

From Chicago comes a loud protest against street parades, which are characterized as a nuisance.

Old English silverware is much in demand in the United States just now, and genuine pieces, especially those of historic interest, fetch high prices.

Weather forecasts in Great Britain grow more accurate every year, and the meteorological council announce with pride that eighty-four per cent. of those given last year were successful. Three years ago nearly seventeen per cent. of the storm warnings were not fulfilled, but now the rate has fallen to seven per cent.

The park policemen of San Francisco use the lariat to stop runaway horses, and all are experts with the rope. The Captain of the Golden Gate Park squad says his men "can stop a horse within a distance of fifty yards without the slightest danger to themselves," and he implies, though he doesn't distinctly say so, without danger to the runaway or its rider.

The Chinese are the most lightly taxed people in the world. They have no Chancellor of the Exchequer worried over budget-making. All the land there belongs to the State, and a trifling sum per acre, never altered through long centuries, is paid as rent. This is the only tax in the country, and it amounts to about \$5 per head yearly.

Two little girls, Gertrude and Ethel Hedger, who are wards in chancery and heiresses to \$100,000 each, were recently arraigned as vagrants in a London police court. Their fortunes are so securely locked up in chancery that by no process of law can any of the money be obtained until the children are of age. They are at present practically destitute, and unable to procure decent surroundings, clothing or education.

The beauty of the elm is more that skin deep, says the New York Post, and a high light of forestry gives it the first rank as a shade tree, both for streets and parks, because it is likewise strong, vigorous, and can be grown in so many places. The leaves are so tough that dust has little effect on them. Certain kinds of maples also have a good standing for shade, beauty, and rapid growth, though the soft maple is useless for heavy shade. Oak trees, the English and the Turkish, though rarely seen as shade trees in our streets, take high rank for that use.

Says the New York Tribune: "It may not be flattering to our vanity, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that Europe does not take nearly as much interest in America as America takes in Europe. This has long been indicated by the paucity of American news in the European press; and it is now forcibly brought to our attention by the indifference of Europe to the greatest Exposition that has ever been held. The average European classes the United States with Australia, Madagascar, South Africa and other out-of-the-way countries, whose doings can have no possible interest for him. This being so, the wonder is not that there have been so few European visitors to the Fair, but that any one in this country should have expected them to come."

As a result of his investigations, Professor McCook estimates the army of tramps in the United States at 45,845. Practically all of them are in the prime of life and in good health, with nothing to prevent them from earning a livelihood, three-fifths of them having trades by which to support themselves and nine-tenths able to read and write. And yet they are loafers and non-producers, refusing to assume the obligations of citizenship, and are a mere burden to society. At a conservative estimate, their maintenance costs the public \$3.50 a week, eighty-four cents of which is spent for spirits and to becco; and if to this is added police and hospital charges, the expense is increased to \$4.40 a week, as much as it costs to support the most dangerous criminal. The aggregate sum thus required to keep the tramp army in motion is \$9,163,000 a year, a sum double the cost of the Indian bureau, and more than one-quarter of the annual interest of the public debt. Worse than this, the army is a constant menace to public morals and public health, the greater that it is always in motion, in that of those who are ill by far the larger proportion suffer from exceedingly loathsome and contagious diseases. The tramp evil is thus a most pressing one, not only because of its demoralizing effects upon industry, but because of the moral and physical dangers to which it exposes the working population.

SWING HIGH AND SWING LOW.

Swing high and swing low, while the breezes they blow—
It's off for a sailor thy father would go:
And it's here in the harbor, in sight of the sea,
He hath left his wee babe with my dearie
And with me:
"Swing high and swing low,
While the breezes they blow!"
Swing high and swing low, while the breezes they blow—
It's oh for the waiting as weary days go:
And it's oh for the heartache that smiteth
me when
I sing my song over and over again.
"Swing high and swing low,
While the breezes they blow!"
"Swing high and swing low"—the seasingeth
go,
And it waiteth anon in its ebb and its flow:
An I a sleeper sleeps on to that song of the
sea,
Nor reeketh he ever of mine or of me!
"Swing high and swing low,
While the breezes they blow—
'Twas off for a sailor thy father would go!"
—Eugene Field, in Chicago Herald.

