

English trainmen have decided that an express train is one having a connection cord and running twenty miles without stopping.

The governing body of New York city is authorized to expend a million dollars every year in establishing small parks in the crowded districts.

A railroad superintendent in Pennsylvania has issued an order prohibiting the throwing of rice on railway premises. His act is regarded as a covert attack on matrimony.

A writer in an English paper suggests, as an explanation of the present commercial depression of contemporary native art, that cheap black and white reproductions cause the public to acquire a disgust of the originals.

It is gratifying to the American Cultivator to note a decided increase in the popularity of wooden sailing vessels in our ocean traffic for bulky cargoes which suffer no deterioration from slow passages. Such vessels can be employed in that traffic with safety and economy. We have forests of oak and maple, locust and tamarack, hard pine and cypress for ship building purposes.

In a recent address on athletics before the students of Harvard, President Elliott said his preference was for sports that required no remarkable muscular power or weight, and that it was his belief that competitions requiring them would ultimately be succeeded by recreations in which agility and alertness of mind and body are essential. President Elliott paid his respects to cycling as an almost ideal form of recreation.

Dewey County, South Dakota, which is larger than the state of Delaware, is officially declared to have no inhabitants, and no votes were cast in it at the last election. In Delano County, which is as large as Long Island, five votes were cast last November. Seobey County has twelve voters. Twelve votes were cast in Platt County, six for McKinley and six for. The Bryan largest county in the state is Butte County, with an area of 2335 miles, and the smallest is Todd County, with an area of forty-five square miles.

Louisville is the biggest tobacco market in the world with seventeen vast warehouses that will hold at one time 40,000 hogsheads of tobacco of 2000 pounds each. She is the greatest whisky market in the Union. She is the largest market of cement in the United States. She is the foremost vinegar market in America. She has the biggest plow factory and vehicle factory in the Union. And she is the nearest to the centre of population in the United States, and almost a fourth of the population of the whole Republic is in a radius of 300 miles of Louisville.

The rejoicings over Professor Koch's alleged discovery of a remedy and antitoxin for the rinderpest have turned out to be premature. His invention is now proved to be of no practical use whatsoever, and so disheartened are the British authorities in South Africa over the dismal failure of every effort to arrest the progress of the plague, that they have now abandoned all further precautions against its spread as being of no avail. North of Cape Colony not even one per cent. of the cattle have survived, and is pretty certain that the Cape Colony, so rich in farming industry, will be subjected to similar devastation.

The birth of a second daughter to the Czar of Russia suggests the possibility of a female successor to the present ruler, and calls attention to a state of affairs that is enough to make old John Knox—if he is still cognizant of affairs on this mundane sphere—turn in his grave. He, it may be remembered, complained bitterly in his day about what he was pleased to term "this monstrous regiment (meaning government) of women," in allusion to the fact that Elizabeth and Mary were reigning in England and Scotland, and Catherine de Medici was all powerful in France—in direct contravention, in the opinion of the great Presbyterian, of the divine ordinations. But what was that, asks the New York Tribune, compared with the present situation, when a woman is about to celebrate the completion of a sixty years' reign over the greatest empire in the world, when another is Regent of Holland, during the minority of a female sovereign, and a third holds the reins of government in Spain, while a little girl, the Grand-Duchess Elizabeth, is talked of as the possible heir to the throne of Austria, and the baby Grand-Duchess Olga of Russia may possibly live to be Empress of that country?

A SUDDEN SHOWER.

First a haze across the morning
And a cloud upon the sky,
And a wind that sent the blossoms
From the gardens scattering by.
Then a drop, a warning patter,
And a shadow like a fall,
As the day was swiftly darkened,
And the rain began to fall.
Far away beyond the meadow
Came a gleam of yellow sun,
And a rainbow o'er the steeples,
And the sudden shower was done.
Drenched and dead a tender nestling
Lay upon the weedy walk,
And a lily torn to tatters
Dangled on a broken stalk.
But within the narrow limits
Of an ivied portico
Was a sound of happy laughter
And a voice soft and low,
For a pair of parted lovers,
Seeking shelter from the rain,
Had forgotten all their quarrels
And were reconciled again.
—Mina Irving, in Judge.

THE TIME OF ROSES.

BY E. FRANKFORT MOORE.

"Why have you so persistently avoided me ever since—since—well, since Lady Barkston's garden party?" I inquired of Miss Windram so soon as I succeeded in elbowing my way through the dead wall of Mrs. Bennett Wyse's guests who stood between us. The result of a brief calculation, entered on the next morning, was to convince me that, during the six minutes it took me playing the part of a pick, in order to reach Miss Windram, I made as many enemies as I had made during the thirty years of my life preceding Mrs. Bennett Wyse's "At Home."

