

It begins to look as if the most serious obstacle in the way of college athletic contests this year might be the departure of a majority of the athletes for the war.

The more important German journals have ceased to attack the United States, as the result of a hint from the government. They now recognize that the German interests lie with the fortunes of the Americans.

When the Gordon Highlanders went into action at Dargai, India, it appears, from the confession of one of the wounded pipers, that each of the six pipers sent ahead played a different tune. In spite of this the Gordons followed them.

Out of the three and a half millions who form the population of inner London, one million and a half, representing 300,000 householders, pay more or less frequent visits to the pawnbroker, and some thirty million articles are annually pledged within the above area.

Speaking of the rapidity of thought an English scientist says that "if the skin be touched repeatedly with light blows from a small hammer, the brain will distinguish the fact that the blows are separate, and not a continuous pressure, even when they follow one another as rapidly as one thousand in a second."

There has been a very marked interest shown of late in Europe in American-made shoes, as evinced by consular reports, and through the newspapers. The shoe manufacturers of the United States are taking special pains to make a magnificent display in this line at the Paris Exposition, various houses having sent out circulars stating facts in regard to space, privileges, etc.

The partition of China will throw open to the world its vassal state Tibet, a country famous for its churlish and cruel inhabitants. The Chinese yellow book describes it with comparative detail, and says that it is very poor, but is rich in minerals, which none is allowed to use. Strange to say, the women of the land enjoy more freedom than their sisters in China or India, and are said to be comely and intelligent. The records declare that Tibet was more populous and prosperous in ancient times, when it paid a handsome tribute annually to the Chinese kings or emperors.

The historic pen which, guided by the hand and brain of the president of the United States, traced the name of William McKinley beneath the declaration of war between the American Republic and the kingdom of Spain is now the personal property of William Alden Smith, congressman from Grand Rapids, Mich. The pen is doubly valuable because it was used by the speaker of the House, and the president of the Senate for the same purpose. The war bill was signed first by Mr. Reed, who gave the pen to Mr. Smith, who took it to Vice-President Hobart. The final scene was made by President McKinley later in the day, and the pen was then given to Mr. Smith.

That daring exploit of Lieutenant Fremont, in landing in Cuba recalls that of Lieutenant Hunter, familiarly known at the time as "Alvarado" Hunter, who, during the Mexican war, arrived off the town of Alvarado, in California, and, without waiting for the co-operation of the land forces, which had not yet arrived, summoned the town to surrender, and had the American flag floating over it when his supports arrived. He was court-martialed for disobedience of orders, suspended, and shortly afterward promoted to a higher position in the service. He took desperate chances, and was successful. If he had failed he might have caused the miscarriage of the whole expedition.

Says the Buffalo Commercial:—Most people will be surprised at the statement that Great Britain is now importing golf clubs from America; but it is a fact, according to the statement of Charles S. Cox, an Englishman long resident in America, who, on his return home, stated that he had no difficulty in obtaining orders for 3000 clubs from the larger dealers in golf goods in Scotland and England. The reason for this is asserted to be that the American clubs are better made and better finished than those that can be obtained at home at anything like the same price. The information is surprising, because golf is a novelty in the United States, scarcely a generation old, while it has flourished in Scotland for centuries. Clubs to Newcastle would have seemed a feeble simile to sending American golf clubs to Great Britain.

The little lady shakes her head,
And vows that she will never wed;
But even while the tale she tells,
There comes a sound of wedding-bells!

Oh, you may trust the flecks vans
That only points to year again,
But not the dainty little head
That shakes to say she will not wed.
—Charles Henry Webb, in Scribner's.

"DOWN-RIVER."

A TALE OF ARMY LIFE.