A LOVE LETTER.

BY S. A. WEISS.

QUIRE MADDOX sat at breakfast, reading the leading country newspaper, and chinking with toast and indignation at a fierce editorial attack upon his own political party. "Confounded nonsense and idleness!" he exclaimed, at length, as he contemptuously tossed aside the paper. "Here, Eva, child, another cup of coffee!" As his daughter received the empty cup, he noticed something of an expression of sadness on her usually bright face, and his conscience reproached him as being the cause of it. Since the death of his wife, whom he had tenderly loved, his daughter had been dearer to him than anything on earth, and he did not like to see her looking unhappy. "What is the day's programme, Evie?" he asked, quite mildly. "Hadn't you better drive down with me to Chester and see the Lyne girls while I call on my lawyer?" "No, thank you, papa. The Lyne girls are coming here to tea and croquet this afternoon." "Ah! And who have you to meet them?" "Eva's hand was a little unsteady as she poured out the coffee, and her aunt, Miss Maddox, quietly answered for her: "Young Mr. Moffit and his sister, and the Harmon girls and Jack Riverton, and Mr. Patton will bring a friend with him." "Wasn't Jack Riverton here yesterday?" "No, not yesterday." "Well, the day before then. Seems to me he is always here. Pity his father don't keep him more closely to his desk in his office, or that he can't find some other place than my house in which to pass his superabundant leisure. And I don't see," he added, irritably—"I don't see why he should have been invited here, when I have already expressed my objection to him." "He is not particularly invited," his sister answered. "It is only the second meeting of our little croquet club—all that we can find to amuse us in this dull country neighborhood. And, of course, you can't blame him for coming with the rest." "Eva's soft, dark eyes had filled with tears. "Papa," she said, with a little tremor in her voice, "why do you object to Mr. Riverton? Everybody likes him but you." The squire hesitated a full half minute, as he made a pretense of carefully buttering his egg. "I have nothing against the young man's character," he said at length, still more impatiently, "but I don't like him personally—that is, his ways. I wish to hear and see no more of him if possible. I object decidedly, Eva, to your accepting the attention which he has recently been paying you, and I must request you, Matilda, not to encourage his visits here." "I am sure I don't encourage him," Miss Matilda replied, bristling a little, well aware in her own mind that Mr. Riverton needed no encouragement from her. "But I can't understand, brother, what you can find to object to in Jack Riverton's manners. Every one says they are delightful, and you never found fault with him until lately." "That is just it. His manners have entirely changed of late. When a man comes courting my daughter—this is a very positive tone of voice—"I like him to appear as a man, and a man of sense and business. He should come to me in the first place and say frankly that he wishes my consent to his addressing her—has a regard for her, or something plain and simple of the kind. But Riverton is a spongy, and is making a fool of himself. If there is anything that I thoroughly despise, it is to see a tall young fellow like that languishing around a woman, making sheep's eyes at her on all occasions—even in church—and dawdling about for hours in the moonlight, repeating poetry and calling her darling and dearest, and other such baby names. It's disgusting!" Here Eva, whose cheeks had been gradually assuming the hue of the damask rose which was pinned at her throat, suddenly leaned back in her chair and burst into tears.