"Have I avoided you, Mr. Glyn?" she asked, opening her eyes very wide and (but this was doubtfully) very innocently.

"The question is not if you have done it, but why you have done it," I said with some measure of severity.

"Suppose I deny that that is the question?" she suggested quite pleasantly, though without quite such a show of innocence as had been associated with her previous inquiry. It is quite possible to speak pleasantly without any particular exuberance of innocence.

"Suppose you deny it? Well, in that case you will have—have denied it," said I. "But it so happens that you won't deny it, Miss Windram."

"I'm not so sure of that. If any one would make it worth my while I might."

"No one will make it worth your while. There is nothing left for you but to speak the truth."

"Great heavens! It is come to that?"

"Why have you avoided me? We were good friends up to that day—I have put a blue mark opposite that day in my diary."

"Yes, we were good friends; good friends are those who have a sound quarrel every time they meet, I suppose?"

"Precisely; friends whose friendship is strong enough to survive a quarrel."

"Did we quarrel that day?"

"We certainly did not. Where would society be if a man and a young woman quarrelled because, when he asked her—"

"Is there any need for you to tell everyone in this stifling room what one problematically foolish young man asked a certainly idiotic young woman?"

I felt that there was something in her question.

I had not, however, been speaking louder than usual; it only seemed so because of a sudden momentary diminution in the volume of sound proceeding from two hundred guests of Mrs. Bennett Wyse, who had been speaking at the same moment. I tried to explain to her; and then she asked me what I thought of the Signora Duse as an interpreter of emotion as compared with Madame Sarah Bernhardt, and if I held that an actress who was a admirable exponent of the strongest emotions might be depended on to interpret the most powerful passions.

"It is a nice question," I felt bound to say. "Let us clear out from this ruck and I think I'll be able to tell you all that I know regarding the higher emotions. These people are not to be depended on; one minute they are taking fortissimo, the next they are pianissimo."

"W would you have them rehearsed, Mr. Glyn?"

"Well, a good deal might be done by judicious stage management."

"And a conductor with an ivory baton? There's something in that, I admit. Your idea is that they should become forte when you are speaking, so as to afford a sort of background for your wisdom?"

"Wisdom? What man with the least pretence to wisdom would come into a crowd like this for the sake of talking to a girl who has persistently avoided him for the past year and a month?"

"What man, indeed?"

"And this brings us back to the original question. Why have you persistently avoided me?"

I could see that she was a trifle put out by my persistence in returning to the topic which had originated with me. She had apparently found some imperfection in the feather tips of her fan, and thought it would be unwise to neglect the opportunity of pulling off the uneven fluff. Some of them settled upon my waistcoat, where I allowed them to repose undisturbed; a few made a bee-line for the cavernous nostrils of our neighbor, General Firebrace. He sneezed with considerable force of character.

"Well, you see, so many things have happened since May 3d last year, Mr. Glyn," said Miss Windram, when she had satisfied herself by the repeated opening and closing of her fan that

she had remedied the defect in its construction.

"What things—in addition to your avoidance of me?" I asked.

"Well, you have published a book, to begin with. Isn't that something?" she said.

"If we avoid all the people who have published a book our circle of acquaintance would become appreciably narrowed, Miss Windram. Anything else?"

"Hasn't it gone into six editions?" she cried, in a tone of accusation.

"I don't deserve the blame for that," said I, in a way that was meant to show her I felt the injustice of her accusation. "Blame the public if you wish. The public are invariably idiots, the editor of the Universe announced in connection with that book of mine. He was right, though the fact that the public steadily refuse to buy the Universe points in the other direction."

"Oh, it's all very well to try and throw the blame on the public," said Miss Windram with a shrug, "but is that quite generous of you, Mr. Glyn?"

"Perhaps it isn't. Was it on account of the book you have avoided me so carefully?"

"Oh, there were other things. The Geographical society gave you a gold medal, didn't they?"

"They were right there. They couldn't get out of it."

"I daresay. That may be very well, but people who get gold medals conferred on them can't expect to be treated as ordinary people."

"I suppose you are right. But do they want to be treated as ordinary people?"

"That's quite a side issue. I decline to discuss it."

"And that's all?"

"All? all? Heavens! what did you expect?"

"Sense—that is, a moderate amount of sense; reason—that is, a modicum of reason; frankness—that is, a suspicion of frankness. Supper? oh, let them go to—supper."

