

Our 451 colleges have an income of \$14,633,034 and funds vested or available \$94,530,758.

According to the latest enumeration there are 26,000 more women than men in Philadelphia.

Out of the 17,000,000 inhabitants of Spain 11,045,870 are ignorant of the art of reading and writing.

The plucky Japanese soldiers are little fellows. The limit of height in the army and navy is four feet 11 1-2 inches.

Stepnik, the Russian radical, gives the Czar credit for desiring to avoid a great European war, but hints that it is poverty, not peace, that inspires his actions.

The Brewers' Journal states that English syndicates have \$91,000,000 invested in American breweries the dividend on which at 9 per cent last year was \$8,190,000 and was paid in gold.

Japan will prove, with proper management an invaluable market for American farming implements, states the New York Recorder. Good threshing machines are, perhaps, as much needed as anything.

Athletes are not always at the tail of the class, remarks the New Orleans Picayune. Mr. Robertson, an all-around athlete, and one of the Oxford crew, won two scholarships in the University the other day.

No man ever seemed to enjoy himself in old age more than does William E. Gladstone. He devotes his days to work and study and his nights to healthful sleep. His appetite is remarkably good for a man of his years. He eats oatmeal for breakfast, and what is more, digests it. At dinner he takes soup and rare roast beef. He was always afflicted by a trembling hand, a family inheritance, but his nervous system is in excellent condition as a whole.

The officials of the Cotton States' Exposition, to be held at Atlanta, Ga., this year, receive a great many unique suggestions from people who wish to help them. A Texas man, for instance, wishes to drive ten white horses tandem through all the Southern States, making a tour of nine months, visiting every town and hamlet. The horses are to be richly caparisoned, and the leader is to carry a banner with a suitable legend announcing that he is on his way to the Exposition.

The reports of the officers of the army, who are serving as Indian agents, go to show, to the New Orleans Picayune, that the detailing of military men for such work was a wise and salutary thing. The officers prove to be above the corrupting influences which are brought to bear on them, and prompt to do the work they are sent to do, in spite of the complaints that are lodged against them. The sale of whiskey on the reservations has been one of the greatest sources of trouble in the past, and Captain W. L. Cook, in charge of the Blackfoot agency, recently took vigorous measures to suppress it. He succeeded in the task, but in doing it he broke up a whole village. Since October, 1883, no liquor has been sold there. The store and the liquor shops were closed and the proprietors of the latter sent to the penitentiary. Captain Cook reports that the most beneficial results have followed. The Indians have gone to work, and are better physically and morally.

It is an open question, maintains the Argonaut, whether the marriage state or that of celibacy is the most conducive to happiness. Chamfort said, "Were man to consult only his reason, who would marry?" The majority of men follow their natural instincts, and marry, while others hold their feelings under control, and are mainly influenced by judgment. Many of the greatest men of genius were celibates, their passion for knowledge absorbing all others. Most of the great historians were single men—Macaulay, Hume, Gibbon, Thirlwall, Buckle, Camden and other. Among the great artists who remained single were Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Reynolds, Turner and Etty. Handel, Beethoven, Rossini, Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer were among the bachelors in music. Neither Pitt nor Fox, the political rivals, ever married. Conspicuous among others were Voltaire, Locke, Gray, Galileo, Bishop Butler, Charles Lamb, Cavendish, Pope, Goldsmith, Descartes and many more. So it is only natural to infer that intellectuality is not conducive to matrimony, and as we advance in civilization, it suffices.

I'M GROWING OLD.

My days pass pleasantly away;
My nights are blessed with sweetest sleep;
I feel no symptoms of decay;
I have no cause to mourn or weep;
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold,
And yet, of late, I often sigh—
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All whisper in the plainest voice—
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff;
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
I'm growing fainter in my laugh;
I'm growing deeper in my sighs;
I'm growing careless in my dress;
I'm growing frugal of my gold;
I'm growing wise; I'm growing—yes—
I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing tastes;
I see it in my changing hair;
I see it in my growing waist;
I see it in my growing hair;
A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That, even in my vaunted youth,
I'm growing old!

Ah, me! my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears,
And every boon the hours bequeath
But makes me debtor to the year!
E'en flattery's honeyed words declare
The secret she would fain withhold,
And tells me in "How young you are!"
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years! whose rapid flight
My somber muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of their wings;
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold
Where all are blest and none may sigh,
"I'm growing old!"
—John G. Saxe.

