

In England there is one foreigner to every 170 natives, and in France one to every 34 natives.

A distinguished naturalist states that the hen cackles with unusual enthusiasm when she thinks she has laid an egg where it can't be found.

The editor of the Boston Herald has written an article for a magazine in which he says that "there are only eight thinking newspapers in America." We wonder where the other seven are.

Governor Pingree of Michigan says that he vetoed the curfew bill because it was paternal legislation. His idea is, in brief, that there is no reason why the state should act as a trustee officer for the children of its citizens.

By the provisions of a new Texas law, bond and investment companies doing business in the state must deposit with the state treasurer \$5000 and ten per cent. of net premium receipts yearly until the amount to their credit shall reach to \$100,000.

Venezuela has placed restrictions on heron hunting. The bird is much sought after for its plumes, and like the egret of the United States, is in danger of becoming extinct. Hunters in future, are to be licensed, and hunting with firearms is absolutely prohibited. No plumes can be exported without the license of the civil authorities.

The local branch of the Boston loan and trust company in Kansas City has received notice from its head office that hereafter loans may be taken on first-class properties in northeastern Kansas. This is said to be one of the first orders of the kind affecting Kansas property that has been given by a loan company in years. The order is limited to Douglass, Achison, Jefferson, Brown, Nemeha and a few other counties in the portion of the state named.

Though the tomb of General Grant in New York city is now practically completed, there yet remains some work of ornamentation to be done. It is intended to place upon the cap of the pyramidal top of the monument a colossal statue of peace. General Porter says that provision has been made for the erection of this statue, and that work upon it will soon begin. There remains in the treasury of the association \$12,000. The statue may cost \$15,000, but there is no fear that there will be difficulty in raising a few thousand to complete the tomb.

The eager, panting aspirants for literary fame who are aching for an opportunity to astonish the world may find what they want in this advertisement from a recent issue of the London Daily News: "Writer wanted, who will write a history of California from material at British Museum, etc., for the remuneration of £10. Must be 400,000 words. Apply by letter only, to Essayist, etc." As will be seen there is not only glory, but money in it. Just fancy what a gifted writer could do with £10 (\$50), and as he might finish the work in less than a year his compensation would be at the rate of about a dollar a week.

Two hundred and three local authorities in Great Britain and Ireland own their own gas works. Of these 160 are in England and Wales, thirty-six in Scotland and seven in Ireland. Besides these, there are 437 private companies, of which two are in Scotland, nine in Ireland, and the rest in England and Wales. The total coal used is 11,937,446 tons. From this 121,421,752,691 cubic feet of gas is made, of which 111,443,701,941 cubic feet was sold during the year ending March 26, 1896. There were at that time 23,857 miles of mains, supplying 2,659,771 consumers' premises and 526,888 public lamps.

One of the most important steps recently taken by the trustees and faculty of the state college of Pennsylvania, is the decision to establish several summer courses, for the purpose of making the laboratories and shops of the college available during a part of the summer vacation for the teachers of the state, and those who intend to become teachers, as well as those who wish to pursue special lines of research. A further purpose is to give courses that persons who are not quite fully prepared to enter college may have opportunity to take a six weeks' drill in the subjects in which they are deficient. These courses will not be confined to persons who propose to enter the state college, but will be open to students who expect to apply for admission to any college.

A FEUD.

In the garden of my love
The flowers fell out one day;
The lilies said the rose
Was not so fair as they.
The roses thought the lily
A blot upon the spring;
They did not so; how any
Could like so pale a thing.
June they made their judge,
Who, angry with their quarrel,
Withered them on their stalks—
Despoiled their gay apparel.
But, not to disavow
The labors of the sun,
On Jullia she conferred
Their beauties every one.
But, even so translated,
The feud is kept alive;
For still, upon her cheek,
The rose and lily strive.
—Pick-Me-Up.

The Missing Spoons.