The stary emblem of freedom, floating from a tall flag-staff on the parade-ground at Fort Buford, away gracefully in the afternoon breeze. The small expanse of turf that sloped down to the swiftly-rolling Missouri was dotted with trim buildings which had seemingly won a martial appearance from their occupants. A chill was noticeable in the air, though June reigned, and countless mosquitoes reigned also, hovering in dense swarms over the willows near the river's edge—mosquitoes whose spiteful sting was altogether out of proportion to their size. Even the stoical Indians from the Gros Ventres village, two miles north, just over the boundary line in Montana, were visibly affected by these ubiquitous pests and waved eagles' wings before their imperturbable grave faces as they stood upon the banks while a cargo of military supplies was being unloaded from a "down-river" boat.

Hitler and thither, across the parade-ground, figures in blue were moving slowly—soldiers with the dull, apathetic countenances characterizing so many troops upon the northwestern frontier. But today there was a brightening of faces, a quickening of steps, for the "down-river" had brought letters from the States and home.

An unusually generous mail, too. Several men laughed when they saw Zack Brayton with a deeper bronze on his cheeks and a letter in his hand. He had never been known to receive one since the coming of the company to Fort Buford. He was a tall, awkward fellow, one of those shuffling men who suggest some mistake on the part of nature in choosing material too hastily. He stood now just outside the gymnasium, the letter fluttering in his grasp, the torn envelope crushed in one strong hand. He had read it over twice and was beginning at the first page again, mumbling it indistinctly:

"You and me ain't so much to each other as husband and wife oughter be. If we had, you wouldn't never have gone away. I've kept silence a long time, waiting for you to say you cared, but you don't say that yet; and now it's my cough and the strange feelings all over me that makes me write. The doctor says it won't be long—and there's little Jim and the baby—"

He stopped suddenly and crumpled the pitiful scrawl in his brawny fist and pushed the back of his hand across his deep-set eyes.

"I don't know rightly what I'll do," he began, desperately, and then he straightened up as a comrade approached, laughing.

"Lots of news, Zack?" he queried in a teasing way.

The man looked at his interlocutor with a dazed expression.

"How's all the folks?" persisted the soldier.

A puzzled expression settled on Zack Brayton's face. He dug one foot doggedly into the turf. "It wasn't her fault—never!" he muttered.

"Oho! It was a lover's quarrel, hey?" quizzed the soldier.

"No; it wasn't no quarrel," fiercely replied Zack, and then he as suddenly strode away.

Ten minutes later Zack Brayton stood more awkwardly than ever before the highest authority in the fort. That officer had received pleasant news from home, and he unbent his military dignity to a surprising degree and was chatting merrily with several subordinates.

"Well, my man?" was his remark when Zack's presence was noticed.

The private saluted awkwardly. He began to speak in a low, hesitating voice.

"Beggin' yer pardon, colonel, but I've got a word I'd like to say—leastwise, if—"

"Talk to your captain," interrupted the officer, recalling his dignity now. He was tired of hearing complaints, and there had been too many of late.

"Not as I'd oughter bother you, sir; but the fact is—"

"Well, speak out; what is it?" said the officer, with some show of impatience.

A dull wave of color arose in the private's face. He had never seemed so ponderously awkward.

"My wife," he began, huskily; "she is sick, an' I lowed maybe you had a wife, colonel, an' you'd know how—"

"Back in Missouri?"

"And you want a furlough? It's impossible, sir. If we heeded half the requests we shouldn't have a soldier left on his post. Don't you see, my good fellow?"

"Yes, sir," replied Zack, simply. When he was clear of the quarters he leaned against a post as if needing support of some sort. Yet Zack was a strong man certainly.

The soldiers quizzed him a good deal, in a rough manner, at mess, about his love-letter. He did not utter a word in reply, but there was an unusual look of determination settling down upon his uncouth features, forming into hard lines they had never noticed before.

The days at Fort Buford are long in June. There is no evening. In this high latitude the sun cheats you out of the evening hours and sets at nearly 10 o'clock. A detachment of troops were assisting the steamboat roustabouts in unloading military sup-

plies. At dark, flambeaux were flaring from the boat's guards, by the light of which they completed their labors. Then the bluecoats marched back to the barracks, preceded by a train of government wagons.