She knew now that papa must have overheard that talk between herself and Jack, when they sat in the moonlight under the drooping roses right beneath his open window. And she had never dreamed that papa could be mean enough—no, she would not say that—but unfeeling enough to listen. As she softly cried, with her dainty handkerchief pressed to her eyes, she heard her father's concluding words: "When you find a man making love in this idiotic way, you may be positive of one thing—that the love is only skin-deep, and that he will make an indifferent, if not a bad husband. For this reason I object to Mr. Jack Riverton courting my daughter." That evening, in the quiet twilight interval between tea and croquet, Eva took occasion to convey to Mr. Riverton a warning hint of what her father expected of him in the future. Jack knew—as did most of the squire's acquaintances—that despite a "good heart at bottom," the old gentleman was apt to take up absurd and unreasonable prejudices, and to stick to them with tenacious obstinacy—especially when he found himself opposed. But on this occasion the young man's spirit rose in high rebellion, and it took all Eva's influence to pacify him. "No, Jack," she said, with a gentle firmness, in reply to his excited remarks, "you must not speak to papa at present. It would only make matters worse while he is in this mood. We can do nothing but wait and see if in time he won't yield to more reasonable impressions." "In time," repeated Jack, impatiently. "Why, Evie, he don't change his views on any subject within five years' time." "Well," she said, with a sigh, "I suppose we shall have to wait, even if it is as long as that." One day the squire, returning from his morning ride, found his daughter and his sister seated in the pleasant little sitting-room opening upon the garden. Eva's white fingers were deftly fashioning some rose-colored ribbons into dainty knots and loops. "What are those for?" her father inquired, as he seated himself in his own big arm-chair and unfolded his paper while glancing admiringly at the squire's staff. "To wear at the lawn party this evening, papa. And you will go with us, of course?" "A lawn party? Ah, I had forgotten! Well, where is it to be—at the Lyne's?" "At the Rivertons'," Miss Maddox said. He scowled as he roughly shook out his paper. "I don't wish to interfere with your pleasures or enjoyments, Eva," he said, "but I would rather that you should not go to this party at the Rivertons'." She knew that when her father expressed a wish, it was intended as a command, and her hands dropped listlessly into her lap, crushing the crisp ribbons. Tears forced themselves between the long lashes, and she presently rose and quietly left the room. Then Miss Maddox looked up from her own work, and there was something unusual in her expression. "Archibald," she said, gravely, "I would warn you not to carry this matter too far, nor to be too hard upon Eva and Jack Riverton, lest you drive her into open disobedience and even an elopement." "An elopement!" "His sister took from the little work-box which Eva had left on the table a folded letter. "I found this here, just where you see that she keeps it. Perhaps I ought not to have read it, seeing that it is a love letter; but, under the circumstances, I consider it my duty to let you know the contents. Will you read it, or shall I do so?" The squire replied with a sort of inarticulate grunt, which his sister interpreted in her own way, and accordingly commenced reading, aloud: "My own precious angel, Eva—" "Bah!" said the squire, with an expression of unutterable disgust. "Since a cruel and relentless fate at present forbids our meeting, I can but take this unsatisfactory method of communicating with you, and telling you, my own dearest darling, of how unexpressably and unutterably dear you are to me." "The fool!" muttered the squire. "Oh, my soul's beloved—" "For heaven's sake, Matilda, spare me any more of that sickening and idiotic stuff! Why, it's worse even than I would have thought Jack Riverton capable of. What were you saying about an elopement?" "It is this," answered his sister, glancing down the page: "I find that I cannot exist apart from you, and since your unfeeling father—" "Humph!" "—will not consent to our union, we must defy any earthly power to keep us asunder." "The rascal!" cried the squire, starting erect in his chair. But his sister put out her hand, deprecatingly. "Hear the rest, Archibald!" "Not another word! The idea of a rascal and idiot like that presuming to court my daughter—" "But at least hear the last lines: "Good-night, my soul's beloved! May angels fan you to slumber with their fragrant-laden wings, and in your dreams think of your own devoted—" "ARCHIBALD MADDOX." There was a blank, bewildered pause. "What does this mean, Matilda?" "His sister quietly handed it to him. "It is one which you wrote over twenty years ago to the woman whom