Madge burst into the room, her eyes wide and staring and her face pale with fright.

"Why, Madge Foster, what can be the matter?" asked her mother, looking up from her sewing.

Madge swallowed and gasped. "Grandmother Maxwell's spoons," she said; "they're gone."

"Gone? Grandmother Maxwell's spoons!" repeated Mrs. Foster, as if she couldn't quite understand.

"Yes, gone," put in Nat, who had come in looking almost as frightened as Madge.

"Why, who would have touched them?" asked Mrs. Foster, rising from her chair.

"Better ask who took Jane's butter-bowl last Tuesday night, and who stole the cake from the china closet, and what has become of the last volume of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and my best skates, and Madge's gold stick-pin, and Charlie's best coat—"

and Nat paused for want of breath. "I tell you there's something awfully mysterious about this!" he continued, a moment later.

"But grandmother's spoons?" questioned Mrs. Foster, trying to be calm.

"Why, it was this way," explained Madge, who was now calm enough to talk: "Jane was getting the supper table ready, and she thought she'd put on the best silver because the minister was to be here. So she went to the closet to get grandmother's spoons—and they were gone. There wasn't a sign of 'em anywhere, although we looked all over the closet. They were in that little, old, red plush case on the third shelf behind the big blue bowl. No one knew they were there but Jane. The box was open and the spoons were gone. And Jane says she is sure she has found tracks on the floor."

"Tracks—?" repeated Nat, in an odd, scared voice; "I saw 'em myself."

Mrs. Foster followed the twins out into the kitchen and made a careful search on her own account. But the spoons were gone.

There were six of Grandmother Maxwell's spoons, and they were kept bound up in a little bundle tied with faded red tape. They were very thin and old-fashioned, but every member of the Foster family from Father Foster down held them in great reverence because they had been in the family for more than a hundred years.

When Grandmother Maxwell died she had left them to her three grandchildren, two each to Madge and Nat, the twins, and two to Charlie, their elder brother. For this reason they were prized more highly than any other single possession of the Maxwell family. Jane, who had been a servant in the Foster family ever since the twins were born, was as proud of the spoons as any of the others and took as much care of them as if they had been her own.

Charlie had left his book in the library and had followed the others out into the kitchen. He was down on his hands and knees examining the tracks on the pantry floor.

"They don't look to me just like a man's tracks," he said; "they're hardly big enough; in fact, I don't believe they're tracks at all."

"What are they, then?" asked Ned, hotly, "who do you s'pose is doing all this stealing?"

"I don't know," said Charlie, "but I've got a theory."

"Charlie always has got theories," put in Madge, mischievously; "I guess he gets 'em out of books."

"Well, I don't dream of traveling over all creation," replied Charlie, winking.

But Nat was interested; he had a good deal of confidence in his elder brother. Besides this, the mystery as to what became of all the missing things was beginning to grow serious. Nearly every night something disappeared from the building, and there was not the slightest clew as to what became of it. Even Father Foster was worried, and for several evenings he had remained up late and had taken particular care to lock every window and bolt every door. But in the face of it all Grandmother Maxwell's spoons had disappeared.

"Yes," Charlie was saying, "I've been cogitating, and I'll tell you what I think. That old cellar has something to do with this stealing."

Madge started and looked over her shoulder, started even in broad daylight. Charlie had said these words very slowly and distinctly, and it was some moments before any one spoke.

"But nobody can get into that cellar. If a burglar tried it I guess it would be the last of him."

"I'm not so sure of that," responded Charlie. "Yesterday I went down cellar with a lamp and there in the sand—"

"In the sand," repeated Madge, breathlessly, leaning forward with parted lips.

"There ~~is~~ the sand," continued Charlie, paying attention to the interruption. "I saw tracks—leading to the door."

"And I've been going down there all alone," wailed Jane, lifting her hands in horror.

"I just believe the thief is hiding in there," said Nat.