THE JUDGE'S DECISION

WHEN you really think you're in love, eh?" said Judge Pelham.
He had a queer brown face, this old man, all plowed with a network of wrinkles, and little black eyes, with a scanty allowance of lashes, that looked at you like glistening beads. Not the sort of a man to confide in a love tale to, nor to sympathize with the tender outpourings; and how Judge Pelham ever came to be the father of a glorious girl like Kate, with the beauty of Hebe, was a riddle that we leave to those learned in physiology and psychology.

"Yes, sir," said Hugh Kearney, bravely. "I am in love with her, and if I am so fortunate as to gain your permission to pay her my addresses—"
"Stop!" said the old gentleman. "Not so fast. One thing at a time, young sir. What have you got?"
"A strong arm, sir, and a brave heart, together with, I hope, at least, an average amount of brains."
"Very good stock in trade," answered the Judge, still regarding Mr. Kearney with the little hard glistening bead of eyes. "Aha, Mr. Carleton, is that you? Walk in and sit down. I'll be disengaged presently."
"Then you will give my case a favorable consideration, Judge," said Hugh, rising to depart.
"I will, sir."

And Hugh went out—a tall, handsome fellow, with pleasant dark eyes and a firm, squarely cut chin, which betokens no ordinary amount of resolution and will.
Kent Carleton sat in the office, uneasily glancing over the large russet-bound volumes, when the Judge deliberately turned himself round in his revolving chair.
He, too, was handsome, with straight, effeminate features, blue eyes and wavy hair.
"I have called, sir, on very important business," began Kent, hesitatingly.
"Eh! What may it be?" deliberately questioned the Judge. Kent would have given all he was worth if the brown old man would have put on a pair of spectacles. Those beady eyes confused and bewildered him.
"It's about your daughter, Kate, sir," said Carleton. "I love her, and if you have no objections—"
"Ah," said the Judge, "exactly so. Of course you have means to support a wife?"
"As to means, sir, I am yet only beginning the world; but I have expectations, and, added to that, I am about to commence the practice of the profession in which you have reached so brilliant a position!"

He bowed. The Judge was still transfixing him with the beady eyes.
"You may go. I'll let you know my decision to-morrow."
Carleton's footsteps had hardly died away upon the threshold, when the Judge opened a door to the left of him and called:
"Kate!"
Miss Pelham came in—tall, blooming, 18, with eyes of soft liquid blue, damask cheeks and hair of real poet's gold. How strange she looked among the dry old law-books and baize-covered desks, and the packets of legal papers splashed with scarlet seals like magnified drops of blood.
"Well, papa?"
"Do you want to get married, pet?"
"Well, papa, I hardly know whether I do or not!" she answered reflectively.
"Because I've had two young men here asking permission to pay their addresses to you."
"Two young men, papa! Who were they?"

"Both eligible, as far as outward circumstances go; not rich, but sensible, and enterprising. I've reason to think; and for my part I don't believe in too much ready-made money."
"But you have not told me yet who they are!"
"Hugh Kearney and Kent Carleton," answered the Judge. "Which do you like better of the two?"
"Why, papa, I like them both. Hugh is a good, solid fellow, and Kent has so much style."
"But you can't marry 'em both!"
"Papa," laughed Kate, coming close up so that her curls fairly overflowed the brown face with the beady black eyes, "you choose for me. I really haven't any actual preference in the matter. I could like either of them; and, after all, it isn't like selecting a lover, because I can make up my mind any time."

"So you want the old dad to select for you, do you? Well, well, I'll think it over and let you know."
The Judge put on his hat and went out for a walk in the summer twilight to clear his brain of the cobwebs induced by his day's work.
"Hallo!" he cried, as he nearly stumbled over a meditative old Irishman, who was standing staring about him with a ragged old waterproof coat hanging on his arm. "What do you mean by obstructing the highway in that sort of fashion, Hannegan?"
"Faith, it's I that axes your honor's pardon kindly, but sorry a bit I know where I'm goin'. Perhaps your honor could tell me."
"How the mischief do you suppose I can tell you, if you don't know yourself, you Irish blunderhead?"
"They're lawyers like your honor," went on the persistent Hannegan; "and since Biddy Rourke—that's me sister, your honor, that washes for all the quality—hurt her ankle bone, she says, says she—'Terry,' says she, she says, she says they're owing me, it's I that'll thank you kindly,' says she, 'and I'll do as much for you,' says she, 'for it's Mr. Carleton and Mr. Kearney—'"
"Oh!" ejaculated the Judge; "Carleton and Kearney, eh? Yes. I know where they live, and I'll go along with you and show you, if you'll lend me your overcoat and just change hats with me."