you loved and married—Eva Chesney. Your daughter found it a few days ago among some old letters and papers in the attic closet." The squire looked over the faded and torn sheet as one in a dream. "I would not have believed that I could ever have written in a style such as this," he said, in a strangely subdued voice. "And yet you were a devoted husband and made your wife a happy woman." He read the letter through, and drew her gently to her former seat. "Sit down, dear, and finish your ribbons. I will take you over to the Rivertons' this evening." And Eva never knew until after her marriage to Jack Riverton what had caused so sudden a change in her father's views and sentiments in regard to that subject. SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. The average woman lives longer than the average man. All medical authorities hold that fruits are essential to prolongation of life. Attempts have been made to counterfeit meteors, because they are so valuable, but without success. According to the tracks found in a stone quarry in Connecticut, a bird with a foot eleven inches in length inhabited those parts. Dr. Brown-Sequard says that pressing in the neighborhood of the ear, especially in front of the right one, will stop a fit of coughing. The hydrographic office at Washington is disposed to attribute the heat and drought in Europe this season to the scarcity of icebergs in the North Atlantic. The Chicago Common Council has empowered the Mayor of the city to negotiate for the erection of garbage crematories of a capacity of 100,000 tons a day. Criminals are usually of weak physical organization. In 1885 sixty-seven per cent. of the men in French prisons and sixty per cent. of the women were sent to the hospital at some time during the period of incarceration. The narrowest part of the Strait of Florida, through which the Gulf Stream flows at the rate of five knots an hour, is fifty miles wide, and has a mean depth of 350 fathoms. If this were stopped up the climate of this country in winter would be totally changed. A recently constructed submarine boat, destined for the French Navy, is moved by electricity, carries a crew of twelve men, and can remain under water for two hours. It is planned to lodge under an enemy's vessel a torpedo powerful enough to break a big steamer in two. A. D. Risten, in a recently published paper in the Astronomical Journal on a new method for determining the direction of the sun's motion through space, concludes that he has obtained results which not only show the reality of such motion, but that its rate is 10.9 miles per second. After two years' trial with pine, oak and greenheart in the Suez Canal Company's arsenal basin at Port Said, it has been found that while the pine and oak are almost entirely destroyed by the "tarlet," or borer worm, the greenheart has suffered no injury whatever. This wood is a native of British Guiana. Experiments with a bicycle fitted out with a small chemical tank and fire axe are being made by a South Boston fire company. The bicycle has cushion tires and with its whole outfit weighs about sixty pounds. The tank holds about two gallons of chemical, which amounts as an extinguisher to about twelve pails of water. It is popularly supposed that the sudden downpour which usually follows a bright flash of lightning is in some way caused by the flash. Meteorologists have proven that this is not the case, and that, exactly to the contrary, it is not only possible but highly probable that the sudden increased precipitation is the real cause of the flash. A Curious Indian Relic. Not long ago there was dug up in Ashland a curious stone with some dim and crude inscription upon it. It being shown to an old Oregon pioneer he pronounced it a tamenaw stone, worn as a breastplate by the ancient Indian priests. It has holes in the upper corners by which it may be hung upon the priest's neck. It carries upon it a picture of the sacred wigwam, and at one end of the wigwam stands the totem pole, on the top of which a little flag was hung that warned the evil spirits off while the priest performed his divine functions in the sacred house or wigwam. This tamenaw may coincide with the breastplate of the Ephod, worn by the ancient Hebrew priests, so that the picture of the wigwam on this stone may represent the primary ancestor of all the temples ever dedicated in the world, and all flags and liberty poles of all ages and countries may possibly be the literal descendants of the original totem represented on the stone. Probably this Ashland stone is the only one of the kind now in existence.