The old cellar was hardly more than a niche in the stone wall, with a stout oak door covering its opening. Years before an old well had occupied the niche, but it had caved in, and Mr. Foster had not thought it worth while to fix it up, especially now since the town had waterworks. So he had securely fastened the door to prevent any one getting into the well, and, so far as any of the Fosters knew, it hadn't been opened in ten years or more.

Charlie was so sure of his theory that he wanted to prove it on the spot. But they waited until Father Foster came home and told him about it.

"We'll go and see," said Father Foster promptly.

He started for his own private closet upstairs to get the key to the old cellar. He looked high and low for it, and then he came back with a puzzled expression on his face.

"It's gone," he said.

"There's where the mystery is," said Nat, excitedly.

Father Foster led the way, lamp in hand. Charlie followed close after him with a poker. Nat came next, and then Mrs. Foster and Jane, who said they were not at all frightened, indeed. At the bottom of the steps, just peeping into the cellar, stood Madge.

They knelt near the door of the deserted cellar, and, sure enough, there were tracks—and tracks that looked as if the person who made them had walked straight through the dusty old door. Father Foster walked up and took hold of the great iron handle, while Charlie, very pale and quiet, poised his poker, ready to strike if occasion might demand. Father Foster pushed open the door and it easily swung open on its creaky hinges.

At first they could not see anything owing to the glare of light from the lamp and the darkness within, but Father Foster pushed his way through the door.

"There they are!" shouted Charlie, suddenly.

Sure enough, there were Grandmother Maxwell's spoons, six of them, tied as usual with the faded tape and lying on a pile of other things, including Charlie's best coat. Jane's butter-bowl, the last volume of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and a dozen or more of other things which were recognized as having been taken from the house.

The old well yawned at their feet. Father Foster peeped down into it, and could see nothing. The place was full of cobwebs, and there was hardly any one would have selected such a dark, damp, spooky place. Just inside the door Father Foster thought he saw some footprints, but neither he nor Charlie felt quite sure about it. By this time Mrs. Foster, Jane and Madge had come up, and they all examined the place carefully.

"How in the world did they come here?" asked Mrs. Foster.

"That's just the question," said Nat. "I don't see that the mystery isn't as great as ever."

They discussed the wonder all the evening, and finally Charlie and Nat agreed to sit up and watch, taking their places in the cellar, where they could see the stairs and the doorway of the old well place. Nat was a little nervous about it, but Father Foster said he would be ready in the room above to respond to the slightest alarm. That night the watch began. Charlie and Nat sat close together, with only the light of a dim candle, from which they were shielded. For several hours they waited, and everything was quiet. Nat fancied, however, that he heard all sorts of strange sounds, and he would have given anything to be allowed to go upstairs to bed. Even Charlie felt a little frightened, but he would not have admitted it to Nat for anything.

Some time after midnight, the boys never knew just what time it was, they heard a faint sound as of stealthy steps at the cellar stairs. Nat's teeth began to chatter and Charlie crouched with his hands clinched.

"Keep quiet," he said, fearing that Nat would shout.

The sound of steps continued.

"Some one's coming downstairs," stammered Nat.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when they saw something white gliding along the passageway toward the old door. The light was much too dim for them to see distinctly, but they were conscious the person or object, whatever it was, made very little noise and that it was all white. The door opened and the figure bent for a moment inside, then turned and came out. If the boys had not heard the faint creak of the rusty hinges they might have convinced themselves that they were dreaming.

The figure glided slowly back. Just before it reached the stairway Nat, whose back was crepey with fright, gave one terrific shout. They saw the figure half turned in their direction, shriek wildly and fall in a white heap on the cellar floor. They were both too much terrified to move and they sat there, trembling, and listened to their father's feet hurriedly tramping over the floor above them. Then they saw the light of the lamp and their father coming downstairs. As he reached the white object on the floor he stooped over suddenly:

"Why, Madge, what are you doing here?"

