

The secretary of the Maryland Game and Fish Protective association says that nearly 200 distinct varieties of birds can be found in the vicinity of Baltimore.

A resident of Des Moines, Iowa, has been awarded damages of \$855 in a suit brought against a milk-dealer because of a disease contracted by using milk furnished by the latter. Thus the milk-dealer's woes multiply to an alarming degree.

According to an article published in the National Review of London, Emperor William of Germany desires to bring about an alliance with France and other countries of western Europe against Great Britain, the United States, and Russia.

The Chicago Penny Savings society, operating through the public school teachers, last year received from the school children of that city over \$70,000. This means that at least \$40,000 less a year is being spent for candy and chewing gum, and that over 4000 children are becoming capitalists at the rate of five cents a day.

The guards at Joliet, (Ill.) penitentiary have been armed with mauser rifles carrying dum-dum bullets. The only excuse offered for the use of these bullets in warfare is that, in meeting a charge of overwhelming numbers of savages, it is necessary to have a bullet that will produce shock enough to stop the rush of any man it hits. There is no such emergency to be met in shooting a runaway convict in the back. The use of a dum-dum bullet in such a case is simple barbarism, without the excuse of necessity.

There is no land in the world, the United States not even excepted, where such a rapid centralization of population in the towns has taken place as in Japan, says the London Mail. Within the last decade Tokio has doubled its population since 1888—viz., to 1,300,000; Yokohama and Kobe respectively from 89,000 and 80,000 to 180,000 and 185,000; Osaka from 360,000 to 510,000 inhabitants. In 1886 there were in Japan 117 towns with more than 100,000 inhabitants; now there are 220. Japan numbers now 45,000,000 souls.

One of the oldest bridges in Europe is soon to disappear, under the demand for better navigation of the river it spans. This is the stone bridge, with fifteen arches and a total length of 994 feet, built across the Danube at Regensburg (Ratisbon), in Bavaria, by Duke Henry the Superb, in 1135-'46. The piers rest on piles, protected by stone riprap and heavy ice breakers; the roadway is very narrow, and the footways allow the passage of only one person at a time. So far as its stability is concerned, it would probably stand for another 750 years, but it interferes with the passage of steamboats.

In England they do not so lightly accept a plea of irresponsibility for murder on the ground of insanity, as they do in this country. A North-Hampton murderer was duly sentenced and recently executed, although it was proved that nearly every member of his family for three generations, on his father's side, and for five on his mother's, had been insane. Many had committed suicide or attempted it; and he himself had tried to kill himself three times. The medical superintendent of the county asylum said it was the worst family history he had ever known. The murderer killed a woman for no other reason than "because she led him such a life;" and finally the judge recommended the prisoner to mercy. But the proofs of insanity were considered insufficient by the home secretary, and the man was hanged.

For the past few months the members of the Woman's club of Jersey city have voluntarily devoted themselves to overseeing the street sweepers and inducing them to perform their work properly. So successful have these women been in their self-appointed task that it is suggested that they be officially engaged to superintend this department of public works. Undoubtedly there are many kinds of municipal work which women could do much better than men, and this is one. Their generations of training in housekeeping give them peculiar skill in attending to the details of cleanliness. The oversight of streets, library buildings, public baths, and even the walks, drives and lawns of our parks is but housekeeping on a larger scale, for the city is simply our larger home. Attention to its cleanliness, sanitation and beauty involves the same order of abilities as is required in keeping a house in good order.

### THE BUILDING OF A SOLDIER.

Joe Jerry stood in a stony field, Under a sweltering sun, The boy and the rook and the native wood Fought for the life in a battered seed— And the struggle was just begun.

"Get out of the mud and follow me," Said the man with better clothes, "Against you are vermin and drought and frost; You anger Nature with labor lost— Come where a fair wind blows."

But the boy dugged on in the stony field, With the struggle barely begun, "I put the seed in this ground," said he; "I think I had better stay and see Whatever may be done."

Joe Jerry quarried and placed the stones And fitted the timbers true, Then his neighbors came with fevered eyes: "Gold!—pans of gold!—just there it lies! Shall we wait a day for you?"

A sweet voice lifted the evening calm, Singing the death of day, A third child came and went with a kiss, "I have a wife, and a home— and this; I think I had better stay."