"Sure, your honor, it's too ragged-like for the likes o' you!"
"That's my business," said the Judge, alertly transforming himself into an old loafer by the battered hat and rusty overgarment of Terrence Hannegan. "Now, look here, if you call me anything but Larry Reardon I'll send you to the lockup for twenty days."
Terrence started and grinned:
"All right, yer—"
"Stop!" roared the Judge.
"I mane Larry! And is this the door, sir? I would be after saying, Mister Reardon?"
"This is the door, Terry."

And without knocking the Judge pushed Terry into the hotel reading-room, where he stood with his head drawn in between his shoulders and nearly covered by the Irishman's too-large hat, while Hannegan boldly confronted the young men.
Carleton was writing a letter. Kearney sat tipped back on his chair looking over the paper, and one or two others were lounging about, grumbling at the dismal monotony of the village in which they found themselves becalmed over night.
"Money!" ejaculated Carleton, irritably, as the Irishman made known his errand. "What money? It's but a little while since I settled that bill; there must be a mere trifle owing now!"
"It's five dollars, sir—five dollars and twenty cents; and Biddy, she's laid up wid a broken ankle and five little ones, sir; an' if you'd please to let me have the money, I've Biddy's receipt, sir—"

"Hang your receipts, man—I've no money to spare! Don't bother me!"
"For shame, Carleton!" spoke up Hugh Kearney. "Pay what you owe the woman. Would you let her and her little ones starve?"
"It don't hurt that class of people to starve," heartlessly answered Carleton. "As for the little ones, the less we have among us to pay taxes for, the better! It isn't convenient for me to settle the account to-day—that's enough."
And he turned away and bent over his writing again, a little uneasy beneath the withering look of scorn darted at him from Hugh Kearney's eyes.
"Come here, my man," said the latter, addressing Terry Hannegan, who stood scratching his head in sore perplexity. "How much do I owe Mrs. Rourke? I ought to have attended to it sooner; but I waited, as usual, for her to send in her bill."
"It's only two dollars and a half, sir, for yer honor," answered Terrence, "but—"
"Well, here's a five-dollar bill. Biddy can work it out when her ankle gets better. And if she's really in want or suffering, tell her to send to me and I'll come and see her."

"Sure, your honor, and I'll do that same; and it's hopin' the blessed saints may make your honor's bed in heaven, and wishin' there was many like you; and Biddy 'll be the thankful woman, that she will, and—"
But at this stage Terry Hannegan's companion, who had stood by the door motionless all this while, shouldered him out, still uttering thanks and blessings as he went.
"Here," said the Judge, as they stepped out once more on the pavement, "take your overcoat, Terry, and let's change hats again; for I begin to feel radical and revolutionary already."
"Feel how, your honor?"
"Never mind. Here give this money to your sister from me, and be about your business."
So the Judge dismissed his ragged companion and returned to the dining-room, back of the law office, where Kate sat by a shaded lamp.

"Well, papa," said Kate, laughingly, "have you decided yet?"
"I shall expect you," said the justice to the colored culprit, "to tell the whole truth." "De whole truth, huh?" "Yes," "Jedge, Jes' gimme six months!"

"Yes, I have decided."
"Which is it to be?"
"Carleton is a heartless scoundrel, and will treat the woman who is his wife as no woman would wish or deserve to be treated."
"Papa, how do you know?"
"No matter how I know. I've a way of finding out things for myself, child."
"And Mr. Kearney?"
"If you can get him, take him. He is a fine fellow."
And the Judge sat down to write two brief notes, one of which Carleton read the next morning with contracted brow and savage eyes.

"What does the pedantic old fool mean?" he muttered. "What can he possibly have heard about me which convinces him that I am not the person to render his daughter's life a happy one?"
But that was exactly what Mr. Carleton never learned.
And Kate, the Judge's golden-haired daughter, was married six months from that day to Hugh Kearney.—New York News.

SHORT-LIVED FORTUNES.

How the Millions of the Croesus-Like Bonanza Kings Have Dwindled.
While the accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few is an evil that should be vigorously combated, there are not lacking indications that it contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction. Families like the Astors that fasten themselves like abelones on a single spot and suck out the resources of a community from generation to generation, are happily rare, and the conditions that permit them to subsist may be easily altered by legislation. The difficulty of maintaining great aggregations of capital intact under ordinary circumstances has been strikingly illustrated in San Francisco.