"At that the boys dashed forward, each trying to tell his story in a single breath. There was Madge in her night-gown, lying on the loose boards

of the cellar floor and fainted quite away. In the old well place they found Mrs. Foster's feather bon.

And that solved the mystery of Grandmother Maxwell's spoons. The doctor said that Madge was studying too hard in school and that girls who walked in their sleep and had so many bad dreams must have a rest.—Chicago Record.

SLY REYNARD.

Stories of the Cunning of Foxes When Pursued by Men and Hounds.

In hunting annals there are to be found many amusing tales of the fox, whose short life usually ends in the glory of the chase. Southey tells of a tame fox brought up from babyhood to run in a kitchen wheel as a turnspit. One day he ran away, but unfortunately it was in hunting season and he was tracked by the dogs. He led the pack and the horsemen a chase of thirty miles, taking them twice through the same stream after making a long detour and finally made his way back with the hounds after him in full cry, dashed into the kitchen and into his wheel, where he resumed operations unconcernedly, the cook keeping off the dogs till the huntsmen came up and learned the kind of game they had been chasing.

Hunted foxes often hide in curious places. One day an English master of the hunt returned home after a long and exciting chase, the game having suddenly disappeared near his home. Wet and cross he went to his room to dress and discovered a mysterious lumpiness under the bed cover that he could not account for. Turning down the spread he found the fox, which had hidden there. It was finally ejected from the house.

Foxes have a habit of dashing into some humble cottager's home and creating havoc amid the furniture and dishes before the dogs enter and finish them on the spot. Once a fox ran down the chimney, flying into the lap of the horrified old woman, who sat before the fire. There are instances of foxes hiding in bakers' ovens.

Once a farmer had a pig which he was fattening for market. The animal had reached the point of perfection where his eyes would scarcely open and he could not walk for his weight, and he was startled one day by the pattering of feet on his back and there was a fox at his side. In an instant the pattering was intensified forty-fold and the dogs tore in after the fox. The shock was too much for the pig, which died of apoplexy and the hunt had to recompense the farmer.

Foxes often double cleverly on their trails. One fox led the hounds over a clipped hedge and waited on the other side till the dogs had passed him, then jumped up on the hedge and leisurely trotted away on top of it, escaping detection save by a foot-passenger, who, of course, could not stop him. Another clever fox made straight for a river with a rocky bank and on the edge made his way down under the rock to a very narrow foothold where he lay and enjoyed a fine view of his pursuers, who gave a fine exhibition of diving. From the opposite side the pursuers saw Reynard trot comfortably off home, safe. Another fox made for the edge of a quarry where there was an overhanging tree in which he disappeared, but the dogs, unable to control their speed, dashed over the ledge and were killed.

"Foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests," is well known but it is not so well known that a fox once sought refuge in a bird's nest. In 1887, in Cheviot, when the Border pack was running down a fox it ran into a rocky glen with no outlet and an easy kill was expected. The hounds were found, however, sitting in astonishment watching a rocky cliff opposite and on the face of this was a raven's nest, in which the fox lay tangled, having reached its precarious resting place by a narrow ledge scarcely big enough for a cat.

In an old sporting magazine, dating from the '40's, is recorded a wonderful run of a stanch pack with a grand fox and followed by the keenest sportsmen. Away they went, here and there, straight, zigzag, double and circumambulations—all are tried; every imaginable hiding-place is made for, only to be immediately abandoned; every tactic that Reynard's sagacity and cunning can suggest is brought into execution, but without avail, till after a record of three hours and twenty minutes, utterly dead beat, the gallant Reynard sinks down on an open place and when the huntsmen reach the spot, wearily, leading their tired-out horses, they find the hounds lying around their prey in such an exhausted condition as to be utterly unable to worry him.

The Horse Versus the Bicycle.

