourists that was out of



course, unnecessary to state that the prin-

cipal difference, to which all others are They looked serious at this, but did trifles, is that the triangular hat is now confined to women's wear, while original ly it was a masculine habiliment.

"' 'I suppose,' said the tall one, 'that the next regular train will be too into to con-All sorts of hat shapes are worn, large nect with the steanor.' "'Oh, yes,' said I, 'you would be de-inyed about a week in San Francisco!' and small, but the toque has the prefer-ence perhaps for young girls. These toques are of colored straw, often with a crown of a different tint. Large hats are trimmed 'Oh, that will never dol' he replied. with immense bows of glace taffets, placed near the hair at the back, the front trim-'We must eatch that steamer. You will have to make some arrangement by which we can overtake this special train.' ming consisting of flowers having a change able effect.

"I was paralyzed by the cool assurance with which he suggested this. The train Fans to be carried out of doors should be of some dark color or black, black motre ones being particularly liked. For evening he wished to overtake was known as the olden Gate special and was a record breaker. It was one of the fastest trains use, however, delicate and brilliant colors on our road, and we were proud of the are employed, lace, gauze and feathers be ing the materials or tulle decorated with time it made, yet here were a couple of youngsters who wanted to know whether spangles. they could not arrange to eatch it with

The shaped pieces of passementerie, such as motifs, collars, figaros and plastrons, are wonderully rich and beautiful this seathe same calmness that they might have asked for a cup of coffee. I smiled on them pityingly. " 'Don't you know,' said I, 'that this is son. Light and heavy lace, mock jewels, pearls, spacigles and beads of all tints and an exceptionally fast train, and that it is silk and metal embroidery are all pressed into the service, with the result that the almost impossible to beat it? Why, even If it were possible to do what you asked, trimming counters of the large shops look like Aladdin's cave. A sketch is given of a large bonnet hat the expense would put it out of the ques-

"They listened calmly and without change of expression. Then the one who of rice straw. The wide brim is entirely lined with puffed mousseline de sole. Clushad spoken before said: "'Yes, I know all about that, but we ters 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 Colt.

sence. Our time will be up the very day that that boat reaches Japan. We must SAN FRANCISCO, June 5 .- W. O'B. be there at that time, because we have MacDonough, who paid \$150,000 for Or promised to. We had intended to catch monde, has been made happy by the advent of a colt sired by Ormondo, out of Getaway. The dam is owned by Mrs. Lethe previous boat, but we were having such a good time that we thought we would chance it and walt over. Now, nothland Stanford. Under the conditions of ing can be allowed to interfere with our their agreement the foal would have be-enged to Mrs. Stanford if it had been a filly.

A Maharajah Dead.

LONDON, June 5 .- Maharajah Abuba-ar, the sultan of Johore, an independent " 'I don't see why there is any need of arguing about this. We want a special Malay state, who recently arrived here on a visit, is dead. Johore is situated at the southern extremity of the Malay peninsu-

Its area is 0,000 square miles, its population 200,000 and its capital is Johore

GRATITUDE OF A SIGUX SQUAW.

Anxiety While Dying of an Indian Women to Fulfill Her Promise

A woman on the West Side whose early predilections created a projudice against Indians is now a friend of the decaying 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 Chloago, 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 (wo-haw) was brought on the eves 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 papooses to show gratitude. Then, through her man, she and 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 tepes as soon as they could be made. The Indians went away that night, westward bound, and months passed by. The West Side wife playfully childed her husband about his laylah 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 Strokes.

It is hard for the mind to conceive of & lightning flash taking other than a down-ward 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 hap pened 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 man-ner of an immense fire ball.

At Monticello, Ia., on June 21, 1893, 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 of infrequent occurrence and have often been reported by meteorological observers. In one or two of the Solomon islands

and at several places on the Indian ocean coast of Africa the upward stroke is said to be the rule and the downward the ex-ception.—St. Louis Republic.

Whistler and the Amateur.

