

Chicago bird-lovers threaten the arrest of women who wear birds in their bonnets as well as milliners who sell them. If the threat is carried out Chicago will indeed be a breezy place for a time.

Traditions are common in western Kansas of trees suddenly dying without apparent cause after having been used as gallows for lynchings. Many are said never to have leaved again after this experience.

A lobster trust is to be organized in Maine. One by one the standbys of the kitchen are relegated to the ranks of prohibitive luxuries. The great American pie trust will no doubt arrive before long to strike the final blow.

There is not a refuse heap in the country which is not a mine of wealth, to be extracted for the benefit of the people when we have time to think of the matter and use the resources put at our disposal by experts in physical science, reflects the Christian Register.

Chinese mines, it is said, are to be let to foreigners in any part of China on the following terms: The government to have twenty-five percent of the profits, twenty-five percent of the output of diamonds and other gems, fifteen percent of gold, silver and mercury, ten percent of copper, lead and zinc, and five percent of coal and iron.

The latest issue of the Quarterly Bulletin of the University of the State of Washington contains the Articles of Confederation and the Constitution of the United States and the provisional and "permanent" Constitutions of the Confederate States of America. These four documents have been brought together for the use of the students in their studies, who otherwise might not find them easy accessible.

The Wisconsin arrived safe in port at the Golden Gate after a voyage covering 19,519 miles. Here is a record trip for an American battleship. She brought, too, wonderful records for accurate shooting with big guns and small arms. Of 482 men practicing 470 are qualified marksmen and 220 are sharpshooters. How good a preparation for war is such a target work in peace the whole world recognized when our ships had Spanish fleets for marks.

Paris has lately been testing a novel apparatus for rendering first aid. In design the contrivance is suggestive of a pillar letter box, containing a small medicine chest and a folding stretcher. Possession of these latter is obtained by breaking a glass panel in the same way as the glass of a fire alarm post is broken when a fire engine is called. In addition to the key of the case, access is gained to a telephone inside communicating with the ambulance station.

President Buffington of the Illinois Steel company is quoted as saying that in the future "captains of industry" will not be so often as in the past promoted from the ranks. "We want," he says, "educated young men, graduates from technical schools." And to illustrate his point he says: "We have the case of President Schwab, who came into his position without technical education. But he had worked almost into it under the old school. We may believe that he would have got there under any circumstances, and it must be recognized that there are not many Schwabs in the great masses of young men. There will be Carnegies and Schwabs in the future who will rise in spite of circumstances, but in speaking to young men of modest capacity it is a mistake to impress upon them the belief that the methods of forty years ago are applicable now."

Fifteen hundred of the members of the Welsh colony established in the early sixties in the valley of the Chupat, Patagonia, are arranging to emigrate in a body to Canada. The colony has been a failure, to all intents and purposes, from the start. For years the colonists suffered great distress, because of their inexperience in "roughing it" and an inability to adapt themselves to the climate conditions of the country. Although the Chupat carried an enormous volume of water in its bed the year round in front of their lands, the crops on the latter were destroyed by drought for several seasons in succession before they discovered the value of irrigation. When the colony finally began to flourish the Argentine Republic extended its jurisdiction over it, enforcing conscription and imposed onerous taxes upon the colonists, and the latter appealed to the British government to aid them to migrate to Canada, where the Dominion government has offered them land. As the British government has never advanced money for emigration, her Chamberlain suggested that the necessary funds be raised by subscription. This is now being done.

GIANT AND DWARF.

You open the door of your heart, my friend, To a very small vice or sin, And see! As the dwarf comes softly through His shadow enters in. For who can forbid a shadow friend, Or shut it out with a prayer? Unheeded it grows, as shadows will, And lo! A giant is there. —Ebel Hatton.

Under the Apple Trees.

By E. Eros Van Hookeren.

Intense white heat, with a streak of yellow dust marking the road; without movement the leaves hung limp and brown, except when the hot air stirred them like restless bits of parchment. A dust covered cart on the highway, horse and master alike in their endeavors to compromise with sleep; there was a world of regret in the way Billy raised his forelegs, and his head.