—Ashland (Oregon) Tidings. Of the 296,000,000 natives of India but 2,000,000 can speak English, the language of the rulers.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. The Accent Not Important—A Nice Distinction—How to Gain Perennial Youth, Etc., Etc. Some put the accent on the qui, and others on the nine; No odds, just so it stops the chills From creepin' up yer spine. —Kansas City Journal. NEW. He—"May I make you unhappy for life?" She (blushing)—"Oh, George! You may ask papa."—Truth. HOW TO GAIN PERENNIAL YOUTH. Gertie—"How old is Maud?" Ethel—"She has been twenty-three ever since a fire in her house burned up the family Bible six years ago."—Chicago Record. A NICE DISTINCTION. Timmins—"Can your daughter play the piano?" Robbins (wearily)—"I don't know whether she can or not, but she does."—Chicago Record. TAKING THE WIND OUT OF HER SAILS. Early—"Doesn't your wife ever scold you when you get in late?" Bird—"Don't give her a chance. I blow her up about going to bed with the chickens."—Kate Field's Washington. TOO NICE FOR ANYTHING. "Do you think that the lady who is moving in above you is nice?" "Oh, dear, yes. Why, she noticed that baby had two teeth before she had been in the house two hours."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. DRISIC MEASURES. Mrs. Younglove—"If I wasn't afraid baby was sick, I do believe I should spank him." Younglove—"Well, let's make sure. You begin spanking, and I'll go for the doctor."—Puck. HIS TRADE. His Honor (to prisoner at the bar)—"Did you ever learn a trade?" Prisoner—"Yes." His Honor—"What trade?" Prisoner—"I learned to trade horses."—Truth. A CAUSE FOR APPREHENSION. "That Miss Flipp has had her head completely turned by the flattery she has received here." "Poor dear! How does she manage to keep her bonnet on straight?"—Chicago Inter-Ocean. SAW A SAMPLE PACKAGE. "Mrs. Deepthink is a woman of very simple tastes." "Yes; I noticed that when—" "You have never met her?" "No; but I was introduced to her husband."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. LOGIC. Mother—"I'm sure I don't know who you took your laziness from, Johnnie. It must have been your father." Johnnie—"Not much. Pa's got all the laziness he ever had."—Judge. HASTY CONCLUSIONS. Uppen—"Hello, old fellow! How did you enjoy your trip to England?" Cummings (explaining)—"I haven't been to England. I'm wearing this ill-fitting suit of clothes because I got it at a bargain."—Chicago Tribune. OVERHEARD AT BAR HARBOR. He—"Give me a kiss. She (decidedly)—"I won't." He—"You shouldn't say 'I won't' to me; you should have said 'I prefer not to.'" She—"But that wouldn't be true."—Life. TOO MUCH BENT. Raynor—"The best thing to do with your boy, it seems to me, is to let him follow his natural bent." Shyne—"His natural bent? Great Scott, he rides his bicycle three-fourths of his time already."—Chicago Tribune. A MATTER OF TASTE. "I say," inquired the lady bug; "why don't you dress in the prevailing colors?" "Bah!" answered the potato bug; "lavender doesn't go with my complexion, and these Paris greens simply make me sick."—Puck. A LAST RESORT. Clerk—"I can't sell this silk at all, sir. As soon as I tell people the price they say it is not worth it." Floor-walker—"Well, we've got to get rid of it, somehow. Mark it up a dollar a yard more and put it on the bargain counter."—Puck. A HIGH STANDARD. Boggs—"A man should possess a certain degree of intelligence before he can vote profitably." Foggs—"What would you fix as the standard?" Boggs—"Being able to distinguish between a two and a five."—Truth. YOUTHFUL LOGIC. Governess—"You see, my dear, the Antipodes live on the other side of the earth, and they are only going to bed when we are getting up." Little Emma—"Then, Franline, I suppose my brother Fritz, the student, is an Antipode, eh?"—Fliegende Blaetter. NOT IN THE BILL OF FARE. An epicurean nobleman called one