When James McNeill Whistler went to Venice to make those 14 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, excenting a Russian painter, who declared them 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 Rus sian and submitted to a jury who had seen none of them. Mr. Whistler's pastels were unmistakable, and the Russian lost the A few days later the two met on the Rialto, and Mr. Whistler laughed a little about the wine and the bet. The Russian was furious. "You forget, sir," 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.

TIME TO SPARE. cial Soas to Catch the Steamer For Japan.

TWO ENGLISH LADS WHO HADN'T ANY

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

one recognizes immediately as being Eng-lish. They were dressed in ultra English

style and carried themselves with the self

onfidence and independence of men who

upon them by others. I call them men,

oroughly believe in themselves and are

Ones.

A Live Beetle In Iron Ore.

Z. T. White, who is now or has very recently been a citizen of El Paso, Tex. was once the owner of the most wonder ful entomological specimen over found since the creation of the world-a live beethe found in a solid matrix of Iron ora. The curiosity was discovered a considera hle depth below the surface in the Longfellow mine, at Clifton, A. T., and fitted his iron sarcophagus as snugly as though the iron had been in a plastic state who is came in contact with the creature's The "bug" was of a dull, reddish gray color and was of course of a species wholly unknown to the entomologists. According to the El Pasa Bullion, this wonder was presented to a well known scientific association of the Atlantic slope about two years ago. -St. Louis Republic

The Cheerful Idiot.

"One swallow doesn't make a spring." said the boarder who misquotes. "A swallow of beer might," said the

Cheerful Idiot. And when the landlady guessed that it might make a spring on account of the hops in it the Cheerful Idiot got huffy and left the table before the prune pie was served .- Indianapolis Journal.

The Vender of Paternity.

For a curious profession and one which is little known commend us to the Pari sian vender of paternity. He appears to be an individual who takes upon himsel 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 youn, men who wish to marry and cannot get the sanction of their parents. The yends of paternily here steps in and goes through all the formalities at the mayor's office. St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Decolette.

"I'll bet," remarked Mr. Jason to bis wife as they sat in the family circle at th play, "I'll bet from the looks of it that the cas that there woman in the box i wearin is one of them elegant dresses 'one-half off' we seed advertised yisterday in the papers. "-Indianapolis Journal.

such times he would stir a little measily and brush it away with his hand, to the evident delight of the grinning youngster. The whole scene was so exceedingly comical that the minister came near laughing outright. At length he was obliged to beckon to the sexton and request him to put an end to the boy's fishing for the day or else send him somewhere else to do it.

An uncomfortable experience which be fell Parson Bartlett, a Unitarian minis-ter, some years ago, used to be related by his clorical brethren with a good deal of glee. The parson had been invited to exchange pulpits with a clergyman in Sa-lem, 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 ie 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 dierso the parson arrived. He was covered with mud from head to feet. His coat was torn, his hat battered, and a telltale strank on his shirt front exposed his darling vice of chewing tobacco

An explanation was in order and was given. While the parson was sauntering leisurely 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 belliger 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 cluded in that way. He was over as soon as his cherical victim. The parson jumped over the wall again into the field he had left, but the bull was there before he was. In this way they kept up the jumping and running, first over one wall, then over another, until by scaling a fence the parson reached the open road The bull was thus brought to a standstill and ran off suorting defiance. Parson Bartlett, exhausted with his unwonted exertion, bruised and sore in every limb, ande his way as best he could to Salem -Boston Globa

A Toilet Hint.

The woman who has wept until her eveilds and her nose are purple, her eyes bloodshot and her face swollen always feels a trifle embarrassed when she has to receive callers or go down to dinner im-mediately. She frequently makes a bad matter worse by washing her face in cold water. If she will, instead, bathe it gently with resewater for a few minutes and then lie down for a few more with a soft rag saturated in resewater over her eyes, she will be prepared to face any company. New York World.

suppose, at least what we would consider m in this country-who were coolly asking for a special train to cross the con tinent. I was not at all convinced that they appreciated the enormity of their de-In fact, I felt more amused than mand. credulous.