At the cross-roads Dave drew the rein sharply, to Billy's discomfort, and his next surprise lay in the fact of his being stopped in front of a cottage, a strange little cottage to him, and one almost hidden from view by the overgrowth of tangled vines.

With laboring determination Dave dismounted, and drew from under the seat a square box, marked and labeled with foreign stamps and labels; then he re-adjusted his spectacles and read the inscription: "Miss Margaret Harway, Unionville, N. C."

"Eggs and hominy!" Dave exclaimed, in lieu of a mightier oath, what's coming to the old lady? Hain't seen her nigh on to ten years; may be she do be afraid of her complexion." Dave chuckled softly to himself. "They say the house is haunted; it's mighty queer, hiding herself with that slip of a girl."

By this time he had passed the gate, which stood, by will or otherwise, hompily open, and finally reached the door. It was cooler there, for no sunlight could penetrate the heavy foliage; the appreciative spiders had hung their fantastic drawn work around the porch, while the musty smell of rotting timbers excluded the sweeter odors natural to the country.

Although Dave tried to adjust his rheumatic old knuckles to a mere tap, the sound echoed and re-echoed through the house as though intent upon a hearing and presently the door was opened, the rusty hinges creaking and groaning in their unusual effort.

Whatever fear Dave may have felt before, it was unmistakable terror now that seized him and held him an unwilling prey, for the face that returned his fascinated gaze was drawn and haggard, and as colorless as marble.

The eyes—Dave never forgot to his dying day that look of horror realized, of death, dead hopes and unutterable woe.

"At last! At last!" she moaned. "At last, to find rest! Oh, God, at last, at last!" Then, without further ado, she dropped motionless at Dave's feet.

Dave's kindly nature getting the better of his fear, he knelt beside the prostrate woman and raised her head.

"If I had a sup of water," he said, looking helplessly around.

But before he had come to any conclusion she made an effort to rise, and with Dave's assistance slowly stood upon her feet and leaned against the wall, trembling in every limb.

Suddenly from above came the sound of a quick step, then a burst of song that died away in the distance; but it seemed to excite the woman to action.

"Quick! Quick!" she said, opening the door of a small closet. "Put the— the—" motioning with her thin, shaking hand toward the box.

wandered through wood and meadow, for she was an apt pupil.

It was while on one of these trips that she met Paul Dainway, an artist, of no mean ability, and, like herself, alone in the world. Irresistibly they were drawn to each other, and before many summer days had passed they had plighted their troth in the good old-fashioned way that cannot be improved upon.

Evangeline kept this secret from her godmother, knowing her habitual reserve, her shrinking from neighbors who had offered kindly services. How much more would she resent Paul's presence! The future was theirs, the moment sufficed; why trouble for the morrow?

It was early that evening when Evangeline retired to her room; she had intended reading one of Paul's books, but the beauty of the night stayed her, and she threw herself on the bed to watch the sky studded with its myriads of mysteries. How long she slept she could not tell, but suddenly she sat bolt upright with the conviction that something strange was occurring. Was she dreaming? She rubbed her eyes; no, there was her godmother in the garden, a box in one hand, a small spade in the other. What was she doing at that hour of the night? Why this secrecy? She shuddered as she leaned out of the window and watched the tall, silent form reeling toward the most deserted portion of the garden. Should she follow? Her honor forbade. Breathless, she awaited her godmother's return, but some time elapsed before she came tottering toward the house. She was muttering to herself, but the girl could not hear her words.

The next morning Margaret Harway was found dead in her chair. "Heart failure" the doctor pronounced the cause of her death, and heart failure it was. Very gently Evangeline took from the clenched fingers some old letters, and tying them together laid them reverently away.

After the death of her godmother, Evangeline yielded to Paul's desire to an immediate marriage; alone, without money or friends, it seemed her only possible course. She turned instinctively to Paul, and he did not fail her.

To clear the ground around the house was Paul's duty as well as his pleasure. At first it seemed a hopeless task, but by degrees the flower beds took form and outline, until the only remaining tangle was the far corner under the apple tree.

As they drew near the spot, one afternoon, intending to work there, Evangeline shuddered and drew back.

"It was here she came on that dreadful night," she whispered to her husband. "I could see her busy among the bushes. Oh, Paul, what was she doing?"