A few roustabouts, huddled upon the boiler-deck, were grumbling unidly about some trifle, as Missouri river roustabouts have a habit of doing. The night became very dark at last—so dark that even had one been looking in that direction he would not have noticed a man who crept out of the willow-bog and, stepping cautiously into an Indian "bull-boat" at the wharf, drifted off with the swift current, under cover of the friendly shadows.

In a few moments, at best, the man's absence from the fort would be discovered. It was one chance in a hundred, but Zack Brayton took that chance and floated down the river. The lights of the steamer receded in the darkness; not a sound broke the stillness save the splash, splash of his paddle. Bending forward, straining his eyes to catch the first glimpse of danger in whatever form, the current bore him on.

"Only for her—her and the children," he muttered under his breath, while his eyes grew moist. He wiped them hastily, as though anyone could perceive his weakness.

On—the water undulated greatly under the boat as he floated on its broad, dark bosom. Now the current set in near the shore, and mysterious sounds were borne out to him from those wild forest depths—sounds neither man nor beast could make. A lone owl hooted dismally from a tree-top. Instantly the woods seemed alive with strange responses. He felt awed and heaved a sigh of relief when the current bore him far out into the stream once more.

With the first flush of dawn the soldier guided his primitive craft to the shore, drew it up out of the water and managed to hide the unwieldy bulk in the bushes. He looked at the stretched buffalo skin with affection, thinking what a good turn it was doing him. All day he lay concealed in the vicinity, not a mouthful of food entering his lips. With the gathering darkness he was soon afloat, bound for "down-river" and the old Missouri home.

He could scarcely tell the number of days after a while; he did not care to keep account. All he desired was to escape those who were doubtless pursuing him. Wandering Indians gave him food when he dared seek it. He held his breath when he passed the forts and settlements on the river banks in the night. He even fancied that the beatings of his heart could be heard on either shore.

"If Elviry knewed how it war," he said to himself, "she might be a-prayin' fur me, as she uster."

The thought gave him renewed courage. He bent to the paddle with a giant's strength, and the bull-boat went along faster than the current, yet could not keep pace with his impatience.

At length he began to chuckle grimly with satisfaction. Hour by hour he felt that he was nearing home. Indian wigwags no longer dotted the plains. Dark objects loomed up on the hills, which he knew to be school-houses or churches. Steamboats passed more frequently, and he was obliged to use great caution in avoiding them, although few ever remained out in the river late at night. Still he chuckled, for every hour lessened the danger. They would never look for him so far down river, surely—they would think he had fled toward the interior.

"Tomorrow night," he assured himself, "I'll leave the river and tramp for it."

His face brightened; the sky, the river, the plain took up a new expression of hopefulness, and the remainder of that night his paddles dipped unceasingly.

"P'rhaps she ain't quite so bad off as the doctor thinks, arter all, an' I kin take care of her now; an' I'd just work for her." He dropped the paddles a moment as a pleased smile crept over his bronzed face.

"Ah! the chillern has growed like sixty, in course."

The heavens seemed to don an answering smile, the east bursting into a rosy glow, while the distant hills and rolling prairies assumed new and delicate tints of beautiful summer life.

"It ain't the wust sort o' world, arter all—it can't be so bad ez all that," he went on, disconnectedly.

Yet all around him the river rushed in a discolored, rapid flood. The "June rise" was sweeping down from the northern mountains; the unsightly sand-bars lay concealed beneath the dashing waves; logs, trees, debris of various kinds, went whirling past. Once the carcass of a buffalo—shot needlessly by some passenger on an up-river boat, doubtless—bore down against him, and he was obliged to push away with his paddle.

"How they must a' growed!" he repeated to himself, cheerily. It seemed as though he had been away a century. His head drooped, as a succession of homely incidents passed through his quickened brain.

A village, with its white-spired church, rose from the nearer bank. The boat, carried around in an abrupt bend and suddenly deflected from its

course by a strong eddy, headed directly for that shore. The wary voyager, yielding for one instant to a sudden sense of security and repose, sat with drooping face and made no resistance.