"I looked in amazement at these two

clorks-that is what they amounted to, I

and have been traveling on a leave of ab

'I suppose,' I said, 'you have some idea of what it will cost you to do this? 'Oh, we are willing to pay whatever

was the reply in a drawling tone. "'It will cost you \$200 if we overtake the special at her first stop,' said I, '\$500

if we have to wait for the second stop and \$1,000 if we go clear across. It is barely ssible 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 unted 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 cornect took out \$300 to guarantee us and returned the rest to him with the understanding that he was to pay the conductor, if h missed the first connection, according to the terms I had outlined. I at once set the achinery 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 side tracked at convenlent times and places. Altogether about four hours were taken up in these prelin inaries. During that time the Englishmen loafed around, looking very and not at all interested in our efforts to hurry things. When it was announ that the train was ready, they invited me o drink to the success of their trip in a ottle of wine, a condescension on their part that amazed me, and the last I maw of them they were bowing from the rear platform of their car as the train went figures out of the depot. They made the formed of the depot. They made the connection at the first junction, as I learned that night by telegraph. How they ever did is 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 condemned by the higher authorities if they had heard of it."-New

momente Servants Favored.

York Sun.

ALBANY, June 5 .- Mr. Brush's impor tant bill giving domestic servants profer ance when a receiver has been appointed was signed by Governor Morton today.

Religious Intolerance In Kansas City, Kan.

Bharu.

KANSAS CITY, June 5. -Schoolteachors professing the Catholic religion have been barred out of the public schools of Kansa City, Kan., for the next term at least. The board of education, after a lengthy me ing, in appointing teachers for the fall term refused to give a place to any Catho lia.

Boy Drowned While Bathing.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., June 5.-Willie Pohlman, son of Daniel Pohlman, a retired looking glass manufacturer of York, who has been residing at Liberty of late, was drowned in the lake at Stevens ville, Sullivan county, while he was bathing.

Millions For Rifles.

VIENNA, June 5 .- The estimates of the var department, just presented, increase camount to be spent upon repeating rifles from 9,000,000 floring to 29,000,000 loring, the new orders for such arms to be distributed over a number of years.

Mr. Bissell Quite Well, Thank You,

BUFFALO, June 5. - The report that exostmaster General Bissell Is en route to Asheville, N. C., for his health is untrue. Mr. Bissell is at his home in this city and is in the bost of health. He has no intention of going to Asheville.

Niagura Falls a Lake Port.

NIAGANA 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 suble for craft that do not draw below 13 feet.

A Judicial Appeal.

On one of the many official excursions made by boat to Fortress Monroe Chesapeake bay, Chief Justice Waite of the supreme court, Judge Hall of North Carolina and other dignitaries of the bench were participants. When the 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 mounting 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 sensick judge, "your honor would overrule this motion."-San Francisco Argonaut.

Position of a Scotch Peer.

A Scotch peer-unless he is a represent ative peer-cannot sit either in the commons or the lords. Sir William Harcourt nearly defined that unfortunate individu al's case when giving evidence before the committee on Chiltern Hundreds. Said the committee on Chintern runnings. 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.

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 ploture. When she is actually bort., she strides across the floor to an open window, puts her elbows on its balcony rall, lays her leathery chin on her leathery crosses her sturdy legs, and in this street oafer attitude refreshes her mind. 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 rous their shriveled or bloated selves to light like fiends, but she, if once she roused, would fight like a god. In fact, she is a modern type of the plow woman o mythology. If Joan of Arc had been a peasant of this type, there would have been no mystery about har military prow-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. Claveland and Mrs. Olney, with their households, will leave Washington for their summer homes on the Massachusetts coast next Wednes day morning. Mr. Olney's summer resi dence at Falmouth is only 15 miles from Gray Gables. Owing to the press of pub He business, neither the prosident nor the attorney general will accompany their families, but will join them about two weeks Inter.

A Tariff Date Decision

WASHINGTON, June 8 .- Chief Justice Fuller handed down the opinion of the court in the case of the United States versus Burr and Hardwick, favolving the date when the present tariff law went into The decision was that this did not offort. 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 wreat importance and