Paul drew her toward him. "My darling, you must forget. Just as the weeds and mould have been cleared from the old place, so the shadows must pass from my darling. Come, be brave, this is our last task."

He struck his spade into the earth, and threw up the rich black mould. Suddenly he stopped.

"There is something here," he said, running his hand through the loose earth. "Who knows but what it is a fortune? It is a box," he said more seriously, drawing it forth with some difficulty.

Evangeline was clinging to a tree for support.

"Oh, Paul, do not touch it! Put it back—put it back! I know it must be something dreadful, something we do not want to know. If you love me, Paul, bury it quickly!"

There was so much anguished entreaty in her voice that he did as she bade him.

"We will leave it," he said reluctantly, "but we owe it to ourselves and to her to solve this mystery. Come, we will look through the old papers and letters you have laid away." And so, with his arm around her, they went into the house and up the stairs.

At first it seemed as though the mystery would not be solved, at any rate by the letters; but finally Evangeline laid before Paul the letter she had taken from the dead woman's hand, then, looking over her husband's shoulder, she read with him:—

"Margaret—There is a just retribution for every sin mortal man commits. Of this fact I am an apt illustration. No future could bring more anguish than that which I endure. Margaret, I, who would have given my life for you, have given my soul, I am despised of you.

"In a mad hour I forged my employer's signature. We were so poor, Margaret, so desperately poor! To see you toiling day after day was torture I could not stand, and temptation overcame me and I fell—may a just Power condone my sin! When the realization came, when I fully understood the disgrace and loss of self-respect—then, my darling, my wife, I knew but of one way to save you; first, to make what reparation lay in my power, then to leave you, my baby, and my country. Thus my crime would remain hidden.

—The heart that once throbb'd with every glad emotion, now dead."—Waverley Magazine.

THE TRADE IN TATTOOING.

A Once Profitable Industry That Has Fallen Off in Late Years.

The tattoo market is not in a satisfactory condition. It has grown more steadily for several years, and none of the leading professionals are happy over the trade as it stands or the promise for the immediate future. One of them said the other day that he had had half a mind to close up shop for good. "A few years ago," he said, "there were 10 of us tattooers in this shop and the business was great, but the American people don't care for fine art, and we are suffering accordingly. There was a time when no museum was complete without a tattooed man or a tattooed lady." Those were the days that made a fellow happy. Captain Costenus, the Great tattooed Greek, was worth \$5000 a year at one time, and Mlle. Celeste, who was captured and made a princess and tattooed by the cannibals of Fiji (between ourselves I was the Fiji), got \$150 a week for several seasons. The trade has not died out altogether, but we do not get any more big jobs, only little ones that take half an hour or an hour; young men that want to have a ship or a heart, and their sweetheart's initials tattooed on their arms, and now and then a mother who desires an identification mark tattooed on her baby. That is to prevent his being stolen, she says. I never heard of a case where it did prevent it, but then they get the idea from blood-and-thunder novels, and feel quite proud when it is done.

Another class who want queer symbols tattooed upon their bodies are the theosophists and men who belong to organizations I never heard of.

"Is your work difficult?"

"Not at all. All that it requires is a steady hand, a good eye and a knowledge of the business. For tattooing blue and dark blue we use India ink today just as they have done for centuries. For reds we employ cochineal and sometimes purified iron rust. For green there is a mineral powder ground very fine that beats anything I know of. For yellow, ochre is the best. You have to be very careful with colors, and I often think the trade got a black eye from careless or ignorant people using injurious or poisonous substances. Many of the colored inks when tattooed make big sores. So will many of the water colors which are used by painters. Chrome yellow is poisonous, and so are all the greens and blues which contain copper. I ought to say that chrome green is not dangerous excepting when it is impure and contains lead. There are some vegetable colors which are not injurious, but ought not to be used, because they are slowly dissolved by the blood. You can get a very beautiful effect from spinach green. It looks just as pretty as the side of a ripe green apple, but after a year it grows quite faint, and in three or four years it is absorbed altogether and there is nothing left. When I began business a crazy Scotchman had me tattoo Stuart plaid stockings from his toes up to his knees."

"A Possum as a Police Pet.