"War! war!" the cry—and the cry came new— "There is fame, and to spare for all," "I have a dying wife—and these, I'll stay with them, if God so please," But he went at the second call.

"Come back!" they cried through the metal hail To a soldier bleeding and grim, He picked a rifle out of the dirt, Answering only: "The captain's hurt; I think I'll stay with him." —Frederick Brush, in Youth's Companion.



With the intensity of a tropical day the sun seemed to expend its entire force of furnace heat upon the unsheltered spot in front of Santiago where lay a grievously wounded American soldier boy. The wide, tortured eyes of the youth stared fearfully upward to the glaring zenith, past the foul birds watching his sufferings with calculating vision and waiting for the human feast which seemed sure to come. He thought with sickening brain of his northern home—the green hills, the running streams, the dear mother. Tears welled up into his aching eyes. He did not try to wipe them away—he could not. A mauser bullet had struck him in the thigh, another in the right arm and another in the left. He was helpless. But what matter! The dead could not see, and the mother would probably never know how he had nobly fought even to the gates of death. At his feet lay the dead body of a Cuban, slain by the bullet of a Spanish sharpshooter. For these Cubans he was dying. For them he had come to help free the island from the tyranny of Spanish rule.

Then he recalled the events of that day at San Juan hill. The American troops had been on their feet since daybreak. There was a scanty breakfast, and as the men ate it there were indications of the coming clash of arms. The files on the march to the firing line were closed up: every sense was alive. The bugle sounded and then came the order to advance. The tempest of musketry and shrapnel through which they moved forward drove like a storm of steel into the faces of the men, but nothing could resist the imperious advance and the first line of the enemy was swept away.

The battle grew. Here and there a soldier went down, but the column stood firm; the officers marched close by the men. Sometimes, through the smoke they caught a glimpse of the colonel leading on in front. The din increased; the earth seemed reeling under foot; shall burst with horrid shriek and flung out quick death. Still the men pushed on. An officer picked up the gun of a man who had fallen and spoke a cheery word.

The Spanish artillery and the far-reaching mausers swept within a certain limit every inch of ground, but with a firm and rapid step that unflinching column moved forward. Louder grew the tumult and thicker came the angry messengers. A sharp cry of pain and one of the men is helped to the rear. The bullets came hotter and faster from the Spanish in the trenches and from the blockhouses. More comrades stretched out quietly with the death mark on their faces. There was no time for words—only a mad swelling of the heart and a throbbing of the brain—a deadly thirst for blood dried up all other feeling as another man was lifted back.

Suddenly a cool voice they had heard before rang out an order: "Come on, boys, charge!" and the thin line rushed through the smoke and advanced up the hill. With a cheer they answered the fiery blast that swept into their faces with sudden fury. The air seemed instinct with leaden life, and volley after volley pealed forth from the deadly rifles.

For one awful moment the men faltered! Groans of agony and hoarse commands mingled, and all around American soldiers lay down to die. But the check was only momentary, and on into the jaws of death the column went. Every man leaned forward as though breathing a heavy wind. From right, left and front they felt the pounding of the enemy's guns, and shrapnel swept through the ranks like hail.

On the summit of the hill the blockhouse swarmed with the foe, dimly seen through puffing lines of smoke from our guns. The Spanish were entrenched—Americans in the open. But never mind! Forward! And soon the foreign foe was driven back and the stronghold captured. Half way down the slope as the victors pursued the flying enemy, a

withering blast of mauser bullets swept across the open ground, and the boy who now lay dying in the open space in the tall grass fell forward with a ball in his thigh. A comrade ran to his assistance and he made his way painfully to the rear, but as he passed along another Spanish bullet struck him in the right arm and presently he was wounded in the left. Then his day of battle was done, and the black hours of unconsciousness followed.

When reason returned the sounds of battle had ceased, and he wondered where his comrades were. Were they all dead? Would they search for him? He was alive, but he knew that death would come in a few short hours. How hot the sun beat down! How still everything seemed to him—no whizzing of bullets in the air, nor shriek of screaming shell, nor the yell of charging troops—nothing but the silence of an ocean of grass. There was a dead Cuban lying at his feet—a ghastly bunch of mortality. How big and black he was! His eyes were staring at him like balls of glass! What were they staring at him for? The night was coming on apace—would he have to lie in the tall grass until the morrow? He could not tell. And then the dark cloud again settled o'er his senses and it was hours before the light came into his soul.