day on a banker of his acquaintance, and remarked in the course of conversation: "I have just been dining with a poet, who treated us at dessert to an excellent epigram." When his visitor had gone, the banker, a "self-made man," sent for his cook and asked him: "How is it you have never yet sent any epigrams up to my table?"—La Propaganda Mercantile Industrial. HIS GREAT WORK. "Well, Tillinghast, what are you doing now?" "Just now, Gildersleeve, I am engaged in rewriting some of Shakespeare's plays, to adapt them to the demands of modern theatre goers." "Ah! What are you doing with them?" "Introducing sawmills, ore crushers, pile drivers, tanks, and the like."—Truth. CRIMINAL HISTORY OF A DECADE. 1. "In the Gloaming." 2. "Silver Threads Among the Gold." 3. "My Grandfather's Clock." 4. "White Wings." 5. "Sweet Violets." 6. "Annie Rooney." 7. "Down Went McGinty." 8. "Comrades." 9. "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay." 10. "After the Ball."—Chicago Record. THE DINNER HOUR. "Yes, sir, I maintain that the greatest danger to this country lies in the ignorance of the foreign laborers who are flocking to our shores. Now look at those men working on the street there. What do they know about the great questions which confront the public?" "Well, now, as I was watching them a short time ago, I was struck with the fact that they seemed to be thoroughly alive to the main issue of the hour." "You were! How? When was it?" "The dinner-gong had just rung."—Detroit Tribune. AN ESTIMATE OF ORATORY. The candidate for Congress had been making a speech in one of the townships of his district where he was not well known personally, and in the evening, while waiting for a train, he strayed into a butcher shop, and without saying who he was, began to pump the butcher to find out how he stood. "Did you hear that speech this afternoon?" he inquired, after some general talk. "Yes," replied the butcher, "I was there." "What did you think of it?" "Pshaw," said the honest butcher, "I've made a better speech than that a hundred times, trying to sell fifteen cents worth of soup-bone." The candidate concealed his identity.—Detroit Free Press. Notable Epitaphs. The Brooklyn Eagle, having been requested to furnish "a few short epitaphs," responds with the following: "In a work on epitaphs we find an admirable selection of very brief ones on stones found in English churchyards. One such stone is in Leanington Cemetery, where the epitaph of J. T. Burgess, formerly editor of the Leamington Spa Courier, is one word, 'Resting.' In Worcester is a stone erected over the grave of the departed antiectioner of that city, on which 'Gone' is inscribed. In a Sussex graveyard, in addition to the initials of the deceased and the date of death, a stone has inscribed in large letters the words 'Ee Was.' Two of the strangest as well as the shortest epitaphs are 'Asleep (as usual),' on the tombstone of a large individual by one who knew him well, and 'Left Till Called For' is carved on a gravestone in Cane Hill Cemetery, Belfast. A photographer has this inscription over his grave: 'Here I lie, taken from life.' On the tomb of Charles the Great, first Emperor of Germany, are two words only, 'Carolo Magno.'" The study of epitaphs furnishes much entertainment. Here are several, not as short as those quoted by the Eagle, but quite as unique. At Wolstanton, England: Mrs. Ann Jennings. Some have children, some have none; Here lies the mother of twenty-one. On the tomb of Shields, the Irish orator: Here lie at reckon, and my spirit at ease is, With the tip of my nose, and the ends of my toes, Turned up 'gainst the roots of the daisies. In a New England churchyard this appears: Here lies John Aricular, Who in the ways of the Lord walked perpendicular. And this inscription to John Mound is raised, not in Ireland, but in old England: Here lies the body of John Mound, Lost at sea and never found. An Orang Outang Out for a Stroll. It is a most interesting sight to watch an orang outang make its way through the jungle. It walks slowly along the larger branches in a semi-erect attitude, this being apparently caused by the length of its arms and the shortness of its legs. It invariably selects those branches which intermingle with those of a neighboring tree, on approaching which it stretches out its long arm, and, grasping the boughs opposite, seem first to shake them as if to test their strength, and then deliberately swings itself across to the next branch, which it walks along as before. It does not jump or spring as monkeys usually do, and never appears to hurry itself unless some real danger presents. Yet in spite of its apparently slow movements, it gets along far quicker than a person running through the forest beneath. —Chicago Herald.