At the Eastern police station the authorities are in possession of a unique mascot in the shape of an opossum. The little animal has been in the station house for three days, and is as chipper as a young possum in captivity could be well expected to be. The new arrival rejoices in the name of Cook. Where the little chap came from or what was his mode of living before being brought to the police station is not known, but it is thought that the youngster strayed away from his home in the country, and came to the city to see life.

Cook was discovered wandering aimlessly about the streets by Patrolman W. F. Stewart of the Eastern district. The patrolman took him to the station house and wanted to lay a charge of vagrancy against Cook, but after a careful perusal of the statutes, Lieut. Scott found that he could not hold a possum on that charge, but he did discover that the little fellow could be held on the charge of being a vicious minor, so here he is. That Cook is vicious is well attested by the way he exhibits his teeth, and he is continually endeavoring to burrow through the bottom of the barrel which serves as his house.—Baltimore American.

Rhodes Was Impressed by Trifles.

With all his greatness of conception it was curious how Cecil Rhodes was impressed by trifles. He related how, when in London during the raiders' trial, full of disappointment and apprehension, he found nothing so cheering as the recognition of the London bus drivers as he took his morning ride. They got to know him; they touched their hats to him in a half-friendly, admiring way, though he seemed just then to be at the ebb of his fortunes.

"When you have hit the people with you like that," he said, "you know you're all right."

And the demonstrations of the undergraduates when he took his L.L. D. degree affected him in the same manner. It was curious to hear the man who had done so much refer to such trifles in his career with gratitude.

Threw Tolstoy's Manuscript Away.

It took Count Tolstoy five years to gather the historical materials for "War and Peace." The preliminary writings from which the book sprang are now in the Rumjanzoff, Museum, Moscow. But they had a hard time getting there. Some years ago when Countess Tolstoy was ill a careless servant took the manuscripts and threw them into a disused canal in the park near the house. They were discovered after several weeks and rescued.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

It has often been stated that men who smoke who become blind, give up the habit afterwards because there is no satisfaction in the habit unless the smoke can be seen. This has been denied by blind smokers, who say they have acquired the habit since they became blind.

Of the fruits wholly unknown in Japan until introduced from abroad, the apple has proved most successful, and it has become a chief product of some districts in the Hokkaido, or northern islands. The apples are of fine appearance and excellent flavor, and the trees yield a profit very encouraging to the cultivator.

The Harvard College Observatory has recently obtained a series of excellent photographs of the spectrum of lightning by means of a prism placed over the object glass of a telescope. Many of the lines appear to be due to hydrogen. One band extends from wave length 3,830 to wave length 3,930 and may be identical with the nebular line 3875. In many respects the spectrum resembles that of new or temporary stars.

Reports from the Island of Madagascar say that some very promising gold fields have been discovered on its eastern slopes. Both nuggets and dust are found in the beds of the streams, but the principal lode has not yet been located. Experts in mining have been expecting this discovery. Some little gold has been recovered there hitherto, but the methods were primitive and crude, and the unhealthy climate has prevented any but natives from engaging in the work.

The American Museum Journal reports as proof of the passage of the wild pigeon that that institution has succeeded only after only a good deal of difficulty in securing twelve specimens of the bird for adding to its collection. It was only a few years ago that wild pigeons in countless numbers visited their regular feeding grounds in the Middle and Western states, and now they are so rare that specimens are almost unobtainable. The writer of this paragraph has seen them as thick in a beech tree as the leaves themselves. No satisfactory explanation of their virtual extinction has been given.

Among originalities of surgery described at the thirty-first congress of the German Chirurgical association at Berlin, was the case of Dr. Tietze, of Breslau, who having removed a section of diseased bone from a woman's shin, pieced it with a joint from her great toe, thus preventing lameness. Dr. Roth of Lubek, gave a demonstration of an appliance for administering oxygen with chloroform, rendering it possible to anaesthetize weak hearted persons. Other surgeons confirmed the excellent results of mixing oxygen with chloroform. Dr. Reerink, of Freiburg, described successful operations on animals by patching stomachs with pieces of intestines.

SHOOTING FISH ON THE WING.

Sport That Southern California Waters Alone Offer to the Gunner.