Death's door is a mirror and the dying have good memories. When consciousness returned the boy's mind went back to his home. He wondered if all was well on the old farm, where he and his mother and brother had lived in peace until the war with Spain called him to the front. He had a letter in his pocket from home—he would read it again. But, alas! he could not reach his pocket—both arms were disabled and in the inky darkness he could not see.

How long since had he left home? Three months! only three months! And now he lay dying in his young manhood. He remembered the morning that he left his home. The birds were singing and nature was at her best. The fields were clothed in green and the brooks softly murmured over the pebbles at the bottom. He had donned his new uniform, and he felt a little sharp pang as he left his home. He remembered it all very well.

"Good-bye, Bill," he had said to his brother. "Take good care of mother."

"Look out for Spanish bullets and bring back a machete," said Bill. "I'm off, mother."

"Good-bye, my son. Be brave and serve your country like a man." Then she embraced and kissed him and the parting was over.

The old house cat rubbed against him and purred as if to bid him God-speed. His faithful old dog followed him down the lane, but with stern words his master drove him back. At the edge of the town a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl stood at the gate. "Are you really going to fight the Spanish, John?"

"Yes, Helen, and I have come to say good-bye." There was a hasty kiss, a warm pressure of hands, and then he left his home.

Everything was so hushed and dark now. Was the whole world dead? Why was he lying helpless here? How had it happened? Then he remembered—the furious charge across the open field, up the hill and over the crest in the face of a rain of Spanish bullets. The air hummed and whistled. From the trenches and blockhouses the mausers spit at them. Then the blow came to him. It was a terrible shock. It seemed to lift him from his feet and double him up and pitch him forward. Then the painful journey to the rear, two more bullet wounds, and then unconsciousness.

Now he was dying in the darkness. How strange it all was. That dead Cuban—how black he looked, and how his eyes glared! There was a tiny hole in his forehead where life had leaped through. Someone was crying for water. Was it himself? He could not tell. The night was getting cold and the heavy dew made the tall grass soggy. There were no stars to watch him. Would nobody help him? Hark! That was his dog howling, and how loud it was!

How weak and dizzy he felt. "Good-bye, Bill." He could not see. Everything was growing dim.

"Farewell, mother!" "Helen—" And the deep, dark grass waved a weeping requiem to another brave young soul. —Detroit Free Press.

**What Constitutes a Healthy Man.**  
One of our medical contemporaries, the Texas Medical News, thus sums up the qualities which constitute a perfectly healthy man: He should have a strong, healthy heart; not one weak from disease or the excessive use of tobacco, alcohol or other causes; lungs well developed and that expand rhythmically with ample breathing space for health and a surplus for work or disease; muscles well rounded by use and carrying, like the camel's hump, reserve energy for trying journeys; nerves, nature's electric wires, properly insulated and connected, bringing all the various organs of the body into one perfect system, and all under the control of a brain of just proportions, well balanced and convoluted, not soft from disease or destroyed for the need of rest, educated for the high duties it has to perform, not only to stand guard over and protect the health of and life of the individual, but at the same time to furnish feeling and thought and pleasure for the human being. All of these organs, when properly constructed and adjusted and perfect in every detail, go to make up a healthy individual and one possessing within himself a power of resistance not easily overcome by disease-producing organisms. —Scientific American.

## NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—Unsettled as many features of the new styles still are, the polonaise and princess styles can be relied upon as certain to be worn. No other garment is so be-



WOMAN'S POLONAISE.

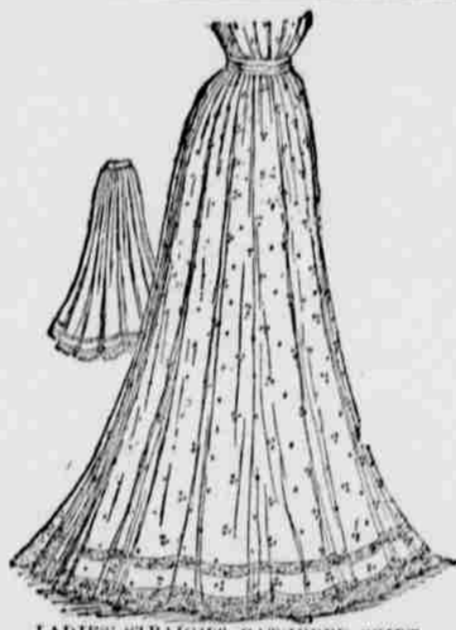
coming to the well formed figure, and the favor in which they were held in the late spring will undoubtedly extend to the fall and winter gowns. The charming design shown is well adapted to all wool materials and to the lovely liberty fabrics. No harsh silk and no wiry woolen stuff is ever good for garments of the sort. With the guimpe, which may be of mousseline, chiffon or any soft finished silk in white or some delicate harmonious tint, it is appropriate for afternoon wear and informal dinners