And she left them.

We were left practically alone.

"Are you engaged to any man for supper?" I asked of Miss Windram.

"Yes," she replied. I believed that I detected a mournful tone. If I had not detected that note I would have left her side.

I did not leave her side.

"And I am engaged to some woman. Let us go to some place together," said I.

The reasonableness of the suggestion—that is, the modicum of reasonableness—seemed to strike her.

We reached one of the conservatories without having to tell a single lie, but that was probably because we met no one en route; every one was at supper. I steered her to a seat under a palm. The light was very dim. A fountain flashed under the electric lamp in the distance.

"Tell me all," I said.

"That was how I commenced. I saw that she was very pale; and I had felt her hand trembling as it rested on my sleeve a minute before. I perceived that she fancied I had led her hither to tell her something, and I was anxious to reassure her. It was I who wanted to be told something."

"All," said she.

"It was mamma," said she, quite meekly.

"I guessed as much. And that is all?"

"Isn't it enough? You're a man. You know her."

"She is one of my dearest friends—now."

"Ah—now."

"Now, I said now. But a year ago—"

"And a month."

"And a month. If you hadn't remembered the exact date I should probably be at supper just now. A year and a month ago she was my one enemy. She knew that I loved you—yes, a year and a month ago I loved you in a sort of way—not the way I do now; and she knew that you loved me—in a sort of way. She commanded you to keep me at a distance. Your mother is not a woman of genius, but upon occasions she can be quite as disagreeable as though she were. She prefers, however, being disagreeable by deputy. You were her deputy a year ago—and a month."

Miss Windram got up from beside me and took a few steps to the side of the conservatory, up which a splendid rose was clambering. She had had her eyes fixed on a spray. It would have been out of the reach of most girls, but she was very tall, and she managed to break it off the parent stem.

The light shone upon the white flesh of her round arms. Surely no living woman had such lovely arms.

She returned to her seat.

"Well?" she said.

"Then my poor uncle—"

"Poor?" She gave a laugh.

did not take her hands down from her face.

"Look at your feet," I said suddenly. She was startled, and glanced down quickly. (Her gloves, I perceived, were ruined.) "Look at your feet. Which is to be my future—our future—our future, Rosamund? Which? The wrecked rose or the other?"

She picked up the complete rose and handed it to me.

I kissed it, and then fastened it as well as I could in the front of her dress.

And then—

Then a man came up and said that we would do well to hurry into the supper room if we wanted a bite of anything.

I wanted something, but it was not supper.—New York Weekly.

BILLY MULLIGAN'S LAST DAY.

A Terror of the Pacific Slope Who Made His Taking-Off Memorable.

"His name was included in the little list of Nevada desperadoes made by Mark Twain in 'Roughing it,' said the Nevada pioneer in an uptown New York hotel to a Sun reporter. He did not say 'Mark Twain,' by the way, but 'Sam Clemens,' the name by which all old Nevadans and Californians knew the famous humorist. The pioneer was talking of men of his time who had died with their boots on, and Billy Mulligan was the character who just now was to the front. Some of the hostile mix-ups and shooting matches in which that young Irishman had taken a hand had been related, and now the narrator had come to the day of his taking-off.

"Billy Mulligan had run a long string, and lasted a good while for a man of his temper and practices—for he was tough, out and out," continued the pioneer. "His neck was in danger in the days of the San Francisco vigilance committee, and he ran some narrow chances with the law and lynchers afterward. He was a brave, desperate man, handily with weapons, and would fight 'at the drop of the hat.' But he pulled through all trouble until the time came, which seems sooner or later to befall almost every desperado, when the strain of danger and excitement got the better of his nerves and judgment. When a desperado gets that way there are two courses that he may take—quit the country, quit drinking and get to work at an honest calling, or stay and get killed. The last was what Mulligan chose, but he kept the business in his own hands and forced the pace to the end.

"It was at Carson City that the end came to Billy Mulligan. The cards had gone against him all night. The liquor he had drunk had made him ugly as he walked out of the Esmeralda saloon one morning. Next door was a laundry, and a Chinaman, ironing clothes, lifted his face to the window just as Mulligan was passing. Without a word the desperado drew his pistol and fired through the glass, blowing the Chinaman's brains out; then went on to the hotel where he was staying, and upstairs to his room in the top story. The door of his room opened near the head of the stairway, and when the sheriff's officers came to arrest him for killing the Chinaman he stood them off with his revolver. They knew it meant certain death to some of them to try to rush up the stairway, and they stopped at the foot to consider. John Coleman, a particular friend of Mulligan, who was with them, tried to persuade him to surrender.