"Flushing fish, like covey of quail, and shooting them on the wing may sound like a fairy tale," said a sporting tourist, "but it isn't, and if any one wants to enjoy such sport as he never had before let him go to southern California waters. The best shooting grounds for fish on the wing are off Santa Cataline island. Nowhere else in the world are there such flights of flying fish. And nowhere else in the world, I guess, is flying fish shooting a recognized sport.

The usual method of hunting the flying fish at Santa Cataline is to go in a steam launch and cruise along a quarter of a mile or so from the beach. The screw of the boat alarms the fish, and they rise from the depths and into the air with a suddenness and a dash that on the tyro has the same effect that the flushing in front of him of a covey of quail would have.

"They rush along in rapid flight, or what seems to be flight, moving low, like quail, rising and falling over the swells and waves, sweeping through the air in graceful curves, and offering what at first would seem to be an easy mark to the gun, but which the inexperienced gunner for flying fish would find to be quite another thing.

"Sometimes half a dozen or more of the fish will rise at once some on one side of the boat, some on the other, and some ahead of it. They fly much faster than the boat goes, and it must be a good shot who fetches down four, to the right and left, before the school drops into the sea again, an eighth of a mile away."—Sun.

Armored Canoes.

Lieutenant Colonel W. G. Heneker attached to his column against the Aros, in southern Nigeria, two armored canoes. The canoes carry 50 men, two maxims and ammunition, and are armored from stem to stern. The armor is loop-holed, and the oarsmen, of whom there are 16, paddle in security.

Lieutenant Colonel Heneker has found the canoes to be of the greatest value, and by their use a stop has been put to the depredation of pirates, with which the rivers and creeks formerly swarmed.

The Small Boy's Plan.

"Willie," she said, "if you eat any more of those preserves I'll give you a whipping."

"You wouldn't whip a sick boy, would you?" he asked pathetically.

"Or course not."

"Then I'll eat enough to make me sick!"—Chicago Post.

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THE NATIONAL GAME.

St. Louis has released First Baseman W. C. Hazelton and Pitcher Adams.

The Brooklyn Club has given Outfielder George Hildebrand notice of release.

Chicago has suspended Fred Glade, Frank Bonner, Davy Jones and Rube Waddell.

Manager Donovan says he never heard of so many sore-armed pitchers as this spring.

The light-hitting young outfielder, Harry Black, of Gloucester, has been released by Cincinnati.

Two League pitchers have been released—Salisbury by Philadelphia and Stormstedt by Cincinnati.

Outfielder Congalton is doing surprising batting for Chicago. In ten games he has made fifteen hits.

The New Yorks, under the tutoring of Manager Fogel and Captain Doyle, are steadily improving in team work.

Phillippi, like the other Pirate pitchers, is in midsummer form. He uses his teasing drop ball with great success.

Charlie Zuber says that in Nichols, Ryan and O'Neil St. Louis has the homeliest catching corps in the National League.

Joyce O'Neil, the pitcher of the St. Louis Club, and John O'Neil, catcher of the same team, are brothers. The former was signed last fall under the assumed name of Joyce.

Hughley Ahearn has caught all but two of the games played by Brooklyn thus far and for a youngster he has certainly proven a wonder. In fact, he has been christened Jim McGuire's double by the players.

Two shut-outs in succession is hardly Brooklyn Superbia form. Yet Hanlon expresses himself as satisfied with the showing of the team, and insists that just as soon as luck breaks right for his team there will be a steady run of victories.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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Canadian Banking.

The banking business in Canada is on a different plan from that in this country. The headquarters of most of the banks throughout the Dominion is in Ontario, either at Hamilton, Kingston or Toronto. Each bank has its central office, generally in one of the cities named, and as many branches as it cares to maintain in different parts of Canada, some of these branches being as far distant as Dawson.

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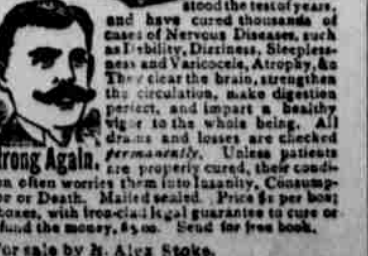
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