There was a sudden shock. The little boat bumped violently against a snag, and some one cried out from the guards of a steamboat at that moment preparing to push out into the stream. The startled soldier lifted his head and sat as though petrified. A detachment of United States troops met his bewildered gaze.

Suddenly he seized the paddle with frantic haste. Would Elviry never know how he had tried?

An officer was standing on the lower deck.

"A deserter, by Heaven!" he exclaimed to the sergeant at his side. Then, in a stentorian voice, he commanded:

"Pull in shore, if you value your life!"

But the man in the boat paid no attention. He began to push out with rapid, energetic strokes. How clumsy the craft seemed to him then—how slowly the distance widened between him and the dreaded foe!

Cold beads of perspiration glistened on his face. The morning sunshine, flooding the river with golden beams, showed clearly his tense, agonized expression with startling vividness.

If he could only reach the other side! Then Elviry and the children—"Halt, you fool!"

Zack Brayton pulled away with the unreasoning, desperate energy of despair.

There was a hurried order, the tramp of feet on deck, followed by a fiery flash and the sharp crack of musketry.

The deserter arose to his full height in the toppling canoe. His hands clutched the air, and then his stalwart form sank into the rushing, turbid waves of the Missouri.

Only the little boat, aimless and unguided, drifted on toward "down-river"—and Elviry.—New York News.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Greece has 152 newspapers. Australia sends cocoanut oil to England.

Thunder can be heard nine miles away.

Persia has only women carpet weavers.

All beggars in Italy must be duly licensed.

Gloves made of frogskin are the latest novelty.

France gathers a window tax on more than nine million houses.

A map of Jerusalem in mosaic, over 1500 year old, has been found in Palestine.

The River Jordan makes the greatest descent in the shortest distance of almost any stream.

The entire collection of coins and medals in the British Museum consists of nearly 250,000 specimens.

A pair of lovers in New Jersey who have been engaged since 1839 have just issued cards for their wedding.

There is a clock in Brussels which has never been wound by human hands. It is kept going by the wind.

From 1868 to 1881 it is estimated that no less than 31,000,000 buffaloes were slaughtered on the great plains of the United States.

Nearly 1,200,000 pounds of colors are used by the United States government annually for printing paper money, revenue and postage stamps.

Veneer cutting has reached such perfection that a single elephant's tusk, thirty inches long, is now cut into a sheet of ivory 150 inches long and 20 inches wide.

In the great volcano district of Iceland there is a whole mountain composed of eruptive clays and pure white sulphur. A beautiful grotto penetrates the western slope to an unknown depth.

The new British battleship Implacable is to cost over \$5,000,000, the largest sum ever spent in the building of a man-of-war. The armor plates alone will cost \$750,000, and the guns nearly as much.

In the reign of Elizabeth the wearing of hats was considered a sign of luxury. By an act of Parliament every person above the age of seven years, and under a certain degree, was obliged on Sundays and holidays to wear a woolen cap, made in England and finished by some of the fraternity of cappers.

Envelopes cannot be tampered with to remove their contents in the mails without revealing the theft if a new safety device is used, which consists of a piece of material to be inserted in the envelope directly under the address, which becomes damp and blurs the writing when the back of the envelope is steamed or soaked to open the flap.

Evaporation of Bananas.

The American consul at Nicaragua reports that experiments are being made there to develop an industry of evaporating bananas, and that a trial shipment has been made to this country. If successfully established, this industry will be of the utmost importance to many Central American states. The men engaged in the experiment, according to consular reports, have no practical knowledge of the business of drying the fruit, but if it was taken up by men experienced in the manufacture of machinery and appliances adapted to the evaporation of fruits, a modification to suit this case could easily be devised, and there would be an immense demand for such machines immediately. At present there are millions of bananas yearly thrown away or allowed to rot on the ground because they are too small or too ripe for shipment to the United States.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

Popular With Wheelwomen.
The skirt here illustrated by May Manton is one of the most practical and comfortable yet offered to wheelwomen, being shaped with six gores



SIX-GORED BICYCLE SKIRT.

that hang evenly and will not sag. It is of moderate width, measuring three yards and three-quarters in the medium size. The back gore, straight in centre, is gathered at the top and arranged underneath the pleats of the side gores that meet in centre back, thus giving the fullness necessary to fit well over the saddle without the inconvenience of the intricate saddle gore. Placket openings are finished with triple-pointed overlaps and closed with buttons and buttonholes, the band that finishes the top of the front lapping over with hooks into loops on the belt that supports the skirt and closes in centre front.