HUNTING FOR BIG GAME. THE PERILS OF ELEPHANT SHOOTING IN SOUTH AFRICA. Laws for the Protection of Elephants —The Heaviest Tusk in the World at the Fair. THE heaviest elephant tusk in the world, so far as known, is at the World's Fair in the Cape Colony exhibit. It is seven and a half feet long and weighs 158 pounds. At the thickest part it is about six inches through. The mate to it, which is a little lighter, is in the museum at Cape Town. There is an elephant tusk larger than this, belonging to the King of Siam, but it is not so heavy. The elephant who carried these monstrous tusks—more than 800 pounds of ivory, or twice the weight of an average man—was killed in the Zambesi country, South Africa, some years ago. He was about fourteen feet high and was a genuine king of the forest who would have dwarfed Jumbo himself. Elephant hunting is the first of all sports with the gun, but the slaughter of these great animals has been so prodigious since the Arabs and other traders have sold breach-loading rifles to the tribes throughout Africa, that many fear their speedy extermination. However, Robert Lee, who is one of the men in charge of the Cape Colony exhibit, and who has traveled much in the elephant country, thinks that the great beast will hold on for many generations yet. Africa is so vast, many regions are so difficult of access, and the elephant is so tenacious of life, he says, that man cannot kill all his tribe as he has slaughtered the buffalo in America. "Elephant hunting is extremely dangerous," said Mr. Lee. "I know of no other sport in which the hunter is so liable to become the hunted. I am not a sportsman myself, and I have never tried to kill an elephant, but I was once with others who thought they would accomplish such a feat. "In 1887 I accompanied Colonel Carrington's expedition into the country north of the Transvaal. While riding along through an open country we saw a herd of elephants. I think there were about twenty of them. We came close enough for a shot. The Colonel called for his elephant gun and blazed away at the elephants. Instantly the whole herd darted toward us, trumpeting fiercely and really presenting a most terrifying appearance. None of us paused for another shot, but turned our horses and galloped away as fast as we could, the elephants in full chase. So far as we knew, the Colonel's bullet had missed entirely. "My horse was not an especially good one, and I brought up the rear of that flying column. An elephant, despite his awkward appearance, can run very fast, and I began to think of my sins. My horse stepped into a hole, stumbled, fell and threw me over his head. I wasn't much hurt, and I jumped to my feet instantly and seized the horse's reins. The animal wasn't much hurt, either, and I got him to his feet and was on his back and off again in about fifteen seconds, I think. I don't know how close the elephants were to me when I fell, for I never looked back. I overtook the rest of the party, and when we stopped the elephants were to be seen no longer. People who are fond of a chase with plenty of danger in it should hunt the elephant. "I don't care for it myself." Mr. Lee says he has seen many herds of elephants along the Zambesi River, and they are still more plentiful further north. Though Cape Colony has been settled about as long as the United States, there are still some elephants in a portion of its mountainous region, known as the Knyssai country. They are supposed to be about five hundred in number, and protected by the Government. Elephants are said to grow larger south of the Zambesi than north of it. There are considerable herds in the country of Kahna, King of the Bow-lings. This man is the most advanced of all the South African kings or chiefs. He has provided a set of game laws for his country, and they are rigidly enforced. Hence in the large territory over which he rules the elephants are increasing in numbers rather than diminishing. Kahna, naturally a man of good disposition, is largely under the influence of a Presbyterian missionary, a Scotchman, and a very enlightened and a humane man. "I know Kahna very well," said Mr. Lee, "as I accompanied one of the expeditions of the English into his country. He is a remarkable man in appearance, as well as in character. He is at least six feet four inches tall, and enormously fat. He received us kindly and asked us many questions. He was greatly pleased with our clothes, and discarded his African attire in favor of a suit like ours." Proper Sitting Position. "A proper sitting position," says somebody, "requires that the spine shall be kept straight, and that the support needed for the upper part of the body shall be felt in the right place." Therefore, sit as far back as possible in the chair, so that the lower end of the spine shall be braced at the back of the seat.—New York Times. Big California Roses. N. W. Scudder has upon his desk a mammoth rose of the Houcha Couche variety. It measures six inches across, while exactly two feet of tape is required to find the circumference. This extra large specimen was grown upon a bush which has yielded some forty blossoms almost as large as this one.—Petaluma (Cal.) Courier.