"No use, John," said Mulligan. "I shan't be taken alive. This is my last day and the game'll end right here. You keep away and don't get mixed up in the trouble."

"Coleman was working along up the stairway as he talked, with the object, perhaps, of getting near enough to the desperado to disarm him.

"Stop where you are, John," said Mulligan; "one step nearer and I'll kill you."

"Coleman made another step forward and Mulligan shot him through the heart. He permitted the others to take the body away, keeping them covered with his pistols all the time. A crowd gathered in the hotel and the public square which it faced, and plans were discussed for capturing Mulligan; but his character for deadly desperation was such that volunteers were scarce. At last it was decided to call out the militia company and take the desperado in his stronghold by regular assault.

"The troops were mustered in double line in the public square, facing the hotel, and waiting the order to advance. Through the window of his room in the third story Mulligan could be seen now and then as he walked to and fro between the stairway and the window keeping watch against a surprise in either direction. Then as the face of the desperado appeared once more at the window, one of the soldiers fired with his rifle, killing him instantly. It was an unexpected shot which undoubtedly saved several lives that would almost certainly have been sacrificed in carrying the room by storm.

The Noises of a Great City.

The aggregation of human and inhuman noises in the metropolis has brought the New York World out with a vigorous protest. Bedlam let loose is the only parallel for the nerve-racking and sense-destroying din. A similar protest might be made in cities not so big or rumbling as New York, yet where there are a thousand and one needless noises that distract the sick and bring the well to the brink of despair.—Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard.

In London many people make a living by supplying food for the myriads of cats in that city. They are called "cats' meat men."



Model Suit for the Wheel.

A model suit for the wheel is made of tan-colored cloth with facings of cloth of a lighter shade. One of the fancies of the hour is the mixture of two sorts of cloth. In the model spoken of the skirt is perfectly plain, the waist close fitting, with wide turned collar terminating in revers, which are buttoned down to the waist over the bust. The fronts of the waist fold over a full length vest of cloth, like the facing. There is a light colored leather belt with a small buckle; the cuffs match the light goods and are quite wide and attached to the sleeves by buttons sewed through.—The Ledger.

Waists for Morning.

The newest importations of French morning jackets show them to be made of all the new summer materials, the most popular of which is mull. A bright rose-colored negligee was cut in straight breadths of the goods, sewed together at the sides and back and then laid in tiny little plaits all around. The bottom was cut in points before plaiting to give it shape and finish. The sleeves were well finished with the plaiting around the arms just below the elbow. This could be worn hanging loose or belted lightly with a metal belt. A belt of gilt medallion may be worn with it.

Side Combs.

Side combs never were worn so much. And never were they so long. Some resemble the combs which extend from ear to ear which are worn by children. The material is shell or imitation. But they must be put in carefully (outside the strands over the roll) in such a way as not to destroy the rotundity of the halo. Sets of three combs, each four inches long, are also sold.

One arrangement of combs or another is quite necessary for outdoor use, because the wind is not respectful of pompadours. Bangs, decidedly, are passe. Such stray locks as have not grown to manageable lengths are curled and allowed to nestle about the forehead. But they must not have a fixed appearance.

Bride's Wreath of White Roses.

That a bride should wear orange blossoms seems a custom as firmly established as the marriage ceremony itself, but the bride of 1897 has shown her independence by rejecting this with other traditions. According to the very latest standards it is as inadmissible for a bride to wear orange blossoms as to appear in a decollete gown. The substitute is white June roses, and no orange-blossom-bedecked bride ever looked sweeter or more bride-like than these very modern and advanced young women, who, having discarded their grandmothers' idea, proceeded to make themselves charming in rosebuds.

The veil is worn much in the same fashion as always, except that it is arranged a little more becomingly. The flowers, which must be perfectly white and not cream or yellow in tint, are joined together with an abundance of green leaves. When properly adjusted the wreath is simple and very becoming.—New York World.

Women Live Longer.

A report from the office of the registrar-general of England shows that there are more female than male centenarians. Out of a million people 255 women reach the age of 100 years, while only 82 men round out the century. Now, the great conundrum which is proposed is: Why is this so? According to the popular superstition it takes much longer for a woman to reach even the age of 50 than it takes a man to reach that age. If this is true it makes the showing all the more remarkable. It has even been asserted that association with women makes a man live longer, as shown by the fact that the average life of the married man is longer than the average life of a single man. The fact, however, is denied by the end-man at the minstrels, who says that the life of the married man is not really longer, but only seems so.