Closely woven fabrics of good weight, such as cheviot, tweed, serge, golf and

in white on the skirt. The bodice opens at the skirt over a small yoke of mouseline de soie, edged with pointed lapels embroidered in white and gold threads. Folds of mouseline de soie starting from under the right arm cross to the left and are finished with a bow and ends. The tight sleeves are entirely braided, and the rather high, straight collar, will be softened by a collar of string pearls fastened with a miniature clasp.

Broadened Silks.

An effort is being made to revive the popularity of broadened silks, and it looks as though their day would once more come round. Some of the shops show rich patterns in both black and colored silks.

Costume in Beige Cloth.

The accompanying design shows a tailor made costume in beige cloth of a light texture. The skirt is quite tight, like a fourreau in the upper part, moderately large half way down, and widens considerably to the bottom. It is made in two parts. The upper part is composed of a yoke set in round the waist and joined half way down to a deep flounce taille en forme, which composes the lower part. The yoke is joined to the flounce by nine rows of stitching, which run around the skirt behind and rise up to the waist in the centre in front. The flounce, which forms small godets behind, is flat in front, and forms a narrow apron, edged by the rows of stitching. The corsage is a blouse, with short crepeled basques stitched like the skirt, which stitching is continued up the front and forms a square round the neck, and the sides almost meet down to the waist, just enough space being left to show a front of white moire, ridged with narrow velvet ribbon, very close together at equal distances. Six small velvet bows are



LADIES' THREE-BUTTONED CUTAWAY JACKET.

covert suitings, are recommended for bicycle wear, a six or eight inch facing of moiree firmly stitched on the inside being a correct and safe finish for the foot of the skirt. No binding should be used, and all seams should be double-stitched. A bicycle suit can not be too well sewed.

To make this skirt for a woman of medium size four yards of forty-four-inch material will be required.

A Smart Toilet.

For a swell tailor made style nothing surpasses the cutaway jacket.

Made of hunter's green cloth, with collar of velvet a shade darker and worn over a vast of ecru corduroy and skirt of plaid that combines the ecru and green with brown, and a thread of yellow. A smarter toilette than the design by May Manton shown in the large engraving has yet to be seen.

The jacket fronts are fitted by single bust darts and flare open below the bust, over which the closing is effected by three cloth covered tailor buttons and buttonholes.

Above the closing small revers roll back, meeting the rolling collar of velvet in notches. The back fits smoothly, a graceful outline being given by the usual back, side back, and under arm seams, coat laps being arranged below the waist line in centre back. The two seamed sleeves are in latest style, and may be plaited or gathered at the top as fancy dictates.

The jacket can be of any seasonable cloth, or suiting to match or contrast with the skirt, as here delineated.

The design here shown provides a vest, or any blouse or shirt waist can be substituted.

To make this jacket for a lady of medium size one and five-eighths yards of material fifty-four inches wide will be required.

Gown for a "White Wedding."

An original gown to be worn by the maid of honor at a "white wedding" is of soft white cloth, heavily braided

sewed on the front at equal distances between the neck and the waist. The collar is high and very much sloped away. It is lined with white moire, striped with black ribbon velvet, and the neck trimming is similarly treated. The sleeves are rather full above the elbow and are set in with large pleats. From the elbow to the wrist they are smaller and widen over the hand. The cuffs are stitched in the same style as the rest of the costume. The waist-



A TAILOR MADE COSTUME.

band is composed of a soft and rather narrow gold ribbon, with three gilt filigree ornaments, the centre one in front serving as a buckle and the others as slides to adjust the waistband.