A few years ago, among many large accumulations of wealth in this town, eight stupendous fortunes stood conspicuously pre-eminent—the four railroad fortunes of Stanford, Huntington, Crocker and Hopkins, and the four bonanza fortunes of Flood, O'Brien, Mackay and Fair. The wildest ideas prevailed concerning the size of these hoards. Stanford and Huntington were commonly supposed to be worth at least \$100,000,000 apiece. At one time Mackay was called the richest man in the world, and his wealth was figured as high as \$800,000,000. This estimate was based on the reasonable idea of taking the dividends on his mining stocks as the interest on a capital sufficient to produce such returns at ordinary rates, and perhaps allowing for a geometrical increase on the previously observed scale.

Of these huge fortunes only that of Huntington remains undiminished in the original hands. Mackay is living, but his wealth, actual and reputed, has shrunk until he sometimes finds it hard to lay hands at short notice on \$3,000,000 or \$4,000,000 in ready cash. The Stanford estate has been generously dedicated to public uses. The Crocker estate has to support several families and several expensive establishments. The Hopkins estate is probably smaller now than when Mark Hopkins died. Flood and O'Brien saw their wealth diminish to ordinary proportions before their death, and their heirs are not conspicuous now among the multi-millionaires. The shrewdest and hardest of the bonanza kings has just died, and his wealth will be divided into several parts in any case, and may be all swallowed up by the legal talent that has displayed such absorbent ability in the Jessup and Blythe cases.

On the whole, the American atmosphere, favorable as it is to the accumulation of vast fortunes, does not appear particularly to promote their perpetuity.—San Francisco Examiner.

ANECDOTES OF GLADSTONE.

Stories Illustrating the Life of the Grand Old Man.
"Some time ago," says Rev. Newman Hall, D. D., "I was preaching in the north of England and happened to stay at the house of a solicitor who had paid a recent visit to Harwarden merely as a tourist. On his return he entered a carriage in which was seated a woman with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, which my friend admired. 'Mr. Gladstone gave them to me,' said the woman. 'Oh,' replied my friend, 'how was that?' He was then told that every servant who left the castle with a good character was invited to spend a week during the summer. 'I used to be a servant there,' continued the woman, 'but left because I was going to be married. I have, however, just been staying there a week, and as I was leaving I met Mr. Gladstone in the garden. He asked me if I liked flowers, and when I said I did he gave me this bunch, which he had in his hand, saying: 'Pray accept them.'"
"Another incident," Dr. Hall went on, "which I had in my mind happened when Mr. Gladstone was chancellor of the exchequer. One day the vicar of St. Martins-in-the-Fields, in which church Mr. Gladstone used to worship, called on a crossing sweeper in his parish who was ill. Asking him if any one had been to see him the sweeper replied, 'Yes, Mr. Gladstone.' 'Which Mr. Gladstone?' asked the vicar. 'Mr. Gladstone,' repeated the poor invalid. 'But how came he to see you?' inquired the vicar. 'Well,' answered the crossing sweeper, 'he always had a nice word for me when he passed my crossing, and when I was not there he missed me. He asked my mate, who had taken my place, where I was, and when he heard I was ill he asked for my address, and when he was told he put it down on paper. So he called to see me.' 'And what did he do?' asked the vicar. 'Why, he read some Bible to me, and prayed,' was the reply."

"I shall expect you," said the justice to the colored culprit, "to tell the whole truth." "De whole truth, huh?" "Yes," "Jedge, Jes' gimme six months!"

DAINTY HEADWEAR.

LATEST FANCIES IN FEMINE HATS AND DRESS.

Delicate Hoods to Protect the Head—A Popular New York Frock—Gowns Ornamented With the Ravette.

ONE of the daintiest of old-time fashions is being revived for concert and party wear. Delicate hoods are made so loosely of unlined chiffon that they slip over the most elaborate headdress, falling about the face in becoming curves of cloudy softness. Nothing could be more becoming. The fashion is revived from the time of powdered hair and white wigs, but it is as becoming now as it was then. Three other models of headwear are shown in the accompanying picture, each of which is suitable for the con-

accepted style for ordinary wear, and may also be worn for best, but for the finest hats it is often the case that the brims are rolled and pinched in various ways, with trimming of bows, loops, rosettes, plumes and aigrettes. For best, there are little bonnets of soft silk with box-plaited fronts and soft crowns.