The feat of a Baltimore bicyclist, who rode 170 miles in twelve hours and 314 miles in twenty-four hours, seems to show that the new motor is superior to the horse in more ways than one. It is not only insensible to fatigue, but it is superior in point of both speed and endurance. Probably the best record ever made by a horse was that of the animal ridden by Count Stahrenberg in October, 1882, which covered the distance from Vienna to Berlin, four hundred miles, in seventy-one hours thirty-four minutes. This was far inferior to the 314 miles made by human muscle, with the aid of the wheel, in twenty-four hours. The horse can go where the bicycle cannot, but, given good roads, he stands no chance with it in a race against either time or distance.—Philadelphia Ledger.

What He Thought About It.

The Wife—I think we ought to have daughter's voice cultivated, John, if it doesn't cost too much.
The Husband—It can't cost too much my dear, if it will improve it any.—Puck.

IN GREATER NEW YORK.

WHAT FASHIONABLE WOMEN ARE WEARING IN THE METROPOLIS.

Handsome Costumes for Travelling Purposes—Some New Gowns Made of Novel Fabrics—Fencing Hat Has a Strong Grip Upon Many Society Dames and Damsels.

(Special New York Fashion Letter.)

Like a vast kaleidoscope the city's pageant of fads and fancies passes on into the past, and with the coming of summer the young woman's fancy lightly turns to the sea, mountains and country, and blinds are drawn and the town house begins to assume the vacant stare of avoiding taxes. And "what my neighbor does, so must do I."

The near wedding of Miss Helen Carroll and Mr. Robbins, in Paris, gave me an opportunity to see some friends off on the St. Louis last week. My friend, who is herself a joyous bride, was waiting for me in her state-room, and, as she fluttered in and out among the many flowers placed in every available cranny, she looked the well-dressed woman to perfection in her fetching traveling gown of tan covert cloth. The bodice, buttoned straight up to the throat, was braided a la militaire. A large black hat, plume trimmed, and white gloves finished the costume.

While we were chatting, Mr. and Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll passed the door on their way up to the promenade deck.

I noted Mrs. Carroll, always elegant, in a gown of purple and green changeable willow goods. The natty jacket was braided across the fronts in black and could be worn either open or closed. As there was a chill in the air, the jacket was closed, displaying only a collar, with which a green ascot scarf was worn. Her hat was a dark green toque.

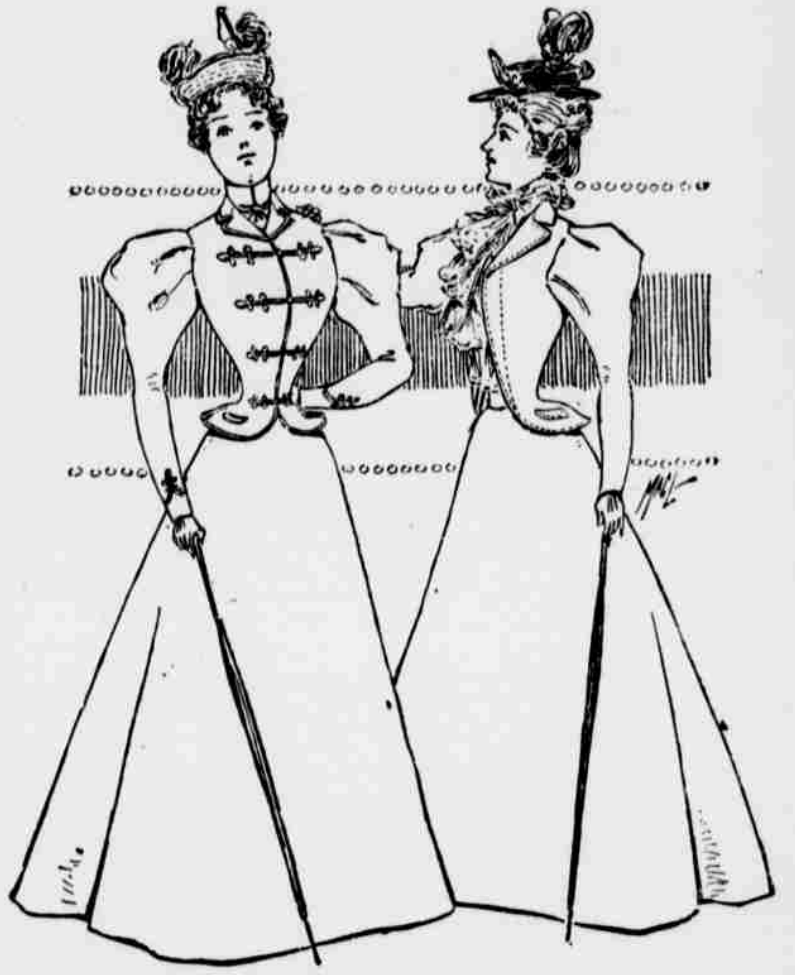
I saw Mrs. Robbins as I was about to leave the steamer; she was bidding adieu to a tall woman of queenly bearing, who was gowned in a light brown