fancy such a range of novelties which will be fashionable—like many other ultra-creations of the fall—need choose them. The stores and importing houses will set forth also the quietest and prettiest sort of standard shades in gloves of both dressed and undressed kid, styles which are selected year after year by a large class of conservative women who never think of following an erratic fashion, but who invariably appear as women most elegantly and fashionably attired.

**Exquisite Plaids.**  
Exquisite plaids in large designs are used in combination with dark blue, brown and black, and these, both in silk and velvet, will be fashionable for early autumn wear. Parisian models showing velvet plaids are already in evidence, and one lovely gown of dead-leaf brown-faced cloth had simulated petticoat and yoke of superb plaid in tones of red, shaded with dark brown and green, and a small cape to match had revers and the hood-like upper portion all of the plaid.

**A Popular Silk.**  
Veloutine, like peau de soie, is a silk that grows constantly in favor. It is as soft as Sicilienne or undressed faille, only of firmer texture, with a glossy surface. The plain unpatterned weaves are very handsome, and others equally attractive are striped, showing lovely contrasts in color. The sample cards show the new goods to be double silk in weaving—silk on silk—and the importers affirm that they will neither pull nor cut in wearing.

**The New Shirt Waists.**  
Already the new styles in shirt waists are with us, and very smart they are. The silk ones are not as novel, however, as the flannel waists, which are to be had in excellent qualities of French flannel, in motor red, mauve, white, golden-brown and black.



LADIES' STRAIGHT GATHERED SKIRT.

or evening affairs, while without it it becomes formal and decollete at once. As illustrated, the material is embroidered crepe de chine in tender dove gray, the guimpe cream white mousseline laid in tiny tucks, while the underskirt is of the new Liberty Regence, in the same shade as the crepe. Round the scalloped edges which finish the polonaise is a tiny ruching or chiffon in the same tender gray, with a thread of white silk through the centre, but otherwise the gown is untrimmed.

To make this polonaise for a woman of medium size will require two and one-quarter yards of material forty-four inches wide.

**Woman's Gathered Skirt.**  
Embroidered swiss is daintily trimmed with fine lawn embroidered edging and insertion in the skirt shown in the large engraving. The skirt has a straight lower edge and is shaped with four breadths, which are slightly gored to make less fullness at the top. The lower edge is trimmed with a narrow frill of embroidery, headed by insertion, another row being placed two inches above. When tucked or embroidered flouncing is used, the lower edge need not be cut through, as the pattern may be pinned on straight and the shaping made above the decoration. The skirt is gathered all around at the top. The mode is especially adapted to spangled and plain net crepe veiling and all thin, clinging fabrics, the flare at the foot being accentuated by the fashionably shaped petticoat worn beneath.

To make the skirt in the medium size will require six and one-half yards of thirty or thirty-six inch material.

The new feature of the flannel waist is that it is either tucked, hemstitched, or embroidered in bands, both front and back, very much on the order of the more elaborate linen waists, but no yoke in the back, as that idea is decidedly passe. Then there are the new cotton corduroy shirt waists with embroidered bosoms in contrasting colors, or strips of colored embroidery down the front.

Those in white corduroy with bands of red embroidery on the front are very chic and especially well adapted to cycling, golf and yachting costumes, when worn with the new homespun skirts and scarlet coats, with which the world seems to be too abundantly supplied just now.

For morning wear at the seashore, on the links and in the mountains, the red coat has simply played havoc with every other style of jacket and swept everything before it—and it has evidently come to stay.

For afternoon waists there is nothing more popular than a fluffy white gauze or lace waist for young ladies, and with white serge or veiling skirts are worn at many evening affairs.