So far there is no satisfactory explanation of the original proposition why more women live to be a hundred. Some say it is because women are less addicted to tobacco and strong drink, others say that it is because it is more healthy to spend money than it is to earn it, and so on. It may be many of the men are killed at an early age in casualties to which women are not exposed. It may be that tight lacing is a life preserver, and it may be not a fact, after all. Possibly the English registrar-general may be mistaken. The situation is replete with possibilities.—Baltimore Sun.

Men as Housemaids.

They are solving the domestic servant problem in their own way in some parts of the East End of London. Struck by the fact that he was inundated by hundreds of applications for a vacant clerkship, while his wife could not get a satisfactory "general" for love or money, a manufacturer in this district suggested, in a half sarcastic way, to a very pressing candi-

date that he might try his hand at the feminine work rather than do nothing. The energetic young fellow (who had a wife and two children depending upon him) thought over the remark and returned next morning with the words: "I'll take that 'general's' situation at your house, sir, if you think I know enough about it."

After some explanation and a little demur the mistress was induced to give the new "maid" a week's trial, and despite the sneers of other servants, the brave young man, being adaptive and willing, soon learned sufficient to make a most efficient substitute. He has no pride, he says, and does not care a whit if seen whitening the doorsteps or cleaning the windows. He lights the fires, cleans the floors and paint, makes beds, has even learned washing and ironing—in fact, does all the usual duties of a general servant. With a civil tongue and tact rather above the average maid's, he is getting more than he would earn as junior clerk; while the employer and his wife are recommending the new idea to their friends as a brilliant solution of the "servant difficulty."—Casell's Journal.

The Uses of Cucumber.

Most of the expensive toilet luxuries will be found to contain cucumber juice. These hold a very important and expensive place, and just now is the time for the wise housekeeper to prepare their cooling and healing qualities, not only for her own and children's use, but for the comfort of the pater also.

To make cucumber cream, which not only clears and cleanses the complexion, but is also very healing, proceed as follows: Remove the soft part from two or three cucumbers, warm sufficiently to make it squeeze through a hair sieve; to half a cup of this add a teaspoonful of glycerine and five drops of salicylic acid, both the latter are preservatives, and if glycerine does not agree with the skin the salicylate alone will be sufficient. Add a few drops of any perfume liked, and the ointment is ready for use.

While cucumbers are plentiful it is well to have thick slices of the softest with the soap on the washstand, and to use after the former, to rub face, hands and throat, rinsing afterward. The clean, soft feeling of the skin will answer for its future use. While tomatoes are ripe and plentiful they are excellent to remove freckles and muddiness from the skin. A woman with a peach-like bloom on her skin declares she has used nothing else besides soap from her girlhood. A thorough rubbing of the skin once or twice daily while the season lasts with a ripe tomato will work wonders, and if this is found to be the very thing for certain complexions the canned may be used occasionally through the winter; those canned nearly whole must be chosen, as they are the least cooked.—Chicago Chronicle.

Fashion Notes.

Round yokes curved low in front and striped with insertion are seen on cotton gowns.

Made pieces of passementerie sell. Six-inch edging and one-inch insertion sell well among the Valenciennes laces.

Woolen dresses have bands of braid or velvet ribbon starting from the side seams and hidden at the back and a second duster outlining an apron in front and curved up to the belt at the back.

Rustling taffeta silk gowns are more than ever to the front, and they have a cool effect unrivaled. They are trimmed with rows upon rows of Valenciennes lace and cost small fortunes accordingly.

White kid belts are very fashionable and red or blue velvet belts embroidered or bearing scrolls stamped out of metal. A cherry velvet belt worked with gold confines a blouse of shot cherry and biege silk having a loose blouse front held at the top with a single button and has a single lapel covered with frills of cherry colored silk.

A favorite Paris color of the moment is ibis pink, and a smart toque just brought over is of ibis pink straw, the very small crown surrounded by a roll of pink tulle, while at the left side is a plume of wings in pink and coral. Scarlet tartan plaids are also in favor in Paris and transparent muslins in vividly bright plaids also hold the fancy.

The blouse bodice is having a new lease of life, and a good half of the gowns made now have a blouse front. A blouse with a deep collar, slashed and trimmed on the side, is none the less a blouse. We do not always see sleeves of the same material as the blouse, for the sleeve in going down in size has gone up in importance. With the revers and deep collars so fashionable, this gives the garment some suggestions of a sleeveless jacket, which is added to by the scant tabs that often fall over the shoulder. Indeed, some recent gowns give the idea that the sleeves are put on first, and the rest of the gown added afterward.