of afternoon teas, receptions and the like, my lady dons a gown similar to a bicycle suit, and beguiles away a couple of hours. Mrs. Rhineland Jones, Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes and the daughters of Henry Havemeyer are great devotees of the sport. The French school is followed in preference to the Italian—the latter, to my idea, being the better of the two.



A BRIDE'S "GOING AWAY" DRESS.

I saw Mrs. T. Oakley Rhineland last Wednesday after the matinee, and right well she looked in her gown of diagonal of new blue. The coat was fastened at the waist line and was ornamented with broad white lapels; a collar of blue which formed long points fell over the lapels in front. She wore a small hat and pearl gloves. Her hair was dressed in the ruling mode to form a soft puff all around



TRAVELING GOWN OF PURPLE TWILLED CLOTH. COSTUME OF LIGHT BROWN CANVAS CLOTH.

canvas cloth which fitted her superbly. The skirt was quite narrow and the coat severely plain, opening to the waist line. A fall of ecru silk mull and lace was worn in front, and the whole effect was exceedingly chic. The new clinging skirt is a positive delight after the voluminous draperies we have found so tiresome.



A GOWN OF NEW BLUE DIAGONAL.

Fencing and the theatre hat are the greatest agitation at present. The former has really quite a grip upon society. Instead of running the gamut

the head. The shell circling side combs held the hair in place, and she made as sweet a picture as could be imagined.

The costumes illustrated herewith were designed by The National Cloak Co. of New York.

Calais's Lace Industry.

According to a recent report from Charles W. Shepard, United States consul at Calais, France, there are at the present time about 1850 lace machines which, with the factories and other accessories, represent a capital of over \$5,500,000. Between 600 and 700 of these machines are engaged in the making of cotton lace, the remaining 1100 being adapted to the manufacture of fine silk goods. There are about 350 manufacturers, and apart from the 1000 hands working on the looms making silk lace and 600 on those making cotton lace, employment is given to many thousands in the various processes of winding, dressing, dyeing, cutting, mending, carding, packing, and repairing of machines.

The average yearly production of lace in Calais is estimated at \$12,000,000, of which one-half is silk and one-half cotton. It is said that the furnishing of samples to the buyers of the world entails an annual expense on some of the largest manufacturers of \$25,000. The proportion of Calais's yearly product shipped to the United States is estimated at two-fifths to three-fifths.—Dry Goods Economist.

Bringing It Home to Him.

"Half the world," sagely observed Mr. Billus, "never knows what the other half is doing."
"That's generally true," retorted Mrs. Billus, eyeing him sharply, "as to the better half."
—Chicago Tribune.

Breaking It Gently.

He—Did your father speak very highly of me?
She—Well, or—at the top of his voice.