The beauty of a lace blouse is greatly heightened when a collar and garniture of some deep-toned velvet, such as ruby or purple, is added, and espe-



ONE OF THE LATEST MODELS.

cially effective when conforming with the prevailing tint of the hand-painted flower material which may form the vest and revers of the blouse, or perhaps the entire front.

### PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

The cheerful man's a king.—Bickerstaff.  
Praising all alike is praising none.—Gay.  
Reading is seeing by proxy.—Herbert Spencer.  
Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise.—Pope.  
Bad experience leaves no room for doubt.—Pope.  
The brave only know how to forgive.—Sterns.  
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.—Shakespeare.  
The better wit is, the more dangerous is it.—Landor.  
Talent convinces—genius but excites.—Bulwer Lytton.  
That evil is half cured whose cause we know.—Churchill.  
The beginning of compunction is the beginning of a new life.—George Eliot.  
Politeness costs nothing, and gains everything.—Lady M. Wortley Montagu.  
Ridicule is the stiffer of all energy amongst those she controls.—Bulwer Lytton.  
True contentment depends not on what we have. A tub was enough for Diogenes, but a world too little for Alexander.—Colton.  
To realize the real, a man must do his work well, whatever it may be. And how can he do this? By putting honesty into it, courtesy and justice to those whom he employs, and generosity and human kindness.—Christian Advocate.

### ALL WERE LYING.

How the MID Man Stirred Up a Street Car Row.  
"Say," said the street car conductor to a mild-mannered man who was deeply engrossed in his newspaper. "Say, young fellow, I don't want this quarter. I can't use it."  
The mild man continued to hold out his hand for his change, but paid no other attention to the conductor.  
"See here!" yelled the conductor, getting red in the face, "you can't pass no quarter like that on me. It's slick. I can't take it for more than 20 cents."  
The mild man looked up and said: "I'm sorry, because you gave me that quarter last night and I've been laying for you since. Well, give it here." He took the quarter and gave the conductor a nickel. As he took the quarter from the conductor he suddenly dropped his newspaper and gave a chuckle.  
"Well, well," he exclaimed, "here's a luck. Bless me, if that isn't an 1832 quarter with 14 stars and an arrow. It's worth \$3.92." He slipped it into his pocket with evidence of much satisfaction.  
"Here, give me that quarter," said the conductor, "I was only fooling. That's my quarter."  
A hungry-eyed man in the corner who overheard the conversation jumped up and said:  
"Isn't that the very quarter I gave you yesterday morning? I missed that quarter. It was a pocket piece and a valuable coin. I remember now that I gave it to you. I demand it!" he said, looking fiercely at the mild man. If you are a gentleman you will give it to me."  
"It isn't yours. You never gave it to me. My wife gave me that quarter by mistake. It's part of a collection that's been in the family since 1827," yelled the conductor.  
"I tell you it's mine," said the hungry-eyed man. Thus they wrangled and quarreled all the way down town.  
"No," said the mild man to a neighbor, as he stepped from the car, "it's only an ordinary old shiny quarter that I have been trying to pass off for a week. We were all lying. It's worth about 22 cents."

### General Wheeler a Religious Man.

General Wheeler is a religious man. He was brought up in the Episcopal church, with a great reverence for sacred things and faith in the efficacy of prayer. One of his former secretaries tells the story that while the general was engaged in a canvass for Congress some years ago he spent the night at the plantation of a constituent. His host accompanied him to his room at bed time, and bade him good night, but, being reminded that the general might want a glass of cool water before retiring, he carried a pitcher to the room and entered without knocking. He was surprised to find General Wheeler upon his knees before the bed engaged in his devotions. He waited reverently until the general arose, and apologized for the interruption.  
"Don't mention it," said General Wheeler. "I think all of us ought to kneel before we retire and thank our good Maker for His mercies and blessings."  
The members of General Wheeler's staff say that during the Santiago campaign he never lay down to sleep without offering a prayer, and never arose in the morning without thanking God for His protection and preservation.—Chicago Record.

### From Force of Habit.

In his lecture on magnetism Lord Kelvin used to define an ideal magnet as "an infinitely long, infinitely thin, and longitudinally magnetized bar." The bewildered students in the back benches always received this definition with noisy tramping of feet, and Kelvin would shout sharply, "Silence!" Before the end of the session the definition and reprimand had been repeated so often that one day the students entered into a plot, and when the definition was given the students did not tramp as usual. Kelvin, however, from force of habit shouted "Silence!" just the same.