Side combs are very stylish and grow more and more elaborate. They are now made so that the top stands out from the head, instead of lying close; they are filigreed and jeweled, and in some instances have fringes of jeweled white hanging from them. These fringes shine among the side tresses, and don't they tangle with them! They should be worn low enough to show either side of the little theatre bonnet, and may be jeweled very richly, just as if they were not liable to tumble out without the wearer's knowing it till she arrives home.

BUCKLES AS ORNAMENTS. Buckles remain the favorite orna-



A POPULAR FROCK.

cert, and, besides, is generally serviceable. The upper of the trio is of black spangled tulle, loosely draped over the crown, with a brim of mordore velvet ribbon faced with violet satin. The latter is also employed for the large side loops. Five small velvet dahlias and a fancy aigrette also trim the toque. The crown of the left-hand toque is formed of black ostrich tips and wide violet taffeta ribbon. The tips of the plumes frame the brim prettily in front, and the ribbon forms large, soft puffs that are fastened with rhinestone buckles. The tie strings are of black velvet ribbon. Last, and best of all, perhaps, comes a hat of black felt trellised with chenille, having a rose glaze velvet crown. The felt brim is waved daintily and the garniture consists of black plumes placed on either side and a small velvet rosette put in back.

ments. For every conceivable part of feminine apparel are they constructed. A round dozen is not considered superfluous worn by a well-frocked woman. They nestle in the hat, dot the collar, confine the cuffs, outline the belt, until verily, no knight of old possessed more when in full armor. They come for dinner gowns in the form of miniatures surrounded by jewels and half-moons of rhinestones. For simpler use some new ones of conventional shape are inlaid with large black amethysts, some with Mexican onyx, others with moonstones. The stones are not expensive ones, but their use in the dead gold produces a luxurious effect. These will be placed especially on the broad moire belts which are used as girdles for house bodices.

NAMED AFTER THE BIRD.

The concentrated ornamentation of every gown made with any elegance is confined to the ravette. That is French for "bib." Literally, "slobbering bib." It may be that the ravette and that ridiculous ornament the jeweled safety pin follow in sequence; at any rate we have both. The ravette is formed of the richest of material, lace, velvet, silk, or all three combined. At a reception recently a young lady wore a ravette of pink silk, lace trimmed, and with big puffed sleeves attached, over a wool street gown. It looked very pretty, too. The gorgette, or collar of the ravette, usually fits closely about the throat, but may fall to the shoulders. One that is very pretty has a gorgette of yellow satin folded softly and caught at the sides with rosettes of fine lace. Falling from this, nearly to the bottom of the bodice, is wide lace over wide fringe satin, and over that yet a long fringe of Roman pearls in loose strands. It is remarkably pretty, and would be quite gorgeous in red and black with cut jet.

Another dainty adaptation of the ravette is formed entirely of ribbon. The adjustment of the bows on the



THREE STYLISH HATS.

Spring hats are made of rough straw, or a mixture of straw and felt braid. Velvet bonnets and hats will be worn until late in the season, and there are some extremely pretty shirred bonnets and hats of thick, gauzy stuff in spring colors, with spring blossoms and twigs for trimming. Turban shapes are popular, and some of the new models have brims in coronet effect. This a style that is always liked, as it is becoming to very many persons. The Mary Stuart shape and the close-fitting bonnet that has not been out of fashion for the last quarter of a century, are among the standard imports in this line.

A great deal of ribbon will be used as trimming and velvet in profusion. Rosettes are still worn, but are less fashionable than loops of soft, puffy effects. A new model has a scarf of bias velvet tied in a large single knot. This is attached to one side of the bonnet, which is a small poke, and underneath this knot are the stems of three long plumes. These curl up over the top of the bonnet, and the scarf is twisted in a soft roll and passes over the edges in front of the crown.

There is a pronounced line between crown and brim on some of the new bonnets, and this is thought to be the forerunner of the old-time style with flaring front, prominent crown and ruffled curtain.

For children, the sailor hat is the



THE RAVETTE.

gorgette is a little new, and the jet pendants on the ends of the ribbon are entirely so. Pearl or cut steel would be a pretty ornamentation for this.

The German Kaiser has sent to the Russian Czar as a wedding present a magnificent porcelain table service made at the royal factory.